

The McIntosh 1890's Festival Gazette

McIntosh, Florida

OCTOBER 21, 2000

Down at the station
early in the morning,
see the little Puffin' Billies
all in a row.
See the little driver
turn a little handle...
Puff. Puff.
Whooooooooo! Whooooooooo!
Off they go!

There was a time, our past, when children skipped over the wide plank boards of the loading ramp singing of the Puffin' Billie due to arrive any moment as friends and neighbors hurried down to the McIntosh depot to greet the steam locomotive pulling in to town. And today we invite you to stroll our oak shaded streets and recall those days of the railroad which boasted McIntosh the citrus and produce heart of North Marion County.



Welcome To Victorian McIntosh



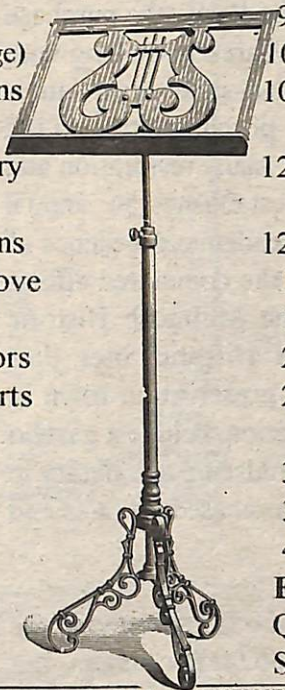
THE FRIENDS OF MCINTOSH PRESENT

Our 27th Annual 1890's Festival

GAZETTE CONTENTS:

- *The Friends of McIntosh
- *Our Churches
- *Locator Map (Last Page)
- *Our Civic Organizations
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- *Bicentennial Depot Move
- *Our Advertisers
- *Artisan & Food Vendors
- *A Tribute: In Our Hearts

- *Scholarship Winners
- *And More!!!



ENTERTAINMENT SCHEDULE:

Entertainment Chairman: Margie Thigpen Karow

- | | |
|-------------------------|---|
| 9:00 A.M. - 9:30 A.M. | PIANO STUDENTS of ROBERTA BEAM |
| 9:30 A.M. - 10:00 A.M. | ROBERTA BEAM (Piano) |
| 10:00 A.M. - 10:45 A.M. | SANTA FE BRASS ENSEMBLE |
| 10:45 A.M. - 12:00 Noon | GENERATION GAP BAND (With Betty & Ayla Singleton: Vocals) |
| 12:00 Noon - 12:30 P.M. | AMANDA FINNEGAN (Country & Gospel Vocals) |
| 12:30 P.M. - 1:30 P.M. | GENERATION GAP BAND |
| 1:30 P.M. - 2:30 P.M. | JAX CITY STOMPERS (Clogging at Hotel) |
| 1:30 P.M. - 2:00 P.M. | JACK WILKINSON (Banjo) |
| 2:00 P.M. - 2:30 P.M. | UNIVERSITY CITY PIPE BAND (Bagpipers) |
| 2:30 P.M. - 3:00 P.M. | ***MINI PARK DEDICATION (Murray Musselman Officiating) |
| 3:00 P.M. - 3:30 P.M. | KIMBERLY LAMP (Country Music Vocals) |
| 3:30 P.M. - 4:00 P.M. | GENERATION GAP BAND |
| 4:00 P.M. - 5:00 P.M. | LICKETY SPLIT!!! BAND |

EVENTS AT DEPOT:

QUILTS: WILMA WARD

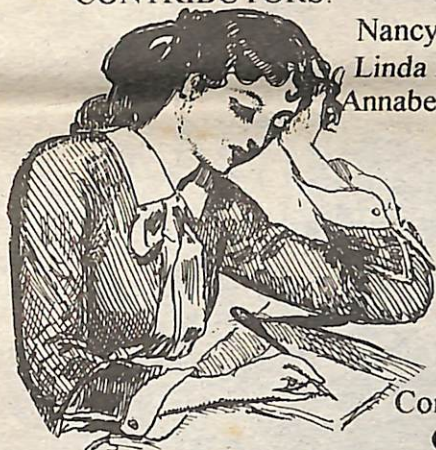
STORY TELLING: MARGE & DICK PEARSON

THE McINTOSH GAZETTE SOUVENIR EDITION 2000

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Your Editor gives thanks and praise to all former editors of the Gazette upon whose work this 2000 edition relied most heavily. To advertise in next year's edition contact:

Friends of McIntosh
P. O. Box 1890
McIntosh, Florida 32664



UPCOMING EVENTS DON'T MISS THE FUN

MICANOPY FALL FESTIVAL
OCTOBER 28 & 29
LIGHT UP MCINTOSH
DECEMBER 9, 2000
1890'S FESTIVAL 2001
OCTOBER 20, 2001

The Friends



THE FRIENDS OF McINTOSH

The annual 1890's Festival is sponsored by *The Friends of McIntosh, Inc.*, a nonprofit, benevolent organization dedicated to the following purposes:

- *to preserve and enhance the natural and historic beauty of McIntosh.
- *to promote and sponsor cultural and recreational activities.
- *to assist the town of McIntosh and its people, especially its senior citizens.
- *to encourage friendship, community spirit, and understanding among people of all ages in our town.

Many months are spent each year planning the annual 1890's Festival. Special thanks go to all those members of the Friends and to all of our churches and civic organizations who work so diligently to make this day a success. Since its chartered status in 1973, 27 years ago, Festival attendance has grown from 4,000 to over 25,000. The monies the Friends raise from this annual event purchased, moved and continues the ongoing restoration of our historic Depot. The establishment and maintenance of the Mini Park, the purchase and restoration of the J. K. Christian Warehouse along with the addition of picket fences, Victorian-style street lamps around Van Ness Park and the lovely porch addition to the community center are among the club's many restoration and preservation projects. The group has established an annual scholarship program commending the academic excellence of our area youth. On August 12, 1981, the committed efforts of the Friends resulted in placing the McIntosh Historic District on the National Register of Historic Sites thus recognizing McIntosh as a landmark preservation town in Florida. Future projects under consideration include a gazebo in the main park as well as an historic museum and library in the Depot for which the club recently purchased artifacts and memorabilia.

Membership is open to anyone who is interested in the town and its people. Membership is \$6.00 per annum, but there is no fee for senior citizens who wish to participate. Meetings are held monthly in the Depot and guests are always

OUR PATRONS

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FRIENDS OF McINTOSH CHARTER MEMBERS

*Sadie Alston

*Ned & Dottie Cake

Kay & John Campbell

June Glass

Ernie & *Betty Hopwood

Katie & Ed Johnston

Margie Karow

Sharon Little

*Betty McKoone

Larry Perry

Joe & Susan Phillips

Robby & Mitzi Roess

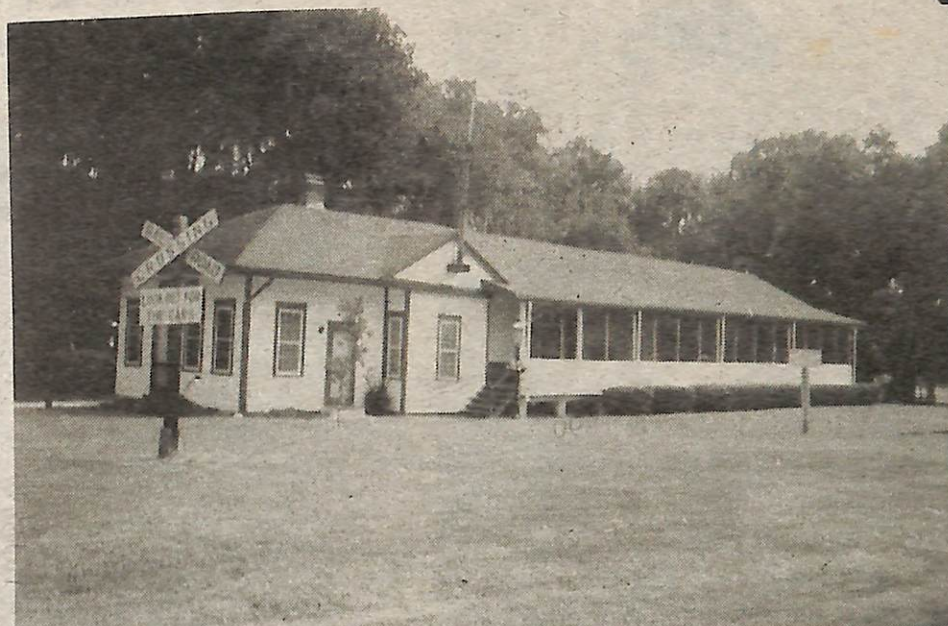
Jane & Dan Sharp

Hester & Roger Stevenson

*Fred Ward

*Alice & Howard Warrington

*DECEASED



"Thank You"

Another year of hard work was put in by many citizens and friends of McIntosh. Without their support, this festival would not be possible. It is with deep appreciation that I say thank you for a job well done.

Your President, 2000
Sharon Countryman Little



AT INFORMATION BOOTH:

*McIntosh Festival Cookbook

*Depot T-Shirts

*Tote Bags

SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

Every year the Friends of McIntosh awards our students of merit \$1,000.00 scholarships each in recognition of academic excellence and to encourage our young people in their educational endeavors.



