



FREE - TAKE ONE!

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W.H.S. News by Penny Dodd Annual Roundtable Discussion



For those of you who are unfamiliar with the "Roundtable Discussion," it is a get-together of all interested historical societies in the area, and takes place every year in June. Each year the event is passed to a different historical society to host.

This year, the event was hosted by the Hawthorne Area Historical Society, at the Little Orange Creek Park in Hawthorne.

We get together to discuss our successes and failures, problems with museums, membership and fund-raising.

There were seven topics of interest, including how to get and keep members, successful events, promoting your society/museum, etc. But two of the topics were of great interest to your WHS members, because we had been discussing those very thoughts prior to the meeting.

One important topic was **"How will your organization protect its historic collections should your group disband?"**

When Don Kunz, our Board Member, was here from Seattle, Washington in April, he brought up the topic of what would happen to our collections should we disband?

Of course, we all jumped on him, saying, "that's not going to happen." But of course, he was

right - we don't know what will happen when we "oldie goldies" start dropping off the planet. Who will be here to continue what we've started?

Don suggested we partner with the Matheson Museum to adopt what we've collected so that it will not end up in some landfill, as we've heard some collections have in the past.

The other topic of interest to us was **"How are your organization's collections to be protected if currently housed in a building owned by anyone other than your organization - and that owner takes back their building?"**

Since we currently have no museum, and don't need to be concerned about a building being "taken back," it made us aware of a situation that we would want to avoid. One local historical society, that has been operating for over twenty years in a building owned by their city, told us that the City is now going to sell their building, which will leave that organization without a place for their historic collections. Needless to say, they are upset by this turn of events.

The same scenario happened to another society a year or two ago, and the building that was acquired by the organization for a museum, and placed on City property, has been taken by that city. But they are still able to house their collections there. So far.

It's very scary to think that years of dedication, protecting

artifacts, photos, documents, etc. donated to a historical society, can be un-housed by the bang of a gavel.

We, the Waldo Historical Society, do NOT want that to happen to our collections. We are determined to own our museum (and the land on which it sits), if we ever acquire one.

In Loving Memory



**Lillian Lamb
Priscilla Shearouse Edwards
Sarah Ellen Weeks
Jesse Thomas Wheeler
Martha Sue de Bodisco**

If you know Waldo citizens who have passed, please call Millie Keirnan 352-468-1378.

**Waldo Commodities
Wednesday
July 9, 2014
1-2 pm**

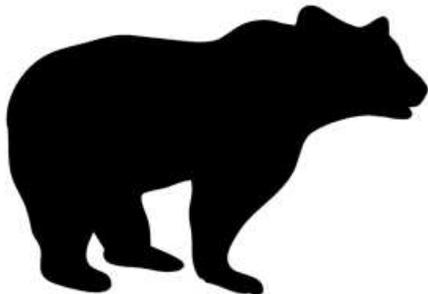
**Waldo Community Center
13558 NE 148th Ave
Phone:(352) 468-2336**

Never debate the ignorant in front of the uninformed: the crowd can't tell who won the argument.

--Syrian Proverb

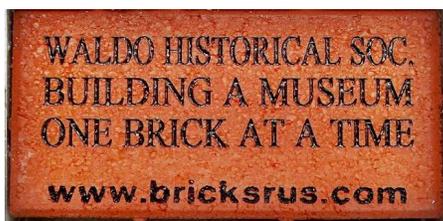
Bear Seen In Waldo by Joanne Lake

I was wondering if anyone else in our area has been bothered by bears? We live off of 301 on NE 150th St. For months we have had a bear drag



our large garbage can into the woods for a late night snack. We finally started disposing of our own garbage most days and only putting garbage out on pick-up morning. We have noticed that lately the bear has moved to other garbage cans. It has also put a stop to any evening walks around the neighborhood. BE CAREFUL!!!

Brick Project Update!



Since last month, thanks to some very caring people, new orders have been placed for more memorial bricks. We'll be sending an order in at the end of July, so if this is something you've been meaning to do, now is the time. If there's someone in Waldo you want to remember, a memorial brick is a beautiful way to honor them. Your favorite teacher at Waldo Community

School deserves a brick, as does your best friend.

If you need an order form, or simply need more information, please call Fred Donaldson at 352-468-1726, or email: historicwaldo@gmail.com and we'll get one to you.

Wanna Hear A Good Story? by Ann Smith

Sam Proctor

Oral History Program

Your friends and neighbors in the Waldo Historic Society are about to launch an oral history collection of long-standing members of the community.

This is the real history. Talking to elders and those who have lived in the area for many years is the real history of Waldo.

