

## Not your normal Days of Our Lives Recap

Poor Little Rachel DiMera. It's exhausting playing with Barbies and trying to kill people.

First she shot her uncle EJ, who lived, while her mother Kristen took the blame.

Then, she manipulated little cousin Thomas into putting a pumpkin in a giant sling shot at the town festival to pop Cat Green upside the head. The goal was unsuccessful thanks to Alex Kirakis who took the big orange pelt to the head to keep it from hitting its intended target.

Then she put pistachio ice cream over in Dr Sarah's dish, knowing Sarah is allergic to pistachios. Sarah takes a bite and starts wheezing and is hospitalized.

Rachel's dad Brady is like, "My poor little Rachel, she's had such a hard time," as he grinds his teeth in despair.

No discipline. No consequences.

### DOWN and DIRTY EXCAVATING 270-653-0000

- LAND CLEARING
- DEBRIS REMOVAL
- TRENCHING & BUSH HOGGING
- LAND LEVELING
- STUMP REMOVAL
  - GENERAL EXCAVATION

Little Rachel is hospitalized and sedated because she remembered shooting EJ and it ruined her day, having this new revelation.

Over at the DiMera crypt where Tony DiMera and Kristin DiMera have been hostage and wondering where they are supposed to pee, a creaking door sound is heard and an unconscious Chad DiMera is tossed in the room. Oddly, neither Kristen or Tony see who put his body in there nor did they scream to the kidnapper, "Where we supposed to pee?"

Back at Horton house, Jennifer and Jack are still determined to take Chad's kids away from him because he keeps being drawn to the woman who once claimed to be their deceased daughter and Chad's wife, even though the two women have different faces, necks, arms, legs, wrists, ankles, feet, toenails, voices, and ears.

Despite the bitterness between Chad and his in-laws, it never dawns on him to move out of Horton house. So prior to his kidnapping, they'd all just squint their eyes, hiss and spit each other when paths cross in the Horton House halls.

Gwen Rice Chex Von Washcloth cozies up

with former boyfriend Xander now that he and Dr Sarah are divorced. He most likely will not allow the relationship become serious because her last name is way too long to put on paperwork and Christmas Cards.

Stephanie Johnson hires Holly Jonas to work for her now that her career is soaring after her book with lots of adjectives she was embarrassed for people read has been published.

EJ goes to a room and talks to something or someone the viewer can't see, but it's a pretty sure thing it's one of his relatives that Dr Rolf has popped in a freezer. A green glowing freezer. A freezer where you can grab a casserole or DiMera to unthaw for Thanksgiving. Or is it a tanning bed? Has Dr Rolf been tanning a DiMera?

Speaking of Thanksgiving, Abe and Paulina host Thanksgiving for Johhny and Chanel and Theo where they sit around with pumpkin pie talking but if you notice, nobody hardly eats it. Theo is the only one you actually see take a tiny nibble. Is Mayor Price a terrible cook?

Dramatic music plays.  
To be continued

# My Tour Vietnam

For the past two weeks, we shared the story Sergeant Robert Claud told to the students at the Hickman County Veterans Day Program held Nov. 11. Now, in the final segment, he shares a behind the scenes look at what he didn't share at the program.

BY ROBERT CLAUD

On Veterans Day, I was guest speaker at the high school. I wasn't able to speak in more detail about my tour in Vietnam.

The war was basically in its early stages. It wasn't shown on TV news nightly like it was in later years. I arrived in early March 1966.

The temperature was 115, and humidity 100+, but it wasn't raining. The country had a smell like the mixture of jet fuel exhaust, cordite, and rotten foliage.

There were about 40 Security Police in the group going to Phan Rang Air Base. The base had just been rebuilt in October 1965. During the 1950's, it was a base used by the French during the French Indochina War. Prior to that war, the Japanese had a base there during WWII.

We flew from Tan Son Nhut AB, Saigon to Phan Rang AB by C-130. We landed on a temporary runway made from PSP aluminum planking.

A civilian construction company had started the new 10,000 foot concrete runway in October 1965, but weather and shortage of supplies hindered the completion until around April 1966.

All roads on the base were dirt roads. Several months later, 30 miles of paved roads were on the base. The living quarters were ten-man tents. The facilities were outhouses, no cold water for drinking.

When we arrived, there were only about 30 Security Police on base. One year later when I returned to the States, there were about 550.

And when we arrived, there were only approximately 120 military personnel there, and when I left at the end of February 1967, there were around 5000.

The day we arrived, we were issued our gear, new M-16 rifle, helmet, web gear, three magazines and 60 rounds of ammo. I used to go squirrel hunting with about that many .22 rounds.

The next day we zeroed in our rifles and by the end of the day, I and the other guys had over 200 rounds of ammo. It's called scrounging, not stealing.

On about the third day, several of us got put on detail to build guard towers and large bunkers around the base perimeter and bunkers in and around the tents and hooches. We got into a hooch after about a month, which was built out of screen wire and bamboo batting with a tent used for the roof. We had to dig deep ditches around them to keep water out during the monsoon season. But we had to hang our ponchos on the wall by our bunks to keep from getting wet.

