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Series: Speech File Backup Files
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OA/ID Number: 13720
Folder ID Number: 13720-007

Folder Title:
Patrick Henry Foundation Dinner 5/23/90 [OA 8313]

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MAJOR RICHARD MEADOWS INTRODUCTION

It is my privilege to introduce Major Richard Meadows whose service spans the cold war.

Major Meadows has lived Patrick Henry's words.

- He fought for 20 months in Korea.
- He fought over three years in Laos and Viet Nam.
- He led the first team that attacked Son Tay prison, near Hanoi. He and his team had flown 350 miles behind enemy lines into the most heavily defended city in the history of warfare to rescue American prisoners.
- Major Meadows is a founder of the Delta Team.
- Although retired, he was the only American waiting in Tehran to support the Delta Team the night we attempted to rescue the embassy hostages. He had to slip into the country prior to the rescue attempt--and make the necessary preparations without being captured--he then had to leave the country independently without being detected.
- His son, Mark, a Ranger Platoon Leader, fought in Panama. His platoon was instrumental in securing the international airport.

Major Meadows continues to serve our country. He has come a great distance tonight from another continent where he has been on a high-risk mission for all of us.

He epitomizes the commitment and courage that all of our special military guests and their families represent.

Major Richard Meadows.

MAJOR RICHARD MEADOWS INTRODUCTION TO THE PRESIDENT

Ladies and gentlemen I have the honor of introducing our commander and chief, The President of the United States.

SCENARIO OF THE PRE-DINNER INTRODUCTIONS AND REMARKS

- THE PRESIDENT is greeted by Mr. Perot, Mr. Elson, Mrs. Casey and Mr. Daverich at arrival door.
- Immediately following greeting, Mr. Perot will proceed directly to Ballroom stage where Major Meadows and Mr. Walker are pre-positioned. THE PRESIDENT proceeds to holding room.
- Mr. Perot introduces Major Meadows. Following introduction, Mr. Perot departs stage.
- Ruffles and Flourishes.
- Off-Stage Announcement: "Ladies and Gentlemen, The President of the United States."
- Hail to the Chief. THE PRESIDENT proceeds to stage.
- Color Guard marches into ballroom with appropriate marching music.
- National Anthem is played.
- Color Guard marches out of ballroom with appropriate music.
- Major Meadows introduces THE PRESIDENT.
- THE PRESIDENT remarks.
- THE PRESIDENT departs ballroom with departure music.

Per Convo w/ NSC:

(1) Col. Higgins widow's name is:

Major Robin Higgins.

(mistaken on TP's)

(2) She prefers to be referred to as his wife, not widow -- on the off chance that he's alive.

PARTICIPANTS

The President	
Ross Perot	
Parents of Lance Sijan	Medal of Honor winner
Parents of Lt John P. Connors	Navy SEAL killed Panama
Widow of Col Higgins	Killed in Beirut
Widow of Col Nick Rowe	Former POW in Vietnam; assassinated in Philippines
Widows of pilots killed in Libyan Raid	
Parents of Navy Petty Officer Robert Stethem	Killed by terrorists on airplane
Men wounded in Panama	Approximately 150
Representatives from each unit that fought in Panama	Approximately 120
Representatives from Desert One	Attempt to rescue 52 hostages from Iran
Representatives from Marine unit in Beirut	Unit whose building was bombed at the Beirut airport
Representatives from crew of USS STARK	Attacked in Persian Gulf
Men who distinguished themselves in Korea	
Men who distinguished themselves in Vietnam	
Vietnam POWs	

Total: Approximately 300

Ross Perot is the Chairman of Washington, D.C.-based Perot Systems Corporation, a computer services company which he founded in June, 1988.

Previously, Perot was the founder of Electronic Data Systems Corporation in June, 1962. From 1962 to December 1986, he served as chairman of the board of EDS. He was also a member of the board of directors of General Motors Corporation in Detroit from October 1984 to December 1986.

In 1979, Perot directed a team of EDS employees in successfully rescuing two EDS employees who were being held hostage in Iran.

Working closely with the U.S. government, Perot was also involved for four years in successfully changing the treatment received by the U.S. prisoners of war in North Vietnam. The program gained worldwide attention, and Perot received the Defense Medal of Distinguished Public Service -- the Department of Defense's highest civilian award.

In 1979, at the request of Texas Governor William P. Clements, Perot formed and chaired the Texan's War on Drugs Committee. Under Perot's leadership, the committee undertook a massive campaign to educate parents and children about the dangers of illegal drugs. In 1981, the committee directed a study of the laws concerning illegal drugs, which resulted in a package of legislation to toughen the laws and make Texas the least desirable state for illegal drug operations. Five bills introduced into the Texas Legislature passed both the House and Senate and were signed into law.

In 1983, Texas Governor Mark White appointed Perot head of the Select Committee on Public Education to develop proposals on ways to upgrade the quality of education in Texas public schools. After holding public hearings and drafting a proposal to the legislature, Perot personally lobbied legislators, business leaders, educators and citizens groups for support. A special session of the legislature passed a public education reform bill during the summer of 1984 that was signed into law.

