



The Waldo Phoenix



FREE - TAKE ONE!

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www.WaldoHistoricalSociety.YolaSite.com

WHS News

by Penny Dodd, Treasurer



The 2013 Historic Waldo Calendar will be available in November. If you want a collection of photos and bios of our wonderful Waldo veterans rather than "just another calendar," be sure to get yours before they're all gone. These calendars are one of our most popular fund raisers, and helps us to reach our ongoing goal for a museum. Calendars are still only \$10.00 each, and this year for the first time, we will have a cover in full color.

Waldo Historical Society Commemorative Brick Project by Judy Donaldson

The commemorative bricks will be placed in Waldo's Veteran's Park in three locations. New veteran orders will



be added to those already placed at the entrance to our park, and leading to the Veteran's Memorial. The new railroad orders will be placed in front of the caboose, and the memory bricks will be added to those already surrounding the tree in the park.

We have received 13 brick orders so far and hope to have more soon. Six of our new brick orders honor men who worked on the railroad in Waldo. We hope to increase our memory section as well.

We would like to include Waldo High School graduates in our memory area. The high school was closed in 1959, so if you want your name included or want to remember a WHS grad, you could order one of our bricks. If you had a favorite WHS teacher, we would love to include him or her in our memory area.

Our memory area could also include current or former mayors, city commissioners, Post Masters, and even a sheriff. We would also like to include any current or former Waldo Jr. High School or Waldo Community School teachers.

Please contact Fred Donaldson at 468-1726 for a brick order form.

Get Out And Vote!

The Problem:

90% of voting age Americans do not know the name of the U.S. House rep. from their own local district. The United States was designed to be a constitutional representative republic, however widespread lack of participation has created a vicious cycle of dysfunctional government leading to further rejection of government by the people. This is only made worse by those in the media who refuse

to treat this as a serious crisis, instead referring to all people as "voters", even in districts were only 10%-20% of the people actually vote in most elections.

The United States ranks last among industrialized nations in terms of participation by the people. Voter turnout in mid-term general elections averages less than 38% of the eligible citizens. Voter turnout for presidential elections ranges between 50% and 60%, but the president is given very little power according to the U.S. Constitution.

So, despite years of work by voter advocacy groups such as Rock the Vote, turnout remains low in important non-presidential elections. Media outlets and blogs make the presidential elections into big events that perpetuate a false left/right paradigm and further distract us from constitutional self-governing.

The Concept of Self Governing - All Politics are Local: Freedom comes with responsibility, and only the people can be responsible for fixing things in their own government. Refusing to get organized or work with-in the system, because of the belief



that the system is hopelessly rigged and broken, becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy and only leads to further control by powerful limited interests.

In Washington, the U.S. House is the most important governing body, because the people are supposed to directly elect their 435 representatives every two years (the constitution does not ask people to directly elect the President). In addition to legislative powers, the U.S. House has control over the money in the U.S. Treasury; they have the final approval of executive branch appointments, and they have the sole power to impeach the president.

The Solution:

The solution is very simple: We must start to acknowledge the correlation between widespread



lack of participation and the rise of dysfunctional partisan government that is often not working for the people.

Start by getting informed. Follow our link to your local election web site. Find out who your current U.S. House rep. is. Also, look up your governor, your state rep. and your mayor. Find out who may be running against them in the next election. Get organized, and join campaigns where people going door to door can defeat the big money candidates who waste hundreds of thousands of dollars on negative,

annoying ads and useless mailers that end up in a landfill.

Find links and information on GOV360's resource page, and spread the word. REVOLUTION is in the CONSTITUTION - Don't discard it. Act on it.

Don't Forget the W3C's
Annual Seniors
Thanksgiving Dinner
Saturday, November 22
Bingo at 11 am
Dinner at 12 noon
Waldo Community Center
15538 NE 148th Avenue

Dogs and Spankings

Mary Sue Holton

As children, we were very fortunate to have enjoyed 2 of the most amazing "dog friends" ever. Queen was a very protective collie/shepherd mix. Black with beautiful rust colored stockings, ears, face & tail. She was given to mama by Ms Mathews, our Cracker Hill neighbor and resident lunchroom lady.



