



# The Waldo Phoenix



**FREE - TAKE ONE!**

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**A 501(c)3 Non Profit Organization**

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## W.H.S. News by Penny Dodd

**A**s we begin a brand new year, we realize just how much we have accomplished yet how much is still to get done. Although we truly believed we would have the Railroad Museum open by the end of January this year, it appears we were not being realistic. We still have items at the framer, and cannot open until all of our displays are installed.



New Bench on Caboose stage

The weather has not been cooperating, therefore much that could have been done while waiting for those items was not.

The Grand Opening will include a tour of the caboose by Mike Montonera, who is retired from CSX. Mike has been more than helpful in guiding us toward authentic information about the railroad in general and the caboose specifically.

We plan to have plenty of entertainment to make our grand opening even more grand. If you know anyone who would consider

doing some Barbershop songs, or Railroad songs, even magic tricks for the children, please refer them to us. This is going to be a wonderful addition for our city and we want everyone to come and have a great time.

There will be gifts for everyone while supplies last, and a drawing for some unique fundraisers.

Our 2016 calendar has been unexpectedly popular, so much so that we needed to re-order more copies in about a week. People are still requesting them, as they realize it is more than "just a calendar" being a complete history of our Waldo schools. If you haven't gotten one, please send \$10.00 to Waldo Historical Society, P.O. Box 459, Waldo, Florida 32694. If you are out of town or want the calendar mailed, please add \$5.75 for Priority shipping.

Subscriptions to the Waldo Phoenix are still only \$12.00/year. It makes a great gift (Birthday, Graduation, Christmas or anytime). Surprise someone with their own subscription. Send us the name and mailing address and a check or money order for \$12.00 and we'll start the subscription with the next issue.

Thank you for supporting your Waldo Historical Society. We hope you will be impressed with the Railroad museum.

The Waldo Historical Society is searching for someone who has experience as a brick mason (to set engraved bricks). If you are interested and qualified, please call 352-468-1910 or send an email to: [historicwaldo@gmail.com](mailto:historicwaldo@gmail.com).



**H**ere's a contest for all of you very talented people in Waldo (and out of Waldo).

We have a sculpture created by Mr. Nick Biggins, made especially for our Railroad Caboose. Nick didn't name it, so, please study this beautiful sculpture, and suggest a name for it.

The judges decision will be final, and the lucky person will win great prizes:

- One-year subscription to the Waldo Phoenix - mailed anywhere in the United States.
- One-year membership in the Waldo Historical Society

- Your own copy of the 2016 Waldo Historical Society calendar, covering the history of the Waldo schools.
- \$10.00 cash.



You may enter your Sculpture name by email: Send to [historicwaldo@gmail.com](mailto:historicwaldo@gmail.com) or by snail mail: Send to Waldo Historical Society, P.O. Box 459, Waldo, FL 32694 or call 352-468-1910.

Please be sure to include your full name and mailing address, and any other information we may need to get your prize to you, should you be our big winner.

A woman was taking a nap on Valentine's Day afternoon. After she awoke, she told her husband, "I just dreamed that you gave me a gorgeous and expensive diamond necklace for Valentine's Day! What do you think it means?"

"You'll know tonight," he said.

That evening, her husband came home with a small package for her. Thrilled, she opened it and found a book titled "The Meaning of Dreams."

## Christmas at the Caboose by Kim Worley City Manager



T'was time for Santa to come,  
To meet at the Caboose for some  
Christmas time fun....  
But, what was the matter....  
When Santa sat down the rain  
did clatter...  
So with rain coming down and  
Christmas lights and electronics  
going out....  
The elves and helpers started to  
pout...  
Even the crowd was prone to  
shout....  
What could we do, the storm was  
coming harder...  
We had to move the event to  
tomorrow....  
Good news for all... Santa came  
the next night....  
The weather turned out good and  
it all ended just right...  
So for future Christmas fun...if  
rain starts to come...we will have  
to choose  
Another night to complete our  
fun!!!  
So thanks for understanding  
EVERYONE, and coming back to  
the event. We think it was time  
well spent!!!

## A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME by Lucy Roe Cook

**G**entleman, rather than taking your dog for a walk this Valentine's Day, take your sweet heart for a romantic walk and let the dog tag along. This Little Bird has been



aware of couples walking in the park and around town with children and the dog. It is lovely to see families sharing together.

