Chapter 36
Split, Croatia 2013





Sunday, May 12, 2013, Split, Croatia

I'm sitting on a plush leather couch in my room in the Hotel Park, said to be the nicest hotel in Split, Croatia, where I've been since Tuesday. My room is even better than my hosts intended, as I'll explain. I've been here for a conference hosted by the University of Split, their tenth in a series that they have hosted every two years since 1995. I was one



Hotel Park, from Web 2025

of two keynote speakers, and the only person attending from as far away as the US. Hence the good treatment.



My room, from trip.

I was approached by my friend Krešo (Krešimir Žigič, with his nickname pronounced Kresho) back in March asking if I'd be willing to be a keynote speaker in place of Nobel prize winner Joe Stiglitz, who had backed out. Krešo also suggested that I be here a few extra days, and ne promised to show me around the area, which he has now been doing for the last two days since the conference ended on Friday. I've been very well taken care of, and I feel like I must have put on several pounds as well.



View from hotel, from trip.

Getting to Split was not quite as easy as most destinations in Europe, as it is not served by KLM. Instead, I flew Delta to Amsterdam, where I then flew Croatian Airlines first from Amsterdam to Zagreb and then to Split. Croatia is not a very big country, but it is mountainous, and I guess driving from Zagreb to Split would take several hours.

I was met at the airport by a young woman named Maja (pronounced Maya) who was meeting several other conference participants as well. But she sent them off with a driver to a different hotel than mine, and then she drove me herself to the Hotel Park. It turns out that only a few of the participants were staying here, as the Best Western Hotel is cheaper. I gave my name at the hotel registration desk expecting no difficulty, but they didn't have my reservation. Fortunately, Maja was still with me, and she attended to the problem while I was directed into the hotel restaurant for something to eat. As I ate a wonderful bowl of asparagus soup, she called the conference organizer who apparently made quite a fuss and got the hotel to give me what seems to be the nicest room here. The hotel had claimed to be fully booked, so if that was true, I must have displaced somebody. Krešo, who was also staying in this hotel, walked me to my room and marveled at how much nicer it was than his.

As an indication of how nice this room is, it has two bathrooms, one small with just a toilet and sink, the other large with two sinks and a bath/shower as well as a toilet. There

is just one bed, but it is king-size, and I presume the two bathrooms are so that a couple can stay here and not have to wait to use one. Also, in addition to this wonderful leather couch, there is a matching leather easy chair and a leather chaise. A balcony looks out onto a patio, then a green tree-filled park, the sea, and islands in the distance. In the evening, a man plays piano down on the patio. With the doors to my balcony ajar, I can enjoy the music. All in all, it's about as luxurious as I've ever experienced.

Not all is perfect, however. Like most European hotels, this one has no washcloths. I'm used to that. But it also had no bath towels, only hand towels, or that's what I thought. Eventually, wanting a towel to use at the beach, I asked for one. They assured me that one should be in the room, but they brought me another anyway. It turned out to be so thin that, when folded, it didn't look like a bath towel. There were in fact two in the larger bathroom. But not very nice ones. Since then, I've also run out of Kleenex in the room. The first day, I assumed they would replace the box in the holder, but they didn't. I later took the holder apart to make it clear that it was empty. They proceeded to take the holder itself and did not replace it. Until later that day. Then a maid appeared with it, refilled. I don't know what that was all about.

Later that first Tuesday, Krešo and a dean picked up both me and the other keynote speaker, who was from Glasgow, to take us to a dinner at the marina. The dean drove us there and easily got close to the restaurant through the narrow streets bordered with parked cars, but then he couldn't find a parking space. He dropped us off, and only appeared at the restaurant much later, having walked quite a distance. Parking here is not abundant.

