

TANCREDS FORD
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ENGLAND

Mr Ross Perot
11 August 82

Dear Ross,

Almost everyone commented that the end of the book was weak. I agree. My problem is that I don't have enough detail to work with. I've already asked everyone about the arrival in Dallas, but I've never got substantial answers. I suspect this happened because the question always came at the end of an interview when we were feeling rather weary.

Here is the solution. Could you possibly ask each of them to write a long account of his arrival back in Dallas? Each man should include, in his account, answers to all of the following questions:

As the plane touched down on the DFW runway:

Were you tired? When had you last slept? When did you last eat, and what? Had you been drinking on the flight? When had you last shaved? Taken a bath or shower? What were you wearing?

What were you looking forward to most? What else were you looking forward to, e.g. drinking a beer in your own kitchen, going into a shop where they all speak English, getting into bed with your wife, eating a hamburger, sitting in a traffic jam on Central Expressway ...

When you first saw your family:

Where were you? *On the bus* Who did you see first? Who was there to meet you, altogether? What did you say to your wife? What did she say to you? *Where'd you get the clothes? It was red/black plaid & totally unlike you!* What did you say to each of the children? What did they say? *A dress* What were they all wearing? How did they look? What was the second thing you said to your wife? What was the second thing she said to you? *Are you ok? Yes* Did they smile? Laugh? Cry? *Yes, a little.* How did you feel when you kissed your wife? (COMPULSORY)
What do you usually or characteristically do at moments of great happiness?

In the Concorde Room I noticed people that we had known in Dallas & Minnesota and I felt proud that he was part of the team. My reaction to the speeches was one of total attention and amazement that all this had transpired. Relief that it was all over, relief for all concerned - especially for Bill & Paul's family.

When you walked into the Concorde Room and saw a thousand people waiting to welcome you:

What faces did you notice in the crowd? What did you say to your family and friends? What did they say to you? What do you recall of the speeches? What was your reaction to the speeches? Did it go on too long? Did you think about what you were going to do next?

That evening: *We stayed in the motel and had room service bring sandwiches - just ourselves. I spent the evening talking.*

Where did you go? What did you eat, where and with whom? How did you spend the rest of the evening? What time did you go to bed? What were your last thoughts before going to sleep? *Last thought were that I was glad he was safe & through with the ordeal.*

Now that everyone has read the draft, and seen that it is not easy to do justice to a triumphant moment like this one, I believe they will realise the importance of dredging up from their memories (and their wives' memories) every detail they possibly can.

Would you give a copy of this letter to Paul, Bill, Coburn, Schwebach, Poche, Jackson, Davis, Gayden, Howell and Young? I will send it to Sculley, Taylor and Boulware. I would also like your account, and Reza's - though I realise many of the questions will not apply to Reza.

My thanks to you and everyone, once again, for continuing patience and help.

Yours ever,

Ken.

Ken Follett.

As the plane touched down in Dallas it was like the end of a long rugby match when you have beaten the other side in the first ten minutes. The very inexperienced are very joyful. They have proven what they set out at the start. The more seasonal players have sweated, pushed and supported. They have shown others good examples and refined newly learned and shaped old skills. This feeling came to me many times as the captain of my club in Minnesota. Again, the landing in Dallas was the end, everything had worked correctly even though most of it was not planned only dreamed about as egos will dream. When I returned from Viet Nam, I had much the same feeling. The experience was a personal growth. I was not tired because I can sleep anywhere and do ~~when~~ the level of need is such that effort is not required or I don't want to contribute.

- The flight from England was like a tour guide. I had a million questions of what had happened but I knew full well that the answers would not be given completely. I am sure the other people on the flight thought we were a strange group. The flight attendants were very curious and did everything they could to make the flight very enjoyable.

I was awoken at 5:30 a.m. that morning and, as always, showered and shaved. When we were in Iran, there was not an opportunity to bathe each day. The water was cold and so was the room temperature. I really enjoy being clean. In Viet Nam it was weeks before you could get a shower.

I slept about an hour after leaving England. Most everyone slept at various times. I really don't recall being tired.

There was a lot of food on the flight we were in first class. I looked forward to eating on the flight. Several times before I had returned to the United States in the first class section. Everything was very comfortable on this flight as well as the other. The food was not as tasty nor as well served. The previous flights were with German and British Airlines. Class in America is not as well defined. Our society is very classless even there are the rich and poor.

The clothes I was wearing were a variety of different peoples clothes. Nothing I had on belonged to me. In Tehran before the groups broke up, various swaps took place. The shoes were Bill Goden's. They were size 9 casual walking shoes. I wear size 8. The socks were Jay's very heavy wool boot socks. The pants were Jay's also. A light brown corduroy. They were a little large in the waste a very long. The shirt was, who knows, who's shirt it was but it was large and warm. The jacket I wore did belong, in a sense, to me. It was bought in Dallas and given to me. The only thing that really belonged to me was my underwear. But when we left Iran they were not clean to wear. Clean underwear is essential. So as I did in Viet Nam and for years after, I wore non. Clean clothes is a must. I gave my boots to Bill Gaylord and I have no earthly idea of who got what else.

- What I wanted to do the most after getting to Dallas was to get my own clothes, getting a haircut, watching the news on television, talking on the telephone to some of my friends and family.

I first saw Susan in a bus at the Dallas airport. It was nice to see her. I was very disappointed not to see Kelly and Lisa. It was important to Susan that they did not come with her to Dallas. They were living with her mother ever since we returned from Iran in late December. As I remember things as I greeted Susan, I wondered where the children were, what was going through her mind and just exactly did she know about the previous events. I'm not sure returning to Dallas was a moment of great happiness. My happiness came when I saw everyone in Germany. I had many pressing thoughts so my memory is not very clear and time has passed.

- The Concorde Room is a blur to me. There was a lot of talk about "glad to be back." Everyone was very joyful and very interested in knowing what was going on over in Iran. I think it was a bit overdone but it felt good to have the recognition and attention. I am not sure what I really did but a lot of people thought it was very terrific!

That evening it was somewhat like stepping off a wild horse. Many things had happened in the last twenty-four hours. We were driven to the Hilton on Central Expressway. I was very disappointed that I could not get any different clothes, which prevented us from doing anything that evening except sit and talk. I called the girls as soon as I could after getting to the hotel.

This is not very good because it calls for commitment and the feedback that a conversation generates. It's difficult to respond to your own thoughts. *Why can't Ken talk to me & answer because he could get more that way!* Susan's memories are recorded on the copy of the questions.