

50th Anniversary



LA SAMIANNA

01
Making an Entrance



Within the island chain swirling downward from the Florida Keys to Venezuela, Saint Martin (or Sint Maarten) is just about in the middle. It is a smallish island, only 34 square miles in area, and, uniquely, split into two countries – the Netherlands to the North, and, the southern half, France.

When seen from above, in a window seat upon landing, this spit of Maho beach passes in a flash. So too does everything else. There's no border crossing from the Dutch to the French side, no customs or immigration control, and in what seems to be mere moments, you have arrived to the French side of the island – and to La Samanna itself. To paraphrase a world-renowned Italian fashion designer who (privately) comes here for holiday with his family every year, when you arrive, five minutes later, you are on vacation.

And here you are, contemplating the rusty red blooms of flamboyant trees that usher you into the property. At the main building, benevolent palm fronds nod in greeting, then wave you in, beckoning. Through a pair of arches, you enter a cool cavern. Here, another series of scalloped arches lead your eye outward, on to the terrace looking down on the infinity of the horizon. These architectural flourishes, the wrought iron chandelier they support above a calm gazing pool, and the immensity of the view take your mind to Fitzgerald on the Cote d'Azur, perhaps, or else a scene from Golden Age Hollywood.

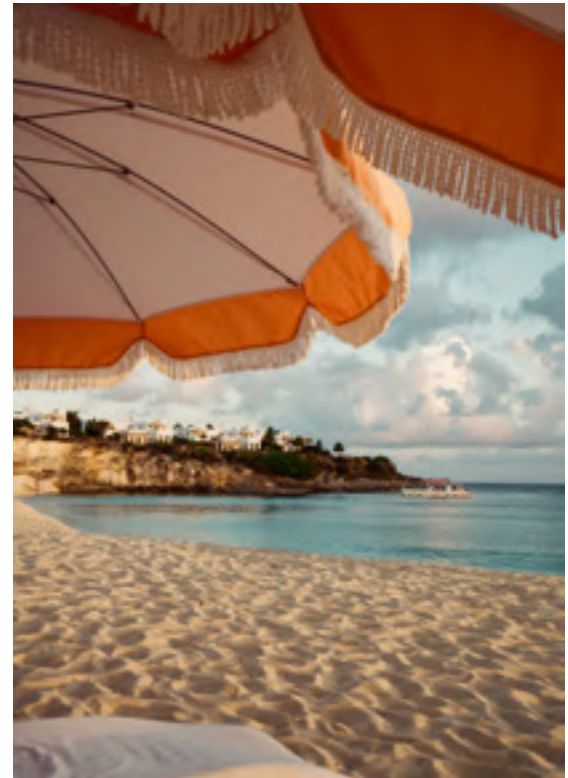
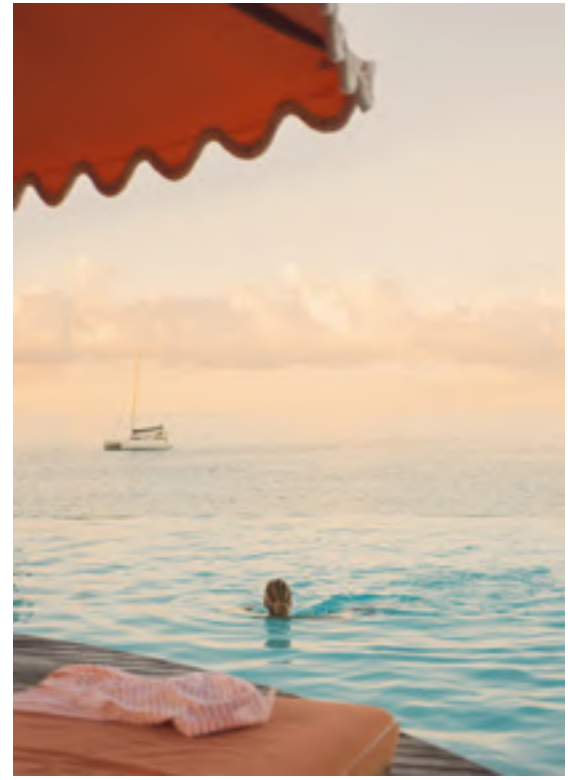
This may be the beginning of your contemplation of the native blues on the island. The iridescent turquoise, royal marine, heavy navy, powdery, almost pearlescent Carolina blue... It is a study that could last a lifetime, as seemingly limitless as that of wine. Which, speaking of, may be in order as a welcome drink. Something sparkling, perhaps. Or else a rum punch? Decisions. A single Cessna wheels overhead toward that horizon.

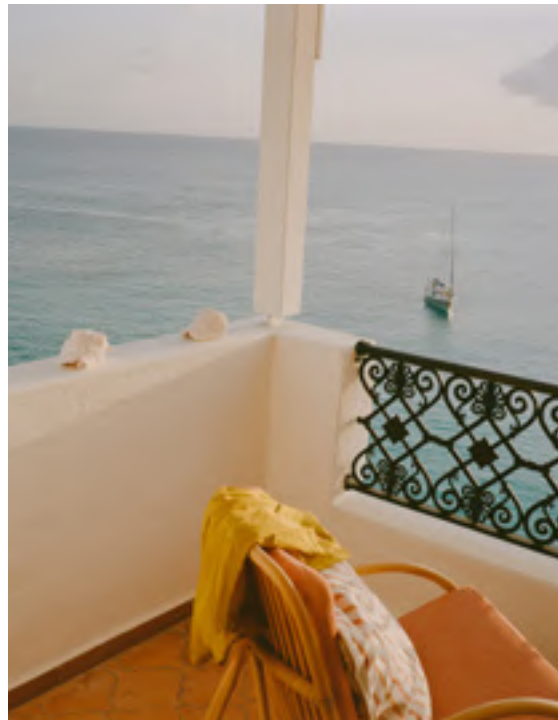
Refreshment in hand, you may begin your descent to the immaculate Baie Longue below, what local artist Sir Roland Richardson calls "a natural phenomenon," unparalleled in beauty, and protected for all time from further development. Through the main building, past the main pool, brilliant yellow and red hibiscus blooms bob and bow in the breeze. From somewhere near-ish comes the plop of a tennis ball well struck. A few sporadic sailboats gather in the bay like paperwhite origami birds, while hummingbirds flit about, blurring the periphery of your vision. A little lizard, woken from a nap, scratches through ficus leaves and darts across your path, drawing your attention to the relief of an oyster shell set in a white-washed wall.

