

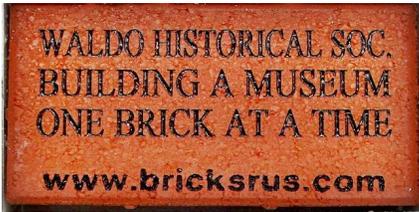


FREE - TAKE ONE!

Volume Four - Issue 1, March, 2013

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www.WaldoHistoricalSociety.YolaSite.com



## Waldo Brick Project Judy Donaldson

The Waldo Historical Society has received orders for 35 bricks to be placed in our Veteran's Park. Seven of these orders were for veterans, seventeen for our Special People area remembering Waldo residents, and eleven for our new area remembering Waldo's railroad workers.

Getting those bricks placed in the park is progressing. We have temporarily removed some bricks previously placed in the park to make sure all bricks are uniformly installed. We had a few that were the wrong size and some with the wrong color concrete. The Historical Society is replacing or cleaning and reinstalling those twelve bricks.

Our new railroad area will feature a granite marker remembering Waldo's Railroad Workers. The concrete base and curb has already been installed. The marker is on order and we will get all of these bricks installed as soon as we can.

If you would like to remember a veteran, a Waldo resident, or a railroad worker, please contact Fred Donaldson at 352-468-1726. The bricks are \$40 each and you can pick up an order form at the Waldo Library or Waldo City Hall.

## Caboose Update Penny Dodd

The Waldo Historical Society would like to thank the Mayor and Council for allowing the Society to use the Caboose as a railroad museum. We would also like to thank Chief Szabo and Manager Kim Worley for their help with the electric installation in the caboose.

We can now proceed to setting up exhibits in the caboose for viewing. We have many historic items that were donated for this project. Our goal is to have these exhibits up and ready for visitors by the end of this year.

Volunteers to the Society and donations of historic items are greatly needed and appreciated. If you are interested, please contact the Waldo Historical Society at P.O. Box 459, Waldo, Fl. 32694 or Penny Dodd 352-468-1910.

## A Little Bird Told Me Lucy Roe Cook

Welcome to March. This little bird told me of a trip made by

Vera Mauldin of Cracker Hill recently (February).

She attended a birthday party in Moultrie, Georgia. The birthday party was a get together for her oldest brother, Dykes Smith, 85 years of age, living in Moultrie, Georgia.

In attendance were brothers Reuben Smith, Andy Smith, Leon Smith, and sisters,

Ann, Dois and Vera (Smith) Mauldin..

Unable to attend were sister Ruth and brothers Jerry and Amos.

To have so many sisters and brothers and be able to come together for one brother's 85<sup>th</sup> birthday is most wonderful.

Canasta is still being played around Waldo. Penny Dodd hosted a Canasta game at her Woodhouse house. Cards - refreshments and a lot of talking and laughter make for a good time. Someone needs to notice that the bird feeder in the back yard is empty. Also at the Woodhouse house, the women of WHS are sewing quilts and church projects.

This little bird heard that the W.H.S. meeting in January went well, and Millie Keirnan, President, will remain in office for another year. A new Board Member, Donald Kunz, of Washington State has joined us. Welcome Don. A new Secretary was voted in. Welcome, Linda Vlacos.

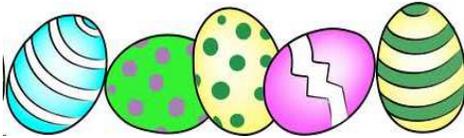
Now my feathers were all aflutter when hearing that the Waldo Caboose is all lit up. We will hope to have a Waldo Railroad Display soon and will keep you informed as to when. I will be wearing my little yellow Engineer's cap soon.





## Easter Egg Hunt In The City of Waldo

- WHO:** The Waldo concerned Citizens For The Community and The City of Waldo.
- WHAT:** Annual Waldo Community Easter Egg Hunt.
- WHEN:** Saturday, March 30, 2013 at 10 am - 12 pm.
- WHY:** Something for the Waldo Community Kids (Ages 0-12). Volunteers 13 and up Welcome.
- WHERE:** Waldo Community Center - 13550 NE 148<sup>th</sup> Avenue.



For more Information you can call 352-226-9610.



