

**Your on the  
Street Reporter**



**Uyless Black**

**Sailing the British Virgin Islands:  
Beef Island**

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## Sailing the British Virgin Islands Report 5: Beef Island: A Four-Star and Two-Dog Restaurant

**October 20-26, 2008**

Hello from Your on the Water Reporter. We continue the sailing adventure by tracing our next short jaunt, as seen in Figure 7, where we made our way north to stop-off at Beef Island (Trellis Bay).

As my sailing inclinations lead toward golf's equivalent of the 19<sup>th</sup> hole (as do my golf inclinations), this report is devoted to a review of the restaurant at Trellis Bay where we had dinner.

I have made some additional annotations to Figure 7 by adding Ginger Island, Salt Island, and St. Johns of the American Virgin Islands. We did not visit these islands, but one of the natives informed us one way to remember the positions of the smaller islands was to recite this ditty, "Ginger and Cooper gave Salt Peter to Norman, which converted him into a Saint John." Clever.

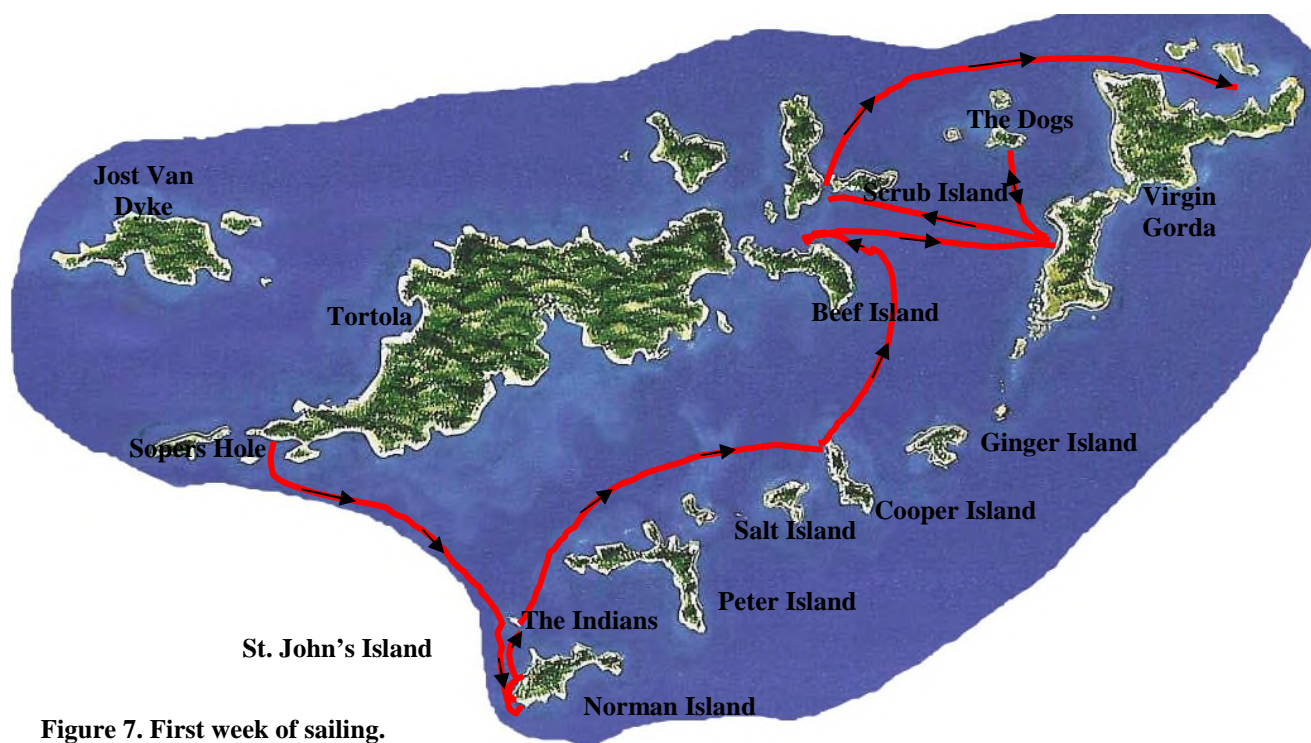


Figure 7. First week of sailing.

The crew members voted The Last Resort the best eatery we visited during our two-week trip. I voted it one of the best places I have ever had a meal. The food was delicious. My salmon was perfect. But the toppers for The Last Resort were the extraordinary waitresses and the two maitre d's.

The maitre d's---dressed in black---met us at the door. I liked their attitude. Casual. Not pushy. They even let us find a table and seat ourselves. Later, after the food was served, they dropped

by to enquire about our meals. I said my salmon was top-notch. They seemed to agree as they kept staring at my fish, as if part of my meal was to be part of their tip. No way! The salmon was far too tasty to be given away.

Before long, the maitre d's left us to our food and drink and repositioned themselves at the front door of the restaurant, as seen in Figure 8. Whoa! Where is the British Virgin Islands' OSHA? In America, the only café where I've seen dogs as part of the staff was in New Orleans, which is a city sufficiently funky to abridge itself from OSHA's inspectors.



**Figure 8. Your table awaits you!**

A hard day of sailing: two hours before the mast. Two hours in The Last Resort. Two cool dogs to keep us company during our four-star meal. Tough job, but as the old saying goes, *pursue the next duty*. Our next duty was to spend the remainder of the evening on our air-conditioned staterooms on a sail boat in the Caribbean. It might get better than this, but I don't know how.

We were ready for the northern islands of the BVIs, including Virgin Gorda.