



**FREE - TAKE ONE!**

**Volume Three - Issue Ten December, 2012**

**Published by Waldo Historical Society, Inc.**

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

# Waldo Seniors Well Fed

**When it comes to taking care of its Seniors, no one does it better than Waldo.**

## **Waldo Baptist Church Seniors Thanksgiving Dinner Thursday, November 15**

**M**ore than 100 people attended this year's event at the Waldo Baptist Church. Members of the Challenger Circle prepared turkey, sweet potatoes, green beans, cranberry sauce, and a variety of pies for dessert.



*Happy Thanksgiving*

The younger church members served everyone at their tables, cleared and replaced empty dishes with dessert (a variety of pies, including traditional pumpkin, cherry and apple).

Entertainment by Pastor Jim DuBois and his Heavenly Band, followed by Agnes and Alma of backwoods Waldo, was a perfect ending to a perfect dinner. One person was

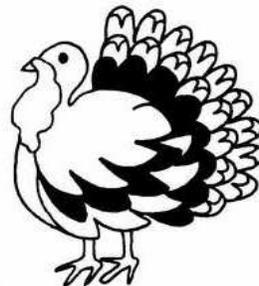
heard to say, "Life doesn't get any better than this." And I'm sure she meant it.

As we left, all fat and happy, we were treated to a "favor" created by the members of the Challenger Circle - a desk-top pen holder in a tree branch chunk.

Pastor Jim knows how to make Seniors feel loved and appreciated.

## **Senior Thanksgiving Dinner Waldo Community Center Saturday, November 17**

A wonderful Annual Event sponsored by the W3Cs (Waldo Concerned Citizens for the Community). Don't know how long they have been putting on this spread for the Seniors of Waldo - but it's been many years. Many thanks to Ms. Chris Mays, whose culinary talents were put to good use. On our plates this



year was turkey, green beans, corn, stuffing, cranberry sauce, a roll, a choice of tea or lemonade, with pumpkin or sweet potato pie for dessert. The members prepared and served the food, so tasty in pleasant surroundings - and never charge a cent for it. The W3Cs are such a generous organization.

**T**here are 1,409 registered voters who cast their ballot at the Waldo Baptist Church. On Tuesday, November 6, 2012, 683 people (48%) voted. 1,366 ballots (two pages) were cast.

**SPAGHETTI DINNER  
BY THELMA BAY**  
**F**riday, January 11<sup>th</sup> at 6:00 p.m. in the Family Life Building Waldo Baptist Church to benefit our school safety patrol.  
We will serve spaghetti, green beans, bread, tea and dessert for \$5.00.  
All money will be donated to the patrols for their trip to Washington, D.C.  
Please come out and join us for this worthy cause and a delicious meal.  
Call Thelma at 339-6956 for more info.

## Sad Sock Christmas Mary Sue Holton

**M**y kids, all grown and long moved away from Mama's nest, will tell you that



the most exciting and favored part of Christmas morning was the Christmas stocking. Santa was pretty good to them when it came to stuffing their stockings full of gifts and candy and special treats that were selected with only them



in mind. And it was by **their** choice that it became tradition to save the stocking for last. I loved seeing their happy little faces as they

dug deep for the treasures hidden inside the felt cocoon. They had those same stockings year after year, and even after they were married with families of their own, I continued hanging them each Christmas, filling them with surprises and waiting for the moment when I would see my adult children turn into little kids again. Excited and happy with every gift they pulled from its personal hiding place.

I cannot tell you, however, what it was that caused me to begin the tradition of Christmas stockings with my children. Or maybe I can. Perhaps it was the lingering of my own desire to have experienced it myself. To have stumbled sleepily from my bed on Christmas morning, clad in pajamas and bare feet, rubbing my eyes and brushing the curls from my face to find hanging there from the mantle, a gift laden, fat with fun, stocking with MY name

written across its face. I would've liked that.

Christmas was a big deal for us in the years when Daddy was still at home with us. We children made a wish list, wrote letters to Santa, bargained with mama who seemed to act as the gatekeeper on how much we could actually "expect" to find under the tree. We made sure there was no fire in the fireplace on Christmas night so Santa could slide down the Chimney without roasting like a marshmallow. If, on any given Christmas, we lived in a house that didn't have a Chimney, we made sure the door was unlocked and the dogs safely put away on the back porch so they wouldn't run Santa off before he managed to unload his sack full of toys.