Dear Friends of McIntosh:

The \$1,000.00 scholarship has been a very big help to me with my first semester fees as a freshman here at Covenant College in Lookout Mountain, Georgia. Covenant is a small college founded by the Presbyterian Church of America with very high academic standing. My plan is to major in biology with minors in chemistry and business, while completing pre-medical requirements, and I hope to graduate in May 2004. My goal following graduation is to attend medical school at the University of Florida. I am interested in the field of radiation oncology and have been very influenced by Dr. Norman Anderson of Ocala who recently successfully treated my father for cancer.

My academic and spiritual goals are very important to me and are the reasons why I wanted to attend a small Christian college where I could really focus on a good education. I am a product of a McIntosh family with deep faith and strong commitment to moral family values. The Christian beliefs taught me as a child growing up in McIntosh have helped to mold my character and I hope one day to become a Christian medical doctor who can continue making a contribution to our community and nation as ten other family members have done. Thank you so very much for your encouragement, your trust and your financial support toward my education. I will always be grateful to you.

Yours truly,

Robert Clay Walkup

KENNETH & TIMOTHY SHERMAN

Kenneth and Timothy are brothers both studying at the University of Florida this year, and both merited scholarships to help with their studies at the university.

Kenneth says this of himself: "From an early age I have been trained to think through my goals and have decided for my life three major goals. My first goal is to become a Godly man and to never stop growing in Christ. My second goal is to raise a family and to make a difference through them in my community. In choosing my third goal, which is for my professional life, I have sought to choose a profession that will go along with my other goals. With this in mind, I have chosen to be an engineer."

Timothy writes the following: "I have lived in McIntosh for six years now. As I think back over this time and the ways I have been involved in his community, it has been a wonderful time. As I prepare to enter the University of Florida this fall, I hope to continue in many of these activities but realize that much time will be spent at the university.

"McIntosh has been supportive of me while in high school. People have provided me with friendship, prayers, and opportunities to serve in the community. As a home-schooled student, those in town have been my "schoolmates" whether they liked it or not! As I continue on to college, I pray for the same support. I will major in exercise and sports sciences as a pre-med student and hope to work in the athletic field as a doctor. Twelve years of schooling lie ahead of me still, and as most doctors know, twelve expensive years.



KATHRYN ANN JONES

Kathryn is a member of the McIntosh United Methodist Church where she attends youth group and is involved in a variety of activities with her friends. She loves softball and much of her time is devoted to the sport; at North Marion High she played four years, was Captain of the swim team, volley ball manager while participating in Student Government, Future Farm Makers of America in addition to serving as president of Future Educators and working with Special Olympics.

Kathryn plans on majoring in Elementary Education with a minor in massage therapy. Her teacher and coach at NMHS said this of Kathryn: "I have had the pleasure of knowing Kat Jones the past 4 years. She has grown from a shy girl to a very hard working, self disciplined and mature young woman. Kat has been an enormous asset to NMHS. She holds all of our schools pitching records for softball. Because of her academic abilities, coupled with her success in athletics, she understands what "earning" your way through life is all about."



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- And Many, Many More...*

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McIntosh Churches Graciously Open

The McIntosh Presbyterian Church

McIntosh Presbyterian Church, according to early records, was first established at Center Point approximately a mile north of McIntosh on Route 441, as the Center Point Presbyterian Church. In 1907 the congregation built the present church in McIntosh and requested that the Presbytery change the name of their church to McIntosh Presbyterian Church. That request was granted and records show that the action was taken on November 11, 1908. It is recorded that the total cost of the church building was approximately \$3000. Since that time a pastor's study and a Sunday School room were added as well as a fellowship hall, kitchen and lavatories.

The interior of the sanctuary is distinguished by the lovely stained glass windows designed in the Art Deco style. The pulpit furniture is of the East Lake Period, the carving of the pew arms is reminiscent of churches built at this time. The woodwork in the ceiling and the chandeliers are also points of interest. At the back of the sanctuary, hanging on the wall is the McIntosh plaid.

So much for history. This little church serves a small congregation which looks to the future as it serves God, our congregation, and our community.

Pastors: the Rev. Ina Boyd and the Rev. John Thompson
Sunday Services are at 11:00am.



The McIntosh United Methodist Church

The McIntosh United Methodist Church has quite a history. On September 8, 1885, Rev. W.S. Richardson founded the original church with a membership of 27. They met in the Presbyterian Church until their own chapel could be built. Although church records don't show when construction began, funds were raised and the church was completed in 1888, near the Center Point Cemetery. It was named Marvin Chapel, in memory of a former bishop.

In the fall of 1894, the church was moved to the growing community of McIntosh. Logs were placed under the building, with planks beneath them. By tying one end of a rope to the church, and the other end to a windlass, they were able to slowly inch the church to its present location, having covered a distance of two miles with just one mule.

Over the years, the church has served the community in many and various ways. The women of our church have provided those in need with food and supplies through Inter-Faith and prison ministries. The church has sponsored senior luncheons for a number of years, making good use of the new fellowship hall built in 1994. At Christmas time the church heads up the community live nativity and caroling. The music ministry continues to grow, and is currently heavily involved with the community Christmas celebrations. The church participates with other area churches in leading services at Shady Hollow, as well as maintaining a vital, nurturing program for our community shut-ins. Ministries for the children have included a Vacation Bible School program for the whole town, and a newly founded preschool.

For 110 years McIntosh United Methodist Church has stood as a symbol of God's love and a place of worship for those that seek Him.



Their Doors to Festival-Goers Today

The First Baptist Church of McIntosh

Back in the 1880's, McIntosh Baptists worshiped in the Orange Lake Baptist Church, which was known as Lockbi Baptist Church, organized in 1884. By 1903, Baptists in McIntosh thought they would be able to have a church here. This present building was dedicated in July 1903, with 33 charter members.

The first Pastor was Rev. A.L. Prisco. The first Building Committee was J. K. Christian, H.L. Dickson and J.C. Thomas. The first Sunday School Superintendent was David B. Dickson. Under the trees in Van Ness Park, the first Sunday School was held, sponsored by Mr. & Mrs. McCormick Neal. The first dedication sermon for the church was by Dr. C.C. Carroll of Ocala.

The Women's Missionary Society was organized in 1903 with Mrs. J.K. Christian as president. The ladies have not missed holding their monthly meeting very often since it was organized.

E.B. Boyer, a member of the church from 1904 to 1918, responded to God's call to the ministry and was ordained here and served churches in mid-Florida. He retired in 1967 and died in 1969, before his 100th birthday.

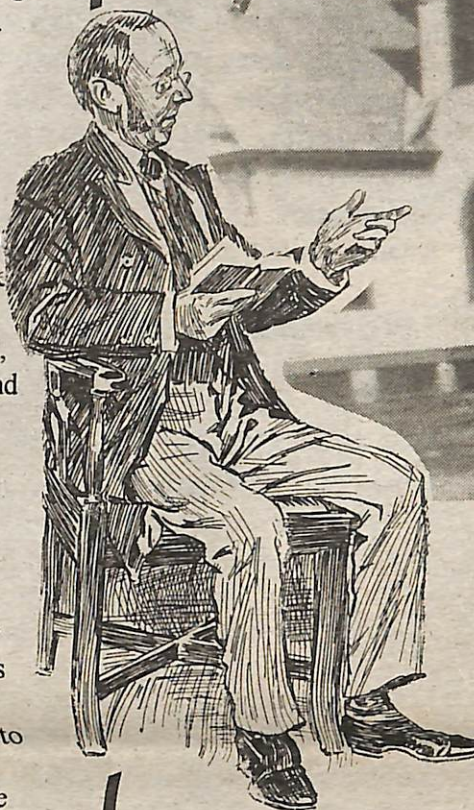
In the early days of the church, services were held only once a month on the third Sunday. Then in 1934 services were held twice a month, on the first and third Sunday's. In 1942 services began on a full time basis.

In 1938 the Sunday School rooms behind the sanctuary were added. The Pastorium was built in 1951 and Rev. Charles Millican and family were the first to occupy the Pastorium, moving in on July 4, 1951. Several additions have been made to the Pastorium, including a bedroom and bath.

The organ, pianos, pulpit and other appointments were gifts of Mr. & Mrs. L.K. Edwards, Jr. The church pews were given by various members. The stained glass windows were installed in 1968 in memory of Mrs. J.K. Christian. She became a member in 1903, coming from First Baptist Church in Lincoln, Illinois.

Our Sanctuary was renovated in 1982 and the pews were recovered. The Educational Building was also built in 1982. Many members and friends worked long hard hours to renovate the Sanctuary and build our Educational building.

On June 14, 1953, our church observed its 50th Anniversary, on June 11, 1978, we observed our 75th, and on August 19, 1993, we observed our 90th. On July 26, 1998 we celebrated our 95th Anniversary - TO GOD BE THE GLORY! The present membership of our church is 120 as compared to 33 in 1904.



