

napalm east and covered and we hope to talk with
did, and I strafed him—fly him down to the squadron
Envious One-Two for a couple of beers.

On the afternoon of the 12th, Pete and I got scrambled to cover the helicopter pickups that were still going on. Isolated little groups were being located and picked up, and still catching hell from automatic guns—50 caliber and 30 caliber. FAC put us in on a line of four guns. We had two 1,000 bombs each—so only made one bomb pass each. As I was pulling off, noticed three more positions firing, so rolled into strafe, Pete right behind me. On second pass, was walking the burst right down the trench line when another one opened up off a bit to the right. I stamped on rudder and swung my guns over for a few rounds — felt three hits in the engine area just as I was pulling off. Everything seemed OK, so I told Pete I was heading for home and for him not to go in again. Then I noticed no oil pressure and as I was watching, the fuel pressure went to zero, then the engine quit. Told Pete I was getting out and started to glide away from Ashau and gun positions to the east. At about 2500 feet, took a nose dive out over the wing, tumbled a bit, stabilized on my stomach, waiting for just a smidge, and pulled the D ring at about 1,000 feet. Wanted to get below the ridge line before chute opened, as was only about a quarter of a mile from gun positions we had been hitting. Bit my tongue a bit when the chute opened, watched my bird hit the ground going straight down, then just had time to slip away from one big tree into a smaller one. Sild down the side of it to the ground, light as a feather. Immediately got my survival gear together, put my radio out, and called to Pete that I was OK. He had choppers on the way already.

I could hear Viet Cong all around, I thought, but there were tree frogs, etc. The choppers got there

about 20 minutes later, but couldn't pick me up because of winds and altitudes, so Pete flew over on a heading for me to walk to a clear area at lower altitude. So traveled about 1/8 of a mile in the next 45 minutes. Jungle vines and brush every step of the way; was so tired and breathless, couldn't even talk to Pete on the radio. The jungle was very dense and dark, and I had to use three flares to pin point my position for the choppers. Finally, at about one hour after bailout, those chopper drivers tried again. Both pilots on the controls holding the bird just on edge of stall, put down the cable and sling—seemed like an hour until it got down, and I put my hands on it. Dove into the sling, yanked three times on the cable, and off we went—sideways through the trees. The chopper was so close to a stall they couldn't even hoist me until they got moving. I just hung there, looking the countryside over. It took about three minutes to hoist me up to the bird, all the time floating along towards HUE. The two gunners pulled me in and I just lay there on the floor catching my breath—drank a whole canteen of water, bummed a cigarette, and smiled a lot. They gave me an apple and an orange which I ate—the first in Vietnam.

Landed at Phu Bai out of three ship formation, two H-34 choppers straining to hold 100 knots and Pete in his A-1E, with his flaps down, hanging right in there. Broke from 100 feet — the hardest and scariest part of the whole mission. The whole base was there to meet us, everyone as happy as I about the whole thing. NBC and CBS TV cameramen right there with films and a rapid interview. If you happen to see it, I'm the one in the dirty flying suit. Pete had parked his bird elsewhere, so came running up right into the cameras shouting bad words with tears in his eyes. Had us two beers

right on the spot, and off to the club for a couple more.

Called Colonel Knight, said we'd be home in a couple of hours, had dinner with Colonel House, Squadron Commander, and pilots involved in rescue, and then climbed into Pete's A-1 and back to Pleiku. Colonel Knight and Colonel Gutches met us at the airplane with a pitcher of martinis. Debriefed and got my scratches washed and to the club where the squadron was waiting. Quite a number of drinks while Pete and I told our stories.

Started calling you about one o'clock in the morning, and only took about 20 minutes—weren't we lucky that you were at Dorothy's. Wished I had been a little bit more sober — don't remember much of what we said except that I was OK. While I was thrashing my way through the jungle, twice I came upon beautiful red flowers like a snow plant. Said to myself—maybe out loud—"Going to take that home to Judy!" Picked both of them and stuck them in my flight suit pocket—sorta' affirming in my own mind that I was going to get out and deliver them in person. Lost them both—am not going back for more.

