

Fifth Battalion, Seventh Cavalry Regiment Association

First Cavalry Division (Airmobile) (1966-1971)

Third Infantry Division (2004-Present)

Biannual Reunion Banquet

Airport Marriott Hotel

Nashville, Tennessee

“Hard Truths and American Heroes”

July 9, 2010

by

Howard T. Prince II

Brigadier General, USA, Retired

Headquarters Company, 5-7 Cav (September 1967-January 1968)

Commanding Officer, Bravo Company, 5-7 Cav (January-February 1968)

General officers, other senior officers, senior non-commissioned officers, veterans, family members, and friends. Our association president, Maury Edmonds, has already acknowledged Captain Mike Sprayberry, our living recipient of the Medal of Honor. Mike is one of four brave soldiers who were awarded the Medal of Honor during this battalion's service in Vietnam. Three of the four, including Mike's for his heroic actions on April 25, 1968, were awarded within the first six months of 1968, which was a period of some of the heaviest fighting during that long war. Let us also remember those who were awarded the Medal of Honor and never knew it.

Lewis Albanese of Bravo Company for heroism and the ultimate sacrifice on 1 December 1966;

William Port of Charlie Company for his heroic actions on January 12, 1968 before he was captured by the enemy after being severely wounded and was held in captivity until he died 10 months later;

Hector Santiago of Bravo Company for his valor and the ultimate sacrifice on June 28, 1968.

All four of these brave men took extraordinary risks for others in ways that illustrate the brotherhood that binds us together. Two threw themselves on enemy hand grenades in order to save their buddies. Mike Sprayberry went out in the night to rescue his company commander and others who were cutoff in enemy territory. Lewis Albanese fixed his bayonet and charged into an enemy ambush, killing several enemy soldiers in hand-to-hand combat in order to save his platoon. Each of their citations includes the words, "for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty." They went beyond the call of duty for their brothers and three gave their lives for their fellow soldiers. If you have never taken the time to do so, you can read their Medal of Honor citations<sup>1</sup> and learn more about these men in the Memorabilia Room during this reunion. I encourage you to do just that before you go home.

The third brigade, of which the 5-7 Cav was usually a part, had seven Medal of Honor recipients during the Vietnam War; over half were in the 5-7 Cav. There were 26 recipients of the Medal Honor from the 1<sup>st</sup> Cavalry Division during the Vietnam War, more than any other comparable unit--- clear evidence that our division was in the middle of the hardest fighting from the Central Highlands to the coastal plains to the DMZ to Cambodia to the end of the war.

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<sup>1</sup> <http://www.1stcavmedic.com/listcmhcav.html>

I am deeply honored to have been given the privilege of speaking during our dinner this evening. During the early 90's I knew about these reunions but I was too scared to attend, frankly because I was afraid of being overwhelmed and embarrassed by my own emotions. But when Susan and I attended our first reunion in Colorado Springs I realized that it had been a mistake not to have joined our association much sooner. I will never forget the first person who recognized me in Colorado Springs---it was George Klein---and as he rushed up to me, he blurted out "why you old "SOB!" only he didn't abbreviate the words! George had been a platoon sergeant in Bravo Company when I had the privilege to lead that group in early 1968. He was more like a platoon leader and more than once gave me good advice during a very rough period of the war. He had also given me critical medical attention when I was wounded near Hue in February 1968. Needless to say, straight away George steered me to the bar for a couple of stiff ones that we shared for old time's sake!

When Maury Edmonds asked me if I would speak during our reunion banquet, he made it very easy to accept. He told me I could talk about anything I wanted to. I speak about leadership to various audiences all the time and get to teach it at a great university. So I thought this assignment would be easy for me. I could just dust off the last speech I had given on leadership and it would be a piece of cake. But as the reunion got closer I began to wonder about how to talk about leadership to a room full of people who know what good leadership is because they have experienced it personally and so many have provided it in the most difficult leadership situation we can imagine---combat. The answer is you don't! The audience knows too much about that subject already. So I realized I had to come up with something else.