The McIntosh Christian Church

1889 to 1998 - 100 years of Christian Fellowship

The McIntosh Christian Church was organized on January 30, 1898, with 22 charter members. The Reverend Charles E. Powell, Evangelist, was the organizing minister. By February 20th, when the Sunday School was organized, 15 more members joined. Meetings of both Sunday School and church were held in the school house which was next door to the present site of the church building. In 1903 a building committee was appointed to make plans for building a sanctuary. The present building was completed and dedicated on January 31, 1904. Fifty years later, on January 31, 1954, the newly completed educational building was dedicated.

The McIntosh Christian Church is the only church in town with an open belfry; the bell is still rung to announce Sunday services. The stained glass windows, pews and pulpit are original to the building.

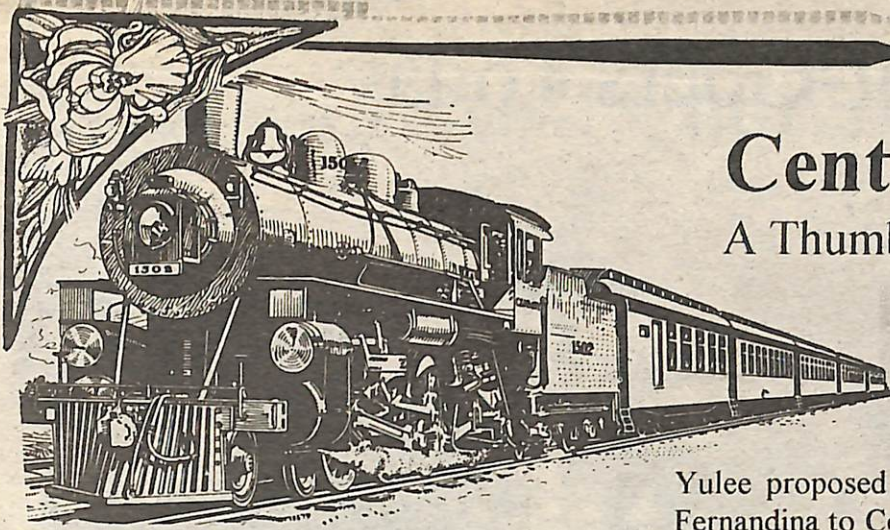
The Church celebrated its 100th Anniversary this year on January 25th. The anniversary homecoming was attended by several hundred well-wishers including members, former members, friends and three former pastors. Members of the third, fourth and fifth generations of one of the charter families were also in attendance and are still active members of the present congregation.

Worship services are held on Sunday mornings at 11:00am preceded by Sunday School at 10:00am. Wednesday prayer meeting is held at 7:00pm.



Central Florida Railway History:

A Thumbnail Sketch. By Don Grant



The train whistles have faded. The tracks are gone. A lone station house and a few packing houses recall the rich history of our railroad heritage as one gazes at the McIntosh train depot and what was once the commercial and mercantile heart of our railroad town. These remaining structures remind us of an era when the railroads opened the vast interior landscape of central Florida to settlers eager to begin a new life in the enchanted land of the fabled Fountain of Youth.

When the Territory of Florida was purchased from Spain in 1821, it was second to Georgia as the largest frontier territory east of the Mississippi river to await settlement. While Georgia had already begun to build a rail system to transport settlers into the new lands, the Florida Territory was void of transportation with the exception of wagon roads and water routes.

At the end of the Second Seminole War, Congress passed the Armed Occupation Act in 1842, allowing settlers to homestead or buy land in our section of Florida which prior to this time had only a few plantations. Now new settlers and new land created the need for better ways to access the territory. In 1845, when Florida became a state and Marion County was formed from part of Alachua County, only Indian trails, logging roads, and small river steamers allowed access into the Florida interior. Travel was difficult and often dangerous.

In this period Florida had two operating railroads. The mule-drawn Leon Railroad, completed in 1832, went from Tallahassee to St. Marks and Port Leon. The second rail line was only nine miles long. In 1836, the Lake Wimico and St. Joseph Canal and Railroad Company completed its track and became the first steam-powered railroad in the Territory. This was just the beginning.

The First Cross-state Railroad.

The man to whom Florida owes much in the era of railroad construction was David L. Yulee. His efforts on behalf of the Internal Improvement Act of 1854, allowed Florida railroad companies to receive land grants. As a result of his action a railroad was begun from Jacksonville to Alligator (Lake City). David

Yulee proposed a rail line to be built from Fernandina to Cedar Key thus giving Florida its first true cross-state shipping route. Work began on the rails for the Florida Railroad company in 1855, and completed in 1861. Its route went from Fernandina and connected Baldwin, Starke, Hampton, Waldo, Gainesville, Archer, Bronson and Cedar Key.

Yulee's railroad enjoyed a short time of commerce because the Civil War also began in 1861. By the time the War was over, the Florida Railroad Company had sustained devastating damage from both the Northern and Southern Forces. The Federal forces came by gun boat to the western terminus at Cedar Key and destroyed the rails, rolling stock and warehouses. Another fleet of Federal gunboats entered Fernandina and destroyed the eastern terminus. But it was the Confederate forces in need of a rail route from Savannah westward along the Florida-Georgia border that took the rails, spikes and bolts up from the line spanning from Baldwin to Fernandina.

David Yulee became a political prisoner at the end of the war and defaulted on interest payments to the Internal Improvement Fund. His Florida Railroad Company was sold to another group of men and in 1872, the name was changed to the Atlantic, Gulf and West India Transit Company. In 1881, the line was reincorporated and named the Florida Transit and Peninsular Railroad which extended the rail line from Waldo to Ocala and became known as the Peninsular Division. Soon it was continued on to Leesburg. This was the

forerunner of the railroad we would know as the Seaboard Railway.

Connecting Lake City to Tampa

Many people today associate the railroads in Florida with two men: Henry B. Plant and Henry M. Flagler. Both men envisioned Florida not only with a great future in tourism but with a tremendous potential for shipping products to the North. Their railroad empires would be built after the Civil War from small railroads that had become bankrupt or failed to live up to their charters.

It was the development of the Plant railway system that most directly affected the settlement and growth of our part of Florida.

Henry Plant's genius was in acquiring control of struggling, under-capitalized railway companies and incorporating these established lines into his organization. The link-up of these rail lines ultimately enabled him to link his rail system in the north to his rail system in the southern part of Florida, the Savannah, Florida & Western. Plant acquired one other rail line, The Live Oak, Tampa & Rowland's Bluff Railroad. The line was extended from Live Oak to a point just north of Gainesville called Newnansville.

The Florida Southern Railway

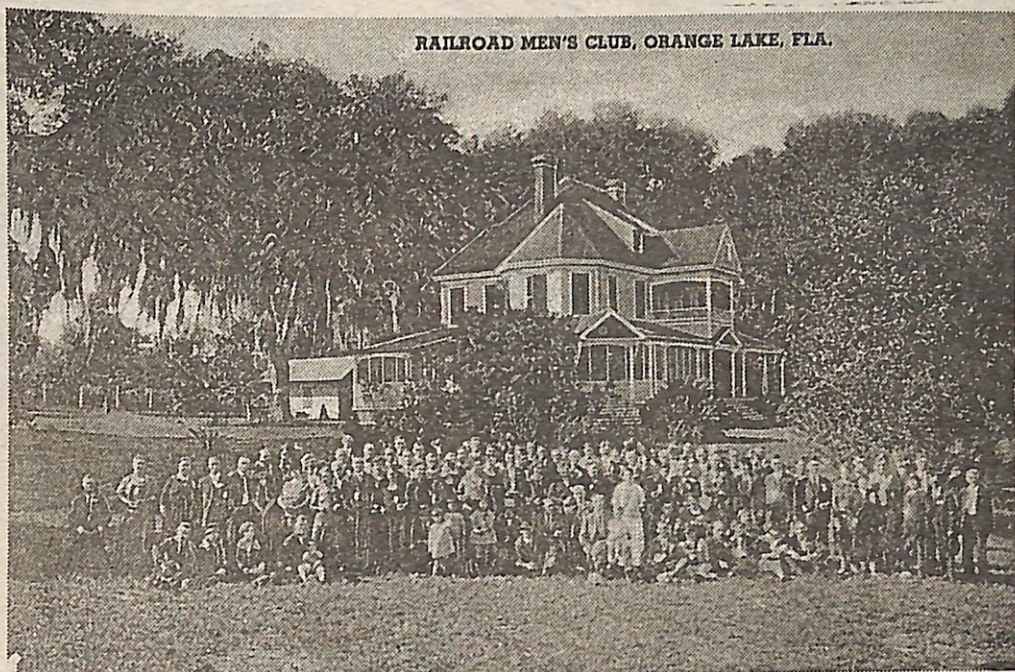
In 1879, the Gainesville, Ocala & Charlotte Harbor Railroad was incorporated. A stipulation in the charter was for a branch line from Palatka to Gainesville. The Palatka branch was to be built first. After four miles of the line had been completed, the directors of the line met in Gainesville to change the name to the Florida Southern Railway. This portion was finished on October 16, 1881, and soon after the main trunk line to Lake City was begun.

When the track had been laid five miles out of Gainesville to four miles of Newnansville, Florida Southern came to an agreement with Henry Plant's Savannah, Florida & Western not to operate any lines north of Gainesville. There would have been two parallel lines to the same city. The agreement called for the S. F. & W to build from the conjunction of the two lines north of the Santa Fe River. Florida Southern would own the track if they agreed to continue building south but not into the city of Tampa.

Florida Southern immediately began building the southern portion of their line. At a point nine miles east of Gainesville on the Palatka branch at Rochelle, the line proceeded south through McIntosh to Ocala. In 1883, the line extended on to Leesburg. It was during this period that the McIntosh station was constructed as were many similar stations along the web of railroads that eventually covered the state in the first decades of the 20th Century.

In 1892, the Florida Southern went into receivership and subsequent reorganization due to financial problems. The name remained the same but now Henry Plant had control and set about changing the 3-foot narrow gauge track of the Florida Southern to

RAILROAD MEN'S CLUB, ORANGE LAKE, FLA.



RUN OF THE MANIFEST

"BLACKIE" HINES opened the firebox door and squinted in at his fire. It didn't take 35 cars of hotshot freight tied onto the tail of a Consolidation to drag the best part of the fire out, so he set to work again and built it up.

Expertly placed scoops of coal did the work quickly. Shoving the scoop into the coal pile, he glanced at the gages. The water showed a little under three-fourths full, while the needle on the steam clock was hovering around 185.

A long blast from the whistle announced they were approaching Carbon City. Fifteen seconds later a light rose and fell at the rear end. The hogger rapped out two blasts on the whistle, widened on the throttle, and the *MANIFEST* roared through the small town at 40 per.

The hill on the other side of Carbon City knocked their speed down to 30. Blackie looked out around the long curve to the left from the top of Carbon City hill. At the other end was a light. No house there, if he could remember correctly. The light was moving!

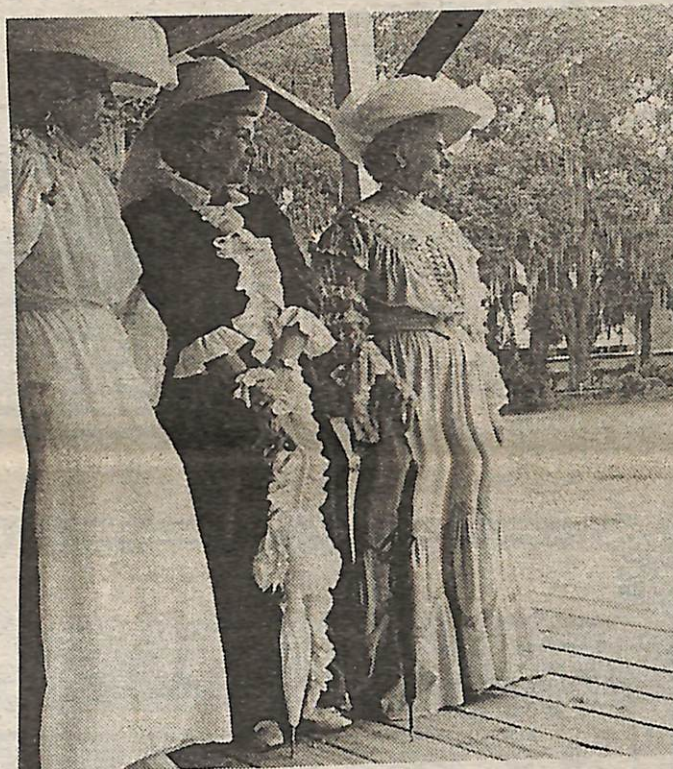
"Look out!" he shouted. "Unload! It's a cornfield meet!" He stuck his head out of the window, and was preparing to leap when a voice from the back of the tender called: "John!"

"Yes, what is it?"

"It's high time a body like you quit such foolishness. You're wanted on the phone, and I've been tryin' to call you."

"Alright, maw. I'm a comin'."

The old man got down from the improvised seatbox, took a peek at the fire and reckoned that it wouldn't need fixing for a while. Then he walked up the stairs to the right of the coal bin . . . and answered the phone. FRANK SHAFFER. RMM 1937.



the standard gauge of his Plant System. This eliminated changing wheels in Gainesville and Ocala, a time-consuming task. It was not until 1902, that the Plant System of railroads would become the Atlantic Coast Line which serviced McIntosh and central Florida until its absorption into the L & N; the L&N in turn became part of the Seaboard Air Line Railroad. Tracks that paralleled main trunk lines were soon abandoned, cutting off service to communities once served by rail.

In the early 1970's, passenger travel on area railroads dwindled such that it was no longer profitable to continue passenger service, and within a few more years, freight service ceased as well. Sadly, the era of the railroad in central Florida was over before the 1980's. It had taken approximately eighty years to create the vast system of rails in Florida and less than ten years to dismantle almost a third of the tracks which once let the little town of McIntosh boast itself the produce and citrus capitol of the South.

Resources:

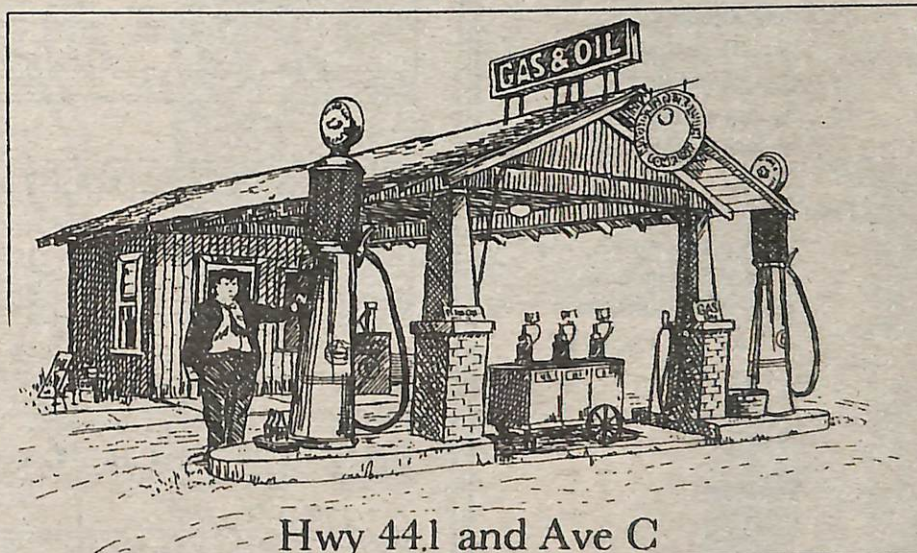
The Railway and Locomotive Historical Society Bulletin No. 86 by George W. Pettengill, Jr.
Florida's Railroads by Gordon MacLeod and R. Ken Murdock
Marion County History published by the Star-Banner Oct 26, 1997
Country Chronicle Vol. 5 No. 4 July 2000

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MCINTOSH SEEDLINGS GARDEN CLUB

FEDERATED 1987

by.

CORINE HEIDT

The Seedlings Garden Club of McIntosh, Florida is proud to recognize Margaret Walkup as the only living member of the original organization. She relates that she and Mrs. Dorothy Cake met and discussed forming a garden club some time around 1975 or perhaps a later date of 1978. The club was to be a working club, not social. Dues would be fifty cents a month and the club was never to be federated nor would it serve refreshments at meetings. However, federation did come about in 1987, along with many new members and activities.

Seedlings is active in community service, various learning projects, social activities, and outings. Last year our major fund raising project was designing an afghan depicting scenes of historic McIntosh. These colorful and popular throws may be purchased today at the 1890's Festival Information booth located at the S. W. corner of Van Ness Park near the fire station.

The Club meets the first Thursday of every month in the community center at Van Ness Park with a short break for the summer.



GARDENING... GOD'S WAY Contributed by: CHRIS RATH

Plant three rows of peas:
Peace of mind
Peace of heart
Peace of soul

Plant four rows of squash:
Squash gossip
Squash indifference
Squash grumbling
Squash selfishness

Plant four rows of lettuce:
Lettuce be faithful
Lettuce be kind
Lettuce be obedient
Lettuce love one another

In the Garden

185

C. Austin Miles

C. Austin Miles

1. I come to the gar-den a-lone, While the dew is still on the
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their
3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him Though the night a-round me be

ros-es, And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear, The
sing-ing, And the mel-o-dy That He gave to me, With-
fall-ing, But He bids me go; Through the voice of woe His

CHORUS

Son of God dis-clos-es, And He walks with me, and He
in voice my heart is ring-ing, call-ing.

talks with me, And He tells me I am His own; And the

joy we share as we tar-ry there, None oth-er has ev-er known.

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No garden without turnips:
Turnip for meetings
Turnip for meetings
Turnip for service
Turnip to help one another

To conclude our garden we
must have thyme
Thyme for God
Thyme for study
Thyme for prayer

Water freely with patience
and cultivate with love
There is much fruit in this
garden because you reap
what you sow.

