



The Waldo Phoenix



FREE - TAKE ONE!

Volume Eight - Issue 5 July, 2017

A 501(c)3 Non Profit Organization

Published by Waldo Historical Society, Inc.

www.WaldoHistoricalSociety.YolaSite.com

Like us on Facebook

Railroad Museum Vandalism

The Waldo Historical Railroad Museum has been vandalized twice in the past month. Although there is nothing of monetary value inside, the collections, donated by local Waldo people, are irreplaceable, as they are one of a kind, and have been entrusted to us to keep them secure. We certainly do not want any harm to come to any of these historic items, and try to do everything possible to keep them safe.

There are security cameras that can see all activities in the area, including those who try to cause any damage to the collection.

American Locksmiths, a 24 hour lock service, came to our rescue recently to reinforce the locks, and we are now confident that no one will be able to enter the Caboose unattended in the future. Owner Joel Calvani is a very dedicated locksmith, who cares about his customers.

There will be NO meeting for the Waldo Historical Society during the month of July.

The next meeting will be held at the Waldo Community Center on October 26, 2017 at 6 p.m.

Waldo Book of Records

Some of you may recall the Waldo Book of Records that we (W.H.S.) attempted to create a few years back. That project was pushed back for some reason, but now we want to complete it in earnest.

If you know who is the oldest Waldo citizen, or have the biggest, smallest, oldest, funniest-looking dog in Waldo, the tallest or widest tree, or anything else that you believe should be in the Waldo Book of Records, please send us a photo or some information to show us what you have.

Waldo Community School

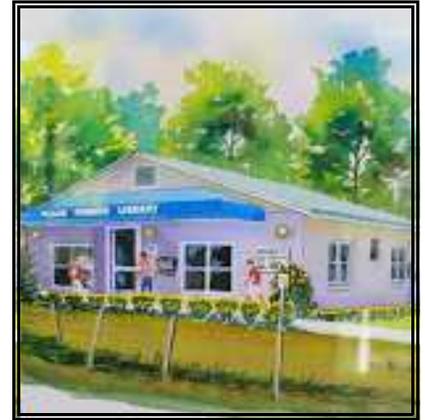
Sports Uniform

Do you have an old sports uniform from the Waldo Community School that you would be willing to donate to the Waldo Historical Society?

Since we no longer have a school here in Waldo, we would love to be able to display a remembrance of Waldo Community School sports in our temporary museum.



Waldo Library News by Kerry Dowd



**Summer
at the Library**

Please join us for Summer at the Library! All ages can sign up at www.aclib/summer or at the Waldo Branch Library. Join the fun – track the books you’re reading and share reviews of what you have enjoyed reading. Library programs for all ages are offered weekly at the **Waldo Community Center, 14257 Cole Street**. We hope to see you!”

July Program Schedule

- 4 - Library Closed
- 10 - Reduce and Reuse with Alternative Waste 2 p.m.
- 11 - Printing & Print Making with Linda Tiffany 2 p.m.
- 17 - Get Healthy with IFAS 2 p.m.
- 24 - Foodie space - Solar Power S’mores 11 a.m.
- 25 - Magic Mike 2 p.m.



W.H.S. Visits Austin Cary Forest

Recently, members of the Waldo Historical Society

met at the entrance to the Austin Cary Forest. We were greeted by Wayne Smith, Professor emeritus with UF/IFAS, and forester Scott Sager.



As Wayne opened the gate, we started down a road into local history and took a path that lead us back to modern science. The winding road that leads into the Austin Cary Forest is well traveled. Guests include everyone from research teams to wedding parties.

Primarily, it is a 2,040 acre teaching and research facility, and it's a busy place. We were invited to view their newest exhibit of a restored turpentine still.

The focal point of this exhibit is the Still itself, but a proper exhibit starts at the beginning. There are examples of tools used to score the trees, and the various cups that collected the sap.

We saw interesting photos and diagrams of 19th and 20th century stills, and of the workers

with their mule teams. And best of all, the accurate reconstruction of an original still.



Some of us climbed up and looked down into the huge copper kettle. Workers would roll barrels of sap up a steep ramp and empty the raw sap into the mouth of the kettle, and with a fire in the brick furnace, chemistry took over. The result was hot rosin, and turpentine.

In the old days, turpentine was the most prized product. Times have changed, though, and now it's the rosin that is the cash crop.

Today, all kinds of amazing things are made with pine rosin! Rubber tires, candy, soap, Gatorade, paint and candles just to name a few. We sure were surprised and fascinated to see this exhibit and learn how the industry went from



pre-mechanization to modern times.

