



# The Waldo Phoenix



**FREE - TAKE ONE!**

**Volume Four - Issue 5, July, 2013**

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

**www.WaldoHistoricalSociety.YolaSite.com**

## **Annual Quilt Show by Vera Mauldin**

The Waldo Historical Society held its fourth quilt show on June 8, 2013 at the Waldo Community Center. Beautiful quilts were displayed and sewing items were for sell by the participants.

The quilt show was opened to the public from 10:00 am to 3:00 pm. A bag lunch including a sandwich, potato chips, dessert, and drink was available for purchase.

We had representatives of quilters from various cities including Interlachen, High Springs, Waldo, Gainesville, Melrose, Jacksonville, Baldwin, Middleburg, and Hampton. Visitors came from the surrounding areas including Waldo, Newberry, Middleburg, Starke, Gainesville, Williston, St. Augustine, and Lake City.



Teddy Pruitt was the judge for quilt winners. Blue Ribbons were awarded to the Advanced Category, white ribbons for the Intermediate category, and red ribbons for the Beginner category.

In the Advanced category, Richard Levin, from Interlachen, won first place and Ms. Figg

Poncher, from Melrose, won second place. In the Intermediate category, Beverly Oglesby, from Melrose, won first place, Shiloh Thomas, from Middleburg, won second place, and Florence Jones, from Hampton, won third place.

In the Beginner category, Nicholas Yosick, from Gainesville, won first place, Chloe Harris, from Waldo, won second place, and Jane Sheppard, from Jacksonville, won third place. A special ribbon was awarded to Nicholas Yosick as the Judge's Choice.

It was an honor to have Chloe Harris enter and win with her quilt entry. She is 12 years old and to enter her first quilt to be judged with other adult quilters was amazing. If you did not attend the quilt show you missed out on a great event.

This year, we raffled off four beautiful quilts and had four winners. Winners of the quilts were: Diana Davis of Waldo, Richard Levin, of Interlachen, Postmaster Jeremy Scott, of Starke, and Joyce Land, of Waldo.

Next year, we will have the Quilt show at the 301 Cottage on US Highway 301. The room will be larger providing space for more quilters. Watch for that date and plan to come to the show.

We want to say "Thank You" to Teddy Pruitt for judging the quilts, Ida Bivins, for making the chicken salad, Marylyn and Buddy Thompson, for supplying water and ice, Carl and Sara Bedford, for placing the direction signs on US 301 and SR 24, and

helping with the setup, and Marie Ankney for making tuna salad and cookies.

Helping in the kitchen, making lunches, were: Marie Ankney, Chris Mays and Mary Ann Rich. Vice President, Charles Griffin, was our all around man keeping everything moving smoothly in the parking lot and inside, hanging the quilts. Treasurer, Penny Dodd was the cashier, Secretary, Linda Hall Vlacos manned the sign in table, while Lucy Roe Cook, was our Social Butterfly, and Ally Grady, was a young floating helper.

**Waldo Commodities  
Tuesday, July 9, 2013  
Waldo  
Community Center  
1 -2 p.m.**

*In Loving Memory*  
  
**Betty Jean Prescott**  
*If you know Waldo citizens who have passed, please call Vera Mauldin at 352-468-1554.*

## W.H.S. Updates by Penny Dodd



### Memorial Bricks

Installation of Memorial Bricks in Waldo City Park has begun. Photos and thank you letters will be sent to all who have honored a loved one.

A huge thank you to Mr. Bob Edmondson, for his generous offer to install the bricks for us. His knowledge and expertise are so appreciated.

### 1941 Waldo Homecoming Photo

Last month's request for information about the 1941 Waldo Homecoming photo brought two responses. One of our alert readers, Nancy Sparkman Wells, called to say she recognized her mother in the front row, middle chair.

Shortly thereafter, we received a call from Mr. James Winter, of Melrose. He told us it was his father, George Winter, who had organized the Homecoming and had the photo taken of friends and family.



Mr. James Winter - Melrose

The photo was taken on the grounds of the current Waldo School.