McINTOSH LIONS CLUB

Established Fall of 1949
(As Told by Charter Member Bill Dickson)

In the fall of 1949, I went in the Drug Store for a fountain Cherry Coke. Lester Cook, our druggist, asked if I would help start a Lions Club. (The Civic League, which was made up of women said a Men's Club would not last.) Lester told me the Ocala Lions Club would be our Sponsoring Club. Pharmacist "Bo" Bitting, President of the Ocala Club and C. J. (Nehi) Thompson, District Governor of "35-0" and other members would help us. I said, "O. K.", and we signed 30 Charter members.

We met at the Colonial Cafe, north of McIntosh on December 12, 1949, with the Sponsoring Club and elected officers. We met again on December 19 and voted to have a Charter Night Banquet on January 23, 1950. Our first regular meeting was on February 6, 1950, and our first Fund Raising Project was a fish fry on April 4, 1950. When we announced our Fish Fry, the fish on Orange Lake stopped biting so we had to buy fish from Cedar Key. Wives of the club members baked pies to sell and we cleared \$165.00.

In July 1950, when the Colonial Cafe closed, we hired Joe Underwood to cook our meals at the Van Ness Civic Center in the park. We paid Joe \$3.00 each time he cooked

our meals. That year we sponsored a softball team and a Hillbilly Stage Show in the auditorium of the McIntosh School Building (which is now the Clinic parking lot). On December 22, 1950, the McIntosh Lions held our first Community Christmas Tree and bought 200 presents and candy for Santa to give, a tradition which continues in Van Ness Park today.

Over the decades the McIntosh Lions have done the following projects to continue making our town a wonderful place to live:

- *Free eye glasses for the needy.
- *Free Glaucoma testing.
- *Secured Eye wills.
- *Financial contributions to Lions Foundation for the Blind & Florida Lions Eye Bank & support for Lions Conklin Centers for the Blind. (Honorable Millard B. Conklin was Our Charter Night speaker.)
- *Sponsor Blood Mobile visits to McIntosh.

- *Built & maintain Tennis Courts in McIntosh & Evinston.
- *Provided Playground Equipment in McIntosh & Orange Lake; shuffle board and volleyball courts in McIntosh.
- *Playground equipment for area schools.
- *Financial help with band uniforms & school boy patrol.
- *Sponsor Boy Scouts, Cub Scouts since 1958
- Provided funds for Girl Scout Equipment.
- *Host 4th of July celebration & Santa Claus in Van Ness Park.
- *Lights & Signs in Park.
- *Bulletin Boards in McIntosh & Orange Lake For public use.
- *Participate every year in McIntosh 1890 Festival selling hot dogs & drinks- our major fund raising project.
- *Donated military memorial & Flag in park.
- *The Lions work with other civic groups to provide such items as sprinkler systems in the park, ornamental "Gas Lights" and help maintain the Civic Center.

McINTOSH LIONS MOTTO

L Liberty
I Intelligence
O Our
N Nation
S Safety

Editors Note: Bill Dickson is the only surviving member of the McIntosh Lions Club still living in McIntosh.



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Bicentennial Job Advances: Old McIntosh Depot Moved

*The following article was printed Tuesday, September 9, 1975,
in the *OCALA STAR BANNER*.

BY
MITZI KAROW ROESS



MCINTOSH - You've got to hand it to housemover James W. Green. He's gone and done what most folks figured was nigh on impossible; in other words, biting off more than he, or anybody else for that matter, could chew and walk away smiling: Moving an 80-ton, 1880's freight - and - passenger station off the railroad right-of-way without collapsing the old frame structure might not split your insides, but Mr. James W. Green sure seems mighty pleased with himself. When he sees the historic McIntosh Depot resting on its new site and thinks of what he went through to get it there, he's got to smile with relief and praise his maker if nothing else.

Now six weeks ago on a clear fall morning when Mr. Green and his boys first rumbled through town in what looked like demolition trucks salvaged from grandad's world war and rolled backfiring right on past Annie Mae and the 8 A.M. post office crowd, some folks thought the Friends of McIntosh kissed \$6,000 of borrowed money and the ill-fated depot goodbye. (*And good riddance - after all the uproar to save the unpainted, boarded-up eyesore down in the old part of town*). And sure enough when the transport of steel beams, cables, jacks, wenchers, wheels and Lord knows what all ragtailed by, it was a far gone conclusion that those preservation-minded bunch of newcomers had gone around the bend for sure.

Nevertheless, curiosity meandered folks down to the boarded-up depot where better days had brought them running to the once proud mercantile and social heart of McIntosh. Well, what the heck, the fish weren't biting in Orange Lake, so why not watch a durn fool housemover (*nothing personal mind you*) bust his insides. Why dynamite couldn't budge that sucker of a station house.

But Mr. James W. Green had a thing or two under his cap which would surprise us all. He didn't pay any mind to the naysayers standing off in the shade sipping sodas and supervising the whole business, offering advice when it seemed he might need it. The khaki-clad housemover just kept on about his business. When more young fellows showed up, he sent the whole pack scooting like armadillos under the depot with shovels and the limber bones of youth to belly around in the dirt while causing alarm to the spider population of black widows and brown recluses webbed under the piling-mounted old station house.

It wasn't long before dirt commenced aflying out from under the depot and mounding up alongside the railroad tracks. And after a while 75-foot steel main beams were lugged under the massive structure and run side-by-side and length-a-ways to span the entire underneath structure of the depot. All this crisscrossing with steel made a kind of pallet to which Mr. Green set 4 hydraulic jacks to lifting. And bless Pete, the depot, it began to rise. The young fellows hurried to position the wheel sets under the massive sills in preparation for hauling.

But then, right when every one began to think things would start moving right along, why Mr. Green called a halt to the whole operation. He was worried about the rigidity of the steel bed and called his old friend W. C. Gilbert of McClenny to come down and look the situation over.

"Well he came, he's the granddaddy of all house movers you know," Green says of his old teacher and friend. "And W. C. looked the



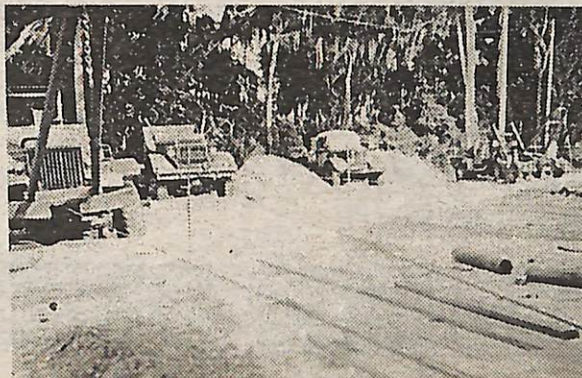
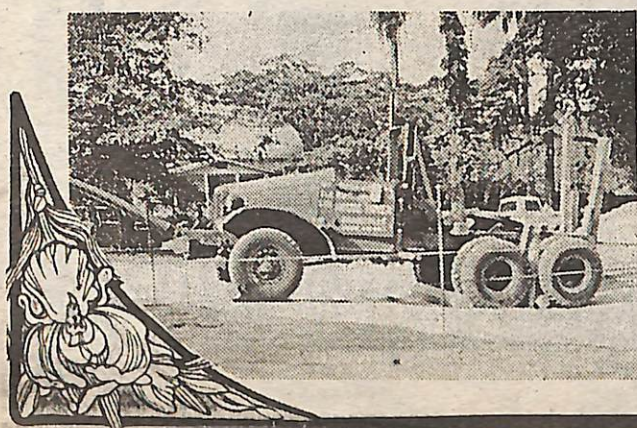
depot over from top-to-bottom and where it had to get to, and he said, "Don't haul it. Roll it."

"Well, W. C. is a forceful man and a real professional. An engineer too. He helped me lay out all the roller beds and we worked from my drawings. We made the decision not to haul for a number of reasons, mainly because it appeared hazardous to the building. Rolling would be a lot more difficult to set up, but it wasn't impossible. It would just take patience. Never once did we exceed the limits of the steel, the building, or anything. If we had, the depot would have come apart, everything collapsed."

Despite what Mr. Green said, more than patience was needed to finish the job; we could all see that. So back under the depot the young fellows went, spread out in a line from one side of the depot to the other. The first boy threw his shovelful of dirt as far as he could heave; the next scooped and slung to the third who passed on to the last. Thirty cubic yards of dirt relayed their back breaking way to the outside.

The boys surfaced for water, lunch; then back under. All the while Mr. Green figured what to do next and worked out the details for the roller bed. With the help of Jay Badger, vice president of the Friends, he set up grade lines: the first one parallel to the exact path the building was to go. "Then I established eight roller beds running at 35 degree angles under the building. You see to avoid resting on the roadbed, the building had to drift south as well as slide east. Every roller bed had to be absolutely exact. This is what took so much time. Within three days after we jacked the depot up, we could have had her moved, but our decision to roll took three more weeks."

The roller bed layout under the depot was something to see; Green showed us a thing or two alright: He took 2 x 6's for the tracks and laid them from west to east



maintaining the 35 degree angle between each set. Across these he placed rollers about the size of 4-inch creosote fence posts, and on top of that he fashioned flat wooden platforms called shoes for the building to ride on over its rollers along the 2 x 6 tracks.