Forester Scott Sager and Dr. Wayne Smith were gracious hosts and completed our tour with a

good look around the new Visitor's Center. Constructed out of Heart Pine donated by patrons all over Florida, the lofty ceilings and many windows provide lovely views of the surrounding forest and Lake Mize.

There are artworks everywhere, and an exhibit of woods from around the world. Exquisitely air-conditioned (we needed it!) and comfortably furnished, it is a tribute to the Forest, and our community. We loved everything about the tour, and wished you'd been there!

The Armadillo and the Purse by Mary Sue Holton

The loss of one's home is a devastating trauma which is never forgotten.



As children, we lost two homes to fire and I will remember forever the stunned numbness which overcame our entire family. I could never explain to you the feeling of complete loss. Having lost a home to fire in my adult life, I can now speak from both sides. The protected child, and the parent, responsible to rebuild and mend a disrupted life or suffer a heartbreaking fact. Some things can NEVER be replaced.

Though it's been many years since I lost my home to fire as an adult, I occasionally think of little things that are gone. My favorite frying pan, my antique four poster bed, my grandma's powder box, my grandpa's toenail clippers (that's another story), the cedar chest Daddy bought for me when I was 10. These may not

sound important to most people, but they were special in helping me hold on to some of my most cherished memories.

Daddy's been gone for many years as well and I've lost most of the things that he gave to me over the years. Mementos and little trinkets that were attached to a special moment in my life. But three things have managed to survive destruction. My little red rocking chair, a miniature rag doll made of yarn, and a purse.

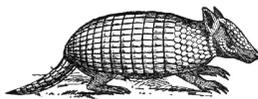
Daddy worked at the Lake Butler Reception and Medical Center at the state prison complex for quite a few years preceding his death. This is a section of the Florida Prison System in which convicted offenders are "processed," a term which refers to the lengthy paperwork, medical clearance and placement of state prisoners. There were a few offenders, however, who were permanently assigned to the Lake Butler Center, and with these Daddy became well acquainted.

I'll never forget the combined efforts of the prisoners themselves, and Daddy's fellow employees (strangers to me) after the loss of my home to fire. I received numerous envelopes containing cash, boxes of household goods and clothes. One inmate made a coffee table for us, another sent a radio. I was very touched by their compassion, knowing that some of them had given items that were very important to them. I recognized that their generosity came from their admiration and respect for Daddy. After daddy's death these "hardened, unfeeling criminals" loaded onto buses and traveled to the funeral home where he lay. One by one they filed past his

casket, eyes filled with tears, to say goodbye to the "Big Guy".

Various talents were held by these inmates. Some were gifted artists. I recall a very beautiful portrait Daddy had one of them paint for my stepmother. Some were excellent wood-crafters as shown in a magnificent cedar gun cabinet made from a felled tree in Daddy's field. Some were welders and iron-workers, thus Daddy had a handsomely crafted bar-b-que grill. Some practiced taxidermy and Daddy had a room filled with stuffed birds, fish, deer heads, and a bob cat.

Others were electronically inclined and kept his television and stereo in top repair. And then, there was the master leather smith.



One particular year, Daddy suddenly became interested in armadillo hunting. For the life of me I couldn't understand why he was in constant search of the critters. I looked carefully at the meat platters on the table when we ate at his house, fearing that I may be "feasting" on the objects of his recent hunts.

Upon returning to Daddy's house from the store one day, I announced that I had hit an armadillo with the car.

"Did you mess it up very bad?" Daddy asked.

"I don't know, Daddy" I answered, "But it didn't get up and run off."

"I'll be right back." Daddy said, jumping into his truck.

He soon returned with the armadillo in a plastic sack, and proceeded to clean it, throwing away everything and keeping only

the shell. He refused to give us his reasoning, saying only that "he needed it."

Christmas came and Daddy planned a family gathering with his children and grand-children. Years before, he had given up the tradition of exchanging gifts and would scold us if we "wasted" money buying anything for him or our step mother.

"Buy for the young'uns" he would say. "Don't worry about us." We expected our usual gathering which would include a huge, scrumptious meal, some casual talk and visiting, a trip to the catfish pond, and possibly a couple of hours helping him gather wood for the fireplace. You can imagine our surprise when, upon arrival, each of us was given a gift. The



four men, two sons and two sons in law were each gifted with a beautiful, hand crafted, leather wallet. The women, two daughters, and two daughters in law, were given handmade purses. Each had been made from an ARMADILLO!

