

Nagasaki

By JACKSON SELLERS
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Once, when I was in the Navy back in 1956, I almost got into Nagasaki, the storied Japanese seaport in northwestern Kyushu. The *USS Colahan*, a warship on which I served, had tied up in Nagasaki's harbor and given liberty to the crew. But I couldn't go ashore. I was restricted to the ship as punishment for oversleeping in the fleshpots of Yokosuka, our previous port, thus missing morning muster. I was young and irresponsible in those days. Now, I was 79 years old and somewhat wise, and nobody could stop me, not even friends who thought I shouldn't be in Japan in the wake of the recent earthquake and tsunami north of Tokyo.



[To be finished later ... Jackson Sellers]