

## Black History: "A Clintonian in Paris"



Leroy "Roughhouse" Haynes  
1914-1986

By TOM BUGG

Leroy Howard Milton

Haynes was born right here in Clinton, Ky., on January 7th, 1914. His parents were Robert Haynes and M. C. Curine Lena. His family moved to Chicago where he grew up.

After high school, Leroy attended the famous Morehead College in Atlanta, GA. This was the "Black" academy attended by Martin Luther King, Jr. and his father, Martin Luther King, Sr., director Spike Lee, and actor, Samuel L. Jackson. At the school, Leroy was a football champion and

because of his sturdy 5' 9" stature, he earned the nickname, "Roughhouse." In addition to his success in sports, he graduated in 1940 with a Master's degree in Arts & Sociology.

After Pearl Harbor, at the age of 28, Leroy joined the Pacific Army where he served from 1942 to 1945. In 1946, he earned the rank of Warrant Officer Junior and continued his service in Germany until 1949.

Following his departure from the Army, he traveled through-out Eu-

rope and settled in Paris, France where he met and married a young French-woman, Gabrielle Lecar-bonnier, nicknamed "Gabby." Then in 1949, the two of them opened a restaurant in a small space at 7 rue de Manuel, the first establishment featuring old Southern American food. They called it "Gabby and Haynes."

Haynes once remarked that when he started, all he knew how to cook was "green vegetables, chicken, chitterlings and soul food," a type of food that

the French folks could not understand. But one day, two military trucks full of Black GI's got lost in Paris, and the soldiers were excited to find "Gabby and Haynes."

They recognized the food from back home, like their moms cooked. Then word spread through the American bases of NATO.

Soon, the military men were joined at Gabby and Haynes by American jazz musicians and other performers like Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Cab Calloway, Sydney Bechet,

The Platters, and Lionel Hampton. And writers like Richard Wright from Louisiana and James Baldwin also frequented Haynes's eatery.

Haynes's good success continued from that point, but it all started right here in Clinton, Ky. From Clinton originally, he became an "American in Paris."

(Sourced from "Haynes's: 60 years of an American in Paris" by Jean Segura, Translation, Christine Madsen)

## Snowmageddon couldn't stop a train, or a train photographer

By BERRY CRAIG

"If your photos aren't good enough, then you're not close enough," explained Robert Capa, said to be the greatest-ever war photographer.

I get it, though I've never been shot at while taking a photo.

Anyway, last week, The Times published a photo I took of our version of the Polar Express in Arlington on Jan. 25, day two of "Snowmageddon." I was close enough to experience a mini-white-out from clouds of snow the freight train chuffed up.

The caption—cutline to us old newspaper folks—didn't tell the whole story of my adventure wrapped in misadventures.

"Train pictures!" I cheerily announced to my spouse of 48 years around 8 in the morning. Flakes had been falling thickly for hours.

"You're crazy," Melinda replied. I scoffed.

Remembering Capa's admonition, I grabbed my camera, pulled on rubber boots, a sock hat and my

heaviest coat and entered the snowy blast.

I got stuck in the ditch in front of our house just as I heard a northbound freight rumble past, horn blaring. It was about 8:30, and I skulked back inside. Melinda was kind enough to resist a justified "I told you so."

Instead, she phoned Josh Gaddie to free our car. He and his dad, Paul Ray, arrived to get me back on the road. Josh cleared our driveway with his tractor blade, to boot.

"Surely you still aren't going to the tracks," Melinda sighed. "Surely you know I am," I replied. My spouse just shook her head.

Thus, my quest began anew. I got stuck at the edge of Ky. 80 in a near foot-tall mound of snow shoved aside by plow-trucks. I managed to break loose, using my size 13 boots as a snow shovel. I got across U.S. 51, proceeded to pull off 80 and tried to surmount another snowplow-produced ridge. I bellied in again. A couple of young guys saw my predicament and

pushed me back onto 80. I was headed west. I drove over the tracks, hoping to find a spot to turn around. But the snow ranges flanking both sides of the roadway seemingly stretched to the far horizon. I turned up the car's heater and figured I wouldn't be able to reverse course until the 80-Ky. 123 junction near Columbus.