In recognition of his accomplishments in business and public affairs, the Winston Churchill Foundation of the United States presented Perot with the prestigious Winston Churchill Award. The award, previously presented only to former U.S. Diplomat Averell Harriman and Prime Minister of Great Britain Margaret Thatcher, is given to those who best exemplify the imagination, boldness and vigor of the late British prime minister. Prince Charles of Great Britain presented the award to Perot at a ceremony in Dallas in February 1986. Perot is the first businessman to receive this honor.

In June 1986, the American Institute of Public Service presented Perot with the Jefferson Award for Public Service by a Private Citizen. The Institute is designed to reward outstanding public

service to the American people and to attract young leaders into public service. Perot is one of 10 Americans who have received the Jefferson Award.

Perot's accomplishments were recognized again in March 1987 when he received The Raoul Wallenberg Award. This award was presented to Perot for a lifetime of service that embodies the spirit, courage and dedication of Raoul Wallenberg, the Swedish diplomat who saved more than 100,000 Hungarian Jews from the Nazis in World War II.

Perot was born June 27, 1930 in Texarkana, Texas. He graduated from public schools there and attended Texarkana Junior College.

In 1949, he became a midshipman at the U.S. Naval Academy in Annapolis, Maryland. While at the academy, he was elected president of his class, served as chairman of the Honor Committee and was a battalion commander. He graduated with a bachelor of science degree in 1953 and was commissioned as an ensign. He then served four years at sea. In 1957, Perot left the Navy to work for IBM for five years as a computer salesman before founding EDS.

Perot and his wife, Margot, have five children. The family is extensively involved in charitable organizations and has been a major contributor to numerous organizations. They reside in Dallas, Texas.

214 788 3001

Perot on dais

POTUS
Ellen Walker
Perot
Meadows

~~Bill Higgins?~~

~~No.~~ orphans' planeload?

~~Nick Rowe's widow~~

Kris Meadows rank
Casey + ____ + ____

Capt Griggs USMC 694-2000
694-1787 Navy

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

LT Mary Hansen

USS Stark:

FC2 William Morandi Fire Controlman

N Lawrence Bearford Barelford

-- either injured?
details?

-- FC2 - ?

Beirut: Staff Sgt. Brian Kirkpatrick wounded frac sm gr infra orbital

Sgt. Michael Page face frac L forehead

Sgt. Emanuel Emmanuel Simmons - wounded face burns

Sgt. Michael L. Toma L

18 injured
320 USMC (Amb
24th

-- injured?
details?

-- correct full ranks

Capt Hayes

Sally Bell - list is entire?

S

Fitzsimmons
694-2000

393-1000
Sally Bell

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

FC2 Wm Morandi
Lawrence Bearford

Stark:

Beirut: Sgts Kirkpatrick
Brian
Michael Page
Emanuel Simmons
Mich Toma

Stethem

Capt Griggs
694 1787

Cdr Johnson
CO

MEMORANDUM

TO: MARK LANGE

FROM: CAROLYN

RE: INJURED ENLISTED MEN

The Beirut Barracks

This is not an all inclusive list of those men [redacted] from the Beirut Barracks who will be at the dinner. A sampling of them include:

Marine Staff Sergeant Brian Kirkpatrick

Sergeant Michael Page

Sergeant Emanuel Simmons

Sergeant Michael Toma

source: Gunnery Sgt. Haynes USMC Casualty Office 694-1787 (Pentagon)

All of these men were wounded when terrorists blew up the Marine Barracks in Beirut. In all, the Marine Corps lost 220 men and 151 were injured. In addition, the Navy and Army lost some men, so the total fatalities amounted to 240+.

The USS Stark

Fire-Controlman Second Class William Morandi

Fire-Controlman Second Class Lawrence Bareford

LT. HANSEN
694-2000
USN - P.A.

PATRICK HENRY - ACCEPT LIST

SMSGT Allard

SFG Allen

The Honorable
Everett Alvarez

SPC Alvarez

PFC Angel

SSGT and Mrs. Antonio

Mrs. Augusto William Arango

Mrs. Barbara Lee Armel

Capt. and Mrs. Lyle O. Armel, III

The Honorable
Richard Armey Rep. (R) - TX

SSG Arneman

PR3 Asherman

Mr. Eugene Aubrey
& M/M H. Thomas McDuffie

Suzanne Autry

Mr. Lowell Baier

HM2 and Mrs. Baker

SGT Baldwin

SGT Banks

SGT Banks

Mrs. Tammy F. Barnard

SPC and Mrs. Barreras

Mr. Ched Bart

PATRICK HENRY - ACCEPT LIST

The Honorable Steve Bartlett Rep.(R)-TX

The Honorable Joe L. Barton Rep.(R)-TX

LTC and Mrs. Baskin

SPC Been

Mr. and Mrs. J. Carter Beese, Jr.