When you look up again, it is to see that beautiful blonde sand, shaded in spots by salmon-tipped umbrellas and their accompanying chaise lounges. The afternoon sun has slipped down the sky across from you, casting your fellow beachgoers a muted gold, and throwing phosphorescent coins of light across the water.

The golden light seems appropriate. "Gold for 50," so the saying goes. Fifty years of La Samanna. Fifty years of the afternoon sun lighting up the guests with a bronzed glow. Fifty years of stories and history and fun and family and beach and blooms, welcoming you in their warmth. Here you are. You are here now.









02
Introducing St Martin



From the very beginning of its history of habitation, Saint Martin was a crossroads, a midway point between the Caribe people moving northward out of the Amazonia basin on canoes, and the Arawak-speaking Taino peoples flowing southward before the arrival of Columbus.

For the St Martin-born archeologist Christophe Henocq, this history made the island a rich hunting ground for exploration, camping, snooping, sifting in what he describes as a Huckleberry Finn-style childhood. In the summers of his youth, Henocq would accompany a friend's family to nearby Dog Island for camping holidays. And while practicing his playful habit of digging, sifting, sorting there during the summer when he was 13, he found his first Arawak tool.

With his passion validated and enlivened thus, Henocq went to university in Bordeaux, but returned home with the idea of creating a museum in Saint Martin, where locals and visitors alike could come to see in context all of the marvels the island had in store. And, for years, before Covid brought it to a close, Henocq's Musée de Saint Martin displayed some of the oldest ceramics ever found in the Caribbean. Visitors and travel magazines raved about the gemstones he had collected, that had been carved by Arawak-speaking peoples, as well as the vintage photographs he had collected of St Martinois from the 1930s through the 1960s.

And it is the clay figurines, the bowls and tools that Henocq found himself – and had carbon dated back to 550 BCE, making them the oldest known to have been discovered in the Antilles – which he says can tell us a lot about the discovery and habitation of the island. These pieces, he says, are decorated with the same iconography, designed with the same geometric patterns, and colored with the same reds and whites as the ceramics found in the Orinoco basin in Venezuela.

They draw a clear line of northward movement for the people we now know as the Caribe – venturing out, as they did, first to Trinidad and Tobago, and then one island after another until they reached the Antilles. Once they arrived, the Caribe constructed villages in the same way they had back home, placing a circle of thatched-roof huts around a central plaza, and Henocq has uncovered the remains of several of these dwelling sites, including one just beyond the La Samanna property, near where the villas now sit, a site he estimates goes back to at least 1800 BCE (made of up structures, incidentally, with the same dried palm thatch roofs as the original hotel building had, and similarly replaced every couple of years). Others, at Baie Rouge, go back much further, he thinks, to at least 3350 BCE.

And still, he says, he is just scratching the surface. After a recent storm, when the sea had receded, Henocq walked along the coast with a GPS and says he discovered at least 40 new sites of ancient inhabitation. He shakes his head at the thought now, marveling at the richness of St Martin, a palimpsest of cultures overwriting one another, one after the other, from the Caribe to the Taino, from the colonial era to the pirates, and then again, the Dutch and the French. Even the spoken language of St Martin, at least through the 1980s, he says, was a similarly rich stew of English creole with local argot.

The island and its history are a passion for Henocq, and one he offers to share with guests at La Samanna. One of the experiences offered by the hotel is a 'Walking with the Arawaks' tour, guided by Henocq himself, which will take guests through the rich history of the island, with all of the depth of insight, joy, and experience of the St Martinois archeologist.

And, speaking of mixes, at La Samanna, Henocq says, he has seen Indiana Jones himself, Harrison Ford, as well as Alain DeLon, when he was on holiday with his wife – still a rich melting pot, Henocq says with a laugh. Endless layers of history of all kinds. Then, while pointing out the sites of some of his most recent finds, Henocq pauses, trying to imagine what some future historian might make of the hotel in which he sits, this singular sort of dwelling, of the lives and laughs and loves it has hosted for 50 years – and counting.



03
The History of the Hotel



According to local legend, when, in the early 1970s, the businessman James Frankel went looking for a place to build a home for his family on Saint Martin, he came upon the bay above Baie Longue with the power of epiphany. And indeed, after carving through the tropical growth to the basaltic cliffs, the view

from the perch where La Samanna now sits, overlooking an immaculate swoop of blonde beach and a calm bay of perfect turquoise, must have felt like a revelation. Depending on who is relating the story, Frankel's connection to the place can have a bit of Biblical ring to it: on this rock I shall build my house. And build it he did, with the help of an architect named Happy Ward, who was at the time based in Barbados.

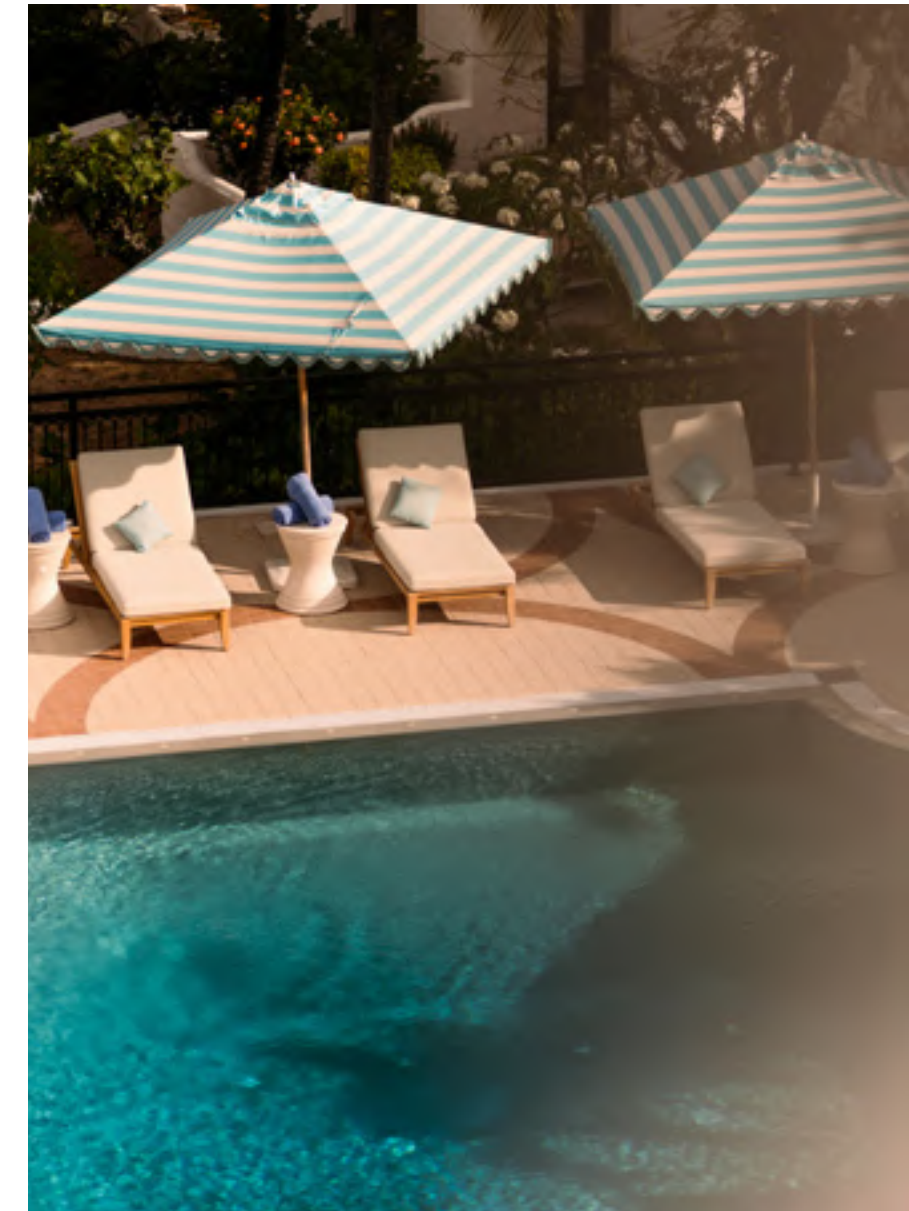
The idea, as envisioned by the Frankels and constructed by Ward, was to create a kind of villa one might find on the French Riviera, but in the Caribbean. During the process Frankel discovered that the 55 acres of beachfront property he'd purchased for the purpose was zoned for commercial use, and so Ward and their team pivoted from the idea of a family home – or from the idea of one family's home – to the construction of a hotel. And the biblical epiphany turned a bit Hollywood, or at least suggestive of the magical optimism of Field of Dreams (if I build it, they will come).

