



“P-Please, Mister, how do I get out of these woods?”

The green telephone truck ground to a sudden stop on the woods trail.

Installer Jim Phillips looked down from his cab at a seven-year-old boy with a feathered headdress and a quivering lip.

“P-Please, Mister,” said the small Indian, “I guess I must be lost. How do I get out of these woods?”

Jim smiled, choked back a laugh, and invited the boy to hop in. But he refused. Wise parents had taught him never to accept rides from strangers.

So Jim did the next best thing. He put his truck into low gear and with Chief Lost-in-the-Woods trudging along behind, led him six blocks back to civilization.

This little story is true—and typical of the spirit that telephone men and women bring to their work. They try to be good neighbors and give good service.

Because they're human, they don't always succeed, of course. But thanks to their earnest effort, you enjoy the finest, fastest, friendliest telephone service in the world.