

VOICE ON THE WIRE

the operator/telephone culture digest

debut issue

one dollar



kicks off this first issue of *votw* thanks to Gerry Rasmussen.



Welcome to the debut issue of ***voice on the wire*** the telephone operator/culture digest. I feel more than qualified to write about this subject: July 20th, 1996 was the 9th anniversary of my working for BC Tel as an operator [whoo-hoo, one more year and I get an extra week vacation]. My name is Judith Beeman.

What's not to love about being an opr?! The hours are great (I am not a morning person); I talk to/assist people without face to face contact (not that I'm antisocial...); the chairs are comfy and our work positions modern; I dress casually; get to speak with those charming male operators in the UK once in awhile and—now this is crucial—the work leaves me plenty of time for other hobbies and interests. Being an operator is quirky and definitely a dying breed...I truly enjoy my work and hope it'll last for many more years.

This issue of ***votw*** includes the following:

- * An interview/photos of the first male opr hired by AT&T
- * A profile on Betty the most genuine woman in comics
- * The electrocuted dog story...truth or fiction? you decide
- * The Province newspaper vs the telephone company
- * The best Yellow Pages commercial ever produced
- * Music/film/books/comics with a telephone twist

Please send photocopies of telephone related clippings and telephone stories to ***votw***. Additional copies of ***votw*** are available for \$1.50 ppd each. There will be a limited amount of advertising space in the next issue...write for details.

Voice On The Wire

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this issue of ***votw*** is dedicated to my fellow operators who know what time it is

the fine print: Entire contents of ***votw*** are the product of its contributors, some of whom work at telephone co's, such as BC Tel. Said telephone co's are in no way responsible or to blame for any material found within these pages.

BETTY by DELAINEY and RASMUSSEN



She is probably in her early 40's. She has the unfortunate last name of "Slug". She's married to Bub (real name Arthur) and has one child, Bub Jr. She's shaped like an actual woman and wears cat-eye glasses. She isn't afraid to speak her mind and can be wonderfully droll. She is the tres cool BETTY read six days a week in the funny pages. Betty is the creation of two Canadian men Gary Delaine (script) and Gerry Rasmussen (art) who are obviously in touch with their feminine side [ahem, don't say that too loudly in their hometown of Edmonton].

A number of Betty strips have dealt with telephone action, including these.
Go Betty Go.



Red-faced BC Tel dials O for Ooops

By Stuart Hunter
Staff Reporter

Now that's convenience — 11 times over.

He got more than he bargained for when the phone company sent him 11 in Friday's mail.

"I couldn't believe it," said 31, a [redacted] audio technician. "My girlfriend ordered me one on her number and I wound up with 11. That's a few more than I needed."

When [redacted] called BC Tel to report the card blunder, he was simply told to cut up the extra 10 cards.

"They didn't even look into it," he complained. "They said it wasn't even the worse case (of extra cards being sent) they

ever heard of."

But BC Tel's Michelle Gagne did look into it — at The Province's request.

Gagne learned the error was simply a case of a slip of the finger by a customer service representative.

"The operator accidentally pushed one twice and, therefore, he was sent 11," said Gagne.

"It happens — not very often, but mistakes do happen."

Gagne said [redacted] case was not the largest card error encountered by BC Tel.

She said a similar mistake at the phone company led to a person being sent 111 calling cards about a year ago.

A calling card enables the holder to make calls while away from home and charge them to the holder's account.

[redacted] and pal [redacted] display the 11 calling cards BC Tel sent [redacted]. He had asked for one.



THE PROVINCE is the morning tabloid paper in Vancouver. It must have been a terribly slow day earlier this year when this article was written detailing a error made by someone who issues calling cards at BC Tel. Can you believe the fuss? The photo which accompanied the article (!) showed the fellow, his mate and those nasty excess cards (oh the waste of plastic!). It was an accident, dear, get over it.