Frankel's optimism was not misplaced. At the time, Saint Martin was already a favorite destination for French and American socialites, artists, and musicians – the cast of characters you'd see in a Slim Aaron's image of La Dolce Vita era, say. This during a time when its neighbor, St Barths, had none of the development we now know today. And La Samanna was poised to be the most luxurious hotel in the region. So, when he built it, boy, did they come.

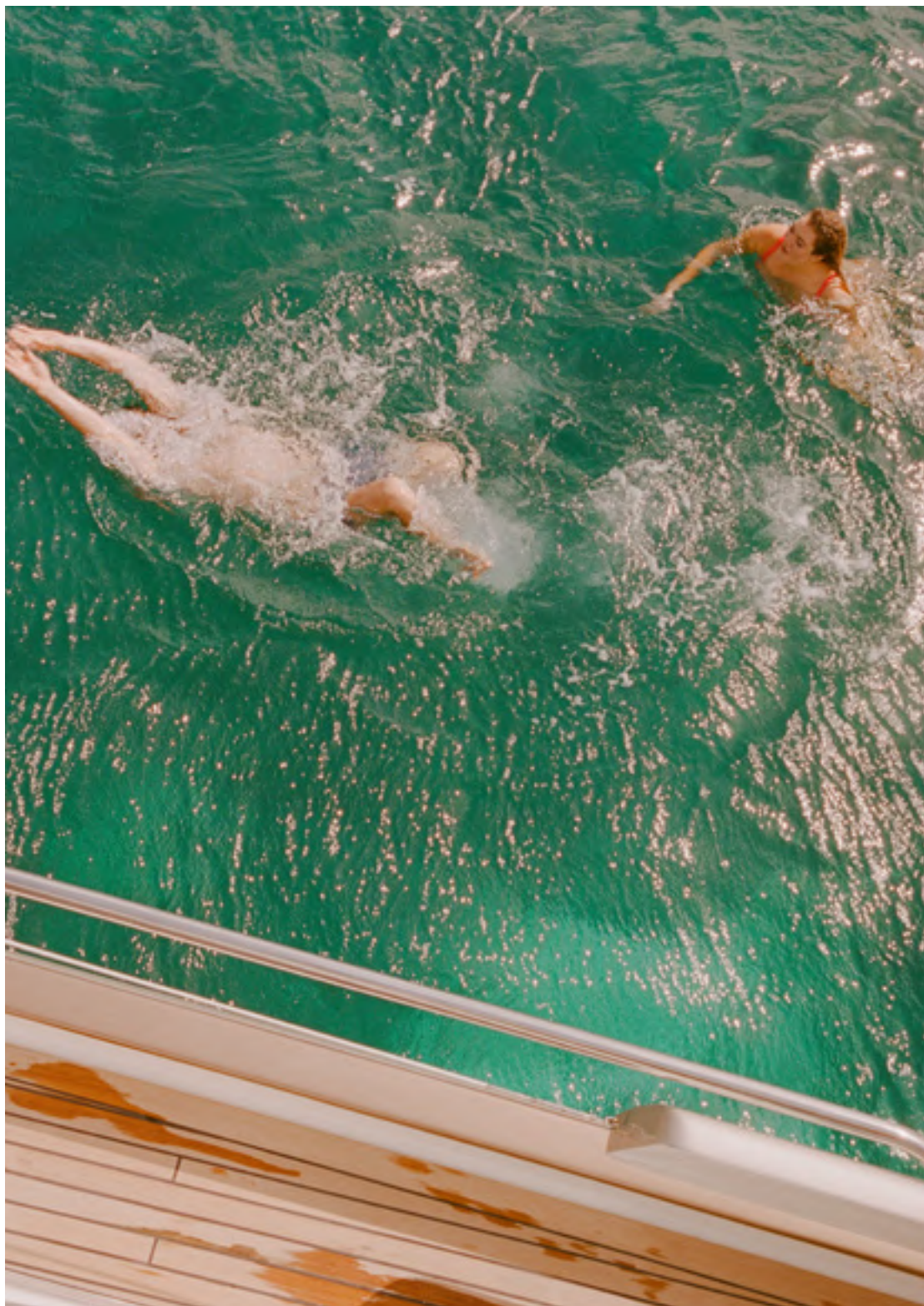
Opening in December of 1973, the hotel was christened La Samanna, weaving together the first names of the Frankel's three daughters – Samantha, Anouk, and Nathalie, with 'La' for a little French savoir faire. Continuing with the theme of Cote d'Azur aesthetics in a Caribbean setting, Frankel determined to run La Samanna with the same commitment to French wines and culinary traditions as one might find in Cannes or Antibes. It was casual, but indulgent. It was family friendly, but effortlessly chic. It was, Frankel liked to say, "camping for the rich." And what a campground it became...

