



FREE - TAKE ONE!

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www.WaldoHistoricalSociety.YolaSite.com



WHS News by Vera Mauldin

Calling all quilters! Calling all others to come join the Waldo Historical Society at our 4th Annual Quilt Show. The date for the show is June 8, 2013 from 10:00 am – 3:00 pm at the Waldo Community Center.



Quilters will be entering their quilts for judging and bringing quilts and sewing items for sale.

This year we have four beautiful quilts donated by two members of the Waldo Historical Society, and one from a Quilt Show participant that we will be raffling off to the public. Anyone interested in purchasing Raffle tickets (\$5.00 each or six for \$25.00) may call Vera Mauldin at 468-1554. Flyers will be posted around town with more information if needed.

Lunch is available for purchase starting at 11:00 am.

In past years, the quilt show has been a success and we hope this one will be too. We want to thank the public for their interest and support. We hope to see a good turn out in support of the Waldo Historical Society.

Line Dancing at Waldo Community Center

For those who are not participating in our Line Dance Classes every Wednesday evening, you are missing a real treat. We're enjoying some good exercise, some good gossip, and some excellent company. I provide the music and dance sheets. The lessons are FREE so all you have to do is show up. If you have the mistaken idea that you aren't a dancer, rest assured this is more about having a good time than it is about being a polished dancer. You do NOT have to be: Young, skinny, coordinated, single, beautiful, in shape or outgoing. Just show up and we'll lead you through an evening of happy feet and lots of giggles.

We also have a Waldo Line Dancers Group on Facebook which we invite you to participate in. I post all of the dances there, along with LOTS of silliness to make you smile. Please consider joining us in both!!

We meet at the Waldo Community Center on Wednesday evenings at 6:30, and dance until....?? Usually an hour. Come check us out!! Hope to see you soon.

Please call Mary Sue @ 352-682-1500 for info!

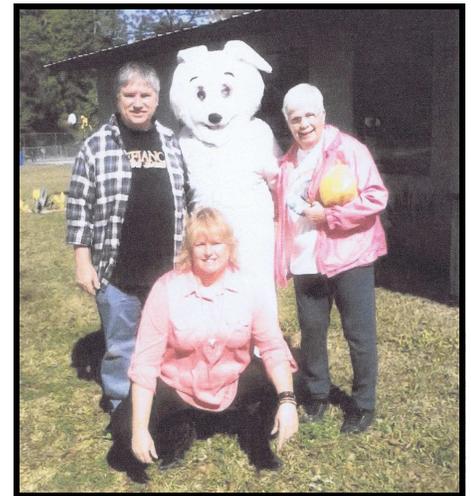


Easter Egg Hunt March 30

The Waldo Concerned Citizens for the Community, Inc. (W3C's), would like to thank GOD for such a beautiful day on the Saturday before Easter.

Thanks to the City of Waldo for their continued sponsorship. Thanks to Kim Worley, Rodney Estes, Thelma Bay, Penny Dodd, Gladys Scott, Marie Ankney, Olivia Williams and all the moms for being there to assist with the Easter Egg Hunt.

Most of all thanks to the kids for coming out because it would not have been a success without their presence. Again, Many Many, thanks.



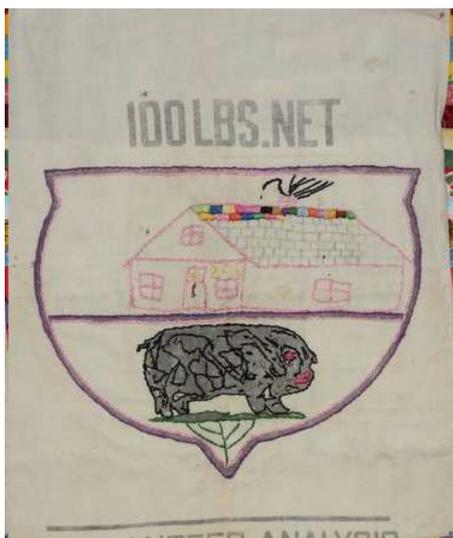
**Waldo Commodities
Tuesday, May 7, 2013
Waldo
Community Center
1 -2 p.m.**

