

This is a narrative of my memory of the action of 02 June 1970, that resulted in the deaths of Sgt David Campbell and Cpl Michael Rasmusson.

Early in the day, we rolled up on this AO that reportedly had some serious enemy activity. While the TC's and drivers circled and set up the PC's in the open fields, the rest of us began to advance into the jungle. We hit some resistance in the form of small arms fire, but it quickly ended and we moved in to secure the area. We came across what turned out to be a linear bunker system, with a main area that had a small bamboo shelter, livestock wandering around, and food still cooking over an open fire. The bunkers lined a pathway for what seemed like 20 or 30 yards or more. We spent most of the day searching the area and clearing all the bunkers. This included throwing a frag into each bunker before entering. In one instance, we were told by our Chu Hoi that there was definitely a VC inside one of these bunkers. The VC, a woman, refused to come out and so we threw in a grenade. This was the only additional contact made during that day.

After we finished searching this area, we returned to the PC's. Once there, it was determined that 10 or 12 guys from each of the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd platoons would return to the area just before dark, and set up three ambushes. We went in, in a single file, the rear most platoon would break off and set up in their predesignated spot. My platoon was the middle platoon of this line of three and after we broke off to set up, Campbell and Rasmusson's platoon continued down the path to their designated position. Before they could get there, they were ambushed.

The ambush, a "hit and run" style bush, only lasted a minute or two and then it was quiet. Except for the radio traffic. Ultimately, the CO gave us orders for our two remaining platoon to link up, and move down the trail to link up with the platoon that had been ambushed. This took some time as we were going through the same area of bunkers we had cleared just a few hours ago, and we had no idea if the VC were back in these bunkers, perhaps having been part of the ambush. I was told that Campbell was missing, so we called out his name at each of these bunkers, and when there was no response, we chucked in a grenade for insurance. Once there, we were told that they had several wounded and that Campbell was still "missing". We set up in a circle to secure the area as best we could so that the wounded could be treated. All I had heard first hand at this point was that Campbell was missing. Nobody had told me of Rasmusson.

Once it was daylight, we were able to locate Campbell's body, and then move everyone back toward the PC's, as they were coming in to get us out of there. While most of us were still in the jungle, the bodies were transported to the rest of the company. I never did hear how they were transported to the rear, although I expect it was by chopper.

As I said, this is my memory of this action. I'm sure others who were involved in this might have a little different memory of it. However, like most of us, my memory isn't what it once was, and I will be the first to admit that. That's why I wrote this, so that it will be in writing and that these memories won't fade completely away. And I wanted to let everyone know, that I sent in the names of Campbell and Rasmusson, along with the necessary verification information, to have them placed on the Rolls at the National Purple Heart Hall of Honor. That website is [thepurpleheart.com](http://thepurpleheart.com). I urge anyone who knows of someone who has a PH, yourself included, to look up the website, and give them the information needed to get you and/or the others enrolled. And don't get your panties in a wad if they ask for a copy of your DD214. It can be a photocopy and you can block out any personal information that you don't want them to see. ie SSAN, Service Number, etc. There is a form you can fill out and, they will tell you what they need, and they will verify the information you give them, letting you know when it will appear on the Rolls. It generally takes 2 or 3 days, once they receive and verify your

information. And don't be afraid to enter someone else who you know who has a PH. Last year, I entered the 5 guys from my hometown who were KIA, a guy I served with the 1st Div who was KIA, and myself. I verified theirs by finding their graves on FindAGrave.com. If you have, or find a photo of, the Government issued grave marker, and the PH is legible, that's proof enough. Remember, if we don't remember, who the hell else is going to?

Ben Barrett  
2nd Platoon  
B Co, '70

The Ambush of June 2, 1970, I was there, Mike Stanphill, (to add to Ben Barretts Report).

I was a member of the 1 st. platoon that was hit June 2. Ben gave a time frame that I don't remember. This is what I remember:

My platoon encountered small arms fire earlier that day and Dick (can't remember his last name) got hit in the foot by a round that went through a tree. He went home from it. Not much else happened until that night for my platoon. The AP was made up from different squads from our platoon. Mike Rasmusson was up front with his 60 and I had the rear 60.

After our platoon separated from the others, we went about 50 yards and 2 men that were behind me stopped. I thought I heard a VC say something. I was passing information forward and the platoon stopped. It was so dark in there you couldn't see your hand in front of your face. Dave, Ras (Mike Rasmusson), the RTO, and the LT came back to see what was going on. They headed back to locate the 2 men and they must have seen or heard something.

There was M16 fire and then there was a flash about 6-8 feet from me. I remember going through the air. I hit a tree because that's where my glasses, hat, watch and all the 60 ammo I had on me were found. I don't know how long I was out of it. My 60 strap was around my right arm and I tried to get my 60 up to fire but my left arm was numb and wouldn't work.

It wasn't long when Doc Cook came to me, he was trying to find and check on everyone. He had me move with him near others while he continued looking for Ras and Dave. Doc came back to check on me again and tighten up my boot to stop my foot from bleeding. My arm was still numb at this point and wasn't bleeding. When Doc left me that time he found Ras about 3-4 feet from us but he still hadn't found Dave. Doc told me the other platoons were coming to us.

Someone fired a flare up and the other platoons came in. I moved again to the middle with the LT and the other wounded. While waiting for first light, Doc took care of us before a dust off came in. Someone brought me my glasses and other stuff and told me where he picked them up before I got on the dust off.

I was in the rear until June 23, then back to the field. The VA fixed my arm in Dec. 1975 because of the internal damage that was done from shrapnel.

Mike Stanphill  
1ST. Platoon