In 1996, Belmond (which was then Orient-Express Hotels, Trains & Cruises) acquired La Samanna, and over the next few years set about enhancing the property while maintaining the essence of Frankel's vision. Building its portfolio through a commitment to authentic escapes and one-of-a-kind experiences, La Samanna found a natural home in a group that includes such icons as the Hotel Cipriani, the Venice Simplon-Orient-Express and the Copacabana Palace.

As custodians of timeless heritage, Belmond now encompasses more than 50 unique properties in 24 countries – from remote Caribbean beach retreats such as Cap Juluca in Anguilla, to Italian hideaways such as Splendido in Portofino, and unrivaled gateways to natural wonders such as Hotel das Cataratas inside Brazil's Iguazu National Park. From trains to river barges, safari lodges to hotels, each unique property offers an incomparable experience with its own story to tell. With a dedication to preserving its assets through sensitive ongoing restoration plans, the essence of the Belmond brand is built upon its heritage, craftsmanship and genuine, authentic service. Since 2019, Belmond is part of the world's leading luxury group LVMH Moët Hennessy Louis Vuitton.



*You have the Best of Everything
Here.
Thank you for a wonderful vacation*
Sidney P. Tonia



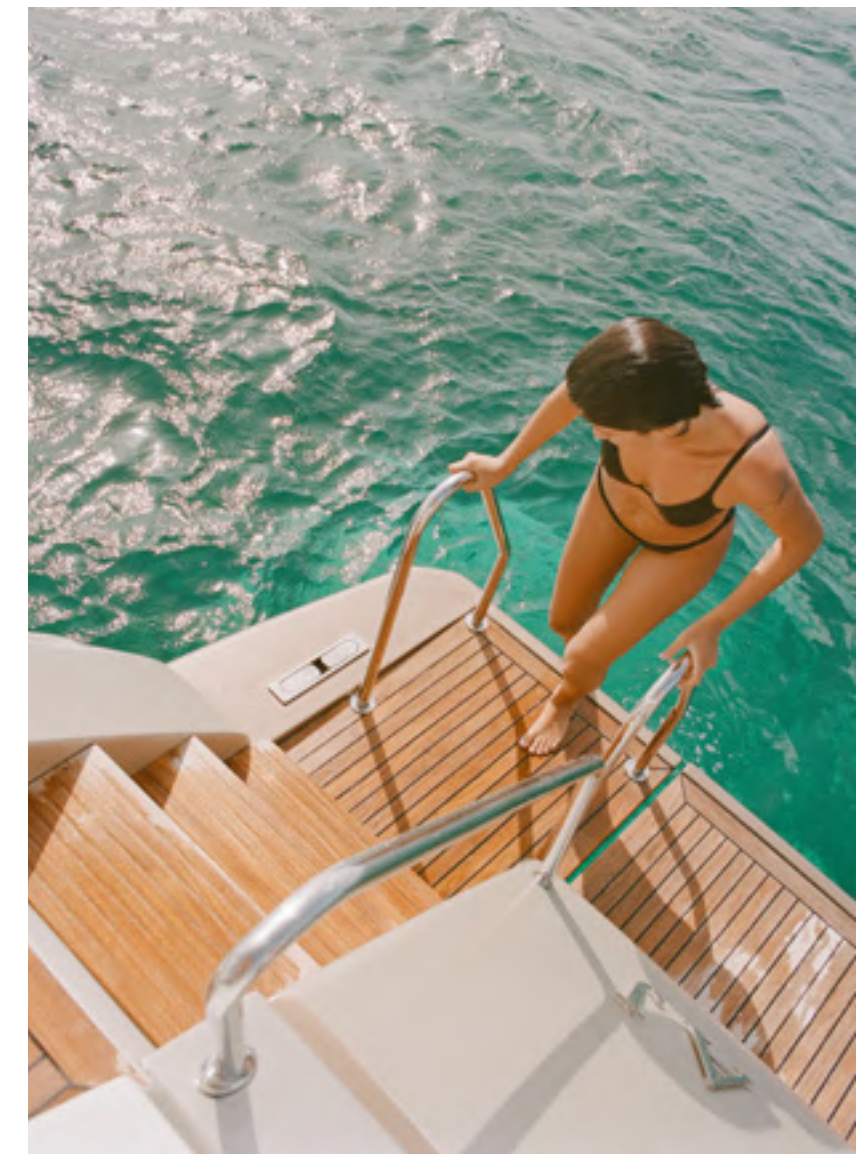
04
A Private Riviera

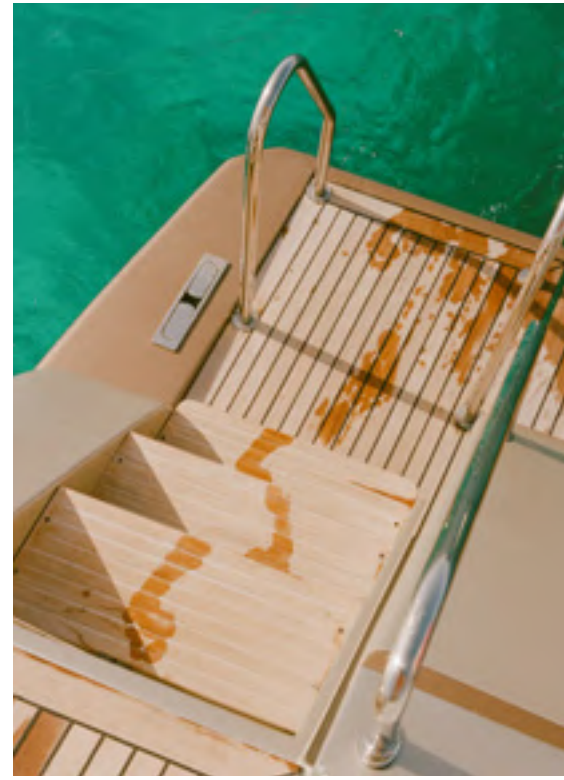
“I taught Cindy Crawford to water ski right out there”

Mark Sollinger says, looking down on the turquoise stretch of Baie Longue Beach directly in front of La Samanna. Sollinger is the director of the watersports programs at La Samanna, and has been involved with the hotel for more than 20 years. As he looks out on the water, visiting boats make their way into the bay, depositing their sun-kissed passengers into that turquoise water, for snorkeling, hydro-foiling and jet-skiing, revealing the little cove here to be a favored watery playground.

