



The Florida Society of the Sons of the American Revolution Fort Lauderdale Chapter Newsletter



Fort Lauderdale Chapter Organized November 26, 1966

FEBRUARY 2002

Volume 35 Number 2

Highlights of January Chapter Meeting

A good turnout of members and guests were called to order at noon by President George Dennis. Treasurer Rich Jones reported that annual dues had been received from all active compatriots and that membership now stands at 51, an increase of two over the previous year. The operating account has approximately \$1,500 available for the coming year's expenses.

A letter was read from the FLSSAR Chairman of the Good Citizenship Certificate Committee soliciting the chapter's participation in this program. Its purpose is to provide free certificates to 5th or 6th grade students deserving of traits warranting this special recognition. Unfortunately, the Broward Co. school superintendent has been unwilling in the past to approve this program and it was decided not to pursue it this year. However, the secretary has a number of these certificates for anyone wishing to pursue this directly with any school. A sample of the NSSAR Flag Certificate was displayed and members were urged to recommend persons or groups who should receive this for exceptional and proper display of the American flag.

The guest speaker was Nick Navarro, former Sheriff of Broward County and now president and CEO of his security firm. He recounted some very interesting and exciting experiences from his many years of anti-drug law enforcement both locally and nationally. We were very fortunate to have him attend our luncheon meeting.

Chapter Trust Fund Status

Special thanks and appreciation are warranted for the following contributors this year to the Chapter Trust Fund. The fund was established in 1991 and now has a balance of \$8488. The interest accrued by this fund can be used (and needed) to supplement the operating and special activities of the chapter. THANK YOU COMPATRIOTS !!

Daniel Ayres	Oscar Kraehenbuehl	Ed Frisinger
George Dennis	Joe Motes	Arthur Stone
Henry Fancher	Doug Smith	Rich Jones
Ed Sullivan		

This Month's Guest Speaker is William G. Crawford, Jr.

Born in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Practiced law for more than 26 years with Fort Lauderdale firm of McDonald & Crawford, P.A. (Partner). President, Fort Lauderdale Historical Society (Trustee, 8 years). Commissioner, Broward County Historical Commission, for more than twenty years (Immediate Past

Chairman). Historian, Lauderdale Yacht Club. Author and frequent lecturer on Florida land and waterway history. Book on the history of Florida's Atlantic Intracoastal Waterway in progress. January 17, 2002, Delivered luncheon speech to the Second Annual Convention of the Atlantic Intracoastal Waterway Association meeting at Jacksonville on the history of the Waterway



Special Guest Speaker Nick Navarro received a Certificate of Appreciation from President George Dennis for his presentation during the January meeting.

**NEXT MEETING - FEBRUARY 14th
TOWER CLUB !!!**

**\$20.00 INCL. TAX AND TIP
11:30 SOCIAL 12:00 LUNCH
28TH FLOOR BANK OF AMERICA
1 FINANCIAL TOWER
SE 3RD AVE & BROWARD BLVD
FORT LAUDERDALE**

**FOR RESERVATIONS CALL:
954-441-8735**

*Members living in North Broward need to dial the
area code plus the phone number,
or e-mail me at: JoeMotes@aol.com*

**SWAMP FOX C.A.R. SOCIETY HAS BEEN APPROVED
and we are ready to go!!!**

The name of Fontenada's brand new baby, The Swamp Fox C.A.R. Society, has been approved by National C.A.R. and we are now ready to go. We will be needing Senior leaders and all donations will be much appreciated. Anyone wishing to enroll their children, grandchildren, or other related children between the ages of birth and 22, please contact the Organizing President,
Alice Carlson.

The following is the information that was sent to National about our name choice, "Swamp Fox".

Enjoy,
Opal

**Francis Marion, "The Swamp Fox"
Francis Marion (1732-1795)
Brigadier General in the Revolutionary War
State Senator of South Carolina
The George Washington of the South**

American Revolutionary soldier, known as the Swamp Fox, Francis Marion was born at Goatfield Plantation in St. John Berkeley Parish in 1732. He was a planter and Indian fighter before joining (1775) William Moultrie's regiment at the start of the American Revolution. In 1779 he fought under Benjamin Lincoln at Savannah and escaped (1780) capture at Charleston by being on sick leave. Marion organized a troop (1780), which, after the American defeat at Camden in the Carolina campaign, constituted the chief Colonial force in South Carolina.