But I was glad to see a clear enough spot where the road to Oak Grove Baptist Church intersects with Ky. 80, about two miles from the tracks.

Back in town, the folks at Indian Hills were kind enough to let me park in their lot. Finally, I was trackside at 1:30, five hours after my trek had begun. For the uninitiated: freight trains don't run on schedules like passenger trains do. Luckily for me, there are block signal lights north and south of Arlington that herald approaching trains.

Frozen fingers crossed, I peered northward and could barely make out a green light through the

thickly falling flakes.

So, I waited for the warm glow of triple lights signaling the arrival of my quarry. A half hour passed—it seemed like an eternity. I must have looked like Dr. Zhivago after he trekked across the frozen Steppe in Melinda's favorite movie.

Suddenly, among the flying flakes, I managed to sight the glow of the train's headlights and ditch lights. Bare-handed (I can't shoot in gloves), I kept snapping until the engines passed me, then I ducked to avoid as much of the snow spray from the cars as I could.

My fingers numb, I headed back to the car to see if I got anything decent. My cup runneth over; I was on Cloud 10, the one above 9. I got the shots.

At last, it was time for my homeward Odyssey. There was no way I could get back up the hill to our house, so I didn't even try. Again, those pesky roadside ridges. I couldn't turn around until I reached the road junction opposite Hopewell Baptist Church,



We featured this photo by Berry Craig in color on last week's front page, but oh the adventure getting it!

around three miles from town, rear, with the blessing of Robert Peck Hocker III, Melinda's big brother who runs the store.

I hopped in the warm truck, sharing the ride with Paul Ray's dog. I was back in my driveway in no time.

So, was all this worth it to get close enough for that good photo? You bet. Would I do it again? Absolutely. But I suspect I'd walk and leave the car in our driveway.

Luckily, Paul Ray happened by in his Chevy pickup and offered me a ride home. I happily agreed, freed my car, and proceeded to park in the

## Spec buildings at Enterprise Park

continued from front page

with a Request for Quote (RFQ) for architectural/engineering design for Enterprise Park.

Present were Chair Teresa Dowdy and Board Members Matthea Mitchell, Kenny Wilson, Tommy Roberts, Ethan Cunningham, Mike Grimmitt, Kory Naranjo, and Gaye Bencini, visitor. Board Member Rick Carty was

absent due to work.

Enterprise Park is located on Hwy. 51 N, Clinton, between Farmer's Gin and Oakhill Country Club. Gibson EMC moved into their completed building at Enterprise Park two years ago, and the HCIDA board is looking to develop the land across from Gibson with spec office/buildings commerce center.

The RFQ involves having an architect work with an engineer beginning with the site work and through the design and construction phases of the project. This will include a drive off of Enterprise Drive to the commerce buildings site.

The HCIDA board also discussed at its regular quarterly meeting, looking into the court square area

of Clinton and the possibility of buying dilapidated structures from the property owners, tearing them down and clearing the lots.

New office/business buildings would be built for rent or purchase. Public meetings will be held as the HCIDA moves further into this project possibility.

