



Points East

By:
Ike Adams

I just read in the paper that Jim Reed, formerly of John's Creek in Pike County, KY, had presented his ticket for that ride that takes you to Great Beyond.

The obituaries in the big state dailies become more and more popular reading once you pass the age of 50 because you commence wanting to see how many people are passing from your realm of acquaintance and how many you are out-living. Hardly a week goes by that someone I've known hasn't had funeral notice.

Jimbo (his given name was James Garfield Reed but they just called

him Jim in the obits) was 89 years of age and he died in some little burg or village in southeastern Ohio where he'd spent the last 30 years doing whatever old folks do when they move in with the youngest daughter. He'd sold off the home-place; a few acres of hillside with a weather-beaten, 20's vintage frame house; to a grandson who promptly left the local fire department practice on putting out fires once they'd set the old house ablaze.

Same grandson now has a Bedford Stone complex complete with a swimming pool and tennis

court on the premises and has sold off a few lots for the same sort of development but, in all fairness, he must have maintained the graveyard because that's where Jimbo's remains were planted. (At least the obit said "family cemetery" and Jimbo had one of those tombstones-for-two placed beside his wife's grave at least as early as 1968 and I assume he was buried beside her.)

James Garfield Reed was plain old Jimbo to his contemporaries. I have no idea why they called him Jim in the paper. He pulled a combat stint in the Philippines during WWII and then worked underground in the coal mines up near Williamson, West Virginia for 35 years. Black lung disease had him coughing every breath when I first met him and he was pale and frail. Retired on a disability payment from Social Security and a pittance from the Veterans Administration.

Jimbo showed up one May morning in 1968 at Camp Shawnee, which was then a Boy Scouts of America establishment on Dewey Lake in Floyd County, KY where I spent all my college summers.

We needed carpentry work on tent platforms and the lodge and we'd advertised for volunteers on the radio and in the local papers.

It must have been 5:00 in the morning when the horn blew right in front of my little cabin. I can tell you faithfully that it was still dark. I jerked on my BSA uniform shorts and looked outside and this little man was leaning on the door of his old 55 Ford pickup.

"Anything wrong?" I wanted to know.

"Nope. I've just heard on the radio that you had some repairs that needed doing and I come to help out. You all got any coffee made? My name is James Garfield but everybody calls me Jimbo and I got time on my hands."

"Come on in Mr. Garfield and I'll make us some coffee." I offered because he was obviously sincere and sober and besides that, Camp Shawnee was an awfully lonely place to be when I didn't see another living human for as many as ten days at a time. I had AM/FM radio, two black & white television stations and a phone. An old stray red-bone coon hound (named Full Time, because he was always on the job) and a skittish Morris-type, orange cat, Batman, because he kept me company and kept the bats out of the attic and that was it.

Jimbo is the name I go by and

my last name is Reed. I got the whole name because my daddy was fond of dead Presidents," Jimbo chuckled.

So we scrambled some eggs and fried some sausage and made a pot of coffee and baked up some biscuits and had a meager breakfast and then Jim headed around the point where we had tent platforms: a dozen here and half a dozen somewhere else along a two mile road. He rattled off the number of timbers we would need to make the place safe and it was astounding.

The figure/price was astronomical. It was at least ten times our budget and I was as despondent as you can get until next morning. Jimbo rolled in with a bunch of workers from a government program and a Colonel from the Bluegrass Army Depot. Before I knew what was going on, truck loads of lumber in the 2X4, 2X6 and 2X12 were being unloaded in huge piles in front of the lodge. Next came portable saws and planers and half a dozen guys on some sort of work program. In short order, the entire camp was rebuilt.

The Boy Scout Executives came out from Pikeville, prepared to close the place down but what they found was class-act tent platforms, a lodge with gas grates ready for use, and Jimbo, at their service.

Nobody ever tried to put a \$ value on what James Garfield Reed contributed to the Scouts in 1968 but he kept the place running.

Up around the first of August, when it was time to go back to school, the old Ford's horn blew at the front of the cabin early one morning. More than a thousand boys had gone through our little camp; a week at a time, and I was busy tearing down and folding and stacking the old Army tents during daylight hours. The place was lonely again. I was worried about finding winter homes for Full-Time and Batman because I knew I couldn't keep them in the dorm.

"You got coffee fixed?" Jimbo bellowed from the truck.

"I got it on and she's getting hot," I yelled back.

"Catch that damned dog and that sorry yeller cat cause I'm taking them home with me," he yelled back. We drank hard coffee and messed around the camp bit and then Jimbo Reed loaded up my pets and drove away. The next Spring (69) Jimbo drove up one morning and old Full-Time was sitting fat and happy in the passenger seat like he owned the truck. Jimbo had traded up to a new near F-150.

"Batman's at the house but he didn't want to get out this early so you are gonna have to go get him if you want him back," he said. "But I brought your dog back."

I called to old Full-Time. "Here boy---come to papa," but he just whined a bit and shook his head because he was fat and happy and obviously in love with Jimbo and that new Ford Truck.

Jimbo and late gray and biscuits and drank a pot of coffee. We walked around the camp and he gave me a hug just before he left. I took one last look at my old dog and scratched him behind the ears.

I figured there was no use to go looking for my cat.

Our Readers Write

Dear Editor,

Hats off to...

Kathy Lunsford, Darrel McKinney and their many elves, for organizing a terrific parade and for anyone who helped make the day a success. Broodhead residents should be proud. Thank you for a job well done.