So I turned to my wife, Susan for her advice. She gave me her usual suggestions: Keep it light. Be brief. Don't talk too long, and hold your stomach in!

I am going to use the freedom Maury gave me and also ignore my wife's advice, although she is usually right. I am going to talk about us and what brought us together---war. War is what binds us to one another, it is our common bond. War is also serious business and so this is going to be a serious talk. I am going to talk about what brought us together and also what separates us from others, how it changed us and our country, and the solemn duties we must attend to this week. I am going to deal with some hard truths about America and some of her forgotten heroes---this includes each of you---that need to be confronted.

War is what brought us together when we were young and changed us from strangers into a band of brothers. With the exception of the bond between a mother and her child, the

brotherhood of those who fought together in battle may be the deepest bond that human beings ever form.

While war brought us together, it also separated us from our friends and families. That means families also served while we were away at war. They sent care packages, remember how good those broken, stale chocolate chip cookies tasted; and love letters--- today they send emails--- and tried to reassure us that everything was OK at home. But in many ways war is just as hard for those we leave behind as for those who fight. Our loved ones went to bed every night---alone (they better have been alone!)---with their worst fear that they had seen us for the last time and there was no one there to comfort them in their awful uncertainty. I remember when my wife and I left my parents on my way to Vietnam. My mother went to the airport with us but my father stayed home. That wasn't unusual for him as he had been a distant father all of my life. But that time it really hurt. So about a year after I came home, I decided to tell him I just couldn't understand why he didn't come to the airport see me go off to war. I was stunned when he pointed his finger at me and raised his voice as he said "That's right, you don't understand what a father feels like when he knows he may never see his oldest son again." I had had no idea how much he was hurting when I left, perhaps for the last time. War also played a part in broken marriages and shattered families because a lot of us came home and couldn't pick up where we had left them because we had changed too much. Later new wives learned to live with some of us and tried to help us heal without really knowing how we got the way we had become. Since 9-11 the children of too many soldiers have had half-time parents who have been deployed every other year. A former student of mine at the University of Texas told me that even though he loved the Army and being a soldier, he got out because one day he realized that after four deployments he had missed half of his oldest child's life.

War also separated us from those timid souls who chose not to answer their country's call to serve. While a few who avoided or refused the draft did so out of true moral conviction about war itself, most did so simply because they were too afraid to risk their lives for their country. We were afraid too, but we found the courage to do our duty anyway, despite our own fear of dying.

Finally, war separated us forever from those brave men who served and gave what President Lincoln at Gettysburg had called "the last full measure of devotion"<sup>2</sup> to their country and to their buddies fighting alongside them. We, the living, now have a new duty that falls to those who made it home alive, even if not in one piece or as good as we were when we left home for war. That duty has two parts. The first is to honor the dead

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<sup>2</sup> [http://blueandgraytrail.com/event/Gettysburg\\_Address\\_%5BFull\\_Text%5D](http://blueandgraytrail.com/event/Gettysburg_Address_%5BFull_Text%5D)

who gave all and the second is to join in a singular kind of fellowship to remember our service, our honor, our courage and our sacrifice. Our country has never given its Vietnam veterans the recognition and affirmation we deserve and never will, so we must do so for ourselves. The Vietnam War divided this nation almost as badly as the Civil War and that gap has never been bridged. With the passage of time fewer and fewer people know about our war, and even fewer care enough to engage in remembering, learning and healing with us. If our history is taught in public schools it is presented to children as a mistake or a waste. So we must come together to remember and continue the healing among ourselves.

My remarks are focused mainly on the Vietnam War even as we salute the soldiers of the 5-7 who carry and fight under our guidons today. Nothing I am going to say tonight in any way overlooks or diminishes your service and sacrifices. You are the link to the history of this battalion, you are its present and you will define its future. Our legacy will be to turn the leadership of this association over to your generation sometime in the future and we challenge you to keep this fellowship alive long after we older veterans have gone on to Fiddlers Green to join other great warriors of Garryowen.