But Mr. Green still wasn't ready to move her yet. He attached four pull points with steel cables to the steel mat initially used jacking the building up. On the outside he used wenches and anchor points fixed with more steel cables securely fastened to the neighbor's live oaks and his convoy trucks. He was ready to slowly tighten the web of cables.

By now we wouldn't have missed this for a night at a town council meeting. It beat anything, and pretty soon word spread all over town that the day had at last come to move the depot. By 9 A.M. folks got comfortable under the moss-hung oaks while children played King of the Mountain on the dirt mounds brought out from under the depot. All the while Mr. Green and crew kept busy: checking the roller beds, the cable tension. 12 noon came and still Mr. Green didn't give the signal. Every one hurried home for a bit of lunch and rushed back again.

But when they returned, the depot still sat where it had sat for almost a century and declared to set another 100 years. It looked like the great ark of olden days waiting for the animals two-by-two and the flood waters of Orange Lake to rise it afloat.

Children fretted, ready for naps on the gay-colored Indian cloth a mother had spread. One onlooker wagered that never in this world would the depot budge. But those of us in Mr. Green's camp didn't let on we heard the doubting neighbor.

"Don't worry," Mr. Green assured us. "If I can move her an inch, she'll go all the way."

And with that assurance, we waited.

At 2:45 Mr. Green and his son John each climbed in two of the huge trucks and cranked them to life while the young fellows stood post ready to signal the moment the depot began to move. The children clutched their mothers, frightened by the revving trucks.

Then the long awaited signal came and the two wench trucks roared, fixing to blow their engines. Cameras focused, ready to record the historic move. All of a sudden a young fellow raised his hands and slowly, slowly, slowly spread them apart: One inch...three inches... seven inches. The depot was rolling and in another few minutes the back rollers came free. Cameras flashed, and just at that moment as if on order, a squadron of military jets thundered overhead on their way to the bombing range at Lake George.



Well, let me tell you, there was more clamoration at the depot side of town, than the day the last steam locomotive wailed through McIntosh. Housemover Mr. Green, was some hero. He'd done his crawling and now he could walk all over McIntosh. The impossible was done. The rest was just more hard work like he'd said all along.

When Mr. Green clambered down from his truck, he looked mighty pleased. "Yes'm this was the hardest job I'd ever had considering everything we hadn't planned on. But we were very fortunate, *blessed* you might say. When the impossible came, we just took our time and kept right on. It's a blessing really that rarely in my whole life did I figure the impossible couldn't be done. We fool ourselves sometimes in thinking we don't have the time, but that's what we've got the most of. And patience too. In house moving we say, if it's hard, we do that right away; if it's impossible, that just takes a little longer."

Well we all had to hand it to Mr. James W. Green. This time he'd bitten off a job which got bigger and bigger every time he turned around. But he set his mind to it and when the depot got moved by the close of the next day, he and his boys dropped a plumb line from the south corner of the building. We couldn't believe it Mr. Green and his boys had brought the old depot within an inch and a half of their mark. Now that's something the whole town can grin about no matter how you see it.



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PRAISES FOR ANTIQUE ROSES IN OUR LOCAL GARDENS

PAGE 15

BY

LINDA CANNON McCOLLUM

This spring I brought two hybrid tea rose bushes. After carefully planting them, they each immediately rewarded me with such bad cases of powdery mildew, the bushes even lost their leaves! While the blossoms are vigorous and stately, the leaves are continually speckled with black spot. I expect the reason for my lack of patience with these persnickety sisters stems mainly from the experience I have gained with antique roses. More often than not, these roses do not suffer the maladies of black spot and powdery mildew. A small stem cut from a parent plant will produce a beautiful blossom as soon as a moderate root system is established and the barest of new growth manifests itself. This bloom will be exactly like the mother plant. It's almost as if the *little rose must validate itself by identifying its pedigree back perhaps a few hundred years.*

It was of an antique rose that Shakespeare waxed poetic with Juliet's now famous, "What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

The Empress Josephine was such an avid collector of roses that French sailors searched for new species aboard captured ships at sea. Later she commissioned Redoute' to paint them as they bloomed in her magnificent gardens at Malmaison. I believe it must have been a calendar of Redoute' roses given to me in 1983, that first sparked my interest in these lovely plants.

I have kept that calendar because I can't bear to part with the artwork

It was the antique rose that traveled west in the wagon trains lovingly tucked in the crowded wagon along with all the household goods and farm implements these frontier folk would need to establish a new home. The treasured, well-wrapped cuttings were reminders of the the civilized garden left behind. Or quite possibly the



cuttings came from the treasured roses of her mother's garden. Sadly, it was the antique rose that often fell victim to reducing the load along the trail many times by the brave women who had to make practical choices. Yet, many of *these plants survived all along the Oregon Trail and still grow there to present days.* Perhaps it was the delight of sharing a rose with distant-to-be neighbors which softened the sacrifices of those westward moving women when they left their roses by the trail.

The first antique rose I recall was Louis Philippe. I had a rather large bush already thriving in my yard when I moved to McIntosh over 23 years ago. I was young and foolish. I dug it up! I planted hybrid teas! Now all these years later, I am the proud owner of another Louis Philippe a neighbor rooted for me. The first antique rose I took notice of and still consider to be one of my all-time favorites is Cecile' Brunner. Cecile' is a small, delicate pink "tea" rose. She belongs to the Polyantha class of antiques. I have also added Clotilde' Soupert, Mrs. B.R. Cant, Zerphrine Drouhin, Prosperity, New Dawn, Belinda's Dream, and Cardinal Hume to name a few. I have an unidentified rose I acquired some years ago from Mrs. Rebecca Smith, who has since passed away. While I believe it to be 'Old Blush', I prefer to think of it simply as "Rebecca".

Antique roses come with rich and varied histories from such faraway places as China, France, and England. There are many classes of antique roses. To name a few: the Chinas, the Bourbons, the Noisettes, the Musks. Antique roses are rife with subtleties. They have genealogies to please the most avid of researchers.

Perhaps the most enduring quality of antique roses is they remind me of people; people brought more to life from history, such as Empress Josephine, and their love of the rose. The antique roses remind me of the bonds of friendship I have formed since moving to McIntosh. I can't look at Cecile' Brunner without thinking of Corky, who first rooted her for me. Then there's Louis Philippe. Wilshire brought him back to me. Clotilde' Soupert brings to mind my close neighbor, Don, who swaps rooting techniques and plants with me on a regular basis. New Dawn is my latest acquisition from my new friend, Maria.

It was the delight of sharing a rose with distant-to-be neighbors counted as one of the sacrifices of those westward moving women when they left their roses by the trail. Resolutely facing westward, she had tended this little remnant of the civilized garden she was leaving behind, or perhaps it was a cutting from a bush in her mother's garden. The little rose bush was a fragrant thing of beauty that brought a sense of refinement to those untamed farmsteads of long ago.

"Would Jove appoint some flower to reign in matchless beauty on the plain, The Rose, (mankind will all agree) The Rose, the Queen of flowers should be. -Sappho



Close Your Eyes and Listen

By
Annabelle Leitner

As you are walking the streets of McIntosh today ... STOP ... close your eyes and listen real close. *Can you hear it?* Imagine the year 1883: the Florida Southern railroad had been running a narrow gauge line through McIntosh since 1881, and the depot was just being built; the moss-draped oak trees shaded the old wire road once traveled by the stage coaches. The lovely Victorian homes that now stand in McIntosh were under construction. The trains came, bringing new folks into town, and if you are lucky you can hear the whistle blowing -- *did you hear it?*

Now imagine 1900, and the turn-of-the-century: The great live oaks looked much the same, the Victorian houses lined the streets as yet unpaved. Wagons pulled by horses, oxen and mules could be seen coming down to the depot filled with squash, beans, eggplants, long staple cotton, watermelons and oranges to be shipped up north. *Have you heard it yet?* Picture the ladies gathering in their finery at the depot to catch the train or to meet family coming to visit. The ladies dressed in black were the widows of the area who may have lost their husbands in "The War" or perhaps in the recent Spanish flu epidemic.

You still have not heard it?

The area farms continued growing vegetables and citrus much the way they had since the 1850's and brought the pick of their fields into McIntosh to the busy depot. Can't you see the Model "T" trucks loaded with tomatoes and beans heading toward the railroad tracks?

In picking season the packing sheds along the tracks were stacked to the open rafters with wood crates filled with the vegetables and fruits that our rich hammock soil grew year-after-year. On the crates you

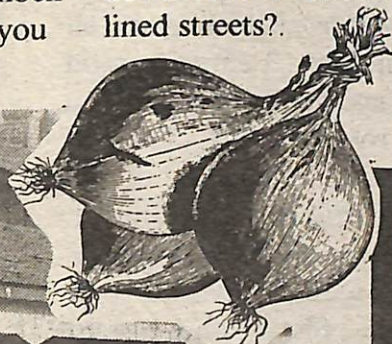
could find the names of the local farmers branded on the ends: *Williams, Geiger, Leitner, Cockrill, Rush, Huff, Whittington, Smith, Richardson*, and the list goes on..

