

The Editor's Trip

Last week-end, the editor and family with Barry Lee at wheel jogged over to Houston. We did not travel for speed, yet the trip was made in six hours running time. The roads were ideal for dry weather and the dust had all been blown off, and the weather was sufficiently cool to make a delightful auto trip.

Washington County Roads.

Washington County is in the midst of constructing a big system of good roads. A highway will extend from Carmine to the Brazos River below Chappell Hill, and that county has installed a ferry for crossing the river. The highway is quite wide, and it is about ready for gravel and concrete and when completed, it will doubtless be second to none in the state. The road is straight and it cuts across fields and pastures. Washington County black land is not too valuable to be used for good roads purposes.

Houston Fair and Exposition.

The Houston Fair and Exposition was better than that of last year. The exhibits from counties, schools and individuals far surpassed anything that Houston has heretofore offered. The live stock and poultry were wonderful samples of what Texas can do. The artistic features of the Fair were enjoyable, especially the musical programs and the exhibition of fireworks. Horse racing was added this year and it was amusing to see how excited the ladies became over the races and how good they can pick a race horse.

Fort Bend County.

Leaving Houston we drove over to Fort Bend County which was our home for the past two years. We stopped for a short time at Rosenberg and a number of our friends said that they were glad to see us. We presume it was because it was not meal time.

Although that county normally makes 30,000 bales of cotton, this year they will make only 4,500, yet they are in as high spirits as can be found anywhere. Our guess is that next year will be a dry year, and if so, then they will recover their losses for the past three bad years. Rosenberg is a city where the people believe in do-

ing things. They opened a tourist camp the past summer, near the heart of the city. It is well arranged with free water, wood and electric lights. Tables are there for meals and all conveniences are provided for tourists. The camp is well patronized and some nights there are as many as eight or ten autos parked on the camp site.

The Rosenberg Chamber of Commerce (which the editor had the pleasure of helping organize last May) is well pleased with its efforts in establishing such a benefit to the tourists and to the town. That county is doing a great amount of road work which is costing into the hundreds of thousands of dollars and motoring there is a question of holding your hat and the wheel.

A Taste of Ranch Life.

We then drove to a brother who lives on a ranch in Austin County, arriving there unexpectedly after dark. The good lady of the house was well aware what she had on her hands when a bunch of junior Bishops is present—they all take after their father, eat all they can get their hands on—so she soon provided a good supper. During the time, somebody said "watermelon," and the whole crowd, women and all, went to the patch. It was full moon and we have always heard that melons were better when plucked in the dark of the moon. Nevertheless, those melons were plentiful and very sweet—the Halbert Honey—and we ate several even if we had partaken of a good supper. The next morning we were shown some of the fine stock on the ranch and among the neighbors that had taken prizes at the recent school fair that was held at Wallis. The Fair proved to be one of the biggest community projects that has ever been given in that part of the state. It required two years to "put it over," but it went over in big form.

We were then showed a silo containing the biggest potatoes that we have ever seen, and when we were told that we could bring two sacks home with us, we were perfectly willing for the other fellow to pick them out, because they were all large ones.

As soon as our car could be loaded down with potatoes, cu-

cumbers, pumpkins, watermelons and plenty of fried chicken for lunch, we loaded out for Giddings, arriving here in due time, glad that we were back again, but also glad that we enjoyed many of the good things in the coastal belt in Texas.

We are always glad to roam around in that section of the state because it was down there that Texas History was made. After the Alamo and Goliad when Santa Anna with his "flower of the army" was driving Houston and all the white people East of the Brazos. Houston crossed the Brazos with all the white persons at San Felipe (near Sealy) and Santa Anna crossed at Richmond. Sam Houston gathered all the citizens West of the river and in one case he sent his men back miles for a widow and her children and had her brought along. When Houston crossed the Brazos, his men were becoming weary and he was being criticised by some of his under men. He told his plans to no one—he was getting ready for San Jacinto—and when he had completed dragging his men through the swamps and the prairies and had rallied, we all know what happened at San Jacinto April 21, 1836. No one ever questioned Houston's tactics after that battle, it was not necessary that he tell his plans because whipping the Mexicans was no small matter. That country is full of romance and History, and we enjoy meandering through it.