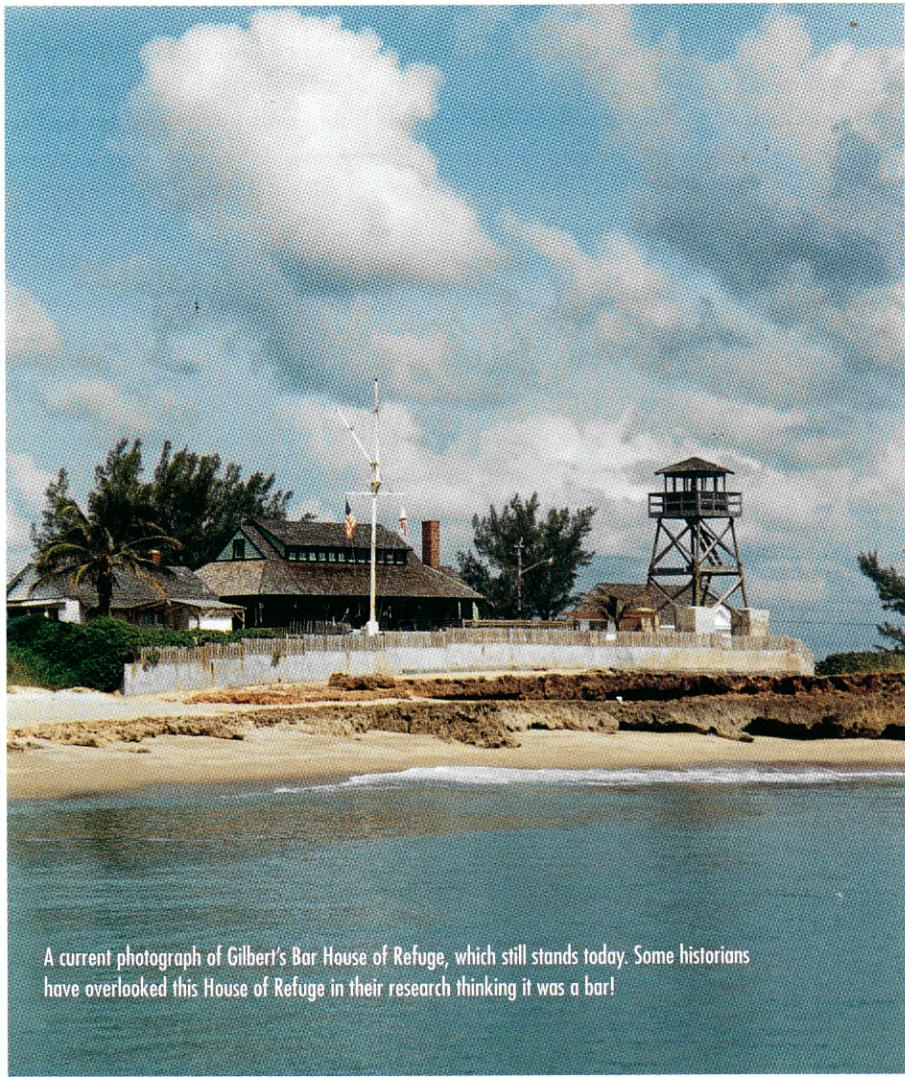


of Stuart. The very next month he took over from David McClardy as keeper at Gilbert's Bar House of Refuge: annual salary \$600. With a steady income Hubert wanted to marry but he knew there were few available women in the area.

In 1884 James Henshall published the popular book *Camping and Cruising in Florida*, which lured many people, for many reasons, to the state. Old men came for their health, young men for adventure. Mary Barr Monroe noted that women came because of "a willingness to follow the man of her choice. Old or young the wilderness has no terror for her life greater than being left behind or having him go alone." Ten years after Henshall's book was published, so many people had settled in Florida, that a call went out for teachers to come help tame the wild.

In Nashville, Susan Corbin begged her father's permission to teach in Florida. Reluctantly he allowed her to accept a position at Fort Tibbals, near Eden. Susan's first night there she went to a square dance in the Richard's



A current photograph of Gilbert's Bar House of Refuge, which still stands today. Some historians have overlooked this House of Refuge in their research thinking it was a bar!

pineapple packing house where she met Hubert Bessey.

Susan taught only one year and when she didn't return the next fall, Hubert Bessey went to Tennessee to court her. They were married six months later on February 19, 1895. When they returned to Florida, their first house was Gilbert's Bar House of Refuge.

By this time, 1895, Hubert had been keeper for almost five years — longer than most could stand the lonely job. For many reasons, however, Bessey's five years on the job had not been so lonely. During that time, as more settlers came to Florida, many found their way to Gilbert's Bar House of Refuge. It was a 'place to go' and it was readily accessible via the Indian River. Hubert Bessey, always a gracious host, welcomed his many visitors, no matter the hour. This account from the *East Coast Advocate*, 1890 demonstrates Bessey's generosity: *A Trip to*

Gilbert's Bar House of Refuge has been preserved as a museum by the citizens of Martin County and is listed on the National Register of Historic Places. It is the only remaining House of Refuge. Directions to Gilbert's Bar House of Refuge Museum in Stuart, Florida

- Exit 61 off I-95
- Turn right (east) onto State Road 76
- At 4th light turn right onto Monterey Road
- Where Monterey dead ends on East Ocean, turn right (east)
- East Ocean across two bridges to Hutchinson Island
- At MacArthur Blvd, turn right (Will see marker for House of Refuge)
- House of Refuge on the left (east)

Gilbert's Bar Station: "A jolly crowd of merry-makers left Tyler's dock Saturday at 2:30 for a trip to Gilbert's Bar Station, on the cat boat, "Goose", with a box of provisions, a keg

of water for refreshments; a music box, the music keeping time to the merry chatter aboard. Our party consisted of eleven... Arrived at the station at 11:30 p.m. The genial keeper, Mr. Bessey, aroused, and dancing commenced, followed by a moonlight stroll on the beach and retiring at 3 a.m. In the morning they were awakened by the most delightful music proceeding from the aforesaid music box, and played by a master hand. After breakfast, a dip in old ocean, another stroll on the beach, exploring those rocks and caves, which were a sight worth seeing, our party returned well satisfied with their trip and making plans for another..."