Have you not heard it yet?

As the years passed, the area saw its sons board the trains and set off to the world wars. After World War II, McIntosh still looked much the same. The second generation of piano students sat on Miss Lois Dickson's porch waiting for their lessons -- *they would hear it.* Now it was Dodge trucks, Internationals, Chevys and Fords coming over the hill bringing those vegetables to the depot. Can you still see Mr. Rath hooking the mail bag alongside the track for the engineer to snatch as the train passed or Mr. Helms greeting each train as it came into the station?

Today, all that is left of a very vital part of the mercantile and agricultural history of McIntosh and the surrounding area is the depot and some of the packing sheds. No longer do the farmers bring their bounty into McIntosh, and the last of the citrus groves froze out in the 1980's. Gone are the railroad tracks connecting McIntosh to the big cities up north. The old bank that became the Post Office is gone as is the old school building. *The hospital remains but no longer accepts patients.* The lovely Victorian houses remain, gracing the oak-covered streets.

And yet, even with a century of change and McIntosh standing in a new millennium, can you not hear that whistle off in the distance as it sounds through the citrus groves ever blooming on the shores of Orange Lake and on through the fields forever ripening with those wonderful vegetables. *Can you not hear the great locomotives whistling into downtown McIntosh as you walk our tree-lined streets?*



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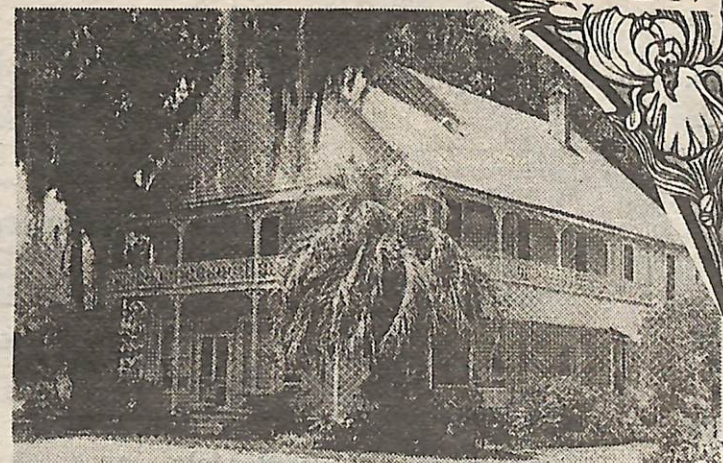
Every year for nearly three decades of McIntosh 1890's festivals, Ernie Hopwood obligingly hung the McIntosh banner across the porch of the old Victorian hotel, home of his sister Betty Hopwood McKoone. And the moment festival goers espied the bright plaid banner, the imagined skirl of bagpipes beckoned them up the wide front steps of the two-story 19-room home of Betty McKoone, descendant of the proud McNeil Clan of Barra heritage.

Dressed in Victorian finery, Betty and her sister Helen Schorfhaar invited their visitors into the parlor to sign the guest registry prominently placed on the original hotel registration desk where those recordings of long ago travelers spoke of the six decades the landmark structure housed winter visitors brought to town on the train until Betty closed her doors to paying guests upon her husband's death 1964. Betty, however, continued to have guests as friends and family members came south to stay in the commodious frame building.

Over the years all of Betty's living brothers would move to their own homes in McIntosh and sister Helen would come to live in the hotel with Betty. Every afternoon Betty and Helen welcomed folks to drop in and enjoy tea and Scottish scones, a tradition with the sisters until Betty's death this past winter, truly a sad loss for all of us her neighbors and friends.

In loving tribute to this fine and gracious lady, the Friends of McIntosh honor their charter member with the dedication of the Mini Park across the street from her hotel home at 2:30. The University City Pipe Band will march festival goers from Van Ness Park down to the dedication ceremony, bagpipes skirling the proud heritage of our wee bonnie lassie.

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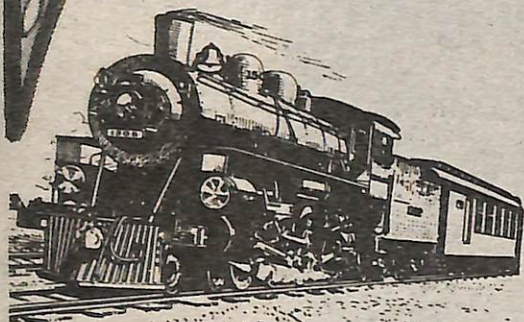


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RAILROAD RHYMES

Note: David Carse, Jr., of Andover N.J., sent this epitaph for James E. Valentine, locomotive engineer killed in a collision. It is carved on his tomb. 1931.

Until the brakes are turned on Time,
Life's throttle valve shut down,
He wakes to pilot in the crew
That wears the martyr's crown.

On schedule time on upper grade
Along the homeward section,
He lands his train at God's roundhouse
The morn of resurrection.

His time all full, no wages docked;
His name on God's pay roll,
And transportation through to Heaven,
A free pass for his soul.
RMR 1931.

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PERCHANCE TO DREAM

BY

NANCY CRENSHAW

*Is this a dream? O, if it be a dream,
Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet!
Longfellow- Spanish Student.*



Small town McIntosh declared a short nap after about the mid-1900's. So much had occurred that a soft grassy spot close to Orange Lake looked like an ideal location for just a brief respite from all the frenzied activity of the formative years. Early history had seen the plat of McIntosh surveyed by J. K. Christian of Kentucky and W. M. Gist of Maryland and it was shortly after 1885, that Mr. Gist erected the first dwellings and the little township began its romance with the citrus industry. Things took a turn towards even more activity making the little community stretch and flex its ever growing muscles when in 1889, J. F. Pettys came to town and began making orange box siding from area hardwoods.

Colonel John H. McIntosh, a pioneer planter, continued operating his large plantation named Oakland and it was on a part of this plantation that the little town relaxed and began spreading willing fingers into and around the lovely old oaks and palm-fingered shores of Orange Lake and officially called itself McIntosh.

Before its brief respite, the area saw the Christian and Cockrill's produce packing shed and shipping area, Cook's Drug Store and Dr. Strange's hospital. There was a schoolhouse and two very special ladies, Mrs. Phillips and Miss Lois Dickson who always gave a piano recital each May. There was the famous Orange Shop built at the top of the hill going out-of-town where tourists loved to sit and watch the sunrise on the lake and the bass boats head out in the early morning mists to catch some of the biggest bass in fresh water.

There was Mrs. Stoten's Beauty Salon and the Gist's Bird Farm that housed both strange and exotic birds along with the offerings of boat tours of Orange Lake and its famous floating islands.

Family names such as Christian, Gist, Dedman, Walkup, Brown, Strange, Huff, Dodd, Smith, Waters, McFadden, Burry, Bouleware, Hendrix and Turnipseed became fixtures. The pace quickened and finally the small town knew it simply had to nap.

Sidling up to a tree not far from the lake water's edge, McIntosh snoozed. Train whistles moaned into the night and gradually faded into the distance not to be heard again. A big winding

We Remember Our Neighbor Jim.



This summer our friend and neighbor Jim Willis left us after a long siege with Alzheimer Disease. A man beloved for his kind sense of service, Jim was always called when neighbors needed help, no matter what the task. Jim grew up during the Depression Years on a farm up north and learned early about work and duty, riding his bicycle to the one-room schoolhouse on icy winter mornings to light the fire in the wood stove before the teacher and classmates arrived. And many years later when the effects of Alzheimer began to affect his life, he nevertheless was the one who unfailingly swept the walkway and steps to the Methodist Church here in McIntosh which he and his wife Jean attended for nearly twenty years together.

cement snake highway rolled through and ever so gradually the weather took its toll on the orange groves that dotted the area and as gypsies in the night, the large citrus industry moved further south.

But the sleep was a gentle one. There were faint urgings now and again from a group of Friends of McIntosh. Just a nudge here or there trying to wake the snoozing village as it continued its nap into the late 1900's.

The calendar days slipped one by one into the 21st century and finally with the advent of the computer age and persistent whisperings of a group of energetic citizens, the sleepy town rolled over, stirred, stretched and decided to stand. It brushed itself off and dug deep into its pockets to put on its best and most elegant airs to make ready to sashay into town for the first 1890's Days Festival of the new millennium.

After all, what's a small town to do after having slept a half-century through?