Those of us from the Samuel Proctor Oral History Program in Gainesville are cheering you on from the sidelines. The process we use is to obtain the interview and then transcribe it for others to use. My real reason for writing this article is to interest others in the community to participate by helping with the typing of the local interviews.

The Veteran History Project, with which I work, has drawn a small handful of interested volunteers who do our typing. All of them have other lives to live but have become interested in the first person tales of WWII veterans.

The good news is that you can work on your own computer in the comfort of your home and at any hour of the week. The bad news is that this is the longest part of the process. It takes a while to do but is like listening to a talking book.

Those of you who might have interest in this should call Linda Hall Vlacos at 352-376-1203.

There is a free program that we use that allows us to listen to the audio interview and type it into the computer at any speed we choose. We would be happy to give some lessons to help you become acquainted with the process.

I cannot imagine that we won't hear some interesting stories about the town.

1. Where do the railroad tracks lead.
2. What used to be grown in that field?
3. Where does that trickle of water feed into?
4. Who were the heroes? Worst fire?
5. Who saw the first automobile?
6. When was that house built?

Please consider providing a valuable service to your community. Future generations will be grateful to know what you find out.

NOTICE!

By Thelma Bay

We will not be having a school supply and backpack giveaway this year. We will be donating school supplies to each

teacher's classroom so that all children will benefit.



HOEDOWN

Waldo Masonic Lodge No. 10, F&AM (located across from the Waldo Library parking lot) is having a "HOE DOWN" on Saturday, July 26, 2014 from 5:00 p.m. to . . .

We extend a very warm and cordial invitation to be with us for this festive occasion.

For a small donation of \$7.00 per person, we offer a supper consisting of a "smoked Boston Butt" BBQ Sandwich, Baked Beans, Chips and a drink (soda, coffee or tea).



Enjoy an evening of live country music with the "Sunray Band" and a "Karaoke" D.J. for your listening, dancing, and sing along pleasure.

So, bring along yourself, family and friends for some great food, socializing, dancing, singing and just some plain good fun!

Tickets can be purchased from a Lodge member or at the door. (No alcoholic beverages or smoking are permitted inside the building nor are alcohol beverages permitted on Lodge property).



Respectfully, Your Hoe Down Committee.

A Tribute To Lillian Lamb A Moment of Reflection from Danny Bowers



If you will forgive me, I am feeling the need to try to put into words some thoughts I'm having and feelings I'm experiencing.

I just found out from my dad that a lady by the name of Lillian Lamb passed away this morning. If you lived in and around Waldo during the 80s and onward, you knew who she was. You might not have known her personally, or her name, but you knew her by sight.

You see, Lillian was born with major birth defects, cleft pallet, no real nose to speak of, wide set eyes, mentally slow. For those who might be reading this, that have no idea of whom I'm speaking, just picture the character of "Sloth" from the movie "Goonies" and you won't be too far off. I don't say that to be mean. The last thing I would want is for someone to think I'm making fun of her because I'm not, because too many people did. And too many people walked past her, or crossed the street when they saw her coming. But those people missed out. They missed out on knowing Lillian Lamb.

Because Lillian was one of the sweetest, most joyful persons I've had the pleasure of knowing if you knew her, and happen to run into her in public, her face would light up, she would call your name and come give you the biggest hug you've ever had. She would almost squeeze you in two. What I

wouldn't give to be able to give her a hug right now.

I'm writing this because she needs to be remembered, and she will be. How do I know? Because even though some were mean to her, others loved her. Because even though she had no biological family that I know of (Alachua County could not find a living relative), she had a church family at Waldo First Baptist who took her in and loved her with the love of Christ. She had people like Perry Jordan, and my dad, and many others, who took care of her and gave her rides to and from Gainesville, and who did so right up until today. I take that back, they still are in making arrangements because she had no one else to make them for her.

Folks, when Jesus spoke about loving the least of these, this is what He meant, and I thank God for Waldo First Baptist Church.

Lillian, I am sorry. I am sorry that I didn't make more effort to see you. To let you know just how special you really were. But, I take great comfort and hope in the belief and knowledge that you are with God, and that one day, I'm going to be walking along and I will hear, "Danny Bowers!" and get the biggest hug I'm ever had. Until that day, rest in peace, sweet lady.

I just watched a new movie about fishing. There was a great cast in it.

A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME by Lucy Roe Cook

I moved to Waldo in 1990 with my daughter Alisa. We were to take the Amtrak to West Palm Beach to our home to get the rest of our belongings. We were told the Amtrak would be two hours late. It was 2am and dark out. We were told to go to the Depot Diner. When we arrived, no one was there. When we got out of the car, we saw a woman hitch hiking there in the dark and she turned to us and said the diner would open in just a few minutes. As we talked to her she told us that people on the way to work in Gainesville often gave her rides and she was safe. I bought her some breakfast and we went back to the train. My daughter and I now had a friend in Waldo. I would take Lillian to town shopping or to cash her check and in return she gave me her friendship. I would say I was the one filled.