There must have been about 20 people at the dinner, all but the other keynote speaker and I being regulars at the conference over the years and, apparently, part of its Program Committee. The main organizer was a young faculty member named Vinko, and he sat between the other keynote speaker and me. On my other side was Krešo, and next to him a woman I came to know well that evening and later: Milica (pronounced Mellissa, approximately). She is from Serbia originally but is on a faculty in Italy. Through most of the dinner, I talked with her and Krešo. As for the food, I'm sure it was good, but I don't remember. I do remember that everybody but me drank wine. Croatia is very proud of its wine, but I had told Krešo that I don't like wine, and since I did admit that I drink beer, he has made a point throughout this visit of providing it. I'd be just as happy with water most times, but I guess the beer is more appropriate for the frequent toasts. This dinner went on for a long time, much longer than I'd have preferred. After it, the dean – who had moved his car closer to the restaurant sometime during dinner – drove us back to the hotel.

On Wednesday morning the several of us staying at Hotel Park were picked up in a small van and driven to the Faculty of Economics (what we would probably call the School of Economics and Business) at University of Spit. It was in a modern building perhaps 15 minutes away through the city, and further from the sea. Once inside, we convened in a large auditorium that was close to full, largely because lots of students, who filed in all at once, must have been instructed to attend. The day was spent on policy issues, and the

speakers were not academic economists. The keynote speaker that day – the guy from Glasgow – spoke about the European Union's Cohesion Policy – a policy of giving money to its countries – about how that money is allocated and then used. It was somewhat interesting, but not hugely. The subsequent speakers, including one who spoke in Croatian so that I had to listen to simultaneous translation on headphones, were less so, at least for me.

Lunch, however, was excellent, that day and every day. A nice assortment of hot and cold dishes was provided in a central area, and the idea was to fill one's plates, then eat standing up while conversing. I hate that, finding it both tiring and difficult. So, I took my food into the auditorium and sat to eat. Just two other persons joined me.

At some point, Krešo suggested that I (and he) might not want to stay for the whole day, since there was to be another dinner that evening and I might want to rest. Rest was not actually what I needed, but rather some time to prepare my talk for the next morning. I had done nothing about that, waiting to see what sort of talk the other keynote speaker would give before drafting mine. Now it was clear that I needed a complete set of slides. I had assumed that I'd have to stay up much of the night writing these after the dinner, so I was delighted when Krešo suggested that I skip. He said he would find me a taxi, but apparently someone else saw the need, as the tall mustachioed fellow who had driven us that morning appeared suddenly and offered to drive me to the hotel. I spent a very productive few hours drafting my presentation. By then I'd had a few ideas for what to say, and I was very pleased with myself.

That evening, the entire conference of 80-100 people dined in the basement of the "palace" in central Split. This requires some explanation. It seems that the Roman emperor Diocletian built this large palace as a home for his retirement in 305 AD. It's a large rectangle that, back then, housed not just him but many people, both citizens and slaves. The walls and many of the buildings of the palace remain in place after all these years, and they continue to be inhabited. Many people still live inside the palace, and there are many shops as well. Split was taken over by the Venetians when they ruled this part of the world, so some of the buildings are in Venetian style. It's a beautiful place and well preserved.