Reverend Clayton Bell

Mrs. Sally Bell

Dr. and Mrs. Richard Berendzen

Mr. and Mrs. Steve Blasnik

SPC Blesset

SSGT Bollinger

SSG and Mrs. Borja

PFC Boschee

1st LT and Mrs. Bovais

Major and Mrs. Bowman

CM1 and Mrs. Boyd

SMGT Bradshaw

Major Braid

SSG and Mrs. Bright

HM1 and Mrs. Brixey

The Honorable Jack Brooks Rep.(D)-TX

PFC Brooks

PATRICK HENRY - ACCEPT LIST

The Honorable John Bryant Rep. (D) - TX

SGT and Mrs. Bryant

SMSGT Buffington

GMG2 and Mrs. Burtch

Captain Callahan

Vice Adm. and Mrs. James F. Calvert, USN (Ret.)

SSG Cantrell

SGT Carbojal

Mrs. Sally Carrington

Mr. Tazewell Carrington, III

Mr. Tazewell M. Carrington, IV

PFC Carter

Mrs. Eugene B. Casey

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene S. Casey

Margaret Casey

BMC and Mrs. Chalker

PFC Champlain

The Honorable James L. Chapman Rep. (D) - TX

PFC Chappell

SGT Cheek

GMM1 and Mrs. Clark

SPC Clemmons

SGT Clifton

PATRICK HENRY - ACCEPT LIST

Mr. Israel Cohen

TSGT Colvin

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Ellis Conger

SGT Conklin

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Conley

Mrs. Barbara Conly

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Connors

MSGT and Mrs. Cook

Mr. Blase Cooke

SFG Correa

Col. and Mrs. Thomas Coss

Major General and Mrs. Cox

MSGT Crayne

Mr. Donald B. Creath

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Crosby

SSGT and Mrs. Cull

Major Cunningham

Ms. Caroline Cuono

Lt. and Mrs. Adam Curtis

Mrs. Richard Cutts

PFC Daniels

SGM and Mrs. Davis

Mr. and Mrs. Arnaud de Borchgrave

The Honorable
Olcott Deming

?

PATRICK HENRY - ACCEPT LIST

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Dickerson

CW3 Dieterich

Major General and Mrs. Downing

SGT Doyle

Mr. and Mrs. Donald D. Drobny

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Drobny

QM3 Duchi

CSM and Mrs. Duke

SPC Dunham

Mr. and Mrs. James Dunlop

PFC Dunn

SGT and Mrs. Durst

Robert Duvall
and Sharon Brophy

SSGT Ebeling

Mr. Mickey Eddelman

Major Edinger

SGT and Mrs. Eller

Matt Ellis

Mr. James Elson

Dr. and Mrs. Bruce V. English

SSG and Mrs. Erazoflores

Mrs. Josephine Erkiletian

SSG and Mrs. Estela Johnson

Captain Eugene

PATRICK HENRY - ACCEPT LIST

Joel Fantz

The Honorable Jack Fields Rep. (R) - TX

Maria Filonczuk

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Filsinger, Jr.

Mrs. Alex Finlayson

LTC and Mrs. Fitzgerald

Major Flanders

PFC Flares

CPT and Mrs. Fogarty

Col. and Mrs. Robert F. Foley

PFC Foxe

Ms. Nancy Friedman

CPT and Mrs. Fuller

SFG Fuller

Mr. and Mrs. John Furniss

Cdr. and Mrs. Paul E. Galanti, USN (Ret.)

Henry Gandy

Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Gardner

Mr. and Mrs. William K. Gayden

Mrs. Karen Gellantly

Col. and Mrs. T. Tracy Gentry

SPC Getz

1st LT Gibbons

SSG and Mrs. Gibson

PATRICK HENRY - ACCEPT LIST

Rob Gillette

Mr. and Mrs. Martin D. Ginsburg

The Honorable
Terence C. Golden
and Mrs. Golden

Mrs. Oscar Goldfarb

Mr. Louis L. Goldstein

Capt. and Mrs. Gomez

SPC Gonzalez

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Graves

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Green

PFC and Mrs. Griffin

Mr. Chris Harkins
and Guest

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Harkins

MSGT Harrielson

SSG and Mrs. Harris

Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Harrison

SPC Harsh

TSGT Hart

PFC Hendricks

CMSGT Herin

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Hesse

PVT Hickok

Major Robin L. Higgins

Rear Admiral and Mrs. Virgil L. Hill, Jr.