Only aftermath are lots of scratches, little stickers in my hands, arms, legs, and a stinking cold which I caught while riding in that open-air chopper while soaking wet with sweat. Also have to spend a half day tomorrow making new maps as my others went in with the bird.

Colonel put out the word today—no more multiple passes on gun positions unless somebody really needs our help, like Ashau. Everytime we get hit, it's generally in the third or fourth pass. I believe I'll go along with his directive from now on. Don't worry, fine, both physically and mentally, and have learned a very satisfying lesson about me.

All my love,
Buzz



Dearest Judy.



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A letter written home from SEA in the awful Spring of 1966. The names of the people you will recognize because they are ADC pilots. This dramatic, true account of the few days at A Shau was not originally intended as public domain, but as a personal letter from a pilot, nick-named "Buzz," to his loving wife "Judy." Buzz is now safely back and the Commander of the 98th FIS Suffolk County N.Y. Our thanks to Lt Col Monroe E. "Buzz" Blaylock, 98th FIS.

—The Editors

Dearest Judy

As you can imagine, it has been a very eventful three days, starting back on the 9th when Ken Baird and I were diverted to cover the rescue of the AC-47 crew that had been shot down a mile and a half up the valley from Ashau. Two H-43s out

of Da Nang made it through some miserable weather and picked up three survivors out of a crew of seven. Ken and I had good shooting as the VC were surrounding the -47 when we finally located the place.

After the choppers left for Da Nang, the FAC asked us to strafe in the vicinity of the camp. However we were both "Winchester" (out of ammo), but put a pass down over the place. Looked peaceful enough, and radio transmission from the camp indicatd no major problems.

On the morning of the 10th we started getting intelligence reports that Ashau was under heavy mortar attack by a large ground force. Naturally the 1st Air Commando was first back into the fray. Two of our flights that were headed north were diverted by "Hillsboro" (Airborne Command Post). Bernie Fisher and Denny Hague in one flight and Jon Lucas and "Paco" Vasquez

in a second ended up thrashing around under a 400 foot ceiling along with a flight of two A-1Es from the 602nd Air Commando.

Ground fire from automatic weapons on ridges to the north and east was especially heavy. However our troops hung tight and made repeated strafe passes around the perimeter of Ashau. Rudy King, one of the 602nd types, took a 50 cal hit in the windshield and headed back to Nha Trang with a face full of glass. Just a few minutes later his leader, "Jump" Meyers, was hit hard in the engine and with a sizable fire bellied in on the Ashau strip Bernie made a pass over "Jump" just as he leaped out of the burning plane. He thought that "Jump" was probably badly burned and would probably die without medication even if the VC didn't get him.

Bernie knew that the U.S. Special Forces probably couldn't help as th

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strip was outside the perimeter of the camp, so he decided to land and pick his old friend up. Sounds crazy, but that's exactly what he did. He briefed Danny and Paco on his plan, set them up to strafe down both sides of the strip, then calmly put gear down and set up his final approach. Due to smoke and low viz in the rain, he was long the first time, so made a touch and go and put it down OK on the second try. Skidded to a stop close to "Jump", who set new track records getting to the bird, and he then taxied to the far end for takeoff. Neither got a scratch, but Bernie's bird had 19 holes when he landed back at Pleiku. Jon Lucas had his hydraulics shot up, had an electrical fire in the cockpit, but made it to Da Nang OK. Denny and Paco escorted Bernie home to Pleiku. Neither was shook up by the whole incident until they started counting up the holes—"Paco" had 22 individual strikes—and like always, the old bird didn't give an indication she'd been scratched. Needless to say we had an enthusiastic homecoming for the conquering heroes.

