



FREE - TAKE ONE!

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[www.WaldoHistoricalSociety.YolaSite.com](http://www.WaldoHistoricalSociety.YolaSite.com)

## WHS News by Penny Dodd

May was an exciting month for the WHS. The future Railroad Museum is finally coming together, with the track lighting installed, and plans for the self-tour brochure in the works.

The most exciting thing was having seven vintage photos and documents re-framed. It's amazing how much better old things look in a new frame. Where's my new frame? Ha ha.

Our framer of choice is **Picture This! Frameshop and Gallery** in the Butler Plaza in Gainesville (next to Bone Fish Grill).

Picture This! not only did a very professional job on our old photos and documents, but they made our really old and disheveled documents look like new again.

If you have any photos or documents you've been thinking about having framed, we highly recommend you take them to **Picture This! Frameshop and Gallery**. They will absolutely astound you with their quality and reasonable prices.



Shown above is one of the pictures we recently had framed, and is what's commonly known as a "Yard Long" photo. The picture is labeled as "Waldo, Florida Homecoming, 1941," but we have no idea what the occasion was or the location. If you know anything about this photo, please email us at [historicwaldo@gmail.com](mailto:historicwaldo@gmail.com) or call 352-468-1910. We would be happy to have you come look at it, to help us identify it.

**First Baptist Church, Waldo**  
**Hwy 24**  
**352-468-1721**  
**Rod Carter-Youth Pastor**  
**Class of 2013**

**C**ongratulations to the following graduates:

**Morgan Lindsey Cash**  
**Ashlan Ciara Clark**  
**Peter Haralambopoulos**  
**Trevor Rhett Harris**  
**Jacob Kane Ormond**  
**Robert Cline Raulerson**  
**Danny Leon Stanford**  
**Jason Harper Tidwell II**

**Important Dates**

June - Faze III begins  
6/15 - Wild Adventures  
7/12-15 - Camp - Laguna Beach  
7/21-26 - VBS  
7/27-8/3 - Georgia Mission Trip  
8/10 - Wild Adventures  
9/6-8 - Rock the Universe

**Attention Parents:**

As you can see, we have a busy summer. We will be going to Panama City Beach again this year for our Summer Camp. Your teenager has had many opportunities to participate in the youth fundraisers. We have had 4. If your teen participated, the cost of their trip is \$75.00. If not, the price is \$125.00. Friday, July 12<sup>th</sup>, we will be leaving the church around 8:00 am. Your teen will need \$ for approximately 4-5 meals (this includes travel days).

We are also going back to Georgia this summer to teach VBS. We will be leaving on Saturday, July 27<sup>th</sup> around 7:00 am. The cost of this trip is \$50.00. Your teen will need \$ for travel days and one other meal.

**A Little Bird Told Me**  
**Lucy Roe Cook**



**F**athers: The love you share  
**F**on Fathers Day if  
remembered  
throughout  
the year, each  
day of the  
year would be  
a joy.

**T**he  
Waldo Historical Society is hard at  
work. They have had a lot of  
historical information framed. The  
people of Waldo have been  
generous with donations.  
Whenever a location for a museum  
is located, they will be ready.

The City of Waldo has said  
the WHS can use the Caboose for  
a railroad display. Donations are  
coming in and being put into  
displays. Thank you to the people  
of Waldo for your donations.

This little bird has seen a  
population growth at the home of  
Vera Mauldin of Cracker Hill. She  
has at her home her son, Keith  
Mauldin, his wife, Carla and four  
children, Anthony, Christian, Evon  
and Alex. Now Carla's sister from  
Colorado (with six children) is  
staying with them for a few days.  
I hear such laughter from happy  
children. Ten children is like  
having a summer camp. God bless  
you all.

Four members of the WHS  
were seen driving to High Springs  
in search of a railroad display.  
Vera Mauldin, Mary Ann Rich,  
Penny Dodd and Lucy Roe Cook.  
We were greeted at the old  
railroad station which is now a  
Chamber of Commerce Visitors  
Station. A volunteer for the  
Chamber of Commerce, Sandy,  
was quite gracious and  
informative. She directed us to  
another location which will soon

house the High Springs Historical  
Society. We obtained some good  
ideas to bring back to Waldo.  
Thank you Sandy.

It is a sad day when Waldo  
loses a Waldo family member.  
Rodney Estes is retiring and  
moving to N. C. He has been a  
Councilman for over thirty five  
years, a teacher for forty years,  
and a good friend to many. This  
little town of Waldo will miss you  
Rodney Estes, but we wish you the  
best in all that is to come.

