

In 1977, a man left Philadelphia
and drove south until he found the sea.

He came to fish, not to be found.
But Naples has a way of keeping
the people it is meant to keep.

At the salon where he took a chair,
there was already a Robert.
So guests who called learned to ask
for the one from Philadelphia.

They never stopped asking.

The name was never invented.
It was earned — one guest at a time,
on a handshake at Third and Broad,
and carried by his family ever since —
his son leading it today,
his grandchildren greeting you at the door.

So settle in, and stay a while.
No salon on this coast
holds its guests so close.

Still family. Still ours. Still here.

Thank you for being a part of the
Robert of Philadelphia family.