The Province has redeemed itself remarkably with the writings of columnist BOB STALL on telephone uh, culture. Mr. Stall wrote a column informing readers how to play such ditties as "Mary Has a Little Lamb" on the touchtone keypad. Well, Bob was contacted by an operator — see full story below — who explained our situation and he now stands corrected: on his telephone manners.

Touch-tunes hell on Tel's belles

My touch-tone phone contest was the bane of her life and she wants revenge.

She is a BC Tel operator. She says to call her Ernestine

in honor of that greatest of all telephone operators, Lily Tomlin.

"I am a lifer," says this Ernestine, adding that she has "secretary spread"

from sitting and answering the phone for the 30 years she has been a BC Tel operator.

She got in touch with me because she doesn't appreciate smart-ass writers

encouraging the general public to play You Are My Sunshine into her sweet,

shell-like, long-suffering, heard-it-all-too-often ear.

Only under a pseudonym does she feel free to talk to me without fear of

punishment for violating the phone company's strict code of operator-caller

confidentiality. That is the importance of being Ernestine.

"Your column is widely read," she said. "I know this for a fact because I have had

a large number of people — children and adults alike — trying to dial Mary Had a

Little Lamb in my ear since you published how to do it on a touch-tone

phone."

She says she has enough else to contend with in her average 7½-hour shift.

Like the little kid trying to call Grandma



Lily Tomlin as Ernestine: Your musical ringy-dingies are no fun for the operator

activities for a lazy Sunday, I should practise sacrilege on my product, not hers.

"Why not suggest people do things with your newspaper instead of my telephone?"

"1. Get them to roll it up and see how many files they can kill.

"2. Ask them to papier-mâché your car with it.

"3. See if they can make a full set of clothes.

"4. Throw a contest for the longest-lasting paper boat.

"5. Get them to go through the newspaper, counting how many times the word 'he' is in it.

"But please, please, do not ever tell them to play with the telephone again."

OK, Ernestine.

I'm sure there are many people who agree with you and have many nifty ideas

about what to do with a newspaper. I'm sure they're itching to tell you all

about it. By dialling "0."

understand why you are actually encouraging people to do this."

She's talking not just about the deliberate crank-tune callers of the ilk I

wrote about recently, but also about all those who accidentally touch-tune the

operator, like those who hit the "0" button at the beginning of Jingle Bells

and inflict the horrible non-melody upon her.

"On top of everything else I have to handle, it's driving me crazier," she said.

She said the next time I propose indoor



The happy telephone above was drawn by the talented DELAINE exclusively for *votw*! The panel below is taken from her comic collection **My Small Diary** in which details of her days are noted. Delaine's witty energetic take on life is a great tonic. Send \$2.00 US for her latest work.

2020 11th Ave South Apt 2-C
Birmingham, AL
35205



private line

a journal of inquiry into the telephone system

TOM FARLEY publishes **private line** magazine which lends focus to many aspects of telephony, from articles on telephone historical societies to tips on fraudulent usage of the phone system (uh-oh), this magazine has something for erm, everyone.

Tom sent *votw* three review copies of the bimonthly magazine and although the subject matter went above my head in more than a few instances (the article on *Outside plant part 2: A quick look at Aerial Plant and Rural OSP* is a fine example) there were also many points of interest. A feature on English and Irish phoncards and payphones (photos courtesy of Tom's folks who had been on vacation...viva parents) was fun.

Private line is a technical yet relaxed read which would be of equal interest to both the hacker and telephone employee.

for a sample issue of
private line

send \$4.00 US to
Box 1059 Isleton, CA
95641-1059 USA

or email

privateline@delphi.com

votw thanks Tom Farley for permission to reprint the book review on facing page, originally read in private line.

In Direct Touch With The Wide World

Telecommunications in the North 1863 - 1962

by Diane Green

In Direct Touch With The Wide World by Diane Green is all about telecommunications in Northern Canada. This 98 page hard cover book profiles the history of Northwestel, its predecessor, Canadian National Telecommunications, as well as smaller companies like the Northwest Territories and Yukon Radio System. I found the book a great read. It has hundreds of fascinating details about how telephone service was brought to upper Canada and how thousands of people struggled greatly over the last hundred years to bring communications northward. They worked in conditions imaginable only in Jack London novels: severe cold, isolation, bad roads, no roads, limited daylight, magnetic storms and wolves.