PATRICK HENRY - ACCEPT LIST

Mr. Raymond E. Hogan

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Holand

SFC and Mrs. Holguin

Mrs. Sharon Holman

PV2 Hopkins

CW3 and Mrs. Horsley

SSGT and Mrs. Howard

Mr. Richard Howland

Ms. Linda Huff

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Hyten

SSC and Mrs. Jacques

SGT Jenkins

PFC Jennings

SSG and Mrs. Jimenez

Mrs. Dianne Johnson

SFG Johnson

CW4 Jones

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Joslin

Private Julliffe

Major Kaden

SSG Kaufhold

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Kelly

SGT Kelly

TSGT Kelly

PATRICK HENRY - ACCEPT LIST

PFC Kendall

PFC Kendall

SPC Kilgallen

Mr. and Mrs. John E. King

Private and Mrs. King

PFC Klein

CW4 Knight

Donna L. Koski
Robert D. Priest
Robert W. Fine

SGT Kraus

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Krongard

CPT Kunkel

SSG Lacey

TSGT Landez

Mr. Ken Langone

The Honorable
Greg Laughlin
and Mrs. Laughlin

Rep. (D) - TX

VADM and Mrs. William P. Lawrence, USN (Ret.)

SPC Lawson

SFG Lazarz

The Honorable
Marvin Leath

Rep. (D) - TX

Lt. and Mrs. Scott Leftwich

SPC Lemieux

RSM Leon-Guerreo

PATRICK HENRY - ACCEPT LIST

PFC Leonhardt

Dr. and Mrs. James Love

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Luce

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Lynch

Mrs. Kathryn Maclane

LTC and Mrs. Maestas

SFG Makar

SPC and Mrs. Malvarose

The Honorable
John D. Marsh
and Mrs. Marsh

PFG Martinez

CMC and Mrs. Mayfield

Midshipman Mike McCartney

Ms. Sarah McClendon

Russell McCormack

The Honorable
Dave McCurdy

Rep. (D) - OK

Capt. and Mrs. Eugene B. McDaniel, USN (Ret.)

1st LT McDaris

Chris McDermott

SSGT and Mrs. McDowell

CPT and Mrs. McGee

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick McGee

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McManus

Mr. Mike McQuay

PATRICK HENRY - ACCEPT LIST

Mr. Kenneth L. McVearry

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Meadows

SGT and Mrs. Melians

SPC Metts

Mr. and Mrs. David Metz

Mrs. Jane Leftwich Michael

PFC Miller

EM2 and Mrs. Moleda

SFC Moore

SSGT Moore

PFC Moran

HM2 and Mrs. Moreno

ET1 and Mrs. Morris

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Morris

PFC Morris

Mr. and Mrs. Paul R. Morrow

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Motsinger, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Motsinger, Sr.

Mr. and Mrs. Clay Mulford

Col. and Mrs. Ross L. Mulford

Ms. Vera Murray
and Guest

SSGT Neely

PVT Neight

CPT Nixon

PATRICK HENRY - ACCEPT LIST

SPC Nixon

LTC and Mrs. Noe

BM2 Norton

Ms. Claire O'Donnell

SGT Ojijski

SGT Oliver

SSG Olivera

Lt. and Mrs. Olsen

The Honorable
Solomon P. Ortiz Rep. (D)-TX

SGT and Mrs. Oswald

SSG and Mrs. Parish

Mr. Patrick Park

Mr. Raymond Park

Private Patterson

1st Lt. Pawlczek

Miss Bette Perot

Miss Carolyn Perot

Miss Katherine Perot

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Perot

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Perot, Jr.

Reist family

TSGT and Mrs. Perriott

Mr. Ken Person

HMCS and Mrs. Petitt

Admiral and Mrs. Ben B. Pickett, USN (Ret.)

PATRICK HENRY - ACCEPT LIST

The Honorable
J. J. Pickle Rep.(D)-TX

PFC and Mrs. Pinero

SPC Popp

Mr. and Mrs. James Michael Poss

PFC Powless

Mr. and Mrs. W. James Price

LCOL and Mrs. Protchie

Mr. Raymond Ranelli

SGT Reeves

Mr. William Rettieg

PFC Reyes

The Honorable
Charles Robb
and Mrs. Robb Sen.(D)-VA

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rocco

SSG Rodriguez

2.