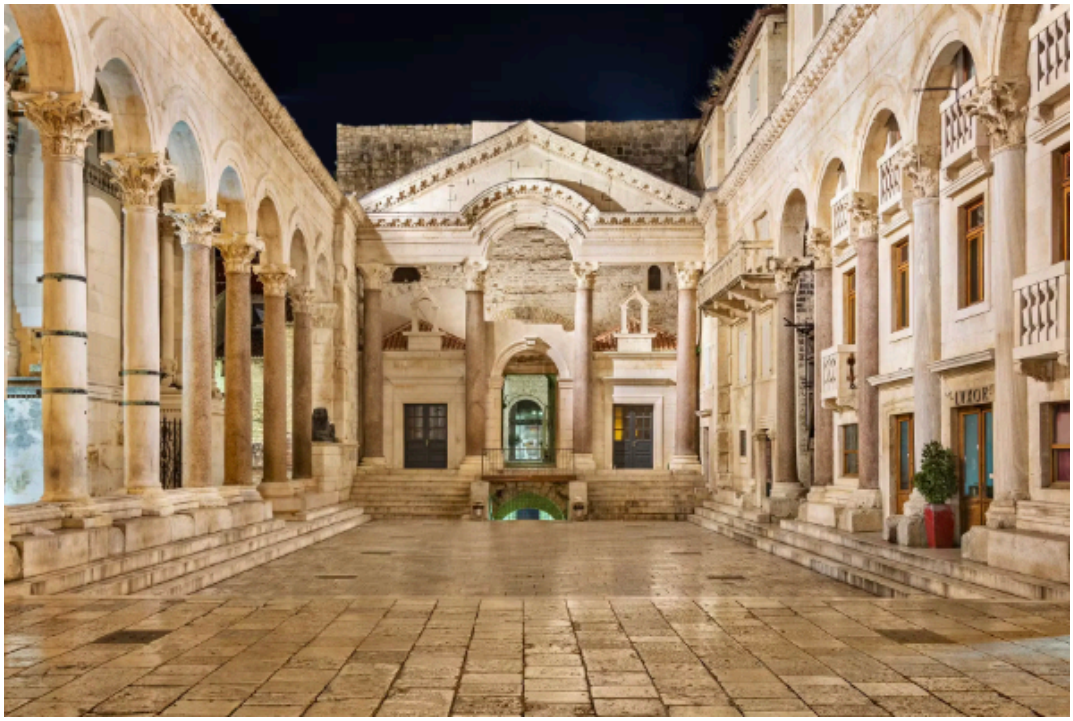
It seems that the palace was built with a basement. The purpose of this in ancient times was as a repository for waste. That is, toilets, such as they had, drained through holes in the floor into these large subterranean rooms. By the Middle Ages, these spaces were filled with waste, and the Venetians used plumbing to make other arrangements. Then, even more recently, somebody decided to excavate the place, removing the accumulated waste and restoring rooms that could be used. Portions of the basement are now used by shops, but there are also rooms that are empty and available for other uses. That's where we had our dinner. We didn't know until much later that we were dining in what centuries before had been filled with shit.

The food was laid out on tables in the center of one of these large, vaulted rooms, and we helped ourselves, then chatted with one another as we ate. Again, the food was very good, but I'd have found the arrangement uncomfortable if that had been all there was.



Dinner in basement, from trip.

But it wasn't. At the far end of the large room there were singers. These were two groups of students from the university, one male and one female, who sing mostly Croatian songs, a cappella or with just a guitar accompanying them. They were wonderful, and by switching back and forth between the two groups, they were able to keep the music going the entire evening. That gave me something to focus on rather than trying constantly to converse. I also wandered through several other of these subterranean chambers and took both photos and videos with my iPhone [which I now, 2025, seem to have lost]. It was wonderful. At one point, the two groups joined together to sing, and then Krešo and one woman from the conference joined them as well. There seem to be a tremendous number of Croatian folk songs available, as I don't think they ever repeated a song.



Diocletian's Palance, from Web 2025

After the dinner, I'd have been happy to return to the hotel and go to bed, but instead Krešo took me off to explore more of the place above ground, both inside the palace and outside. We were joined by Krešo's friend Božidar Cerović, whom Krešo calls Cera (pronounced Sarah). Cera is from Serbia, and Krešo often spoke of him as an "enemy," since there was a war in the 1990s between Serbia and Croatia. But it was clear that they are best of friends. Cera is just as jovial a guy as Krešo, though more inclined to remain silent and just smile broadly and laugh at Krešo's humor.



Diocletian's Palance, from trip.



Diocletian's Palance, from trip.

There was a lot to see. Until this evening, I had seen little of Split to make me appreciate it as a beautiful place. Even our earlier dinner at the marina, though very nice, just seemed like a typical seaside. But now as we wandered the narrow streets of the town (walkways, really) both inside and outside the palace, I began to appreciate the place. It's a very charming city.

At some point Krešo took us to an empty square that would hold the fish market during the day. I had read about this in a magazine about Croatia on the airplane coming to Split: it is a fish market without flies. Somewhere nearby, there is a sulfurous hot spring, and as a result the air smells slightly of sulfur. In fact, I could not smell it, and I don't think the smell is ever very strong. But it keeps away the flies.