It is not trite to refer to ourselves as a “band of brothers,” for that is indeed what we became in those distant rice paddies, mountains, jungles and coastal plains of Vietnam and in the dry and dusty, scorching hot Middle East where the soldiers of the 5-7 Cav have carried the war against terror to our nation’s deadly enemy of the present. But have you ever wondered where the term “band of brothers” came from, perhaps wondered whether we borrowed it from the Marines or took it from some old Hollywood war movie? If you listen to the soldiers speaking in Norman Lloyd’s documentary, “Commitment and Sacrifice,”<sup>3</sup> you might think talk of brothers just comes naturally to those who are part of such a brotherhood.

It also might have come from William Shakespeare. Shakespeare’s imagination grasped the power of war to transform soldiers from strangers, seeking only to survive, into a band of brothers. Though not a soldier, he did know England’s history, including the Hundred Years War and the famous battle at a place called Agincourt in France that was fought on October 25, 1415. King Henry V had invaded Normandy in August 1415. When the English army eventually cornered the French army for a decisive battle, he had only 6,000 fighting men left out of his original force of 11,000, all of whom were miserable from rainy cold weather and many were sick. The enemy army may have been three times their size. When the king disguised himself and went among his soldiers to talk with them during the night before the battle, he discovered their morale was very low

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<sup>3</sup> <http://www.commitmentandsacrifice.com/>

and they did not want to fight the French. What the king actually said to his army in 1415 we may never know for sure. But in his play first performed in 1599, Shakespeare had Henry V give what is arguably one of the most famous and one of the greatest motivational speeches ever given to soldiers in the English language. Some of the greatest Shakespearean actors including Sir Lawrence Olivier and David Branagh have given this speech on the stage and in great movies. But the version I like best was performed by a young soldier in basic training in the movie “Renaissance Man” starring Danny DeVito and Gregory Hines. Danny DeVito plays a high school teacher who teaches English literature GED classes, including some Shakespeare, to young soldiers. In a memorable scene during a rainy night of field training, the drill sergeant, played by Gregory Hines, tries to make fun of the soldiers who have been taking GED classes by ordering one of them to recite “some Shakespeare.” To the drill sergeant’s surprise, PVT Benitez, played by Lillo Brancato with a strong Bronx accent, gives a memorable recitation of King Henry’s famous speech that shames the abusive drill sergeant and inspires the other young soldiers.<sup>4</sup>

Since the battle took place on a Christian feast day named for twin brothers, Crispin and Crispian, who were English saints, Shakespeare’s King Henry V spoke as follows

“And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the world,  
But we in it shall be remembered-  
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;  
For he today that sheds his blood with me  
Shall be my brother...”<sup>5</sup>

In words that also have a very special meaning for those of us who served and fought in Vietnam, Shakespeare also had King Henry V make a statement about the courage and integrity of those who chose to serve compared to those who did not that still echoes across the centuries. The king addressed this when he said the following:

“He that shall live this day, and see old age,  
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,  
And say 'Tomorrow is Saint Crispian.'  
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,  
And say 'These wounds I had on Crispian's day.'

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<sup>4</sup> <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XdOhYv6nRJA>

<sup>5</sup> <http://shakespeare.mit.edu/henryv/henryv.4.3.html>

...he'll remember, with advantages,  
What feats he did that day...

And gentlemen in England now abed  
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,  
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks  
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day."<sup>6</sup>

The king was saying that if you choose not to serve and fight for your country, when you get older it will be very hard to answer the question, “What did you do in the war, Daddy, or Grandpa?” What can you say if you weren’t there, as we all were? How can you speak the truth and just say “I ran away”? As we grow older we know more than ever in our hearts and minds that the sacrifice we made to serve our country was the right and proper choice. Instead of the anger and resentment I once felt in my younger years, I now feel only pity for those who turned their backs on our country when they were called to serve. Those timid souls can’t go back in time and change their decision. As they grow old along with all of us, they search for their long lost integrity, but it is gone forever, replaced instead with guilt.