Two members of WHS, Vera Mauldin and Lucy Roe Cook drove

to Melrose to talk with Mr. and Mrs. Winter, to learn more about the photo. While there, they learned that Mr. Winter had written a book about his life, which includes the history of his family in Waldo. He donated a copy of his book "A Lifetime Remembered" an autobiography by James Winter to the WHS which now has a place of honor in our library collection. The book is available online for Kindle Fire.

### 2014 Calendar

We are already halfway into the year, and unless someone has a great suggestion of a theme for a 2014 calendar, sadly, there probably won't be one. In the past eight years, we have published photos of historic Waldo buildings, Railroad history, Waldo Community School children's drawings of Waldo, Past generations, Waldo Veterans, and Waldo in the 50s and 60s.

We enjoy offering an historic calendar each year, and are always looking for something that people will like to see on their wall. Your suggestions are encouraged.

### Empty Printer Ink Cartridges

Our request for donations of your empty printer ink cartridges has been very well received, and we continue to collect more every month.

We want everyone to know that your donations have helped us purchase needed office supplies, and are so appreciated.

Thank you to everyone who has donated a cartridge to our collection boxes at the Waldo Library and Waldo City Hall.

### A Little Bird Told Me Lucy Roe Cook

The WHS let me know that they had a visitor from Washington State at their last meeting April 25, 2013. He flew into Gainesville airport where he was met by Vera Mauldin, Penny Dodd, and Lucy Roe Cook.



Don Kunz is a Board Member of the WHS and brought to our meeting needed input. He was able to see the progress the WHS is making toward the museum, the Railroad Museum in the caboose, the Memorial Bricks in Veterans Park and the many other things the Waldo Historical Society does.

Thank you, Don Kunz, for your participation. We will keep in contact and look forward to your return and your valuable input.

This little bird heard news that Lucy Roe Cook is flying to Asheville, NC to see her Son in law, Dala Andrijanoff, daughter, Alisa Andrijanoff, and Grandson Carson Andrijanoff for a week. She says, "Oh happy days."

Rodney Estes, you are missed. Hope you are enjoying Asheville, NC in your new home.

The WHS is hosting a Roundtable meeting at the Waldo Baptist Church on Saturday the 29<sup>th</sup> of June. This they tell me is a get together of many Historical Societies of this County and also outside this County. The Vice President, Charles Griffin, will stand in for President, Mildred Keirnan, who is ill and in need of our prayers.

The sign man this week said it right, Life is Fragile, Handle with Prayer.

This little bird needs some input. Births, Birthdays, Visitors, Parties, Awards, Meetings, Trips, A Funny Thing happened. Also I have not heard from the Canasta groups of late. Are you still playing ladies?

Stop me as I fly by. Always good to hear of the latest in Waldo happenings.

Bless you all. Please fill those bird feeders and the birdbaths with water, in the shade. This little bird, when flying last July 4th, was singed by fireworks and it was good to know where the cool baths were. Thank you one and all. Have a safe 4th.

### Waldo Eastern Star



### Seventy Dedicated Years Submitted by Mary Baxla

At the 108th Annual Session of the Grand Chapter of Florida, Order of the Eastern Star, Mrs. Ruth Dees, Waldo resident and devoted member of Waldo OES Chapter 120, was recognized as one of two attending Florida members with the most years served in the Order.

Mrs. Dees, a member of Waldo Methodist Church since childhood and Chair of that Church Council for many years until it closed, now attends and holds the same office in the Orange Creek /

Campville United Methodist Church.

Ruth joined the Star at age 19 and in addition to celebrating that occasion, 2013 marks the 70th anniversary of her marriage to husband Clyde Dees, who is also a member of local OES Chapter 120.



Ruth is shown here at her Grand Chapter Session lodging and again at a Chapter meeting with Waldo 120 Worthy Matron, Kathy McClure, and Worthy Patron, Doug McClure, after receiving a congratulatory certificate and a very special "70 Year " pin from the members of Waldo Chapter 120.



