

# Beacon Hill



Misjudging my politics, everybody told me that the townhouse flying the American flag on Louisburg Square belongs to U.S. Sen. John Kerry. I knew how he got it, by marrying an obscenely rich widow, but I snapped a photo anyway (above left) after red-coated Yoshi climbed the entry steps. I was more interested in little Acorn Street (above right), billed as “The Most Photographed Street in America.” At first I missed it because it looked like a cobblestoned alley. A 40-year Beacon Hill resident, walking by, saw my confusion and stopped to set me straight. The cobblestones were once ballast in sailing ships, he told me. Farther on, an elderly lady walking with a cane stopped to chat. She had lived in Beacon Hill for 60 years. Yoshi fingered and praised the lady’s Coco Chanel scarf. “We need those things, don’t we?” the lady smiled. How women can identify a piece of silk at a glance beats the hell out of me. Friendly people live in Boston, unlike what I was told before I went there.



Charles Street provides shopping and dining for residents of exclusive Beacon Hill. It’s a pleasant place to stroll. We bought little gifts for our neighbor girls, picked up a huge Asian pear at a market, and ate a sandwich at an Italian deli. We even dropped in at a quaint inn, thinking we might stay there on our next Boston trip. The prices didn’t discourage us, but the “No Smoking” signs did.

**Jackson Sellers, November 2005**