Have a date night. It is pleasant to see couples enjoying a meal together outdoors at Randy's Ribs and Wendy's has buy one large chilli and get one large chilli free on Tuesdays. Subway has salad and soups good on these cold nights. Also people enjoy their sandwiches, pizza, drinks and chips. The best part is their coupon right here in the Phoenix. For a nice change in menu treat your date to tacos at El Molino's.

Classic Cafe is a good place to eat if you are an early morning person. Enjoy a newspaper with your breakfast. Coming soon there is to be a restaurant at the Pilot station near the flea market. Make a date night at our local restaurants with your sweetheart or enjoy a meal out with your loved ones.

This Little Bird saw a man talking to his children in the City Memorial Park about the United States Flag. Sometimes it's being flown at half mast and other times at full mast. This Little Bird upon calling City Hall was told the

deaths are reported to them from the Governor or the President.

There are so many wonderful things to enjoy here in Waldo. When flying over Waldo I see gardens lying dormant because of the cold but let us remember this is a sign of spring being just around the corner when flowers will be in full bloom and the air smells fragrant and the smoke of the fireplaces is gone until next winter.

Gentlemen perhaps your loved one would enjoy a homemade card with your personal message of love.

Happy Valentine's Day to us all.

## Community Center News by Thelma Bay



**G**reetings from all of us at the Community Center and Best Wishes for your new year. We are hoping for many good things and blessings for all in 2016.

The month of December was made wonderful for us at the Center. Thanks to the generosity of many people.

Special Thanks to our City Manager, Kim Worley and the Waldo City Council for all they did for our Seniors. Kim makes us feel special all year, and we never feel forgotten.

We enjoyed a Christmas dinner on December 14<sup>th</sup> to honor our Seniors who are part of our food program. We had such a good time and our special guest was Mr. Jeff Lee who coordinates the food programs for the whole county.

Many Thanks also to Mark McGriff and State Farm Insurance for calendars, pens, note pads and magnets to usher in 2016 in style.

We play Bingo on Mondays and Dominoes on Wednesdays. Come check us out, have a cup of coffee, and spend a few minutes with some very nice people.

See you next month. Until then, stay safe, stay warm and stay healthy.

## History of the Computer Mouse

**T**oday, the mouse is an essential input device for all modern computers but it wasn't so long ago that computers had no mouse and no graphical user interface. Data was entered by typing commands on a keyboard.



The mouse was invented by Douglas Engelbart in 1964 and consisted of a wooden shell, circuit board and two metal wheels that came into contact with the surface it was being used on.

It was 8 years later in 1972 that Bill English developed the design further by inventing what is known as the "Ball Mouse" that we

know today. The ball replaced the wheels and was capable of monitoring movement in any direction. The ball came into contact with two rollers that in turn spun wheels with graduations on them that could be turned into electrical pulses representing direction and speed.

At the time Bill English was working for Xerox Parc (Palo Alto Research Centre) the research and development centre set-up by Xerox to 'design the future of computing'. The mouse became part of the ground breaking Xerox Alto computer system which was the first minicomputer system to offer a graphical user interface.

It would be another 8 years before the mouse would be developed any further. An optical mouse was developed in around 1980, eliminating the ball which often became dirty from rolling round the desktop, negatively affecting its operation. In 1988, US patent no. 4751505 was issued for an optical mouse invented by Lisa M. Williams and Robert S. Cherry, which was to be sold commercially with Xerox products, such as the Xerox STAR.

This mouse was produced for \$17 and sold for \$35. Despite this, it wasn't until around 1998 that optical mice became a commercially viable alternative to the ball mouse and infiltrated the mass consumer market., thanks to the increase in microcontroller processing power and the reduction in component costs.

Today the optical mouse has completely replaced the ball mouse, being supplied as standard with all new computers.

Engelbart's mouse was first publicly demonstrated at the 1968 Fall Joint Computer Conference.

The presentation is available to read on this page "A Research Center for Augmenting Human Intellect"

## The Stolen Lipstick by Mary Sue Holton

Mama and Daddy were close friends with the Danas who had been in Waldo so long that I'm pretty sure they founded it. They were a family of railroad men having followed in their father's footsteps to work at Seaboard Coastline in Jacksonville. Theodore Dana had 3 daughters, 2 of which were older than me. The youngest daughter, Patricia, was a couple of years younger but close enough in age that we were play pals. I was perhaps just a tiny bit jealous of the fact that she had the ENTIRE upstairs of their home as her playroom. It was filled with toys of every kind, but the things that interested me the most were the stash of earrings, jewelry and lipsticks. I had absolutely NO exposure to items like this, let alone the opportunity to play with them except when we visited their home.

