

Last Livery Stables, Hooker's Stockyards Leaving Town



Those old enough to remember World War I and even a few who are not quite old enough to remember that first "War to Make The World Safe for Democracy" will note with this passing comment the end of an era in Kinston.

Kinston's last livery stables is now gone. Earl Tyndall has closed up shop and moved his horse, mule and cow business out of town, over just past Happersville.

To this gasoline era of the 200 horsepower flivver and the bloody pink brains spattered over the asphalt this may seem to be an exceedingly trivial thing to take notice of — the passing of the once glorious livery stable.

There admit the soft aromas of rich hay and horse manure for generations the young men learned to cuss, to chew tobacco and other assorted facts of life. They learned of the history — sometimes exceedingly personal — of the town and its surrounding area. They learned the tricks of horsetrading and just plain swapping and the shrewdness picked up in those hallowed confines has created many business tycoons who went on to practice in a broader and more complicated world the principles absorbed under the often profane tutelage of the riding and the native "hoss traders".

Not so many years ago there were nearly as many livery stables in Kinston as saloons and between the two a liberal and often libatious learning was available to those who could escape the family hearth and mamma's apron strings.

Until the past decade L. Harvey and Son Co., Copeland Brothers, Wayne Mitchell, to name a few, operated big livery stables where an occasional mule was sold and story swapped. Now Tyndall, who has the honor of having operated Kinston's last livery stable, has fallen to the press of time and moved his base of livestock operations out of town and into Neuse Township.

B. W. "Skinny" Croom, who is a "silent" associate of Tyndall, says that the move to the suburbs of Happersville has been well planned and that as far as humanly possible nothing has been overlooked in this sad migration to the countryside. A front porch is built, or in the process of being built before the office of Tyndall's new livery stable. It will be built, so Croom says, close enough to the ground to permit Cleveland Dawson to step onto it without straining any stomach muscles. A hand-rail will also be provided to give Dawson sufficient leverage to draw himself onto the porch.

On the eastern side of the porch reservation has been made for Grover Worthington. Worthington, who still prefers plug tobacco to inhaling, will be staying.
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New Trenton JP

Kleber D. Meadows was sworn in this week as Justice of Trenton Township on appointment from Governor Umstead. Meadows is a well known Trenton businessman is now in "business" for "trying and marrying."

Benefit Barbecue

A benefit barbecue supper will be held by British Chapel in Sandhill township Saturday afternoon beginning at 6 p. m. The meal will be served at Harold Kilpatrick's filling station on the Fort Barnwell highway. All proceeds from the supper will go into a church building fund.



Bridge Problem for Highway Engineers at Both New Bern, Kinston but Kinston Solution Simpler

Construction workers this week began unloading heavy timbers and temporary pilings in preparation for the nearly half million dollar widening of the Southern Extension of Kinston's Queen Street. On completion this work will create a four-lane highway from the intersection of US 70 and US 258 just across Neuse River into the heart of Kinston.

The first small bridge just past the Farmers' and Dixie warehouses will be widened on each side so that it will be able to carry four-lane traffic. The second overflow bridge just south of the Star Warehouse will not be widened but a new two-lane bridge will be built on its downstream side. This new bridge is going to cause some changes in the front of the Star Warehouse.

Crossing the river this same procedure will also be used with a completely new bridge just downstream from the present structure. The present bridge will also be given a major overhauling, which will include a new road surface.

At present, with Neuse River at semi-flood stage it is not likely that much work will be done until the river becomes more "reasonable." It is expected that the major part of the

work will be finished before the tobacco market opens in August.

Although a loud flurry of extremely bad publicity burst from New Bern last fall when a car ran off the Trent River bridge and its driver narrowly escaped death, until now, nearly six months later, no work is yet being done on the construction of a new bridge to replace the old, but considerable patching has been done to it and no cars have recently had trouble in negotiating its limits.

One thing readily apparent to all concerned in the much debated New Bern bridge matter is that no new structure will be located at the same site. Reconstruction of the Tryon Palace which straddles the street that runs to the old bridge makes a new location for the bridge mandatory.

Since there is, at least, agreement on the fact that a new location is necessary it is at once obvious that the debate arises over where this new bridge is to be located.

