LINES TO A LINEMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN ROCKWELL

No word of pen or stroke of artist's hand
No flowered phrase or oratory's boast
Need tell the story of the world you've made.
'Tis writ upon the pages of the land
From north to south—from coast to coast.

Those poles you mount—those lengthened strands you string
Are not just sturdy uprights in the sky
That march across the miles in proud parade.
You've made them into words that help and sing
A doctor's call, good news, a lover's sigh.

Deep etched in time the record of your skill
The work you've done—your willingness to do
The fires and storms you've tackled unafraid.
Your signature is carved on every hill
Yours, too, the creed—"The message must go through."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM