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THE LIFE of Timmy Telephone

By Dorothy Heck

A phone can have a heart
and a soul. It can be a date bureau,
a mediator, a stand-by to all.

H I THERE! Know me? ... Timmy Telephone is the name folks. Ahhh, come on, you do know who I am. You've just forgotten that I'm the guy you talk through all the time. I'm that squat, pudgy little fella, perched high up on the corner stand at the end of the hall. I'm a jovial, jolly soul that hums and buzzes all day long, keeping my carpiece cocked and my dial front spinning, eager to disclose what I can and to relay what I am told.

Popularity keeps my circuit reeling, for I have the distinctive quality of being an object of attention from both sexes. Day after day, year after year, women in the dorm have wept, laughed, confided and stormed with me, each in her own way, each in her chosen time.

I may be just a small, ebboned figure that keeps a ceaseless vigil in your hall; I may be something to whom you never waste a second thought. I understand though, and I wouldn't have my life any other way. I am wise, for I learn through listening; obedient, for I always say what I am told; trustworthy, for I never reveal a secret unbidden; I am the "old stand-by" to all.

Date Bureau

It seems my chief function is being a date bureau and at times I have my arms filled. Last week I felt as if I'd had my wires pulled out when six women grabbed me at once and loudly insisted that I was for them. In some instances, this could be flattering, but somehow with a persistent buzz resounding through me, I was annoyed. I got even with them. I turned out to be a call from a woman; and that is a nasty trick to play on a group of date-hungry women.

Sometimes I feel as if I am a wickedly deceptive creature, for I give wild impressions to people that are not based on honest circumstances. Take a call I engineered yesterday morning: I rang for Molly, and knowing her behavior at times, I braced myself for the onslaught. Sure enough, her door banged open and out she tore with murderous speed toward me. A hot fist tightened around my middle and I flew up to her heaving mouth.

When Molly realized the man calling was for her I suddenly began emitting soft sultry tones that vividly depicted a sleek, charming sophisticated woman. If I hadn't had this dungareed, curled, gum smacking beauty breathing down my neck, I might have been fooled myself. Just think of all the men I have deceived this way!

I'm A Mediator

Sometimes I derive smug satisfaction from my simple task. I am especially partial to Sally, who's charming and lovable. She's been cruelly hurt by one man and isn't too eager to date any others. I had a grand boy keep after me for weeks and weeks to see if I could get her to say yes to a date with him. The fellow and I were both about ready to give up when surprisingly Sally agreed to a date. I was so shocked that I nearly lost my dial tone.

Some of my most ticklish moments come when I am placing a call home for more money. Time and time again I've delivered eager, pleading messages to a long suffering father to please send some more money—quickly! Invariably, there is a long pause, while the woman and I wait anxiously to receive an affirmative response. Then there is a gruff cough, and
the old familiar phrases of a long lecture on finance 
start to flow. My body tightens up and I prepare for 
a siege; she leans on one elbow and together we listen, 
knowing full well that in the end she and I will win 
... I get some peace, and she gets the money.
I have fun instigating dances and parties. Sometime s
I think my life would be dull if I could not be 
in the center of a conversation pertaining to “that 
daring black dress Sue is wearing... What are you 
going to wear?... Oh, didn't you have that last year: 
No... I'm sorry!” Other times, I hear a woman firmly 
reassure her date that gardenias will be just fine for 
her, that she is simply crazy about them. Then after 
he hangs up, she crossly bangs me down and stombs 
back to her room, bemoaning the fact that she loathes 
the smell of gardenias and they won't do a thing for 
her dress except clutter it up. The frivolity of a 
woman!

Thus it is that my days are never empty and my 
hours seldom lonely. I meet new people all the time, 
for you women never lack a fresh supply. I don't have 
a feeling of there being a monotonous routine about 
what I do, for each of you goes about life with a 
different intensity and a sparkling style all of your 
own. I share the moments of joy and the hours of 
grief: I exchange the stinging, bitter words that you 
fling in moments of anger, and then have the com-
fort of expressing your good will when your humor 
is restored.

I feel your failures sharply, and I rejoice happily 
in your triumphs. I love your men with you, and I 
loathe them with you. I am homesick when you are 
and I am proud of your courage when you conquer it. I have no voice of my own, nor will of my own, 
but I do have a heart, and it belongs to you.

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