By this time (about noon) our last flight, Will Darsey and John Stewart, who had strafed for an Army Caribou resupply bird, landed and reported the weather to be right on the deck. They had also had radio contact with the camp and were worried that it might be overrun at any time. Pete Hagsmith and I were next on the schedule and were itching to get up there, but the weather reports from the Army Airborne Command Post kept telling of a solid undercast.

About 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon we leaped off anyway, checked in with "Hillsboro," who diverted us immediately to Ashau. When we came up on camp frequency, could hear an Army Caribou holding on top asking for some fighter escort with fire power, as he'd made one

attempt and had run into too much ground fire. We joined up with the Caribou at 3:15 and penetrated on his wing. Don't know how he hit the center of the valley as weather was about 300 feet—magic I guess. We busted down to the camp at 140 knots and about a mile short, pushed it to full bore, and strafed down each side of the camp. He put some of the supplies into the camp, and we all turned around in the valley and got the hell out of there. Just after we started north up the valley at about 200 feet under the weather, I got to talk on the radio to the camp commander, a Major, whose call sign was "Envious One-Two." I learned that of the U. S. Special Forces and the CIDG remaining, some 200 were crammed into two bunkers in the north edge of the camp. They were holding out against over 2,000 VC and those crazy fools didn't want to leave—they wanted reinforcements by American Marines and said they could hold the camp with a little help. He also told me that the plan was that the Marine chopper outfit from Hue Phu Bai was going to try to evacuate the entire camp at 5 o'clock. Later heard him talking to his airborne command post, said that if the evacuation didn't come off, there would be no use coming back the next day. Anyway, Pete and I started organizing to give air cover during the evacuation attempt. I stayed down in the valley, Pete climbed up on top and eventually got six A-1Es in trail with him to await the choppers. When they finally arrived about two or three miles north of Ashau, Pete brought two A-1Es down through the weather, tracking on my UHF/ADF—weather about 400 feet at this point. They got in trail with me and we went busting down the valley past a sky full of Marine H-34s choppers, Super-Chief call sign. As we neared the camp, I told Will and

John to drop their napalm east of the camp, which they did, and I strafed the camp itself. Envious One-Two had said, "Hell, strafe any place you'll get more of them than us."

We zapped back up the valley, picked up two more A-1s and we went. Got there just as the choppers were landing. I didn't have a bullet left, but Dick Roehm and Ken Ruhm had napalm and CB-1s so plastered both edges of the camp. What a sight, choppers everywhere, the A-1Es making repeated strafing passes on the south half of the camp—will try and send pictures later—thick automatic weapons and ground fire just filling the air, and the Marine choppers just sitting there 50 yards north of the camp, picking up people, and the weather was something less than 100 foot overcast at this point. Three were shot down including the squadron commander, also the copilot of the plane that picked me up the 12th plus another. We gave them cover as they departed—all of us were out of ammo, but kept buzzing along the sides of the landing zone. They got 59 out—all Vietnamese. Some of the choppers were so crammed by battle-shocked troops that they had to throw them off by bouncing the choppers until they were light enough to take off. Colonel Hottel, the HMM-163 Squadron Commander, gathered together his people that had been shot down, 12 U.S. Special Forces Americans from the camp and 90 Vietnamese, and led them north about two miles right through enemy positions. About 60 were picked up next day, and 20 soldiers on the 12th. All in all, about 2/3 of the camp personnel have been recovered. All of the Marines, Air Force types, me included, had been pulled out. The whole thing was truly a beautiful story of courage on the part of so many people and all Services. Those Marines had got guts. Envious One-Two was

covered and we flew him—fly him down for a couple of days. On the afternoon I got scrambled helicopter pickup going on. Isolate being located and still catching helicopters—50 caliber F-4C put us in on We had two 1,000 only made one bomb I was pulling off, positions firing, and Pete right behind pass, was walking down the trench one opened up on I stamped on rocket guns over for a three hits in the I was pulling off. OK, so I told Pete home and for him. Then I noticed that as I was watching went to zero, the Told Pete I was started to glide and gun position about 2500 feet, out over the wire stabilized on my for just a smidge ring at about 1,000 get below the ridge opened, as was one of a mile from ground been hitting. Bit when the chute of bird hit the ground down, then just away from one big one. Sild down the ground, light as aately got my survival got my radio out, that I was OK. H the way already. I could hear Vietnam I thought, but the birds, etc. The c