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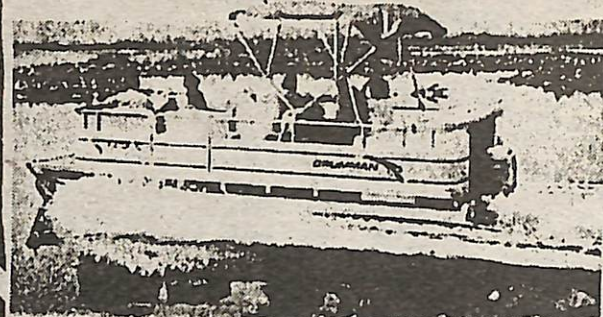


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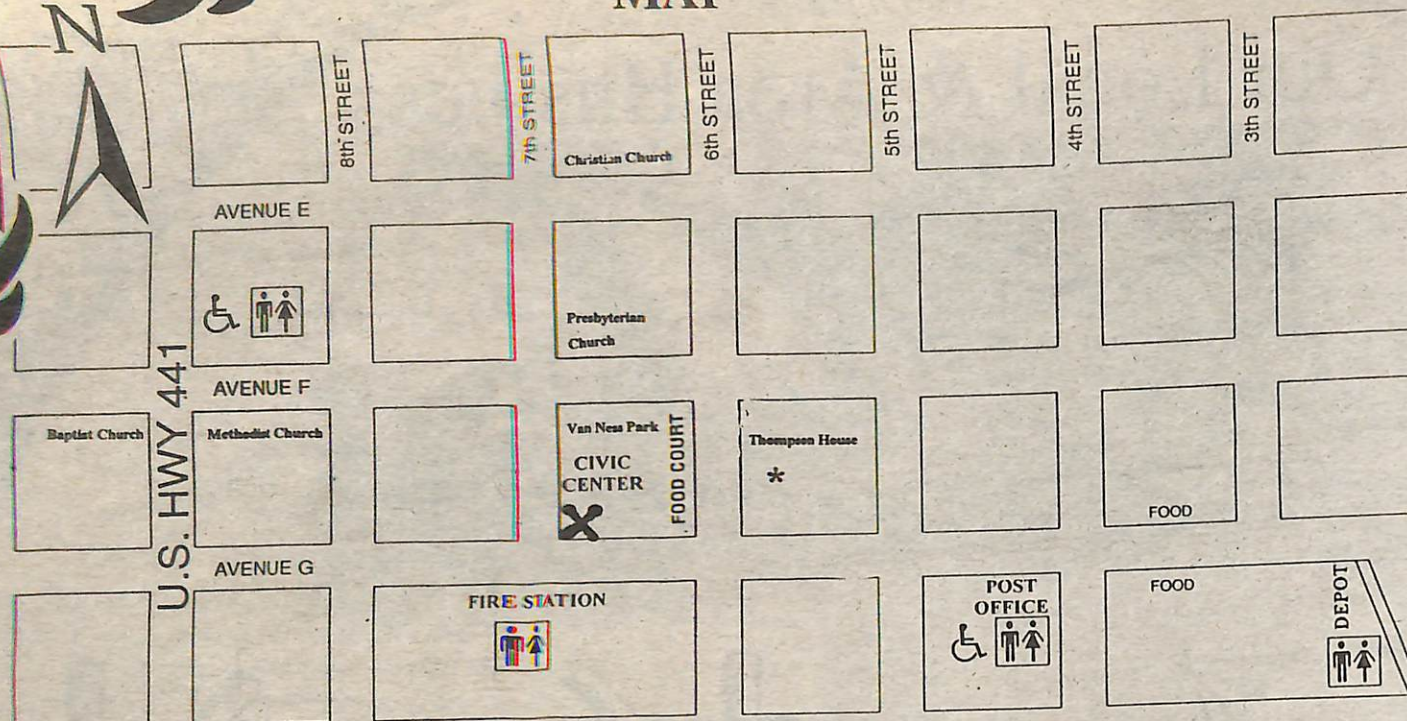
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MAP



X = Information

1890 FESTIVAL VENDORS . YEAR 2000

EXHIBITOR

ABRAMS, Marshall & Joel
ADCOCK, Lisa
ADDINGTON, Catherine
ADKINS, Hilda
ALDRICH, George
ARTMAN, Rena
AUTORINO, Dora
BALDWIN, Linda
BAXLEY, Elizabeth
BEARDSLEY, Ernest
BIGLER, Barbara
BLUNK, Melody
BOYTE, Curtis
BRADDOCK, Alice
BRANCH, Sheila
BRISBOIS, Jean Marie
BRIGHT, Cheryl
BRISTOL, Tom
BRITT, Carl & Kara
BROOKS, Lillian
BROWN, Stanley
BROWNING, Wayne
BURGET, Ginger
CALLAGAN, Tony & Debbie
CANNON, Elaine
CARPENTER, Barbara
CASE, B D & T
CHEATHAM, Shawnee
CINQ-MARS, Gloria
CLARK, Chris
COE, Faye
COLE, Dale & Mary Ann
CORTELYOU, Scott
CORTESE, Tony
COURSON, Carol & Pete
CRAFTS, G L
CRANE, Gina
CUNNINGHAM, Linda
DAFOE, Marian
DECLAIR, Betty Lou
DELLA POALI, Linda
DEMAREST, David
DEONATH, Dianne
DE SIMONE, Kathy
DETTY, Linda
DIEHL, Larry & Pam
DREW, Gerald
DRESKIN, Jim
DROESCH, Marta & Phillip
DOUGLAS, Sally
DUNLAP, Belinda
DURAN, Larry
DURHAM, Deborah
DYLLA, Fran
ECKENRODE, Claude

EXHIBITOR

EDWARDS, Mary
FANZLAW, Nancy
FISHER, Patti
FITZPATRICK, JoAnn
FLOOK, John & Mary
FUSSELL, Allison
GALLIMORE, James & Rita
GARDINER, Elizabeth
GEYER, Dave & Meredith
GLEESON, Melissa
GORE, Gene
GRAYSON, Dale & Suzanne
GRIFFIN, Sonja
GRIMSLEY, Joe
HAMILTON, Shellie
HASSE, Jim & Nancy
HATCHER, Louise
HAWKINS, Shirley
HAY, Bob & Sylvia
HEBURN, M. Doyne
HICKS, Mary
HINGSON, Dave & Wendy
HINKLE, T. J.
HIXON, Brenda
HOPPER, Sabine
HUNTER, Don
ISRAEL, Karen
JAVOROWSKY, Danny
JENNESS, Penny
JONES, William
KALLENBACH, Christa
KALLENBACH, Alexandra
Savina
KELLEY, Terri
KELSAY, Sarah
KEMPER, Christi
KERBER, Cynde
KERR, Jennifer
KIEFER, Elizabeth
KING, Sandy
KOEPL, Margie
KURTS, Kren & Don
KUSSEL, Ruth
KUTIS, Kren & Don
LANDORF, Barbara
LANGLOIS, Susana
LARM, Betty
LAWLEY, Mimi
LEGGETT
LIVINGOOD, March
LOCKREM, Judy
LONGO, Phil
LONGO, Marilyn
LOW, David

EXHIBITOR

MARTIN, Sherri
MCCASKILL, Karen
MASON, Anne
MCINTURFF, Marsha
MCMAHON, William
MCMANUS, JoAnna
MCNEIL, Gloria
MCPHILLIPS, Hollace
MILLER, Kathryn
MILLER, Linda
MIZELL, Pat
MOCK, Nina
MOE, Marlene
MORDECAI, Dodie
MORNINGSTAR-HILL, Elnor
MORNINGSTAR-HILL, Mary
MORRELL, Elizabeth
NEWMAN, Karan
OAKLEY, Bennie
O'CONNOR, Jeanette
OLDBERG, Marolyn & Gil
OLIVER, Shirley
OTREMB, Tim
PARRAMORE, Gary
PETERS, Loretta
PETERSON, Debbie
PFEIFFER, William
PHILLIPS, Stephanie
PLEAU, Steven
POE, Donna
PONZIO, Veronica
POORE, Anna
RAINES, Cheri
RAINS, Carla
RAULERSON, Mary Ann
RENFRO, James
RICKER, Diane
ROBERTSON, Chuck & Joy
ROGERS, Nell
ROSE, Allison
ROSELL, Jean
ROTH, Darlene
RYAN, Jamie
SALTER, Linda
SANTO, Donna
SAVINO, Phil
SCOTTISH SOCIETY OF N. CENTRAL FLORIDA
SEGAL, Mike
SHANK, Lee & Dorothy
SHEA, Bob & Marguerite
SHERMAN, Timothy & Kenneth

EXHIBITOR

SHOCKLEY, Kathy
SMITH, Brad
SMITH, Nancy
SMITH, Jenny
SNEAD, Barbara
SOMERFELDT, Ruth
SPADE, Warren & Barbara
SPAGNA, Jan
SPARKMAN, Diana
STEELE, James
STONE, Dorothy
STUMPO, Anna
SUITS, Helen
SWIFT, Karen
TAYLOR, Mary Ann
THOMAS, D M
THOMPSON, Ron
TUCKER, Jim & Pat
TURBYFILL, Pam
VAN BRUNT, Denise
VARNEDOE, Mary
VEST, Robert
WACHTER, Kathy
WADDELL, John & Cathy
WALDREN, Pam
WALLACE, Penny
WANNER, Sally
WARD, Becky
WARD, Patricia & Ernie
WATERS, Patricia
WATKINS, Barbara
WEAKES, Chris
WELLS, Egretta
WENTZ, Dennis
WHALEN, Denna
WHITTINGTON, Cade
WIEAND, Robert
WIESKAMP, Lorraine & Gene
WILLARD, Shirley
WILLIAMS, Dennis
WILLIAMS, Nancy
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