



The Waldo Phoenix



FREE - TAKE ONE!

Volume Three - Issue Eight, October, 2012

Published by Waldo Historical Society, Inc.

www.WaldoHistoricalSociety.YolaSite.com



WHS News

September was a great month for the WHS. The Spaghetti Dinner went smoothly, with lots of people dropping by to enjoy a great meal with family and friends.

Three more Waldo writers have offered their writing talents for your enjoyment in this issue. Telling you about the history of Waldo is what the historical society and this paper is all about. No, not 1800s history, but the mid-1900s history we all vaguely remember, and love reading about. We hope you enjoy this issue, and welcome your comments and feedback as always.

Santa Fe Fairy Tale by Teddy Pruett (Elaine McMahon)



It may be a function – or perhaps a need – of the human mind to remember our long-ago in fairy tale mode. People love a good fairy tale. It is easier to remember a story than to remember odd, unrelated facts, and it is certainly more satisfying. Villains may lurk therein, but we can push those villains to the back of the bus. I remember my years in Earleton and Buddy's Landing as a fairy tale.

What could possibly be more magical for a twelve year old girl and her older brother than life

on Lake Santa Fe? Our mother allowed us total freedom to explore the woods, swim any hour of the day or night, water ski when lucky enough to have someone to pull us with their boat, to fish, to play, to dream. I spent so much time underwater I expected to develop gills.

I'd get up early in the morning, throw on a bathing suit – if I hadn't actually slept in it! grab a sandwich and a few pieces of bread, my prized white Philco transistor radio and my boxer, Sheba. I'd jump in a boat with a 5½ HP Johnson motor, and take off on the lake. I would putter over near the shore and slide quietly into the tall grasses – at least as quietly as possible while listening to *"WAPE - FORTY THOUSAND WATTS OF POWER - AAAAHHH EEEE AAAYE!"*

I'd bait the tiniest of hair hooks with a bread ball smaller than a BB and stay until I'd caught at least a dozen shiners. The lake shiners were incredibly beautiful with their sleek silver bodies, black backbone and bright red fins and tails. The shiners we bought for the well at Buddy's Landing were pale in comparison. The fishermen who came to Buddy's Landing paid me fifty cents a dozen for my fresh caught shiners – money to spend at the Rec Center on Friday nights! We had no allowance and had to earn our money. *"HANG DOWN YOUR HEAD, TOM DOOLEY"*

Time to take off for the pass between Santa Fe and little Santa Fe lake where I'd bait a couple of

large hooks with my shiners, cast out, and wait. *"IT WAS A ONE EYED ONE HORNED FLYING PURPLE PEOPLE EATER"*

If the sun got too hot, I'd dive in and swim around for a few minutes, then pull myself back into the boat, much to the joy of Sheba who fretted whenever I jumped overboard. We might share a sandwich, check the bait, cast out again.

"HERE HE COOOOOOONES THAT'S CATHY'S CLOWN. Hours later, I'd tug on the cord that brought the little motor to a purring start and head home. Did I catch the big bass I was hoping for? Who cares?

"COME WITH ME, MY-Y LOVE, TO THE SEA, THE SEA OF LOVE" To this day the smell of a boat motor revving up takes me back home.

There was a large screened room just at the water's edge, what most people would call a pavilion, but we called the "Juke Box House" with – what else but a jukebox, *"KEEP AWAY FROM RUNAROUND SUE"* an old table and some pinball machines. We kept an enormous magnet on a long rope in the work shed at the boat house. The official purpose was to dredge for things that dropped overboard or parts of motors, but when the old folks were in bed, we would sneak the magnet over to the pinball machines, place it on the glass until the steel ball rolled by and went POP as it was grabbed by the magnet – hold it over the big scores until we racked up the limit of free games, then sneak the magnet back to it's proper place. *"POOR LITTLE FOOL, OH YEAH, I WAS A FOOL."* One night the steel ball hit the glass so hard it shattered. By the next morning when it was discovered, we'd all



been overcome by amnesia and couldn't imagine how that glass got broken. ♪“I LUV I LUV I LUV MY LITTLE CALENDAR GIRL.”

