



The Waldo Phoenix

goodbye, august
hello, september

FREE - TAKE ONE!

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W.H.S. News by Penny Dodd

It's not too late to get your discounted tickets to the Annual Spaghetti Dinner on Friday, September 19 from 4 pm until 7 pm at the Waldo Baptist Church Family Life Center.



Discounted tickets are only \$6.00 from any member of the Waldo Historical Society. Call 468-1910 (Penny), 436-1378 (Millie), 468-1554 (Vera), or 376-1203 (Linda) to get your tickets. Give us a call. Remember the price goes to \$7.00 at the door. So get yours early.

If you like spaghetti (and who doesn't?), don't miss this dinner. You'll get a heaping mound of spaghetti with meat sauce, garlic toast, garden salad, dessert and a drink, to enjoy in the air-conditioned Family Life Center with your family and friends. Or, you can save yourself from slaving in the kitchen after working all day, by stopping by and bringing it home to the family.

We have a Raffle, (tickets are \$1.00/each or \$5.00/six). Win a basket of everything you need to create your own spaghetti dinner for two at home. (Stove not included).

All proceeds are earmarked for the new Waldo Railroad museum (in the City Caboose).

WALDO REUNION by Mary Ellen Johnson

NOTICE:

Since there have been TWO of us TRYING to plan a "Waldo Reunion", not a



whole lot has gotten accomplished.

We decided that we would not have a two-day event as we would need more people to coordinate activities. Therefore, we are planning to have a "50s-60s Dance" on the evening of Sat., Oct. 25th, from 6:30 pm till 11 pm.

During the day we will plan for anyone who wishes to get together for either breakfast, lunch, or dinner, to do so. That way there can be more chatting and catching up during the day.



During the dance in the evening we will have some "sharing" time, a few door prizes, memory display, and any other related activity, along with **DANCING**, of course. We will take a small fee/donations (minimum: \$5.00) at the door for

rental of the building (Masonic Lodge). If anyone has suggestions let me or Linda Hall Vlacos know.

Stay tuned for further notices (we will need to know who all would like to share).

Please mark your calendar for this October 25th!!! By the way, if you are interested in being the emcee, please let me know. We have already asked two people and both are not sure they will be able to make it then. Also, **TELL OTHERS.**

We'd like to have an RSVP on the Event Page on Facebook so we would get an idea of about how many to expect. We will plan to have light refreshments, also.

Waldo Commodities Wednesday

September 10, 2014
1-2 pm

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

"There is much to be said in favor of modern journalism. By giving us the opinions of the uneducated, it keeps us in touch with the ignorance of the community."

-- Oscar Wilde

DADDY, CAN THIS TRUCK REALLY SWIM????

by Mary Sue Holton

I was a scaredy cat when I was little. I'm **STILL** a scaredy cat about some things. Frogs and heights are my 2 worst fears (more like terrors) and I am **NOT** talking about some slight discomfort when exposed to either of them. I'm talking the full blown, anxiety provoking, throwing up, frozen with fear, hurt somebody BAD kind of reaction that is totally beyond my control. Ask **ANYONE** who has ever joked about putting one of those nasty little rain frogs anywhere close to me. Ask my son Tommy, who I threw in the floor board of the car when he was a month old, because a frog jumped on me and I was trying to climb over the seat to get away from it.



This all happened in the middle of a **HUGE** rainstorm as we were riding down the road at night. Not exactly a normal response.

Ask my husband about my extreme reaction and anxiety level when we travel any place that has "edges". I've bypassed the opportunity to visit some beautiful landmarks because of my fear of heights. No matter how much time I spend trying to "suck it up". "putting on my big girl panties" or pre-medicating with anxiety control meds, I am completely unable to deal with mountains and/or "edges".

Several years ago Bill and I drove from California, over the Sierra-Nevada mountains to Lake Tahoe. I'd seen pictures of Tahoe

all of my life so I knew it was going to be a beautiful, breath taking ride. I tried to dissuade myself from the notion that there would be anything "scary" about it, and concentrated instead on the fact that I was about to travel the same roads which Hoss and the entire Cartright family had traveled years before. But I failed miserably in my efforts to not think about the "edges."