The Quilt Whisperer Teddy Pruett



HENHOUSE LINEN (PHOENIX APRIL 2013) Teddy Pruett

Henhouse Linen is a glorified name for feedsacks. Feedsack is a general term for most any printed sack or bag used to contain such necessities as flour, sugar, meal, grits, animal feed or grain. Up until the mid 1800's these items were shipped in wooden boxes and barrels. Homespun linen was available for bags and very strong, but hand sewn seams burst from the weight and the handling. With the invention of a "stitching machine" in 1846 or so, bags became a viable replacement.



The bags were plain linen or cotton for a while, then companies began to stamp the company logo and contents with black ink. Many of the logos were round, a holdover from the days when they had to fit a barrel lid. I've seen

many of these on the backs of quilts from the mid to late 1800's.



Then, about 1925, someone decided to package goods in printed fabrics – well, did that ever change things!! The lady of the house had a completely free source of beautiful fabric, no small thing when you realize that the heyday of the feedsack was during the years of the Great Depression. It was tougher on Papa though – it took four matching feedsacks to make a dress, and if those sacks were spread over and under and around a pile of fifty pound bags....it took some serious labor to get a matching set.

Feedsacks made diapers, clothing - including undergarments, (oh, the stories of men's boxers with the "self rising" logo intact) lint-free dishtowels, curtains, aprons and everything else. Some were printed with borders to use as pillowcases, others printed with toys and dolls to stuff and sew. Fabrics and dyes come and go in quality, but feedsacks are very strong, very stable in color, and wonderfully soft to the hand. They were a staple in home sewing through the late 1950's but pretty much died out by the 1960's. When a paper bag could be produced for 10

cents and a cloth bag cost three times that much, the death of the feedsack was inevitable.

Today, those very same feedsacks are in high demand. There is a Feedsack Friends list on Facebook, and people from all over the country swap, buy, sell, and trade both feedsacks and 6" swatches of feedsacks. One lady in Titusville has more than 20,000 swatches! The Japanese love them, and are serious buyers of feedsacks at the national quilt shows and on websites. Many fine books have been written about feedsacks.

As an appraiser, I see countless feedsack fabrics in quilts. It's fun to be able to point them out to the owners who have no idea what they are. The most popular quilts of the time period were Double Wedding Ring, Grandmother's Flower Garden, and Dresden Plate, most made with feedsacks and muslin. Fabric was scarce due to both the depression and later the war, so quilts made with scraps and small pieces were the norm. Even a very simple nine patch can be very beautiful done in this fabric.

I was never a "Feedsack Fanatic" as true aficionados are known, but a few years ago I envisioned a quilt that really needed feedsacks to get the look I was after. By the time I was through with that quilt, I was hooked. The fabric has a wonderful feel and is a delight to work with.

So– here's the thing you need to know. Read carefully! Before you cut those feedsacks up for doll dresses or quilt pieces, KNOW what you have!! Most common feedsacks have a market value of \$15 or so, and many can

double or triple that. But there are feedsacks that sell every day for more than \$200!! Any way you punch the calculator, that's a thousand bucks for five feedsacks – IF you happen to have the right one!! I suggest an ebay search, watch to see what's hot and what's not. Sometimes it's easy to see the appeal – a Disney, a Gone with the Wind, a WWII patriotic theme. Other times, it's just a little flower on a pastel background like thousands of others and you just have to scratch your head when you see the prices soar. As I write this, a yellow sack with flowers is up to \$110. I recently saw a nine pound box of feedsack odds and ends sell for \$350. Now, don't get excited and think you are going to pay for your kid's college education! I repeat the market value is \$15 to \$20 for most sacks. On the other hand, if old Aunt Maude has a pile of these in a cabinet or in the barn, I suggest you be very very nice and offer to take those musty old things off her hands.