## I AIN'T HAVING IT I JUST AIN'T HAVING IT!!

**Mary Sue Holton**

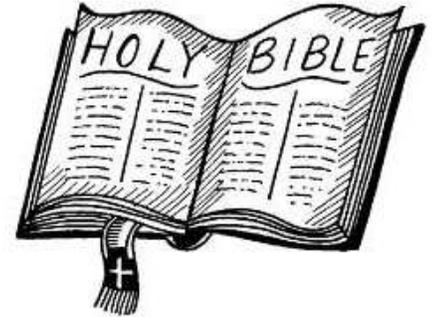
Some people would have difficulty understanding the "rituals" of a Pentecostal church service. I say "ritual" for lack of a better description. I mean no disrespect since after all, this is where the roots of my faith live. I knew nothing outside the scope of Pentecostal belief for ALL of my childhood, and a fair portion of my young adult life. I wasn't afraid of the intensity of a Pentecostal service. The garbled blending of dozens of voices in various modes of prayer all at the same time wasn't unusual. I wasn't shocked to see someone dancing in the spirit, making laps around the pews or chanting in an unfamiliar tongue. It was a normal part of our church family and I accepted it without question. I wouldn't have dreamed of doubting the "truth" in any of the Pentecostal doctrine.



Mama's "religion" wasn't confined to a Sunday School or Church service schedule. She lived and breathed the word of God. She depended on the promises which filled the pages of her often used and well worn Bible. Her faith was without measure, her commitment solid, and the example of her Christian values lives on in the hearts of all who knew and loved her. She set a pretty high standard for any of us who might have lofty notions of following in her footsteps.

Our home was every bit as much God's as was any of the white, wooden buildings with steeples which pointed toward Heaven. Mama often prayed that our home would "be covered by

the blood" citing the scripture in Exodus 12:21 that evil would not cross its path. She blessed and anointed EVERY home we ever lived in. She blessed and anointed every home any of her children ever lived in. And she stood firm in her belief that her prayers interceded to protect us all in the



times that WE, her children, neglected to pray.

Mama always had in her home any number of Bibles, a box of promises, a concordance and a small bottle of olive oil. These were essential to her understanding of what her duties were as our mother and our protector. But the greatest tool she owned was the power of her prayers.

It wasn't unusual back then for mama to be "called out" for special prayer. Our family, friends and neighbors all knew that she would drop everything and come immediately for knee bending, hands on, Bible rich prayer anytime it was needed or requested. Nothing was too small or too big to take before God in prayer. And there was never a doubt in her mind that God would hear her plea. I couldn't begin to number the hours I've seen or heard my mother deep in prayer. Nor could I ever describe the comfort I drew from the knowledge that she always had my back.

Mama was one of those overly protective parents who

wanted to shield us from the world. She spent a great deal of time and energy trying to keep us from the clutches of sin and battling for our souls. And this sometimes included a little "hand to hand" combat.

If a particular situation was tweaking her "mama bone", she would indulge in a verbal altercation in which she "rebuked" the devil and ran him right out of the house. This was of course, assuming that one of us had dragged him across the protective line of blood which she was constantly reinforcing.

Her assault would go something like this: "I rebuke you Satan, in the name of Jesus Christ. This is NOT your child. You don't own him, you can't have him and in the name of Jesus I bind you. I won't allow you in my home. I won't allow you in my life and I won't allow you in my family. I AIN'T HAVING IT, I JUST AIN'T HAVING IT. I demand that you leave this house. By the power of a God who rules you and who cast you into the fires of Hell, get thee beneath my feet!!!"

This was not a soft spoken request. It was a DEMAND that was shouted out in authority, spat like venom from an otherwise docile, gentle woman. Her face would get red, the veins in her neck bulging and throbbing as she battled the spirit of evil which dared to trespass on her turf.

If you're unaccustomed to this sort of Charismatic Christianity, it'll be hard for you to get a true vision of a mother who felt such a battle necessary. But again, because it was all I'd ever

seen or known, I didn't even bat an eye.

Some of Mama's most memorable phrases have lasted through the years and have now been passed down through the generations of her descendants.

"**Cuse me! Feelthy hawg**" is her signature request for pardon following a burp.

"**I raised you better than that**" covers a broad range of indiscretions which fall outside the scope of her expectations.

"**Ooooooh Baby!**" was her most frequent exclamation of excitement or joy over a gift or an act of kindness.

And of course "**I ain't having it. I just ain't having it**". Indicative that the devil himself has just been kicked to the curb. And trust me, if he's got one lick of sense about him he'll stay there 'cause while Mama may have left the physical presence of this world, she did NOT forsake her post!!



## We Get Letters



### To the Editor:

I am looking forward to seeing the article by Teddy Pruett on quilting.

I recently acquired 4 large vintage flour sacks in excellent condition and 20 tea towel calendars, and wondered if she might have an idea of how to make a quilt with them. Will appreciate any suggestions. Thank you.