One of the best known young men who resorted to devious ways to avoid being drafted was James Fallows. Today he is a successful journalist. When he drew number 45 in the first true draft lottery in 1969, he knew for sure that unless he could find a way out, he would be drafted while still a student at Harvard. A few years after our government had ended our involvement in Vietnam, Fallows wrote a confession that applies to him and many others who chose to avoid the call to a citizen’s most basic duty. In 1975 he published an essay entitled “What did you do in the class war, Daddy?” In it he confronted the truth of his earlier actions. Fallows revealed that when he was not participating in war protests or attending classes at Harvard, he spent a lot of time studying the regulations for the draft and had discovered that his weight was close to being too low for his height. So he starved himself into a draft exemption, leaving only 120 pounds on his 6’ 1” frame, while also claiming that he was suicidal during his psychiatric exam at the Boston Navy Yard. Six years later when he wrote his confession piece and the war was over, he was an inch taller and weighed a healthy 185. In recognition of regret over his youthful choice, Fallows concluded his essay with the following:

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<sup>6</sup> <http://shakespeare.mit.edu/henryv/henryv.4.3.html>

“On the part of those who were spared, there is a residual guilt, often so deeply buried that it surfaces only in unnaturally vehement denials that there is anything to feel guilty about... there was little character in the choices we made.”<sup>7</sup>

One of our presidents pardoned the young men who had fled to other countries instead of fighting for their own country. Those who had opposed the war we fought then welcomed them home as heroes while we who had done our duty still waited for our welcome home that would never come.

Those of us who enjoy the fellowship of our band of brothers here tonight are fortunate to have come home with our honor and our integrity intact, though some were neither whole in body nor in spirit. We still enjoy the blessings of life, of sharing with friends and family as we grow older. We also have a solemn duty to remember those who made the ultimate sacrifice fighting along side us. Tomorrow morning we will formally honor and memorialize our fallen brothers, so I will remind us only briefly of that duty here tonight. This obligation was never expressed more eloquently than by President Lincoln in his second inaugural address in March of 1865 when he could see the end of our civil war nearing. Lincoln appealed to the nation to forgive the great divisions then abroad in our country and to live instead

“With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan...”<sup>8</sup>

These words still apply to the continuing task of healing our country and welcoming those who have fought in unpopular or forgotten wars back to the country they so nobly served.

The other day I saw a man wearing a cap with the words “Warning: Dysfunctional Vet” on the front above the bill. That cap, while probably intended to be funny, reminded me that many, such as some of Hollywood’s film makers, have repeatedly portrayed Vietnam veterans as incompetent, crazy people who came from the margins of society. But all of us here tonight recognize what a lie that is and how unfair it is to all of us. As Norman Lloyd so beautifully shows in the raw footage he took in Cambodia in 1970, Iraq in 2005 and the interviews with Vietnam vets decades after they went into Cambodia, we came

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<sup>7</sup> James Fallows, “What Did You Do In the Class War, Daddy?” *Washington Monthly*, October 1975

<sup>8</sup> <http://www.nationalcenter.org/LincolnSecondInaugural.html>

from all across America and represented the best of American youth, not the dumb and depraved as portrayed by Oliver Stone in his forgettable movie, "Platoon." Oliver Stone did serve in Vietnam as a grunt in the 25<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division, but he willfully and purposefully misrepresented who we were and who we are today. He betrayed his band of brothers so he could make a buck and be cool in film land while Norman Lloyd told the truth about who we were and what we did. We fought hard when we had to, but we also acted like kids playing "grab ass" when we could relax for a while on places like Fire Base Wood. We tossed a football back and forth on a field of dusty red clay, or tried to get clean in an old iron bathtub left over from a plantation as our buddies threw cold water on us and laughed while Norman Lloyd caught it all on film.