For the first few decades of La Samanna's life, waterskiing was indeed the signature sport here, practiced by supermodels, business moguls and others from the international jet-set. As well as by the children of the hotel's owners, the Frankels. Their three daughters, like a trio of Eloises of the beach resort, spent their days on the bay, snorkeling, skiing, sailing, as their children now continue to do. Nathalie's daughter, Christina, recently came with her daughter, the Frankels' great grandchild, to join in the family-rite and play on the beach for the first time.

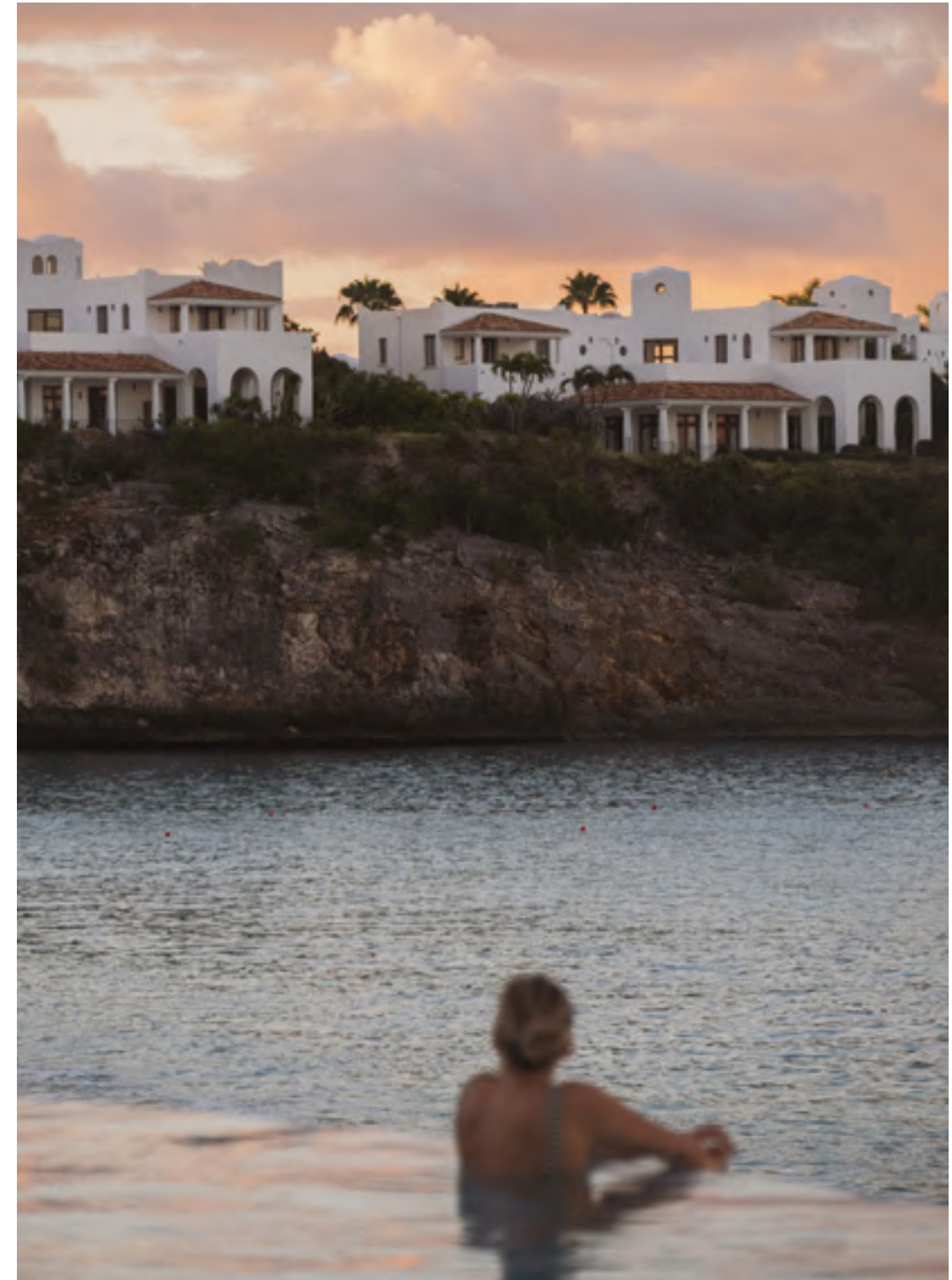
The way Christina and others talk about the beach here, waking up with your toes in the sand, and the soothing calm of the waters, the patient embrace of the bay, the sense of privacy, that you have all of this immaculate sand and sea to yourself, is a powerful thing. Sollinger agrees: while marveling at the cast of characters who've wandered and frolicked on this bit of shoreline, he points out that that sense of privacy, calm and exclusivity that guests feel here will remain intact forever more – there is a prohibition against any further commercial development on the beach. It will, then, remain perfectly pure, personal to guests as it is to the Frankels and their children and grandchildren. A powdery blonde playground beside the most immaculate water imaginable.





05

Art de Vivre in the Caribbean



There is a term for it in French: art de vivre. The ineffable art of living well, essentially. Italian, too, has la dolce far niente. The sweetness of doing nothing (give or take). A commitment to a life lived well, to all the possible pleasures in existence.

And, if English doesn't have a quite satisfactory idiomatic analog, it surely isn't for lack of an appetite for it. From Provence to Pulau, Tuscany to Timbuctoo, we all understand, appreciate, and very likely aspire to the recognizably Mediterranean commitment to the sweet things in life. Good wine. Long lunches. A swim in the sunshine, a dance in the moonlight.

Implicit in this philosophy, this ideology, is the understanding that, in order to live well, one must eat well. A cuisine of effortlessly but elegantly prepared food, made from the finest ingredients. Nothing requiring too much fuss – that is not far niente at all. Fresh, bright flavors, and did we mention wine? The art de vivre is more than a little tolerant of lingering – and laughing, and dreaming, musing, flirting, and even singing – over lunch for an hour (or three).

Perhaps the best place to understand FrankeIs' original guiding principle of a Mediterranean lifestyle with Caribbean ingredients is, understandably, on the plate: local red snapper, grilled a la plancha, and served with a tangy, zingy escabeche salsa, as you might find at L'Oursin, the fine dining French restaurant overlooking the bay at La Samanna. Linguini with Caribbean lobster at La Plage, the more casual Italian spot on a tent-covered deck between the pool and the beach. A cheeky chocolate mousse made of local Valrhona des caribes at the Baie Longue bar.