Often, late at night, we'd grab a gas can from a boat, swim out to the high dive platform in pitch blackness and pour gas into the water. We set the gas on fire, and dove into the flaming water. My dream was to be a mermaid – I came close to being a mermaid whose hair had been burned off!

♪“ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT?”

Most young teen girls dream of having a horse, and Father Yerkes' horses, Prince and Red, lived on our property for a long time. ♪“CHANTILLY LACE AND A PRETTY FACE AND A PONY TAIL A HANGING DOWN.”

I couldn't wait to get off the school bus, change clothes (girls could only wear skirts and dresses back then) and grab that ridiculous cavalry saddle that looked like a modified toilet seat and ride! ♪“I'M SORRY, SO SORRY, PLEASE ACCEPT MY APOLOGIES.”

Summers meant boats, skiers, campers, teenagers from Jacksonville and someone to pull us on skis!

♪“IT WAS AN ITSY BITSY TEENY WEENY YELLOW POLKA DOT BIKINI.”

Bobby, the “boy next door,” was home from military school and practically lived with us. One late night we had a house full of teenagers lying all over the furniture and the floor watching Twilight Zone. Bobby had the unusual talent of flipping his eyelids backward so he and Duane, my brother, sneaked out of the house, stood in the dark in front of a window, shined a flashlight from underneath Bobby's chin and tapped at the window. When the girls looked up and saw that eerie vision the screams were deafening!

♪“EVERYBODY'S SOMEBODY'S FOOOOOOL.”

Because this is my memory and I am in total control of it, I choose not to let our villain take part in the story, but there was a very bad man who stayed drunk and left his family for long periods of time. This caused the children in the fairy tale to do much grown up work and take on more responsibility than they should have. The children and the mother were often very sad. ♪“SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES, IN YOUR EYES.”

Memories beget memories, and they are rushing into my thoughts as I write, but this is not a book so I'll keep things to myself. The reason I felt compelled to write was my trip back to Earleton two weeks ago. I'd gone back to Buddy's Landing one afternoon about thirty years ago, and had not seen it since. I had envisioned the growth that had probably taken place – doesn't every community grow over time? I was looking forward to seeing the changes. I was not prepared for the reality.

Shanks Grocery is closed down – how can that be? It was the gathering place, the center of the universe for us and our neighbors. And how tiny it is – was it always that small? How did we all fit in there? I have had closets larger than the store!

Buddy's Landing is closed down and locked up behind a large gate with ominous warning signs. Unfriendly, foreboding, threatening. This was a place that welcomed everyone – a place for fun and laughter and joy, not a place with a sign that intimidates those who approach.

We drove the road that led to Shipman's Landing. My heart broke to see the houses so derelict, roofs caved in, homes and vehicles buried in kudzu. Where are my neighbors? Who could leave a home that is just

steps from the most beautiful lake in north Florida? I was looking at a slum. There are a few condos where Shipman's used to be. Nice enough, I suppose, but not enough to keep my heart from breaking. It wasn't the happy day I thought it would be.

My fairy tale has a mixed ending. My Kingdom may be shattered, but I've found my friends, my classmates, and Prince Charming after an absence of fifty years.

♪“IN THE TOWN OF BROKEN DREAMS, THE STREETS ARE FILLED WITH REGRET, MAYBE DOWN IN LONESOME TOWN, I CAN LEARN TO FORGET.” “WAPE – FORTY THOUSAND WATTS OF POWER.” ♪♪♪ AAAAAHHH EEEE AAAYE!”

Waldo Kindergarten Travels by Train to Silver Springs Gainesville Sun Article March 3, 1949

Submitted by Judy Donaldson

WALDO - Mysteries of how a Pullman seat is made into a double berth were unfolded to a group of children from the Waldo School kindergarten during their ride on the Seaboard streamliner from Waldo to Ocala Tuesday morning.



