

Day 11: 17th October, Saturday ~ Salem Cross, Depart Boston.

As we leave, the ground is frosty. Winni entertains us with a DVD. First a spoof about having breakfast in the wind atop Mt. Washington. We play guess the mileage of the trip. I write 1,572. Although today we travel 250mi back to Boston, the whole trip is only 1,373mi. With forty people on the coach, there is a 95% probability that two will have the same birthday. Three couples match, including Betsy and I.

Deerfield was settled in 1673, but wiped out several times by Indians until the peace treaty of 1735. 55 buildings pre-date 1825. In 1848 the elders had the fore sight to begin preservation.



We drive through Amherst campus a liberal arts college with a high faculty to student ratio.

[Around Deerfield.](#)

The Salem Cross Inn, our lunch stop, has a hex symbol on its door handle. A sign used to keep witches and the devil out. We sit at long tables. The waitresses are dressed in period costume except for the sneakers. Cooked on a spit in front of an open fire, the portions of prime rib are huge. A waiter parades a bowl of cream, it must be mounded a foot high. That is to top the apple pie.



No witches at Salem Cross Inn.



As we drive south, the colors diminish; the trees have yet to turn.

Winni takes great care to ensure we know which terminal we depart from. A few are staying at the Airport Hilton. Other will be dropped at the Langham.

Our plane is late arriving. We depart 45min behind schedule but should catch our bus OK. There is a medical emergency on the plane and paramedics greet us upon arrival. We catch our bus and drive home arriving around 11:30pm. Tired!