Also included in the upstairs of their home was a closet in which a number of mink coats were kept. I would occasionally slip my hand inside the garment bag to test their softness and run my hand along the plush, furry length of sheer elegance. I was certain the Danas must be very rich to own so many fine furs and to include earrings and brooches and necklaces in their daughter's stash of play items.

We were also allowed to dress up in a number of long, satin dresses which lived in the closet. They had obviously been bought

for the older girls and hung loosely around our much smaller frames when we wore them. We would gather up the hems under our arms in an effort to shorten them enough to walk around, but the extra material dragged behind us like a train.

Patricia also had dozens of fancy perfume bottles, and I mean



the REAL kind with atomizer bulbs. We sprayed ourselves down with a little of this, a little of that and a whole bunch of something else. We could've walked through Waldo as a mosquito fogger by the time we had finished splashing on our "smell good".

There was a make-up table, complete with a mirror and little velvet stool and plenty of make-up for us to test out. We became quite adept at painting our faces into something glamorous, then prancing around the room like fashion models. This was my first contact with many of the feminine things which were off limits to Pentecostal women, and it was intoxicating and intriguing to me. I was fascinated with the idea of looking pretty and I secretly wanted to know all that I could about the tools which women used to get there. It wasn't likely that I would ever actually have the opportunity to wear make-up, but I wanted to be familiar with it, just in case.

One evening Patricia and I had spent an hour or so playing while our parents visited downstairs. When Daddy called out to say it was time to go home I quickly kicked off a pair of high heels, removed my earrings and necklace, stepped out of the satin gown and began following Patricia out of the room. To this day I haven't been able to figure out what it was that made me grab one of the tiny sample tubes of lipstick on my way out of the room and hide it, clutched tightly in my hand.

By the time we reached the bottom of the stairs I could feel the fires of Hell closing in on me, but I was trapped. I frantically wondered how I could make an excuse to go back upstairs so I could unload my "hot" item. Mama and Daddy ushered me toward the door and I followed behind the boys hoping neither of them would notice my tightly clenched fist. It felt as though a spot light was focused on me and God was watching from Heaven, hugely disappointed and perhaps even angry enough to send a bolt of lightning charging through my body.

I was pretty sure I was going to die before I reached home and could get into my room where I would plead for forgiveness on bended knees. My conscience was speaking to me so loudly that I felt certain everyone in the car could hear. I was completely absorbed in the crisis of what I had just done. I heard nothing that was said on the short drive home, as I sat huddled in the middle of the backseat between Larry and Ricky, silently pleading for God to spare my life.

And yes, pray I did, just as soon as I got to my room. Later, as I lay in bed, I could almost see the tears falling from God's eyes as He looked inside my thief's heart. I imagined the hurt and pain that Mama would feel if she knew of my sin. I grieved over having thrown away what had been a fairly clean slate next to my name in The Lamb's Book Of Life. I wondered what kind of jail little kids went to and if they would let Mama and Daddy come visit me there. I thought of how Larry and Ricky would be made fun of at school when everybody found out that their sister was a crook. And more than anything, I thought about how I wanted to go back and undo it all. I wanted another chance to walk out of that room with NOTHING in my hand and with my moral integrity still intact. For the next 3 days I fretted and worried and sat under the huge weight of unfamiliar guilt that comes along with sin and all

why had I done something so stupid?

I asked Mama over and over, "Can we go see Patricia tonight?" I just had to find a way to get there so I could unload the stolen lipstick, undo the terrible deed and get my feet back on the path of righteousness. Sunday School had been an exercise in pure torture. I was a pretty "see through" kind of little girl and trying to keep a secret was nearly impossible for me. The only thing that kept me from telling on MYSELF was knowing how terrible it was going to make me look.

Thankfully, after 3 days Daddy mentioned that he needed to go by and pick up a fishing rod he had loaned to Patricia's father. I asked if I could go with him and he said that I could. I smuggled "it" into the bottom of my shoe and sat very quietly beside Daddy in the truck. As soon as I got inside the door of the Dana's home, I flew up the stairs, threw the lipstick into the case with the others and then pretended to be looking for Patricia. We weren't there for very long, but it had been long enough for me to unburden myself from holding stolen property. This was the crux of my resolution to NEVER again take anything that didn't belong to me. There was no immediate sense of feeling "redeemed" or "forgiven"

having returned the lipstick. I continued worrying about my salvation, my soul and my Heavenly Home for weeks afterwards. But when I hadn't been struck down by lightning, arrested and hauled off in handcuffs, or stricken with polio after a couple of weeks, I began to think that maybe God was going to forgive me after all. I also began to see God as having enough Grace to cover my sin, but I determined to be extra careful from then on lest He run short and do a little back tracking to snag me later.