Ben Harvey of Waldo, a conductor and grandfather of one of the children, showed the group through the train and were the guests in the dining car for orange juice.

This was the first train ride for a number of children.

The trip, following a study of trains through stories and

filmstrips, was highly anticipated and thoroughly enjoyed.

In Ocala the Kindergarten was met at the train station by their school bus and taken to Silver Springs. Here arrangements were made for a ride on the glass bottomed boat and the submarine boat.

A picnic lunch was served on the grounds for the children and parents accompanying the group. At the "Reptile Institute" Ross Allen autographed a picture for each child. They were shown through the grounds where many wild animals and reptiles are kept in cages.

W.L. Prevatt, school bus driver, drove a tired but happy group back to Waldo as their school day ended.

Kindergarten children who took the trip were: Lucinda Prevatt, Jimmie Turner, Barbara Dana, Anne Beville, Nita Simmons, Geri Robinson, Helen Stephens, Lyndol Harris, George Sparkman, Freddy Johnson, James Dickson, Lynn Tillman, Joey Ellis, Richard Miley, Charles Ward, Billy Drew, Francis Schmitt and Jerry Walker.

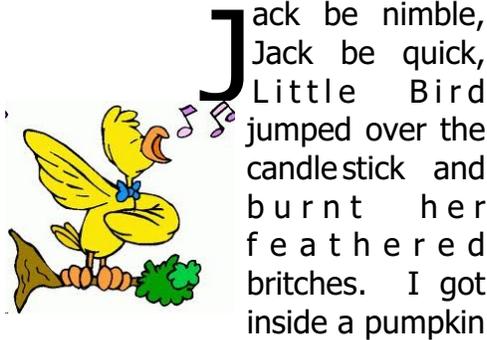
Miss Anita Mitchell, kindergarten teacher, was assisted by Mrs. J.M. Dickson, Mrs. C.R. Sparkman, Mrs. Ben Harvey, Mrs. M. M. Miley, Mrs. T.A. Dana, Mrs. R. F. Simmons, Miss Inez Tillman, Mr. Ben Harvey and Mr. W.L. Prevatt.

J.A. Wilkins, principal of Waldo School, assisted with the preparations for this educational project with his encouragement and enthusiasm.



**Waldo Community Center
Workshop**
**Know Your Medications
Healthy Aging Workshop**
Presented by: Fadra Henry, Rph
Thursday, October 4th - 10:30 am
For more info:
Call Monica - 468-2336

A Little Bird Told Me by Lucy Roe Cook



Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick,
Little Bird
jumped over the
candlestick and
burnt her
feathered
britches. I got
inside a pumpkin

last October and someone lit the candle inside. I did not see the face which made it a Jack O' Lantern rather than a pumpkin. I will be more careful when gathering pumpkin seeds this year.

Keep our children safe as they go out on Halloween as little Goblins and Ghosts and such. Let theirs be a happy experience not a scary one, yes?

The Spaghetti Dinner was, as usual, wonderful. The food was great. Thank you Waldo Historical Society. The company was grand and the raffle basket was won by Sara Bedford, of Waldo.

A special thank you to the chef, Marie Ankney. The dinner is better with each year.

Thank you to all who gave to the Waldo Historical Society fund for acquiring a museum.

I saw some skinny white worms in the parking lot and upon investigation I found them to be spaghetti. Yum.

With the Fall comes football. From the Gators to the Waldo Wildcats. Our young men won

their first game, 26-6 against the Newberry Panthers, on September 8. Our young men are winners in many ways. They are good sports and good players.

This little bird is happy to hear that Janet Russell is home from the hospital. Our concerns are with Danny Stanford and family. Heal and return home, Danny.

Ruth Ann Russell is in need of our prayers.