The Retired Teachers Group

Dear Editor,

The annual Headwaters of Dix River Fish Fry Festival was held in Broodhead the weekend of June 1. The committee would like to thank all the people who contributed in anyway toward the festival. The festival would not have been a success without your help.

The committee would like to thank anyone who participated in anyway to make the festival on Friday night and Saturday an event that was enjoyed by all.

The committee says a big "Thank You" to everyone. See you next year. Headwaters of Dix River Fish Fry Committee

Dear Editor,

Mt. Vernon Elementary would like to take this time to thank Rick Anderson and the Mt. Vernon Signal Newspaper Staff for supporting our newspaper for the past six years. We cannot express our gratitude enough. They have been tireless in their devotion to our school during the process of our newspaper.

We also want to thank all of our advertising sponsors as well. The children are our future and it is wonderful to know that businesses want to help the endeavor of our schools, community and world. Thanks once again.

Sheila McQuary
Media Blitz Editor

"What Saith the Scriptures"

We have been studying the past few weeks, the importance that the scriptures in context. Let's look at another example.

In Matt 7:1 we read, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." Now this verse is misapplied many times in our world today. People will seek to say that it means we should never judge what another person is doing as wrong. I have heard it said to me when I may be pointing out the error in someone's doctrine or teaching, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." The problem with this is 3-fold. First, they have violated their own rule, for they are judged me for judging. Second, the context is teaching that we should not be making a hypocritical and hypercritical judgment about another. How can I ask about getting a speck of dirt out of my brother's eye, when there is a beam or log sticking in mine? When I have clean up my own act, then I can see clearly to help my brother with the speck of dust in his own eye, vs 3-5. Thirdly, in 7:24 teaches us also, "Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment." So in the greater context of the scriptures, you see how Matt 7:1 is distorted, for we are to judge a righteous judgment.

Providence church of Christ

Dan McKibben-758-9316 - E-mail: Dan.McKibben@Juno.com

Web Site: www.WhatSaithTheScriptures.com

Time of Services: Sunday 10am Bible Study, Worship 10:40 & 7:00pm, Wednesday 7:30pm. Radio program, Sunday 8am, 1460 AM

Mount Vernon Signal

Publication Number 366-000
Periodical Postage Paid in Mt. Vernon, Ky. 40456
606-256-2244

Published every Thursday since November, 1887. Offices in the Mt. Vernon Signal Building on Main Street in Mt. Vernon, Ky. 40456. Postmaster, send address changes to P.O. Box 185, Mt. Vernon, Kentucky 40456.

James Anderson, Jr., Publisher Emeritus - Richard F. Anderson, Editor
Prelina M. Anderson, Managing Editor
Paige Bengt, Advertising Manager - Jessica Lawson, Circulation Manager

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

In County - \$16.75 Yr. Out-of-County In State - \$21.75 Yr.
Out-of-State \$30.00 Yr.

e-mail address - mvsignal@sun-spot.com

Central Body Service

275 Richmond Street - Mt. Vernon

Precision Collision - Repair
Quality Work Since 1966

Free Estimates - All Work Guaranteed

(606) 256-4210



SHEPHERD DAEWOO
290 EKU BY-PASS/RICHMOND, KY (859) 624-5500

SUMMER SIZZLIN' SAVINGS!

Check out our low prices on our complete pre-owned inventory!



1998 CHEVROLET S-10 4X4
5-speed, air, cass, V-6
engine, tilt, cruise, 48,000
miles. Hard to find!

SIZZLIN' PRICE \$11,995⁰⁰



1999 SUZUKI GRAND WATERI
Auto, air, tilt, cruise, cass,
pwr wnds, pwr locks, V-6
engine, 4x4, sport pkg!

SIZZLIN' PRICE \$10,995⁰⁰



1998 PONTIAC SUNFIRE
Auto, air, cass, tilted wnds,
rear spoiler, 28,000 miles,
local trade!

SIZZLIN' PRICE \$7,995⁰⁰



1995 CHEVROLET LUMINA LS
Auto, air, tilt, cruise, cass,
pwr wnds, pwr locks, V-6
engine, local trade!

SIZZLIN' PRICE \$5,995⁰⁰



2000 DAEWOO NUBIRA SE
Auto, air, cass, rear defrost,
22,000 miles, remaining
factory warranty!

SIZZLIN' PRICE \$7,995⁰⁰



1999 DODGE STRATUS
Auto, air, tilt, cruise, cass,
pwr wnds, pwr locks, 28,000
miles, remaining factory
warranty!

SIZZLIN' PRICE \$8,995⁰⁰



2001 DAEWOO LANOS
Auto, air, cass, rear defrost,
12,000 miles, remaining fac-
tory warranty!

SIZZLIN' PRICE \$7,995⁰⁰



1999 CHEVROLET S-10 LS
Air, cass, alum wheels, bod
liner, dual air bags!

SIZZLIN' PRICE \$8,995⁰⁰



2001 DAEWOO LEGANZA SX
Auto, air, tilt, cruise, CD, pwr
wnds, pwr locks, leather,
low miles, remaining fac-
tory warranty!

SIZZLIN' PRICE \$11,995⁰⁰

\$AVE UP TO \$2500⁰⁰ ON ALL NEW 2002

Daewoo's in stock & receive a FREE seven year, one hundred thou-
sand mile, bumper-to-bumper warranty! Call today for details!

KY SALES TAX & LIC EXTRA