



The Waldo Phoenix



FREE - TAKE ONE!

Volume Two - Issue Eleven, January, 2012

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www.WaldoHistoricalSociety.YolaSite.com



*Waldo Historical
Society News
Penny Dodd*

The 2012 Historic Waldo calendar is now available to all who have an interest in Waldo. This year's theme is the 50s, 60s and 70s in Waldo, and highlights some of the great people and events of that time.

Included, among the twelve historic monthly pages, are Mr. Carl Beggs, Chief Huckeba and Mr. Hugh Noe. You'll also see photos of the 1972 Waldo Train wreck, history of the D & O Super Market, and construction of the 301 overpass. Twelve different people and events, capturing the history of Waldo.

Calendars are \$10.00 each, and are available locally from any Waldo Historical Society member. For out of town or out of state, tell us where you would like it mailed, and send \$10.00 plus \$4.00 for First Class mail to: Waldo Historical Society, P.O. Box 459, Waldo, Florida 32694. Make checks payable to Waldo Historical Society.

Thank you all for your support.

*The Waldo Historical Society
wishes everyone
a wonderful year in 2012.*

**Don't Forget Commodities
Tuesday, February 2, 2012
Time: 1pm - 2pm
Waldo Community Center**

A Christmas Story - Waldo Style

By: Kim Worley

It was the perfect winter night,
Not a cloud was in sight.

The food and drinks were there,
Christmas music filled the air,
The caboose was decorated to light up
the night and people were gathering all
in good cheer

For St. Nick would soon be there. Mayor
Davis and Ms. Erika gave out
instructions for the night.

The festivities started with good food
and fun,

Trivia questions were flying with prizes
to be won.

Soon with bright lights flashing and
sirens blasting



Waldo PD brought Santa from out of the
night.

A cheer went up, because Santa was
here. The kids were smiling, eyes
shining bright,

Ole St. Nick was theirs for the night. The
elves were busy getting the kids in line;
on Santa's lap they escorted them one
at a time

Then they gave them their candy canes
and a bag with a toy

And that left smiling little girls and
boys.

Soon it was over with Santa leaving for
the North Pole and the last big drawing
for two bikes finished the night.

To all who helped and all who came,
thank you for making it a wonderful
thing. It was a good night!



These children are Waldo Residents, I am
sorry I forgot their names...both were
sooooo excited about the bikes. Thank
you so much for making a difference this
Christmas for the Children of Waldo. We
really appreciate it!!

*Merry Christmas
City of Waldo*

Mayor Louie Davis: Council Members:
Rodney Estes, Chuck Hall, Irvin Jackson,
Rick Pisano, Carolyn Wade

