



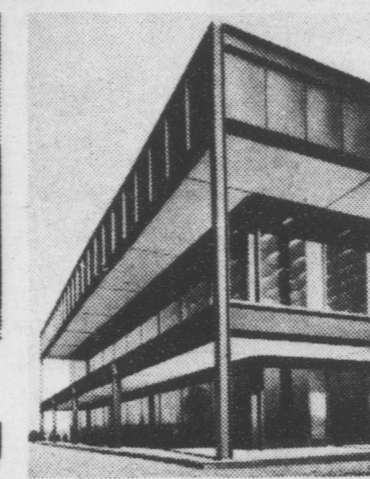
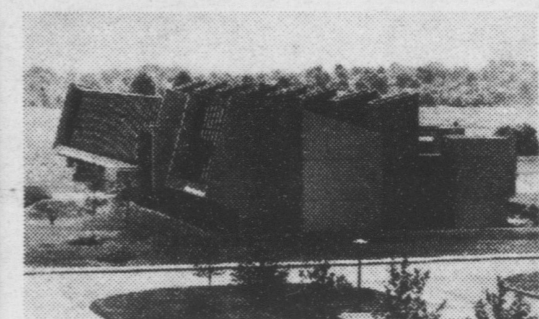
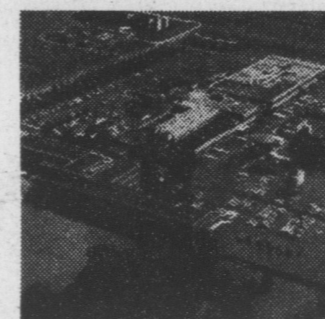
Stretching behind Armstrong's corporate headquarters building on Liberty Street is the familiar silhouette of the Floor Plant. At first glance, you might think this picture was taken yesterday—but look again. Actually, this picture was taken when the corporate offices were relocated here in 1929. The office building shown is much smaller than the one we have today, and the Floor Plant has been expanded with many new buildings. The automobiles lined along Liberty and Charlotte Streets are those of the 1920s, of course.

Half a century ago, Armstrong's top management made the decision to move the company's corporate headquarters here. Looking back, we feel that it was even a better decision than they realized. ■ Back then we were a cork company with a growing interest in linoleum. Today we manufacture interior furnishings, including floor coverings (resilient flooring and carpets), ceiling systems, and furniture, as well as a variety of specialty products for the building, automotive, textile, and other industries. ■ We've grown considerably in the past 50 years—and so has Lancaster County. Fortunately, one quality that drew us to Lancaster in 1929 remains the same: the character of the people here. Industrious and devoted to their community, Lancaster Countians have played a significant role in the growth and success of our company. ■ On the occasion of this 50th anniversary, in behalf of the more than 6,500 Armstrong men and women who work in Lancaster County, as well as those retired, we want to express our pride in being part of such a vibrant community. And we want to thank you for being part of it, too.

Fifty years later: there's been a lot of change.



Other major Armstrong facilities in Lancaster County today, in addition to the Floor Plant, include (clockwise from top) the Interior Design Center and office building complex called Armstrong House, Lancaster Square, the Product Styling and Design Building, Engineering Building, Marietta Carpet and Ceiling Plants, and the Research and Development facilities.



Get Away—Outdoors *Column by Nick Sissley*

This column brought to you through the courtesy of: **The Orvis Company, Manchester, VT. Fishing and Hunting Specialists. Write for free catalog.**

Did you ever go down to that flood plain along the river this time of year? Down where the stream makes the big bend to the south and that flat full of alders and willows bulges out in a semi-circle? There's an opening, 'bout the size of a city house lot, right in the middle of that patch of bottom. This evening there will be a woodcock along the edge of that opening—to-morrow at dawn, too. I

guarantee it!

You see, this is mating time for the woodcock, philohela minor. The male goes through one of the most unusual and remarkable rituals in his effort to lure a mate and stake out his territory, that even experienced ornithologists stand in awe at the spectacle. You will too if you'll take time out to visit that favorite bottom.

The woodcock is a secretive bird. Even many experienced hunters have never seen one, though these birds are plentiful. They have very specific habitat needs, so most

outdoorsmen never venture into the heavy flat land cover where they abide. They also sit tight, so the dogless hunter passes by. But in the spring the woodcock exchanges his ghost like cloak and takes on the same attitude as a platinum blonde starlet on the night of her movie premier. Yep! Mr. Woodcock will be showy tonight.

His performance is called **THE MATING FLIGHT OF THE WOODCOCK**, so it's X rated. Tickets are free. Here's what to look for. The curtain opens with his call, "peent," low, and guttural. He won't start until well

after the sun goes down. It will still be light enough to see him launch from his stage, but he'll do a lot of "peenting" before he helicopters up for the first time of the evening.

When a woodcock flies his outer wing feathers whistle through the breeze created by the flapping. The sound is a melodious twitter. During the mating flight the woodcock starts off in an upward spiraling circle, his wings producing that wonderful twitter every beat. He continues to gain altitude, probably for over 100 yards. He always goes out of sight in the fading light, but the

theater goer can still hear his wing song.

Shortly after the male disappears from view the wing twitter stops. For two to four seconds there's nothing, but then his marvelous warbling starts. On folded wings the woodcock plummets downward at remarkable speed. The whole time he's entertaining any who'll watch and listen to soft, loving music that would even put a crooner like Bing Crosby to shame. He alights near the spot where he took off, almost immediately giving forth with another "peent."

In a short time, after

several intermittent peents, the male will launch again, a duplicate performance of what has already been described. This goes on until almost full dark, resuming again at the first light of dawn, continuing for maybe 10 to 20 flights. This unusual courtship display is intended to lure and impress the female of the species. That done, he retires to her bedroom. His flight also serves to tell other males to find their own singing grounds. Male invaders to this domain are risking peril. Tonight's the night - and you won't have to stand in line for the free tickets.