Next to the square is a restaurant, Nostromo, and Krešo took us over to it, saying that he knows the chef there, Zlatko Marinovič, who is very famous. At the door of the

restaurant we looked in, and Zlatko was sitting at the bar with another man. He saw us and came out to greet Krešo, bringing the other man, and we ended up standing with them for at least an hour. I was of course somewhat impressed that Krešo knew this famous chef (whose photo I'd seen in the magazine on the plane), but Krešo was much more impressed with meeting the other gentleman. He turned out to be a famous scientist – some sort of biology, I think – who is based in Paris and is widely regarded as a possible Nobel Prize winner. For the rest of my visit, Krešo has repeatedly come back to how amazing it was that we were able to meet Professor Miroslav Radman. He has since sent me a link to his webpage.

Not long after we arrived, a waiter came out of the restaurant and handed each of us a drink – beer for me and wine for the others. Then three musicians also came out of the restaurant and began to play for us. Their music seemed to be a mixture of Croatian songs – which Krešo and the others joined in singing – and a few songs that I could recognize. We hadn't been there long before Milica also arrived. She apparently had missed seeing us leave, and so she had set out to find us. She knew Krešo well enough to be able to guess where we would be, so she too joined in the drinking and singing.

We did eventually leave and continue our walk. During that we saw the famous statue of – I'm not sure who. Wooden walls hide most of the statue, as it is being renovated. But the left foot of the statue is exposed, the reason being that people touch the foot's big toe for luck. I did that, wishing for my presentation the next day to go well. It worked!



Statue of Gergory Nin, from Web 2025

At the end of our walk, the four of us (Krešo, Cera, Milica, and I) went to the taxi stand near the palace, since Cera and Milica were staying at the Best Western, too far to walk. Krešo insisted that he and I could walk to our hotel, but I insisted otherwise, and we also took a taxi. I paid for it, and Krešo kept the receipt.

Thursday morning was my talk which, as I said, went well. It was in a smaller auditorium than the talk the day before, but it was still well attended. It was followed by three sets of concurrent sessions in classrooms at the university, between which were coffee breaks and lunch. Like most conferences, these sessions each had several academic papers, but they were on a mixture of topics, including aspects of both business and economics. I can't say that I got much out of any of them, and as I look now at the conference program trying to recall, I can't even say for sure which session I attended in one case. I did attend the one session that had "trade" in the title, and there I met a fellow, Predrag Bjelić, who Krešo had told me was looking forward to meeting me. His paper was somewhat interesting, but more memorable was the fact that he recalled reading, while he was in the army but also studying for his PhD, the book that Bob Stern and I published on nontariff barriers.

After the conference on Thursday, we were treated to a tour of the palace. A bus took us down to the corner of the palace, and there we were split into two groups for walking tours, one in English and one in Croatian. It was during this tour that we learned much more about the history of the place, as well as details of the architecture that Krešo had not been able to tell us. Krešo did manage to tell us more though, even during the tour, sometimes anticipating what the tour guide planned to say, and irritating him a bit, I think. We learned, for example, (from the guide) that the necktie was invented in Croatia, as a red piece of cloth that Croatian soldiers were asked by their women to wear as they traveled abroad to identify them. Hence the word "cravat," which derives from Croatia. We also saw some pieces of sculpture that were brought here in Roman times from Egypt, and that are therefore even much older.

After the tour and returning to our hotel by bus, Krešo had arranged for the same four of us – Krešo, Cera, Milica, and I – to dine at the restaurant Nostromo. We had what I have to say is one of the best dinners I've ever enjoyed. It started with two dishes that are illegal, and that if Zlatko were caught serving them to us, he'd go to jail, supposedly. The first was some kind of incredibly small fish, riblja nljech, each very thin and only about an inch long, that we ate as though they were noodles. They were delicious, though I suspect the flavor had more to do with the preparation than with the fish. And why they were illegal, I don't know. Presumably an endangered species.

