



In 1905, Dan Mitchell  
built a Jamaican palazzo  
for his love—mixing  
the mortar with seawater.  
When the walls went,  
so did Alice.

Old Dan was so smitten that not  
till his 60-room love nest was all  
furnished and gardened did he  
send for Alice.

The child bride arrived. As she  
stepped onto the patio facing the  
sea, crash, the story goes, a wall  
crumbled.

She burst into tears. He col-  
lapsed with a heart attack. And  
home Alice sailed, vowing never  
to return.

Thus, the legend of Folly. (And  
a lesson in cement-making.)

Jamaica is and always has been  
A Romantic Place.

We name spots Lover's Leap,  
and Virgin Valley and Cuckold's  
Point.

We paddle through a "Tunnel  
of Love" rafting the Rio Grande.

We have mountain inns with  
candlelit terraces, waterfalls,  
orchids and violins.

And restaurants with atmos-  
phere that's thickly Italian (Ter-  
ranova) or Chinese (House of  
Chen) or groovy (Eros).

You can lodge romantically.  
(In movie-set hotels like Miranda  
Hill.)

Swim romantically. (At Negril—  
with *nobody* in sight and water  
the colors of opals.)

You can lavish a girl with car-  
ats (see jeweler Cooper).

Marry within 24 hours (apply  
Ministry of Home Affairs).

Or just fall in love. (Byron ob-  
served it: "What men call gal-  
lantry and gods adultery...is  
much more common where the  
climate's sultry.")

For more of schmaltzy Jamaica,  
see your travel agent or Jamaica  
Tourist Board in New York, San  
Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago,  
Miami, Toronto, Montreal.







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