Bessey even invited a family he had just met to live with him until they could build a house of their own. The Simmons family gladly accepted his kind invitation. Simmons helped Bessey build boats and Bessey helped Simmons build a boat for himself.

Belle Simmons, a youngster at the time, later recalled seeing black bears digging for turtle eggs on the beach at the House of Refuge. Black bears were a continuing menace but, like so many things found in the wild, they provided food for the pioneer. In fact a bear could keep a family in meat for months. Fresh bear meat was cut into steaks for immediate use or salted for later. Bear fat was rendered and stored.

It was said that "nature makes certain provisions for man's food but these foods have to be wrestled from nature and converted into palatable dishes." The task of converting fell to the women.

Tropical Florida provided deer, duck, possum, raccoon in the wild, as well as turtles, oysters, crab and a wide variety of fish. Heart of cabbage palm, sweet potatoes, Indian pumpkins and cow peas were staple vegetables that grew in the thick woods, but about the only natural fruits were sea grapes and sour oranges. A favorite pioneer phrase

LUCIE RICHARDS DESCRIBED A TRIP TO THE HOUSE OF REFUGE....

May 1880

Dear Mary,

I've just come home from a vacation at the seashore and I had the nicest week. Father heard there was still a lot of lumber at the old wreck on the beach so he wanted to get all he could for the house. He and Will did not think I should stay at our place alone so Father talked to the Browns at the House of Refuge and arranged for me to stay with them while he and Will brought the lumber through the pass and up the river to Eden.

Father, Will and a friend, Capt. Clint Packard who is helping to build the house, took me across the river to the Browns in the Zephyr. I had never met them, but they are wonderful people. The government built the House of Refuge just so people who are shipwrecked on the coast will have a place to get help until a ship can pick them up. There is not another place for miles and miles. The Browns are paid to live there and keep it open so I'm sure they have saved many lives.

The House of Refuge is located almost across the river from us on a narrow strip of land right on the coast. It's so narrow you could throw a rock from the river to the ocean. At that spot on the seashore there are some huge rocks that jut up from the beach and the house sits atop these rocks. Ocean waves have washed away the sand and worn away the rock to make small caves and caverns and tall chimneys. These rust colored rocks are said to be the only ones like them along the Florida coast. We had a good time walking around and through the rocks looking for shells that lodged in the crevasses....

Most of the week I was there the ocean was nice and calm and the water was clean and clear. I like swimming in the ocean because it is easier to float in salt water, but before we went into the house we always rinsed off in the (Indian) river to get rid of some of the salt. I had such a nice time and really didn't want to leave that clean, comfortable house and the delicious food.....

Love to all,

Lucie

Lucie Richards' letters formed the basis for Jean Matheson's story in the Summer and Fall, 1996 issues of SFHM

was "Florida is a land of fruit in cans and flowers on the can." Pioneers bought their canned goods in Ft. Pierce, dubbed "Can Town."

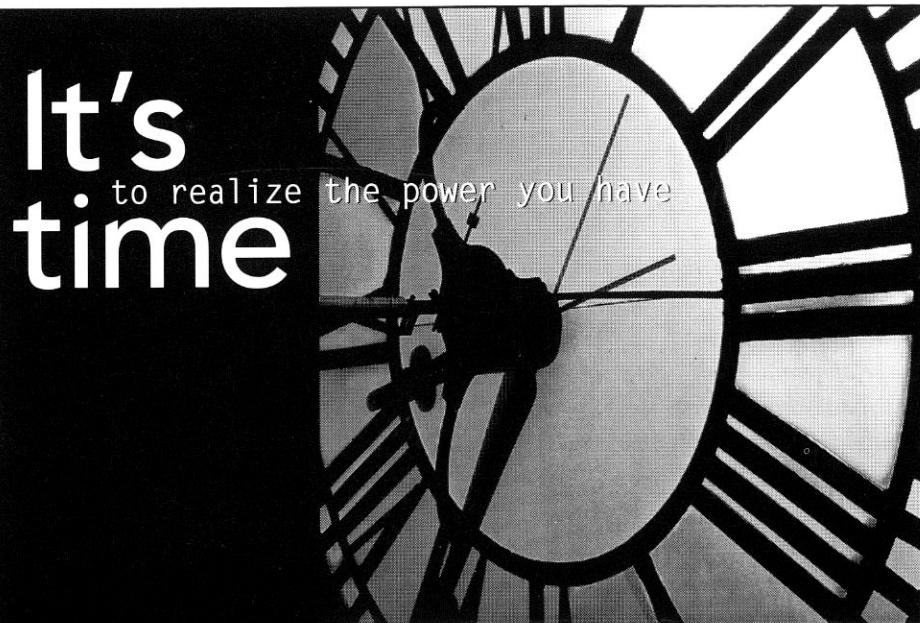
The limited grocery list didn't stop Susan Bessey from giving afternoon teas at the House of Refuge. These social gatherings assuaged her loneliness and awarded her the title of best cook in the county. This was no small feat.