Queen was immediately embraced by our entire family, and given an abundance of wanted and unwanted attention. The three of us older children were thrilled to have an addition to our stable of playmates, and were probably somewhat overzealous with our need to include her in ALL of our outside playtime antics. But her most devoted loyalty was to mama.

Soon after she arrived, we found out that Queen was going to have a litter of pups. Our immediate thought was that each of us would select one to keep and call our own and become a 4 dog

family. That however, was not to be the case.

Two of the pups were proven keepers right from the start. Larry and Ricky named one of them King. He was an absolutely striking, solid and masculine beauty. Black with white stockings, chest, collar and face. I was privileged to name the other. What else? Prince, of course. He was a replica of King in reverse. White with black stockings, chest, collar and face. But when he was just a couple of months old, mama's cousin visiting from Georgia was bound to take my pup back home with him. And so, after several days of clever manipulation, lots of promises and the acquisition of 2 shiny new quarters, I relented and watched cousin Earl drive away with my Prince.

King and Queen became our constant companions. They were gentle and patient and ever so diligent in their duty to protect us. And we were sometimes terrible in our tormenting of them. We were so proud of their willingness to protect that we often manufactured ways to "test" them. And none more than Ricky. He would climb up to the hay loft in the top of our barn and jump to the ground shouting "TIMBER". The dogs would always be standing by, anxiously watching, fretting, whining, and waiting for him to hit dirt. When he did, he would curl himself up, moaning and pretending to be badly hurt. "Help" he would say to them. "Go get help. I'm hurt".

This would always send the poor animals into a frenzy. They would lick his face, pull at his shirt or pants trying to pull him away from the point of impact, whine pathetically, and get down on their front paws howling out each time

Ricky uttered a word. And eventually, one of them (usually Queen), would tear off up to the house where she would stand outside the porch barking incessantly, until mama came to see what the commotion was about.

We got in plenty of trouble for this torment. Mama didn't find it too awfully amusing and this is how we were introduced to the term "crying wolf". A warning which Mama gave often and with much disdain.

King and Queen were really quite amazing dogs. I don't remember the number of times they were bitten by a rattlesnake, and survived. I can remember seeing them in a "stand off" with a snake, barking wildly to warn us of the danger. And the minute any of us would get "too close," they would pounce in, grab the snake in their mouths and begin thrashing it about from side to side until they killed it. I hate to think what would've happened if one of us had stumbled onto those snakes had we not had two mighty watch dogs on duty. Many, many nights I've known Mama to sit up with one of them, doctoring and praying just like she would've for one of us kids. They were family.

When our little sister, Karen, got old enough that Mama would let us take her outside to play, the dogs were even MORE protective of the "baby". I remember once when she was sitting on the ground by a hole (only about 5 or 6 inches deep)



where mama had recently dug up a flower bush. She was attempting to dig around in the hole with a big spoon from the kitchen, but King placed himself between her and the hole. She would push herself up, toddle around to the other side to get around him, but he would follow and gently reposition himself to shield her from what he accessed to be danger. In frustration, she finally grabbed his nose between her 2 chubby little hands, looked him square in the eyes and said "Stop!" Which prompted him to give her a big, wet kiss with his tongue.

One of the funniest (to us kids) dog tricks ever, was their intolerance for spankings. Mama was a true believer in the lessons learned at the end of a switch or belt, and more than once she has lined the 3 of us older kids up for a good dose of "knowledge". But it didn't take long for her to realize it wasn't going to happen outside and it was never going to go unnoticed by our furry protectors.

Once, she lined us up by a flower bush in the yard. Being a wimp, I began crying immediately. Wailing is more like it, so by the time she had gone into the house to retrieve a belt, the dogs were already in a frenzy over my tears. She took Larry out of line and drew back the belt to swat him. Wham! His hands wrapped around to protect his back side and as mama drew back again, King snatched the belt from her hands and headed in the opposite direction. Queen began tugging at his pants leg trying to remove him from the immediate danger.

Mama was MAD! Her face turned red and she started marching toward King to get the belt. He waited until she got within

10 feet then took off further out. She followed several times, getting madder all the time. Finally, he dashed under the house out of her reach. Queen continued to "herd" and usher us away from further harm.