The south pass going to Lake Tahoe is **RIDICULOUSLY** harrowing. The road is narrow and winding with sheer drop offs thousands of feet high. There are no rails, no barriers, and no room for error. I have no clue how long that pass is, but it felt like it took us about 4 and a half days to drive it. I saw **NONE** of it. I curled into a ball on the floor board of the car, sucking my thumb, and directed Bill's speed **AND** driving from there. I listened for the sound of increased engine strain on the car's motor when we were on a particularly steep incline. Every slight move of the steering wheel felt hugely exaggerated to me and I imagined we were about to go careening over the edge of the mountain. I imagined that it would take us about 2 days to hit the bottom, during which time I would suffer immensely, seeing every branch of every tree and every rock on the mountain side as we flew past on our way to death. The impact would not kill me and my maimed body would be thrown clear of the car where I would lie broken and bleeding in the snow until the wild animals found me and tore me apart, one bite at a time.

I couldn't even enjoy the week that we spent there in a beautiful resort because my mind

was preoccupied with the knowledge that **WE STILL HAD TO DRIVE OUT OF THERE!**

Trust me when I say that this is **NOT** an overstatement of my extreme fear. My husband will confirm that if anything, I've understated it.

I have detailed all of this out in order for you to understand that this is really more of a phobia than a fear. I had serious fears when I was a little girl. I was terrified of walking across old wooden bridges. I had to walk sideways so that my feet wouldn't touch the cracks. I was certain I'd slip right through and straight into the water. And yep, you've probably guessed that I was afraid of the water because I couldn't swim either!!

Despite being plagued by an unusual number of fears, every once in a while, the opportunity to go fishing with Daddy enticed me to venture out beyond the boundary of my fears. And so we would head to the Waldo canal and make our way out into Lake Alto. I loved fishing. Even though I was afraid of the water, I knew that if I was very careful and sat still, it was unlikely that I'd fall overboard. I had no intentions of tempting fate so I was a particularly good girl in the boat, which is one reason that Daddy didn't mind letting me tag along with him.

But there was another part of our fishing adventures, separate from the fear of falling overboard that was much more concerning and fear provoking to me. I **HATED** the part where we had to launch the boat.

Children weren't restricted by seatbelts back then so I was free to stand in the seat as Daddy

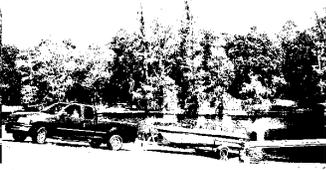
backed the truck down the ramp and I would watch in terror as the boat trailer disappeared into the water. I wasn't one bit bashful about directing his driving either. **"BE CAREFUL DADDY!!!"** **"STOP, STOP, STOP!!!"** **"THE TRUCK IS SINKING!!!"** **"THE BRAKES AREN'T WORKING!!!"** **"WE'RE GOING INTO THE CANAL!!!"** **STOP, STOP STOP!!!"**

Looking back, I really don't know why he even bothered with me. I was **PAINFUL!** But Daddy was very understanding and patient. He knew that he was my hero and I guess he didn't want to let me down. He **NEVER** made me feel silly or wimpy or anything less than very important to him. Even when I acted like a scared rabbit!

One afternoon, as we were headed toward the canal, Daddy asked me if I trusted him. I said that I did, of course. He continued on with a string of questions such as "Do you think I'd ever let anything happen to my little girl?". "Do you think I'd ever put you in danger?"

"Well then," he finally said. "I was just wondering what makes you think that I'm gonna drive us into the canal? Didn't you know that I taught my truck to swim?"

"You DID??" I just couldn't imagine he was smart enough to teach a truck to swim. I knew that my Daddy was a really smart man. I knew that he could do almost anything. I knew that he was big and strong and was afraid of **NOTHING**. But how in the world did he teach his truck to swim?



"Of course I did." He said. "I said, 'Now Mr. Truck, if you're gonna be letting my little Flossie Mae ride around in your seat, you're just gonna have to learn how to swim. She doesn't like it when you wade in the canal to drop the boat in the water. She's afraid you'll slip right on in. So I just think it's time for you to learn how to swim'. That's exactly what I told this truck."