**Next Waldo Historical Society
~~~~Quarterly Meeting~~~~**

**Thursday - January 26 - 7 pm  
Waldo Community Center  
Refreshments as always**

Are you bored? Looking for something different to do?  
Come join us at our quarterly meeting. We  
have many projects in the works. Help us with the Quilt  
Show, the Caboose Display, our Annual Calendar, or  
write something for our newspaper.

We need your input and your help. What  
can you do? What do you like to do? Come do it with

*A Little Bird Told Me*  
by Lucy Roe Cook

**T**his Little Bird has had a good year and is looking forward to a wonderful New Year. As I fly over our



sleepy town I remember the family and friends lost and the new friends made. Let us remember to comfort those who are in sorrow, those who are ill, those who are angry.

A New Year is about to begin. Let us pull together as a family, as a town, as a state, as a nation and live this year to its fullest.

Smiles cure so much. There is a woman at the Community Center by the name of Monica. She is warm and beaming with smiles for others. A man by the name of Charles. He is there for others. Helping in any way he can. A smile is present.

As I watch politics play out each day I see some things that could be better, some things that look wrong and then I smile and think, "God, thank you for those who are out there serving," and remember that I am not.

I know a woman that serves others by editing our paper, the Waldo Phoenix, by working herself silly putting out our yearly calendar. Her name is Penny, and she smiles in so many ways.

She carries the Waldo Historical Society.

If anyone needs computer help there she is. She, with Vera Mauldin have helped Lucy Roe Cook while Lucy is awaiting surgery. The work she does for others is countless.

Waldo City Hall, police, teachers, preachers and our fire department. Let us help them by giving helpful advice. They are out there for us. Let's be out there for them this coming year.

All of these people work among us, quietly, with a smile and share of

themselves for the benefit of others. We may not always agree with all that goes down but they are serving.

This Little Bird is going to fluff her feathers and pour out happiness wherever she can. Thank you for the bird seed and the bird baths and the bird houses.

Happy New Year.

*My Little Brown Monkey*  
By Jayne A. Davis

**O**nce upon a time there was a little brown monkey. Ever so today, this little brown monkey was described as being, very quiet, small, brown, soft, furry, and had a long curled around tail. And on this breezy hot summer day, the little brown monkey was playing in the tall grassy field with many of his little monkey friends.

Suddenly, the little brown monkey got very tired from playing and decided to find a tall tree to rest at. And so, the little brown monkey scampered to the top of a tall nearby coconut tree to rest, where he fell asleep. He decided, My Little Brown Monkey!

And so, as the story is told further, there was another creature in the top of this same shade tree. This same watchful creature heard the little brown monkey as he scurried near him. This main character is accurately described as being long, and brown, curled all around, spoke with a forked tongue, and slithered without a sound.

He declared, My Little Brown Monkey!

Because the main character, who will remain nameless, wanted to draw the little brown monkey near, he attempted to awaken him by calling to him saying, "Here I am, wake up little brown monkey, there's something that I want you to do for me. I want you to get me the big coconut and give it to me. I cannot grab it by myself. It is too high for me to reach!"

He claimed, My Little Brown Monkey!

And so the little brown monkey opened his eyes. He heard the main character call to him and request that he grab the coconut for him. But the little brown monkey was cleverer than ever, and he said, "Why do you want me to grab the coconut for you," and did instead close his eyes and attempted to fall back asleep.

As repeated, My Little Brown Monkey!

Next, the main character tried to attract the little brown monkey by saying, "Wake up little brown monkey. There is something else I want you to do for me. I want you to grab my long slithery tail and unwind it from the coconut palm limb so that I can be free from it and climb down to safety. Will you help me little brown monkey?"

He assumed, My Little Brown Monkey!

Once again, the little brown monkey, being cleverer than ever, opened up his tired sleepy eyes and gazed at the main character. And so, the little brown monkey, hearing that the main character asked him to get close to him and help to unwind his long slithery tail from the palm limb, continued to gaze at the main character. And the little brown monkey still did nothing!

He spoke, My Little Brown Monkey!

All at once the main character, being very upset about the little brown monkey not paying any attention to him, tried to leap towards the little brown monkey. He then missed and fell to his peril at the base of the coconut tree and was feeling very hurt. And the last words from the main character in his most distressed tone of voice were!

"Oh No! My Little Brown Monkey. Oh No!" And so on this breezy summer day, the little brown monkey once again woke up from his nap and opened his eyes. Then all at once, the little brown monkey scampered out of the coconut tree to his safety to play with his monkey friends in the tall grassy field in safety.

The story is forever called My Little Brown Monkey!

## Marie Ankney's Retirement Party



Marie Ankney holding her retirement plaque during her retirement party at Waldo Community School on Thursday, December 15, 2011. Marie worked at the school's cafeteria for 8 years.



Waldo Florida Group  
Contributions

