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What Others Say...

“Forgotten Florida” By Laura Reiley

On January 10, 2010 a comprehensive article entitled “Forgotten Florida” written by Laura Reiley of the St. Petersburg (Florida) Times appeared in the travel section of the Minneapolis-St. Paul StarTribune.

It began, “It was late, the wine had been mostly dispatched and the candles had begun to weep crazily across the patio table. It was end-of-the-party conversation, desultory and rambling, about our favorite places. Favorite places in Florida, my husband mused. That’s easy, St. George Island. Everyone but me looked at him blankly.”

“Finishing each other’s sentences, we painted the picture. Some of the darkest, most star-filled skies in the continental United States, partly because of nighttime light restrictions to aid the nesting loggerhead sea turtles. Paved bike paths the length of the island, a gorgeous and underpopulated state park beach, flounder fishing off the Bob Sikes Cut.”

A Mike Williams (Cox Newspapers) one-third page photograph of the unique, pristine coastline compliments the feature article. The cutline reads, “Apalachicola Bay is known for its slow pace and fantastic natural scenery. The area, which includes St. George Island, was left off a tourist brochure years ago and became known as the Forgotten Coast.

Reiley went on to describe her most recent visit to St. George Island, “Rolling dunes, miles of white sand dotted with perfect sand dollars and hardly another person in sight define the place. There are no multi-plexes or amusement parks, few malls, even fewer fast food restaurants. It stays cooler here than elsewhere on the Gulf, making it a little nippy in the winter and more than tolerable in the summer.”

The author concluded her most complimentary feature article with, “Like the less-crowded Nantucket or Cape Cod of a generation ago, St. George is about easy, beachy pleasures, the toughest decision of the day being whether to head back to the beach or take a dip in the pool instead. A drift of flip flops accumulated in the foyer, sand found its way into the sheets and a few of us dropped a bundle chasing spotted sea trout. “

There were sing-alongs and fierce games of Spoons, night beach walks and morning Ashtanga yoga for the early risers. We frittered time deliciously, each in our own way. I'd wager that for the next "my favorite places" conversation, St. George and Apalachicola won't be forgotten."

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