

ONE OF MY CARENAGE MEMORIES

by: Lynette Hopkin-Rooker

The exceptional beauty of the Carenage is forever printed in the minds and hearts of all Grenadians and perhaps even many visitors to the island.

One of my happy recurring memories in my mid teens, was being allowed, every Sunday, to attend the then Empire Cinema. With no television in those days, to distract us at home, the main film feature was often very exciting. One day, when my parents thought I was attending my usual girl guides meeting, I sneaked off after school to see a much talked about movie. Entering the semi-darkness, as the ads or "trailers" as they were called in those days, had already started, my two friends and I slipped into the first row of the back seats. Suddenly, I recognized the sound of laughter from the person directly in front of me as one of my brothers.

Knowing that he too was not supposed to be in the cinema during the school week, I tapped his shoulder and said, "What are you doing here?"

His immediate response was,

"What are you also doing here? If you tell on me, then I will tell on you!"

Yes, this is how my cover got blown on my first mid-week movie escape attempt.

As a young boy, my mom took me to the Carenage very early on Saturday mornings, to get the earliest catch of fresh fish from the fishermen. Their presence was proudly announced by the blowing of a conch shell, also the sounds of scraping of fish scales and the cries of hungry seagulls above filled the air, waiting for a fisherman to toss them their next meal.

- Haron Forteau

As a young child I was member of the public library with my brother and sister. We looked forward to going to the library on Saturday mornings with our library cards to borrow books. Our Dad would also take us fishing in the Carenage across from the library with our homemade rod and line. —
Rachel De Caul