In complete and utter surprise, I attempted to disguise my desire to recoil. It was quite a novelty and a rare gift indeed. I hardly knew what to say. I examined carefully, with a conscious knowledge that this was one of those UGLY critters from which road kill came, this unique piece of art. Daddy beamed proudly as words of thanks continued to fail us.

The "body" of the purse was the cleaned, cured, and carefully lined shell of the armadillo, turned up. A wide

leather panel had been carefully hinged and placed to form a "lid" or top, the edges trimmed neatly and laced with black leather strapping. Two leather handles were placed on either side and a fastener attached to the front.

It was different - VERY different.

"Well, now you know." Daddy announced in a happy voice. "You see why I couldn't tell you about the armadillos? One of my inmates made these for me. He gets \$80 a piece for 'em, but I made a deal with him, and for every two armadillos I got for him he would give me one purse. I got one for Idell too." Idell was our step mother. "Do you like 'em?" he asked.

"Oh, it's nice, Daddy" I said, hoping my voice wouldn't betray the fact that I was completely stunned by the gift he seemed so proud to have given. "That's a good idea he came up with. A really neat idea. I would never have thought of it."

It really was quite the unique gift and he gave it so proudly, we couldn't help but to carry on over it in a pretense of surprised delight. Later, we each went home, carrying on our arm, the armadillo purse and wearing smiles of "excited" possession. Albeit mostly from Daddy's pride in having given them.

I never found an occasion to actually carry the purse. Idell, however, proudly carried hers on her arm, displaying it to the world. Explaining to curious on-lookers, it's origin.

This novelty has survived destruction, through a series of coincidences, nothing short of miraculous. It still brings a smile to my face when I take it out and recall the complete pride and

pleasure with which it was given to me.

A Gucci or Coach, it is not. And though I have not filled it with the usual contents of a purse, it remains filled with the treasured memories of a Daddy who cared enough to give me what he felt was something beautiful. And he was right. He gave me love, and that's one gift no fire can ever destroy.

Independence Day by Logan Fernandez-Smith

Independence Day is nearing us and with it the promise of fireworks, parties, and food. Independence Day dates to July 4, 1776 when the 56 delegates of the 13 colonies gathered together to sign the Declaration of Independence. Now we honor this historic day with celebrations. Here are some fun facts about Independence Day and its corresponding celebrations.



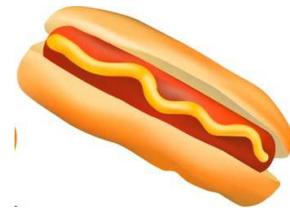
The only delegate to sign the declaration on July 4th was John Hancock. The other 55 delegates signed on later dates. One in every eight of the delegates had gone to Harvard. Also, the average age of the delegates was 45.

Americans are no strangers to parties. For example, in 2012, the United States imported 227.3 million dollars' worth of fireworks. On the actual 4th of July 150 million hot



dogs, and 700 million pounds of chicken are eaten. On every 4th of July the Liberty Bell is tapped 13 times.

While July's major holiday is Independence Day, it also contains a few other holidays such as



Canada Day, St. Thomas Day, World Population Day, Bastille Day, National Ice

Cream Day, Nelson Mandela Day, National Hot dog Day, Parents Day, National Tequila Day, St. James TG Day, World Hepatitis Day, National Lasagna day, International Friendship Day, National Cheesecake Day, and Day Against Trafficking in Persons.

All these holidays make July quite an exciting month.



July 4th remains one of the most historic days in not just this country's history but the world's history. Our annual celebrations make Independence Day an icon of our National pride. It's because of holidays like this, citizens of this country will strengthen the Nationalism that will keep the United States proud even in the face of adversity, much like the brave men who first signed the Declaration of Independence.



OBITUARIES

The publishers of The Waldo Phoenix are pleased to publish any obituaries of Waldo families at no charge.

OSTEEN, WILLIAM MARVIN

William Marvin (Bill) Osteen passed away peacefully in the presence of family on June 2, 2017. He was born on November 23, 1933, in Trenton Florida, and graduated from Waldo High School. After serving in the US Marine Corp, he returned to Florida and attended Jones Business College. A career in consumer lending ensued, culminating in his retirement from Barnett Bank (now Bank of America) after twenty years' service.

He was an active member of Church on the Drive (formerly College Park Baptist Church). He participated in two mission trips, one each to Kenya and Ethiopia. During his lifetime, he enjoyed sports, woodworking, nature, travelling, photography, and spending time with family and friends.

