

Charleston! Charleston!

FIRST came the reunion, a biennial gathering of nostalgic old sailors who served aboard the *USS Colahan DD-658* in three wars. I was the warship's communications officer fifty years ago, and even wrote a book about the *Colahan's* World War II battles and adventures. I hesitated before donating a hardcover copy of *The Original Tomcat* for a door prize, figuring that all shipmates in Charleston had already read it. Fortuitously, the book was won by WWII veteran Robert McGinnis of Mississippi, who had not yet read it. I inscribed it for him with pleasure. At right, Yoshi feeds the peacocks at the Magnolia Plantation and Gardens outside Charleston. This was one of several excursions sponsored by the *Colahan* association. The plantation had 2,000 acres at the time of the Civil War but has shrunk to 500.



WHEN the reunion was over, Yoshi and I shifted to the French Quarter Inn in the heart of historic Charleston. Our top-floor patio was about as large as the room itself. Since we could smoke on the patio, I spent a lot of time staring at the steeple of St. Philip's Episcopal Church, a 19th century landmark in the charming district. The steeple clock actually kept good time and chimed quaintly about it. We toured historic Charleston in a horse-drawn carriage. The horse's name was Scout. I forget the driver's name but he was certainly knowledgeable. A.W. Shucks, the famed oyster house, was just down the street. We ordered three dozen oysters on half shells and Yoshi gobbled two-thirds of them. At the Peninsula Grill, she got the lobster she had been looking forward to, but she was not impressed. She said: "I want to go back to Boston," where, three years ago, she had eaten New England lobsters every night for a week. Hank's, a pricey joint, provided more cooked seafood, but on the last night, we couldn't resist *sashimi* and *sushi* at a Japanese place called Tsunami, which served raw fish in the land of Southern-fried everything.

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