There are plenty of humorous stories about telephone operations. One describes a woman who came to Hay River, NWT to work as an operator:

"Whitlock remembers one employee, a former Bell operator, who decided that the North was not for her: 'She had good references and she was well-groomed so we hired her. After a few days we noticed her appearance began to change. The pink nail polish became dark green. The skirts got shorter, the sweater tighter, the make-up heavier, and the hair style more extreme.'

Other operators could not help noticing this transformation. Nor could they ignore the number of personal calls the woman made as she worked. The operators presented a petition to the toll centre manager, Gord Overbo, saying: 'We think this woman is a hooker. We think she's using company phones to solicit business. We want you to fire her.'

Overbo considered their request but felt there was nothing he could do. 'She's doing a good job,' he explained. 'I can't fire her just because she wears funny clothes.'

Again the women protested, and again Overbo said he could do nothing. This exchange continued for several weeks until the accused woman headed south and Overbo was off the hook."

In Direct Touch With The Wide World is available for \$22.50 ppd.

Make checks payable to Telephone Pioneers of America. c/o Northwestel

POB 2727 Whitehorse, Yukon Y1A 4Y4.



THE WALK-UP PHONE
Busy Americans are making more phone calls—and the Bell System is making service more convenient. This newest public telephone, the Walk-Up, saves time and steps for everybody. Your town will find it as handy as the corner mailbox.

THE DRIVE-UP PHONE
Like the drive-in movie and drive-in bank, this is a natural for a nation on wheels. Late for a party or appointment? Forget something at home or office? Need room reservations miles ahead? Just drive up to the Drive-Up and dial.

Once I made up my mind to publish **votw** I visited the library to scope out telephone culture. I perused clippings of telephones and came across this ad for AT&T from the 70's. It featured an extremely hunky young man looking up a phone number. My original plan was to reproduce the ad with some playfully lustful comment as "va va va vroom" I then noted the ad mentioned Rick was from Denver, Colorado and how could I resist? I called directory — got the number — and in full fledged reporter mode phoned RICKWEHMHOFER up and explained my **votw** mission to him. Would he be up for an interview?. More than a little surprised, a very amiable Rick consented to scrutiny from **votw**. Read on...

In the early 1970's Rick, then 20, was hired to be the Bell System's first male phone operator. This job came about after AT&T had agreed to settle a class action lawsuit brought against them by women and men who alleged that certain jobs in the Bell System had been historically unavailable to them. Rick took the job while he was a student at the University of Colorado at Boulder, where he was studying law and politics.

How it began: "I first heard about the company's hiring plans from my sister, who made her career with AT&T. In fact, several members of my family spent their careers with, or continue to work for, the phone company. After I was first hired, I was visited by industrial psychologists who interviewed me to determine how I was adjusting to be a phone operator. They were studying steps the company was taking to place women and men into what had traditionally been either female or male dominated positions. It was quite an experience to be a trail-blazer."

We spoke of the bizarre: "People seemed to enjoy calling information trying to get the numbers of people who had strange or funny names. I still recall people calling who wanted the number of a woman named 'Magnolia Thunderpussy.' That poor woman probably got many calls from people wanting to know if that was really her name. I also often got calls from older people who not only wanted a number but also wanted to spend time just talking about the weather and so on. Since we were under pressure to handle as many calls as possible, it was a challenge to get these people off the line in a friendly way."

Rick had to always be on his best behaviour: "Of particular concern to me was the pressure to be courteous to every customer. Since I was the only male phone operator in a 300 person office, it was not hard for a supervisor to find me if customers called with a complaint about not getting the correct number or if they felt the operator was rude to them. The supervisor didn't have to look very hard to find me."

The phone company wants more operators like Rick Wehmhoefer.

