

The Edina I Knew...

by Bill Lewis

Taxi's

Early on Edina had two taxi vendors. Bill (Whistler) Beal carried his passengers in a 1928 solid disk wheel black and green Chevy. Ed Cahalan had a taxi service and delivered his fare in a 1936 Chevy. These fellows probably made more money in the taxi service than any others.

Firstly, there were fewer people who owned cars, and then more people utilized the train to go to Kirksville and Quincy. Few wanted to walk the Bostick to get to town. Ed and Whistler usually traded off to ensure that each would have some business. Whistler had a little advantage in as much as he had a trunk carrier on the rear of his taxi. In those days, like now, if a woman was going to stay as much as overnight, she would have a trunk load of clothing and notions. On the other hand, Ed Cahalan seemed to have the Edina to Baring business – persons traveling on the Santa

Fe.

Whistler and Ed both sort of went out of business about the same time. Enter Walt Shubert. Walt took on the taxi responsibilities. He more or less headquartered at Bill Kreuger's clothing and jewelry store – the Dentist office today. Shub, as he was called, had a cartel on the taxi business – which at that time was also a necessity. Shub retired in the late forties and Jerry Gilbert installed a taxi light on the roof of his 46 Chevy and provided the city taxi service.

By this time more and more people were purchasing cars; still, there was sufficient need for temp transportation to keep a taxi going. When Jerry retired, Edina had no taxi service. Who would notice this but George Rossiter. So, George took on the business as a side line to his working at the glove factory. A.G. Rimer enterprises and later when George ran a beer tavern and café business in the old Herr building located on 4th street across from the city park east.

When George passed, so did Edina's taxi service. But do we need one? Edina's population is about two thirds what it was when Whistler Beal started his taxi business. Time marches on.

What were they talking about when the Hugh and cry was: 54/40 or fight?

On the Brighter Side

By Marilyn Goodwin

SEPTEMBER

It is September. I see a hint of fall color in the trees and there will be more as autumn moves in. I live in my wheelchair, but enjoy the view I can see from my windows.

Days are shorter now and the nights are longer. Soon daylight time will end and darkness will descend much sooner, but it is still autumn. Winter will come as usual so I will enjoy these last remaining fall days. Now the flowers and shrubs are reaching their peak with elephant ears putting out those huge leaves before the first killing frost ends the green days and replaces it with the dull brown that signals the end of the fall beauty. Soon the world will be white with snow and the lake covered in ice. We are blessed with four seasons, each with its special beauty, but in many ways fall

is the favorite and September is the best.

The bird feeders are a favorite place for finches and doves. The barn swallows left a few weeks ago and are on the way south where the temperatures are warm and insects abound. See you next year!

What do I see as I look out of my window? Gravel trucks are speeding by hoping to make it back to the quarry in time for another load. Winter is coming and roads need gravel.

I remember those gardening days when we hurried to harvest the last tomatoes and canned the last green beans along with freezing fruit ready for hearty winter meals. All that is a past memory now as I am a widow and meals are much smaller.

Now combines are harvesting field corn and soybeans plus those piles of hay ready for winter forage for the cows. Now is the time to enjoy the view from my windows and be thankful for life as I number the days that are a blessing for me.

Enjoy September. It is a beautiful time of our year!

- MG

Reflections & Inspirations

By Carolyn Primm

Grayce With a Y

What do you do when you make a reasonable request, and that request is flatly denied? If you are smart, you take your request to a higher authority. That is what happened at my house when my daughter, Molly, asked for a kitten. Authority number one, ME, flatly denied her request. So, Molly took the matter to a higher authority. Much higher.

"I am praying for a kitten," she told me confidently.

"That's fine," I replied equally confidently. No worries. The good Lord knew we did NOT need a cat.

"I'm praying for a gray kitten," she added.