Mrs. Ruth Dees

### Waldo OES 120 25 Year Pins

#### Submitted by Mary Baxla

Members of Waldo OES Chapter received 25 Year pins to commemorate that first longevity benchmark. Because some had achieved the 25 year mark a few years without notice, the Chapter's 2013 "Pin Night" celebrated 25 years (or more for some) of membership in Florida's Order of the Eastern Star.



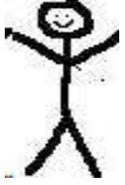
25 Year Pin Recipients

Those pictured (L to R) include recipients Bobbie (Wike) Brown, Patsy Brock, June Thornton, Norma Arnett, Pauline Carter, Mary Baxla, and, having presented the awards, Worthy Matron Kathy McCure.

Recipients Phyllis Blackwell, Christine (Seay) Clark, Barbara Coleman, Patricia Fountain, Vickie Lynn (Putnam) Hall, Mary Lynn Harris, Hazel Phifer, Patricia (Phifer) Trout, Marylynn Wilkerson, and Pamela Willis were unable to attend to receive their pins personally.

## TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

By Eldon Darrah



**U**ugh. What happened!? Where am I!? My arms! My legs! I can't budge them! What is going on? It-it's-it's like I've been bound in a strait-jacket or something. My head, thoughts, all foggy. Can't corner a single coherent thought. A billion things racing through my mind. Can't latch on to even one! It's dark, pitch-black. Have I gone blind too?! Have to think, shake this fog from my mind. What has happened to me? WHO AM I?! WHOOOH . . . who am I?! The horrible realization of a near maddening, over-whelming emptiness. If only there was a mere fragment of recollection to grasp on to.

Easy does it anxiety. Don't need any of that stuff on me. Think man, think. What's the last thing I remember? The fog, slowly, begrudgingly begins dissipating. Things almost becoming cognitive, but not quite. No longer flashing non-discernibly by. Memories, feebly beginning to take form, as they struggle to connect across the crumbling chasms of a fractured mind, slowly becoming coherent, but still can't quite get a grip on things. Till at last.

OH YEAH, THAT'S IT! I know now. WRECK!! YES!! A WRECK! IT'S ALL COMING BACK. Now I remember! YES, yes! That's it. OK, must get my wits about me. Think back, what's the last things I remember? We'd been at a fundraising banquet on my behalf. I'm to be the NEXT GOVERNOR. YESSS!! We raised a pile of money

for my campaign. I was talking with my campaign manager as we were getting in the limo following the fund-raising event. He was filling me in on all the details of the 'big' party he'd arranged for us at the Hilton, and all the trouble he'd gone to, to keep everything on the hush-hush concerning the "ladies of the night," how the limo driver had picked up all the liquid refreshments we'd need and had it in the limo. He also informed me of an old child-hood friend of my opponent who had sold us a photo of him in a compromising position when he was fourteen. We were laughing about the humiliation it will cause my opponent when we "secretly" release it to the media.

We had been laughing about how so many people would pay thousands of dollars, just to say they had 'dined' with me. 'Still amazes me, how naive the general public can be. Imagine---paying big bucks to hear me lie to them! Ha ha ha ha, Such Schmucks. Wow, my memory really is coming back.

Then, the headlights, getting closer, brighter, as if in slow-motion, shining on and on, and for another seeming eternity, the letters M-A-C-K languishing menacingly in the darkened windows of the limo---THAT'S IT! We're trapped in the wreckage. We'll be rescued before we know it. Need to assess the situation. Chest feels tight, having difficulty breathing. Must stay alert! Thank God I'm still alive. Help can't be far away. Have to stay conscious. Mustn't drift off! How bad am I hurt!? That's it, critical thinking, very important. Let's see, not having any pain to speak of. That has to be a good sign. Just a little cramping in my neck. Hmm, I