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USAF People

USAF People is a monthly feature of the USAF Museum web site presenting information from our archives about famous Air Force personnel.

Bernard F. Fisher

was featured during May 1998.



Bernard F. Fisher is the first living US Air Force recipient of the Medal of Honor. Moreover, he is the first USAF member to receive the medal from Vietnam. Born in 1927, the native of Idaho served briefly in the Navy at the end of World War II and then spent the period from 1947 to 1950 in the Air National Guard before receiving his Air Force commission in 1951. After pilot training, Bernie Fisher served as a jet fighter pilot in the Air Defense Command until 1965 when he volunteered for duty in Vietnam.

From July 1965 through June 1966 he flew 200 combat sorties in the A-1E/H "Spad" as a member of the 1st Air Commando Squadron located at Pleiku Air Base, South Vietnam. On March 10, 1966, he led a two-ship of skyraiders to the A Shau Valley in support of friendly troops in contact with the enemy. A total of six "Spads" were striking numerous emplacements when the A-1 piloted by Major Wayne "Jump" Myers was hit and forced to crash-land into the A Shau. Myers bellied in on the 2,500-foot runway and took cover behind an embankment on the edge of the strip while Major Fisher directed the rescue effort. Since the closest helicopter was 30 minutes away and the enemy was only 200 yards from Myers, Fisher quickly decided to land his two-seat A-1E on the strip and pick up his friend. Under the cover provided by the other A-1s, he landed in the valley, taxied to Myer's position, and loaded the downed airman into the empty seat. Dodging shell holes and debris on the steel planked runway, Major Fisher took off safely despite many hits on his aircraft by small arms fire. Major Fisher returned to the United States, and, on 19 January 1967, he was awarded

Since the closest helicopter was 30 minutes away... Fisher decided to land his two-seat A1-E and pick up his friend.

the Medal of Honor by President Lyndon B. Johnson. Major Bernie Fisher returned to the Air Defense Command and jet interceptors until he retired to his hometown of Kuna, Idaho.

- [Photo Gallery](#)

FISHER, BERNARD FRANCIS

Rank and organization: Major, U.S. Air Force, 1st Air Commandos

Place and date: Bien Hoa and Pleiku, Vietnam, 10 March 1966

Entered service at: Kuna, Idaho

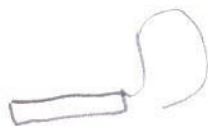
Born: 11 January 1927, San Bernardino, California

Citation:

For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty. On that date, the Special Forces camp at A Shau was under attack by 2,000 North Vietnamese Army regulars. Hostile troops had positioned themselves between the airstrip and the camp. Other hostile troops had surrounded the camp and were continuously raking it with automatic weapons fire from the surrounding hills. The tops of the 1,500-foot hills were obscured by an 800 foot ceiling, limiting aircraft maneuverability and forcing pilots to operate within range of hostile gun positions, which often were able to fire down on the attacking aircraft. During the battle, Maj. Fisher observed a fellow airman crash land on the battle-torn airstrip. In the belief that the downed pilot was seriously injured and in imminent danger of capture, Maj. Fisher announced his intention to land on the airstrip to effect a rescue. Although aware of the extreme danger and likely failure of such an attempt, he elected to continue. Directing his own air cover, he landed his aircraft and taxied almost the full length of the runway, which was littered with battle debris and parts of an exploded

his aircraft and taxied almost the full length of the runway, which was littered with battle debris and parts of an exploded aircraft. While effecting a successful rescue of the downed pilot, heavy ground fire was observed, with 19 bullets striking his aircraft. In the face of the withering ground fire, he applied power and gained enough speed to lift-off at the overrun of the airstrip. Major Fisher's profound concern for his fellow airman, and at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty are in the highest traditions of the U.S. Air Force and reflect great credit upon himself and the Armed Forces of his country."