Sea turtle eggs were readily available on the beach but most of the ingredients she needed either weren't available or wouldn't keep in the heat. The humidity ruined baking powder so Susan made her own leavening agent by mixing fire ash and juice of a sour orange. In the recipe, water was substituted for milk because milk wouldn't keep. Many pioneer children reached adulthood without ever tasting milk. However, the water—rain water that was collected from the roof—was brown and bitter, flavored from the shingles and salt air. Flour and sugar, bought in quantity in Ft. Pierce, was usually bug infested and the bear fat was often rancid. It was said that Susan's orange cakes were delicious!

Fortunately for the Besseys their stay as keepers was relatively uneventful and the House of Refuge was a refuge for them — except from mosquitoes and sand flies. The House had no glass windows, only shutters which kept out the sun and rain and screens that kept out some of the mosquitoes. Nothing kept out the sand flies.

One keeper's wife noted that "before dusk, all chores were done up and everyone went inside to stay until morning.... On bad evenings the lamps were not lighted" because light attracted sand flies. "Sometimes the mosquitoes were so thick, they roared like bees," thus mosquito nets, called bars, draped the beds every night.

Susan and Hubert Bessey never considered their job at the House a hardship. They were able pioneers who made life for themselves and their frequent guests as pleasant as possible.



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They were well educated, hard-working and personable. Although they later ran a hotel in Stuart and counted among their many friends, President and Mrs. Grover Cleveland, Susan always said that the seven years that they lived at Gilbert's Bar House of Refuge were the happiest years of their life.



Jean Matheson moved to West Palm Beach in 1961 where she and her husband (a third generation Floridian) raised their two children. She fell in love with Florida history while falling in love with her husband in college and hearing his stories of how his family settled in the Everglades in the early 1900s. The Mathesons moved to Stuart four years ago, where Jean began investigating the community's history. She is a regular contributor to South Florida History.



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The article on the Miami Centennial Quilt in the summer 1996 issue of the South Florida History Magazine incorrectly credited one of the quilt blocks. Our apologies for the misunderstanding.

The top left quilt block on page 17 was incorrectly

credited to Livia H. Lagomasino. The true title is "Where We Come From," made by Angela Maltzman (right).

Angela Sanchez Molina Maltzman was born in Cuba and came to Miami in 1954. She became an

American citizen in 1960 and has worked for the State of Florida for 27 years. "I am an immigrant," she writes. "And when I learned about the [Miami Centennial Quilt] contest, the first thing that came to mind was those people who risked their lives to come to this free country, running from Communist Cuba." Ms. Maltzman belongs to several quilting associations and began quilting ten years ago as a way to keep herself occupied when she broke her foot.

Livia H. Lagomasino made a block named "Land of Liberty," (above right block) which is also part of the Miami Centennial Quilt.

From 1966 to 1973, Freedom Flights from Cuba brought over 300,000 Cubans to Miami. Since then the boats and rafts have brought many more. Miami has also been the destination for thousands of Haitians who

have come for asylum. "In 1959, Cuba was invaded by a communist regime," says Ms. Lagomasino. "My family and I had to abandon our native land, as did many hundreds of thousands of Cubans. Uprooted from all that had been our permanent existence, Miami

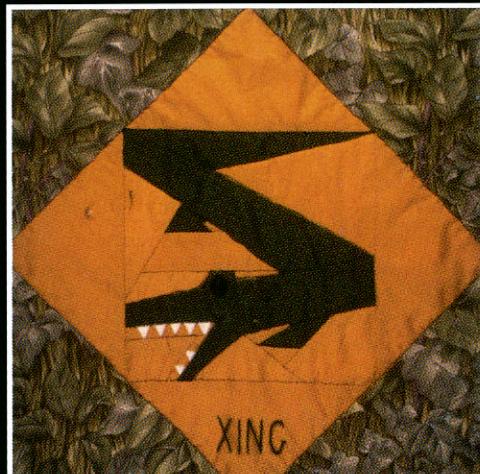
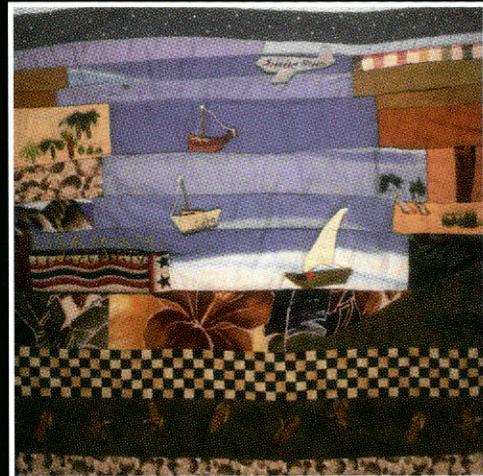
became our refuge, the place that allowed us to be again." The quilter uses "warm, fertile, earthy colors" to represent Miami.

On page 12 of the same issue, the image of a quilt block was used without any

credit. This quilt block, called "Alligator Crossing" (below right block) is also part of the Miami Centennial Quilt and was made by Monique Martin.

A former Miamian, Ms. Martin now lives in Dourdan, France, but still has a feel for South Florida. The exotic Everglades and its outlying ecosystems are part of every Miamian's legacy. Ms. Martin writes

"Alligators are frightening and you live with them, but where are the warning signals?" She made this quilt block as a lighthearted tribute to man versus nature in Miami.



