

Discovering Croatia, Mountanegro and Puke, Albania Part Two



And fossils are everywhere, from the steps up to the church like here...



and here like these nautiloids...



To these worms which burrowed into the mud eons ago, leaving their tracks behind. The limestone is supposed to be Jurassic-Cretaceous (200-65 million years ago) though those nautiloids look older, and were supposed to have disappeared in the Triassic? (The Triassic directly preceded the Jurassic which, incidentally, is named after the limestone Jura mountains in France/Switzerland where Von Humboldt discovered and identified fossils from that era.)











While Venice, an art colony, has some of the best artists in the world, Dubrovnik has some of the most ungodly awful....





Same with the buskers (though one with a classical guitar was excellent). But another in period costume and with a period peasant's "violin" could play only two notes. It was pathetic.



The Dragon Lady trying to give away yet another iphone. She didn't have trouble with sleazebags this time, but I did....



After we returned to Dubrovnik's most expensive camper camp (\$60CAN, and the only one providing access to the old city) I was handwashing clothes alone when two aggressive and beefy middle aged Wops accused me of stealing something while one was showering or something. They were so over the top, I headed to the nearby office requesting security. The more aggressive of the wops followed me in. The camp had laid their security off for the end of the season, so I asked that they phone the cops. That straightened the jerk out fast and he split. But when I got back to our camper, I found that the other had cut the head off our electrical cord feeding the camper. Before the pinks arrived, we just checked out, bought a new end which I installed, and we checked into a different camp at \$27 saving money, and on the side of town we were leaving from the next day, so there was a good side to the experience with those ignorant assholes. "What nationality are they?" the camp manager asked. I told him. He shook his head. "Italians. Italians give me more problems than anyone."



To ensure these idiots didn't spark a prejudice against greaseballs in me I just recalled that one of the greatest juiceburgers of all time was a wopper of a wopette – Claudia Cardinale. Or at least

I thought she was a wop for decades before learning she's really from Tunis and lives in France but in that I thought she was a Wop speaks well of Dagoland. And I was a huge fan of Dean Martin. And I basically love anything Guinea.



Croatia gets all the plaudits that Mountenegro (I may have spelled that wrong?) deserves. Its coastal highway is far more beautiful.



No sooner are you in the country than you have the pleasure of driving around a huge bay with multi wings. Montenegro (apparently that's the spelling?) is a water lover's dream.



It has everything from prehistoric paintings to Roman to Medieval ruins, such as these. Note that they run all the way up the mountain.







You see these things all over the Mediterranean though what use they are I don't know. There's no way you could get one to go slow enough to troll for walleye. And I'd have to find somewhere else to park my canoe trailer to fit one of these in the back of the house. Fergit it.







Albania is the poor boy of the Adriatic, though it's hardly in poverty. We've seen poverty in Africa and I've seen it in India. Albania also has a nasty reputation for crime and terrible roads.



As we suspected, it was borshit.



Many of the homes are new, if boxy. You see some interesting transportation methods though, including donkeys and carts, but there's lots of older Benzes and newer cars. An odd feature of Albania is that every ten miles there's a big, brand new gas station. It's profitable: diesel here is 1.70 Euros compared to 1.08 everywhere else. At those prices we just drove through; it's only a half tank country.



I really wanted to go to Puke. It was high on our list to visit, and it just made me sick that we couldn't make it. Driving through Albania...imagine entering the industrial area of a third rate Eastern European country and that industrial area stretches across the top half of the country. And everyone throws garbage out car windows.



Websites and European travelers warn about the “bad roads.” They were fine, outside of a few nasty potholes and the like. Saskatoon – and Greece - has worse. I was brought up on mud, gravel and muskeg roads; I know what bad roads are and anything with pavement is a GOOD road. A bigger problem were the speed limits. Only 60 kmh on a good stretch like this? Sometimes it dropped to 20 for no reason. We saw a half dozen cop check stops, oinkers pulling over cars indiscriminately. They usually were more expensive models which I take to mean so the shake down could be larger.



Like the drab countryside, the drab cities are featureless – outside of bizarre colors on buildings.



Pinks, greens, blues, yellows and reds are thrown together indiscriminately. I joke that because I'm half Bohunk, I have no sense of color (and I don't). But the Albanians make me look like a Van Gogh.



Vlore, a poor man's Cannes. But watch – in ten years this will be a thriving international playground. Albania won't always be the poor man of Europe.



The bottom half of Albania has some of the best and most dramatic scenery on the whole coast.





The people were very friendly and one got the sense they don't see foreigners very often because of their overly helpfulness and, with some, getting flustered. A beach restaurant owner closing up at the end of the season gave us permission to park. We had great wild parking throughout the 2.5 month trip – including Greece which is next on Blah Blah.