But beyond even this delightful and delicious fusion, it is the spirit in which one inhabits La Samanna where you can best see the convergence of Cote d'Azur savoir faire and Caribbean cool. Barefoot and sandy by day, or slippered and draped in linen as the hanging lanterns begin to glow and the sky turns to cotton candy, sitting beside a turquoise sea with rosé in one's glass – or else, with one of the many spritzes in which La Plage specializes – is as pure an expression of the good life as one can imagine.





En témoignage de
reconnaissance bien sûr
de la grande tradition
d'accueil, d'hospitalité et
de patronage de votre
Institution afin de ces
Cercles.

J. Chirac
J. CHIRAC
Le 2 août 1988
P. S. M.



06

A Home Away From Home

For Adelle Rathe, La Samanna has been a second home for more than 20 years. On the recommendation of friends, she and her husband first visited in the winter of 2001, beginning a love affair with the hotel and island that has seen them coming back for decades, sometimes for weeks or a month at a time.

If they were a bit dazzled by the glamour of La Samanna, then – “Nat King Cole was there with his daughter,” Adelle recalls, “and Jackie O with her kids” – the Rathes were certainly comforted by the welcoming, family vibes, and quickly established a sort of routine. Every day they would take breakfast by the pool, make some time for the beach, to read, to talk to other guests, and then go out to dinner – a pattern they continue to this day. “The days just fly right by,” she says, “and there are always so many fun people to talk to. I love the people,” she says, “I love the whole set up, having this community,” including the infrastructure to support kids going off on their own for watersports, or tennis.

One of the truly remarkable facets of La Samanna, Adelle says, echoing a sentiment one hears throughout the hotel and among its many repeat visitors, is the continuity. The familiarity of families, like the Dolans who own the New York Knicks, who visit at roughly the same time every year, and so begin to establish a multigenerational network of La Samannans. For the children, and, indeed, grandchildren, of these families, their counterparts become lifelong friends, bosom pals with whom they have effectively grown up together. The more you talk to regular and repeat visitors, the more you will hear stories about how deeply the property is woven into the lives of some families: stories, for example, about couples who met on the beach here while on family vacations, who have then come back to get engaged here, and then married here, before eventually returning again and again with their own growing families.

Still, after a while, coming down every season, especially during the longer stretches over the winter holidays, Adelle’s kids wondered if it weren’t a better option to rent or buy a vacation home of their own, rather than staying at La Samanna. And Adelle considered it, she says, “but then I realized that I would be hosting.” She would have to entertain, to accommodate friends and family who would visit. Her husband would be stuck behind the grill or in the kitchen... And, as she begins again to contemplate the effort involved, the tasks of homeownership begin to multiply in her mind – stocking up on pantry staples, having the toys and tools on hand to accommodate families and friends of all sizes, shapes and ages... on and on to infinity. “I thought, why would I want to do that?” she says with a laugh. And so they opted not to fix what wasn’t broken, and kept their arrangement as it was, coming to their home away from home – not as hosts on duty, but as treasured extended family members themselves.





07
Gilded Glamour





All true travelers are romantics at heart. Part of the romance of travel is insinuating oneself into a narrative – imagining the intrigue at one of the great white Golden Age hotels of Agatha Christie novels, say, where you’d find yourself among an exotic mix of mysterious and enchanting characters. Perhaps one reason La Samanna has always been a favorite of romantics and travelers alike is that it feels very much a part of a story.

The Moorish arched entry way of the main building, for example, does feel very much like the portal to a Poirot novel, and you could be forgiven for expecting a welcoming party of devious Dukes and actors inside. The hotel’s whitewashed Spanish style bungalows parading down Baie Longue, too, might be the setting of a Raymond Chandler novel, where the mysterious tycoon has holed up. The multigenerational gatherings on the beach, among families who meet here for their holidays every year, similarly feel like something straight out of Joan Didion.