Lillian would come to the Methodist Church of Waldo on the Sundays we had meals. She always had on a pretty dress and a matching hat. Lillian loved to sing.

A time came when Lillian was taken into a nursing home and when I visited with her she would tell them I was her family and indeed I was proud to be that. At Christmas, she and I would walk the halls singing Christmas Carols and visiting with other patients. The time I go home to be with my Lord I will say, "There she is, she is my family and indeed I will be proud to be that."

Lillian was a very brave soul and will be missed. Love you .

Birthdays and Anniversaries in Waldo by Linda Hall Vlacos

My grandson, Ethan Grady, turned 16 on June 6. We attended a huge birthday party at Lake Santa Fe with about 50 people, family and friends attending. Everyone had a great time.

June 6th was also my Aunt Shirley's birthday - Shirley Tuten - who turned 87.

June 7th was my mother and father's 67th wedding anniversary-Allie Mae and Quitman Hall.

The Playhouse and the Sewer Pipe by Mary Sue Holton

When I was a very little girl, my Daddy showed me how to "build" a playhouse for myself. It was such a simple technique and yet it satisfied my imagined need to have a playhouse of my own for



many years. It consisted of nothing more than a few sticks and some pieces of crochet thread (swiped from Mama's stash). The sticks were staked out in the ground to create the outline of the

house with individual rooms. The string created exterior and interior "walls" with openings for doors. My imagination took care of the rest.

When we moved from Cracker Hill to the property just off 24 across from the Russell's home, and just down from the Pons', Daddy put us young'uns to good use helping to build our new home. The lumber was used, having come from a building Daddy had torn down, and we were assigned the job of pulling out the old nails.

Daddy would bring in a load of lumber on the back of the big Kilgore Seed Company flatbed truck. It would be unloaded onto the ground and one by one, each board was "cleaned". Several sets of sawhorses were set up where the boards were inspected, freed of nails and then stacked neatly on more sawhorses, according to size and length.

At first it felt like a real adventure, but all too soon it began to feel like work. Daddy and his friend JC Kemp were pretty good at keeping us motivated. An occasional dip under the cool water of the hand pump worked wonders at renewing our energy. But it was the promise of a penny for every nail that we pulled which was the magic that managed to keep us working.

As the house began to take shape, we took pride in our right to brag that we had helped "build" it. We jumped across the floor joists, climbed up the side walls and hung from the rafters. Each step found us exploring and testing the durability of each newly constructed feature and attempting to take it to its limits. Then before we knew it, it was

time to move in and begin calling it "home".

It seemed that for months and months afterwards Daddy was busy with projects and improvements around the house. He had a small "crew" of helpers who were always busy carrying out his instructions. They built a chicken pen and hen house, a tool shed and cover for Daddy's boat. A pump house and front porch. A fenced in pasture for the horses



and cows. Hog pens and a small pen for the horse to be fed in. There were food troughs to build, fruit trees to plant, pasture to be cleared and a pond to be dug. And every few days Daddy would bring home flowers and shrubs from work and I gladly planted them all laying claim to ALL of the credit for an increasingly homey looking yard.

Eventually all of the "projects" wound down and the crews disappeared. Then out of the blue Mr Kemp showed up one day with a load of lumber in the back of his truck. My nosey gene was quite young back then and not nearly as "refined" as it is now, so I set about finding out what it was he was there to do. He was rather evasive and teased me endlessly about it not being any of my "business", but he steadily worked

to clear out a spot on the far east side of the back yard, and then staked out what looked to be a small building.

After several days it was apparent that a tiny little house, about 8 x 10 feet, was going up, but no one seemed to know for what. A window on each side had a drop down shutter covering it. Mr Kemp put a row of "shelves" along the back wall, which in reality was an old set of hens' nests, and left the front door open. And when he was finished, he packed up his tools and drove off out of the yard, smiling and waving for as long as I could see him.

Later on, when Daddy came home from work, he had 4 flats of flowers. Zinnias, marigolds, coleus and morning glories. All of my favorites.

"Daddy, do you want me to plant those flowers for you?" I asked, eyeing them with particular interest.

"Well Flossie" he said, "I thought you might like to put them in YOUR yard."

Perplexed but NOT deterred, I cocked my head to one side playfully and said "Daddy, I don't HAVE a yard!"

"Yes mam, I think you do. The little house out there that Kemp just finished building, THAT'S your house and your yard."