We watched the traditional Christmas movies, read the traditional stories and acted out our parts in the traditional Christmas programs at school and church. It must have been through these interactions that I somehow fell upon the notion of Christmas stockings. The Night Before Christmas



clearly indicates that "the stockings were hung by the chimney with care, In hopes that St Nicholas soon would be there". It stands to reason that at some point it should've come to mama's attention that SOMETHING was missing from our Christmas festivities. For anyone who knows **me**, it shouldn't be surprising to know that I would indeed be the one to figure it out and present my fact filled case to the gatekeeper.

I was born with a VERY active "nosey gene." I have cultivated it, nursed it along, fed it, honed it, perhaps even perfected it over the years. Once I put enough of the puzzle pieces together to realize other children were getting gifts under the tree AND a stocking filled with goodies, I felt it my duty to let Mama know that something was awry in our house and 'twas "we," the younguns, who were somehow being shortchanged.

My informative "proposal" was received with a bit of "Bah Humbug" on Mama's part. I don't recall the specifics of her explanation, but I do remember my stubborn streak being wide enough to think I could slip a few extra gifts through the "cracks" of her shield. A barrier I felt certain Santa could negotiate.

And so, without fanfare or announcement, in fact, without even asking permission, on one particular Christmas Eve I pushed a chair close to Daddy's dresser, climbed up onto its seat, pulled open the top drawer and plundered through its contents until I was satisfied I'd found the very cleanest white sock of the lot. I then proceeded to hang it with care, from the mantel. Mama watched with a curious eye and then asked "What in the world are you doing with your Daddy's sock? That thing has been on his stinking feet." I quite proudly proclaimed that it was my "Christmas Stocking" and I believed Santa would fill it with gifts when he showed up later, after I was in bed.

"Now what makes you think Santa Claus is going to have extra stuff to put in that sock?" Mama's tone was rather unfriendly.

"Well," I reasoned, "It's 'cause they talk about it on the Christmas movies and books and my friends all have them. **I know** Santa Claus will put stuff in my stocking 'cause I've been good. Haven't I Mama????"

She seemed impervious to my pathetic pleading. There was a pause, another bit of a "Haarrumph" from her and then my notion was dismissed.

The sock remained in its place, looking not so festive, but none-the-less, waiting there to be filled.

"Disappointment" falls far short of describing the emotion of this little girl's heart the following morning. I rounded the corner with excitement, expecting a big, fat sock bulging with toys and candy. What I saw, was the same, sad, drooping and VERY empty Daddy sock hanging from the mantle. In fact, there were THREE empty socks. It seems the boys had gotten caught up in my eager anticipation and put up one for themselves, "just in case."

I was hurt, disappointed, sad, and very confused over the reason I would have received **nothing** in my stocking. The only explanation given to me was "I told you Santa wouldn't have extra stuff to put in that sock"

Earlier I made reference to my "nosey gene." I'm not ashamed to admit that my "stubborn streak" is equally as well defined and perfected. And so after exhausting my efforts to understand a Sad Sock Christmas, I resolved to try again. And then again. Three straight years I hung a sock out for Santa to fill and three straight years I was rewarded with **nothing**. After that, even my stubborn streak wilted.

Perhaps I can look back now and understand it was as simple as Mama and Daddy not having the means to buy "extra stuff." But it seems it would've been kinder to explain that to me rather than watch my hope die little by little until it disappeared. I suppose that's why it felt so important that I later decided to have the traditional Christmas Stockings for my children and to fill them with joy and love, even if it was in the form of candy and trinkets.

It was my first grandson, Josh (now 22) who noticed one Christmas morning many years ago, that there was a stocking for everyone in the house except MeeMaw. And so, through the insistence of a not-so-modest little boy, and about thirty years late, a stocking appeared. Written across its face was "MeeMaw". And let me tell you, that little man made **sure** it was filled to the top with pure love and lots of Christmas Sugar. From a completely new perspective, I can tell you that it was well worth waiting for.