This little bird was flying over the sign man's sign and noticed he has left politics and is now reminding us to support our local farms. I eat real well by going to see my local farmers and I don't think they mind for I eat like a little bird.

I hear there is a new walking group in Waldo. Lucky me! New places to drop my gifts (feathers).

The Move to Waldo by Mary Ellen Haines Johnson

Have you ever heard of Altoona, Florida? When we first moved to Waldo, I was



in the middle of my 4th grade year (1956-57). I came from a very small town in the middle of orange groves in central Florida, at the southern tip

of the Ocala National Forest. Throughout my early childhood we played outside barefoot, with oranges, tangerines, grapefruit, kumquats, lemons, and other fruits all around us. We lived right behind my grandparents and right across the sandy road from my cousin, who is two months younger than me. My cousin and I were like sisters, always together.

My mom worked at a hospital and my dad worked in a machine shop. My dad also preached sometimes in small churches away from Altoona. Suddenly my dad was gone throughout the week and came home on the week-ends. One day he brought me two beautiful nightgowns he had gotten on one of his trips. I found out that he was working at another job (later I found out it was Sperry Rand Corporation in Gainesville) and that someday we would be moving.



My two brothers and I were at my cousin's one day near Christmas, as we watched a truck unload three bicycles at our house. On Christmas morning there were the bikes! Mine was a purple three-speed. That was the last season we lived in Altoona.

Soon after Christmas that year, we took about an hour and a half drive, when suddenly we were driving down a dirt road and my parents said, "There is our new house."

I looked at that house as we drove near it and I remember saying, "I am not living in that house!"

It was a big, two-story, OLD wooden house that looked at least one hundred years old! It was scary!!! Then once we went inside the house I fell in love with it. It was huge, and I had my own room! In Altoona, we lived in a little house that had a small living room, small kitchen that we ate in, and two bedrooms. My two brothers and I shared a room. They had bunk beds and I had my own bed. There was a little

bathroom between ours and our parents' room.

My dad and grandpa had built the house and they had begun building another room on the back. It was a very small house, so when I saw that great big house in Waldo, like I said, at first it was scary, but once we went inside I loved it! My dream house right now is a house similar to our first one in Waldo.

The house had an open front porch with steps where I used to play often. Inside was a living room with our parents' room off to the right. There was a stair case that led to my brothers' room. We used to skate up there, but eventually had to stop because pieces of the ceiling would fall on the living room floor.

There was a HUGE dining room with a small bathroom to the right and a small hallway that led to my very own room. I loved that room. I had several dolls that I kept on my bed and I had a hutch, where I kept clothes and other things, with a mirror on the front. My mom kept that hutch, and eventually gave it to me not long before she died, and now my son has it. It brings back so many memories. I believe the only heat in the house was a kerosene heater in the big dining room.

I remember us all sleeping in there once when it was so cold. Also, I remember sleeping in a small bed in my parents' room once, but I don't remember why.

During that time, I had a friend over and we went to sleep, but in the middle of the night I had fallen out of bed, and walked all the way to my parents' room, and got into that little bed, where my youngest brother was sleeping that night. The ONLY thing I remember

was saying, "Who's in my bed?" I could feel someone else's feet when I was trying to get comfortable in that little bed. My parents said they heard me fall out of bed and I was sleepwalking to their room.

At the end of the dining room was the small kitchen where I remember my mom cooking some great meals. Off to the left of the kitchen was a small back porch. There we had a real water pump, where we could actually pump water from a well. That was always fun. We had running water in the house, but we kids enjoyed pumping water and drinking with a ladle.

We had a huge yard with a large pecan field. Many a day we picked up bags of pecans. We loved eating them, too. In front of our house were two huge magnolia trees that were beautiful. We also had pear trees and enjoyed eating the pears.

There was an area that had some concrete where we played four-square ball. The property next to us was empty, but we could see the foundation of a house that had burned down in the past. Once in awhile we would go over the fence and check out that property. It seems that property had been owned by Mrs. Windham's mother, but I am not sure who owned it.