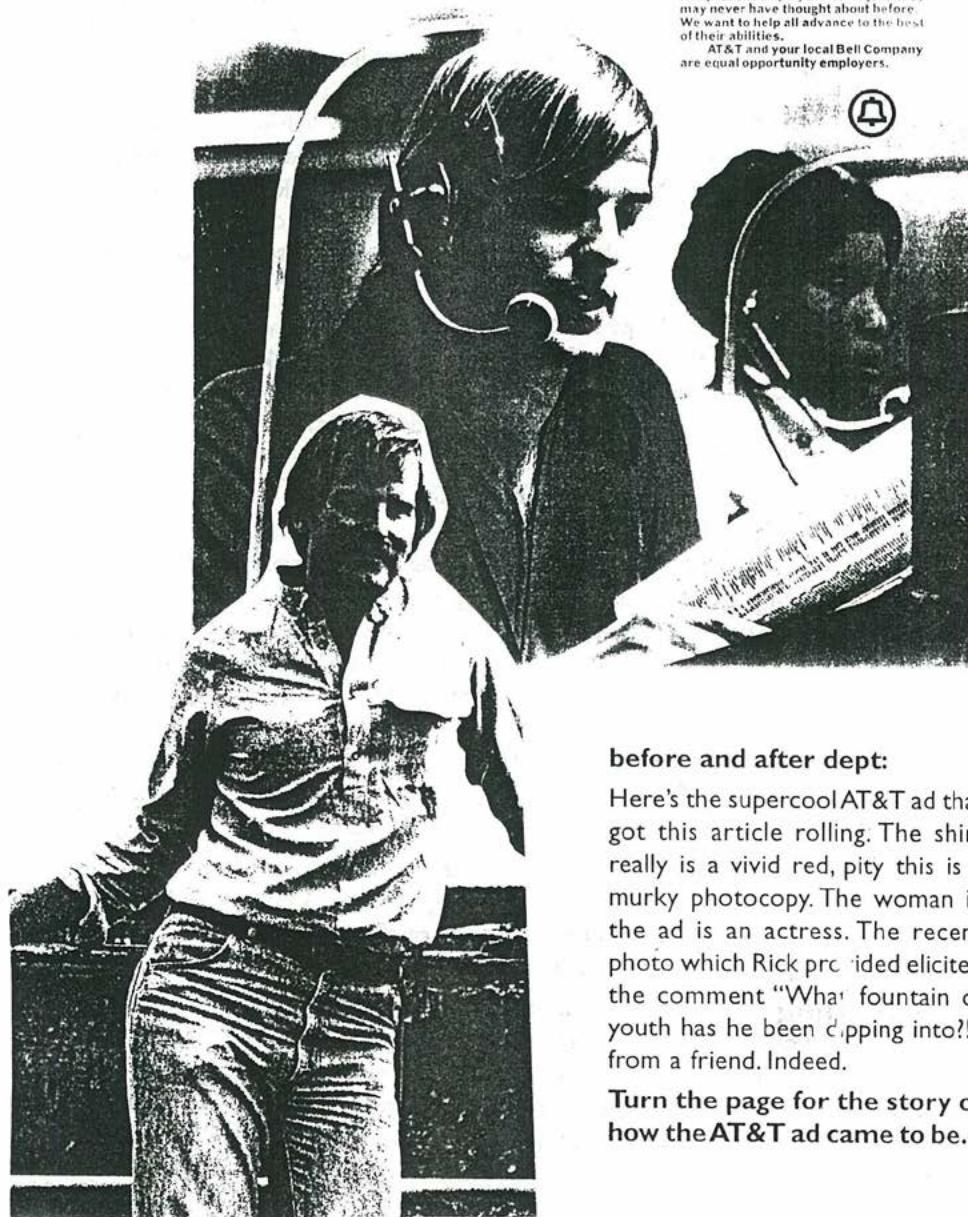
Rick Wehmhoefer of Denver, Colorado, is one of several hundred male telephone operators in the Bell System. Currently, Rick is a directory assistance operator. "So far, my job has been pleasant and worthwhile," he says. "I enjoy assisting people."