The second dish was a shellfish, prstaci na buzaru, looking like mussels, but skinnier. The shells broke easily apart, and then you used the half shell like a spoon to put the creature into your mouth. Again, delicious. And also, illegal. Here the reason seemed to be that these beasts manage to burrow their way into rocks, so that to capture them you must break the rock, and this is considered destructive. Anyhow, they were wonderful.



Prstaci, from trip.

Before I go on, a word about the name, prstaci. You'll notice that it is hard to pronounce. This is common in Croatian, as they often do not bother with inserting vowels. On thinking about it, I'm not sure why we bother to do that ourselves. These are, I think, in syllables that are not accented, so the vowel sound that you make doesn't matter much.

Anyhow, the third dish was scampi – very large shrimp. Each of us got two, and they had been cooked on the grill. They were tasty, but they took work to extract the meat from the tails, so I was not all that impressed.

Next, though, came the *pièce de résistance* (have I got that right?): two pieces of tuna and one piece of another fish, gof. The tuna, especially, was easily the best fish I've ever eaten. How much of that was because of the quality and freshness of the fish (caught just hours before, I'm sure) and how much due to the way it was prepared, I have no idea. But it was amazing. I will never eat a better piece of fish, I'm sure.

Friday morning first had two sets of concurrent sessions, followed by a single session that I chaired with three student papers. Of the papers that I heard, I'd have to say that these were the best of the whole conference. One, by a PhD student from Slovenia, was especially interesting and useful, providing indices of institutional quality of countries assembled from multiple sources.

Friday afternoon I had my first free time, so I walked down to the palace to do some shopping. This is, of course, a tourist destination more than anything else, so there was no shortage of shops. I looked at several before I found one that had things that appealed to me, and I bought most of the items that I usually look for when I travel. Then I set about looking for the shop that we had seen during the walking tour: a store specializing in high-end neckties, where their story had been told.

I vaguely remembered where the shop was and looked for it during my walk. It took me a while to find it, but I did. Inside the shop, I quickly found a tie that I liked and asked its price. It was, as I recall, about 3,000 kuna, which translates to about $500. I didn't buy it. Instead, I let the salesperson direct me to the rack of their cheapest ties, and eventually found one that I thought would be OK. It is decorated with characters from the alphabet that the Croatians used to use before they adopted the Latin alphabet. She told me that it would go well with the shirt that I happened to be wearing. Since I felt I should wear a tie that evening for the "gala dinner" that would conclude the conference, I bought it and wore it. It cost just 600 kuna, or about $100.

The currency, kuna, by the way, is named after an animal whose hides used to be used as currency. Krešo and I spent some time trying to sort out what animal that was, and decided it was mink.

That evening, the conference dinner was at a house that Krešo was very excited to visit, as he had never been there. It was an occasional vacation home for Tito, the man who led the Yugoslavs in fighting off the Germans in World War II and who then ruled Yugoslavia for years after that before it broke up into today's Croatia and others. I have tended to think of Yugoslavia as part of the Soviet bloc, like the other Central European countries, but I've learned now how wrong that was. Yugoslavia was communist, yes, but in a manner quite different from the others. And it was Tito who led a group of countries – India, Egypt, and others in addition to Yugoslavia – in the Nonaligned Movement. They were quite determined to remain independent of the Soviets as well as of us, and I guess they succeeded.

Anyhow, this was Tito's house, even though he visited it only occasionally, and it was very nice. It's on the sea and is surrounded by woods. All of which we got to explore, but only for a very short time before dinner was served.

The reason it was a short time was that the large bus that was supposed to pick up Krešo, me, and one other person at Hotel Park did not. It was supposed to pick us up at 7:30, after first collecting the many other conference participants at the Best Western. At about 7:25, I went downstairs to wait for it and was met by the desk clerk saying that the bus was already here. I should have gone out immediately to catch it, but the clerk delayed me by asking who else in the hotel should be catching the bus, so that he could call their rooms. That delayed me just enough that, when I stepped outside, I saw the back of the bus pulling away from the hotel. I ran down the sidewalk to catch it, but it was out of sight by the time I reached the street. I checked the time, and it was 7:27.