Engaging in guerrilla warfare, he disrupted the British lines of communication, captured scouting and foraging parties, and intimidated Loyalists. His habit of disappearing into the swamps to elude the British earned him his nickname. When Nathanael Greene had succeeded in ousting the British from North Carolina, his Lieutenant, Light-Horse Harry Lee, brought reinforcements to Marion, and they took part together in several battles, notably that at Eutaw Springs (Sept. 8, 1781). After the war, Marion served in the South Carolina Senate, where he advocated a lenient policy toward the Loyalists.

Francis Marion was born 1732 at Winyah, S.C. and died Feb. 26, 1795 in Berkeley Co., SC. He was a Patriot of the American Revolution (1775-83).

He was nicknamed, "Swamp Fox", by the British commander, Colonel Banastre ("Bannister") Tarleton for his elusive military tactics in the Carolina swamps.

He was the fifth and youngest son of Gabriel Marion and Esther Cordes, who were French Huguenots with their plantation near the Santee River. His grandfather, Benjamin Marion, a native of Poitou, France, came to the colony of Charles Town in 1690.

Marion's first military experience was fighting against the Cherokee Indians in 1759. In 1775, he was elected to the first Provincial Congress of South Carolina. With America on the brink of revolution, they commissioned him a Captain of the newly formed Second Regiment of South Carolina.

Captain Marion commanded the capture of the British forts at Charleston in September 1775. By February 1776, he was promoted to Major, and then participated in the defense of Charleston on June 28. Shortly after that, he was again promoted to Lieutenant Colonel and assumed command of the entire regiment.

In October 1779, he led his command in the unsuccessful assault against Savannah. By 1780, Gen. Benjamin Lincoln surrendered Charleston to the British. Marion managed to elude capture by jumping out of a window, breaking his ankle, but he slipped away into the swamps, gathered his "rag-tag army", and then began leading his band of guerrillas with his bold raids. They often defeated larger bodies of British troops by their surprise tactics and the rapidity of their movement over the swampy terrain.

In late 1780, he was appointed Brigadier General of the S.C. Militia. They raided Georgetown and took Fort Watson and Fort Motte with the help of "Lighthorse Harry" Lee's troops. They helped to support attacks on the British at Augusta, GA and Ninety-Six Dist., SC, and by 1781, Gen. Marion had joined forces with Gen. Nathanael Greene. They won the Battle at Eutaw Springs and forced the British to retreat to North Carolina. Marion and his troops were honored by Congress for their daring rescue on August 1781 of the American Patriots who were surrounded by the British at Parkers Ferry, SC.

While still leader of his Brigade, Francis Marion was elected to the Senate of South Carolina in 1781. After the war he continued to be reelected and served in the Senate until 1890. The State legislature appointed Marion commander of Fort Johnson, in Charleston in appreciation for his military service.

In 1786, he married Mary Esther Videau in 1786, but the couple never had children. He died at his home "Pond Bluff," on Feb. 27, 1795 and was buried at Belle Isle, near present day St. Stephens, SC. For many years after his death, Francis Marion was honored and respected as the "George Washington of the South".

[See: "The Life of Francis Marion" by William Gilmore Simms; "A Sketch of the Life of Brig. General Francis Marion" By William Dobein James, A.M. (Member of Marion's Militia) "The Life of General Francis Marion", (1809) by Mason Locke Weems]

Gen. Francis Marion's Epitaph:

Sacred to the Memory of BRIG. GEN. FRANCIS MARION,
Who departed this life, on the 27th of February, 1795,
~ In the Sixty-Third Year of his Age;
Deeply regretted by all his fellow citizens.

HISTORY will record his worth, and rising generations embalm his memory, as one of the most distinguished Patriots and Heroes of the American Revolution; which elevated his native Country TO HONOUR AND INDEPENDENCE, and secured to her the blessings of LIBERTY AND PEACE.

