

## Day 1: 7th October, Wednesday ~ The Langham, Boston

We encounter heavy traffic so the bus is 30 min late getting into O'Hare. We got our boarding passes yesterday on line, and directions to find the check-in kiosks but they are not there. "Just walk to section 3."

Security has a long line with only two X-ray machines operating. Security promptly shuts down one and the line gets longer. Now I'm beginning to worry a little. At least I don't suffer the indignity of removing my belt. I think we walked to Boston, United gate B22 is the last one.

We carry on a sandwich. Good decision.

The flight departs a few minutes late, but we have a tail wind and arrive on time.

Its been raining on and off with squally winds.

Where is Tauck? We wait thirty minutes. At information, I try to explain to a lady with limited English, that I want her to page the Tauck representative. If there is one, I doubt they would have understood.

"Lets just take a cab."

We ask the driver for a receipt. Later we learn that we are missing a package of information from Tauck.

At the Langham, our bags are spirited away to room 759. We freshen up and venture out. It promptly starts to rain with gusty winds. We turn back to explore the hotel. Just as quickly the sun emerges.

Map in hand, we pause. This is the *financial district*.

"Where do you want to go?" asks the Door Man.

"To the water front."

"Go left, down the hill."

A few blocks brings us to Atlantic Avenue which we cross to the Aquarium. A sign announces *water front walk*. The board walk, mostly concrete, winds around multi story condos and business buildings. The wind is stiff so we shelter. Several yachts are moored at private piers. A Man opens an iron gate and wanders down the pier. "Which one does he own?" He walks up the gang plank to the most luxurious. "Awh, just a deck hand..."

We are lost in the hotel, or at least we can not find the bar. A lady in the elevator directs us to exit at the second floor and follow the hallway around several turns. A blank door opens into a huge paneled bar with ornate chandeliers and balustrade. "Why is it called *The Bond?*" On the walls are huge reproductions of savings bonds. "This used to be a Federal Reserve Bank."

We meet our tour director Winni and fellow tour members at a reception. She was the kind lady who gave us directions in the elevator. We go to dinner in small groups, dine with Ann & Birney, then turn in early.



*The Bond, Langham bar.*



Pictures of savings bonds.



“Want to clean the chandelier?”



Unashamed opulence.