Home to 300 KENDALL COWS

Fairglade became one of South Florida's First Certified Dairies
BY MARTA B. STYS

B

arbecues were held many Sundays on the well-kept front lawn of the Bufano home, where good friends and family members congregated for delicious Italian eating and enjoyment. Music was always played with musicians singing and playing guitars, accordions and violins. Many prominent members of the community during that period would be there for these festive Sunday get-togethers. The family homestead of the Fairglade Dairy was located east of Galloway Road (SW 87th Avenue), directly across the street from the dairy operation where Donato Bufano and his wife, Anna Maria, raised their family of three daughters — Libera (nicknamed Lee), Diana and Marta. The accessibility of living close to the operation and maintenance of the dairy was very important, as it was necessary that two milkings a day be completed — one in the early morning and the other in the latter part of the afternoon, together with all the other important and necessary functions.

The family home which my father designed and built was also his pride and joy. It was a comfortable, rural type country home, very spacious, with plenty of windows and screening — no air conditioning in those days. There was a lovely stone fireplace and a large backyard with a small grove of orange and grapefruit trees.

My mother maintained a garden, and there was always plenty of fresh vegetables as well as an assortment of flowers. There was a huge expanse of front lawn with two rows of beautiful coconut palm trees lining the sidewalk from the front entrance of the home leading to Galloway Road.

The dairy operation consisted of a large barn with milking stalls to accommodate 20 cows at one milking session. His herd grew to approximately 300 head of cattle.

Bufano was extremely conscientious concerning the cleanliness and sanitation of the dairy. The barn was thoroughly hosed down before and after cows were brought in from the adjoining pasture for milking.

All of the cows were milked by hand, and he required his milkers to take a shower before milking, dress in white uniforms, and wash their hands up to the elbows in a disinfectant before milking the next cow.

The cow's udder was also cleaned and

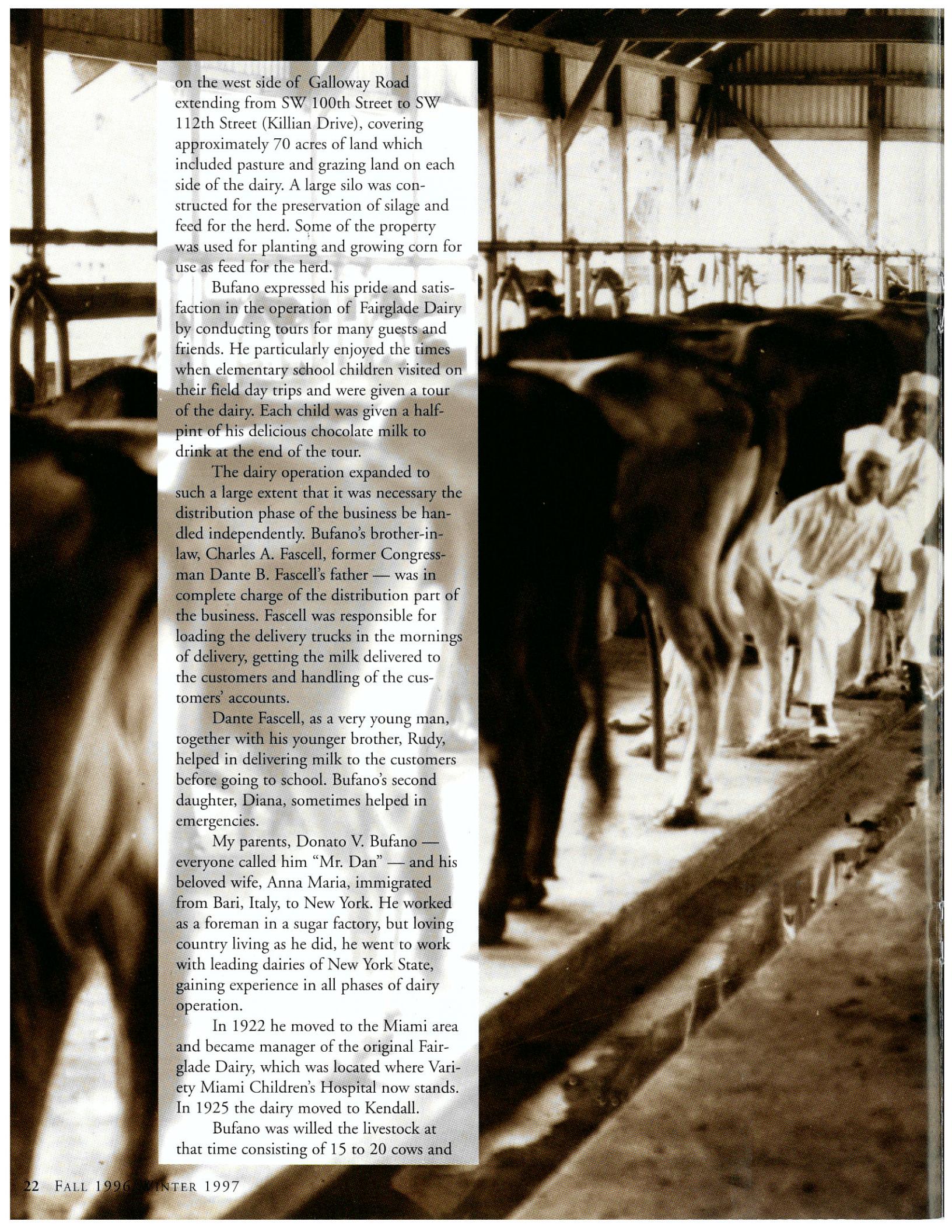
disinfected before milking.

