



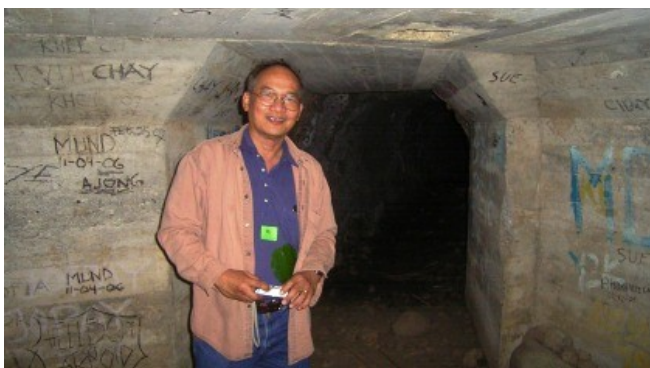
The stretch limo jeepney that had a powerful Isuzu engine, and a very careful driver. On two occasions, the destination was a turn off from the main road, terminating in a dead end too tight for maneuvering the vehicle around. So Rufu backed up all the way; at one place it must have been for about half a kilometer, on a narrow winding road. There were a bunch of cows that overtook us.



Part of the coast was sheer volcanic rock terminating into the sea, while others, like our resort area, was sandy shore and coral reefs.



The Batanes island group was a critical area during WW2, as it was a good watchpoint. The Japanese fortified the area with tunnels like the one above. The sign indicates a 250 meter long series of tunnels bifurcating to 5 exits with various rooms and a water tank.



We didn't explore the tunnel; only three of us ventured into the anteroom. In contrast, the lighthouse near town, though built in the last century, now obsolete, was all spruced up, and climable, all 53 steps to the top, which half of us managed to do. A restaurant was being constructed nearby.



At one of the more rocky shores. No swimming here for sure.



Looking at what our guide Roger caught: fish and sea urchins.



A new gustatory adventure: sea urchin cracked open, innards scooped up, and the remaining roe spooned out, to eat raw or with some lemon and vinegar. Ummm, delicious.