

The Algarve
May 22-25, 2011

This year, after our Silver Cloud crossing to Lisbon, from Barbados, (http://www.jludwick.com/Notes/Cloud_11/P&F.html) we spent several days in the Algarve, the south coast of Portugal. Our last trip (<http://www.jludwick.com/Notes/Portugal/Lovely.html>) we ran out of time, and it was a little early in the season anyway. Salema is a small fishing village--with lots of Brits and a few Germans. Rick Steves was right about this one, as opposed to Nazaré, which we found to be a dud during our previous trip. Here's a view from our fourth floor, €59, (including a full breakfast and free WiFi), balcony in Salema.



Here's a view in the other direction from the adjacent Atlantico Restaurant, which featured delicious fresh fish. To the left of the red life ring are several boats which a tractor drags into the sea in the morning for a day of fishing.

You might also be able to just detect a sunbather's legs protruding from the shade in the corner of the stone wall beneath the boats.



Her topless sunbathing was arranged rather modestly. The next day, a different one wasn't concerned, choosing the center of the beach. And when it was time to cover up and go in, her husband stood up, removed his trunks and carefully shook the sand off them before bothering to put on his pants! The next day we saw several more cavorting topless in the surf in nearby Lagos--more in three days in the Algarve than in our later eleven days in the French Riviera!

One day we explored from Sagres to Cape Vincente, the end of the world for many early explorers. It has a barren, rocky, windswept coastline--yet quite beautiful. It reminded us of the Cliffs of Moher and Hornhead in Ireland.



You can tell this site is really windy.



We were also welcomed by this happy wurst.



I'm sure that even non-German speakers realize that it's heralding the "Last Bratwurst Before America," although they had other sausages as well. They said all of their wursts came from Germany and of course, I had to try one of their Thüringer bratwursts. Although it wasn't the same size as the

ones I used to get at Kaufhof's carry-out window after noontime Berlitz lessons in Frankfurt--which were long and slender--it had the same flavor. Certainly better than any I've been able to find since in the US.

Those early explorers certainly would have loved a couple before they set out. Not to mention the hint that there actually was more land someplace out there.

They also provided a certificate attesting to our visiting the most southwestern point of continental Europe.