"And did he, Daddy? Did he **REALLY** learn how to swim?"

"Well sure he did. He knew that if he didn't, I'd drive him right on over to the car lot and swap him for something that **COULD** swim."

I was absolutely captivated by Daddy's story. I wanted to know all about this swimming truck.

"How does he swim, Daddy?"

"Well baby," Daddy sounded as if he were as into the story as I was, "You know he's got those 4 big fat tires. Well, those things are **SOOOOO** full of air that it's like this truck is floating on an inner tube. But that wasn't good enough for my truck. He figured out how to spin those tires in the water to get around. Almost like when he's driving around on the road."

"Really, Daddy?" My eyes were as big as the truck tires. "This truck can swim? I wanna see, Daddy. Let's take this truck for a swim."

Gone was the fear, and it had been replaced by pure excitement and intrigue. I wanted to float across the water in a swimming truck. It wouldn't be nearly as scary as when we were in the boat. It would be much

easier to move around without falling overboard.

"Well Baby," Daddy's voice had lost some of its hype. "Here's the thing. My truck is such a good ole boy that he just don't want to be a show off and make all of those other trucks feel bad because they can't swim. So I promised him that we would only have him swim if it was an emergency."

"Oh." Disappointment flooded through me. "Ok, Daddy. But maybe the truck will slide into the canal when we launch the boat and then he'll have to swim, right?"

"That's right, Baby. If he gets in a little too deep then we'll just let him swim a few laps before we climb back out of the canal."

And from that day on, I stood on the seat watching the launch procedure from an entirely new prospective and with a completely different agenda. More than anything, I wanted that truck to slide just a little too far into the water so that he could kick on his "swim" and we could all show off.

I don't know **WHERE** Daddy was when I was barely hanging on to the side of a mountain in South Lake Tahoe several years ago. I could certainly have used some made up story about a flying car after about the 3rd or 4th hour of hugging the floorboard. Okay, it only **SEEMED** like 3 or 4 hours. But in my exaggerated world, filled with over inflated truths and under developed courage, I could very easily have gone right on over that edge, and landed smack dab in the middle of a whole nest of green rain frogs. A fate even worse than being torn apart by wild animals.

Five Generations of Davis Family attend Waldo School



The five generations: Right side, top to bottom: Carlton Davis (not pictured as he has recently passed away), Louie Davis (Carlton's son), Pam Burnsed, Louie's daughter, Kristen Jacobs (Pam's daughter), Caleb Jacobs*, Kristen's son.

Left side, top to bottom: Diana Davis (Louie's wife), Lori Tidwell (Louie's daughter), Annalee Tidwell** (Lori's daughter), Wyatt Jacobs (Kristen's son) (will start school in two years).

* 5th generation to attend

** 4th generation to attend

10 tips for your iPhone Glen Johnson

Do you spend a lot of time looking at your iOS device in low-light? You can invert the screen colors to make it easier to see.

To do this go to Settings, then General, Accessibility and turn on Invert Colors.

Do you want to type with the cap locks on? Just double-tap the on-screen shift key. Once you're done tap again to return to back to lower case. Easier still pair any Bluetooth keyboard to your iPhone or iPad to make the job faster.

What if you don't want to be hassled by calls or notifications? Click Settings, then Do Not Disturb and turn on Manual. Now, what if you still want to be able to receive some calls while in Do Not Disturb mode? Use the Allow Calls From setting to control which of your contacts can get in touch with you. Now, what about those urgent calls from people you don't know that are not in your contacts? You can use the Repeated Call feature to allow a call through if it is the second one made within three minutes. You can now block a caller. To block someone, go to Contacts then select a contact and hit Block this Caller. Users on the blocked list will not be able to call, text or FaceTime you. Nifty.

Want to take a picture but the phone is locked? You can quickly get to the camera app from the lock screen by swiping up the camera icon in the bottom-right corner of the screen. Look close, it's faint depending on your background, but it's there.

Need to charge your phone, and do it fast? Turn on Airplane

Mode (tap Settings to turn on Airplane Mode). It will charge much faster.