TOAD - PART THREE

Eldon Darrah



Not wanting to become too unjustly violent, I drew my foot back and gave the toad a sort of controlled push-kick right in that poufy area between his front and back legs, sending the mouthy toad sliding about twenty feet across the parking lot. I watched him as he slid to a stop, thinking now I can get on home with my milk. He turned abruptly, facing me, and said, "All right, Idiot, now you've made me angry!"

WHAT!! My mind screamed a brand new fresh sense of fear mounting! I can't let this toad think for one second that he has me scared, reminding myself of my obvious, superior cunning. I'll bluff im! I decided.

"Do you honestly believe for one instant that I'm going to be afraid of an angry toad?"

The toad said nothing. Ahhh, the bluff worked. Now I can get on home with my milk. As I turned to leave, "PLOP"! I turned back to face the toad. PLOP!! The toad had hopped twice. Closing the distance between us in half!! And where the toad had once been holding the flashlight, he now held a hand gun, that looked a lot bigger than it actually was. SO MUCH FOR MY BLUFF~~!

"Where'd you get that gun?!" I asked. Trying, with little success to conceal my growing anxiety. "You told me you didn't have any pockets!"

"I Lied." The toad said flatly.

BLAM!!! Oh my God!! "You've shot me in the foot!!

"Well, my aim's a little off, jerk." The toad cool-ly replied in a Clint Eastwood breathy drawl. "I haven't had to shoot an idiot like you in a long time." BLAM!!

A bullet clanked solidly into the side of my van; inches from my mid-section!

THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!!, I thought. I'm going to be murdered by a toad!?! BLAM!! He missed again!

In absolute panic I darted around the van for cover,

BLAM!, BLAM! Two more bullets deflect off the front bumper. Sparks flaring in the night. What have I done to deserve this? Fear running rampant, Mind turning to mush!?!

Pull yourself together!.. I command myself. It's just a dang toad!! Slooow down, heart. Think, Think, Think. Let's see ,how many shot's has he gotten off? That's better! Yea! Think this thing through! That a'boy. At least I'm regaining control of my superior mind.

YEAH! Okay, let's see, one shot in the foot, one in the side of the van, one clean miss, then two off the bumper. Let me think, Yea. THAT'S FIVE SHOTS!! Now I'm getting it together! My foot's throbbing a little. Doesn't seem to be hurt too bad. Guess that little gun of his isn't so bad after all!

Now, if I can just get him to waste that last bullet, maybe I can rush him before he can reloa....BLAM!!! A flash of gunfire from near the front tire, Sparks glistening off the side of the van, mere inches from my ear!!!! THANK GOD HE MISSED!! He did one hop out from the van. I rushed him as he went to his pockets in search of more bullets. He attempts an evasive hop. I'm in hot pursuit. I raised the gallon of milk I was still holding high in the air. The toad frantically fumbling with fresh ammo. And with all I had left in me, I slammed it down on top of that most dangerous of any known toad. With a mighty SPLOSH, the milk was gone!

I stood there, silent, fear subsiding, anxiety in remission, the lingering odor of spent cartridges reminding me of the horror, and reality of what had just taken place.

Now, as I towered over the beaten, lifeless toad, the ruined milk in shimmering streaks, splattered across the parking area.

The now spent, fractured milk jug lying delicately and harmless atop the flattened toad.

I looked down at the renegade toad, the horrid image of the toad's tongue, and other things, squished out in a grimy, gooey, mushy heap on the milk drenched pavement. The toad's tongue, a tongue that has no doubt sent countless numbers of flies to a sticky, and terrifying doom. A tongue that will never again mince words with me, or anyone else again.

There was never any real doubt of the outcome, I reasoned to myself. The toad simply never stood a chance. It wasn't the toad's fault. He just picked the wrong person to steal flies from. The toad underestimated the shrewd cunning of his final adversary. IT'S OVER. The toad is decisively squashed.

As the full impact of what had taken place begins to soak in, I get an urge to laugh. Instinctively at first, then more pronounced, until finally uncontrollable hysterical laughter. Then I feel something tugging at my shoulder. What? Huh? I slowly come to my senses. My wife is shaking me from my peaceful slumber.