The Medal of Honor awarded to Major Fisher for this daring rescue was presented to him by President Lyndon Johnson at the White House on March 19, 1967.



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Major Bernard F. Fisher and Lt Col Gene Deatrick, 1st Air Commando Squadron

Major Fisher's Medal of Honor mission Tape Transcript

FISHER: He's about 20 feet.

LUCAS: Understand he's 20 feet?

FISHER: Roger.

LUCAS: Which way you gonna land?

FISHER: I'm gonna make a 180 degrees, come in to the southeast.

LUCAS: OK. Well, then, we'll come up behind you and strafe parallel to your heading with you.

FISHER: OK, I'm rolling in now.

Unknown: Make it slow or you'll lose it.

LUCAS: I'm right behind you, Bernie. I took a hit in my pitot system, and I'm smoking a little.

HAGUE: OK, I'm right back at your six o'clock, Luke.

GUNTER: OK, where do you want those trenches strafed, Jon?

LUCAS: OK, you got us in sight? We're breaking off. I'm coming left.

GUNTER: OK, Where you want the strafe here? Right on the east end of the runway?

LUCAS: Yeah, put it all down the east side of the runway, in the grass area. Put a couple of bursts in there and then get hold of Barry.

GUNTER: OK. Get a hold of who?

LUCAS: Correction, it'll be Hound Dog 23 if he's still up.

GUNTER: OK, right here, we'll be going right in now.

LUCAS: OK, all the gun fire is over here on the East side in these trees.

GUNTER: OK, Luke, you got a chopper comin' in up here to the north. Uh, he may be able to get the pilot out.

LUCAS: We already got him out.

GUNTER: Roger

[Return to Skyraider Association Site Index](#)

LUCAS: OK. Ahh, do you see any smoke?

HAGUE: Negative. It looks pretty good.

LUCAS: OK, my air speed's gone to hell, and my hydraulic pressure's fluctuating.

HAGUE: All right. You want me to stay with you?

LUCAS: OK, Bernie, you gonna land out of this one?

Unknown: Skosh

Unknown: (garbled) in trail ???

Fighter: Five-Two, Oxford 81, over.

FAC: Oxford 81, Birddog 52?

Fighter: Roger, we're headed your position for time on target of 1240. We're ten minutes late. We have eight 500 GPs retarded and 20 mike-mike.

FAC: All right, Sir, hold on high and dry. At the present time we have A-1H's working underneath. There's an aircraft down there at the present time and we're trying to get the pilot out.

Unknown: (garbled) all aircraft

Fighter: This is (Call sign) 07-1. We're still orbiting up here at 20,000.

FAC: Roger, hold high and dry for now, Sir.

Fighter: Roger.

Fighter: Ahh five one, this is Congo 56 with eight napes and eight bombs and 20 mike mike.

FAC: Roger, stand by. The weather underneath is not too good for napalm at the present time.

Fighter: Roger.

HAGUE: :Bullshit

Unknown: (Call sign) Bird Dog 52.

LUCAS: OK, Paco, you in trail with us now?

LUCAS: Hobo 51, Hobo 03.

Unknown: Zero three, uh, Shoeseller 03. ???

LUCAS: Roger, go ahead, Jim.

GUNTER: Roger, which kind of help do you need? We're about three miles up the valley.

LUCAS: OK, Jim, do you read me?

GUNTER: Roger

LUCAS: OK, Babe, come on down the valley. As you come down the valley you run over that airstrip, pick up a heading of one five zero. And as you run down, you can run the napalm right down the east side of the runway.