From then on, all spankings took place inside. With the porch doors LOCKED. Otherwise, the dogs would come inside to intervene. Never did they growl or become aggressive with mama. But they were determined to stop what they sensed as harm to us.

King and Queen never left our property unless they were following us kids on some jaunt. But one Saturday afternoon when we were coming down the dirt road toward home, we found both of them sitting at the end of my grandfather's lane. We were going to stop by for a visit before heading on home. Mama immediately sensed that something was very wrong at home, knowing it was completely out of their character to leave the yard. "Let's go home, Blue." She said to Daddy. And we did just that.

As we crossed the bridge, we could see huge clouds of black smoke pouring out from the back of the house. Although in the end, we lost the entire back side of our home, the fire was stopped before everything was destroyed. Thanks to 2 very smart dogs who alerted us to danger.

I was in 3rd grade when King died. He greeted each of us kids every day when we got home from school. And on the last day of his life he completed that very important task, then laid down on the top step where he died. We later found out that he had been poisoned by a neighbor (we lived in

Gainesville at the time), who had no use for dogs.

Queen died several years later of throat cancer. Mama was, of course, at her side, tending, doctoring and praying to the very end.

It seems to me that attachments between children and their dogs are far less common these days. I think that's a shame, given the unconditional love and devotion which they offer. Maybe I'm just a sappy, over-emotional female who romanticizes things like that. But it is certainly a part of who I am, and for that, I don't apologize. After all, I grew up in the presence of a King and Queen.

Missing Waldo **Teddy Mc Mahon Pruett**



I spent the day in Gainesville yesterday, hitting the thrift shops with my best friend, looking for vintage textiles (AKA: crappy old material) and just having a nice day off with a gal pal. I told her about The Waldo reunions, how we all got back together by Facebook, and about the Hardee's breakfasts. I told her that I've been surprised at how important it has been to me, and we speculated and postulated about the whole deal.

We decided that the magic is to feel young again, to forget all the good/bad/ugly of the past fifty years, to forget wrinkles and gray hair - or no hair - to forget, for a few minutes, the pain of losing loved ones, the thin twinge of

sadness that maybe we didn't all get to be all that we could be.

Maybe all of our dreams weren't realized. But when we are together, we are kids again, we are teens learning to dance like Billy Tuten, learning to put on makeup or learning how to sneak a Trojan into our wallet. The hurts and pain of being grown up hadn't worked its way into our lives yet, and when we are together we are, once again, young, free, handsome and beautiful, witty and full of dreams. I think that's a pretty good reason to get together.

In Loving Memory



Ralph Drew
Miland Green
George Barkley
Sandy Columbus

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

Seventh Grade **Mary Ellen Haines Johnson**

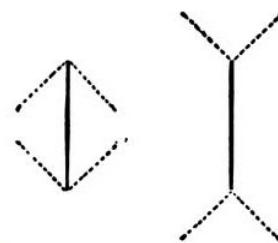
Waldo Junior High School was my all-time favorite school. We had one classroom per grade. My first year there was the middle of my fourth grade and my teacher was Mrs. Hanson, who was a very nice lady. Math and English were always my favorite subjects, with social studies and science as my worse, though I always made decent grades.

My fifth and eighth grade teacher was Mrs. Jessie Meyer,

who was always a favorite teacher. She taught us in a way that we actually enjoyed learning new things. There were many hands-on activities, field trips, plays, skits, dances, etc. During my seventh grade year, she was my reading teacher.

My main classroom teacher that year in seventh grade, however, was Mr. Noe, who was my other all-time favorite teacher.

Mr. Noe seemed to have an expertise in the area of mathematics. I will never forget once when he drew a line on the chalkboard and drew arrows pointing outwards, then drew another line with



arrows pointing inwards. It sure looked as if one line was longer than the other, but it was proven that the lines were the same length. I used that same activity during my own later years of teaching math. That seventh grade year was when I realized my love for math. I loved puzzles, computation, and problem solving. I had had a good background in the first half of fourth grade in Altoona, where we memorized our multiplication facts, and always enjoyed working with numbers and puzzles. Also, I remember once Mr. Noe had each student guess orally how to spell the word gnat. We went around the room and each one individually spelled the word how we thought it was spelled. There weren't many of us that spelled it correctly. I don't know why I remember this so vividly, mainly that I was so proud for spelling it correctly. Mr. Noe had a

way about him that made learning exciting. He seemed to have elements of surprise and enjoyment in teaching us. He was never boring.