We have men like Rick in a lot of different telephone jobs. Both men and women work as Bell System mechanics, truck drivers, installers and engineers.

We want the men and women of the telephone company to do what they want to do, and do best.

Today, when openings exist, local Bell Companies are offering applicants, and present employees some jobs they may never have thought about before. We want to help all advance to the best of their abilities.

AT&T and your local Bell Company are equal opportunity employers.



before and after dept:

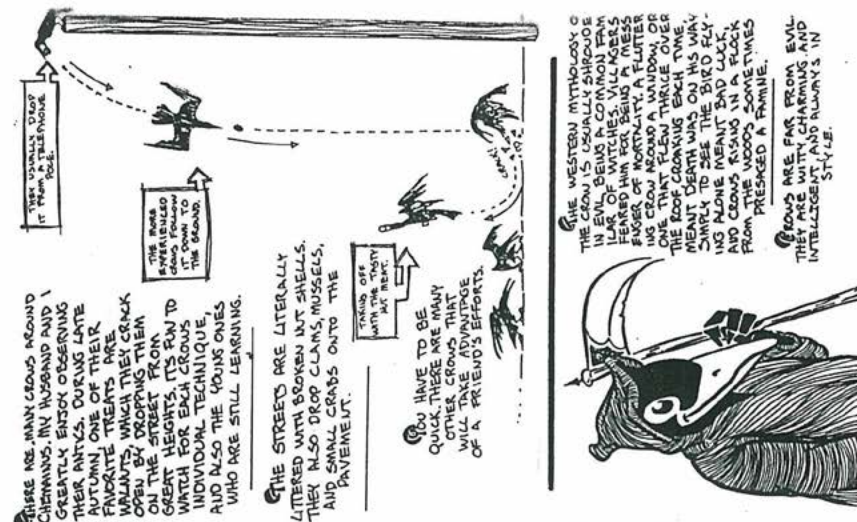
Here's the supercool AT&T ad that got this article rolling. The shirt really is a vivid red, pity this is a murky photocopy. The woman in the ad is an actress. The recent photo which Rick provided elicited the comment "What fountain of youth has he been clipping into?!" from a friend. Indeed.

Turn the page for the story of how the AT&T ad came to be...

After finishing undergraduate school, Rick left the phone company to work in a Presidential political campaign. He also continued his graduate studies, finishing his Ph. D. in political science as well as a law degree. Today, Rick practices law in Denver and is a professor of business at a Colorado university. He, his wife and son still live in Denver. Rick has impeccable phone manners and great appreciation for operators.



**Box 1653 Chemainus, BC
V0R 1K0**



OOPS...A DOOZIE

KELLY SIMPSON is the 29 year old actor/lead singer with the Vancouver based — via Edmonton — rock ensemble *The Loved One*. He recently had the only speaking line, the now classic utterance, "Welcome, welcome" in *OOPS* perhaps the funniest commercial ever produced by Dominion Directories...*The Yellow Pages* folks.

The commercial opens as we view a schoolbus full of Victoria Vegetarians (not a slur, there's a banner on the side of the bus) on their way to a retreat. These people are actually singing the Kumbaya song! Imagine their shock upon entering the Hemingway Lodge, a virtual monument to things feral and fleshy. Gasps of horror abound and someone faints with a thud while the group leader turns green. Meanwhile our man Kelly, calmly roasting a boar over an open spit, greets his guests with his salutation.

Kelly is an acquaintance of mine and we recently met at the wonderful *Cafe Thaison* (on Broadway across from the Kingsgate Mall) to discuss music and OOPS. Kelly is about six feet tall, head shaved bald except for a blond curl jutting from his right forehead, he wore purple nailpolish on one hand only and, in his own words he's a "big galut"...he's also a really sweet person.

VOTW: What were some of the stuffed creatures in OOPS?