Siri is one of the coolest things to come out on the iPhone. It will do all sorts of things, from switching on Wi-Fi to taking a picture. Tap on the tab with the '?' symbol in the bottom left of the Siri screen Siri and then it can read out your email for you. You just hold down on the Home key then say "Read my emails" to get the name of the sender, time and date sent, and subject of the email. Then say "Yes" when asked if you want the text read out to you. I use it to make calls when driving so I don't have to worry about dialing the phone. Just say "Siri, call"

In iOS 7, you can view the sent/received times for every message (text and iMessage) by swiping to the left from anywhere within your chat history. It will show up on the right hand side of the screen.

Have the kids been charging huge in-app purchase bills? Time to put a stop to it. Tap Settings, then General, then Restrictions and scroll down to disable In-App Purchases. Sorry, kids.

Starting with iOS 7 there is no longer a limit on the number of apps you can put into a folder, so there's no more need for duplicate folders. Put as many as you want in your game folder, or news folder, whatever you want.

Finally, for the old folks like me, here's how to make text larger (in supported apps). Go to Settings, then General, then Text Size and adjusting it using the slider.

If I'd asked my customers what they wanted, they'd have said a faster horse.

--Henry Ford



**Sylvia Campen Hall
William Ray Higgins
Vivian Nobles Shealy
Thomas H. Stratton**

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

Widow's World

Submitted by Millie Keirnan

The dictionary says a widow is "A woman who has lost her husband by death and who has not remarried." And so that is what I am . . . and I hate it.

I hate the very sound of the word. Widow . . . it reminds me of a spider. Everyone has heard of the black widow spider. But no one has ever heard anything good about it. Say it slowly and it takes on the irritating sound of fingernails on a blackboard or that devastating drip of the faucet when you are trying to get to sleep at night.

Widow . . . not me . . . I'm too young. Not me . . . I loved him too much. Not me . . . we were just beginning to enjoy the "Golden Years." Not me. Not me. Not me!

The cure for boredom is curiosity. There is no cure for curiosity.

--Dorothy Parker

Waldo Community School News Holly Burton Welcome Back!

We are gearing up for another fabulous year at WCS. I have missed all of our boys and girls so much this summer, and I am excited to see how they have grown. This year, our school is included in a state grant which allows us to extend our school day by one hour each day. The last hour of our school day will be used for enrichment, and all students will get specialized instruction at their individual reading level!



Principal Holly Burton

School Hours for Students:

Monday-Thursday:

7:45-2:45

Fridays: 7:45-1:30

Calling all Volunteers!

We need you! If you would like to volunteer at WCS this year, please call the front office and leave a message for Mrs. Burton. We are planning to train those interested on various reading programs that can be used with small groups of students. Volunteers make a difference, and we hope you will consider making a difference at our school this year!

Our Dress Code has Changed!

In July, our school board members approved a relaxed dress code policy. Students are still required to wear a collared shirt or school t-shirt, but shirts may have patterns or designs. Bottoms may also have patterns or designs. Students must still wear closed toed shoes, and athletic shorts are

prohibited. You can pick up a copy of the full dress code update in our front office or on our school website.

A message from the Superintendent

Welcome to a new school year and a new beginning! As we honor the past and those who have contributed to the success of Alachua County Public Schools, we look forward to a future filled with enormous possibilities and the potential for new and engaging learning experiences for all boys and girls. The road ahead is paved with the promises of dreams to be fulfilled and hope for a stronger and more vibrant school system and community. Every day we are committed to the educational success of each student, and we accept the sacred trust that you and all Alachua County Public School families have placed in us--the safekeeping and nurturing of your special treasures, your children!

Best wishes for a safe, enjoyable and productive school year!

Owen A. Roberts, Ph.D.
Superintendent of Schools

Printer Ink Cartridges

Thank 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 office supplies (ink, paper, etc.).

Random Facts

History of 911 calls

Over 240 million calls are made to 911 in the U.S. each year. Most of us take this service for granted. In fact, 15-20 percent of incoming 911 calls are not even emergencies. But we didn't always have this luxury to waste.



The world's oldest emergency phone number is the U.K's 999 number that was introduced on June 30, 1937. It was implemented after a call to the fire brigade was held in a queue with the telephone company. The delay cost five women their lives in the fire.