The dysfunctional Vietnam vet has become a cultural symbol in America. This is perverse because it has made some of us feel guilty or ashamed for not being the same person we were before we went to war. But it would only be abnormal if we didn't have PTS. PTS, or Post Traumatic Stress, is the Army's new term for what used to be considered a disorder. I like that because PTS is not a disorder, only an injury that doesn't bleed so others can't see it, a wound on our soul, an injury to our very humanity. We are no different from the warriors of ancient Greece, the men who wore both the blue and the gray during our Civil War, indeed, the veterans of all of America's wars. And many of us still experience stress from the terrible things we experienced long ago. Just as we all know that 99% of soldiers in battle are afraid and the other one per cent are lying, we need to accept the reality of PTS as part of our combat experience for almost all, if not all, of us. So I urge everyone to forget the term PTSD and to use PTS instead, except, of course, when you go to the VA for help or a change in benefits and they need a clinical label to describe the effects of war on us.

But the near universality of PTS among soldiers who personally experienced combat is not the whole story. Although scientific studies have shown that even though most of us who saw combat still have PTS to some degree, on average Vietnam vets have made a better life for themselves after returning home than those who either served in the military at the same time but not in Vietnam, those who weren't called to serve in the military, or those who avoided their duty to serve when called. Our successful adjustment, achieved despite varying degrees of PTS for most, if not all of us, is measured in terms of marriage and children, education level, and economic success.

So the real story, the one that hasn't been widely told, is that serving our country in war made us better men by forcing us to grow up faster than we were ready to and helping us overcome the limits of our narrow geographic and cultural experiences. For example, we learned not to care about the color of someone's skin. In one of the interviews done for Norman Lloyd's story about some of us, Sylvester Amy talked about being in a squad

with a white guy who told Sylvester that he had never been around black people before and didn't like them. But he had come to like Sylvester, said that Sylvester was different than he thought black people were like, and that Sylvester had changed his buddy's attitude toward black people. Our late Captain Jim Mathews was my predecessor as the commanding officer of Bravo Company. Jim was very well respected by the soldiers in that company and they hated to see him leave for a new job. I was keenly aware that I had big boots to try to fill when I took his place. Captain Mathews was African-American and he led a group of mostly white soldiers. That could not have happened during those years in corporate management or in a manufacturing plant. At that time in America it could only have happened in our Army.

We spoke with different accents from places like the deep South, the south Bronx, South Beach Miami, south Boston and the south side of Chicago. We sounded funny to other young men who hadn't travelled very far from home or been around people from other parts of the country. Young people often make a big deal out of the ways people differ and segregate themselves into groups whose members are similar to each other. But we learned not to care about the way someone talked, or where he came from. Instead, we learned to value and accept each other for who we were just as fellow human beings, and for our courage and our willingness to risk our lives and fight for each other while serving this great country. This was happening while at home our country struggled to keep from coming apart in places like the Watts section of LA, Detroit, and Kent State. We were way ahead of our country on the great issues of the day such as racial equality, access to education and economic opportunity.

I am proud to be a veteran and to have served my country with brave men like you. Most, if not all, of us would have preferred to be somewhere else where it was safe. Most of us were reluctant participants who answered our nation's call when we would rather have been home drinking cold beer, playing baseball or shooting hoops, making out with a girl friend in the back seat of a car or on a blanket at the beach, dancing and listening to rock and roll music, or drag racing our cars. On average, we were the age made immortal in a famous Vietnam-era song by Paul Hardcastle, in his song, "19."<sup>9</sup>

Yes, we were young, but we were still mature enough to recognize and do our duty as countless others before us had done when called upon. Charlie Daniels proclaimed our ethic when he sang the following words from his memorable song, "Still in Saigon:

"I could have gone to Canada  
Or I could have stayed in school

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<sup>9</sup> <http://www.lyricsdownload.com/hardcastle-paul-19-lyrics.html>, available at itunes.com

