

As the plane touched down on the DFW runway, I was very tired. During the past week, I had only one opportunity to sleep in a bed. That had been the night before in London for one hour. We had taken off in London in the morning and flown with the sun all the way to Dallas. It was a festive flight for us, and I didn't get any sleep. I had wanted to be somewhat alert when I saw Mary, so I only had a few glasses of wine. At the hotel in London I had showered and shaved and felt almost human. I think not considering Ross, I was the most respectable looking of our group. Ross was having me take care of administrative dealings of the group, so I was wearing a business suite.

(2)

Mostly, I was looking forward to getting back to some normal form of life. Since 6 November, my life had been totally disrupted, not knowing from day to day what would happen next. I had spent 100% of my time working and generally away from Mary and the kids. I wanted to spend a lot of time with them.

I was also looking forward to getting back to some of the creature comforts of life. In Tehran, it had been an ordeal to go to or come from work. I'd flag down an orange cab, cram inside with the four other passengers who usually didn't look or act very cordial, listen to blaring middle-eastern music, and then be treated to a ride that always made me look forward to the Martini Mary would have waiting. Whenever we ended up working, I was going to work in my own, big,

air-conditioned car, with soft music by myself. Next to being able to go to and from work in comfort and style, I was looking forward to having a western toilet at work, instead of squatting over a hole in the floor.

Once in the airport, I had one last admin duty (make sure everyone got their bags and got through customs). Ross asked me to account for everyone and come through last. Everything was going very ~~so~~ smoothly and no one had any problems that I could see with customs. I thought surely Mew had taken care of everything. So, when the agent asked me to open case I was carrying, I wasn't worried. The look on his face when he saw the money, told me I was going to have to do some explaining.

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Several other agents were summoned and they escorted me to an office. They began asking me questions and filling out a form. They wouldn't let me explain, but just answer specific questions. "Was the money mine?" (no) "Did I have it when I left the States?" (most of it) "When and how did I leave the States?" (about a week ago on a private 707) "Where did I go?" (Istanbul and to the Iranian border)

In the meantime, everyone had departed the terminal and was on the bus. Ross got on the bus and asked if everyone was there. Sean said "Not my Dad!" Ross told Mary not to worry "Pat is our straight man; he's got the money and probably had some problems with customs, but will be out in a minute.

After about five minutes of questioning,

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the agents were interrupted by another man who entered the office. He asked if I were Mr. Scully. He then apologized profusely and told the interrogators to tear up the forms. He said Mr. Perot was waiting for me and escorted me through the customs hall.

As I walked out of the terminal, Mary and the children were waiting for me. They were standing in the front of the bus. I was a little surprised, because I had expected to meet them more privately and then go to our apartment. I got on the bus and hugged and kissed them quickly and asked Mary, 'What's happening?' She said we were going to a reception for us and the bus was taking us. Mary introduced me

Joe Perot + Susan.

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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 unless you} What did you say to each of the children? What did they say? What were they all wearing? ^{a dress} 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 speech was one of total attention and amazement that all this had transpired. Relief that it was all over with 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 I 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.

Keane.

Ken Follett
Tancreds Ford
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England

August 23, 1982

Dear Ken,

I will certainly get in touch with you the next time I'm in London. We can have a drink and talk about being elegant.

Touch down DFW

I was very tired, had only catnapped since leaving Turkey. The last time I had slept was at the boarder in Turkey. After Ralph told us it would take about five hours before we could leave the border post, (it took about 12) I took a sleeping bag and went outside to a small wooden shack that had wooden benches all along the walls. I stretched out on one of the benches and went to sleep. When I woke there were two Turkish guards sitting around a wood burning stove eating cheese and bread. They asked if I would join them for breakfast which I did. I guess I had slept for about four or five hours since it was now light outside.

I had eaten very little on the plane, (I despise plane food) and we had no chance to eat in England since we arrived about 2 a.m. and left the hotel early to get to the airport. I had been drinking on the plane, but not a lot, maybe 10 drinks. I had not shaved since the day of the prison break. I had taken one shower in England since leaving the house in Tehran. I was wearing an orange ski jacket, a dark blue navy watch cap, a dark green sweater, levies and cowboy boots.

The thing I most looked forward to was clean clothes which I went out and purchased the next day.

I very much wanted to sit down with my family and relax. We were not really able to do this until about a week later when we left for Hawaii.

First seeing of family

All our families were on tour busses outside the airport entrance. As we came out of customs the EDS security guards directed us out to the busses. I saw my kids sitting at a table in the rear of the bus that I was taken to. I walked down the aisle and stopped in front of the table. Liz Coburn was sitting next to Mary. I stood there for about two seconds when Liz asked Mary if she was going to say hello to me. Mary was startled, she really did not recognize me dressed as I was and with a beard. I had lost about 15 pounds. I picked up both kids in my arms and hugged them. Dawn would not let go, she hung around my neck. Mike finally let go so I could hug Mary, but Dawn held on. For the next month she held my hand everywhere we went and as soon as I sat down she was in my lap.

Mary and Dawn kept saying they missed me. Mary said she had been getting worried when she hadn't heard from me for so long, but then they told her we were on our way from England and she felt relieved. She then told me I had lost too much weight. She asked how Paul and Bill were and Mike wanted me to tell him what had happened. How did you get them out, he kept asking. Mary was wearing a dress, the kids levis and sport shirts, both kids had dark blue wind-breakers on. Everyone was laughing and crying at the same time. When I kissed Mary I kept thinking, she is not going to like this

beard. (She didn't and neither did Dawn, who would not kiss me again until I shaved the next morning).

At times of great happiness I feel very calm inside and I become very quite.

Walked into concord room

The first people I saw were Linda Norsworthy, Jim Senseman and Ron Sperberg. We didn't have a chance to talk to anyone until after the speeches since we were all grouped together by the microphones. The speeches by Ross, Paul and Bill were emotional, although I don't recall the exact words. I remember it was getting very warm in the room with all the people packed in and we had just come out of the cold of the mountains of Turkey. My son, Mike wormed his way thru the crowd and came and stood beside me during the speeches. The only thing I was thinking about was how I must look and how bad the clothes I had on smelled and how clean everyone looked. It seemed that everyone in the room was taking pictures.

When the welcome broke up I don't recall much about who I talked to, except to Ron Sperberg and his wife. I was very worried about getting my black handbag back since it contained all the money that I had collected and counted on the plane. I handed it to Bill Dvoranchik, prior to going into the concord room, and told him not to set it down anywhere until I came back and got it.

Just as I found Bill and the bag, the cars we were to be driven home in, arrived and we left. I think I was glad to leave because the crowd and the people were beginning to overwhelm me as it was probably the first time I really thought that we had done something that was going to be known outside of our little circle.

That evening

We went right home to the apartment Mary had rented in Plano. Linda Norsworthy (Mary's closest friend) was there. I was not hungry, but Mary made me a sandwich and we all talked for a few hours and then I went to bed. I remember before going to sleep I kept thinking that I had to get up early and go buy some clothes, but that I still was going to have to put the old ones on so I could get to a store as I didn't have another thing to my name. Everything I owned except what I had on was in Tehran.

J. Keane Taylor