This tribute of veneration and gratitude is erected in commemoration of the noble and disinterested virtues of the CITIZEN; and the gallant exploits of the SOLDIER; Who lived without fear, and died without reproach.

[Taken from the marble slab at Belle Isle, this 20th September, 1821, by Theodore Gourdin.]

E-Mail From WTC Survivor Circulates Net Man Escaped From 87th Floor Of North Tower

NEW YORK -- It's one of the most heart-rending and insightful accounts of what happened inside the World Trade Center the day of the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks.

An e-mail written by a survivor of the attacks continues to get responses -- most of them from people who don't know the writer.

Adam Mayblum wrote a 2,100 word e-mail titled "The Price We Pay" the day after the attacks.

The letter described things like the smell of the smoke on the 87th floor of the north tower and conversations he had with people who didn't make it out of the building alive.

Less than a day after he sent the account to about 25 people, Mayblum received 100 replies. And as the e-mail continues to be forwarded -- and in some cases, posted on the World Wide Web, more than 1,000 strangers have responded to the e-mail.

Some of the responses have come from as far away as London and Paris.

THE PRICE WE PAY:

My name is Adam Mayblum. I am alive today. I am committing this to "paper" so I never forget. SO WE NEVER FORGET. I am sure that this is one of thousands of stories that will emerge over the next several days and weeks.

I arrived as usual a little before 8am. My office was on the 87th floor of 1 World Trade Center, AKA: Tower 1, AKA: the North Tower. Most of my associates were in by 8:30AM. We were standing around, joking around, eating breakfast, checking emails, and getting set for the day when the first plane hit just a few stories above us. I must stress that we did not know that it was a plane. The building lurched violently and shook as if it were an earthquake. People screamed. I watched out my window as the building seemed to move 10 to 20 feet in each direction. It rumbled and shook long enough for me to get my wits about myself and grab a co-worker and seek shelter under a doorway. Light fixtures and parts of the ceiling collapsed. The kitchen was destroyed. We were certain that it was a bomb. We looked out the windows. Reams of paper were flying everywhere, like a ticker tape parade. I looked down at the street. I could see people in Battery Park City looking up.

Smoke started billowing in through the holes in the ceiling. I believe that there were 13 of us.

We did not panic. I can only assume that we thought that the worst was over. The building was standing and we were shaken but alive. We checked the halls. The smoke was thick and white and did not smell like I imagined smoke should smell. Not like your BBQ or your fireplace or even a bonfire.

The phones were working. My wife had taken our 9 month old for his check up. I called my nanny at home and told her to page my wife, tell her that a bomb went off, I was ok, and on my way out. I grabbed my laptop. Took off my tee shirt and ripped it into 3 pieces. Soaked it in water. Gave 2 pieces to my friends. Tied my piece around my face to act as an air filter. And we all started moving to the staircase. One of my dearest friends said that he was staying until the police or firemen came to get him. In the halls there were tiny fires and sparks. The ceiling had collapsed in the men's bathroom. It was gone along with anyone who may have been in there. We did not go in to look. We missed the staircase on the first run and had to double back. Once in the staircase we picked up fire extinguishers just incase. On the 85th floor a brave associate of mine and I headed back up to our office to drag out my partner who stayed behind. There was no air, just white smoke. We made the rounds through the office calling his name. No response. He must have succumbed to the smoke. We left defeated in our efforts and made our way back to the stairwell. We proceeded to the 78th floor where we had to change over to a different stairwell. 78 is the main junction to switch to the upper floors. I expected to see more people. There were some 50 to 60 more. Not enough. Wires and fires all over the place. Smoke too. A brave man was fighting a fire with the emergency hose. I stopped with to friends to make sure that everyone from our office was accounted for. We ushered them and confused people into the stairwell. In retrospect, I recall seeing Harry, my head trader, doing the same several yards behind me. I am only 35. I have known him for over 14 years. I headed into the stairwell with 2 friends. We were moving down very orderly in Stair Case A. very slowly. No panic. At least not overt panic. My legs could not stop shaking. My heart was pounding. Some nervous jokes and laughter. I made a crack about ruining a brand new pair of Merrells. Even still, they were right, my feet felt great. We all laughed. We checked our cell phones. Surprisingly, there was a very good signal, but the Sprint network was jammed. I heard that the Blackberry 2 way email devices worked perfectly. On the phones, 1 out of 20 dial attempts got through. I knew I could not reach my wife so I called my parents. I told them what happened and that we were all okay and on the way down. Soon, my sister in law reached me. I told her we were fine and moving down. I believe that was about the 65th floor. We were bored and nervous. I called my friend Angel in San Francisco. I knew he would be watching. He was amazed I was on the phone. He told me to get out that there was another plane on its way. I did not know what he was talking about.