Krešo came out about then, and a few minutes later one other guest, named Grant. Krešo called Vinko and explained what had happened, so Vinko sent a junior member of the faculty, Paško, to drive back from Tito's house to pick us up. That all took quite a while, so we arrived only a few minutes before dinner.

Paško drives a very slick Mercedes. It has only two doors, which means it is sporty but not ideal for picking up three middle-aged-and-older economists. Krešo seemed amazed that such a car even existed, as we contorted ourselves getting in and out.

The dinner was, as always, very good, with a wide assortment of dishes in a buffet. I went back several times to refill my plate, but in my defense, the plates were small.

Throughout the evening, both before dinner and after, a musical group played and sang for us. It was again a mixture of both local and familiar songs. As the evening wore on, I felt that it got louder and louder. For a while after dinner, several people were dancing. Later the band moved from table to table with their singing and picked up more and more of the guests to join them in song. Perhaps that's why it got loud. At one point, as I walked among the tables, the student whose paper had impressed me that morning called my name, and I sat with him and several other young economists talking for the rest of the evening. I enjoyed the conversation, mostly, but it was all I could do to make out what they were saying, with all that music.

The music finally stopped, and the party broke up at 12:30 AM. We all piled onto the bus to take us back to our hotels, but then somebody had the idea of being dropped instead at the seaside promenade in the center of town to continue the party. Only a few of us declined, and the rest of those who declined were all staying at the Best Western. The evening ended with me the only passenger on this huge bus as it took me to Hotel Park.

Tuesday, May 14, on Delta 235 from Amsterdam to Detroit

When Krešo invited me to the conference, he said I should plan a few extra days before or after to see the area, and he promised that he would show me around. He delayed planning is own travel until I had decided mine. With the conference over on Friday, I had three days to be a tourist with him as my guide or, as he put it, my bodyguard. I had made it clear that he should not be attending to me all the time, as I would like some time to myself as well. He used that opportunity to plan to attend, by himself, a soccer game on Sunday evening. He offered that I attend that as well, but I declined. Good decision: the score was zero-zero.

On Saturday we went to a nearby town, Trogir, with Cera in Cera's (4-door) car. We'd planned to set out at 10:00, but it was raining and at 9:30 Krešo called me in the hotel to say that we would delay and watch the weather. This was the first time it had rained since I'd come to Split, though there had been a storm shortly before I'd arrived on Tuesday. This rain didn't last long, and by 11:00 it was sunny and clear, so we took off.

Trogir is a pleasant town, on a small island that is positioned between the mainland and a larger island, to both of which it is connected by bridges. We parked on the mainland and walked onto the island, where we walked through the narrow streets among buildings that were probably only a few hundred years old. The main attraction was a square stone structure at the tip of the island, basically just four walls with a bulky round tower at one corner. We were the only tourists there, as it is apparently still a bit early in the tourist season, and we had to pay several kuna each to an attendant to enter. There really wasn't much to it.

Most of our time during this visit was having lunch, which we did at a restaurant that Cera knew. He and Krešo both had fish, but I had pašticada, a local dish that they said was unique to this part of Croatia. It was remarkably similar to the kind of roast beef dinner that you'd get in the US at a truck stop: two slabs of sliced beef in a brown gravy served with mashed potatoes. I'm sure the flavor of the gravy was somewhat different, but not a lot.

I just realized, as I wrote "this part of Croatia," that I haven't said what part that is. This is Dalmatia. The Dalmatian Coast is the southern 2/3 of the coast of Croatia, plus the many islands just off that coast. Tourists of course want to know about Dalmatian dogs. Our tour guide on Thursday explained that the Dalmatian is just one of several breeds of dog that come from here, but it gets the name because its many spots resemble islands.

After our outing to Trogir on Saturday I was on my own. The weather was nice, so I thought I'd try a dip in the sea, since the beach was just a few steps down from my hotel. I put on my swimsuit, went down to the beach, and tried the water. I had assumed that, this being the sunny Mediterranean, the water would be warmer and more pleasant than, say, Lake Michigan in August. It wasn't. I went in up to my knees and then went back onto the beach to lie in the sun. I only did that for a few minutes. That skimpy bath towel really wasn't enough.

