



Above, "RUSH SQUARES" rug, Style 4420.

At right, Style 4421. Both styles come in 9' x 12', 12' x 12', 12' x 15', 12' x 18' rug sizes or by the yard in 6', 9', or 12' widths.

A new style for today's easy living - "Rush Squares" in Armstrong Quaker Rugs (or buy it by the yard)

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"THIS MOTORCYCLING around the country is really something," said the counterman in the all-night cafe.

"The other night a couple came in from the West Indies. They're cycling across the United States. Boy, that's not for me."

The man holding the forkful of pie put it into his mouth and chewed slowly before he answered.

"Ah, it's great. Me and the missus just got back from Chicago. Rode 700 miles round trip on seven bucks' worth of gas. Saw the stock-car races last night and one of them big zoos."

The missus scraped the egg on her plate and beamed. Both she and her mister were dusty and tired, but in their wind-burned faces achievement burned.

The counterman poured another cup of coffee.

"There's a Canadian gal about 40. She comes through here every Summer on her way to Mexico. Says she takes cowpaths through the country down there. She loves it. Wouldn't stop traveling for anything."

Of such is America. The urge to be somewhere else. The spirit of adventure. The pride of seeing it all. The notice in the newspaper: "Mr. and Mrs. George Brooks returned last evening to their home here after a 4,200-mile trip through Western states..."

George Brooks and his wife don't have a motorcycle. They have a house trailer or a new station wagon or a sports car. And they return loaded with souvenirs and picture postcards and strange stones and snapshots. They expect the envy of their friends and they are not disappointed. Home is where the heart is, but even the heart is not averse to adventure.

And there are the wondrous words of a road map and the intricacies of timetables and intersecting lines. A man can drive until his bones ache and his eyes sting with fatigue, but he will have crossed the Mississippi at Keokuk or Vicksburg and eaten his hasty lunch in Demopolis and bought a cool drink in Kentucky.

And the ribbon of road beyond him stretches endlessly, a shimmering Lorelei which beckons him until he reaches the Atlantic or the Pacific or the Gulf coast or the Canadian border. And he must travel onward lest he miss a moment or an experience of the Grand Canyon or Niagara Falls.

Richness, of course, is not always on Route 66, and it is not always enchantment beyond the horizon but sometimes merely distance.

But who's to know unless he seeks it for himself?

The turnpike to contentment ends at a man's own door. Sometimes he must take the long way home.

Patty Johnson