KELLY: They had mongoose's and snakes — mongeese I suppose — bison (they had a huge bison) a whole bunch of grizzly bears uh, wild pigs um...ooh, raccoons. Everything.

***votw*:** All stuffed and mounted?

Kelly: Yeah! It was a little bit disturbing.

***votw*:** It looks like a lot of people were involved.

Kelly: There were probably more than fifty people. It was a one day shoot with a lot of "Hurry up and wait" but its amazing what actually got shot and what made it on. The commercial actually got a little more sinister: The director shot a vomiting scene with one of the vegetarians and then the camera's panned back to me and you can only barely tell in the ad the pigs tusks become horns, but they ended up framing me a little more so the horns are really prominent and removing the big roast pig and having the flames up to my cheeks and I'm just laughing [on cue laughs demonically].

***votw*:** Are you just the proprietor of this Inn or more like Satan?

Kelly: I guess I would have been a little more demonic force but I think the way the ad ended up was it was just an honest mistake: Oh that silly guy should have checked the Yellow Pages.

***votw*:** You were very charming with your greeting.

Kelly: I think my motivation was to be a welcoming host.

***votw*:** And probably just as surprised as everyone else!?

Kelly: Well, yes! Oh, heavens but I went to so much trouble to prepare this feast for you. Oh, I'm terribly sorry.

***votw*:** What sort of feedback do you hear from people who've seen the commercial?

Kelly: It's interesting. I've had a few negative comments "I've found that commercial very offensive, being a vegetarian" and I thought "Oh, goodness!" I don't think any offense was meant. It has become a cult thing, where people were talking about the commercial. At first I was a little bit embarrassed, y'know seven years of acting theory and here I am with the Yellow Pages, but I'm actually proud now. Cars drive buy and people go "Welcome, welcome" [bemused laughter]. Crazy.

***votw*:** How would you describe the sound of *The Loved One*?

Kelly: We're pretty hard to describe. We have a classically trained Cellist who plays through distortion and wah wah; heavy distorted guitars — but very melodic — melody lays an important part but we are definitely heavy. Heavy but more hooks than a tacklebox.

***votw*:** What do you normally wear while onstage?

Kelly: It varies. I often wear a dress. I had this cute little Mary Tyler Moore number on the other day.

***votw*:** Basically, when I've seen you live you don't wear pants.

Kelly: No...

***votw*:** Or shoes.

Kelly: I'm at that awkward age. I'm not at all elegant...graceful. I seem to find that wearing a skirt and bare feel I'm able to dance and jump around a little easier, without tripping over cords. I'm an awkward human being — if something can be broken I will break it.

***votw*/Kelly:** [mutual supportive cooing sounds]

***votw*:** Before wrapping up our rendezvous I asked Kelly for any words of wisdom and he came up with the following.

Kelly: If I am ever quoted for anything at all, let the quote be:

Any time you appeal to
the lowest common denominator
you lower
the lowest common denominator.

**DON'T DISCUSS
SECRETS ON THE
TELEPHONE**



**Found the following on the Web.
True or false it seems plausible:**

It's common practice in England to ring a telephone by signaling extra voltage across one side of the two wire circuit and ground. When the subscriber answers the phone, it switches to the two wire circuit for the conversation. This method allows two parties on the same line to be signalled without disturbing each other.

Anyway, an elderly lady with several pets called to say that her telephone failed to ring when her friends called; and that on the few occasions when it did ring her dog always barked first. The telephone repairman proceeded to the scene, curious to see this psychic dog.

He climbed a nearby telephone pole, hooked in his test set, and dialed the subscriber's house. The phone didn't ring. He tried again. The dog barked loudly, followed by a ringing telephone. Climbing down from the pole, the telephone repairman found:

a. A dog was tied to the telephone system's ground post via an iron chain and collar.

b. The dog was receiving 90 volts or signaling current.

c. After several such jolts, the dog would start barking and urinating on the ground.

d. The wet ground now completed the circuit and the phone would ring.

(end of story)

NOW PLAYING...

Telephone scenes appear in tv and movies all the time. The first image that comes to mind would be the lunatic-stalking-the-baby-sitter-oh-n-v-god-the-call-is-coming-from-inside-the-house! genre of pictures. But we can do better than that...

Have you seen **THE RAPTURE** (dir. Milchael Tolkin) the 1991 film starring Mimi Rogers (and, in a lesser role, pre-fame David Duchovny)? True, The Rapture is about Faith and the Second Coming of Christ but don't worry there's telephone action too: Mimi plays Sharon, a bored to tears directory assistance operator who becomes Born Again and drastically changes her dreadful lifestyle. Sharon begins to ask callers if they have "accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as their saviour?". This doesn't go over too well with her manager who, small world, is also born again and introduces her to his church. The telephone stuff ends here and the movie is ultimately really depressing and/or uplifting depending upon one's religious views: I found it both sad and silly. [note: David Duchovny fans may want to check this out to see him prance around nude (rear) until he discovers the Lord.]

Reality check: The portrayal of working as an operator had Sharon answering every third directory call with the question, "Is that a person or a business?": in the real world this situation would arise no more than three or four times an hour (tops!).

BOB SASSONE publishes Channel Surfer Journal a print/e-zine about telephone culture past, present and future <<http://www.tiac.net/users/tvbobs>>. Bob took the time to write *votw* in regards to telephones on tv: "The ultimate telephone scene is in the classic **DICK VAN DYKE SHOW** episode, "The Impractical Joke." Buddy and a friend play a joke on Rob. The friend calls Rob and impersonates a phone repairman, telling Rob he has been getting complaints about not being able to reach the Petries' number. He even has Rob believing weird noises are coming from his phone, and eventually gets Rob to dismantle his phone in an attempt to "fix" it.



Here's one I'm sure you haven't seen that's worth searching to rent: **DIAL HELP** a 1988 film by director Ruggero Deodato. Before I comment on the show, here's the blurb from the back of the video box:

She's sexy, successful. They're twisted, obsessed. Her life's about to be disconnected. Jenny (Charolette Lewis), a high fashion model, is being relentlessly pursued — the target of a violent, singleminded desire. She can't call for help because her pursuer is the telephone, all telephones. Evil, angered souls have possessed the lines, and they're reaching out to kill everyone who stands between them and the object of their desire.

Wow! Dial Help features scads of gruesome murders by telephone. Between the murders I had my finger firmly on the fast forward button. Dial Help is downright scary and unintentionally amusing. The silliest scene has a hypnotized Jenny dressing in lingerie only to become tied up and strung from the ceiling by a phone cord. A unique scene involves a death by disruption to a man's heart pacemaker. The most cheered death scene has jealous telephones attack a thug assaulting poor Jenny in a subway: the phones violently shoot change out of their coin return slots at the creep. Gore aside, Dial Help is a laff-riot must see (but not for children).

One reason the local group SONS OF FREEDOM (R.I.P.) mean so much to me is their self titled debut was among the first "alternative" bands I began to listen to way back in 1989 [until then I had been caught in a FM-radio classic rock vortex]. The music was impressive, dark and moving. I was quite surprised to hear guitarist DON HARRISON had been a directory operator in the very same office I started at. I tracked down Don and we spoke about his opr days when he worked as a directory opr for a few years in the early 80's. Don's most vivid memories are that many operators used to faint from staring at their screens [thus implementing the little breaks we take every so often] and the night "the girls" from work dragged him out to the bar and bought him shooters all night. The SOF are no longer together but a collection of demos and early recordings titled Tex was released a year ago...you also can't go wrong checking out that first album. [review from Trouser Press Record Guide].

The Austin band SPOON (yes, Spoon...dumb huh?) has released the most exciting rock album I've heard all year and get this, it's titled *Telephono* which automatically brings it up for review. *Telephono* is the best album the Pixies never made with just as much black humour as Doolittle at it's drollest. Add a wry Jonathan Richman vocal drone, a few classic lines such as this from "Nefarious": "I caught you cheating/and cocking your chin" and you just can't miss. Britt Daniel also rather hysterically warbles on "don't buy the realistic": "Oh honey, oh please/it's just a machine" over and over until it's a little scary. And that's just the first cut: what a fine release.