After each cow was milked, the milk was poured across the cooler separately and brought to the adjoining milk room for processing which consisted of pasteurization and bottling of the milk. Adjacent to the milk room was the wash room and sterilizer. Each milk bottle, can, milk pail and containers of all kinds and descriptions were sterilized in the sterilizing room at a temperature of 200°F. After the milk was pasteurized and bottled, the bottles were placed in wooden crates and kept in refrigerated storage for delivery the next day to customers.

The dairy operation was located



Youngest daughter, Marta, with a glass of Fairglade Dairy milk.
This photograph was used for various advertising purposes.
Now, who wouldn't buy milk from such a darling girl?



on the west side of Galloway Road extending from SW 100th Street to SW 112th Street (Killian Drive), covering approximately 70 acres of land which included pasture and grazing land on each side of the dairy. A large silo was constructed for the preservation of silage and feed for the herd. Some of the property was used for planting and growing corn for use as feed for the herd.

Bufano expressed his pride and satisfaction in the operation of Fairglade Dairy by conducting tours for many guests and friends. He particularly enjoyed the times when elementary school children visited on their field day trips and were given a tour of the dairy. Each child was given a half-pint of his delicious chocolate milk to drink at the end of the tour.

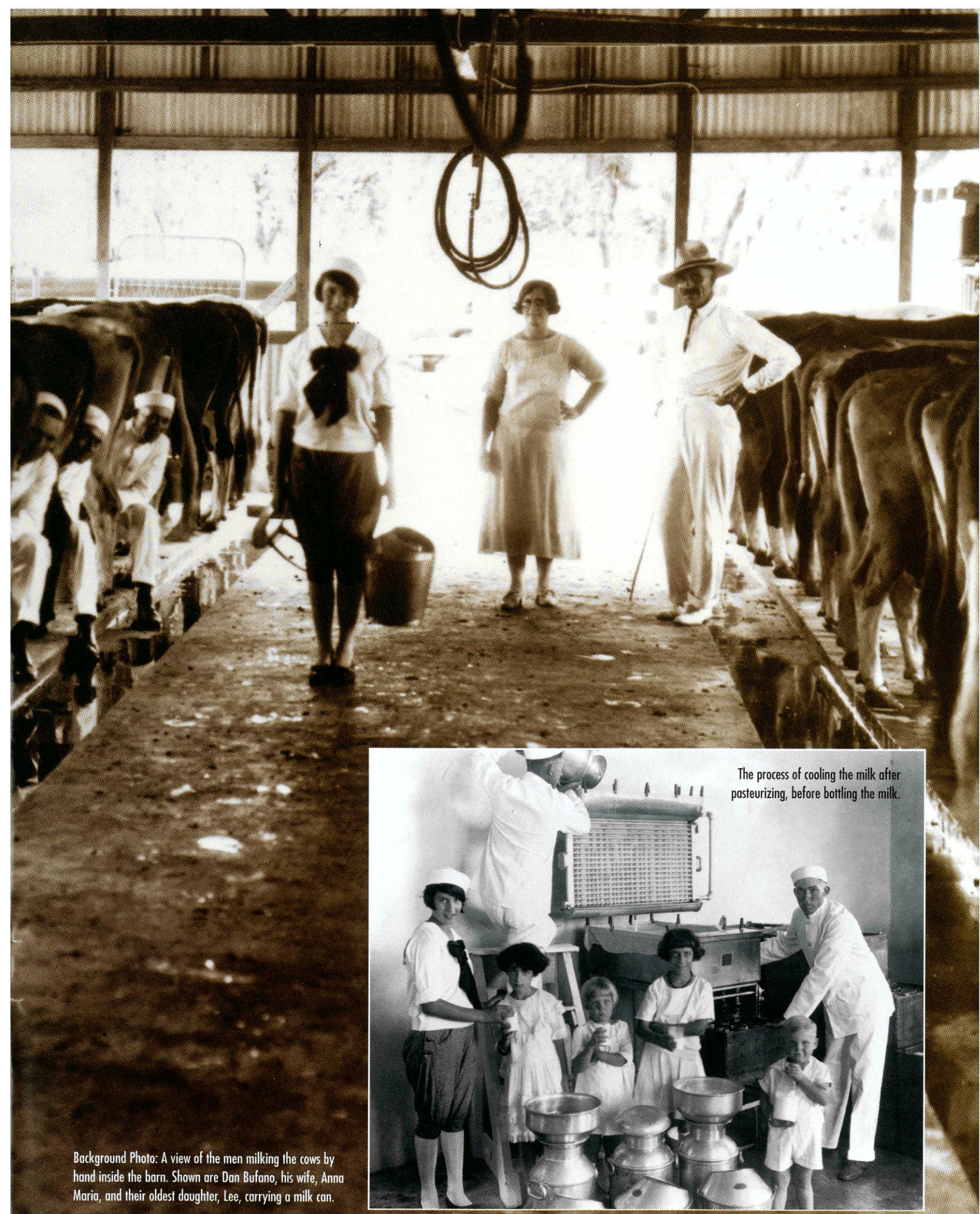
The dairy operation expanded to such a large extent that it was necessary the distribution phase of the business be handled independently. Bufano's brother-in-law, Charles A. Fascell, former Congressman Dante B. Fascell's father — was in complete charge of the distribution part of the business. Fascell was responsible for loading the delivery trucks in the mornings of delivery, getting the milk delivered to the customers and handling of the customers' accounts.

Dante Fascell, as a very young man, together with his younger brother, Rudy, helped in delivering milk to the customers before going to school. Bufano's second daughter, Diana, sometimes helped in emergencies.