Highway engineers, whose poor heads still carry knots from the location of the Neuse River bridge at New Bern, are not running around making public suggestions and if they

have any opinion, it is being kept strictly to themselves.

The debate in New Bern is between the nickel nurses who want every possible bit of traffic to pour through the very heart of this historic old city and on the other hand more reasonable minds want the bridge moved up Trent River so that the heavy US 70 traffic will completely bypass their town.

Already the location of the Neuse River bridge has dumped the entire and considerable burden of US 70 traffic into the narrow crowded streets of New Bern and at no considerable increase in revenue to those merchants who insisted that the normal patterns of traffic planning be ignored and the traffic routed into, rather than around their town.

The same group now wants the new Trent River bridge to be located at Union Point where the New Bern Woman's club has its headquarters and which is one of the most beautiful spots left on the New Bern waterfront.

From an engineering point of view this Union Point location would appear to be the easiest and cheapest, but it would again be a complete disregard

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Nearly 36 years ago P. A. Hooker opened what came to be called "Hooker's Slaughter Pen" northeast of Kinston and nearly a half mile away from the nearest homes. The town grew and Hooker's business grew with it but complications arose when people began to build near the not too fragrant stockyards and slaughter rooms. Objections were heaped on top of objections but none ever accomplished a great deal beyond raising the blood pressure of the person who was doing the hollering.

City officials who knew and respected Hooker for the part he has played in building up this area as one of the major livestock producing sections of the Eastern United States, would not go along with any suggestions to "make him move" — suggestions that have been frequently and loudly made.

Sanitarians, including the present, Bob Gray, have lumps on their heads from trying to force this issue. Officials, however, have remained firm in the attitude that Hooker's stockyards were there "fustest" and that people who bought lots and built homes within range of its powerful and aromatic artillery were getting those lots at a discount and would have to appeal to the Gods that controls the winds rather than to the city fathers.

Hooker has not been unreasonable or even obstinate about the matter. He has kept his buying station open and has given this area during these many years a reliable, honest and financially capable market. Some years ago he did stop slaughtering at his place partly as a concession to the neighbors and partly as a concession to changing times which made it more difficult to realize a profit on the operation of small, unmechanized packing houses.

He did not appeal to city or county officials. He did everything possible in his power to comply with the demands of the frustrated sanitarian. County Commissioner Cameron Langston summed the whole situation up one day when he told a health official who was worrying out loud about the situation to the commissioners, "You couldn't find a jury in Lenoir County that would find Mr. Hooker guilty of anything. He's been too fair and good to them for any of them to turn their back on him".

Now after weathering these storms of protests for many years Hooker is preparing to abandon the spot that has been known so well for so long as the principal livestock market in this section. He is building a new livestock shelter and retaining pens on his farm which is now, as his original market was, more than a half a mile from the built up
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You Knew He Was My Husband--!

Saturday afternoon an extremely frightened young woman dashed into the police station and breathlessly informed Desk Sergeant David Broadway that "a woman out there on the street is trying to kill me".

An oversized newspaperman who had been talking to Broadway, leaned over to see if the young woman was serious, or drunk. She was serious. At about this time the overstuffed newspaperman turned and looked toward the door to see a somewhat older woman charge into the door with a king-size handbag in one hand and her shoes in the other. She was also panting from what appeared to be a little too much running in the rain in her stocking feet.

At sight of the young woman who was all but hidden behind the bulbous-nosed newsmen the breathless second-comer dropped her shoes and handbag and with hands raised at full hair pulling level charged toward the cowering smaller woman.

Fortunately for the frightened smaller woman the full force of the attack was absorbed by what the military call the "perimeter defense" of aforaid newsmen, who managed to play "Horatio at the Bridge" until De-



tective Fred Boyd could step into the breach. Then said newsmen beat a hasty retreat to get his camera and in a few seconds came back to record for posterity the argument between the two women.

In substance, it seems, that the older woman, who has a very young husband, had caught said husband out with the younger woman and that was when the case began that ended in the police station.

After an exchange of epithets

above and around Detective Boyd the older of the two women disappeared up Queen Street walking a few paces behind said husband who was then listening to a few of the pointed expressions of his exceedingly wrath wife.

The younger woman after a discrete wait was escorted by Police Chief Marion Haskins to the Neuse River bridge, who returned to observe.

"If they gotta fight, let 'em fight out of town."