GUNTER: Understand. 150 down the east side of the runway. OK, got that. Pete?

HOUK (Jims Wingman): Roger Dodger, Jim.

LUCAS: You'll see quite a bit of smoke.

GUNTER: OK, I see an aircraft down there to the left. Who's that? You?

LUCAS: No, I'm coming down the east side of the runway now. Why don't you come down one time and look it over.

Fighter: OK, this is Hobo 21, we're up here Luke.

Bird Dog 52: Hobo 21, Bird Dog 52.

FAC: Roger 52, we're orbiting the airfield to the North at 6000 feet.

LUCAS: OK, let's hit everything Denny, except the Fort.

HAGUE: Roger, I gotcha....I'm winchester (out of ammo).

LUCAS: OK, so am I. Let's keep making passes though. Maybe they don't know it.

HAGUE: Roger.

LUCAS: OK, Jim, the area's smoking pretty badly, and you'll see an aircraft burning on the runway. Bernie's taking off to the north.

GUNTER: OK, understand to the north. OK, I can see him. Is he rolling now?

HAGUE: Roger - Roger.

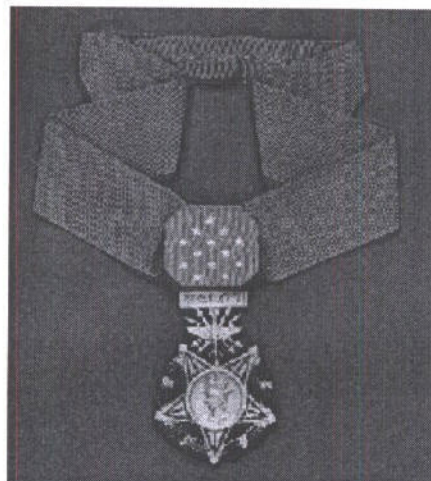
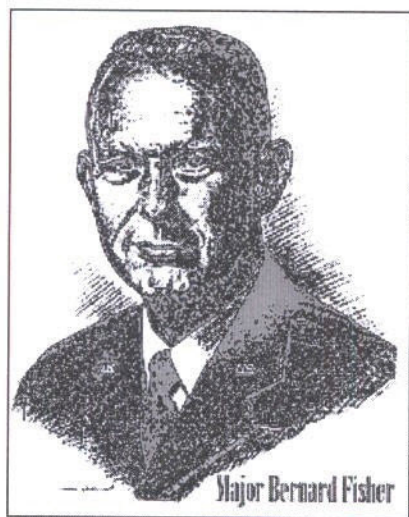
LUCAS: OK, get the east side Denny.

HAGUE: Roger - Roger, Babe.

Major Bernard F. Fisher, USAF

Medal of Honor Mission
10 March 1966

HUBO 51



Major Bernard F. Fisher's Medal of Honor Citation

For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty. On that date, the Special Forces camp at A Shau was under attack by 2,000 North Vietnamese Army regulars. Hostile troops had positioned themselves between the airstrip and the camp. Other hostile troops had surrounded the camp and were continuously raking it with automatic weapons fire from the surrounding hills. The tops of the 1,500-foot hills were obscured by an 800 foot ceiling, limiting aircraft

maneuverability and forcing pilots to operate within range of hostile gun positions, which often were able to fire down on the attacking aircraft. During the battle, Maj. Fisher observed a fellow airman crash land on the battle-torn airstrip. In the belief that the downed pilot was seriously injured and in imminent danger of capture, Maj. Fisher announced his intention to land on the airstrip to effect a rescue. Although aware of the extreme danger and likely failure of such an attempt, he elected to continue. Directing his own air cover, he landed his aircraft and taxied almost the full length of the runway, which was littered with battle debris and parts of an exploded aircraft. While effecting a successful rescue of the downed pilot, heavy ground fire was observed, with 19 bullets striking his aircraft. In the face of the withering ground fire, he applied power and gained enough speed to lift-off at the overrun of the airstrip. Maj. Fisher's profound concern for his fellow airman, and at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty are in the highest traditions of the U.S. Air Force and reflect great credit upon himself and the Armed Forces of his country.