The Honorable
Archibald Roosevelt
and Mrs. Roosevelt

PFC Ross

Mrs. Susan Rowe

Dr. and Mrs. Richard Rubenstein

SSG Rumph

Jonathan Salkoff

Captain Scheideke

Captain Schmaltz

PATRICK HENRY - ACCEPT LIST

Major and Mrs. Schmidt

COL and Mrs. Schoonmaker

Mr. and Mrs. Neil Schulman

Major Schuman

Mr. and Mrs. Truman T. Semans

Mr. and Mrs. William Sessions

Ms. Katharine Shoemaker

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Sijan

Captain Sikes

PFC Silvery

Charley and Louise Simpson

PFC Singleton

Miss Jane Webb Smith

The Honorable Lamar Smith Rep. (R) - TX

LT COL Smyder

Ronaldo Solomon

Mr. and Mrs. Mark E. Souders

SFG Souvero

SPC Spurles

SPC Stafford

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ellis Stamant

MSGT Staples

Ms. Nancy Harvey Steorts

SGT Stephenson

PATRICK HENRY - ACCEPT LIST

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Stethem

PFC Stewart

PFC Stobbe

Mr. Spencer Stokes

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Strunk

The Honorable
The Secretary of Health
and Human Services
and Mrs. Sullivan

Lt. Col. James Sullivan

Ms. Virginia Swaim

SGT and Mrs. Swincichi

SSG and Mrs. Tallman

PFC Taylor

Mr. and Mrs. Liener Temerlin

The Honorable
Daniel Terra
and Mrs. Terra

Mr. Wayne Thomas

Mr. Kip Thompson

PFC and Mrs. Thompson

Mr. and Mrs. Rod Thompson

Mr. and Mrs. James Tobin

TSGT Tompkins

QM2 Torgerson

The Honorable
Paul Trible former VA Senator

PATRICK HENRY - ACCEPT LIST

SGT Vinson

Ms. Virginia Visnich

Mr. Irvin D. Walker

SGT Walker

Mr. and Mrs. John Thomas Walter

The Honorable John Warner Sen.(R) -VA

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas D. Washburne

Mrs. Beth Waynewright

SMSGT Weaver

SSG and Mrs. Wehling

Glenn Weinstein

Mr. Steven Weitzman

Mr. and Mrs. Marc West

The Honorable Mark White (D) former candidate for Governor

Mr. Michael White

MMCM and Mrs. White

PV2 Wilcox

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Will

Miss Molly Williams

The Honorable Charles Wilson Rep.(D) - TX

SPC Wolfgang

CAPT and Mrs. Woolard

SPC Wright

PATRICK HENRY - ACCEPT LIST

Admiral and Mrs. Paul A. Yost — head of Coast Guard

SFG and Mrs. Yuga

Ms. Sandra Zabinski

May 22, 1990

INFORMATION

MEMORANDUM TO THE PRESIDENT

THROUGH: CHRISS WINSTON cw

FROM: MARK LANGE ML

SUBJECT: REMARKS, PATRICK HENRY MEMORIAL FOUNDATION DINNER

I. SUMMARY

Attached are brief remarks (four minutes, cards only) for the Patrick Henry Memorial Foundation dinner. It will take place at the Capital Hilton on Wednesday, May 23 at 8:15 p.m. Some 600 people will attend the dinner.

II. DISCUSSION

Mr. H. Ross Perot will be receiving the Foundation's award for service to country.

Among those he has invited are heroes from the mission in Panama, the Marine unit bombed in Beirut, the crew of USS Stark, and men who distinguished themselves in Korea and Vietnam. In addition, many families of those lost in service will attend.

You are being introduced by Major Richard Meadows, U.S. Army -- a veteran of Korea, Laos, and Vietnam; founder of the Delta Team; and the only American waiting in Tehran the night we attempted to rescue the embassy hostages.

NOTE: Mr. Perot just called us to emphasize that he seeks no recognition of himself at this event -- in your remarks or otherwise. He feels that the war veterans and families in attendance deserve all of the focus.

But because the purpose of the event is to give him the Foundation's award for service, we've let the language stand.

copy to POTUS
7:00 pm, 5/22

Rick Higgins
6 years

(Lange/Cawley)
May 22, 1990
6:00 P.M.
[HENRY.DOC]

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: PATRICK HENRY MEMORIAL FOUNDATION DINNER
CAPITOL HILTON
WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1990
8:15 P.M.

Thank you, Major Meadows. You know, I've been introduced by Heads of State, Members of Congress, and leaders of every kind from around the world. But I've never been more honored than I am tonight -- being introduced by Major Richard Meadows. \\

Christa Poston
Klash, Inc
828-7000

Ross Perot, Ervin Walker; Members of Congress, Trustees, Friends of the Foundation, Ladies and Gentlemen: It's an honor to be with you tonight.

This foundation is a celebration of the American spirit. And it's a fitting tribute to the friends of freedom -- because it keeps alive in our hearts and minds the real meaning of patriotism. The true colors of courage.

Many see patriotism as a flag in the breeze, voices raised in song, a parade passing by in the sunshine. It is all of those things, shared by all of us. But it is more.

For some, patriotism is an aching and private burden -- a silent emptiness that words will never fill. All of you here tonight understand that. Think of Admiral Bill Lawrence, seven years a POW in Vietnam. Or Major Robin Higgins, the wife of Colonel Bill Higgins. Or the parents of Lt. John Connors, a Navy SEAL killed in Panama.

6/28/67 captured
3/4/73 released

NSC Talking Pts

Jon Pilling-NSC
6923

Rick

We single out the few, because they represent all of you. And they stand as testaments to the power of an idea: That there

DOD-PAO
Carolyn Piper
+
Bobby Chow-
WH NSC OPC

are among us men and women so devoted to the ideal of liberty, that its preservation becomes more precious than life.

It is upon millions of individual choices -- through a brilliant mosaic of courageous decisions made for the collective good -- that America shoulders the true colors of liberty.