Volume I of **PRODUCT MUSIC** (subtitled Industrial Show Tunes in Praise of the Products We Trust) is a very odd recording. This recent collection of songs (not merely "jingles") is culled from dozens of examples of American product music from the 60s and 70s. It seems kitschy and overblown now, but back then a free 45 single from your manager (often these were part of in-house "pep up" sessions) or to a customer (hey! they like me) was a unique marketing tool.

The grooviest number on the 20 song disc is 7-11's "Dance The Slurp" which is rivaled only by "The Frito Twist" in the dance department. The American Standard company possibly sold lots of tubs after citizens heard "My Ultra Bath" and that old classic "Saints Go Marching In" is reworked by Mary Kay Cosmetics. Other companies flogging their goods include Ford, Bold Detergent, Squibb Pharmaceuticals, J.C. Penney's and Exxon. All that is well and fine but where are the telephone companies? Perhaps in those days phone service hadn't become quite the commodity it is now. This disc is a Japanese import on Honest Abe Discs and comes with concise, sincere liner notes which make no judgements about motives behind the music. This is a limited edition of 1,000 discs and Scratch records at 109 West Cordova may have another copy.

THIS BE GOOD MUSIC...

SONS OF FREEDOM

Sons of Freedom (Slash) 1988 •

From Vancouver with power: this exciting quartet plays bracing, thoughtful hard-rock with strong melodies and a dynamic rhythmic foundation. Not as metallic or intense as labelmates Faith No More, the Sons concentrate on good songs and hypnotic funk grooves that occasionally (mis)lead them into resembling the Cult. A fury of surging runs and lunging chords, bassist Don Binns dominates the sound, giving singer Jim Newton and Don Harrison—busy building an impressive dual-guitar forcefield—a real run for their place in the mix. Although the album's power (captured cleanly by producer Matt Wallace) makes it consistently striking, Sons of Freedom's best songs (e.g., "Mona Lisa," "The Criminal" and "Fuck the System," whose melody is very nearly a quote from Hair's "Aquarius") are totally cool. [i]



REAL LIFE OPERATOR EXPERIENCES — true telephone tales —



Every operator experiences the occasional obscene phone call when some yellow-bellied creep calls up from a payphone and fills us in with his knowledge of anatomy and sex acts. Big yawn.

I wouldn't say the following was obscene in the least. It was definately absurd, funny and oddly charming (er, you probably had to be there). I was at work, midway through my shift when a young boy came on the line — from a payphone, natch — he's probably about twelve and our encounter went as follows:

me: BC Tel operator, how may I help you?

kid: [polite voice] Operator (dramatic pause) what are you wearing?

me: [after momentarily debating wether to just disconnect the line yet somewhat taken aback by the nonchalance of this question] (very droll) I'm nude...I'm completely nude and I'm sitting here answering the phone.

kid: cool! bye [click].

If *you* have a true-life operator experience you would like to share with *voice on the wire* write #4636 MPO Vancouver BC V6B 4A1.

NEW PUBLIC PHONES

to serve you in new ways and places



THE SEMI-BOOTH

This compact, versatile design goes in indoor locations where booths would never fit before. Tucks in a corner, or back-to-back, or around a pillar in stores, stations, public buildings. Especially easy to use if you're burdened with baggage.



THE AIRLIGHT BOOTH

Its friendly night light is already familiar on city streets and major highways. Gives you 24-hour service and protection wherever you are. Use public telephones as your handy phones away from home. They're there to help you.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



VOTW wishes to thank Liz Ostow of United Media; Sean T. who puts out the amazing zine of fun-art titled CRAPHOUND (some of his telephone graphics appear in these pages); Rick from Denver; Tom Farley; Bob Stall and the Province; Kelly and all the Loved One's; Gerry and Gary and all my cartoonist pals (you rock!).