## Clinton man's death investigated

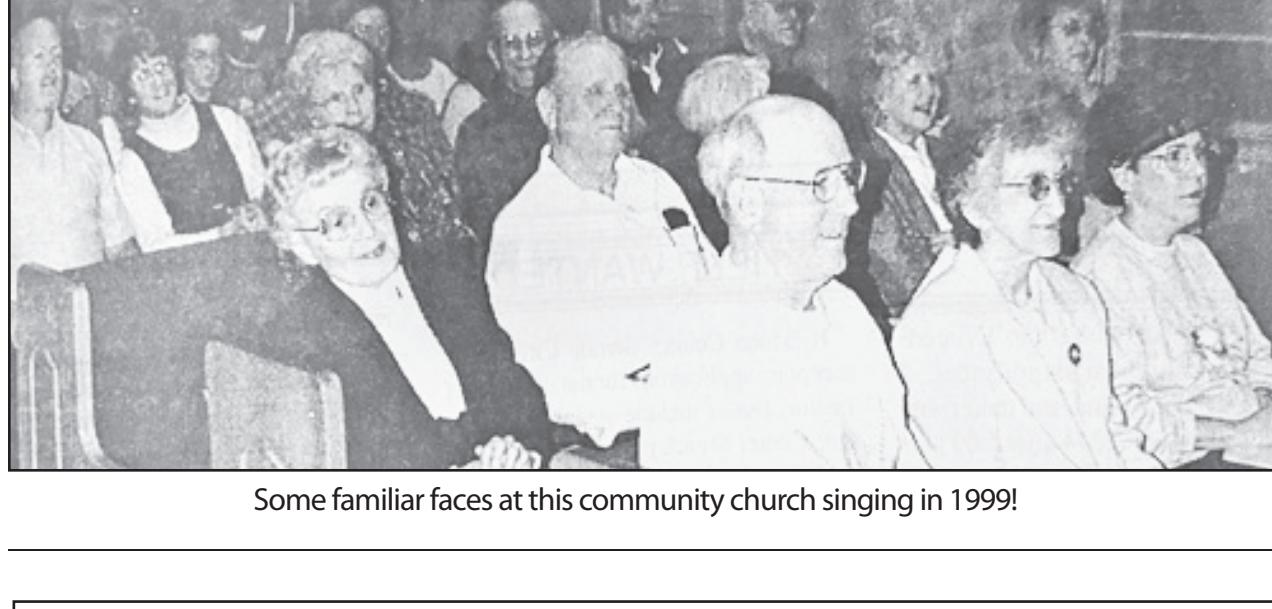
Graves Co. Sheriff Jon Hayden shared the following press release on Feb. 6, 2026  
Re: Death Investigation

On February 6, 2026 at approximately 8:15 a.m., sheriff's deputies and Kentucky State Police were dispatched to the 600 block of Kingston Road, near the Pea Ridge Road intersection, concerning a reported shooting.

After arriving at the scene, 49 year old Daniel Ray Jaco of Clinton, Ky., was found deceased with a gunshot wound. Sheriff's detectives, KSP detectives, and the Graves County Coroner's Office spent the day collecting evidence and conducting interviews, including consultations with the Graves County Commonwealth Attorney.

The shooter has been identified and there is no danger to the public. The events that led up to the shooting remains under investigation. The evidence obtained thus far will be presented to a Graves County Grand Jury on Tuesday, February 10, 2026.

An autopsy has been scheduled for Saturday, Feb. 7, 2026, in Louisville.



Some familiar faces at this community church singing in 1999!

## THE LOAFER'S CORNER, PART 1

By DANNY WHITLOCK

In working up one of my stories, nothing brings a smile to my face faster than memories of my time at A&W Grocery in Fulgham. It would have been the late 1950's or early 1960's when this story takes place. At that time, my family had partnered with Sam (Junior) Armbruster in the store's operation. The store was operated 12 hours each day. My parents and Junior put in 6 hours each day.

Like many of the country or community stores, the A&W had a spot set aside for customers who came in for a cold drink, lunch, or just to catch up on local gossip. We called our spot the "Loafer's Corner." In case you're not familiar with the layout of the store, the Corner was in the front and had a good view of the gas pumps as well as the comings and goings of the community.

Many names come to mind as I think about the individuals who moved in and

out of my youth as members of the Corner. I would hate to offend family members of past Corner members, but some are more prominent in my memory than others: Elmer Farmer, AW "Bud" Barclay, Glenn "Peanut" Lee, James "Crow" Mullins, David "Tot" House, J.C. "Buck" Pillow, and Alvie House just to name a few. I wonder why many of these men were saddled with a nickname.

As I listened to the conversations circulating in the Corner, I absorbed a lot of

information. Local gossip, county affairs, along with state and national happenings were all freely discussed and available for my young mind to absorb. I came to learn that the men who populated our Corner were for the most part strong family men with a solid sense of right and wrong. Of course, this was all tempered with a healthy sense of humor. How Mr. Alvie House attributed to that sense of humor will be the topic of Part II.