Later, fully dressed, I took a walk along the seaside going away from the beach and the city, intending to return to the hotel for dinner. But I passed several shops selling food, or trying to sell it, as there were not many tourists. One showed pictures and descriptions in English of a flat bread sandwich with small cylinders of minced beef. That looked good, so I had that for my dinner. It was very good, as the filling also had onions and some sort of white creamy sauce. I'm sorry that I didn't manage to get the name of it. Krešo later said that it too was a popular local dish.

On Sunday we went to Brač (Brach). This is a large island off the coast, and the location where this conference has been held previously. Krešo and I had been invited to the summer home of Neven Mates and his wife Mira. We traveled by ferry to the largest village on Brač where Neven met us with his car. After walking around that town a bit, we drove to a smaller village, Sutivan, and went to his home where Mira was preparing our meal. Their home is not large, but it occupies the top two floors of a three-story building, and the top has a balcony with a good view of the village below, the sea, and the coast of the mainland beyond. With lots of greenery and flowers, it was beautiful.

Speaking of flowers, the day before Krešo had said that we should take some flowers as a gift to our hosts, and he asked if I would be able to order them through the hotel. I said that I would, but when I asked, the staff there said they couldn't do it. They said that I



View from Neven's home, from trip

should instead go down to the market by the palace the next morning, and that's what I did. I bought a bouquet of flowers that I thought looked very nice and would be appropriate for the occasion. When Krešo picked me up, I had them with me, and we took turns carrying them as we traveled to Brač. When we arrived at Neven's home, I handed them to Mira, who accepted them without comment. A while after we arrived, she appeared with them in a vase and placed it on the table, again with no comment. A few minutes later, Neven took the vase off the table and put them on the floor out of the way. And that was that.

After lunch we went for a walk, seeing more of the village and climbing to the top of a hill where there was a cemetery. Most interesting in the cemetery were the catacombs. These are underground rooms with bodies buried in their walls. Each room has what you might call a sky-light, and from the cemetery above you can look down into them. There also was a small building atop a spiral stairway that led down into them, and Mira managed to find the key that opened its door for us to go down. I have no idea why this method of burial was chosen, since there was no shortage of land to use for conventional graves.

The claim to fame of Brač is that it has deposits of a very white stone. This, I'm told, was mined here and shipped to the US to build the White House. We saw shops selling items that had been made from this stone, of which I bought a couple.

Sunday evening, with Krešo away at the soccer game, I started this journal and had dinner in the hotel. I was almost the only diner, and there was a piano player out on the patio, outside the window, providing nice background music. I felt pampered.

Monday, my last day in Split, had only a little to write home about. The vice dean of the university wanted to chat with me, so Paško picked me up at 11:15 to drive me there. I met with several of the faculty and discussed their hopes that I would help to make future conferences more successful. I'll do what I can, which I expect will not be much. We then ate lunch in the same facility that serves (subsidized) lunches to their students, and I once again had pašticada.

I had the afternoon to myself, during which I mostly hung out drinking beer and coffee (not at the same time) in cafes by the sea. In the evening Krešo and I had dinner at a very nice restaurant also by the sea. Our conversation this time got into economics, as he told me about the paper that he had presented at the conference and that I had missed (I was attending the trade session instead). I doubt you want to hear about his paper, but it was a nice idea.

Most memorable about our dinner, though, was a man who came in with a small group and sat at a table in the next room, visible from where we sat but not very close. Krešo became excited to see this man, whose name is Mladin Markač. Why is he special? Because he was a general in the Croatian army during its war in the 1990s with Serbia, and he was more recently prosecuted in The Hague for war crimes. He spent six years in

prison during the trial, but he was acquitted just last November. That's probably the closest I'll ever get to an alleged war criminal.

My first flight today, from Split to Zagreb, was at 6:15 AM, so Paško picked me up at 5:00. I hope he went home after dropping me at the airport and went back to bed. I've gotten some sleep myself on the flights, and now that I've finished this, I hope to get more.

I'll close with a few more photos.



From trip



From trip.



From trip.