**Lucy C.**

P.S: I do so enjoy your writers who write about Waldo. The paper is really looking good.

~~~~~  
~~~~~  
**To the Editor:**

I just read the article that Teddy Pruett wrote and it touched a core in my heart. I wanted to shout at her that it's true. We seem to think that we have all the time in the world and of course we don't. For her to follow her plan and get rid of stuff, take her husband and go do everything that she wants to do. Time does run out for us all.

**Linda H.**

*In Loving Memory*




LELIA CHRISTINE PEARSON  
CHRISTOPHER VAN JOHNSON  
DEBORAH ETHERIDGE  
JEAN HALL STEPHENSON  
BLANCHE BOOTHBY

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

## Printer Ink Cartridges

**T**hank you to all who continue to donate their empty printer ink cartridges to our collection boxes at the Waldo Library and Waldo City Hall. Your cartridges



help us cover the cost of our office supplies (ink, paper, etc.).

## The Quilt Whisperer Teddy Pruett

The Quilt Whisperer: that suggests I talk to quilts, but it's misleading. Actually, the quilts talk to me. The



instant a client brings a quilt, it starts blabbing away. It immediately tells me how old it is. Then it might tell about the fabrics it's made from – perhaps feedsacks, (chicken linen) or silk that came as a cigarette premium just before WWI, or swatches of men's woolen suit samples from the early 1900's. It might tell me where it is from – this particular pattern was made by Mennonites in Ohio, or this edging may only be seen in 1850's Maryland; this French ombre fabric was snapped up off the ships at harbor in Charleston, or a particular shape of quilt indicates a pre-1850 New England origin. A very early quilt will tell me if the maker was English or American; it can tell any number of things. Yep. The quilts talk and I just stand there and translate.

An elderly gentleman brought a quilt for appraisal. He carried it tenderly and respectfully, as it had been made by his mother. I estimated the time to be about 1910 and he agreed. It was a delightful quilt, navy blue wools with bright folk art appliques on it – birds, flowers, happy things. I asked if anyone in his family had been in the U.S. Navy. "No." he answered. "Why do you ask?" I pointed out a spot where a seam had been let out, another place where a buttonhole had been sewn shut, indicating disassembled naval uniforms. He put his hands

on his cheeks and tears came to his eyes. "I never knew this about the quilt." he said quietly. " My father was a Merchant Seaman on the Great Lakes in the late 1800's. These must have been his uniforms. I always loved the quilt because it was part of my mother, but I didn't know until now that it was a part of my father, too." But I knew it - the quilt whispered it to me.

A lady brought a sweet little 1930's crib quilt for me to appraise. It was a "kit"quilt; it came with a pattern, pre-cut pieces, a stamped background; almost a "paint by number" quilt. They were professionally designed, very beautiful if well done, and extremely popular in the 1920's and 30's. She explained that it had been her husband's baby quilt. The next day she brought her crib quilt for me to appraise.

"Did you say this is your baby quilt?" I asked. She said it was. "And the one you brought yesterday was your husband's baby quilt?" I asked. She said it was.

I said "Well, I'm not sure how to tell you this, but you are married to your brother. The same person made both of these quilts!"

I can't leave you hanging there can I? You have to know how this turned out? She called me later and told me she and her husband spent the rest of the day laughing about my story. They decided that both of the quilts had been his. Of course, I knew that all



along. The quilts told me.

A young lady brought a quilt hoping that I could solve a family quarrel. "And what is that quarrel?" I asked.

"We know it is a family quilt, but we don't know which side of the family it belonged to. We fuss about it all the time." she said.

"What are my choices?" I asked.

"Kentucky or New York." she answered. She hadn't taken the quilt out of the bag yet, but I saw the top corner hanging out.

"Kentucky wins." I said. That quilt didn't whisper – it practically yelled at me, and it yelled with a southern accent.

The above stories are the result of clues that are easily visible to the eye. But there are other whispers, almost magical – and they are truly whispers, soft, quiet, simply spoken to my heart and not to my eye. These are the whispers from the maker that tell me there are secrets in the quilt begging to be found and it is my responsibility to find them. Very few antique quilts are signed or dated, perhaps one out of many hundreds. But when I feel that tug in my heart that forces me to keep looking, I can usually find an inscription hiding in the quilting. Many families have had quilts for generations and never knew the inscriptions were there – but then again, they aren't the Quilt Whisperer.

**Waldo Commodities**  
**Tuesday, March 5, 2013**  
**Waldo Community**  
**Center**  
**1 -2 p.m.**

## The Ides of March



Most of us have at least heard of "The Ides of March," but how many of us actually know what it means?