During the Battle of A Shau on March 10, 1966, a C-123 crew flying in the vicinity of the Special Forces Camp taped the actual rescue as it was in progress. The tape was later given to Major Fisher as a souvenir. The recording was not started until after the initial decisions to rescue Major Dafford ("Jump") Myers were made and the first recorded sentences were of Fisher telling fellow Skyraider Pilots (Captains Francisco "Paco" VASQUEZ, 29, of Puerto Rico; John LUCAS, 28, of Steubenville, Ohio; and Dennis HAGUE, 28, of Kellogg, Idaho) how he planned to land on the debris-littered strip where Myers was down. Another pair of Skyraider pilots, Jim GUNTER and Pete HOUK, arrived as the rescue was unfolding. They flew cover for the takeoff portion of the rescue and then continued to hit the Viet Cong positions after the rescue was completed.

Capr Richard Robbins composed and performed a song about Bernies mission in Ashau at a promotion party for the man he rescued, new LtCol Dafford "Jump" Meyers. In its original version, the song was not suitable for family listening. Tennessee Ernie Ford modified the lyrics slightly and his rendition appears below.

Major Fisher became the first living Air Force Medal of Honor winner when he was presented the medal at a White House Ceremony by then President Lyndon B. Johnson. President Johnson's remarks can be heard below.

Following the White House ceremony, Major Fisher answered reporters questions. This session also appears below.

Citation: "On that date, the special forces camp at A Shau was under attack by 2,000 North Vietnamese Army regulars. Hostile troops had positioned themselves between the airstrip and the camp. Other hostile troops had surrounded the camp and were continuously raking it with automatic weapons fire from the surrounding hills. The tops of the 1,500-foot hills were obscured by an 800-foot ceiling, limiting aircraft maneuverability and forcing pilots to operate within range of hostile gun positions, which often were able to fire down on the attacking aircraft. During the battle, Major Fisher observed a fellow airman crash land on the battle-torn airstrip. In the belief that the downed pilot was seriously injured and in imminent danger of capture, Major Fisher announced his intention to land on the airstrip to effect a rescue. Although aware of the extreme danger and likely failure of such an attempt, he elected to continue. Directing his own air cover, he landed

The USAF's 50th Anniversary website has an extensive article about Major Bernie Fisher's Medal of Honor mission.

The USAF Museum has the A-1E Skyraider that Maj Bernie Fisher flew on his Medal of Honor mission.

During the A-1 Skyraider Association's 1997 reunion in San Antonio, Texas, I had the distinct honor of conducting a one-on-one interview with Bernie Fisher. He has graciously allowed me to present this interview here.



The following items relate to Maj Bernie Fisher's Medal of Honor

- History and Criteria for the Medal of Honor
- Story of Major Fisher's Medal of Honor Mission
- USAF Museum picture of A-1E 132-649 flown by Maj Fisher on his Medal of Honor mission
- Hello AShau Tower , a song written by Capt Rich Robbins performed by Tennessee Ernie Ford (RealAudio 4:45) NEW
- President Lyndon Johnson's remarks on 19 Jan 67 at the Medal of Honor presentation ceremony for Major Fisher (RealAudio 5:38) NEW
- Maj Fisher answers questions from the press following the White House ceremony (RealAudio 6:43) NEW
- Listen to interview with Bernie Fisher on 3 Oct 1997 (RealAudio 18:55)
- Pentagon ceremony held 9 Mar 1999 - marking the occasion of a new book being released
- Listen to Medal of Honor Mission Tape (RealAudio 4:43)

A FRIEND IS DOWN THERE
HE IS RUNNING OUT OF TIME