A prayer goes out to the  
family of Marilyn Taylor. God bless  
you all.

A blessing also to the family  
of Joan Busseno. May you find  
peace.

This Little Bird is enjoying  
the rain for it keeps my feathers  
clean and will look forward to the  
birdbaths when the rain stops this  
summer. See you next month.

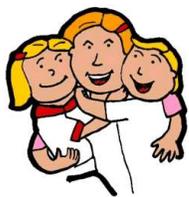
**Waldo Commodities**  
**Tuesday, June 11, 2013**  
**Waldo**  
**Community Center**  
**1 -2 p.m.**

"It's not that I don't want to listen  
to people. I very much want to  
listen to people.

I just can't hear them over my  
talking."

**-- Paula Poundstone**

## Waldo's Kids by Thelma Bay



From all of us who work, volunteer and help at Waldo Community School, we say, THANK YOU to our community for your support.

With your help and participation, we were able to raise over \$2,000 for the School Safety Patrols to go to Washington, D.C., by having two spaghetti dinners at Waldo First Baptist Church. Special Thanks to Pastor Jim DuBois for letting us use the Family Life Building and to Sharon Eudailey, Brenda Coleman and Sara Ann Hanson for their cooking skills.

Also with your help, we donated over \$1,800 to the school through the Box Top coupons that I collect year round.

Please continue to save them for us.

We are grateful to manager David and the employees of our local Dollar General store for donating large amounts of food for our school and community. Thanks also to our Waldo Post Office for their donation of all the food collected by the mail carriers on Saturday, May 11th.

### Thrifty Tips

\* Drain a few gallons of water from your water heater each year to remove sediment and improve efficiency!

\* Learning how to clean hot water heater sediment is easy: First turn off the power so you don't risk electrical shock or burn out your element. Then turn off the cold water valve to the tank. Attach a garden hose to the tank drain valve and then drain a few gallons of the hot water in the tank through the hose. Then close the drain valve and open the cold water valve and you're ready to use the tank again.

## A Robin's Nest (A Fictional Story)

Lucy Roe Cook

Had it not been for Carlton, I would surely have been lost. As I ran across the meadow that morning, in April of 1947, singing "Happy Birthday to Me," again and again, it felt that I was seventeen, not seven.

I held my arms high as I spun around and around. Spring was breaking through the ground and everything was new and wonderful. Colors and smells and new life all around.



While lying in the meadow of flowers and fresh smelling clover, I saw as I looked up, a beautiful blue sky, not filled with streaks of white marshmallows, but clear blue sky as far as the eye could focus.

My eyes filled with tears as I remembered Patrick, last Spring. Patrick was a slight boy with wheat colored hair, thick and curly. Had Momma told him over and over again, as she had told me. Did he have no ability to reason when faced with something new? Patrick was one year my senior and he was loved by all who knew him. Here I am, on my seventh birthday, without Patrick, who celebrated six birthdays with me, and I with him. Having a brother is a wonderful thing. Our birthdays

were on the same day, but he would have been eight today, while I am seven. I will hold fast to you, Patrick, for the rest of my birthdays.

Carlton's cold wet nose pressed against my face and I came back to today, and jumped to my feet, and I said, "Home, Carlton." And I began to follow Carlton home. And I left Patrick there in the beauty of Spring and Patrick and I will celebrate our birthday again next April.

"Happy Birthday to me, happy birthday to me . . ."

*In Loving Memory*

**MARIAN WALKER  
JOAN BUSSENO  
MARILYN TAYLOR**

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

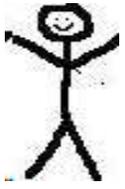
### Thrifty Tips:

A box of salt is an important item in many bathrooms. In mild solutions, it makes an excellent mouthwash, throat gargle or eye-wash; it is an effective anti-septic; and it can be extremely helpful as a massage element to improve complexion.

### BONUS TIP:

Is your tea or coffee staining your mugs? Wet the inside of the mug and sprinkle some baking soda all over the inside. Let it sit for a while, rinse, and then wash as you would normally. This should do the trick, unless the mug is really stained, then you may need to do it two or three times, or let the baking soda stay on longer.

## Lumpy Headed Moccasin By Eldon Darrah



Growing up on the outskirts of metropolitan Waldo, my two younger brothers and I were never faced with boredom that so many seemed to be plagued with. With the nearly mile long canal, and the swampy side of Alto Lake as our personal play area, we never had time to be bored--- Not to mention my brothers and I being the largest earth and wriggler-worm producer tycoons in the whole world at the time. (At least that's the way we felt about it).