The first-ever 911 call in the United States happened on February 16, 1968, in Haleyville, Alabama. It wasn't until 1999 that Congress directed the FCC to make 911 the universal emergency number for the United States for all telephone services.

Known as the "The City Where 911 Began," Haleyville, Alabama, holds a 911 festival every year that honors all police, fire, and emergency personnel.

Bonus Fact:

In 2006, 5-year-old Robert Turner called 911 when his mother collapsed from heart problems. The call taker thought he was making a prank call and told the little boy that she would send help and hung up. The boy waited three hours and, with his mother still unconscious, called 911 again. This time, a different call taker told the boy that he would get in trouble if he kept playing around. Scared, the boy hung up. His mom died.

A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME

by Lucy Roe Cook

A little bird told me that our children are back to school. Be alert when driving. This year they will be well fed and receptive to learning.

The WHS is still busy at work on the caboose. It looks as though the opening date may come a little sooner than expected.



They also are working on their Spaghetti Dinner, Sept. 19 which we all enjoy very much. And they put those little spaghetti worms out there for me and my feathered friends. We really look forward to it.



Red Barn Coming Down

Have you seen the Red Barn? Oh where oh where has the little barn gone? This Little Bird is here to tell you this is a bad thing. On the east end of the barn was a painting of Sylvester, the cat, and on the west end of the barn was a painting of Tweety bird. Oh, where has it gone. My Tweety was a sweetie and she was really good lookin'. Love to y'all.

We are what we repeatedly do. Excellence then is not an act but a habit.

--Aristotle

Lying

"I joined Liars Anonymous, but I had a lot of trouble finding them because they put the wrong address on all their ads."

-- J.J. Waugh

"Marge, it takes two to lie - one to lie and one to listen."

-- Homer Simpson

In court, why do they ask if you swear to tell the truth? If you're planning on lying, do they really think you'll tell them so?

U.S. 301 Sidewalk Coming Soon From FDOT website

Work is expected to begin in the next few weeks on a project which will improve the ability for pedestrians to walk along U.S. 301 in Waldo.

Five and six feet wide concrete sidewalks will be built along both sides of U.S. 301 from the existing sidewalks near Santa Fe Storage to Northeast 177th Place across from the Waldo Flea Market.

Other construction activities include shoulder and drainage improvements, adding handicap accessible ramps at side streets, upgrading pedestrian signals with countdown signals at Northeast 177th Place and installing pedestrian handrails.

Daytime lane closures are possible during construction after 8:30 a.m. weekdays. Speeding fines are doubled when workers are present.

For updates, go to www.nflroads.com

Information Please!

Waldo Phone Numbers You Might Need (Cut Out and Place By Your Phone)

City Hall	468-1001
After Hours Water Emergency	258-3110
Fire Emergencies	911
Police Department	468-1515
Police Non-Emergencies	955-1818
Power Outages	1-800-468-8243
Waldo Library	468-3298
Waldo Community Center	468-2336
Waldo Post Office	468-1970
Waldo Community School	468-1451
Waldo Phoenix	468-1910

September Birthdays

1 Selah Miller	18 Mary Hersey
1 Victor Ankney, Jr.	18 Ida Bivins
2 Jay Fournier	19 Clavin Hill
4 Brian Bay	20 Darrell McLendon
6 Mary Jackson	21 Clyde Dees
6 Jason Tidwell, II	22 Devon Kimber
7 Thomas Bay	23 Charles Griffin
8 George Ford	23 Jicama Armitage
9 Christine Mays	24 Bettye McLeod
11 Ron Knupp	24 Evon Coppedge
13 Gert Hill	27 Nancy Minnix
13 Mary Griffin	28 Donna Bloomfield
14 Judi Easterwood	28 Carl Bedford
16 Elisa Gutierrez	29 Johnny Lee Rich
18 Clara Guitierrez	29 Justin Brannon



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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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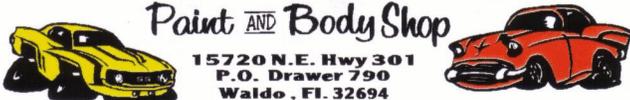
**Waldo Phoenix
Advertising Rate Sheet**

(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.
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