By now the second plane had struck Tower 2. We were so deep into the middle of our building that we did not hear or feel anything. We had no idea what was really going on. We kept making way for wounded to go down ahead of us. Not many of them, just a few. No one seemed seriously wounded. Just some cuts and scrapes. Everyone cooperated. Everyone was a hero yesterday. No questions asked. I had co-workers in another office on the 77th floor. I tried dozens of times to get them on their cell phones or office lines. It was futile. Later I found that they were alive. One of the many miracles on a day of tragedy.

On the 53rd floor we came across a very heavy set man sitting on the stairs. I asked if he needed help or was he just resting. He needed help. I knew I would have trouble carrying him because I have a very bad back. But my friend and I offered anyway. We told him he could lean on us. He hesitated, I don't know why. I said do you want to come or do you want us to send help for you. He chose for help. I told him he was on the 53rd floor in Stairwell A and that's what I would tell the rescue workers. He said okay and we left.

On the 44th floor my phone rang again. It was my parents. They were hysterical. I said relax, I'm fine. My father said get out, there is third plane coming. I still did not understand. I was kind of angry. What did my parents think? Like I needed some other reason to get going? I couldn't move the thousand people in front of me any faster. I know they love me, but no one inside understood what the situation really was. My parents did. Starting around this floor the firemen, policemen, WTC K-9 units without the dogs, anyone with a badge, started coming up as we were heading down. I stopped a lot of them and told them about the man on 53 and my friend on 87. I later felt terrible about this. They headed up to find those people and met death instead.

On the 33rd floor I spoke with a man who somehow knew most of the details. He said 2 small planes hit the building. Now we all started talking about which terrorist group it was. Was it an internal organization or an external one? The overwhelming but uninformed opinion was Islamic Fanatics. Regardless, we now knew that it was not a bomb and there were potentially more planes coming. We understood.

On the 3rd floor the lights went out and we heard & felt this rumbling coming towards us from above. I thought the staircase was collapsing upon itself. It was 10am now and that was Tower 2 collapsing next door. We did not know that. Someone had a flashlight. We passed it forward and left the stairwell and headed down a dark and cramped corridor to an exit. We could not see at all. I recommended that everyone place a hand on the shoulder of the person in front of them and call out if they hit an obstacle so others would know to avoid it. They did. It worked perfectly. We reached another stairwell and saw a female officer emerge soaking wet and covered in soot. She said we could not go that way it was blocked. Go up to 4 and use the other exit. Just as we started up she said it was ok to go down instead. There was water everywhere. I called out for hands on shoulders again and she said that was a great idea. She stayed behind instructing people to do that. I do not know what happened to her. We emerged into an enormous room. It was light but filled with smoke. I commented to a friend that it must be under construction. Then we realized where we were. It was the second floor. The one that overlooks the lobby. We were ushered out into the courtyard, the one where the fountain used to be. My first thought was of a TV movie I saw once about nuclear winter and fallout. I could not understand where all of the debris came from. There was at least five inches of this gray pasty dusty drywall soot

on the ground as well as a thickness of it in the air. Twisted steel and wires. I heard there were bodies and body parts as well, but I did not look. It was bad enough. We hid under the remaining overhangs and moved out to the street. We were told to keep walking towards Houston Street. The odd thing is that there were very few rescue workers around. Less than five. They all must have been trapped under the debris when Tower 2 fell. We did not know that and could not understand where all of that debris came from. It was just my friend Kern and I now. We were hugging but sad. We felt certain that most of our friends ahead of us died and we knew no one behind us.