Looking back, some 50+ years now, my mind conjures many memories, hankering to be scribed into tales rivaling Tom Sawyer & Huck Finn's adventures along the mighty Mississippi. But for the moment, I wish to focus on just one very hair-raising, 'unforgettable' Saturday at the Waldo Canal.



As entrepreneurial worm merchants, we had quite a few local anglers that regularly counted on us supplying their worm needs. We kept our 'WORM' sign posted at our driveway, (for out-of-towners) which was only a few hundred feet

from the end of the canal--- just beyond Mr. Koon's house.

In the early 60's, Saturdays were always busy-days at the Waldo Canal, especially after the renovations. They took out the old dilapidated boat-house's, put in a couple boat ramps, docks, picnic tables, large lime-rocked parking area, and they even used a drag-line to revamp the canal all the way to the lake. Talk about exciting times... Talk about worm sales---Woo-Hoo! Talk about old bottles, and other 'interesting' things we found that had been scooped from the bottom of the canal and deposited in huge muddy heaps on the swamp side of the canal road. We could barely wait for the piles of muck to begin to dry out some, so we could pilfer through them in search of old bottles and **\*\*gold bullion\*\*** and such.

When I tell you the canal, and lake, were 'OUR' play-ground for several years, I'm not exaggerating in the least.

When they began construction on the over-pass the old ice-house and other Waldo structures ended up being used as swamp fill along the canal road also. Sorry, I'm digressing. Let's get back to that unforgettable Saturday.

This particular Saturday began just as anticipated. We had several lucrative worm transactions rattling in our special 'worm/cash' can. We never carried our cash in our pockets. We knew it might 'burn' a hole in there, and be gone! Nope, we knew how easy it was to waist money on Moon-Pies & RC's, so even when we went to town for supplies, we never carried more than enough to buy absolute necessities - things like BB's, and Jaw-Breakers.

My brothers and I enjoyed working diligently at our worm business. What was there not to like? Steady cash flow, spending nearly every waking hour in the woods 'grunting worms', or down by the canal or lake harassing snakes and alligators. Looking back, it's funny how I only remember the occasional mosquitoes. Huh, I guess that was before bio-engineering.

Anyway the morning worm rush had come and gone. Our cash can weighed in at \$3.75 - we were content. My brother Arthur had caught a couple Warmouth, and several brim. Lunch again. Ronnie was still throwing lime-stone chunks at dragon-flies, and me - I pulled my un-baited pole out of the water and suggested we get back to our treasure hunt. (a whole other story) That's when Arthur jumped up and hollered..."BRING THE GUN! HURRY! There's a great-big moccasin after my fish!"

Keep in mind that some city-slicker-kid from town (Waldo) might not know the difference between a water-snake and a moccasin, but it was imperative that 'WE' did. It was a matter of life & death! We knew their belly colors, shapes of their heads, tails, and striking range in relation to size. Not because we were extraordinarily smart, but because we lived amongst'm.

Oh-boy I thought, as I ran for the gun, which was leaning up on the shady-side of one of the several large posts that had been put in place around the end of the canal during the renovations. I know the dragon-flies would be happy about the snake too... 'cause Ronnie stopped throwing rocks at them and was now running to where the real action was now unfolding.



It probably wasn't fair to the Daisy BB-gun company to even refer to this particular item as a gun any longer. It had been a great gun in the past, but after a couple thousand pounds of BB's having been processed through its bowels, there weren't a whole lot of danger left in it, but, as a moccasin harassment tool, it was perfect. As long as you were shooting at an upward angle the BB would remain in the barrel until you pulled the trigger. But if the barrel was angled down, the BB would sometimes roll out before you could shoot. "HURRY-UP!" Arthur hollered impatiently.

By the time I grabbed the 'gun' and ran around the end of the canal to where Arthur had been fishing, Ronnie was already there screaming, "HOLY COW! IT'S A BIG ONE!" Arthur had attempted to pull in his stringer of fish and this huge moccasin had latched on to the end fish in an attempt to eat it. The stringer of fish was half out of the water; the monster moccasin not wanting to give up 'OUR' lunch, and his, just lay there with his head and our fish barely out of the water.

"SHOOT IT! it's ruined one of my best fish." Arthur said, running out of patience.

"Watch the barrel" I reminded my brothers. I cocked the daisy and took aim.

"ROLL OUT!!" They said simultaneously.

"Dang'it", I murmured, as I shook another BB into position. Other than a couple of the fish flinching for want of more water, the snake lay there defiant, as if to say, this is my meal now, and I defy you to try and take it from me. I took aim again.