### **Steve's Antiques and Collectibles**

**C**ome see the new Steve's Antiques and Collectibles. (Formerly Steve's BBQ) on Waldo Road - south of Waldo.

If you're looking for a "special" gift for that "special" person, stop by to see us. We probably have just what you're looking for.

**Even though we can't have all we want, we ought to be thankful we don't get all we deserve.**



**WHS News**  
**by Penny Dodd,**  
**Treasurer**

### **Commemorative Brick Project**

**T**he initial brick order has



been made and should arrive in three to four weeks. Then we will begin to place them in City Park at their appropriate locations.

This is an ongoing project for the WHS, so if there is anyone you would like to honor: a veteran, railroad worker or other special person, please contact Fred or Judy Donaldson (352-468-1726) for information and an order form.

### **Printer Ink Cartridges**

**T**o those generous people who have continued to deposit their used printer ink cartridges in the collection boxes at City Hall and the Waldo Library, we want you to know how much we appreciate your thoughtfulness. It helps us so much to help us obtain office supplies. Please keep on saving them for us. The landfills don't appreciate them half as much as we do.

### **Calendar sales**

The 2013 Historic Waldo calendar is now available for purchase and gift-giving. The theme this year is Waldo Veterans, past and present, with photos and bios of more than 60 vets.

The calendar has been a regular offering from the Waldo Historical Society for seven years, and the price per calendar is still only \$10.00.

### Waldo Phoenix Ads

**D**o you read our ads? Or do you just skip over them? We know that some people don't bother to really look at our Advertisers' ads in the Phoenix. But those who do, know that they can get a **good deal** locally by using our coupons.

### Subway of Waldo

Have you used the coupon in the Phoenix from **Subway of Waldo** that gives you \$1.00 off any footlong sub when you submit the coupon? This is an exclusive ad for our **Waldo Subway**. Everyone knows that **Subway** offers fresh, healthy food. Next time you're hungry, clip your coupon and head on up to **Subway**. If we continue to support them, they will continue to support us (and the Phoenix).

### Waldo Self Storage

**D**o you have too much stuff in your house? No place to put it? Ever think about using a storage unit at **Waldo Self Storage**? It's a very convenient and economical way to find another place for things you just don't want to get rid of.

Maybe your Holiday decorations take up too much room? Just sitting around all year, waiting for Christmas, or Halloween. Taking up space that could be better used for everyday living.

Maybe you're a collector? What do you collect? Tea pots? Cookie jars? Santas? Hummels? Is your collection getting a little too large? You don't want to get rid of

those things you love, but you need more space. Pack them up in a nice sturdy box or two (or three) and lock them safely in a small secure storage unit at **Waldo Self Storage**.

Store your lawn equipment for the winter. Do you have ladders or construction material that's taking up too much room at home? Store it at **Waldo Self Storage**.

These units are as small as 10' x 5', or as large as 10' x 30'.

Imagine how much you could fit in a unit that size. Think of all the room you could free up at home. Maybe enough room for a pool table in that spare room?

Prices for these units are very reasonable, starting at only \$30.00/month. That's only a dollar a day. Look around to see how much more living space you could have at home, with some of your extra things stored securely in a small storage unit at **Waldo Self Storage**.

Call Chuck Hall at 468-1042, and he'll tell you more.

### Not Just A Rumor



**V**ic Tauro (previous owner of Classic Café), is planning to re-open the old Trading Post, Classic Inn, Pea Patch, Dollie's Blue Light Diner, Wings n Thangs, John Boy's BBQ restaurant in December. Watch for it!

## Madonna's Equestrian Academy

by Marie Ankney

**M**y granddaughter Rachel, has started to attend a horse training center in Fairbanks, called **Madonna's Equestrian Academy**. Madonna Bynum opened this center in 2000. She started with 17 horses - now 15. She is open six days a week from nine till eight for five year olds and up.

I asked her how she started. She told me it was a dream God put in her heart. That she could use horses as a tool to share the knowledge that God has blessed her with, and His love.

She also teaches riding for Santa Fe College and U.F. She is also a coach for Alachua County Special Olympics. She has a desire to work with special needs kids and adults, year round.