One day a new boy came to our class. He was so cute and all the girls could not stop staring. Randall became a very special friend, and his sister, Gayle, became one of my closest friends. She and I just recently had lunch, after not seeing each other for about 40 years. Their family (the Beggs') became a special family to me. Gayle and I went to each other's houses often, we used to sing together in harmony, and once we sang in a talent show. She didn't want to go on stage, but we finally did, and when we started singing "Little Jimmy Brown" we started out too high-pitched, since we were singing acapella. We sang that song all the way through, but it sure was "high."

I used to have a crush on her brother Larry, but I was too shy for him. I did go to a party with him once, along with others, and when we got there I just sat the whole time (others danced). I remember him coming over to where I was and he put his arm around me, then suddenly he let go of a frog. I am SURE he was trying to get me to come out of my shell, but it didn't work.

The rec center was our favorite place to go on the week-ends. My brother, Bob, and I used to dance, with the same steps, and once we were in a contest, but we didn't win. I enjoyed dancing. So many boys didn't dance, so the girls would dance a lot together. I rarely went into the tv room, but I did play ping pong and loved playing. It

was just hard to have a turn, because so many people wanted to play, and there was only one table.

One evening in March during my seventh grade year our Aunt Evelyn, our mother's sister, came by from Jacksonville, on her way to Altoona. She asked my mom to go with her, and I remember my dad didn't particularly want her to go, but she did go. They weren't going to be there but probably a couple of days. That meant my dad would feed us breakfast, and take my brother and I to school. Bob was at GHS in tenth grade, so he rode the bus. Larry was in eighth grade and I was in seventh, so the two of us went to WJHS. Our dad was car-pooling to Sperry with a couple of men who also worked at Sperry. We were going to pick up one of the men, then take us to school.

We ate our cereal, then we got into our new station wagon we had gotten the year before. The summer before seventh grade we had taken a nice, long family trip in that vehicle to as far as Canada.

After breakfast, we got into the station wagon. We saved the passenger seat for his co-worker, so I sat behind my dad, and Larry sat on the right side behind the passenger side. We were just riding down the road about to go over the railroad tracks, when suddenly all chaos broke loose. It was just a blur. The next thing I knew we were in a ditch beside the tracks. We had collided with a train!!! I didn't realize that at first. I just suddenly seemed to be lying down with glass all around me in the back of the station wagon. Of course, I began screaming for my daddy.

"Daddy, Daddy, oh, my Daddy!!! Larry was just sitting stiffly (he had a broken collar bone) not saying a word. What a nightmare! I don't know how long we sat there, but it seemed like a very long time. Mr. Hicks, our dad's friend, got us out of the car. I couldn't find my shoe, so I just wore one shoe. He took Larry and me to our house, put Larry in bed, and I had to call my mother on the phone. I remember thinking I wasn't sure if I could remember my aunt's phone number.

That experience, of course, changed the rest of our lives. Our dad died, and our mother had a tough time dealing with what happened.

While in the hospital the day of the accident, I made sure I did not go to sleep even though I was given some sort of sedative. I remember getting sleepy and dizzy, but I just would not sleep. Someone at the hospital asked if I would like to sit in the lobby with a couple from Waldo. That day I met Rev. and Mrs. Henry Jarvis. They became like another family from then on. They showed me pictures of their blonde daughter and talked about her hair. We did change our church membership back to the Baptist church in Waldo, where Joy and I became lifelong best friends.

I went back to school a couple weeks later, but I don't remember much the rest of that year, other than Mr. Noe telling me I didn't have to dance in the dance we were rehearsing. But I was determined to dance (square dancing or something similar). My legs had been cut and my eyes were black and blue. He was extremely nice and said I could sit down anytime I wanted to. I think I did sit once.

Another thing I do remember about the rest of the year was the Student Council elections for the following year. I ran for President and Nancy Sparkman gave my campaign speech. Her entire speech was nothing but jokes. Everyone laughed during the entire speech. I don't remember anything she said, but I did win!