"STAY IN" my brothers announced. I squeezed the trigger, 'ole Daisy responded with its now familiar, exhausted sound. We saw the BB hit its target perfectly, right between the eyes. Easy target though, must've been at least an inch and a half between them. This was the biggest moccasin we'd ever seen. The aim may have been deadly accurate, but the deadly part just bounced off the snake's head.

The snake flinched and tugged at the tied-up stringer, but refused to relinquish what it thought was its bounty. With Daisy re-armed, I took aim again "stay-in" boink! Another perfectly placed round bounces off the serpent's noggin, but this time he spat out the ruined portion of my brother's catch, and slithered frantically into the murky depths of the canal. The hunt was on.

Anybody that knows anything, knows a snake has to get its nose above water to breathe. And many a moccasin safari such as this, is why 'ole Daisy had become so winded. Just last summer she'd shoot a hole clean through a poisonous viper like this. Those days were gone for 'ole Daisy though. For now we'll just

have to make do. We knew it'd be needing air so we just kept our six keen eyes peeled for any movement of weeds, or lily-pads.

We'd done this many times, but never for a moccasin this size. There were a couple of boats tied to some of the posts mentioned earlier, and we kept a vigilant eye around them for any signs of the serpent's where-a-bouts. We were spread out around the end of the canal knowing sooner or later one of us would spot the moccasin. A few minutes had passed. Ronnie started waving his arms and pointing to a grassy area close to the bank near his position.

Arthur and I headed that way. Yep, there it was, poison glands looking all puffy and deadly, getting a breath of air. It'd take a lot more than a patch of water-weeds to hide him from our youthful eyes. I quietly cocked Daisy and handed the weapon to Ronnie. Whoever spotted the snake got to shoot it. He took aim. We give him a thumbs-up on the 'roll-out'. He fired.

"GOOD SHOT!" Another direct hit to the top of the head, the snake again lurching, and making a b-line for deeper, safer water.

We harassed this huge moccasin in this manner for several hours, all around the end of the canal. It even tried to hide under the dock once. Shot him through the cracks in the planks. Finally the snake quit hiding. The last few times he showed himself was out in the middle of the canal where Daisy's projectiles would just make plopping noises as they harmlessly landed all around the snakes lumpy head. The snake wouldn't even attempt to submerge out there. He seemed to be relishing the fact that we were

no longer capable of inflicting more damage to his lumpy, aching head.

We had to figure something out. We had too much time, too many BB's, and one of Arthur's best catches of the day ruined because of this monstrous health hazard. IDEA!!

"Hey Arthur, I'm going to get in the back of that boat. You and Ronnie swing the boat out as far as the chain will allow and I'll put another lump on that thing's head." Yep, that was the plan. Ain't no big, fat, poison snake gonna outsmart these Waldo Cajuns.

So here I am, standing on the back end of this probably twelve foot wooden boat. My brothers have it sticking straight out toward the snake. One bare foot on the stern, and the other on the back-bench of the old wooden boat for balance, I'm within Daisy's range! Again.

As I take aim, I'm noticing all the knots we've inflicted on this thing's head. I was actually feeling sorry for it. I told Arthur at that point we should go get the shotgun and go ahead and put this thing out of its misery. Arthur said 'SHOOT IT! Daisy responded with that familiar rush of air. I saw the BB skin the top off of one of its sore lumps. The snake made no attempt to submerge, didn't even flinch.

We're all three staring at the snake. "Reckon we killed it?" Arthur said

"Don't know" I responded. 'Bout that time the snake raised its lumpy, oozing head about five or six inches above the water, the water churned dramatically as the moccasin made his move. He'd had enough!

By the time we realized what was taking place, the snake was already half way to the boat

from where it began its attack. And now at least a foot of him had risen above the ripples.

"PULL THE BOAT IN!" I scream, as the angry snake is rapidly closing the gap.

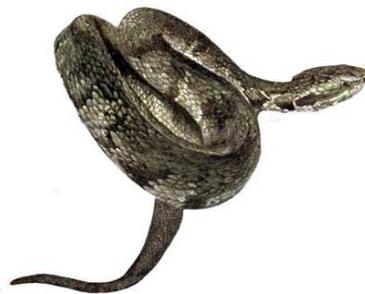
"WE ARE!"

I stumbled at least three times, skinning my shins and knees, while making my way to the land-end of the boat. As I hopped out on the bank to perceived safety, I glanced back and saw the snake had already gotten in the boat and was making its way over the live well in the center. This ain't good.