We came upon a post office several blocks away. We stopped and looked up. Our building, exactly where our office is (was), was engulfed in flame and smoke. A postal worker said that Tower 2 had fallen down. I looked again and sure enough it was gone. My heart was racing. We kept trying to call our families. I could not get in touch with my wife. Finally I got through to my parents. Relieved is not the word to explain their feelings. They got through to my wife, thank G-d and let her know I was alive. We sat down. A girl on a bike offered us some water. Just as she took the cap off her bottle we heard a rumble. We looked up and our building, Tower 1 collapsed. I did not note the time but I am told it was 10:30am. We had been out less than 15 minutes.

We were mourning our lost friends, particularly the one who stayed in the office as we were now sure that he had perished. We started walking towards Union Square. I was going to Beth Israel Medical Center to be looked at. We stopped to hear the President speaking on the radio. My phone rang. It was my wife. I think I fell to my knees crying when I heard her voice. Then she told me the most incredible thing. My partner who had stayed behind called her. He was alive and well. I guess we just lost him in the commotion. We started jumping and hugging and shouting. I told my wife that my brother had arranged for a hotel in midtown. He can be very resourceful in that way. I told her I would call her from there. My brother and I managed to get a gypsy cab to take us home to Westchester instead. I cried on my son and held my wife until I fell asleep.

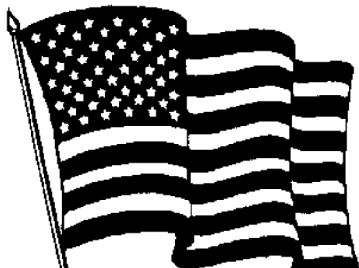
As it turns out my partner, the one who I thought had stayed behind was behind us with Harry Ramos, our head trader. This is now second hand information. They came upon Victor, the heavyset man on the 53rd floor. They helped him. He could barely move. My partner bravely/stupidly tested the elevator on the 52nd floor. He rode it down to the sky lobby on 44. The doors opened, it was fine. He rode it back up and got Harry and Victor. I don't yet know if anyone else joined them. Once on 44 they made their way back into the stairwell. Somewhere around the 39th to 36th floors they felt the same rumble I felt on the 3rd floor. It was 10am and Tower 2 was coming down. They had about 30 minutes to get out. Victor said he could no longer move. They offered to have him lead on them. He said he couldn't do it. My partner hollered at him to sit on his butt and scooch down the steps.

He said he was not capable of doing it. Harry told my partner to go ahead of them. Harry had once had a heart attack and was worried about this mans heart. It was his nature to be this way.

He was/is one of the kindest people I know. He would not leave a man behind. My partner went ahead and made it out. He said he was out maybe 10 minutes before the building came down. This means that Harry had maybe 25 minutes to move Victor 36 floors.

I guess they moved 1 floor every 1.5 minutes. Just a guess. This means Harry wad around the 20th floor when the building collapsed. As of now 12 of 13 people are accounted for. As of 6pm yesterday his wife had not heard from him. I fear that Harry is lost. However, a short while ago I heard that he may be alive. Apparently there is a web site with survivor names on it and his name appears there. Unfortunately, Ramos is not an uncommon name in New York. Pray for him and all those like him.

With regards to the firemen heading upstairs, I realize that they were going up anyway. But, it hurts to know that I may have made them move quicker to find my friend. Rationally, I know this is not true and that I am not the responsible one. The responsible ones are in hiding somewhere on this planet and damn them for making me feel like this. But they should know that they failed in terrorizing us. We were calm. Those men and women that went up were heroes in the face of it all. They must have known what was going on and they did their jobs. Ordinary people were heroes too. Today the images that people around the world equate with power and democracy are gone but "America" is not an image it is a concept. That concept is only strengthened by our pulling together as a team. If you want to kill us, leave us alone because we will do it by ourselves. If you want to make us stronger, attack and we unite. This is the ultimate failure of terrorism against The United States and the ultimate price we pay to be free , to decide where we want to work, what we want to eat, and when & where we want to go on vacation. The very moment the first plane was hijacked, democracy won.