He is survived by his wife of almost forty-five years, Margaret Green Osteen, as well as three daughters: Viggo Casey (Larry) of Odessa, Mary Kay Davies (Albert) of Cocoa, and Amy Hulen (Dan) of Stuart, along with nine grandchildren: Brian Casey (Francesca) of St. Petersburg, Jeff Casey of Odessa, Tyler Osteen of Longwood, Travis Osteen of Atlanta, and Grace, Noah, Annaliese, Coraline, and Marabelle Hulen, all of Stuart, along with one great grandchild, Ava Casey of St.

Petersburg. Bill is also survived by two brothers: SJ Osteen (Tiny) of Starke and Franklin (Linda) of Alachua.

A memorial service was held on Friday, June 9, at 11:00 a.m. at Church on the Drive, 1914 Edgewater Drive, Orlando FL 32804, followed by a reception at the church.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made in Bill's memory to Church on the Drive or to Water Is Life, International Inc, 916 Valencia Ave., Orlando FL. Condolences may be left at www.BaldwinFairchild.com.

HARDEN, COLE



It is time to say farewell to Cole Harden. Cole passed away June 4, 2016 at his Jacksonville

home. Cole was born November 21, 1947 in Gainesville, FL. He spent most of his youth in Ocala.

Cole is survived by two sisters, Sally Ann Schmidt (Bill) of Gainesville, and Hope Meffert of Ocala; two nieces, Laurie M. Wilbur (John) of Ponte Vedra Beach; great nephews, Jack and Cole Wilbur, and Paige M. Lewis (Thom) Of Phoenix, AZ; great nephews, Connor (Kathleen), Garrett; and two great great nephews, Hudson and Oliver, all of Phoenix, AZ; cousins, Ronald (Sandy) Marshall, Joy Barron (Ken) both of Jacksonville, Al Marshall of Greenville, SC; and aunt, Ruth Davis (Coolidge); cousins, Nola Jan Boyd (Doc), and Bill Davis (Rhonda) of Gainesville; and many devoted lifelong friends.

Cole is preceded in death by his beloved mother, Lillyan M. Taylor of Ocala; father, Theodore D. Harden of Waldo. Cole graduated from Ocala High School in 1966, attended Berkeley University, graduated with honors from the University of Florida with a degree in Education. He was employed by Hewlett Packard in Atlanta in the 1980's. He later earned and Associate degree in Echocardiography and Ultrasound, Atlanta, GA. He was employed as a Echocardiography technician at Shands Hospital in Gainesville and Baptist Hospital in Jacksonville before retiring.

The family will hold a private service at a later date. Memorial contributions can be made to a charity of your choice .



NOTICE!

The Waldo Phoenix is growing. We need writers, reporters, advertising people. Get involved - help us make this the best newspaper for Waldo.

If you know what's going on in Waldo, we'd love to have you share it with us and our readers. Deadline for submissions is the 21st of the month preceding publication.

Subscriptions available for \$12.00 annually. Send payment to Waldo Historical Society, P.O. Box 459, Waldo, Florida 32694

Phone: 352-468-1910
email: historicwaldo@gmail.com

**Little Bird
by Lucy
Roe Cook**



Let me tell you about the railroad museum. Many Waldo residents are proud of their heritage with the railroad.

The railway helped in a large way to settle Florida to give Waldo a prominent place in building our history.



Waldo City Hall has reported that the new Waldo Fire Station Ribbon Cutting will be on Friday August 25. Not sure of time yet.



Our new firehouse looks so pretty. Sometimes I get so confused! We have been eagerly

awaiting Fire Station 23 but when it arrived, it was Fire Rescue Station 40. Which is it? And what about the SIDEWALK CLOSING sign across the street from the new fire station? This sign was there for weeks but they never closed the sidewalk.



Sad! Sad! The END SCHOOL ZONE sign is a sad reminder of how good we had it. Now all we have left of our school is this sign.

W.H.S. thanks the Waldo Baptist Church for the use of their Life Center for the 11th Annual Roundtable meeting of local and neighboring historical societies. In attendance were Hawthorne, Micanopy, Gainesville, Lake Butler, Starke, Crescent City, Interlachen, Palatka and Orange Park.



family." Pictures of flags on Flag Day and Independence Day while flying around the city, I saw a young man wearing flag pants. This unidentified

And what about the sign that says "End School Zone"? Sad!