I have never told anyone about this "skeleton" which has lived in my closet for about 55 years now. There is a bit of hesitation even now to expose myself in such a way. There is also a huge amount of guilt still associated with the fact that I ever thought of doing such a thing. I guess I'll never understand exactly what it was that pushed me to grab that tube of lipstick.

Years later, Ricky would buy a tube of Tootie Fruitie lipstick for me from Ms Drew, the local Avon lady. It would also be a secret which I kept from Mama, who would never have considered letting me "paint" my face with makeup. But it wasn't stolen so even though there was some guilt about wearing it behind mama's back, at least I wasn't waiting for a bolt of lightning to strike me every time I put it on.

I haven't quite decided if the total sum of "sin" in my life is enough to send me to Hell wearing gasoline drawers. But I do know this much. Wherever I go, I'm going wearing LIPSTICK!!



manner of criminal activity. I expected the cops to come screeching into the driveway any minute, lights flashing, dogs unleashed and bullhorns calling out for me to "surrender and come out with your hands over your head." I sure hoped they didn't send my hero Marshall Matt Dillon to take me in. I couldn't bear to think of him scolding and voicing his disappointment in me. Why, oh



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celebrate  
**BLACK**  
 history **MONTH**

ORIGINS OF

BLACK HISTORY MONTH

The story of Black History Month begins in 1915, half a century after the Thirteenth Amendment abolished slavery in the United States.

That September, the Harvard-trained historian Carter G. Woodson and the prominent minister Jesse E. Moorland founded the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History (ASNLH), an organization dedicated to researching and promoting achievements by black Americans and other peoples of African descent. Known today as the Association for the Study of African American Life and History (ASALH), the group sponsored a national Negro History week in 1926, choosing the second week of February to coincide with the birthdays of Abraham Lincoln and Frederick Douglass. The event inspired schools and communities nationwide to organize local celebrations, establish history clubs and host performances and lectures.

Did You Know?

The NAACP was founded on February 12, 1909, the centennial anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln.

In the decades the followed, mayors of cities across the country began issuing yearly proclamations recognizing Negro History Week. By the late 1960s, thanks in part to the Civil Rights Movement and a growing awareness of black identity, Negro History Week had evolved into Black History Month on many college campuses. President Gerald R. Ford officially recognized Black History Month in 1976, calling upon the public to "seize the opportunity to honor the too-often neglected accomplishments of black Americans in every area of endeavor throughout our history."

Since then, every American president has designated February as Black History Month and endorsed a specific theme. The 2013 theme, At the Crossroads of Freedom and Equality: The Emancipation Proclamation and the March on Washington, marks the 150th and 50th anniversaries of two pivotal events in African-American history.

OBITUARIES



Norris "Nick" Biggins,  
 (June 10, 1934 -



January 17,  
 2016) was  
 born in  
 W a l d o ,  
 Florida to  
 D o r o t h y  
 O'Neal and  
 W i l l i a m  
 Biggins.

After  
 graduation  
 from high school, he was proud to  
 serve in the US Army and was  
 stationed in Korea.

Upon his return from the  
 service, he decided to visit  
 relatives in Cleveland and "liked it  
 so well, I didn't go home for five  
 years!" He met a man who was a  
 welder and decided he could  
 better his life by learning to weld,  
 too.

Nick earned his welding  
 certificate from Lincoln Welding  
 School and then went to the  
 Cleveland School of Welding to  
 learn other techniques. It was  
 there that he began to use his  
 skills to make metal sculptures.  
 He crafted both miniature and  
 oversized works and displayed  
 them in various art exhibits, one  
 being at his own church, The  
 Church of The Saviour, Cleveland  
 Heights, OH. His work has also  
 been exhibited at juried shows at  
 Baycrafters, The Hudson Rotary  
 Club, The Butler Institute in  
 Youngstown, OH, The Higbee  
 Christmas Art Show an exhibit of  
 Folk Art at Case Western Reserve  
 University and Cain Park Art  
 Gallery.

Nick also attended Tri-C,  
 Cuyahoga Vocational School and  
 The Cleveland Institute of Art.