Tonight, we've gathered to honor an American whose life has been defined by those decisions -- and devoted to all who make them. **One of freedom's great friends: H. Ross Perot.** \\

In Wings of Eagles by Ken Follett + NSC TPs + Perot's bio page

You know, they say that art imitates life. In Ross Perot's case, T.V. docu-dramas imitate <u>him</u>. \\

He's a man who can't resist a challenge -- somebody that just about <u>nobody</u> can say "no" to. His successful rescue in 1979 of two of his firm's employees taken hostage in Iran has become a modern legend.

His enduring support of the men and women who wear the uniform of the United States has been more than matched by his <u>commitment to the war on illegal drugs here at home</u>. And he's been an outstanding advocate of far-reaching reform in our public schools.

So I'd like to commend the Patrick Henry Foundation, and join all of you, in honoring this man. Many celebrate freedom. Many reap its blessings. But those who freely bear its burden, we call heroes -- and Ross Perot is one of them.

Thank you. And God bless you all.

# # #

(214) 788-3001
Perot

(Lange/Cawley)
May 22, 1990
3:30 P.M.
[HENRY.DOC]

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: PATRICK HENRY MEMORIAL FOUNDATION DINNER
CAPITOL HILTON
WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1990
8:15 P.M.

Thank you, ~~Colonel~~ Major [Richard] Meadows. Eugene Casey, Members of Congress, Trustees, Friends of the Foundation, Ladies and Gentlemen: It's an honor to be with you tonight.

This foundation is a celebration of the American spirit. And it's a fitting tribute to the friends of freedom -- because it keeps alive in our hearts and minds the real meaning of patriotism. The true colors of courage.

Many see patriotism as a flag on the breeze, voices raised in song, a parade passing by in the sunshine. It is all of those things, shared by all of us. But it is more.

For some, patriotism is an aching and private burden -- a silent emptiness that words will never fill. All of you here tonight understand that. Think of Admiral Bill Lawrence, seven years a POW in Vietnam. Or Major Robin Higgins, the wife of Colonel ~~Bill~~ McKeown Higgins. Or the parents of Lt. John Connors, a Navy SEAL killed in Panama.

We single out the few, because they represent all of you. And they stand as testaments to the power of an idea: That there are among us men and women so devoted to the ideal of liberty, that its preservation becomes more precious than life.

It is upon millions of individual choices -- through a brilliant mosaic of courageous decisions made for the collective

good -- that America shoulders the true colors of liberty.

Tonight, we've gathered to honor an American whose life has been defined by those decisions -- and devoted to all who make them. **One of freedom's great friends: H. Ross Perot.** \\

You know, they say that art imitates life. In Ross Perot's case, T.V. docu-dramas imitate him. \\

He's a man who can't resist a challenge -- somebody that just about nobody can say "no" to. His successful rescue in 1979 of two of his firm's employees taken hostage in Iran has become a modern legend. And he was also responsible for successfully improving the treatment received by U.S. prisoners of war in North Vietnam.

But Ross Perot is one of those rare statesmen whose service to country is as invaluable in times of peace as it is in times of war. His enduring support of the men and women who wear the uniform of the United States has been more than matched by his commitment to the war on illegal drugs here at home. And he's been an outstanding advocate of far-reaching reform in our public schools.

So I'd like to commend the Patrick Henry Foundation, and join all of you, in honoring this man. Many celebrate freedom. Many reap its blessings. But those who freely help bear its burden, we call heroes -- and Ross Perot is one of them.

Thank you. And God bless you all.

# # #

(Lange/Cawley)
May 22, 1990
1:50 P.M.
[HENRY.DOC]

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: PATRICK HENRY MEMORIAL FOUNDATION DINNER
CAPITOL HILTON
WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1990
8:15 P.M.

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For the few, patriotism is an aching and private burden -- an emptiness that words will never fill. All of you here tonight understand that. Think of Admiral Bill Lawrence, seven years a POW in Vietnam. Or Major Robin Higgins, the wife of Colonel Higgins. Or the widow of Colonel Nick Rowe, the Vietnam POW assassinated in the Phillipines.

We single out the few, because they represent so many. Each of you stands as a testament to the power of an idea: That there are among us men and women so devoted to the ideal of liberty, that its preservation becomes more precious than life.

It is upon millions of individual choices -- through a brilliant mosaic of courageous decisions made for the collective

good -- that America shoulders the true colors of liberty.

Tonight we've gathered to honor an American whose life has been defined by those decisions -- and devoted to all who make them. **One of freedom's great friends: H. Ross Perot.** \\

You know, they say that art imitates life. In Ross Perot's case, T.V. docu-dramas imitate <u>him</u>. \\

He's a man who can't resist a challenge -- somebody that just about <u>nobody</u> can say "no" to. His successful rescue in 1979 of two of his firm's employees taken hostage in Iran has become a modern legend. And he was also responsible for successfully changing the treatment received by U.S. prisoners of war in North Vietnam.