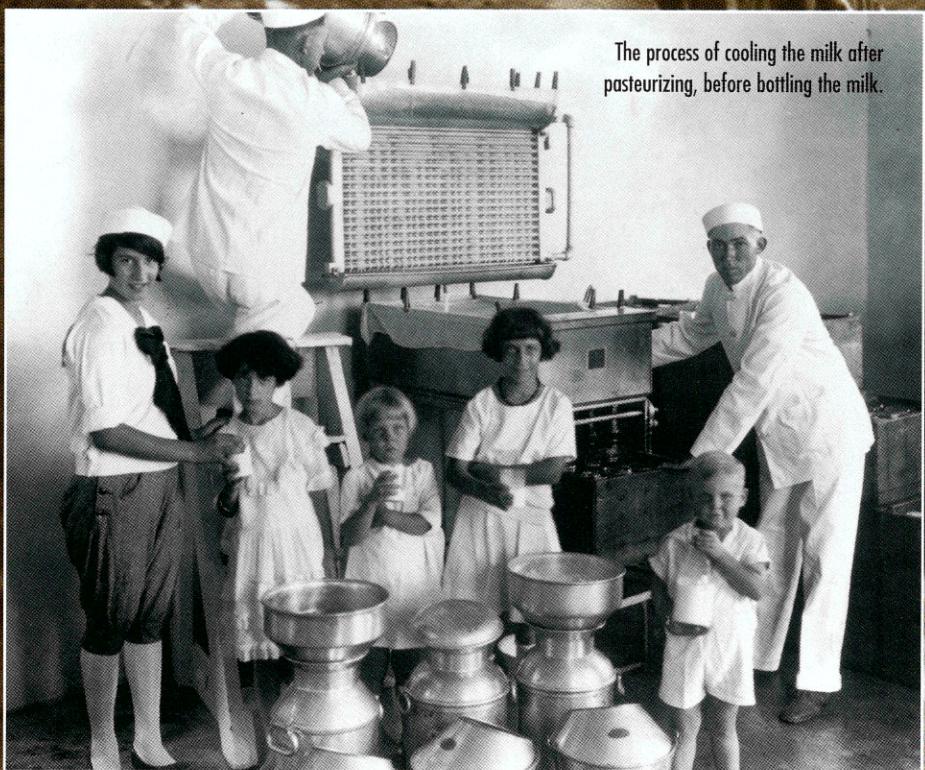
My parents, Donato V. Bufano — everyone called him "Mr. Dan" — and his beloved wife, Anna Maria, immigrated from Bari, Italy, to New York. He worked as a foreman in a sugar factory, but loving country living as he did, he went to work with leading dairies of New York State, gaining experience in all phases of dairy operation.

In 1922 he moved to the Miami area and became manager of the original Fairglade Dairy, which was located where Variety Miami Children's Hospital now stands. In 1925 the dairy moved to Kendall.

Bufano was willed the livestock at that time consisting of 15 to 20 cows and



Background Photo: A view of the men milking the cows by hand inside the barn. Shown are Dan Bufano, his wife, Anna Maria, and their oldest daughter, Lee, carrying a milk can.



The process of cooling the milk after pasteurizing, before bottling the milk.

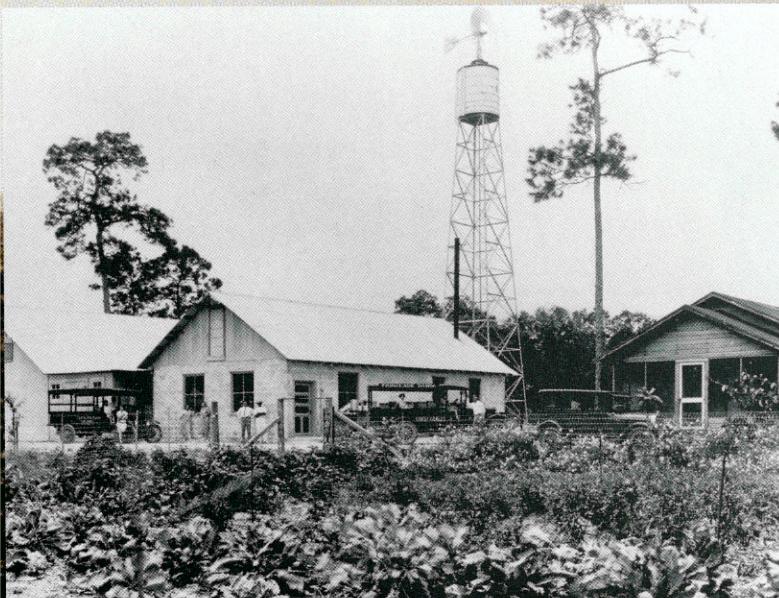
two bulls. He obtained a permit from the City of Miami that allowed him to move all of the stock on hoof to the location at Kendall, which he purchased. He then became owner and operator of one of the first certified dairies in South Florida. The primary milk routes serviced Coral Gables, Coconut Grove and surrounding areas.

Bufano maintained his position as sole owner and manager of the business. He was responsible for all other phases of milk production, including the cows being properly cared for and tuberculin tested and inspected, properly fed and milked, and the milk pasteurized, bottled and stored in refrigeration. Bufano also generously took care of the men he employed by providing them with four cottage-type wooden frame homes on the

premises of the dairy, where the men and their families lived rent-free. He supplied them with all the milk needed for their children.

Bufano retired in 1943 and sold Fairglade Dairy to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Matthews, who continued the operation of the dairy for a few years. They then sold the property to Arthur Vining Davis, the head of Arvida Industries. The property was sub-divided into acre plots for construction of estate-type homes. Today that section is called Galloway Estates.

When Bufano retired, he was not one to stay idle. He became involved in real estate and new home construction in the South Miami area. He died in June 1966.