Ronnie screams "SHOOT IT!"

Arthur said, "WHAT? Make it even more ticked?"

"I THINK IT'S ABOUT AS



TICKED OFF AS IT CAN GIT!" I said to my brothers.

"RONNIE, run to the house and tell Linda to give you the 4-10 and a couple shells. Hurry!" We'll keep it busy til you get back."

The lumpy headed water-moccasin had made it ashore and was deciding on which one of us to kill first.

I told Arthur to run and get some solid clumps of limestone from the edge of the parking lot, and as Arthur took off 'ole lumpy decided I was to be his first victim. He came directly after me as hard as he could. I swung 'ole Daisy at him. He cowered back into a

striking posture, but only for a second, and was on the attack again. I managed to smack him up-side his sore head a couple good whollups with the typically less dangerous 'wooden' end of Daisy as he'd rush in for the kill. I knew that the only way the snake could ever get to me was if I stumbled and fell. That's why we were now out in the middle of the parking lot. I kept swinging the butt of Daisy at the snake every time he managed to get close enough.

I'd heard tales about moccasins getting riled and attacking people. Kinda figured it was an 'ole wives tale at the time. NOT ANY MORE! We were doing the circular "mongoose and cobra dance" when Arthur hurried back with some limestone rocks. As I'd swing at the snake and make him stop for a second, Arthur would strong-arm him with a couple rocks. The snake would chase me, then Arthur. Back and forth. After a few tries, Arthur made solid contact with one of the bigger rocks and the snake balled up in a huge knot. He was having terrible back problems now, and each time it slithered its head from its self-induced knot, I'd wham the wooden end of Daisy down on it as urgently and precisely as I could.

My brothers and I learned a very important lesson that day. And when I can figure a way to assemble the words in such a way as to explain it, I will.

From the time the moccasin decided he'd had enough in the middle of the canal, to the time we were victorious in the middle of the parking lot, was probably no more than three minutes. But I must say It was one of the most hair-raising three minutes of our life, on the Waldo Bayou.

# 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	Call 911
Police Department	468-1515
Police Non-Emergencies	955-1818
Waldo Library	468-3298
Waldo Community Center	468-2336
Waldo Post Office	468-1970
Waldo Community School	468-1451
Waldo Phoenix	468-1910

## June Birthdays

1 Diana Davis	2 Johnny Hill
4 Earl Green	5 Josie M. Rich
5 Aaron Martin	5 Ruth Dees
6 Ray Charles Jackson III	7 Kristen Jacobs
9 Debbie Boal	12 Louise P. Wilson
12 Roger O'Neal	13 Missy Vanderheyden
13 Pamy Burnsed	16 Dylan Ankney
17 Andy Burkhalter	20 Lorraine Munk
21 Mark Nugent	21 Josie Hill
21 Jace Howard	24 Garrett Van Allen
25 Richard Armitage	25 Bobby D. Hill
26 Emma Green	26 Clarence Bostick
26 Delores K. Wilson	26 Crystal Gilliam
27 Jesslyn Lewis	28 Jason Dowling



Subway of Waldo

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Located on NE HWY 301 next to Dollar General  
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## RANDOM FACTS:

Bacteria are remarkably adaptable to diverse environmental conditions: they are found in the bodies of all living organisms and on all parts of the earth; in land terrains and ocean depths, in arctic ice and glaciers, in hot springs, and even in the stratosphere.

### Bonus Fact:

In one linear centimeter of your lower colon lives and works more bacteria than the number of people who have been born in the history of the world.

## 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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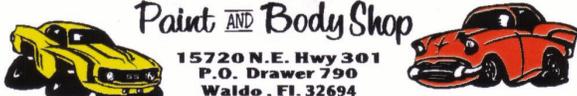
**Waldo Phoenix  
Advertising Rate Sheet**

(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](mailto:HistoricWaldo@gmail.com)**

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[www.tomscypressinc.com](http://www.tomscypressinc.com)

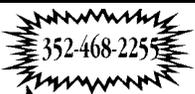
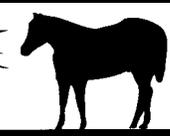


**More Random Facts:**

Laughing lowers levels of stress hormones and strengthens the immune system. Six-year-olds laugh an average of 300 times a day. Adults only laugh 15 to 100 times a day.

**Bonus Fact:**

The color blue has a calming effect. It causes the brain to release calming hormones.



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

17805 NE US Hwy 301  
Waldo, FL 32694

**Thank You for Supporting Your Waldo Historical Society**