don't smell any alcohol . . . guess the liquor bottles fared well---don't feel any broken glass bottles or anything. That has to be a good sign! What's taking so long for help to get here!?!... No sirens yet, nothing! Just lay still. Help will be here soon. I must stay calm. Don't panic! That won't help no-one. Help's got to be on the way. Still, no sirens, no flashing lights. Nothing. WHERE ARE THOSE IDIOTS!?!? Don't they realize what an important, influential, powerful man I am! Calm down, take it easy. It's probably only been a few minutes. Getting all stressed can't be good. No need in making matters worse for me. WHERE ARE THOSE MEDICS. Seems like hours now. I'll have every one of those idiots jobs for letting me lay here and suffer like this!.I know how to deal with minions. The cramp in my neck, becoming bothersome. Need to try and move my head. It feels as though my head is pinned down behind the seat. Can't move anything else, maybe I can move my head a little... relieve this cramp. Maybe I won't cause any more damage if I just try that. UUUUGH, Craaaack!! It's Giving! Neck Starting to Feel Better!! Maybe I can get out of this wreck on my own!!. Just a little more. UUUGH. Craaack! WHAT! HOW CAN THIS BE, IT'S DAYLIGHT! HOW COULD I HAVE LAID IN THIS WRECK ALL NIGHT!? The cramp in my neck . . . It's gone. I'm getting out of here. UUUUGH. Craaack. MY HEAD IS FREE! I CAN SEE! I FEEL ALL RIGHT! NO PAIN! I'm looking around. THIS AIN'T NO WRECK! WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME!? Why am I seeing in two different directions at the same time! A DREAM! That's it, I'm having a dream. I'll wake up in the hospital

any second now. Yea, that's it. It's all just a dream, --- doesn't seem like a dream though. Everything is so clear and real. Yeah, only a dream. I'll wake up any moment now, they'll bring me some breakfast. Sure am hungry. Then all this will be just a bad dream. I probably won't even remember any of it. Thank GOD. I may as well enjoy the view till I wake up. It is kind of pretty here. Seems I'm having a dream about being a baby-bird that has just hatched from its shell. Very amusing. I'm in a nest, high up in a tree. Hey, there's another egg here beside me. What a dream. I'm even seeing as a bird would see. Two directions at once. What a panoramic view! It seems so real. This might not be such a bad dream. Craack, WHOOOA. The other egg is hatching!? Wait a minute. This is my dream! Why's this other egg hatching? Craack.

A head frees itself from its fractured confines, blinking frantically in bewilderment, as a sinking sickening feeling of familiarity washed over me. I KNOW WHO THIS IS! It was one of the horrid, ugliest things I'd ever seen. THAT'S MY CAMPAIGN MANAGER! Don't know how I know. I just know! UH, I NEED TO WAKE UP NOW!!. This is starting to be a bad dream again. He looks at me with that knowing eye on this side of his putrid head. OH GOD! HE SEES ME THE SAME WAY! We share equally in the same horror sitting there, in complete mental recognition of every felonious assault we'd ever perpetrated upon humanity. Then we notice a vulture at a distance, flying in. It's Moma. MOMA!! OH GOD! NO! WAKE UP YOU FOOL! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING but it

is, and that is Moma. it just is. WAKE ME UP! SOMEBODY PLEASE! Moma flies in, seeming somehow reluctant, as though there were some deliberate, unseen force, most assuredly compelled, to do what must be done.

She stirs the air into a mild turbulence as she works her wings to afford herself a proper perch on the side of the nest. Now perched, she begins to remove the remnants of her children's birth. My campaign manager also helplessly glaring at me, with that one troubled eye, absolute terror pouring out uncontrollably. My own anxiety at the point of killing. IF ONLY IT WOULD!

With her crooked stinking beak she flings the last of the fractured shells from the nest. With the nest cleaned of all but her demonic off-spring, she stations herself on the side of the nest Her neck begins to convulse. WHAT IS THIS!?OH MY GOD! Nooo. This can't be happening! Their mouths spring open. They don't want their mouths open, they're just open, and there's nothing they can do to prevent it.