But Ross Perot is one of those rare statesmen whose service to country is as invaluable in times of peace as it is in times of war. His enduring support of our American military has been more than matched by his commitment to the war on illegal drugs here at home. And he's been an outstanding advocate of far-reaching reform in our public schools.

So I'd like to commend the Patrick Henry Foundation, and join all of you, in honoring this man. Many celebrate freedom. Many reap its blessings. But few freely help bear its burden. Ross Perot is one of those few.

Thank you. And God bless you all.

# # #

(Lange/Cawley)
May 21, 1990
6:00 P.M.
[HENRY.DOC]

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: PATRICK HENRY MEMORIAL FOUNDATION DINNER
CAPITOL HILTON
WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1990
8:15 P.M.

Thank you, Irvin [Irvin D. Walker, Pres.] Eugene Casey, Members of Congress, Trustees, Friends of the Foundation, Ladies and Gentlemen: It's an honor to be with you tonight.

This foundation is a celebration of the American spirit. And it's a fitting tribute to the friends of freedom -- because it keeps alive in our hearts and minds the real meaning of patriotism. The true colors of courage.

Many see patriotism as a flag on the breeze, voices raised in song, a parade passing by in the sunshine. It is all of those things, shared by all of us. But it is more.

For the few, patriotism is an aching and private burden, an emptiness that words will never fill. It is, as Abraham Lincoln understood, "the last full measure of devotion" -- the highest price any American might pay for freedom.

All of you here tonight understand that devotion, as part of something so much larger than yourselves. Think of Admiral Bill Lawrence, seven years a POW in Vietnam. Or Major Robin Higgins, the wife of Colonel Higgins. Or the parents of Lt. John Connors,

a Navy SEAL killed in Panama. Or the widow of Colonel Nick Rowe, the Vietnam POW assassinated in the Phillipines.

We single out the few, because they represent so many. Each of you stands, in fact, as a testament to the power of an idea: That there are among us men and women so devoted to the ideal of liberty, that its preservation becomes more precious than life.

Few face such a choice -- but it is profoundly individual, as the namesake of this great foundation knew. Patrick Henry didn't call upon his countrymen to make it. He made it himself -- saying, "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

It is upon millions of individual choices -- through a brilliant mosaic of courageous decisions made for the collective good -- that America shoulders the true colors of liberty.

Tonight we've gathered to honor an American whose life has been defined by those decisions -- and devoted to all who make them. A man who has, indeed, committed his "life, fortune, and sacred honor" to the struggle for freedom. **One of freedom's great friends: H. Ross Perot.** \\

You know, they say that art imitates life. In Ross Perot's case, T.V. docu-dramas imitate <u>him</u>. \\

He's a man who can't resist a challenge -- somebody that just about nobody can say "no" to. His successful rescue in 1979 of two of his firm's employees taken hostage in Iran has become a modern legend. And he was also responsible for successfully changing the treatment received by U.S. prisoners of war in North Vietnam.

But Ross Perot is one of those rare statesmen whose service to country is as invaluable in times of peace as it is in times of war.

His enduring support of our American military has been more than matched by his commitment to the war on illegal drugs here at home. And he's been an outstanding advocate of far-reaching reform in our public schools.

So I'd like to commend the Patrick Henry Foundation, and join all of you, in honoring this man.

Many celebrate freedom. Many reap its blessings. But few freely help bear its burden. Ross Perot is one of those few.

Thank you. And God bless you all.

# # #

Just as Patrick Henry served as the Voice of the Revolution, you and those you love have kept that voice ringing clearly, kept that ideal alive.

Those who risk all they have, all they are, and all they hope for, for the sake of freedom, we call patriots.

and that those ideals do **more** than endure, but prosper in the hearts and minds of all Americans.

(Lange/Cawley)
May 22, 1990
4:30 P.M.
[HENRY.DOC]

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: PATRICK HENRY MEMORIAL FOUNDATION DINNER
CAPITOL HILTON
WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1990
8:15 P.M.

Thank you, Major [Richard] Meadows. Ross Perot, Ervin Walker; Members of Congress, Trustees, Friends of the Foundation, Ladies and Gentlemen: It's an honor to be with you tonight.

This foundation is a celebration of the American spirit. And it's a fitting tribute to the friends of freedom -- because it keeps alive in our hearts and minds the real meaning of patriotism. The true colors of courage.

Many see patriotism as a flag on the breeze, voices raised in song, a parade passing by in the sunshine. It is all of those things, shared by all of us. But it is more.

For some, patriotism is an aching and private burden -- a silent emptiness that words will never fill. All of you here tonight understand that. Think of Admiral Bill Lawrence, seven years a POW in Vietnam. Or Major Robin Higgins, the wife of Colonel Bill Higgins. Or the parents of Lt. John Connors, a Navy SEAL killed in Panama.

We single out the few, because they represent all of you. And they stand as testaments to the power of an idea: That there are among us men and women so devoted to the ideal of liberty, that its preservation becomes more precious than life.