"What's so funny" she asks. "What in the world are you laughing at?" Still losing the battle against the urge to laugh, I related to her that there's no way I could explain it She'd just have to read my next short story

"Oh", I added "you'll need to scramble up some eggs in the morning. I forgot about the milk. Dang't, my foot's asleep!"



SUBMITTED BY THELMA BAY

Friday, May 17th from 5 p.m. until 8 p.m. in the Family Life Building Waldo Baptist Church to benefit our school safety patrol.

Once again, 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.

A Little Bird Told Me Lucy Roe Cook

Little Bird was told by Lucy Roe Cook that she appreciates all the good wishes from family and friends in the past two months while she was



healing. With God at the helm and all of you, healing was a shoe-in. Thank you each one.

May Day is the day I, Lucy, loved as a little girl, making May Day baskets. The day before, I would gather together clovers and magazines and other color paper to weave together as baskets for

my Mum and my Granny and sometimes an Aunt or a neighbor.

Now and again, I would find a four-leaf clover. Joy! The four-leaf clover would have gone to my Mum or my Granny if my choice, but I put it on the basket that I was working on when I found it.

The next morning, the first day of May, I would fill the basket with flowers, hang the basket on the door of the recipients home, and ring the bell and run away.

I was always told all about it and how happy it made them. I suspect they knew it was me.

Mother's Day was a splendid day, as it was a day to show your Mum how much she was appreciated. I feel my Mum enjoyed sleeping in and being served her coffee in bed most of all.

There really is no way to show a Mum how much she is loved but to tell her and show her with good behavior.

In the late afternoon, we would all dress up. My Dad, my brother, my Mum and me, and my Dad would take us all out to a special restaurant.

I remember one Mother's Day especially, for my Dad flew my fours aunts and my granny to San Francisco and when we walked into the Cliff House restaurant, my Mum began to laugh and cry, and so did the rest of them. Thank you, Dad, for a Mother's Day to remember.

Now we come to birthdays in May. In our family, it was a full month. My Grandson, Carson Roe Andrijanoff, born May 2, will be 13. Oh, my! A teenager. God's blessing to him and his dad and mum.

Next, yours truly, on May 8, and my son, David on May 15, and my Mum on May 17.

Vera Mauldin, born on May 15, and Lucy Roe Cook, born on May 8, are to be treated to lunch by the Hand. Friends are a wonderful thing. Thank you, Girls.

Joining the Historical Society of Waldo at the Friday Morning Breakfast, was a wonderful guest. President Millie Keirnan's daughter, Robin Keirnan joined us on her way to St. Pete.

A little Bird told me that guests are always welcome at the Friday Morning Breakfast at 9 am at Hardee's.

The annual Historical Society Quilt Show is coming up June 8. It is to be a wonderful show. We'll let you know more about it soon, so begin to prepare your quilts.

Then One Day Tootie Showed Up!!

Mary Sue Holton

Tootie is one of my nicknames. We spell it T-o-o-t-i-e, although that is NOT the spelling associated with the origin and/or birth of this particular persona. I sometimes laughingly called her my defiant "alter ego." This is due to the story of how I was tagged with such a title. A story which I think merits sharing.

By now you are probably quite familiar with the rather restrictive limits of my Pentecostal upbringing. Mama was a hardcore, no frills, no fuss, no-exceptions-to-the-rule, God fearing woman. Her demands hit pretty hard in my early teenage years when I desperately wanted to look and dress like the other girls. I wanted to fit in, blend in, tune in and be accepted by the popular girls. But it just wasn't happening. No way,

no how. I stood out like a brood sow in a chicken coop.

Mama flatly refused to allow me to wear long pants or shorts. My dresses had to cover my knees (this was in the days of mini-skirts). No nail polish, no makeup, no baubles or adornments, no dancing and NO mingling in "worldly" festivities. It was indeed, a pretty short leash.