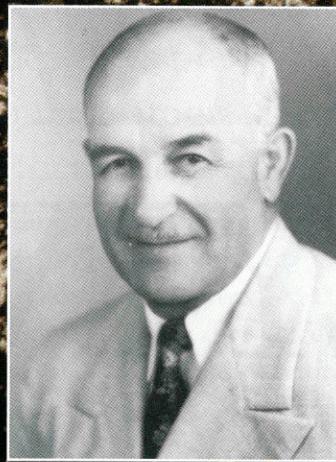
Fairglade Dairy, ca. 1927. This photograph shows the milking barn to the far left and the milk room to the right of the barn, where the milk was pasteurized and bottled. The house to the right is where some of the help lived. Trucks in front are waiting to be loaded for delivery.



Marta B. Stys considers herself fortunate to have enjoyed a very happy and memorable childhood growing up on Fairglade Dairy, where she was born. After graduating from Ponce de Leon High School, she attended the University of Miami with Dramatics in Liberal Arts as her major. Bitten by the show business bug, she performed professionally, dancing and acting in the Miami area, throughout Florida, in Panama and briefly at New York City's Radio City Music Hall. Upon returning to Miami, she met and married Edward J. Stys while he was attending the University of Miami. They have been happily married for 41 years and have two wonderful children, Gary and Julie.



Mrs. Anna Maria Bufano.



Donato "Mr. Dan" Bufano, owner and operator of Fairglade Dairy.

Background Photo: Anna Maria and Dan Bufano standing in the yard in which the cows are herded prior to entering the barn for milking.

All photographs of the Fairglade Dairy Courtesy of Marta B. Stys.

MIAMI EYEWITNESS:

FROM
LUCKY
LINDY
TO
DESI
ARNAZ



Lamar Louise Curry at a recent birthday celebration.

BY
ROSE CONNETT-RICHARDS

Good Morning, Mrs. Curry. My name is Charles Lindbergh, the young man in jodhpurs and riding boots greeted her mother. Lamar Louise Curry remembers the lanky 17-year-old boy with reddish hair and a constellation of freckles spattered across his face. He's pretty homely, the 13-year-old girl thought to herself. He had come to rent a room, seemingly an odd proposition considering the Curry means, but there was a reason.

Before the turn of the century, Julia Tuttle and magnate Henry Flagler had lauded the orange blossom winters of the town on Biscayne Bay with the curious Indian name, and they'd done a good PR job. For by the winter of 1919, tourists were sleeping in the Presbyterian Church pews or renting hotel chairs for \$1.00 per night. Luckier ones bought sleepers on the train headed north, returning the following day.

The Chamber of Commerce sent out an SOS to the town of around 17,000 residents: Provide habitation for a visitor if you can — please!

The Curry home was a spacious three-story building on Biscayne Boulevard near the site of the present-day Freedom Tower. It was during these days of wall-to-wall tourism that the Currys, at first reluctant, but then, to accommodate a neighbor, began to allow renters into their home.

Thus it was that teen-aged Lindbergh appeared one day, and Mrs. Curry let him have a room. However, he would be invited to leave not too long afterward, following an odd incident.

His life-long love affair with flying had begun, so he worked at Chapman Field south of Coconut Grove, which was an airfield during World War I.

At that time the name Lindbergh and a nickel would buy you a cup of coffee, for nobody remembers what he did there, though Lamar Louise Curry suspects he was a grease monkey. She recalls, too, that in 1924, when her aunt built a house in Miami, the young would-be flyer had the sweaty and ignominious job of digging a septic tank.

No one dreamed, either, that a mere three years later this young digger of septic tanks would be lionized world-wide after he made a solo flight across the Atlantic in his Spirit of St. Louis.

While staying with the Currys, he was quiet and polite, an ideal guest, leaving in the early mornings before the family arose and taking the steps two at a time in the evenings to his third floor aerie after they'd retired.

When asked about his means of getting down to work in the south of the county, Miss Curry is not sure. He had driven a Model T at the precocious age of 11, exchanging that for a six-cylinder Saxon, on which he'd

changed the piston rings and decarbonized the engine. During the war he arrived at the University of Wisconsin on a motorbike, so most likely that had been his transportation to Miami.

This agreeable arrangement between the quiet boy and the Curry family continued until one day an agitated housemaid sought out Mrs. Curry. "Miz Curry, you've got to see Mr. Lindbergh's room!" Not wanting to climb to the third floor, her mother tried to find what the problem was, but nothing would do but that she go up to see it. The opened door revealed the bed made up with an imported Marseilles spread and down pillows, while the bathroom racks held elegant bath towels. But the scene was all wrong — everything was liberally smeared with grease! That night Mrs. Curry waited in the parlor until he came in, when she asked him to find accommodations elsewhere. He knew why!

Terribly contrite, he apologized and explained. Seems that at that tender age

he felt his hairline was receding (photos in later years proved his fears were not groundless), and the fellows at work had a sure cure — axle grease! He bit!

With a demeanor the Windsors could wish to emulate, Lamar Louise Curry sits in the gracious parlor of her Coral Gables home, which evokes antebellum Natchez, and relives that Miami scene of so long ago.

At that time
the name
Lindbergh and
a nickel would
buy you a cup of
coffee, for nobody
remembers what
he did there,
though Lamar
Louise Curry
suspects he was a
grease monkey.

Scion of five generations of Floridians, she was born in Key West in 1906. No mere Conch town at that time, she is quick to assert, the southernmost city was the wealthiest town per capita in the country.