### REVEREND COOLWATER by Mary Sue Holton

Growing up under the firm, yet nurturing hand of a Pentecostal mother, the four of us, her children, learned early on that her love offered a haven of safety for us. That same love demanded that we live within the confines of what she deemed to be acceptable boundaries for us. We were shielded from much of the hard and harsh reality of a world which existed outside the perimeter of her limits. We were expected to meet the standards she set for us. And mostly, we did.

There is a healthy measure of fear associated with the commandment

which reads "Honor thy father and thy mother". Not the kind of fear that breeds mistrust and causes one to be emotionally bruised and tattered. But a healthy respect that comes with full knowledge of the "consequences" for misbehaving, or disobeying, under a watchful mother's eye. On these "consequences" we were well versed. We were dutifully seasoned in the attributes of "minding". A term which encompassed ALL things we were taught to believe, say, act, do, or NOT do. And we seldom strayed far from the righteous anchor of mama's teaching.

As one might expect, we adapted to a world which revolved around church, and found ways of amusing ourselves within the realm of a deeply religious upbringing. These "ways" often stretched the strict limits of what mama would allow, and so, with the creativity of young innocent minds, we often ventured into a state of precarious "transgression".

Ricky was usually the author of such an event. His hunger to "perform", to find the "funny" in life, to be at the center stage of our attention, was like a magnet pulling us along. He became proficient in rationalizing, and "explaining" to us how innocent such ventures really were. No harm intended; no disrespect meant; no hint of evil or wrongdoing. Just a good time with lots of laughter.

And so from the aforementioned rationale, one lazy, hot summer afternoon was born a character whom we affectionately called "Reverend Coolwater".

Quite contrary to his nature, it was actually our older brother Larry, who assumed the persona of the lovable, southern, Bible thumping preacher, Reverend Coolwater. And one day we found him standing before us, Bible in hand, as he shared with us, the truth of its word.

"The Lawd, he is MY shepherd. I shall NOT want" He stomped his foot to emphasize the impact of this claim. "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters. Um huh, yes he did".

"AMEN Brother" Ricky chanted from his spot in the congregation.

"He Restoreth my SOUL. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name sake."

"Hallelujah. Tell it Brother" Ricky's enthusiasm was like fuel to a fire.

"Yea though I walk. And Lawd you KNOW I want to run through the valley of the shadow of death"

"Uh huh. Amen. Preach on Brother!"

"I will fear no evil"

"Amen". Karen, barely 6 years old, jumped up throwing both hands over her head, joining in the praiseful worship.

On and on it went with the "congregation" in full approval, anointed by the spirit of goodness that was sharing itself with us that day.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

Suddenly, from the kitchen at the other end of the house, mama's voice called out as it did every day at lunch time, "Younguns. Dinner's ready. Come and eat."

In unison, four voices responded without pause. "YES MAM".

Quickly, the Reverend closed the Bible and finished "And I shall dwell in the house of the Lawd forever! And everybody said AMEN."

With giggles and grins that fringed on uncontrollable, the four of us padded down the hallway, found our places at the table, bowed our heads in the usual manner of respect, as mama said the blessing. The efforts to contain our "secret" burdened our customary table manners. We knew that she would likely wear out our backsides if she ever found out about our new "friend".

In hindsight, given the very small world in which we lived, it really wasn't unusual that we would "play" church. It was what we KNEW. It was what we LIVED. It was what we BELIEVED. It stands to reason that religion would find its way into our world of make believe.

Sometime prior to the good Reverend's first appearance, we had acquired an old second hand, reel to reel tape recorder. Yep, you guessed it. The good preacher's initial sermon was captured on tape, and it became a cherished, often played and welcome escape from boredom for us on many a lazy day in the years to come.

Much later, when we had become sufficiently "grown" and far enough removed from mama's ever firm Pentecostal hand to think it safe, we played the tape for her. With a cautious and still very healthy "respect", we watched her face as she listened.

Waiting, watching, wondering. And then, there it was. The slightest hint of a smile. We watched as it spread across her face. And finally the sounds of a solid belly laugh as she realized, with pleasure, that we were not "mocking" but "mimicking", the roots of our righteous upbringing. A gift she had given to each of us.

Many, many years have passed since I heard the syrupy, southern voice of Reverend Coolwater. But he lives in the hearts and minds of four children who found him just when they needed him the most. Thank you, my brother for sharing that part of yourself with us. It's a gift each of us has taken along on our individual journeys, that kept us solidly "connected" to the safe haven of our beginnings. The haven found 'neath a firm, yet loving mother's hand, directing our lives in the strength of her unyielding faith.

## Time

by Bobby Cook

I recently heard a radio commercial advising us to teach important things to children while they are very young. The commercial implied if we wait too long



Bobby Cook

we will be unable to teach them, because by the time they are teenagers they will know everything. This seems to be a rite of passage few escape.

I was certainly no exception. I thought I was a brilliant teenager. I was thoughtful and courteous. My school grades were good. I knew what I wanted in life and had answers to most of life's questions. I carried a slide rule and used it well. I thought I was prepared for the future but the future proved to be beyond anything I could have imagined.