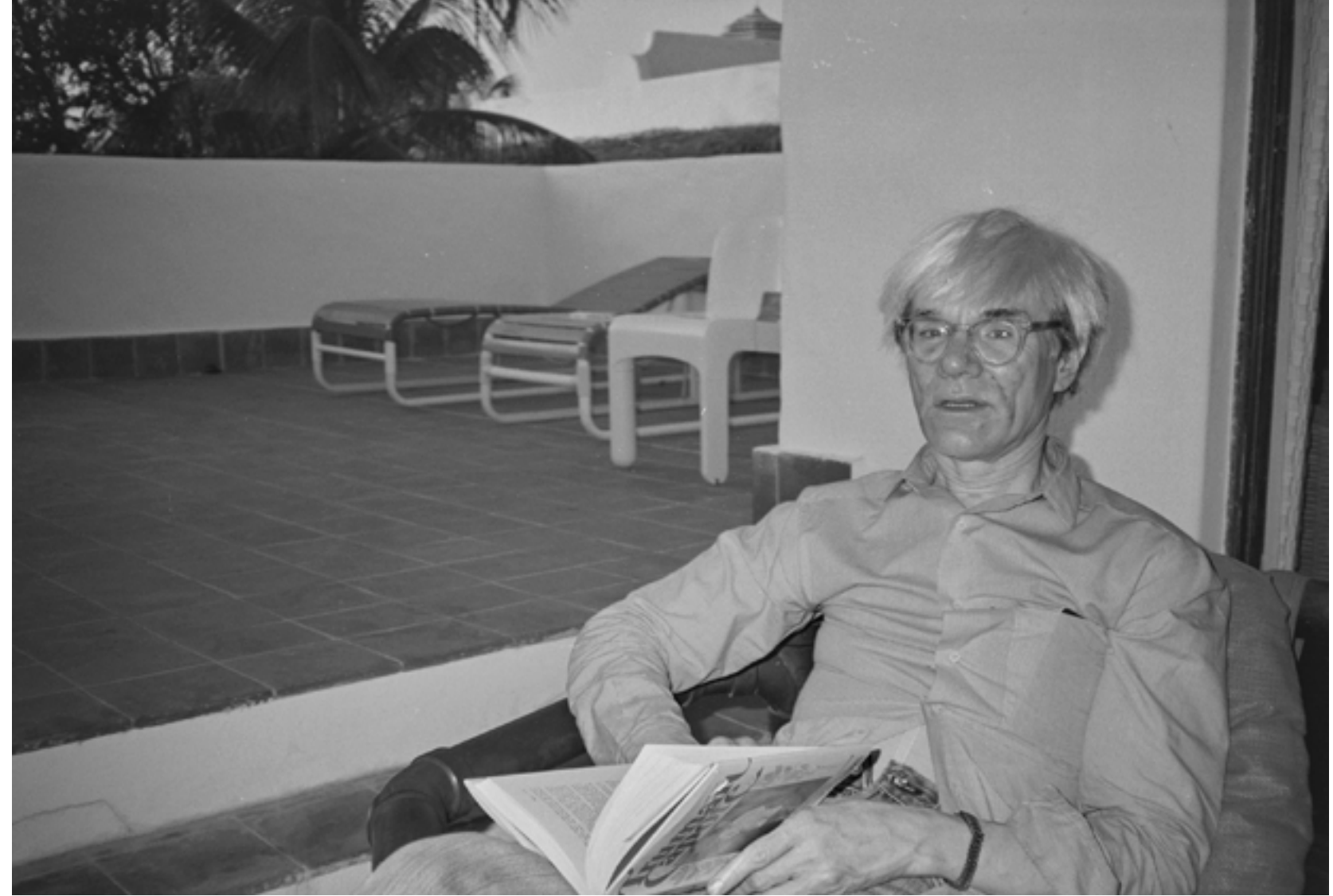
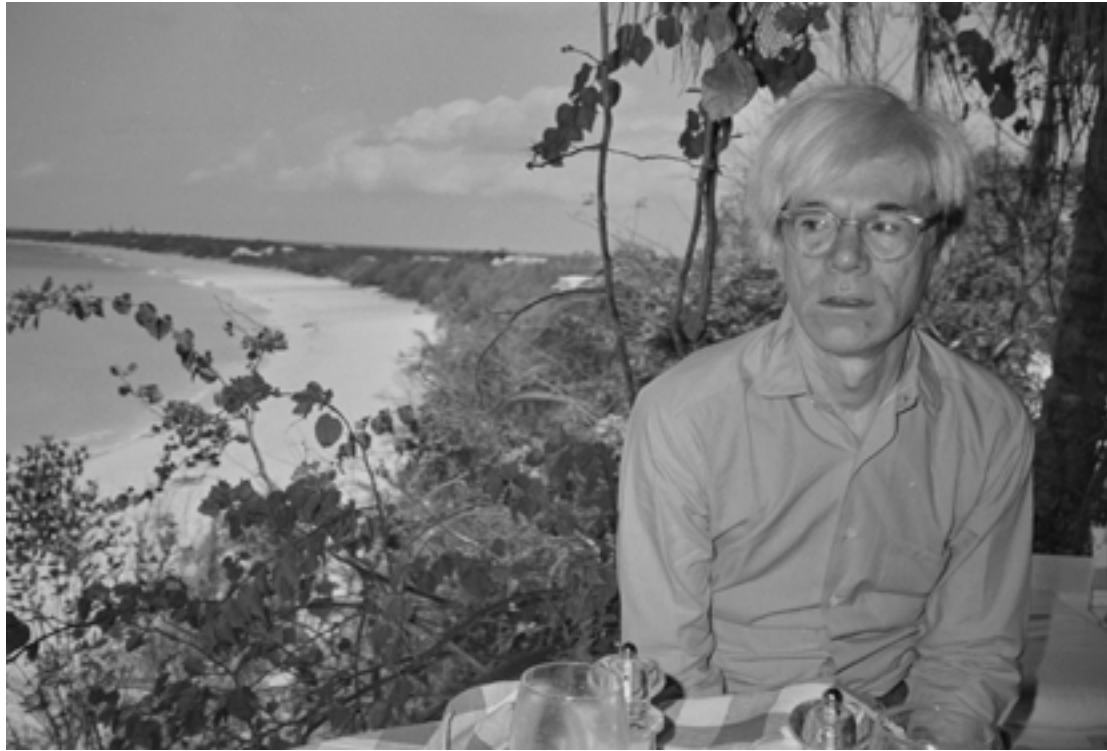
But then of course, La Samanna is also where some stories come to be written. Stories of its own. Martin Scorsese and Robert De Niro famously came to St Martin to finish the shooting draft of Raging Bull – and took a series of pictures holding umbrella drinks on the beach to tease the producer back home about the hardships they were undergoing. Richard Nixon somewhat infamously came to the hotel during rather different hardships, “when he was hiding out from all the Watergate stuff,” a friend of the hotel says. Nixon would walk along the Baie Longue, a secret service detail trailing some steps behind, greeting everyone he passed with a warmth that surprised them. But why shouldn’t he feel comfortable here?

When the Frankels built La Samanna in the 1970s, St Martin was the Caribbean point on a migration trail from Manhattan and the Hamptons to St Tropez and Cannes. It was where James Bond – in the guise of Sean Connery or Roger Moore – would have gone on holiday, a soft landing spot for the newly established jet-set, with all the glamour and glitz of the South of France, the good vibes and beaches of the Caribbean, and, crucially, an international airport. This made Saint Martin, and La Samanna, an easy destination for even the beach-phobic Andy Warhol, who came in the 1980s – for the scene, one imagines, as much as anything.

And what a scene it was. Picture if you will the first few decades of La Samanna. An era before the scale and accessibility of travel we know today, when escapades to the Lesser Antilles called out to the most adventurous sorts, even among the well to do. An era long before social media. A second Golden Age of travel, perhaps, a leap forward from that which we might find in an Agatha Christie novel, but with the potential for similar circumstances and settings. If, for example, a jet-set era Poirot did find himself at the Moroccan-style bar above the main pool in those early first decades of the hotel, he might’ve seen Eddie Murphy ensconced with a group of bodyguards, or Jackie O with her family in tow (this when she didn’t rent out the entire property, which she sometimes did), and even Diana Ross dancing on tables.

Travel of course has changed, chiefly for the better, becoming more inclusive, even more luxurious, more personal. The familiar faces at La Samanna too have changed – the room where Diana Ross always stayed is now the room where Puff Daddy stays – but in La Samanna’s golden anniversary year, the spirit that brought those first generations of visitors in is only getting better.





Andy warhol

08 Inspiring Culture

“There are blues here beyond my abilities to capture,” Sir Roland Richardson says. Richardson is a native St Martinois, with both sides of his family going back several centuries on the island, and he is also a great collaborator with La Samanna, having created several of his signature Caribbean impressionist landscapes for the rooms throughout the property.

Growing up in the 40s and 50s, bouncing between two separated parents with joint custody, Richardson says he was exposed to various sides of island life. At home with his father in Marigot, he rode around in one of the dozen cars on the island, had formal meals at table, cooked with kerosene, and met visiting dignitaries. At home with his mother, meanwhile, most of his meals were cooked outdoors on hot rocks, and he and his friends would hop rides on the backs of passing trucks.