"Good," I replied. "If God wants you to have a kitten, he will send you a kitten, but He may not think you need one, so don't get your hopes up." I wanted to be encouraging, but God knew we did NOT need a kitten.

"But, if God sends me a gray kitten, then I can keep it?"

"Sure," I responded. God knew we did NOT need a cat, gray or any other color.

Weeks went by, and had it not been for my daughter's constant reminders that she wanted a gray cat, I would have forgotten the whole incident. What was there to worry about? God knew we did NOT need a cat.

Standing outside one evening, I was visiting with my neighbor, Pam. Molly was outside in the yard, listening in on our conversation when Pam cocked her head to the side, and asked, "Do you hear something?" We all stood silently.

"Something is rustling the grass in the pasture," Pam suggested. We all peered out into the pasture. We waited. Silence. So, our conversation continued. Then, again we heard something. Only this time the rustling was accompanied with another sound. Mewing. Gazing more intently across the pasture, both Pam and I saw a small animal leaping up in the tall grass.

"It's my cat!" Molly assured us. Sure enough, a small kitten was leaping its way across the pasture.

"Where did that come from?" Pam asked curiously.

I was equally puzzled, but all I could say was, "I guess God knew we needed a kitten."

"A gray kitten," said Molly. And, it was.

Sometimes I think I know what I need. Sometimes I think I know what I don't need. But, really, I don't know either. All, I know is what I want. Thankfully, that is sufficient information to take to the highest authority. He may say yes. He may say no. He may say wait. But, He knows, and He will deliver in His time.

Molly called the kitten Grayce. Like I said, "God knew we DID need a kitten." Okay, maybe I did NOT say that. But, God knew anyway.

"My God shall supply all your needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." (Philippians 4:19)

PRECIOUS SEEDS

Poetry By Mrs. Nathan Zimmerman



GRACE AND TRUTH

How shall the sinner be made whole?
Truth cuts him to the sinew.
And Grace alone still leaves a hole.
For failure to continue.

So full of grace and truth Christ stands!
And if my heart is willing,
He pours them from His open hands,
My empty vessel filling.

Without that Source of Life within,
Our hope has no Beginner;
For it is Truth that hates the sin,
And Grace that loves the sinner.

"And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, (and we behold his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth." John 1:14



Pondering...

By Janice Weiland

I LOVE USA

I was traveling down the highway early one morning and couldn't help notice a big bale of hay covered in blue sitting on top of a hill with a picture of "I LOVE USA" for all to see. It truly touched my heart.

On both sides of the big bale of hay covered in blue was a capital "I", a heart shaped flag with red, white and blue with white stars, and "USA". Beside it was a big American flag flying in the early morning breeze, an amazing, awesome picture!

And, my heart sang, "O beautiful for spacious skies, For amber waves of grain, For purple mountains majesties, Above the fruited plain! America! America! God shed His grace on thee, and crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea!"—written by Katharine Lee Bates.

"Blessed is the nation whose God is the LORD."—Psalm 33:12a

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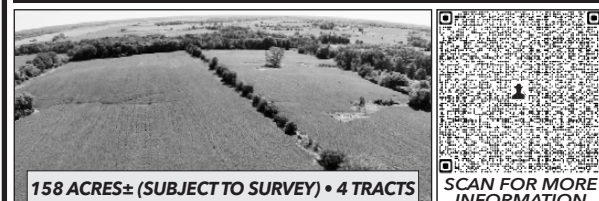
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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 2024 AT 10:00 AM^{CT}



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The Mallett farm is near Greensburg, MO and conveniently located on Hwy 15 and off County Line Road, 11.6 miles north of Edina, MO and 12.4 miles south of Memphis, MO. The farm is further described as being located in Section 35, T64N-R12W, Tobin Township, Scotland County, Missouri.

Farm represents productive tillable cropland, well maintained pastureland, home, and outbuildings.

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MARTHA GUDEHUS AND TERRY MALLETT, CO-TRUSTEES

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