At first, change was easy. When I was about age ten, my family was so excited to get our first phone. Everyone had access to a party line but for only one dollar more per month, we could have a private line. Within a year all the phone lines were private and we had our first television too. When I left home for college, I carried with me what I believed to be a lifetime supply of carbon paper. Carbon paper was essential to keeping accurate copies of notes and letters, but before I left college, carbon paper was considered useless. Copy machines had changed everything.

I had been rather nerdy in high school. I had a fairly good understanding of the vacuum tube and could easily repair most radios. Later I took a college course on vacuum tube circuits but vacuum tubes were

considered obsolete before I left college. I was too busy taking classes to notice, but the transistor radio on my desk had been screaming obsolescence for a year before my enrollment in the class.

I had access to the college calculator, if I made an appointment a week in advance. There was only one calculator and everybody had to share. I was lucky to get a half hour per week and my time was always late at night when most professors were in bed. The calculator was larger than a 19 inch television and would not calculate square roots. Today almost everyone has a pocket calculator with a square root key.

Now, decades later, I realize as a young man I didn't know much. The best measure of a man's wisdom doesn't lie in what he knows. It lies in the questions he's asking. As a young man, I wasn't asking the right questions.

In my twenties I was fascinated by the Heisenberg uncertainty principle. This is a very important scientific principle which states If one knows the speed of an electron, one cannot know its location. Conversely, if one knows the precise location of an electron, one cannot know its speed. This is an extremely important principle of science with profound implications for the scientist, but I wonder if the world would be better now had he stated his principle differently. With tongue in cheek, I shall alter his statement. *A young girl cannot know if her boyfriend loves her if she is sleeping with him.* I mean no disrespect to the scientific community but I believe my uncertainty principle to be just as valid and just as important as the Heisenberg uncertainty principle. Taking my tongue out of my cheek, let me continue. What was so important to me in my twenties is not nearly so important now.

As a young man I was fascinated by time. Having a good definition of time

was very important. One popular theory was there are four dimensions:

Up and down

Forward and backward

Left and right

Time

If we can move back and forth in the first three dimensions, why not back and forth in time? Maybe we can travel in time. Maybe not.

Another definition of time, my favorite for decades, was found in my college physics textbook which defined time as "a system of regularly recurring intervals through which progress is measured, with all things beginning at birth and ending at death and the process never running in reverse."

This definition served me well for over 40 years but now it seems to be lacking. It now occurs to me it is not better and provides no real advantages over the common perception that time is only what one measures on a clock. Having the benefit of my life's experiences and the increased wisdom that comes with age, I would like to give you what I believe to be the best definition of time.

*Time is more than what the world measures on a clock. Time is my opportunity for change.*

There will be no opportunity for change when time runs out and time for each of us will one day end. If you are going to write a book, start it now. If you have unfinished business, finish it now. Whatever you intend to do someday, start it now. Know someone who deserves a compliment? Give it now. Want to stand up for liberty? Do it now so your children will have the same freedom you enjoy. We may not be able to agree on the best definition of time, but I am absolutely certain of one thing: *Time is just as uncertain as it is precious. Don't waste a minute of it.*

The greatest among us is not the one with the most money. That honor

may be reserved for those who share their time. That honor may belong to a soldier who serves us. It may belong to someone who visits strangers in a nursing home. The greatest among us may be a friend who listens intently for a few minutes. The greatest gift may be the gift of time. This isn't meant to be a sermon but I am reminded of a biblical story about a man who lost track of time. When he suddenly realized time was gone, his only excuse was, "I was busy here and there." It's not enough to be busy. Our lives need direction. We must have purpose and focus to be successful.

There are many differences between youth and the aged, but none more obvious than how we relate to time. Youth has more energy but age has a better grasp of time and a better understanding of the need to focus. Regardless of your age time is not your enemy. It is your biggest asset. May 2012 be your best year to date. It is your time. Use it well.



### *Waldo Community School News by William Powell, Principal*

The winter holidays are upon us. It has been a time filled with many special events here at Waldo Community School and I'd like to share some of those with you.

Our 3rd-5th graders performed the holiday musical *Paint the Town December* on December 8<sup>th</sup>. The auditorium was standing room only. It was a wonderful event and it is always a pleasure to see the students on stage. We were very proud of them!

We hosted a Santa's Workshop for the students. We are fortunate to have volunteers who helped make this happen. Without them, this wonderful opportunity would not be doable. Volunteers make a great school even better.

On December 15<sup>th</sup> we held a reception for Sandy White and Marie Ankney who will be retiring. It was a wonderful event and a special evening for us all. Sandy dedicated 33 years to Waldo Community School. Marie was with us for 8 years. They will be missed. We wish the best for both of them.