Paragard Park Wilkeson December 13, 2001
Sons Of The American Revolution
 Tyriffic - Winner Pace 1 Mile 1:55.2 George Napoleone Jr. - Driver



This race was dedicated to the Ft Lauderdale SAR Charter last month during out installation banquet. Pictured are the winning horse, Tyriffic, and members George Dennis, Richard Jones, Gen Carl Hoffman and his friend, Steve Blackburn and Harry Young. BTW, Richard Jones won \$430 on a \$5.00 bet. Our congratulations to Richard.

Meeting of Chapter Officers

A meeting was held at the offices of Paine Webber on 25 January to discuss chapter future business and programs. Some topics discussed:

+ Meeting location:

It has been suggested that chapter meetings be held at another location in order to obtain a less expensive meal and attract more attendance. This option has been raised in the past, with a large majority indicating that the ambience of the Tower Club was a prime attraction for those who did attend and warranted the expense. -It is requested that all Associates please make their thoughts known on this subject, particularly those who would attend if a change were made. Contact President Dennis at the address or e-mail given in the attached roster.

+ Projects to stimulate interest, publicity and new membership for the society: This major need was discussed at length and some options will be discussed at the next chapter meetings. Members are urged to bring or e-mail any ideas that should be considered for this most important need.

+ Meeting Speakers

There is a continuing need for interesting speakers to help attract meeting attendance. Everyone, please give Joe Fordyce or George Dennis any leads or candidates you think suitable. Topics can / should be varied: government, history, military, genealogy, community... Help !!

+ An ad will be submitted to the SAR Magazine to include the Ft. Lauderdale Chapter on the "While You Are Travelling" page. It will first appear in the Spring issue.

Oscar Kraehenbuehl
 Reply to : OscarK@pobox.com

A Wonderful Message

The paradox of our time in history is that:
 We have taller buildings but shorter tempers--
 wider freeways, but narrower viewpoints.
 We spend more, but have less.
 We buy more, but enjoy less.
 We have bigger houses and smaller families.
 more conveniences, but less time.
 We have more degrees but less sense.
 We have more knowledge, but less judgment.
 We have more experts, yet more problems.
 We have more medicine, but less wellness.
 We drink too much, smoke too much, spend too
 recklessly, laugh too little, drive too fast, get too
 angry, stay up too late, get up too tired, read too
 little, watch TV too much, and pray too seldom.
 We have multiplied our possessions, but
 reduced our values.
 We talk too much, love too seldom, and hate
 too often.
 We've learned how to make a living, but not a life.
 We've added years to life not life to years.
 We've been all the way to the moon and back,
 but have trouble crossing the street to meet a
 new neighbor.
 We conquered outer space but not inner space.
 We've done larger things, but not better things.

We've cleaned up the air, but polluted the soul.
 We've conquered the atom, but not our prejudice.
 We write more, but learn less.
 We plan more, but accomplish less.
 We've learned to rush, but not to wait.
 We build more computers to hold more
 information, to produce more copies than ever,
 but we communicate less and less.
 These are the times of fast foods and slow
 digestion, big men and small character, steep
 profits and shallow relationships.
 These are the days of two incomes but more
 divorce, fancier houses, but broken homes.
 These are days of quick trips, disposable
 diapers, throwaway morality, one night
 stands, overweight bodies, and pills that
 do everything from cheer, to quiet, to kill.
 It is a time when there is much in the
 showroom window and nothing in the stockroom.
 A time when technology can bring this letter
 to you, and a time when you can choose
 either to share this insight, or to just hit delete.
 Remember, spend some time with your loved ones,
 because they are not going to be around forever.
 Remember, say a kind word to someone who
 looks up to you in awe, because that little person
 soon will grow up and leave your side.
 Remember, to give a warm hug to the one next to
 you, because that is the only treasure you can
 give with your heart and it doesn't cost a cent.
 Remember, to say, "I love you" to your partner
 and your loved ones, but most of all mean it.
 A kiss and an embrace will mend hurt when it
 comes from deep inside of you. Remember
 to hold hands and cherish the moment for
 someday that person will not be there again.
 Give time to love, give time to speak and give
 time to share the precious thoughts in your mind.
 --- by George Carlin

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