Leaving Waldo to attend 8th grade at Howard Bishop Jr High in Gainesville would prove to be the definitive point in my life when I was RUDELY made aware of just how "different" I was. I no longer had the small circle of a single class room filled with lifetime friends and neighbors in which I tried to find my place. But rather I found myself floundering amongst a sea of "hip" city youngsters who had no qualms about hurting your feelings, shutting you out or putting you down. Every class was filled with a different group, and every group had a different tactic for excluding me. I felt isolated, and very, very unwanted.

The level of poverty into which we had been thrown, was evident in the pitiful pieces which comprised my "wardrobe." Even my PE class, which was ALL female, was a challenge because mama made me wear a long, drab, black skirt OVER my blue dress out jumper. I began to HATE being different, and poor, and plain.

Ricky left home in my 8th grade year and moved to Lake City to live with Daddy. He soon had a job and a car and often came back to visit with us. It was during one of his visits home that I shared with him my growing anxiety over feeling like an outcast. I wanted to wear lipstick. I wanted clothes that weren't frumpy and shapeless. I

wanted to listen to music and DANCE. I wanted to "fit" in the new world which I now found myself. At least on a "part time" basis.

Ricky was the bearer of a kind and compassionate heart, but he knew that he couldn't rescue me from the iron fist of Mama's expectations. Even if it had been within his power to do so, I would NEVER have dreamed of defying her. Or so I thought. There was a nagging certainty inside of me that *knew* I wasn't looking for permission to be "bad." I didn't want to cast off the "armor of God" behind which Mama had placed me. I didn't plan to be some shameless hussy with no moral decency, no sense of right, no commitment to doing and being what I should. I just didn't want to be SO different.

One Saturday, Ricky and I were in his car on the way to pick up an order from Ms. Drew, the local Avon lady. Ricky had gifted Mama with a purchase of her favorite Avon dusting powder. We'd long since had to forego luxuries such as powder and perfume and pretty smelling Avon products.

I thought Ms Drew smelled better than any other lady I knew. I was intrigued with the "samples" she kept just inside her front door. She would let me spray a bit of perfume, or use a dab of hand lotion each time I visited. Sometimes on my walks into Waldo to check the mail or pick up something from D&O, I would stop by her house just for the pleasure of smelling the pretties that she lived among. It was always a welcome treat for me and she was particularly complimentary, commenting on how pretty my

skin was. How beautiful my dark brown hair was. How great this shade of pink would look on my lips.

I loved the temporary escape from the dreary blandness of my world.

As we waited for her to find our order, I flipped through the current brochure, silently selecting the products I would order, if I could. Feeling HUGELY grown up and responsible, Ricky pulled money from his wallet and handed it over to Ms Drew. She placed a white bag in my hand and whispered, "I put a little lipstick sample in there that's going to look BEAUTIFUL on your pretty lips."

A mix of excitement and apprehension surged through me. I could hardly *wait* to polish my lips with some color. And yet I KNEW that mama would never allow it.

When we got in the car, I pulled the tiny white tube from the bag, opened it up, and immediately fell in love. The orangey/pink, pastel lipstick looked like a crayon that was surely made in Heaven and then sent for only me. I read out loud the tiny label on the bottom of the tube. "Tutti Fruity."

"TUTTI FRUITY!!!!" Ricky repeated in exaggerated flamboyance. "Is that what it SMELLS like, or what it TASTES like?"

"Neither one, goofball." I played along with his silliness. "That's what it LOOKS like."

The following Monday, it was hard for me NOT to slip a thin layer of the slick coating on my lips as I sat on the bus once again admiring its shimmer. But I didn't dare. Every day I struggled with

temptation as I pulled it from its hidden place in my worn purse and again admired its delicate beauty. I wrestled with the desire to paint my lips, but was quickly snapped back from "that place of worldly sin" when I thought of how disappointed Mama would be at such blatant disobedience.

But there was a measure of courage found in the distance between Waldo and Gainesville as a young lady rode on a school bus, contemplating the pleasures of a worldly ritual such as the painting of her lips. Eventually the barrier which separated me from everyone else. The silent wall which made me different, was breached. And I sank into the sin of "adornment".

