

Portugal, Ohlão, Isla do Farol

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Towards the Algarve coast golf gem Vilamoura, we turn off towards the city Ohlão. Outside the city there are a tidal area. Here are the tides significantly, creating strong currents. If one looks to the sea you can see the lighthouse Farol, it is located on the island of the same name. It is the entrance to the both Ohlão and Faro.

To get there you take tour boat a half hour. Tourists gather with locals and fishermen. The island is a nature reserve area. Here are two fishing villages with low houses. The boat is docking at the first village Cyllatra. There are many small restaurants that are empty in mid-April, but that certainly is jam packed during the summer months. The fishing port are accommodating a large number of small fishing boats. Nets are on the piers and the beach and much work is going on to sorting out the nets and repair them. The houses are of the simplest kind. There is water, electricity and sewage arranged but it's probably not all houses are connected. Here and there, however, there are well-kept houses that seem to be summer cots. The only vehicles available are some tractors needed for transport and maintenance of beaches.



We walk through the village and on the other side begins a boarded walking on the dunes a few kilometers before we reach the wide sandy beach that is certainly not less than five kilometers. Not a soul in sight. On hot summer days the beaches are teeming with life. It blows warm and the waves rolling in and brings shells from mussels, seaweed and other beach items. A few kilometers away is the Farol lighthouse. Four quick flashes and then a pause. After half the way we sit down in the sand and drink some water. We play a bit with things that washed ashore. Inland, the island is a

heathland. One can see that it can blow a lot when winter winds from the Atlantic roars. We continue our walk, passing the remains of a stranded steel vessels.

The lighthouse is located in the next village. Here the former lighthouse keeper, Customs and Coast Guard personnel had their residences, which now stands empty. Two long piers are extending out towards the sea to help boats into the delta. The sea beats against the stone and the water dizzy far over the edge. Here and there are fishermen with their long rods. Here is the island's only real restaurant situated. We go into the kitchen and watch the fish caught today and choose what fish we want. We choose Sea Bass. A big beautiful fish is served on the table with boiled potatoes. At this time, we are all hungry and the fish taste wonderful.

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After lunch we walk around among the houses. Here is the much higher standard on everything. It is noticeable that the houses in this village are owned by mainlanders who maintain the buildings and use them as summer retreats. Most houses are small one-storey houses often with a roof terrace. Here and there are the wooden houses and these can be built without planning permission because they are not considered permanent building as they are possible to disassemble. Otherwise, there is a total ban on building. We walk down to the dock where the tour boat is going to pick us up. While waiting for departure, we go along the beach away against Formosa. Someone has set up a fence with barbed wire along the beach and on narrow beach strip of land lies several shabby little houses. We guess that's buildings from the days when fishermen built their houses where they wanted.



Out in the water one sees sticks standing on the sandbanks. They mark property borders. When it's low tide you can pick all kind of sea products. Under the dock is a small boat in the now strong tidal current. A proud fisherman shows off his catch, two large squids he got up by ice fishing. We now see the tour boat to come and pull us towards the ponton. A beautiful boat ride towards Olhão around all the sandbars. We turn our head out to sea and bid farewell Farol for this time