That year was life-changing and the beginning of nightmares for my mom and continued dreams that I had where I was trying to find my dad, and wondered why he was not coming home. It took years for me to actually talk about the experience.

Nowadays counselors and others talk to people who have experienced trauma, but not back then! I actually never talked about it until my first year of teaching. My seventh grade year was a traumatic one! Even through the trauma, however, I loved my school, teachers, and friends in Waldo.

A Closer Look At the U.S. Presidency

The oldest president inaugurated was Reagan (age 69); the youngest was Kennedy (age 43). Theodore Roosevelt, however, was the youngest man to become president—he was 42 when he succeeded McKinley, who had been assassinated.

Bonus Fact:

Vice presidents were originally the presidential candidates receiving the second-largest number of electoral votes. The Twelfth Amendment, passed in 1804, changed the

system so that the electoral college voted separately for president and vice president. The presidential candidate, however, gradually gained power over the nominating convention to choose his own running mate.

Can you imagine if John McCain had been elected Obama's vice president?

A Little Bird Told Me

by Lucy Roe Cook

The October Waldo Historical Society meeting went well. The October meeting was the nomination for new Officers meeting.

This little bird flew down into the mess in the median at Kennard and Cole Street to find that the company working there is working to clean gas and oil and such from the ground that was left there from a gas station that was once there. The fenced in trailer will be there for approximately two years pumping debris from the earth. They told me that there is no danger to the people of Waldo. Umm? I am not eating worms from that lot.

Canasta is still being played in several places in Waldo. Call Lucy Roe Cook at 468-3453 and she can get you into a game. Easy to learn and such good times are had at all the games.

Good times were had at the Waldo Community School at the Fall Festival on Thursday, October 25, and at the Waldo Baptist Church on Halloween night.

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Alachua Historical Society News



Micanopy Regulars performing a re-enactment of the Second Seminole War at the Alachua Historical Society Annual Meeting in September.

Several members of your Waldo Historical Society attended the Alachua Historical Society Annual meeting in September. The highlight of that meeting was a re-enactment of the Second Seminole War, performed by the "Micanopy Regulars." If you're planning to visit the City of Alachua you might want to know about some of the events being planned by the Alachua Historical Society. Gib Coerper, furnished us with some of what they have planned.

In November:

- November 11 - Harvest Fest Veterans/Patriotism, 10 am - 5 pm
- November 16 - 2nd Shop-Dine-Stroll, 6-9 pm
- November 30 - Alachua Christmas Tree Lighting - 6 pm

In December:

- December 7 - 3rd Shop-Dine-Stroll - 6-9 pm
- December 8 - Christmas Parade - 2 pm
- December 14 - 4th Shop-Dine-Stroll - 6-9 pm

All Shop-Dine-Strolls will have Carriage Rides and free music. Santa sightings start around Thanksgiving.

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

November Birthdays

1 Mildred Keirnan	20 Nikavion Robinson
3 Cali Bedford	20 Marie Gilliam
6 Glen Johnson	22 Marlene Adkins
8 Jo Dorch	25 Ray Charles Jackson II
11 Wyatt Davis Jacobs	25 Calvin Mitchell
11 Murvin Fraiser	25 Betty Peters
11 David Howard	27 Mabel Vernon
12 Leola Cook	27 Cody Ankney
13 Brian Keirnan	27 Pauline Hill
16 Robin Keirnan	30 Jim Holcomb
20 Ginger Andrews	



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Studies have found napping raises your stamina 11 percent, increases ability to stay asleep all night by 12 percent, and lowers the time required to fall asleep by 14 percent.

Bonus Fact:

A little group called NASA discovered that just a 26-minute nap increases performance by 34 percent and alertness by 54 percent. Pilots take advantage of NASA naps while planes are on autopilot.

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**

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
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(effective date: March 1, 2010)

Size	3 Months	6 Months	12 Months
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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.
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Reminder!
The next Waldo Historical Society meeting will be held on Thursday, January 31, 2013 at 7 pm at the Waldo Community Center. Refreshments always available More than just coffee. Good food to enjoy during the meeting.



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