The soothsayer's warning to Julius Caesar, "Beware the Ides of March," has forever imbued that date with a sense of foreboding. But in Roman times the expression "Ides of March" did not necessarily evoke a dark mood—it was simply the standard way of saying "March 15."

Surely such a fanciful expression must signify something more than merely another day of the year? Not so. Even in Shakespeare's time, sixteen centuries later, audiences attending his play Julius Caesar wouldn't have blinked twice upon hearing the date called the Ides.

The term Ides comes from the earliest Roman calendar, which is said to have been devised by Romulus, the mythical founder of Rome. Whether it was Romulus or not, the inventor of this calendar had a penchant for complexity. The Roman calendar organized its months around three days, each of which served as a reference point for counting the other days:

**Kalends** (1st day of the month)

**Nones** (the 7th day in March, May, July, and October; the 5th in the other months)

**Ides** (the 15th day in March, May, July, and October; the 13th in the other months)

The remaining, unnamed days of the month were identified by counting backwards from the Kalends, Nones, or the Ides. For example, March 3 would be V Nones—5 days before the Nones (the Roman method of counting days was inclusive; in other words, the Nones would be counted as one of the 5 days).

### Days in March

March 1: Kalends;

March 2: VI Nones;

March 3: V Nones;

March 4: IV Nones;

March 5: III Nones;

March 6: Pridie Nones (Latin for "on the day before");

March 7: Nones;

March 15: Ides

So, the Ides of March is just one of a dozen Ides that occur every month of the year. Kalends, the word from which calendar is derived, is another exotic-sounding term with a mundane meaning. Kalendrium means account book in Latin: Kalend, the first of the month, was in Roman times as it is now, the date on which bills are due.

## TOAD

### PART ONE

#### Eldon Darrah



Being raised in a small town like Waldo has its advantages, and if there were any disadvantages, I'm not aware of any.... But YOU may be, after reading this.

I'm not going to delve into pros & cons here, but for me, all I can say is: From "Lumpy-Headed Water Moccasin" at the Waldo Canal to "Turtle With Blisters On Its Feet," Waldo harbors a lot of

fond childhood memories for me. I have written numerous short stories down through the years in an attempt to inspire creativity in my children as they were growing up. The story you are about to read is one such story from about 25 years ago. NOTE: The following is a true story. I'm not even changing the author's name to protect the idiot. It all started one Friday evening. My wife and I had just finished our dinner. It had been a long, tiring week, and we were looking forward to enjoying a lazy, laid-back weekend. I could hear the plush comfort of my recliner beckoning me from the living room. After squirming into position there, I grabbed today's mail from its usual place by the lamp. I noticed there was an odd looking magazine in with the mail. It was one of those 'True Detective' Magazines.

"Now what's this doing here?" I thought, "this isn't exactly my kind of reading." I looked at the shipping label. . . just as I thought, the mail man screwed up. I guess my neighbor's thumbing through my 'Trends Journal'.

Being nosey, I began glancing through the pages and noticed in bold letters,---

### "FROG-MAN TERRORIZES PARTY GOERS".

Curiosity got the better of me. I began reading the story. It was about this seemingly clever robber, dressed in a wet suit, that would swim up to plush, waterfront homes where high-society functions were taking place. He would emerge from the water, onto their other-wise private sea-side patio's 'plopping' around in his ridiculous looking flippers, brandishing a gun, and politely go about robbing all the high-society folks of their money and jewelry. Wow! --"WHAT A SCAM", I thought. "He's sure not

falling for that 'sharks gonna get ya' crap."

Now I understand why my neighbor has multiple floodlights on all corners of his house. Anyone in the habit of reading this sort of stuff would surely become afraid of the dark. It is amazing how easily an opinion can be formed of someone's imagined, personal psyche, just by being aware of where their literary interests reside. I wonder if my neighbor's thumbing through my 'Trends Journal'.

"HONEY", my wife hollered from the kitchen,

Ugh,—Just as I was starting to enjoy this silly nonsense. I obediently 'hopped' up and headed off to the kitchen.

"What-cha-need" I asked.

"If you plan on having milk on your shredded wheat in the morning, you'll need to run and pick some up before the store closes."

"All right, I'll go in a little bit. They don't close till 'leven." I went back to see what else was in that silly magazine while thinking our flashlight may not be big enough in case of a real emergency.

A short time later, my wife emerged from the kitchen. "I'm going to get a shower and get ready for bed." She said. "It's been a long day. Don't forget to pick that milk up."

"All right", I said.