I don't think ANYTHING had ever excited me more. My very own playhouse. My very own yard. My very own flowers to plant. It was all MINE. Well, it was mine and Karen's, but since I was the oldest I got to be "in charge". And I immediately set out to make it just as nice as I could.

Mama helped make curtains for the windows. I made a short walkway with bricks lined on each side with flowers. I made trellis on the side out of chicken wire for the morning glories to run up.

Daddy showed up from work one day with a small table & 2 stools (another work of art from Mr Kemp). I had a doll bed, a small ironing board, tea sets and blankets and everything I could find to make it more "homey". I even planted a small garden in the back. Six short little rows of vegetables which I watered and tended all on my own.

One day I decided I needed a "fence" of sorts. Looking around the yard I found a pretty big stack of round, red clay piping. Carefully, I placed them end to end around the perimeter of my "yard", and satisfied with the result, I proudly showed it off to Daddy that evening.

"Baby, Carl might wind up needing that "fence". Do you think it'd be alright if we let him have it?" he was careful to protect my feelings and give me the opportunity to "give" the fence to Carl, who was one of my all time favorite cousins.

"Yes sir" I said. My big girl generosity was happily willing to share. "Carl can sure have them if he needs a fence." The amused smile on Daddy's face let me know that he was really proud of me.

I enjoyed my "fence" for a

couple of weeks before Carl showed up and reluctantly moved it all to his house around on Cracker hill. I was particularly confused when we later visited him and I saw NO evidence of the

fence. Daddy explained that he'd used it for "something else", but offered no further explanation.

I have no idea how old I was when I realized exactly what those red clay pipes were really

made for. But I DO remember being very embarrassed that I'd strung them so proudly around "my" entire yard. And grateful that neither Daddy nor Carl had laughed at me for framing my little playhouse with SEWER PIPES.

Control Shortcut Keys by Glen Johnson

There are those of us that like to do things the hard way, and then there are those of us that like to make life as easy as possible. I'm of the second thought. Like the old saying, "Give the laziest man the hardest job, he'll find the easiest way to do it." Here is a list of shortcuts that makes life easy. They can be found easy enough on the internet, but I did the work for you. Just hold down the Control key, then press the letter that follows it and you'll get the following results. Enjoy.

Ctrl +A	Select all
Ctrl +B	Bold
Ctrl +C	Copy
Ctrl +D	Font window (word processing); Add to bookmarks (Browsers)
Ctrl +E	Center alignment (word processing)
Ctrl +F	Find (usually a small piece of text in a larger document)
Ctrl +G	Go to (line number)
Ctrl +H	Replace; History
Ctrl +I	Italic; Incremental search
Ctrl +J	Justify
Ctrl +K	Insert hyperlink (word processing)
Ctrl +L	Create list; Left align (word processing)
Ctrl +M	Decrease margin by 1/2 inch (word processing)
Ctrl +N	New (window, document, etc.)
Ctrl +O	Open
Ctrl +P	Print
Ctrl +Q	Quit application
Ctrl +R	Refresh page; Right align (word processing)
Ctrl +S	Save
Ctrl +T	Open new tab
Ctrl +U	Underline
Ctrl +V	Paste
Ctrl +W	Close window or tab
Ctrl +X	Cut
Ctrl +Y	Redo
Ctrl +Z	Undo

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
Fire Emergencies	911
Police Department	468-1515
Police 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 Community School	468-1451
Waldo Phoenix	468-1910

July Birthdays

1 Jenny Kimber	19 Nicholas Scott
3 Bianca Gutierrez	20 Eldred Bivins
5 Chris Ankney	21 Melba Hill
5 Oscar White	24 Roland Wise
7 Virginia McLendon	24 Betty Brooker
10 Carlton Davis	25 Kelli Juszak
13 Andrew Mitchell	27 Henrietta Armitage
13 Roosevelt Green	29 Alisa Andrijanoff
16 Leon Brookins	29 John Kimber



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& Sis. Monique Taylor for the children.
Men's Day service will be held
on the 4th 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

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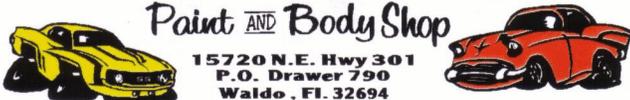


**Waldo Phoenix
Advertising Rate Sheet**
(effective date: March 1, 2010)

Size	3 Months	6 Months	12 Months
Business Card	\$60.00	\$90.00	\$120.00
Quarter Page	\$120.00	\$180.00	\$240.00
Half Page	\$240.00	\$360.00	\$480.00
Full Page	\$480.00	\$720.00	\$960.00

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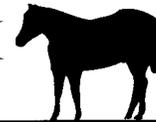
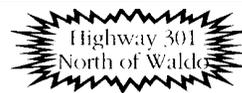


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