But I was brought up differently  
I couldn't break the rules.”<sup>10</sup>

Despite our youth, somehow we knew what General Robert E. Lee had once declaimed, that duty is the most sublime word in the English language, remained true in our time.<sup>11</sup> Still, that doesn't mean that almost all of us wouldn't rather have been almost anywhere else other than in Viet Nam! Every day we heard our theme song on the “Good Morning, Vietnam” show over the Armed Forces Network when the rock group, the Animals, blasted out “We've Gotta Get Out Of This Place.”<sup>12</sup>

Those of us who made it home from Vietnam, then slowly reclaimed our self-respect, and gradually built lives of meaning and consequence, are still left with the undeniable reality that too many Americans turned their backs on us and would not acknowledge our courage and our sacrifice. For a long time our government did the same, denying recognition of the almost universal effects of war on our very humanity until it finally came up with a name for what we should now call PTS and began to offer help and compensation for our invisible wounds and suffering. Some Americans tried to defame and dishonor our service with harsh, even vile, words and actions during our war and for many years after the war in Vietnam had ended. As General Wickham told us in Norman Lloyd's documentary, he was spat upon and cursed by a well-dressed woman in a New York City train station while he was a colonel wearing his uniform and accompanied by his father. When I was a graduate student at the University of Texas in the early 70's, at a social event at the beginning of my first year of study I was approached by another student in the same program who told me that he despised me for what I had done in Vietnam, although he couldn't have known and didn't bother to ask, and that he would never speak to me again. He kept his word and I believe it was his loss, not mine.

So there can be no denying that this nation let its Vietnam veterans down by making it so hard for us to come home that still today the common greeting among Vietnam veterans is “welcome home.” This is unique among veterans of America's wars, and is spoken because so few of our countrymen would greet us in the manner we deserved so long ago. By withholding the honor we so richly deserved upon our return, this nation even caused some of us to doubt the wisdom of our choice to do our duty. We had earned that honor with blood and tears as we sweated in the sweltering heat and humidity while carrying back-breaking rucksacks, as we struggled to hack our way through impenetrable bamboo

<sup>10</sup> <http://www.cowboylrics.com/lyrics/daniels-charlie/still-in-saigon-10932.html>, available at itunes.com

<sup>11</sup> [http://www.ushistorysite.com/robert\\_e\\_lee\\_quotes.php](http://www.ushistorysite.com/robert_e_lee_quotes.php)

<sup>12</sup> <http://www.uulyrics.com/music/the-animals/song-weve-gotta-get-out-of-this-place/>, available at itunes.com

or stumbled through the muck of filthy rice paddies and swampy mangrove forests while a cunning and dangerous enemy hunted us, even as we searched to find and destroy him.

But the time for anger, bitterness and recrimination is long past. Now is the time to honor fallen comrades and to reach out to those they left behind who still miss them and always will. We will never forget our fallen brothers and their ultimate sacrifice, nor doubt the pain of those they left behind. It is also the time to honor ourselves here tonight because we did serve with courage and dedication and made it home. We did not let our country down. My hope is that each of us has found, or soon will find, the peace of mind so important to living well for the remainder our time here on earth. These gatherings can help us find that peace of mind.

In 1944 a great World War II Army general, Vinegar Joe Stillwell, said this about the meaning of fighting in a war. "If a man can say he did not let his country down, and if he can live with himself, there is nothing more he can reasonably ask for."<sup>13</sup>

Thank you very much. Please enjoy the rest of the evening and our time together during the remainder of our reunion.

Welcome home, Garryowen!