For years a local bank displayed the solid gold place setting made especially at Tiffany's to grace the table of a local citizen. The aquamarine waters around the island city supplied 90% of the world's sponges, while cigar makers rolled special leaves into cigars of Supremo quality. There was wine, lumber, coontie starch, limes and every conceivable household need, being off-loaded and exported through this strategic port.

And it was into this booming economy that her father, Alfred Bates Curry, came from Spanish Wells in 1885 and prospered. In fact, when his daughter's birth was imminent, he employed a female physician to come from the University of Pennsylvania to deliver her. The doctor decided to remain in Key West where she sadly became addicted to her own pain killers.

With Key West's great wealth at that time, there were certain social courtesies to be observed. The *haut monde* females of Key West with lots of time on their hands fought *ennui* with the "At Home" ritual. Each one had a special day of the week to receive callers, and there was a protocol as strict as an audience with the Pope. One should arrive carrying cards in a silver case to visit for only 15 minutes, no more, no less.

Accompanying her mother and dressed to the nines in big hair bows, Lamar Louise would sit on a chair for the prescribed time, speaking only when spoken to.

She remembers another Key West diversion of those having lots of time and money. Mrs. Porter, granddaughter of William Curry, first millionaire in the South after the Civil War, and wife of Dr. Porter, State Health Officer, would invite friends to ride in her huge Ford with liveried chauffeur. Lamar Louise remembers being favored with such experiences as a small child as she sat on the special jump seat while being driven back and forth on



Lamar Louise Curry
at age 5 1/2.

the limited crushed rock streets, passing and re-passing the local citizens sitting on their porches, nearly asphyxiated by the clouds of dust.

But her mother, Stobo DePass Curry, whose unusual name recalled her Scottish and French forebears, was attracted to the smaller city on the mainland at the mouth of the Miami River. Bates Curry dealt in real estate there, and in due time moved the family to a house on Biscayne Boulevard, where they happily settled in. The year was 1917. Old photographs of the town at that time show a lovely, uncrowded municipality and Miss Curry confirms that.

"It was pretty, clean and fresh," she recalls. "The downtown streets were swept daily, but there was a problem on Flagler Street when it rained and lifted the wood blocks that surfaced it, washing them into piles at the storm sewers. That problem was overcome to some extent later by tarring them."

Biscayne Boulevard then was a two-lane road following a shoreline of mangroves and buttonwoods laced with the detritus of the time. Few Miamians today realize they owe their arty Bayfront Park to one very resolute woman.

Mayor Rodman Smith, running for reelection in 1918, came up with the idea of buying the downtown park which covered the two square blocks north of the present DuPont Plaza — cost: one million dollars — but Stobo Curry had a better idea. Instead, buy the underwater rights along the bayfront, fill it in and create a real park for people to enjoy. It took several years, but her persistence paid off with a tree-dotted oasis girded by boat docks that later ran the gamut of amenities for Miamians, from a band shell and main library to various elaborate memorials.

In 1989, when the city officially renamed it the Mildred and Claude Pepper Park after the late congressman and his wife, city officials received blistering phone calls from Miss Lamar Louise Curry.

"How come?" she queried City Commissioner J.L. Plummer. He replied that much of the money for refur-

bishing the park had come through the congressman.

"But that's our tax money, yours and mine, not Pepper's," she fired back. "And why Mildred Pepper? What's she got to do with it?"

"Well she was his wife," Plummer responded, to which the indomitable Miss Curry came back, "Well, I'm my mother's daughter."

She then went on to explain that although her mother was responsible for the park in the first place, she wasn't interested in naming Bayfront Park for her parents. "I don't want it to be Pepper Park, Curry Park or Garlic Park or any other spice. Just Bayfront Park!"

Today, as a memorial to her parents, she has set up a trust fund overseen by Lester Pancoast to maintain several annual plantings around the Challenger Memorial as a tribute to her mother's far-sighted dream.

This remarkable pioneer Floridian has had an impact on the state in other ways. Her mother had been a teacher, so after college she chose to do the same, and she has had an influence on some prominent minds. During the three decades she taught history at Miami High School, she recalls politically astute Bob Graham, his potential showing even then as president of the student council.

On the other hand, there was the Latin kid whose bongos held far more interest for him than history. When asked if she flunked Desi Arnaz, she replies, with her usual dry wit, "No, he flunked himself!"

And there was editor, author and columnist Howard Kleinberg, along with some 8,000 others over the years.

Today, time has not been kind to her eyesight and her body is telling her to slow down, but she is constantly busy with civic affairs, giv-

ing input, whether solicited or not.

Plans for a subdivision on property she has long owned lie spread upon a table, the final reward of a long struggle with authorities who resisted any change and who at first were not aware with whom they were dealing.

She is her mother's daughter and her Florida roots go deep indeed. Doctor James Perryman DePass, her maternal grandfather, was a physician, college president and horticulturist who brought the first plant nurseries to the state after the Civil War. He was said to have influenced railroad tycoon Flagler to take a good look at Florida's potential. He built the first indoor bathroom, prompting two governors to ask the State Legislature for such luxury in the Governor's Mansion.

This year Lamar Louise Curry is 90, just ten years younger than the city of which she has been such an integral part and the last member of a colorful and remarkable family in the state.



Rose Connett-Richards was born in Miami, her parents having moved here around the turn of the century. She grew up in Cutler, next door to the Deering estate, where she and her sister often explored the mangrove forests and enjoyed wild persimmons, bald eagles and wildcats. Now retired, Rose worked as a free-lance writer for many years, including serving as an editor for the Miami Museum of Science. She continues to write about the history and natural history of southern Florida, ferreting out the area's most interesting people, most often long-time residents.

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