Each day after that, it became easier for me to distance myself from the guilt of defiance. I became more accustomed to tracing the lines of my mouth and then filling in its fullness with the sassy Tutti Fruiti lipstick. And because it made me FEEL so much more like the other young girls, I imagined that it also made me LOOK more like them.

But a tiny sample of lipstick doesn't last long and all too soon it was gone. I used the tip of a bobby pin to scrape the last tiny remnant of color from the tube, and then sadly, threw it into the trash can as I stepped off of the bus.

On Ricky's next visit, he surprised me with an offer which I was absolutely unable to resist. He would pay for me to order an ENTIRE tube of Tutti Fruity. And so, behind the back of our Godly mother, we conspired to order and receive contraband with which we *knew* she would not be happy. My guilt was easily assuaged by the

facade that I was, to some degree, "fitting in."

Ricky began to call me "Tootie" as a way of pricking my conscience. A way of needling me and reminding me that I was defying our mother. Mama laughed at his new nickname for me and wrongly assumed it must be that I had "tooted" in his presence. We let her think whatever she needed to in order to make it "OK."

The secret remained between Ricky and me until long after I left the small circle of Mama's immediate reign. And the nickname stuck like glue. Ricky and Larry's children all call me Aunt Tootie. I'm not sure that they know how or why that nickname came about. But I do. And hearing it always comes with a tiny twinge of guilt over my defiance of Mama's "rules." A very tiny twinge of guilt. I haven't, however, allowed a tiny bit of guilt to overshadow the pleasure of finding one little element of "worldly adornment" that pulled me from the darkness of a colorless world, by framing my smile with the peachy essence of "Tutti Fruity." And for that, I can thank a brother who cared enough to help me stand out. Even if it was only in *my* mind.



In Loving Memory

E.W. TILLIS, SR.

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

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

May Birthdays

2 Carson Andrijanoff	3 Jordan Morris
4 Glenn Gay	4 Bryce Kimber
5 Lola Fraiser	7 Kim Worley
8 Lucy Roe Cook	10 Sara Bedford
11 Vic Ankney	12 Linda Vlacos
12 Jessica Dowling	12 Graig Green
13 Tim Edmondson	15 David Nugent
15 Vera Mauldin	15 Darrell McLendon
17 Meghan McLendon	17 Keith Gilliam
18 Robert Hill	21 Greg Green
23 Jerry Keirnan	23 Barbara Vacchiano
24 Bob Edmondson	28 Chenetta Ross
30 Jennifer Holcomb	



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RANDOM FACTS:

In Sweden, where they use an innovative waste-to-energy program and highly efficient recycling habits, they have actually run out of trash.

In order to continue fueling the waste-to-energy factories that provide electricity to a quarter of a million homes and 20 percent of the entire country's district heating, Sweden is now importing trash from the landfills of other European countries. In fact, those countries are paying Sweden to do so, turning garbage into gold for Sweden.

Philadelphia Missionary Baptist Church Services



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

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

First Baptist Church, Waldo Hwy 24

352-468-1721

Sunday Schedule



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

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

Wednesday Schedule

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

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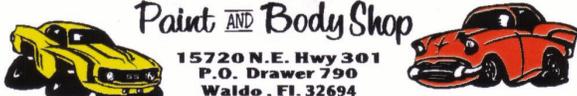
**Waldo Phoenix
Advertising Rate Sheet**

(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

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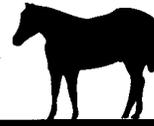
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www.tomscypressinc.com



Our President, Millie Keirnan, is in need of your prayers. She has been taken ill and will be out of the loop for an undetermined time.

We are hoping for her quick recovery and that she will be back at the helm of the Waldo Historical Society soon.

Highway 301
North of Waldo



352-468-2255



Billing Address:
P.O. Box 142817
Gainesville, FL 32614
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Thank You for Supporting Your Waldo Historical Society