In the late 50’s, Richardson moved to the States, eventually studying art at the Hartford School of Arts, a shock to many of his contemporaries on the island for whom, he says, art and books were simply unobtainable. They viewed his artistic pursuits as a squandered opportunity, rather than a step toward something practical and profitable. But soon after his studies, and a few years traveling in Lebanon and Finland, Richardson returned to his native St Martin in the early 1970s and made a vow that he would dedicate himself to becoming a Caribbean artist. Not merely one who practiced or was active in the islands, but one whose source material and metier were the life and landscape and culture of the Caribbean.

This notion of what is fundamentally St Martinois, fundamentally Caribbean, is of similarly great interest to the French-born street- and graphic-artist ESPA who now lives and works here, at his studio in Marigot. From a young age, ESPA says he was drawn to the highly graphic travel posters of Roger Broders. Broders’s work, particularly from the 1920s and 30s, will be familiar to anyone who has slapped a nostalgic luggage tag on a bag, or looked for moodboard inspiration in vintage travel ads. In many ways, his iconography of a place, distilling a destination into a few bold, suggestive and signature landmarks or landscapes, informs what we see in lifestyle and travel social media. But so too did it inspire ESPA to create a series of vivid depictions of his adopted home, where he says he feels a burgeoning artist community gathering around him.

And it is a wonderful parallax view of the island to see it through these two artists, and through the eyes of the artists who have been coming here for the light, for the blues and those landscapes. For years, Richardson’s friend Jasper Johns had a house here, as did Ellsworth Kelly. In the 1980s, Andy Warhol came and stayed at La Samanna. There are some wonderful pictures of Warhol sitting on the balcony overlooking the bay, black and white images that feel a bit like the artist’s screen-prints, as if they are just outlines waiting to be washed over with color. With the myriad blues of the bay, perhaps. And maybe the art that happened heretofore is indeed a framework, a scaffolding for the future artists to fill in with their brushes and vision. Maybe they are sitting on the balcony where Warhol sat doing so right now. Maybe it is you.



09

Raising a Glass

If the Baie Longue bar is the salon and central hub of La Samanna, La Cave is its beating heart. Wine cellar, private dining spot and event space, this underground cavern – cut into the volcanic rock cliffs on which the hotel rests – is a pure distillation of La Samanna’s spirit. Down here, you get an up-close depiction of the Frankels’ jet-set era Francophilia in climate-controlled shelves of Petrus, Rothchild and the rest. But what Alessandro, the sommelier here, says interests him most, what they are thrilled to have in store for guests, are the surprises, the unexpected, the discoveries that, for visitors, may become little revelations in a bottle. If you like your Morgons or your Margauxs, you can surely find them here – but so too will you find Alessandro’s special selections that take you on an adventure beyond the known. Just like a great holiday.

Proceeding further along, down a cool, stone cavern, beyond the private dining space, one arrives at Alessandro’s rum room, which is anchored on one side by an entire wall of rum, the bottles lit like crown jewels (which some of them are on par with, pricewise). You might call it a rum museum, if museums encouraged a healthy consumption of refined spirits. But what Alessandro is doing with rums at La Samanna is more progressive than just collecting artefacts. Yes, you can have masterclasses on rums in this room, learning about the differences between rums made from cane and molasses, about rhum agricole which is the local (and what many consider to be the best) rum, made only in the French Caribbean.

But here too we find the influence of the Frankels’ original idea of Mediterranean art de vivre made of Caribbean materials, literally, in a bottle. You will discover Alessandro’s labor of love, finding the best local ingredients, blended and distilled by the best houses by the best craftspeople expressly for La Samanna, which is, after all, a part of the LVMH portfolio – making it a cousin maison to Hennessy or Dom Perignon. Here, and nowhere else in the world you find La Samanna rum. And we say cheers to that.



10
The Next Chapter





There is a fun game to play identifying present-day personalities with their historical analogs. For example, who is the Cecil Beaton of our age? Who is our Truman Capote? Our Lee Radziwiłł? You may find that you are sitting elbow to elbow with them over a glass of wine in the *Bair Longue Bar*. And, maybe, you think, as much as things have changed, maybe not everything has. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*.

Maybe the bar scene at La Samanna, as everywhere, is not the same now, in the era of social media, as it was during the days of the jet-set, sure. Maybe access to and interest in travel has increased in the years since the hotel opened. But so too has the hotel's offering adapted to our process of personalization.

Luxury, in travel, for some may be connecting with friends, fellows and those of like mind, on the beach, by the pool, at the bar. While for others, privacy is the ultimate goal, even a necessity. La Samanna's villas atop the basalt rock cliffs overlooking the bay are a part of that more modern offering. Whether you are a famously private musician traveling with a group of confidantes, a family of five looking for a discrete spot to relax, or a wedding party of 50 wanting to celebrate in style, the villas' set up and personalized butler service create an entirely private experience within a world class resort.

These days too, we travel as much to unplug and reboot as we do to indulge. Time away from the stress of daily life back home provides us a window of reflection, and an opportunity to wend our way toward a wellness that may be out of the reach of our routines. The spa at La Samanna is specifically calibrated to bring out the best, most rested, relaxed, healthy and comforted versions of ourselves. So, too, is the menu at each restaurant and bar on the property – though they too are here to help out the hedonists among us.

Maybe what is most impressive is the way that the Frankels so clearly anticipated our hopes and aspirations, our tastes and inspirations, at least as articulated by the way we travel today, and hope to travel tomorrow: the *dolce vita* in a timeless setting, the immaculate detailing of the surrounds, and hosting guests as if they were family.

A casual scan of our aspirational mood boards and media feeds – featuring as they do an affinity for Mediterranean-inspired cocktails, for the aesthetics of a French New Wave film set on the Cote d'Azur, with an unfussy, sandy-footed lifestyle – look a lot like a day in the life of a guest at La Samanna. The privacy, intimacy, and familiarity that have guests returning here for generations, too, seems to anticipate the kind of service and ambience travelers are looking for today, and, 50 years after its creation, assures that La Samanna will be the place we are dreaming of for another 50 years, more.

Fifty years of history and hospitality is a special milestone, worthy of celebration, and La Samanna is good at celebrating. But so too is it committed to the 50 years to come: to accommodating the generations of families, of muses, moguls, adventurers, artists, and travelers who continue to be drawn to this pristine slice of Caribbean paradise.





To Jim
Ricky & I have spent the
best second honeymoon in your
beautiful "Island in the Sun".
Thank you for wonderful.
Raggs & Ricky Lauren
March 1975





Words Chris Wallace

Photography Brian Chorski
 Marco Coppola
 Riley Harper
 Carley Rudd
 Karolina Valeikaite

Art & Design Quentin Villeret





LA SAMANNA

A BELMOND HOTEL
ST MARTIN