With her neck now primed and full, she dumps the hot, sticky, acidic, stinking, road-kill remains, tenderly, and lovingly down their wretched necks. Their hell has most assuredly begun.



**Sept 14 2013** 

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## Superstitious Preacher by Marie Ankney

**M**y husband and I have been married for 53 years. On March 28, 1960, we had made our plans to wed at 6:00 in the evening.

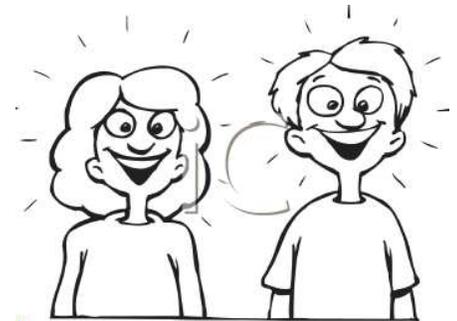
Everyone was ready. Then the preacher appears.

He says to Vic and I, "I can't marry you."

I about fainted. I asked why.

He says, "Well, every time I marry anyone with the clock hands going down, it doesn't last. So we will wait till 6:30."

I guess he was right, because we are still going strong after all these years.



***America's 50 Worst Charities***  
**Reprinted with permission of the Tampa Bay Times and the Center for Investigative Reporting**

The worst charity in America operates from a metal warehouse behind a gas station in Holiday.

Every year, Kids Wish Network raises millions of dollars in donations in the name of dying children and their families.

Every year, it spends less than 3 cents on the dollar helping kids.

Most of the rest gets diverted to enrich the charity's operators and the for-profit companies Kids Wish hires to drum up donations.

In the past decade alone, Kids Wish has channeled nearly \$110 million donated for sick children to its corporate solicitors. An additional \$4.8 million has gone to pay the charity's founder and his own consulting firms.

No charity in the nation has siphoned more money away from the needy over a longer period of time.

But Kids Wish is not an isolated case, a yearlong investigation by the Tampa Bay Times and The Center for Investigative Reporting has found.

Using state and federal records, the Times and CIR identified nearly 6,000 charities that have chosen to pay for-profit companies to raise their donations.

Then reporters took an unprecedented look back to zero in on the 50 worst — based on the money they diverted to boiler room operators and other solicitors over a decade.

These nonprofits adopt popular causes or mimic well-known charity names that fool donors. Then they rake in cash, year after year.

The nation's 50 worst charities have paid their solicitors nearly \$1 billion over the past 10 years that could have gone to charitable works.

Until today, no one had tallied the cost of this parasitic segment of the nonprofit industry or traced the long history of its worst offenders.

Among the findings:

- The 50 worst charities in America devote less than 4 percent of donations raised to direct cash aid. Some charities give even less. Over a decade, one diabetes charity raised nearly \$14 million and gave about \$10,000 to patients. Six spent nothing at all on direct cash aid.
- Even as they plead for financial support, operators at many of the 50 worst charities have lied to donors about where their money goes, taken multiple salaries,

secretly paid themselves consulting fees or arranged fundraising contracts with friends. One cancer charity paid a company owned by the president's son nearly \$18 million over eight years to solicit funds. A medical charity paid its biggest research grant to its president's own for-profit company.

- Some nonprofits are little more than fronts for fundraising companies, which bankroll their startup costs, lock them into exclusive contracts at exorbitant rates and even drive the charities into debt. Florida-based Project Cure has raised more than \$65 million since 1998, but every year has wound up owing its fundraiser more than what was raised. According to its latest financial filing, the nonprofit is \$3 million in debt.

- To disguise the meager amount of money that reaches those in need, charities use accounting tricks and inflate the value of donated dollar-store cast-offs — snack cakes and air fresheners — that they give to dying cancer patients and homeless veterans.

Over the past six months, the Times and CIR called or mailed certified letters to the leaders of Kids Wish Network and the 49 other charities that have paid the most to solicitors.

Nearly half declined to answer questions about their programs or would speak only through an attorney.

Approached in person, one charity manager threatened to call the police; another refused to open the door. A third charity's president took off in his truck at the sight of a reporter with a camera.

