



# our number is up

by kevin j. finn

"hello girl"

"**C**OAST GUARD — ELLIS ISLAND!" Ah! that sweet refrain. It brings back fond memories of happy but hectic days on "The Rock" when we the gallant members of "Operation Telephony" (that phony fits in well, doesn't it?) — established contact with the mainland.

We were a jolly lot, nestled snugly in a corner of the Personnel Office behind a stack of last year's telephone books.

As you might recall the most faithful old plugs were Harrington, Greason, "Casey", Soman and Finn. We aimed to please. If our aim wasn't so good, we apologize. Perhaps in the next war — what am I saying???

There were of course times when things didn't run too smoothly, especially in the early days when we were breaking in and a switchboard looked like an electrical octopus. I recall one instance in particular on duty — A party called and wanted to speak to the Morale Officer but somehow or other asked for the "Athletic Supporter". Well, the new kid became excited and

connected the call with Ships Service Stores. George Abel received the call, decided he didn't have any "supporters" in stock and connected the call with the Clothing Locker. Next thing we knew the call was transferred to Sick Bay and the party on the other end asked for an aspirin.

We really had some swell times, though. At night we had the Anchor Watch; those loyal youths who sat contentedly for hours watching the anchor that wasn't there.

Then, when morning came we had the impossible task of attempting to wake "Red" Hoffman. Ah! how I wish I could recall some of those endearing phrases Max Ludwig would use in the quiet of Room 12 as we tenderly shook Red's bunk to and fro.

Well, now that the war is over and "The Rock" is retired as a Coast Guard Base, we, the former operators, bid you a fond farewell and we know that in the room that was once the Personnel Office a timid echo will always remain to say — "COAST GUARD — ELLIS ISLAND!"