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[http://books.google.com/books?id=HFrRFQZQgN8C&printsec=frontcover&dq=the+stilwell+papers&source=bl&ots=4l\\_7FIAAef&sig=XZUTJPrJSMWLZrVNWZzqJRxLoQ&hl=en&ei=UBNKTKmWEoS\\_ngfH4bCCDw&sa=X&oi=book\\_result&ct=result&resnum=2&ved=0CCMQ6AEwAQ#v=onepage&q&f=false](http://books.google.com/books?id=HFrRFQZQgN8C&printsec=frontcover&dq=the+stilwell+papers&source=bl&ots=4l_7FIAAef&sig=XZUTJPrJSMWLZrVNWZzqJRxLoQ&hl=en&ei=UBNKTKmWEoS_ngfH4bCCDw&sa=X&oi=book_result&ct=result&resnum=2&ved=0CCMQ6AEwAQ#v=onepage&q&f=false), p. 323

## BRIGADIER GENERAL HOWARD T. PRINCE II, USA, RETIRED

Howard Prince earned the right to belong to this fine association of outstanding soldiers and great people when he served with the 5-7 Cav from September 1967 through February 1968 in Vietnam. He was initially assigned to the battalion staff when GEN Wickham was the battalion commander. Later he served as the commanding officer of Bravo Company under LTC Long and LTG Vaught. He was wounded at LZ Colt during the night of October 10, 1967. After recovering from his injuries, he returned to the Headquarters of the 5-7 Cav which was still at LZ Colt. Several months later while leading Bravo Company in the final assault on a heavily fortified enemy position north of Hue, he was wounded again and eventually evacuated to the United States. One of our pathfinders who is here tonight, SGT Juan Gonzales, had to use a forceful approach to get a reluctant medevac pilot to land in the midst of the battle to take him to a nearby hospital for emergency treatment. Ask Juan about that later at the bar. Howard says he was in bad shape; Juan described his condition in much more colorful terms in a letter he wrote to Howard years later. To this day, Howard credits Juan with saving his life.

Howard is the son of a career Army NCO who always wanted him to go to West Point. So, like many teenage boys often do, at first he rejected his father's hopes for him. Eventually he recognized what a great opportunity it would be, earned an appointment, and went on to graduate from West Point as a Distinguished Cadet in 1962, taking a commission as an infantry officer. Following his first assignment with the 82<sup>nd</sup> Airborne Division, he was selected to study overseas as an Olmsted Scholar in Germany. From there he went to Vietnam. In early February 1968, just before the battalion changed radio call signs, he developed a bad infection in his right leg and couldn't walk without a very noticeable limp. So instead of a typical macho call sign like "Grim Reaper" or "Gunslinger," he was given the less than warrior-like call sign, "Limping Scholar." As a result, communications from Bravo Company became less frequent and the enemy's radio intercept operators must have been puzzled as to the meaning of this strange call sign.

While he was recovering from his injuries received during TET 1968, Howard was offered, but refused, a medical retirement. Although he was no longer able to serve as an infantry officer, he remained on active duty, earned a PhD in psychology, and went on to become a pioneer in the area of leadership education and development. With a little help from LTG Vaught, in 1978 he was chosen to be the first Professor and Head of the new Department of Behavioral Sciences and Leadership at West Point. He then developed the only masters degree program ever offered by West Point as well as new undergraduate leadership and other academic programs. He was also very involved in reshaping leader development throughout the all-volunteer Army. In 1984 he was part of a team that prepared a White Paper on leadership for then Chief of Staff of the Army, GEN Wickham. When he retired from the Army in 1990, he was advanced on the retired list from colonel to the grade of brigadier general.

Four years ago, in recognition of his ground-breaking efforts in developing leaders in the Army, in other professions, and in higher education, Howard was presented the highest honor given by West Point to its graduates, the Distinguished Graduate Award. Last year he was given a lifetime achievement award by the American Psychological Association.

Howard currently serves as the Director of the Center for Ethical Leadership at the University of Texas in Austin, Texas. He is accompanied tonight by his wife of the past fifteen years, Susan, and his twin sons, Brian and Jeff, who were only six months old when he departed for Vietnam and had to leave them behind along with their mother, Kenna.