### HOLIDAY HORSE CAMPS

DECEMBER 19-21, 26-28, 31<sup>ST</sup>-JANUARY 4<sup>TH</sup>

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ADDITIONAL DAYS \$50 DAY

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COST \$50 - INCLUDES DINNER ON NEW YEAR'S EVE BREAKFAST AND LUNCHEON NEW YEAR'S DAY

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She was born in Texas, a daughter of a 4-time World Champion steer wrestler. She is a beautiful person with a heart as big as the state she was born in.

Call her for more details. 352-222-3266.

P.S. My Rachel loves to attend her riding class and I love to go there and visit Jackson, a very large horse. If you love horses, call Ms. Madonna.

### Autumn

#### H. Marie Ankney

I am standing on a mountain top, with the sun coming up. I see the trees with leaves of red, yellow, orange and brown.

The gentle wind blows the dew on the leaves, like a child dancing with a new top.

I look down on the houses in the valley below. I see little puffs of smoke coming from the chimneys.

Oh, to be there again. Then I awake from my dreams of home. Only to be there once more.

### Life in a Mason Jar Teddy McMahon Pruett

I spent the afternoon contemplating life in a Mason jar. Or Kerr, Ball, Atlas; choose one or all.



I am preparing to liquidate my mama's "estate," a misnomer for a fifty year old house and the ten remaining acres of what was once a farm of several hundred acres. It is my job to discard everything that cannot be sold at an estate auction.

As often happens on farms, and with people who have lived through the depression, nothing was ever discarded. Ever. Much has returned to the earth in the form of rot or rust. What has not deteriorated remains, including the contents of the very large pantry. The pantry is lined with home canned goodies, a wonder of color and texture neatly lined up by category and year.

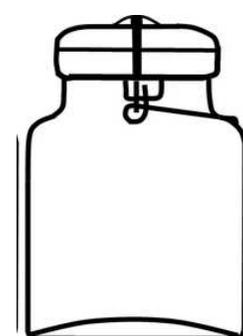
My job today was to discard the old food. Very old food. Very very old food. An overturned pressure cooker canner created a seat at a convenient height for my job, which was to 1. Grab a jar of outdated food. 2. Flip the lid. 3. Scoop the contents into a five gallon bucket and 4. Load the nasty jars in a large pan for transport to the dishwasher. 5. Prewash the disgusting contents. Occasionally heave the bucket, carry it to the back property line and dump it out. Refill.

Fig Preserves – 1978. What fun we had picking figs. I was a good fig picker because I don't eat them fresh – I can't bear the slick insides with the gritty little seeds – ick. But boil them down with lemon zest and put them up as preserves

– oh my. Quick – get a piece of toast buttered and ready!

Blackberries – 1982. The year my son was born. Thirty year old blackberries. Why weren't they used up in cobblers? How could anything so wonderful stay on a shelf, unused, for thirty years? As I poured the berries out, I remembered the long, hot days of berry picking. Blackberries ripened at the same time school was let out for the summer. We spent days running the fence rows on the roads near the farm, picking berries and returning home with our mouths and fingers blue, our arms bleeding and shredded by the vines. I still hear the admonition to watch for snakes.

Tomatoes – 1985. As the red and yellow contents of the jars glopped down into the slop bucket, even after all these years, the fragrance of warm sun wafted upward. I close my eyes, I can feel the warmth of the scarlet sphere, smell the freshness – in my mind, I am running to the waterhose with the bottom of my tee shirt filled with tomatoes. I wash a tomato under the running water, and eat it



right there, juice running down my chin and through my fingers. Wash up – right there under the hose, and head back to the garden. A very lucky day

would provide a leftover biscuit – mmmmm, nothing better than a fresh tomato biscuit.

Corn – 1989. My daughter graduated from high school that summer. Corn is labor intensive! Break it from the stalk, sit outside in the heat to shuck it. We take it to the kitchen sink, run it down a long curved board with a razor in

*In Loving Memory*



Lewis Preston Guthrie Jr.  
Samuel Davis  
Charles Hill  
Stella Ione Dampier

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

**"Enjoy the little things, for one day you may look back and realize they were the big things."**

**-- Robert Brault**

the center. As the corn is grated off the cob, there are squeals of delight as the kernels shoot a milky liquid into hair and eyes, but it isn't so funny the next morning when the milk and bits of corn have dried in splatters all over the window and wall. My daughter used to say that no Thanksgiving was complete without this corn. The upcoming holiday will be the third without my daughter and the second without my mama. No Thanksgiving is complete now.