I am very happy to say that we had four grants funded through the Alachua County Public Schools Foundation. Congratulations to Mrs. Morris, Mr. Schumacher, Mr. Goode and Mrs. Thomas. Together their grants totaled \$1699.99. Over the past five years, we have had nearly \$15,000 in grants funded.

Most of the construction is completed, but there still are many little things that need to be done. We are pleased with the new look and have had many compliments on the building. Take a look at the new front doors when you drive by—they are beautiful. There will be no school from December 19<sup>th</sup> through January 2<sup>nd</sup>. School will resume on Tuesday, January 3<sup>rd</sup>. Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays to everyone.

The Waldo Phoenix is available in your email every month. Simply send your name and email address to: [HistoricWaldo@Windstream.net](mailto:HistoricWaldo@Windstream.net) and ask for an email subscription to Waldo Phoenix.



## Betty Sodders Archer, Florida

**M**emories never to be forgotten.  
An event to ponder.

Homeless shelters are dependent on volunteers to help serve the people who are homeless. The ones down on their luck, who need a meal.

On two consecutive Christmases, I helped serve in a homeless shelter. It was quite an experience for me. I was pleased for the opportunity to participate.

Each Christmas day I volunteered there, it was raining. I parked about three blocks from the shelter. Hurrah for the invention of umbrellas.

As I approached the building, there were people sitting near the building awaiting the time to enter. Some were in conversation with each other. Others were sitting or standing alone. My heart went out to them.

As I entered the establishment, I briefly spoke with the manager and learned that there was an orientation scheduled for volunteers in just a few



moments.

In the large kitchen, some were busy preparing the food. The entre

consisted of ham and turkey with all the trimmings. Followed by several types of dessert. They had choices.

After the orientation, a line was formed to pick up the trays to deliver to those seated at the tables. I was feeling useful and pleased that I chose to participate in the event.

The serving time was several hours. We were encouraged to talk to those who were interested. Some volunteers took advantage of the opportunity, including me.

A large number of people were there to help serve and to help in the kitchen. The building was large. The dining rooms became bedrooms in the evening. People of all walks of life were there it seemed. We were given quite a lot of information during the orientation.

On the day I was there, I observed one room closed off for Christmas presents for kids. All who came in for a meal, received a stocking which was stuffed with mostly personal hygiene items.

I had an opportunity to chat briefly with other volunteers there. A family of several members. One lady, after our duty ended, was going out searching for a restaurant for herself. Later I wished I had offered to join her. Though I had already made plans for myself.



Some volunteers, who were family said they were going to have their

holiday dinner later in the day. Everything was very well organized, it seemed.

Those who stuck in my mind I will never forget. A father and son. The son approached me. "Can me and my dad have a stocking", he said.

"Yes," I answered. I observed them as they left the dining room. They walked side by side, appeared proud. I felt the son was about the age and size of a boy who played Timmy on Lassie. He resembled the child star, in my opinion. I wondered what their story was. They didn't appear sad. They just seemed to be accepting of their present status.

Another one I wouldn't forget. A party of three. One young woman and two men. They were together. I spoke with them briefly. Their blankets got wet, she said and they couldn't get another one.

Then there was a young woman with three (toddler size) young children. They were allowed to stay at the shelter she said.

The Shelter had rules. One being, as I understand, if there were children with an adult, they were accepted day and night.

There was a teenager, approximately 16 years of age. She was alone. She wore a frown on her face that indicated she was mad at the world. She wouldn't talk to anybody. I spoke to her and she didn't respond. I hope her situation is better.

### Waldo Community Center News by Monica Kish

**W**e now have a piano available at our Community Center. Many thanks to Carolyn Wade who donated the piano to us. All we need now is to get a tuning.

If anyone would like to volunteer to enhance others in the wonderful enjoyment of music, please call me at 352-468-2336.

Wishing you all the best in 2012.

## 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 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 |

### 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

### January Birthdays

|                       |                         |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 Marie Ankney        | 16 Malcolm Worley       |
| 1 Jeremy Scott        | 16 Bobby P. Hill        |
| 2 Morgan Thurston     | 17 Annie M. Mitchell    |
| 5 Dylan Graham        | 17 Caleb Morgan Jacobs  |
| 6 Bob Williams        | 18 Enoch Hopkins        |
| 7 Rebekah Burnsed     | 20 Evon Mauldin         |
| 7 Javanis Ross        | 21 Brianna Bedford      |
| 8 Shatisha Wilson     | 25 Kristen Hill Brannon |
| 8 Zylphia Walker      | 26 Susan Juszak         |
| 11 Donna Durden       | 28 John Henry Taylor    |
| 13 Javier Gutierrez   | 29 L'il P J Bedford     |
| 14 Warren Cawley, Jr. |                         |

### 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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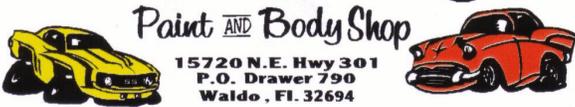
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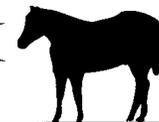
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