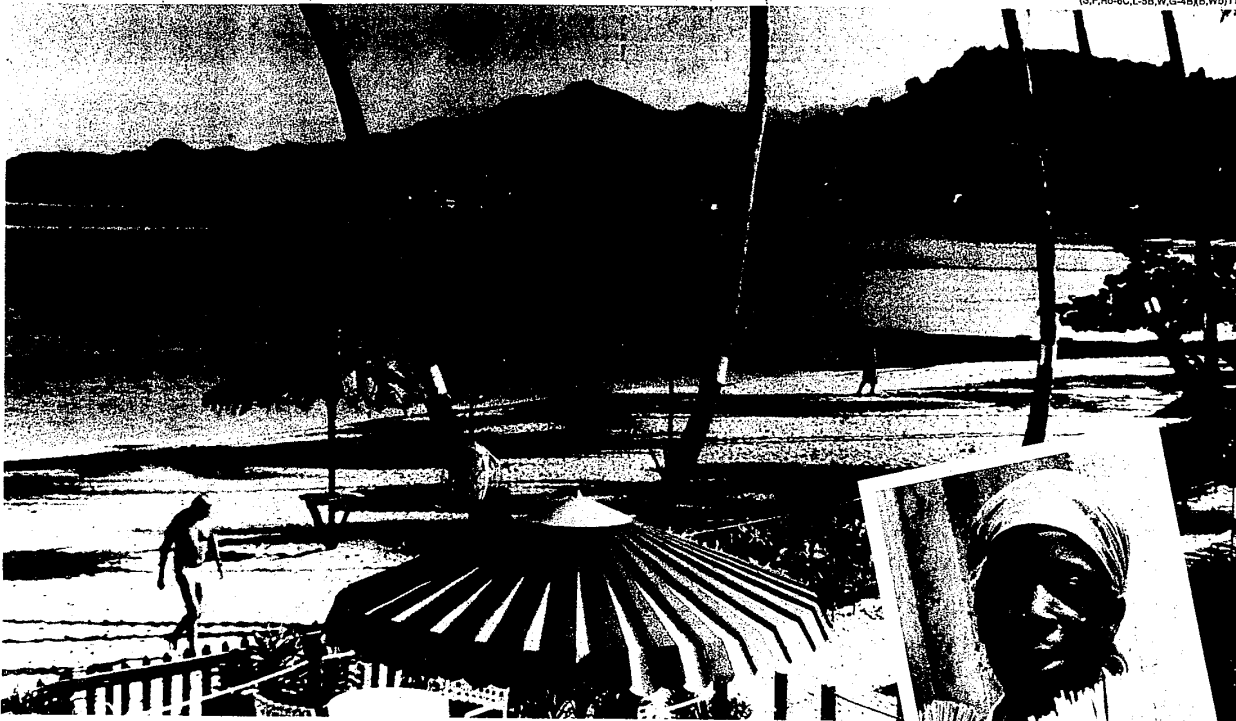


Thursday, February 4, 1982

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Grenada

It's lush and remote, as a tropical island should be



WHEN THE ICE closed in on me this month, I began dreaming of Grenada. Not the Spanish city of Granada, pronounced granah-da as in "father"; I mean the tiny eastern Caribbean island of Grenada, pronounced gre-nay-da as in "stay" and "play."

Grenada . . . the southernmost of the Windward Islands, where cocoa and nutmeg plantations fall in glistening green leaves down the mountainsides to an emerald sea.

I think about Dawson Callist, who drove us over pot-holed roads to mountain plantations and fishing villages, around the funky little capital city of St. George and to intimate-but-luxurious little hotels tucked on and above a golden stretch of sand called Grand Anse.

I think about Geraldine, in her black straw hat, who has worked with nutmeg, mace, cloves, bay leaves and allspice for 40 years here in the Spice Islands. And of Betty Mascoli, who will prepare a bed or cook lunch for you in her own plantation house.

Grenada. This is what a tropical island should be: lush, remote but accessible, relatively undeveloped but with good accommodations, luxurious but moderately priced.

ON THE MAP, Grenada is one of those specks at the southern end of the Caribbean Island chain, 100 miles from Venezuela. Tour boats stop occasionally. Getting there by air is a pain in the neck, and will be until the new international airport opens later this year.

Presently, you must fly to Miami, change planes and overnight in either Barbados or Trinidad before flying LIAT to Grenada.

A one-hour drive from the present airport leads up and down lush through cocoa and banana plantations, under riotous-red flamboyant trees to a spectacular view of St. George and the sea.