My first day of school that January was scary. It seemed so huge, after being in a three-classroom school in Altoona (1st-2nd in one room, then 3rd-4th, and 5th-6th; there were only three teachers and the principal was one of the teachers). Waldo Junior High School had eight classrooms that year, 1st through 8th grades.

My 4th grade teacher was Mrs. Hanson, who was a very nice

lady. We were upstairs on the right in the front, but sometime before the year was over we moved downstairs right below where we were upstairs. The first day of school we had recess, and I mainly remember Farinda Estes and Amelia Windham. Farinda walked with me to where we played kickball, which I had never played. I thought she said her name was Brenda. I found out later we have the same birthday (Sept. 23). Amelia and I became best friends and played at each other's houses until she moved to Wildwood during our sixth grade.

I remember that she liked Chris Gwin. Mrs. Hanson asked in class where I was from and I told her Altoona. I couldn't figure out for a long time why she thought we had lived in Pennsylvania! I had never seen a map until that year. She had a large one in her classroom and she taught us how to read it. It took me a while to figure it out. I remember Randall Flage telling our teacher that I moved into his old house. That was interesting to me, because I didn't know we moved into someone else's house!

When we were downstairs, I remember Ben Campen sitting right behind me. I was extremely shy and rarely talked, other than to close friends.

One day I heard Ben right behind me whisper, "Mary Ellen, do you like me?" He was whispering very quietly. Again, "Mary Ellen, do you like me?"

Then, "I know you can hear me. Do you like me?"

I was SO embarrassed (even though I always liked boys as early as first grade, I would never let them know!). Suddenly I just got up from my desk with my

fountain pen and went to the window and took my time filling my pen up with ink that the teacher always left on a window ledge. I thought Ben would just think I never heard him!

Waldo seemed so big to me and I loved it! I made many, many friends, and started riding my purple bicycle to school, even in the cold.

Another thing I remember that year was every time we heard a train we ran out into our dirt road and counted all the cars. We did that for quite sometime, until the time came that we didn't notice the sound of the trains as much. At that time there were two different tracks, and when you lived on Cracker Hill like we did, there were trains coming/going north/south towards Starke/Hawthorne, and coming/going east/west to/from Gainesville. Trains, trains, trains!

We had a small playhouse that was lots of fun to play in, we had a home-made seesaw, and had continued fun with our dog Jack.

Another thing I remember was when our piano was delivered



to our house. That made our home seem complete. Our family joined the First Baptist

Church that year, where the minister was Rev. Van Allen. His wife was my GA leader, I believe.

Our neighbor, Mrs. Ruth Desha (she owned DeSha Florist) was my junior choir leader. Choir was fun, because I had learned to sing alto from my mother and no one else sang alto in our choir.

Other Sunday School/GA leaders I had were Mrs. Goldtrap and Mrs. Campen. Mrs. Trieste was always in the nursery with those cute babies. Her daughter, Sue, was in the first grade and I remember her wearing a Davy Crockett shirt a lot.

Eventually my dad became minister of the Orange Heights Baptist Church where we moved our church membership, but I still attended GA's in Waldo.

That first year in Waldo was the beginning of a new adventure and a new life, even though in the summers I spent a lot of time back in Altoona with my cousin. I did continue piano lessons in Waldo, with a lady at the Episcopal church in Melrose. I remember my grandma coming from Altoona to my recital.

We lived in that big, old house until my seventh grade year. My dad built another house made of brick, on the same property, but I loved that old house better!



Waldo Community School News

Bill Powell

School has been open for about a month now and we are off to a great start. Our theme is "Dig Into Learning... We're Climbing to the Top."

This year we have an extra hour of reading instruction to provide to the students. It does make for a long day, but we are excited about the academic gains

we hope to see. We also have changed the short day from Wednesday to Friday.

Our Open House was held on September 6th and we were very pleased with the turnout of parents. It does make a statement about the value one places on education.

