

## A stroll from Barate to Los Cañas de Meca

The fishing village Barate is best known for its tuna fishing. It is a major fishing port since prehistoric times, it has been fished tuna along this coast all the way to the Algarve's most western cape. It has for centuries been fishing with fixed nets, but now that tuna is no longer in the same amount so the fisher have to go far away by boat. The Romans made their Garum sauce in Bolonia just east of Barate.



*View towards Barate*

The trail begins in the east just after the fishing port. There is a parking lot where the trail begins, but also two other a few hundred meters apart. At first, we go on the sandy roads past a number of car parks for those who intend to go to the sandy beaches on the plank walkways. We continue but stops to split us into two groups. The one group = me and the second everyone else. The latter group walk up to the walkway that leads all the way to Los Caños de Meca. You are walking high up on a paved two three meter wide road. Here you will meet many Spaniards walking their exercise round.

The coast here consists of a stretch of wide sandy beach the first kilometer and then being high cliffs with no beach.



*A beauty whose name we do not know*

The rock has a small plateau before it goes steeply up another 50 60 meters. Up there is the pathway with a stunning view of the Straits of Gibraltar and North Africa. If I remember correctly, this is the world's third busiest strait. Here you can stand and watch all the ships passing. The walkway continues comfortably in weak gradients up and down. This fits all who want to walk.

I choose a path that begins where the sands dunes ends and goes closer to the ocean and walking on a plateau about thirty meters above sea level. There are several small paths through the dunes. It grows a lot of flowers and shrubs. One must follow the footsteps of the people who have gone there before. It's exciting as you can walk without risk. The wind cools just enough in the sunny weather. It takes a little more effort to walk in the sand than to walk on the footpath. After three four kilometers you come to an old watch tower. Those who go on the footpath can pretty easily get down to the tower. Self, I

go straight for it. The tower appears to be a fairly modern creation, and when you look into there is a fifteen meters deep shaft. It probably were a gun turret was fitted.



The trail continues up to a hundred meters high cliff that drops straight down into the sea. Self, I continue through the dunes. It now becomes a little tougher to get through the vegetation. No clear path exists. I now have to watch up. If the first stage was easy, and can be managed by most people, it has now become more difficult and demanding. Later on, I see the high and steep cliff and understand that I must find my way up to the footpath. However, it is not very easy to find an opening in the bushes. In the end, I see a sandy opening up steeply. Tired, I am finally on the footpath.



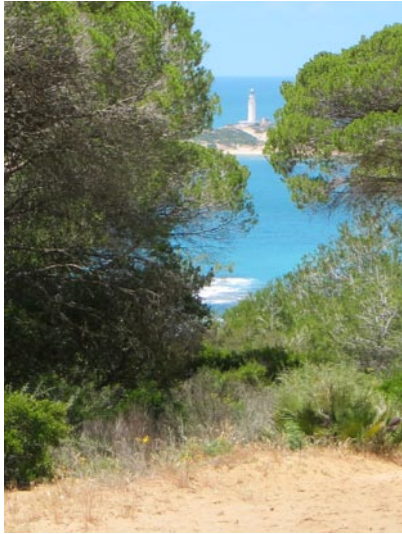
We have strolled for about five kilometers on the high cliff. Here is one thirteen-meter high tower. Admission is two euro and for that you get an even better view of the country side. Once more we stop to enjoy the view of Africa. Mediterranean glistens and we discuss if it glows azure or turquoise but got no clear answer.

Now it is just two kilometers remaining. Unfortunately, the remaining distance is not of the same quality as before. The trail is now no longer covered but going through the wood in the sand. It's hard to go in sand, but no worse than that one can do it. It just needs a little more energy.



Soon we can glimpse the lighthouse Trafalgar through the canopy. It was here that the inferior English fleet led by Nelson met the Spanish French fleet. They traditionally lined up the ships up on a line and then shoot broadsides at each other. Nelson swung suddenly up ninety degrees and went right through the enemy ship line. Suddenly the British had an advantage and could easily win the naval battle. The lighthouse is located a few hundred meters of a promontory.





We continue down to the village of Los Caños de Meca. The name comes from the arabs time in El Andalus. They found an inexhaustible source of water in the mountains. And water is something we really want. We find a restaurant just outside the gate of the wildpark with lake views. Their specialty is tuna in many forms and since we are in tuna country so we ordered different dishes and took a taste of each other. What a nice ending to a beautiful and pleasant day in southern Andalusia