Fred Hill wore a flag shirt to work to celebrate Memorial Day. He's been employed for 36 years at Ward's Grocery Store in Gainesville. He says, "It's a great place to work. They treat you like



young man certainly showed patriotism on Flag Day. I was surprised to see so many flags flying on Flag Day.

Children's summer camp is in full swing now, thanks to Lisa Hill, Mary Ann Rich and Marie Ankney for their generous donation of time and talent.

It's been raining for days. We are waterlogged. The earth is squishy. The mosquito population has exploded into a plague of biblical proportions. Victims have described them as armies attacking with hat pins.

I saw a sign in Gainesville at the Vacuum Center. It read "If you've been praying for rain, you can stop now. Thank you."

We need to remember our Waldo family because they need our prayers. Our hearts are with Herman and Marjorie Bowers and to all of those who are in need.

Condolences go out to Sarah Dougherty for the loss of her husband, Richard, and to Judy Donaldson for the loss of her husband, Fred. Prayers to their families.

**RANDOM FACTS
Ferrets**

The word "ferret" is from the Latin fur, meaning "little thief." Indeed, one of the ferret's favorite activities is stealing and hiding things.

There are several populations of feral ferrets throughout the world. The most notable and destructive population lives in New Zealand. They were initially imported from England from 1879 to 1883 to help control the rabbit population. When that population was under control, the hybrids began eating New Zealand's native birds which, until that time, had no natural predators.

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 Fire Department	468-1301
Waldo Post Office	468-1970
Waldo Historical Society	468-3503
Waldo Phoenix	468-1910
Windstream Phone repair	1-800-347-1991



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

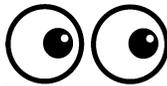


BIRTHDAYS
THIS MONTH

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
13 Allie Mae Grady	29 John Kimber
16 Leon Brookins	

**If Your Advertisement Was Here
Hundreds of People Would Be Seeing It.**



Philadelphia Missionary Baptist Church Services

Rev. James W. Ramsey - Pastor

2nd and 4th 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 4th Sunday in July at 11:00 am

Always remember that

Man is Mighty but God is Almighty



AMERICAN LOCKSMITHS

24 HOUR SERVICE

Joel A. Calvani 352-377-6653

Waldo Self Storage

352-468-1042

17842 N.E. Hwy 301

P.O. Box 698

Waldo Florida 32694

Electronic Security Gate & Video Surveillance

Office Hours Mon — Sat 9 to 5 & Sun Closed

www.waldoselfstorage.com

**PLEASE SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS. THEY SUPPORT US
AND HELP MAKE THIS NEWSPAPER POSSIBLE**

The Genuine. The Original.



Overhead Door Company of Gainesville
 POST OFFICE BOX 5685
 GAINESVILLE, FL 32627
OFFICE: (352) 468-2733
FAX: (352) 468-1453



**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

Your 8-1/2" x 11" or smaller flyers will be inserted @ \$25.00/250 per month.

We will work with you to create your ad.
 We can add clip art, photos or your logo.
 Call 352-468-1910 - Advertising Editor

email: HistoricWaldo@gmail.com

The Waldo Phoenix is published monthly by the Waldo Historical Society, a non-profit organization whose mission is to preserve and promote the history of the City of Waldo, Florida. The Waldo Historical Society has no paid officers and no employees. All donations are tax-exempt under section 501© 3 of the Internal Revenue Service and 100% are used to support our mission.

MINNIX'S Free Estimates



Paint AND Body Shop

15720 N.E. Hwy 301
 P.O. Drawer 790
 Waldo, FL 32694

Harold Minnix Jr.
 20 Years Experience
 Auto Collision Repair
 Custom Paint and Fabrication

Bus (352) 468-1234
 Fax (352) 468-1234

Tom's Cypress, Inc.

Cypress, Epoxy Resin
 & Clock Motors

15455 NE US Hwy. 301
 P.O. Drawer L
 Waldo, Florida 32694
 Phone/Fax 352.468.2357
 www.tomscypressinc.com

Highway 301
 North of Waldo



352-468-2255

**WALDO
 FARMERS &
 FLEA MARKET**

Billing Address:
 P.O. Box 142817
 Gainesville, FL 32614
 FAX: (352) 375-3198

17805 NE US Hwy 301
 Waldo, FL 32694



Subway of Waldo

Present this coupon for \$1 off a FOOTLONG™
 OR \$.50 off a 6" SUB!

Located on NE HWY 301 next to Dollar General
 Call 352-468-1163 or fax 352-468-1153

Thank You for Supporting Your Waldo Historical Society