Not long after that, I found myself down at the local convenience store, with a gallon of milk in my hand, when a couple guys I worked with came in and headed straight for the beer coolers.

'Typical Friday night', I thought to myself. Being acquainted with these guys, and me being a journeyman smart-aleck I said, "Hey John, you

guys ain't out drink'un and drive'un are ya?"

And John, being of the wise-guy breed too, said. "Yep."

"Wow," I thought, "what a quick little quirky come-back." Well, me not being one to be out done by a three letter wise-crack I countered, "You guys are so messed up, I can see two of each one of you!"

"You've got a lot of nerve accusing us of being messed up," John responded.

At this point, I could see the clerk was not quite sure how to take all this. So I assured her we were all friends. And with that I added: "Hey, John knows I'm quite capable of punching either one of'um right in the fist with my nose, right guys!"

The clerk started to laugh. Then John told the clerk. "This guy doesn't need any beer to mess him up. Air does it!"

By the time we had dispensed with all the lunacy, we were headed out the door.



John said, "We've got a couple other guys headed to my house for a little poker game. Wanna come join us?"

"John, dang'it, you know I'd love to but I need to have those kind of things planned. My wife'd beat me like a poison snake if I were to get in a poker game tonight. It's already after 'leven."

"Where's your van at?" John asked, as they were getting in his truck.

"It's around the side of the store." I replied. "I pulled in off the side street." The store clerk by this time had turned the lights out, locked the doors to the store, and was headed to her car. "You boys behave yourselves," She said. I'm sure she was happy to have friendly faces around as she closed the store.

As she was cranking her car to leave I said, "Hey John, I better get this milk home before it clabbers."

"If you run home and get permission to play some poker...you know where I live," John quipped.

I said, "I'm not going to wake my wife and beg her to come over to your house and play poker - hmmm, maybe she's still awake!"

John laughed as he cranked his truck. "Get your milk home before our beer ruins.

"Good luck with your card game. I'll catch you guys later," I said, as I headed off in search of my van.

By the time I rounded the corner of the store they were pulling out of the parking lot.

At that moment I saw it! SOMEONE WAS IN MY VAN!! With a flashlight! I stopped short, and stepped back, back up around to the front of the store. Whoah, felt like a gallon of adrenalin was being dumped into my now, critically fragile, mental state. As the adrenalin rush helped muster enough courage for me to peek around the corner at my van: yep someone's in there all right!

**DON'T MISS PART TWO OF THIS EXCITING SERIAL IN THE APRIL ISSUE OF THE WALDO PHOENIX!**

## 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

### March Birthdays

2 Michelle Gay	4 Jake Holcomb
4 Emily Holcomb	5 Lena Gay
6 Peggy Dowling	7 Penny Dodd
7 Melvin Hill	9 Omie Burnham
9 Will Price	9 Ted Schweitzer
9 Ashley Edge	11 Dawn Scott
12 Kierra Cecillo	12 Dawn Summers
12 Alan McCallister	12 Logan Minnix
13 Barbara Rainer Lee	14 Quitman Hall
14 Ed Juszak	17 Charles Hall
17 Karen Keirnan	17 Maria McCallister
18 Gwendolyn Price	19 Ranch Dortch
20 Tony Green	20 Amir Jackson
20 Christian Mauldin	21 Steve Howard
25 Austin Holton	27 Julio Guitierrez
30 Chad Cawley	31 Jason Tidwell



Subway of Waldo

Under New Ownership

Present this ad for \$1 off a FOOTLONG™ OR \$.50 OFF A 6-INCH SUB!

Located on NE HWY 301 next to Dollar General

Call 352-468-1163 or fax 352-468-1153

### Random Facts:

Real cellophane, as opposed to "cello" or polypropylene, is made from natural cellulose that comes from wood. Cellophane is a natural product and is 100% compostable with nearly zero environmental impact.

#### Bonus Fact:

Cellophane also has high permeability that allows moisture to pass - thus preventing condensation and reducing the risk of mold.

### 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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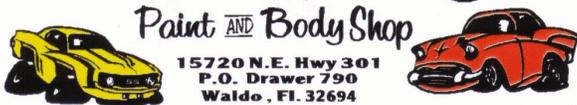
**Waldo Phoenix  
Advertising Rate Sheet**

(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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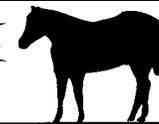


**Reminder!**

The next Waldo Historical Society meeting will be held on Thursday, April 25, 2013 at 7 pm at the Waldo Community Center. Refreshments always available More than just coffee. Good food to enjoy during the meeting.



Highway 301  
North of Waldo



352-468-2255

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Waldo, FL 32694

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