The Fall Festival is being planned. It will be held on *Thursday, October 25th* from 5:30pm to 9pm. We had many comments about how last year's Fall Festival was a success and we are hoping to make it even better this year. Mark you calendar now and plan to attend. All funds raised will go to the PTO to be used to make Waldo Community School a better place.

Our school was recognized at the Alachua County School Board meeting for our efforts to reduce energy consumption. We were awarded a check for \$1,750.00 for our efforts. We are also one of two schools to have solar panels installed on our campus. That project should begin second semester.

We are always looking for volunteers. If you have some time and would like to contribute to making WCS a better place, stop by the office and we'll give you a volunteer application to fill out. You are also welcome to call our Volunteer Coordinator, Thelma Bay, at 339-9656.

If you ever have any questions, concerns, or compliments, please feel free to contact the school at 468-1451. When we all work together, we build a better place for the kids.

GO WARRIORS!



Local Poetry

Randy Burnham went into the navy in 1965, with Randall Beggs and another friend, Brian Davis, from Waldo on the "buddy system." Of course they never saw each other from that point on.

Randy spent 18 months in Viet Nam, and when he came home the navy promised they would let him do the duration of his time in the navy close to home. Well, they sent him to Newfoundland Canada, as far from Florida as you can go.

There he met his first wife, Donna, and he brought her home to Waldo when he got out of the navy the next month. She was killed in an automobile accident 6 or 7 months after they married. He was behind her in another car. She wrecked the car and it burst into flames. That destroyed him for many many years. First Viet Nam then losing his wife all within 2 years of his life.

He suffered a lot. He drank a lot, and was angry for many years. Then he met Ruby, now his wife, who has been his salvation sort of speaking. With her, he found Christ and gave his life to Him. He doesn't drink anymore.

He has two daughters, three grandchildren and two great grandchildren. He wrote this poem some time ago. He's a wonderful brother a good father and a great husband!

They Buried My Heart By Randy Burnham



The y
buried my
heart
here today,
beneath the old
Georgia clay. Oh
Lord! What shall
become of me?
How can I live,

with no heart you see? The family that we would have had is buried here beneath the ground, and so to the Lord I'd found, oh Lord, what shall become of me?

No heart within, how can it be? How can it be?

"Come," I heard him say, "and I will give you peace."

"No" I said, "you took my heart and left me sad, I will never, never be, you took my heart away from me."

Oh the years of lonely pain, only me to take the blame, I wandered here and there, my pain so hard to bear. Then, God sent my heart to me. I have a family here to see. The pain is gone, God set me free! Yes, oh yes, I said to Him now, I see! I see!

In Loving Memory



**Davis Boothby Sr.
Dessie Dell Boggs Graham
Nina Parrish**

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

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

October Birthdays

1 Bobby J. Mitchell	16 Rosie Hill
4 Michael Szabo	16 Bobbi Kemp
4 Cassidy Cawley	17 Linda Zidonik
5 Michael Brooks	19 Durwood Dortch Jr.
6 Raymond Hill	20 Virginia Hunter
8 Spike Bedford	21 Allie Mae Hall
9 Larry O'Neal	23 Eddie McLendon
11 Taniekia Parker	27 Debbie Gay
12 Roy Durden	27 Karen Holcomb
12 Delana Cooper	29 Frank T. Rivers
14 Justine Bay	30 Keith Mauldin
14 Lori Ann Tidwell	31 Diamond Jackson
15 Herman Bay	

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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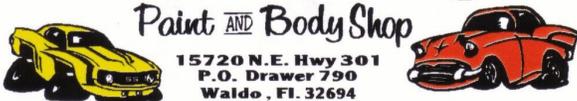
**Waldo Phoenix
Advertising Rate Sheet**

(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
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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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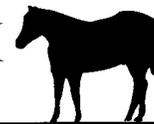


Reminder!

The next Waldo Historical Society meeting will be held on Thursday, October 25 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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