Grenada became British in 1783, then independent in 1974. The town of St. George, built around a large circular harbor, looks as if it is still waiting for those centuries-old sailing ships to come in.

Pink and blue rooftops, church spires and fortresses stagger down the green hillside to shops surrounded the harbor, where sailboats knock gently against the retaining harbor wall.

You can wander the old streets, visit the national museum or join the locals for sunset drinks at the Nutmeg, but the highlight of the week is the Saturday morning market, where I joyfully let the mango juice run down my chin into my running shoes.

THE SOUTHEASTERN tip of Grenada, especially Grand Anse, is the tourist haven on this tiny 133-square-mile island. Most islands in the sun have become concrete heavens, but the rule here seems to be that no hotel should be higher than a palm tree.



Iris Jones

The island specializes in small, luxurious accommodation, although you can also find good inexpensive inns. The largest hotel is the Holiday Inn, at the northern end of Grand Anse, four miles south of St. George, but the Inn was closed recently because of a fire.

The popular Spice Island Inn, a few hundred yards down the beach, has 30 rooms tucked under palm trees, 10 of them suites with their own private swimming pools. Prices are \$150 and up a night for two, including breakfast and an elegant dinner.

A few Americans have left mainland life behind and inadvertently ended up in tourism. Joe Gaylord of New York City has eight apartments, with maid service, for rent beside his own temporary home high on a hill on the south coast. You can be his personal guest, with access to swimming pool, tennis courts and boat dock, for \$450 to \$650 a week, one or two bedrooms.

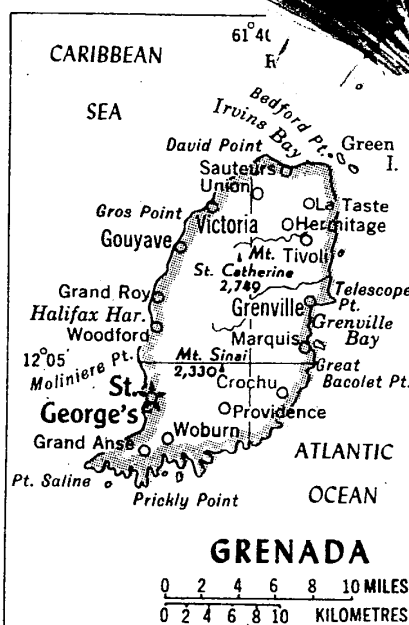
Richard Gray, an actor from New York City, manages a hillside full of luxurious condominiums called Cinnamon Hill and Beach Club above Grand Anse, for \$50 to \$60 a night for two, not including meals.

EACH OF the 15 hotels listed by the Grenada Hotel Association has its own personality. Ross Point Inn is known throughout the islands for its West Indian cuisine and the personal hospitality of Grenadian host Curtis Hopkin. It's \$70 for two including breakfast and dinner.

Son Arnold D. Hopkin owns and manages a family-style motel complex called Blue Horizons Cottage Hotel, with a highly recommended restaurant La Belle Creole, for \$60 to \$70 for two, room only.

The Horse Shoe Bay Hotel has spacious Spanish-style suites high above the sea, although a less attractive swimming situation, for \$120 a night for two including meals.

The Grenadian government also



owns five inns, managed privately by the Grenada Resorts Corp. Each has 15 rooms or less. Rates range from \$34 for Seascapes in St. George to \$67 for Hibiscus in Grand Anse; you can have a three-bedroom cottage (carifita cottages) for \$150 on Grand Anse or a place called Camp Carriacou on the nearby island of that name for \$150 for two.

I emphasize these varied accommodations because your choice will determine the kind of vacation you have in Grenada. All have gracious, personal hosts, but they vary in size, location and price.

YOU WILL want to drive the circular road around the island and visit the spice factories, and you should definitely have lunch at Betty Mascoli's Plantation (reserve ahead). Consider staying there if you don't mind being at the

far north end of the island, more than an hour's drive from other attractions.

But most of the time, visitors to Grenada just eat, swim, drink and stretch in the sun as they do on any Caribbean island.

Dream with me, as the frosted trees scratch your window pane:

The sun is going down, sculpting white clouds in a blue sky over green hills. It shines on the colored rooftops climbing the hill at St. George, and sidelights the joggers on Grand Anse Beach.

A few last-minute swimmers are still in the sea, but most of the sun worshippers have gone to the showers or the bar, leaving the thatched-roof beach tables framed between shining palm trees.

For information, contact the Grenada Tourist Office, 141 E. 44th St., New York, NY 10017.

Top: The view down Grand Anse Beach.

Above: A broom seller at the market in St. George.

Photos by Iris and Micky Jones