

Number Please

"Number, Please."

I proudly gave the operator our number.

"Number, Please." she repeated

Again I gave our number.

"Number, Please."

I started to give our number again when my mother called from the bedroom, "Kay it's not our number she wants it's the number you are calling."

This was our first telephone and I was excited that I foolishly thought the operator wanted "our" number.

Mother had been ill for some time and Dad worked as a city fireman 24hrs on, 24hrs off. It was his concern for mother that propted our having a telephone.

The instulation had taken on a festive atmosphere.

The prestige of a telephone! The luxury of it! Mother had even set aside a table just to hold the telephone.

It was a beautiful black instrument. It had a round pedistal with a stem-like center. At the top of the stem was the speaker, which looked like a blossom of a daffodil. On the side of the stem was a hook which held the receiver.

When you lifted the receiver and held it to your ear you could hear the operator saying "Number, Please."