



### To the south ...

Everybody knows what's to the south.

The infamous massage parlors and mini-movie houses are the first things passed after leaving the semi-civilized area of College Station. One establishment even promises a hot tub room.

They're not doing business today, in the rain. Across the road is Texas World Speedway, a mysterious world of race cars and mechanics. It too is quiet today, awaiting the arrival of the racers.

Quarter horses are everywhere. A swamp runs along one side of the road; on the opposite side there's people barbecuing in the rain.

Bluebonnets and Indian Paint Brush blanket the medians and roadsides, more in this direction than to the north.

At Navasota we take Business 6 to tour downtown Navasota.

Three cents buys 36 minutes



Stairway to heaven? Downtown Navasota isn't noted for its architectural beauty.

of parking from a meter, although the place looks like it can't afford to hire policemen to give tickets to offenders.

They have a Western Union here, the only sign of contact with the outside world.

The sign outside an insurance

agency says "If we can't help you, nobody can." Unfortunately, they're closed.

The tour is short; one penny in the parking meter would have sufficed.

### Place names

Places in small towns are always named after people.

Navasota has W.A.'s and Carroll's; Hempstead has Fred's; in Calvert there is a store that is called Pat's on the storefront and Harold's on a sign.

It's probably part of the good old boy mystique — "Gonna go on down to old Bill's place to pick up a loaf of bread and some pickles" — etc.

Houston ▶

# HWAY 6 ▶

### Highway to Hell

Someone is growing chickens in a field? No, wait, they moved. They're pecking around. This farmer mustn't be an Aggie.

A historical marker (maybe you know them as hysterical markers?) tells the story of Primus Kelly, a slave who made good and got his own farm. Who pays for those things?

Eddie Rabbit comes on the radio, singing "Drivin' My Life Away." The speedometer mysteriously inches up to 70 miles per hour, with "those windshield wipers slapping out a tempo, keepin' perfect rhythm with the song on the radio," even though it really wasn't raining that hard.

It's time for a caffeine break, but there's no place to stop. We pass the Victoria David Memorial Farm before reaching Hempstead. A sign there says "The way you live could be killing you."

Driving up and down Highway 6 could kill you too. Boredom, you know.

Highway 6 takes a left turn

here, heading toward Houston. Hempstead is like Hearne, but it looks a little more civilized.

It does have its redeeming feature — the DiLorio Farms and Roadside Market.

This operation has outlets on each side of the road. Inexpensive fresh fruits and vegetables are for sale, as well as a variety pots and plants, eggs, honey and other local products.

But today, the mud presents an obstacle.

The gooey red clay has turned to slush, and puts its mark on one-half of a decent pair of tennis shoes. The sawdust on the floor sticks to the slush and tracks all over the inside of the car.

The highlights of this stop are a cactus that looks like a brain and a large container of fresh

The countdown to 50 is on; we reach it just past Prairie View A&M. For some reason the town of Prairie View has a travel service.

Houston is down the road; if we had time, money and energy we'd go, but one thing for sure, touring Highway 6 tires you out.



The end of the trip to the south wasn't worth stopping for a picture. This was

taken out the car window going 55 m.p.h.

We should have taken their word for it — it really does run both ways.