Kids Wish has hired Melissa Schwartz, a crisis management specialist in New York City who previously worked for the federal government after the 2010 BP oil spill.

Schwartz said Kids Wish hires solicitors so its staff can focus on working with children, not on raising donations. According to its 2011 IRS filing, the charity has 51 employees. Schwartz also said donors who give directly to the charity instead of in response to solicitations ensure that 100 percent of their pledge will be spent granting wishes.

She declined to answer additional questions about Kids Wish's fundraising operations, saying the charity "is focused on the future."

Charity operators who would talk defended their work, saying raising money is expensive especially in tough economic times.

"No parent has ever turned me down for assistance because we got our money from a telemarketer," said David Thelen, who runs the Committee for Missing Children in Lawrenceville, Ga. The charity is No. 13 on the Times/CIR list.

**. . . continued next month**

# 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

## July Birthdays

1 Jenny Kimber	19 Nicholas Scott
3 Bianca Gutierrez	20 Eldred Bivins
5 Chris Ankney	21 Melba Hill
5 Oscar White	24 Roland Wise
7 Virginia McLendon	24 Betty Brooker
10 Carlton Davis	25 Kelli Juszak
13 Andrew Mitchell	27 Henrietta Armitage
13 Roosevelt Green	29 Alisa Andrijanoff
16 Leon Brookins	29 John Kimber



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The Deadline for all articles and advertising in the Waldo Phoenix is the 21<sup>st</sup> of the month preceding publication.

We strive to have the Phoenix distributed by the 1<sup>st</sup> of each month. We do not deliver on weekends, so sometimes will distribute before the 1st.

Inserts (Flyers) should be in our possession at least three days before delivery.

## Philadelphia Missionary Baptist Church Services



Rev. James W. Ramsey - Pastor  
2<sup>nd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> Sundays 11:00 am  
Mid-week service  
every Wednesday 6:00 pm  
taught by Minister Bernard Carter  
Awesome Sunday School  
every Sunday 9:45 am  
taught by Bro. Bobby Hill  
or Minister Bernard Carter for adults  
and Sis. Josie "Jackson"  
& Sis. Monique Taylor for the children.  
Men's Day service will be held  
on the 4<sup>th</sup> Sunday in July at 11:00 am

**Always remember that  
Man is Mighty but God is Almighty**

## First Baptist Church, Waldo Hwy 24

352-468-1721

### Sunday Schedule



9:15 - 9:45 Refreshments  
9:45 Bible Study (all ages)

11:00 am & 6 pm Worship  
11:00 am & 6 pm Children's Worship  
6 pm Youth Praise and Worship

### Wednesday Schedule

5:45 - 6:15 pm Dinner  
6:30 pm Children's, Youth, Adult Programs

## Waldo Self Storage

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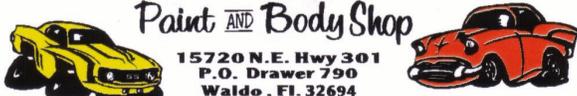
**Waldo Phoenix  
Advertising Rate Sheet**

(effective date: March 1, 2010)

Size	3 Months	6 Months	12 Months
Business Card	\$60.00	\$90.00	\$120.00
Quarter Page	\$120.00	\$180.00	\$240.00
Half Page	\$240.00	\$360.00	\$480.00
Full Page	\$480.00	\$720.00	\$960.00

**Your 8-1/2" x 11" or smaller flyers will be inserted @ \$25.00/250 per month. We will work with you to create your ad. We can add clip art, photos or your logo. Call 352-468-1910 - Advertising Editor email: [HistoricWaldo@gmail.com](mailto:HistoricWaldo@gmail.com)**

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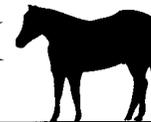
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**RANDOM FACTS**

The first public Fourth of July event at the White House occurred in 1804.

**Bonus Fact:**

Both Thomas Jefferson and John Adams died on Independence Day, July 4, 1826.

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