The largest flight was Panther Flight which guarded at night from 9 p.m. until 5 a.m. And I volunteered to go to Panther Flight. I figured if we got hit it would be at night. The one draw

back, it was hard to see at night, and you didn't want to stare at anything too long, because if you did, it would start to move. I shot at a root one night thinking it was a Cobra snake. I stared at that root too long, and it started coming toward me.

Some of the guard posts were manned by one guard. I didn't like those posts because you were alone for eight hours. On the two-man post, one man could sleep, but I never trusted the other man to stay awake while I slept. So, I would just close my eyes and pretend to be asleep.

**"When you began to open a can of rations, here comes the rats"**

The chow wasn't great. We ate C-rations at night. But when you began to open a can of rations, here comes the rats. Some guys sent home for pellet pistols to shoot the rats.

When eating at the mess hall, you had to take your own mess kit, eat, then go outside and wash your kit in 55-gallon trash cans.

We would save needs C-rations and store them in our hooch to eat later if we didn't wanna go to the mess hall. Someone in our hooch came up with a little heat plate. I used to heat my rations using the can of peanut butter with insect repellent. Made a nice blue flame stove.

The shower facility was basically cold water. I averaged three showers a day. One after guard duty, one around noon, and one before guard duty at night. Averaged around two hours sleep a day. Just too hot to sleep during daytime.

We had Security Alert Teams (SAT) that patrolled around the base. If the K9s alerted on something, the SAT would go check it out.

One of the SAT got into a firefight at the north end of the runway. I was on SAT that night, but we didn't have a jeep, there were too many down for maintenance.

The team sergeant kept going into Central Security Control, begging for a vehicle. They finally gave us an enclosed Land Rover with no machine gun mount. We loaded into that vehicle and proceeded up to the north end of the base where the other SAT were engaged in the firefight.

A lieutenant was on the road just back of the perimeter where the firing was coming from. He told us to stand by in case the other team ran out of ammunition.

We got out of our Land Rover and stood by the side of the road. Suddenly tracers started coming over our heads, and we all jumped in a ditch. Shortly the firing stopped, and the other SAT came out onto the

road. The firefight was over. No bodies were found outside the perimeter the next morning.

The 101 Air Borne had a base just south of our base, with a 105 millimeter artillery battery. They would shoot rounds into the mountains periodically. These rounds would come right over your head if you were posted in the bomb dump area. These rounds made an eerie sound coming over the top of your head, and I often wondered what if it dropped short.

We had to wash our clothes in a wash pan with cold water. It was very different than in the states where we had automatic washing machines. Didn't spit shine boots here, just put a little polish on them to help make them waterproof and just beat the red dust out of our bedding.

The only guard post away from the base was a two-man post down on the beach. This was a 24-hour post. On this post we have a radio to communicate with the base, but most of the time all we heard was static. We had one case of C-rations, five gallons of water, four hand grenades, one thousand rounds of ammo, and some Gaines burgers for the beach post pet dog.

We scrounged for lumber to build doors, tables, and chairs for our hooch. I never got more than two hours a day sleep. It was just too hot and dusty to sleep in the daytime and too noisy with all the jets coming and going.

The flight I serviced with was named after a panther, which was known to roam around at night. I was guarding on the beach post one night and was sitting on top of the enclosed bunker when suddenly out of the corner of my eye, there was a big, black panther walking within 10 feet of the bunker. I just froze.

About one year after I returned to the states, the base got hit hard and several planes were destroyed, and a couple of security police were KIA. And there were more attacks in the years that followed. I think that if I hadn't volunteered for Vietnam in 1965, I might have been sent to Vietnam later when it got real bad. I think all the time about the 58,479 brothers and sisters that didn't make it back home. WHAT A LOSS!

Vietnam War. The war that didn't get a parade.

Some statistics. There were more bombs dropped on Vietnam than dropped in WWII.

There were around 30,000 rounds of small arms weapons spent to eliminate one enemy soldier.

There were soldiers that didn't get a shower for five months. Some have stated that they were in the jungle fighting for months and their uniforms were rotting off of them.



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BID REQUEST FOR LANDSCAPE MAINTENANCE

REQUESTING BID FOR LANDSCAPE MAINTENANCE FOR JANUARY 2026-DECEMBER 2026 FOR THE FOLLOWING LOCATIONS AND SERVICES.

#### SERVICES REQUESTED

- WEEDING AND SPRAYING OF WEEDS AS NEEDED
- TRIMMING OF SHRUBS, TREES, ETC AS NEEDED
- CLEANING UP AND REMOVAL OF DEBRIS AFTER SERVICE
- REMOVAL OF ANY DAMAGED OR DEAD SHRUBS AND TREES
- PLANT/SHRUB REPLACEMENT (AT EXPENSE OF COUNTY) – UPON APPROVAL
- ANNUAL MULCHING

#### LOCATION OF SERVICES

1. COURTHOUSE – 110 E CLAY STREET

2. JUDGE EXECUTIVE OFFICE – 116 S. JEFFERSON STREET

\*PLEASE SUBMIT SEPARATE BIDS FOR EACH LOCATION WITH TOTAL BID PER SITE (no need to itemize).

BIDS ARE BEING ACCEPTED CURRENTLY WITH DEADLINE TO SUBMIT WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17TH, 2025 BY 4:00 PM.

BIDS WILL BE OPENED AT THE FISCAL COURT MEETING ON THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18TH AT 8:00 A.M.