Butter beans – 1994. Two memories of shelling peas: sore thumbs, and gossip. The grownups seemed to forget kids were present; their fingers and tongues flew. So much laughter! I can still hear the 'ping' of the beans hitting the bottom of the large, lumpy, shapeless aluminum pan. I can taste the pale brown speckled beans piled on a steaming bed of rice with little chips of onion. Sweet iced tea and cornbread.

Blueberries- 2001. Blueberry bushes at the south end of the farm, so full of berries they fall into your hands like plump purple beads. One handful for me, one for the bucket. Got to save enough for a 'One of Everthang' cobbler. Put the berries into the dish, tossed with a bit of sugar and a dash of lemon. Make a dough of one cup flour, one cup sugar, one egg, one cup of milk, one big spoon of vanilla, and pour it over the berries. Chip up one stick of butter over the top and bake. We always served it with canned cream, but now I use the little half and half cups you get with coffee.

Jar after jar I dump the contents, remembering how much work it took to fill them. Digging and planting a garden, harvesting and washing the produce. Working in tobacco all day, feeding a family

a fully cooked meal, washing the dishes, then beginning the hours of hot labor filling the jars, watching the pressure cookers, listening for that sweet little 'pop' when the jars sealed.

Days before air conditioning, when everyone wore a towel around their neck to wipe the sweat. Fall into bed, exhausted, and do it again the next day. And the next.

So, here I am, the one remaining after the death of so many family members. The one to whom is assigned the task of rummaging through the physical bits and pieces of lives lived, the one who is forced to eradicate all evidence of those who came before me. People so dear, so beloved, but when all is said and done we are all disposed of - just like peaches from a Mason jar.

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

**T**his little bird feels a loss of late. I fly around and see those I care for seeming so sad. When loved ones are lost, your heart is heavy. In Waldo this September, several people have been lost. Their loved ones are, as expected, sad. I have found that when I have lost someone dear to me that they cannot be replaced. I fill my life with others and with activities that allow me to help others and in time healing begins and my heart feels warm and I can smile again. God bless all of you who have lost someone this past year. Hold to the memory of the happy times.

This month is all about a new beginning. Share a new life with family and friends this Christmas.



It seems a new business has opened on the corner of Cole and Kennard. Vegetables and fruit, mullet when available, and an ice machine. Oh, and boiled peanuts. They smell good. Let us help support them. Drop in and see what all else they have.

My family, Lucy Roe Cook, has a tradition of putting the name of a loved one on a bell and hanging it on the Christmas tree. I don't know if any of them became angels when the bell rang, but it felt as though they were a part of our family Christmas still. Enjoy your family traditions this Christmas and maybe write for this publication your family traditions. to share with others. Can't hurt.

I have so enjoyed the influx of writers in the Waldo Phoenix this year. Their experiences of growing up in Waldo have shared so much history with us. Knowing the memories of Waldo from those who lived it is so much better than just reading it in a history book. They have made me laugh and cry and cry out, "Really, here in Waldo?" You will be reminded of a simpler time.

I hear that sometime in the near future this little bird will be donning my special little engineer cap and see you all at the railroad exhibit at the caboose. This has been a rough road for the Waldo Historical Society but I think they are now on track and will be open in the near future.

Help our President to lead our country in prosperity and strength and devotion to one another.

This little bird wishes you a wonderful Christmas and a Happy New Year. God bless us every one.

# 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

## December Birthdays

3 P.J. Bedford	17 Margaret Cannon
4 Louie Davis	18 William Jackson
5 Leanna Fricks	20 Alex Mauldin
6 Denise Burnham Baun	20 Bernard Carter
7 Carson Piemons	23 Donna Smart
8 Mary Ann Rich	24 Mac Cawley
16 Eugene Wilson	26 Lisa Hill
17 Kevin Mauldin	30 Kimberly Harrison
17 Rayford English	



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A U.S. Nickel weighs approximately 5 grams.  
That's the same weight as the average hummingbird.

## 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.  
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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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 North of Waldo



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