Nick is survived by his  
 loving wife, Gwendolyn K. Williams  
 and his beloved son, David Norris  
 Biggins.

The family prefers that  
 those who wish may make  
 contributions in his name to The  
 Holden Arboretum, 9550 Sperry  
 Rd., Willoughby, OH, 44094 or The  
 Church of The Saviour, 2537 Lee  
 Rd., Cleveland Hts., OH 44118  
 where Funeral Services will be  
 held, Saturday, January 23rd at 2  
 PM.

A prince was put under a  
 spell so that he could speak only  
 one word each year. If he didn't  
 speak for two years, the following  
 year he could speak two words and  
 so on.

One day, he fell in love with  
 a beautiful lady. He refrained from  
 speaking for two whole years so he  
 could call her "my darling." But  
 then he wanted to tell her he loved  
 her, so he waited three more  
 years. At the end of these five  
 years, he wanted to ask her to  
 marry him, so he waited another  
 four years. Finally, as the ninth  
 year of silence ended, he led the  
 lady to the most romantic place in  
 the kingdom and said, "My darling,  
 I love you! Will you marry me?"  
 And the lady said, "Pardon?"

**RANDOM FACTS**

There are several legends  
 behind Saint Valentine. One is that in  
 the 1st century AD it is said that  
 Valentine, who was a priest, defied  
 the order of the emperor Claudius and  
 secretly married couples so that the  
 husbands wouldn't have to go to war.  
 Soldiers were sparse at this time so  
 this was a big inconvenience to the  
 emperor.

Another legend is that  
 Valentine refused to sacrifice to  
 pagan gods. Being imprisoned for this,  
 Valentine gave his testimony in prison  
 and through his prayers healed the  
 jailer's daughter who was suffering  
 from blindness. On the day of his  
 execution he left her a note that was  
 signed "Your Valentine."

# Information Please!

## Waldo Phone Numbers You Might Need (Cut Out and Place By Your Phone)

City Hall	468-1001
After Hours Water Emergency	258-3110
Poison Control Center	1-800-222-1222
Police or Fire Emergencies	911
Sheriff's Dept. Non-Emergencies	955-1818
Power Outages	1-800-468-8243
Waldo Library	468-3298
Waldo Community Center	468-2336
Waldo Post Office	468-1970
Waldo Historical Society	468-3503
Waldo Phoenix	468-1910
Windstream Phone repair	1-800-347-1991

## February Birthdays

1 Sarah Edmondson	11 Dominic Bryne
1 Helen Knupp	11 Benjamin Burnsed
1 Dala Andrijanoff	12 Tracy Cawley
3 Brandon Freeman	12 Destiny Harrison
3 Linda Wise	15 Annalee Tidwell
4 Cindy Woolwine	15 Anthony Mauldin
6 Bill Fellingner	15 Kymberly Brannon
7 Shirley Ford	22 Luella Roberts
9 Jucas Armitage	22 Helen Dority
10 Tom Combs	23 Sandra Fellingner
	27 Bill Dees



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## Philadelphia Missionary Baptist Church Services

Rev. James W. Ramsey - Pastor  
2<sup>nd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> Sundays 11:00 am  
Mid-week service  
every Wednesday 6:00 pm  
taught by Minister Bernard Carter  
Awesome Sunday School  
every Sunday 9:45 am  
taught by Bro. Bobby Hill  
or Minister Bernard Carter for adults  
and Sis. Josie "Jackson"  
& Sis. Monique Taylor for the children.  
Men's Day service will be held  
on the 4<sup>th</sup> Sunday in July at 11:00 am  
Always remember that  
Man is Mighty but God is Almighty

## First Baptist Church, Waldo Hwy 24

**352-468-1721**

Sunday Schedule



9:15 - 9:45 Refreshments  
9:45 Bible Study (all ages)

11:00 am & 6 pm Worship  
11:00 am & 6 pm Children's Worship  
6 pm Youth Praise and Worship

Wednesday Schedule

5:45 - 6:15 pm Dinner  
6:30 pm Children's, Youth, Adult  
Programs

## Waldo Self Storage

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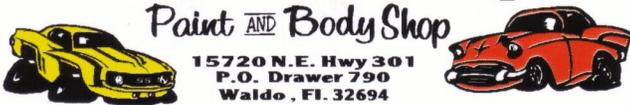
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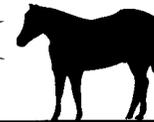
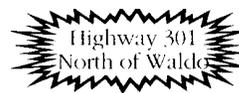
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