It is upon millions of individual choices -- through a brilliant mosaic of courageous decisions made for the collective

good -- that America shoulders the true colors of liberty.

Tonight, we've gathered to honor an American whose life has been defined by those decisions -- and devoted to all who make them. **One of freedom's great friends: H. Ross Perot.** \\

You know, they say that art imitates life. In Ross Perot's case, T.V. docu-dramas imitate him. \\

He's a man who can't resist a challenge -- somebody that just about nobody can say "no" to. His successful rescue in 1979 of two of his firm's employees taken hostage in Iran has become a modern legend. And he was also responsible for successfully improving the treatment received by U.S. prisoners of war in North Vietnam.

But Ross Perot is one of those rare statesmen whose service to country is as invaluable in times of peace as it is in times of war. His enduring support of the men and women who wear the uniform of the United States has been more than matched by his commitment to the war on illegal drugs here at home. And he's been an outstanding advocate of far-reaching reform in our public schools.

So I'd like to commend the Patrick Henry Foundation, and join all of you, in honoring this man. Many celebrate freedom. Many reap its blessings. But those who freely bear its burden, we call heroes -- and Ross Perot is one of them.

Thank you. And God bless you all.

# # #

8287059 PAGE.002
MAY 17 '90 19:09

Washington Inc 1990 M Street, N.W., Suite 310, Washington, D.C. 20036 (202) 828-7000 Fax # (202) 828-7059

MEMORANDUM

TO: Don Pilling

FROM: Christa Poston

RE: The Patrick Henry Memorial Foundation Dinner

DATE: May 17,1990

Don,

Attached is the information that you requested, the summary of the award, the summary of the Patrick Henry Foundation and the guests of Mr. Perot.

We were going to have the "Give me liberty of give me death" speech read, now we are not. This will give you the oppertunity to use this quote.

Right now it looks like the president of the Patrick Henry Memorial Foundation accompanied by Mr. Perot, will introduce The President. The name of the Patrick Henry Memorial Foundation's president is Mr. Irvin D. Walker.

If you have any questions after you have reviewed this information, please contact me.

Sincerely, Christa

Gretchen Poston
Christa Poston

Last of acceptances for dinner.

8287059 PAGE.003
MAY 17 '90 19:04

THE PATRICK HENRY MEMORIAL STATUETTE

The bronze statuette
created for
The Patrick Henry Memorial Foundation
by sculptor Steven Weitzman
of Silver Spring, Maryland,
portrays the great orator at work.
The inscription reads:

H. ROSS PEROT
IN RECOGNITION OF OUTSTANDING
SERVICE TO HIS COUNTRY
THE PATRICK HENRY MEMORIAL FOUNDATION
MAY 23, 1990

8687059 FAGE.004
MAR 17 '98 19:04

PATRICK HENRY

Patrick Henry embodied the spirit of American courage and patriotism. His was the first voice raised against England in her attempt to impose taxation without representation. In the 1765 debate over the infamous Stamp Act at the House of Burgesses in Williamsburg, Henry hurled defiance at George III with the challenge, "If this be treason, make the most of it!"

During the Second Virginia Convention of 1775 at St. John's Church, Richmond, Henry delivered his most famous speech. His words became the clarion call that led the colonies into the Revolution. With courage and eloquence, he cried, "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

The first governor of Virginia, Henry served three one-year terms during the Revolution and two after its conclusion. Henry's leadership did not end once the Revolution was won. Perhaps his greatest contribution to the nation was in working toward the adoption of the Bill of Rights in 1791.

In 1794 Henry retired to Red Hill and resumed his private legal practice. Failing health forced him to refuse numerous federal posts, including Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court and Secretary of State, as well as a sixth term as Virginia's governor.

George Washington persuaded Patrick Henry to become a candidate for the state legislature in 1799, the year of his death. The foundations of the young republic were endangered by the rumbling of men who argued that any state has the power to nullify acts of the federal government. Bowed with age and with his health deteriorating, Henry delivered his final speech. It was an inspirational, non-partisan, patriotic appeal for unity to preserve the nation. Historian Henry Adams declared that nothing in Henry's life was more noble than his last public act.

the decision of an individual, made for the collective good

cf. Education, etc.

RED HILL
The Patrick Henry National Memorial

Red Hill, Patrick Henry's last home and burial place, remained in the Henry family until the death of his great-granddaughter in 1944. At that time, the Patrick Henry Memorial Foundation was chartered as a non-profit corporation "to establish a perpetual memorial in commemoration of the life and character of Patrick Henry; to collect and distribute historical facts and literature and mementoes; to purchase, preserve, and maintain Red Hill Plantation." The restoration of Red Hill was accomplished through the generosity of the late Eugene B. Casey.

In 1986 Red Hill was designated as a National Memorial by a Joint Resolution of Congress, "provided that ownership of Red Hill remains non-Federal and that the costs of operation and maintenance for the estate shall be borne from non-Federal Funds."

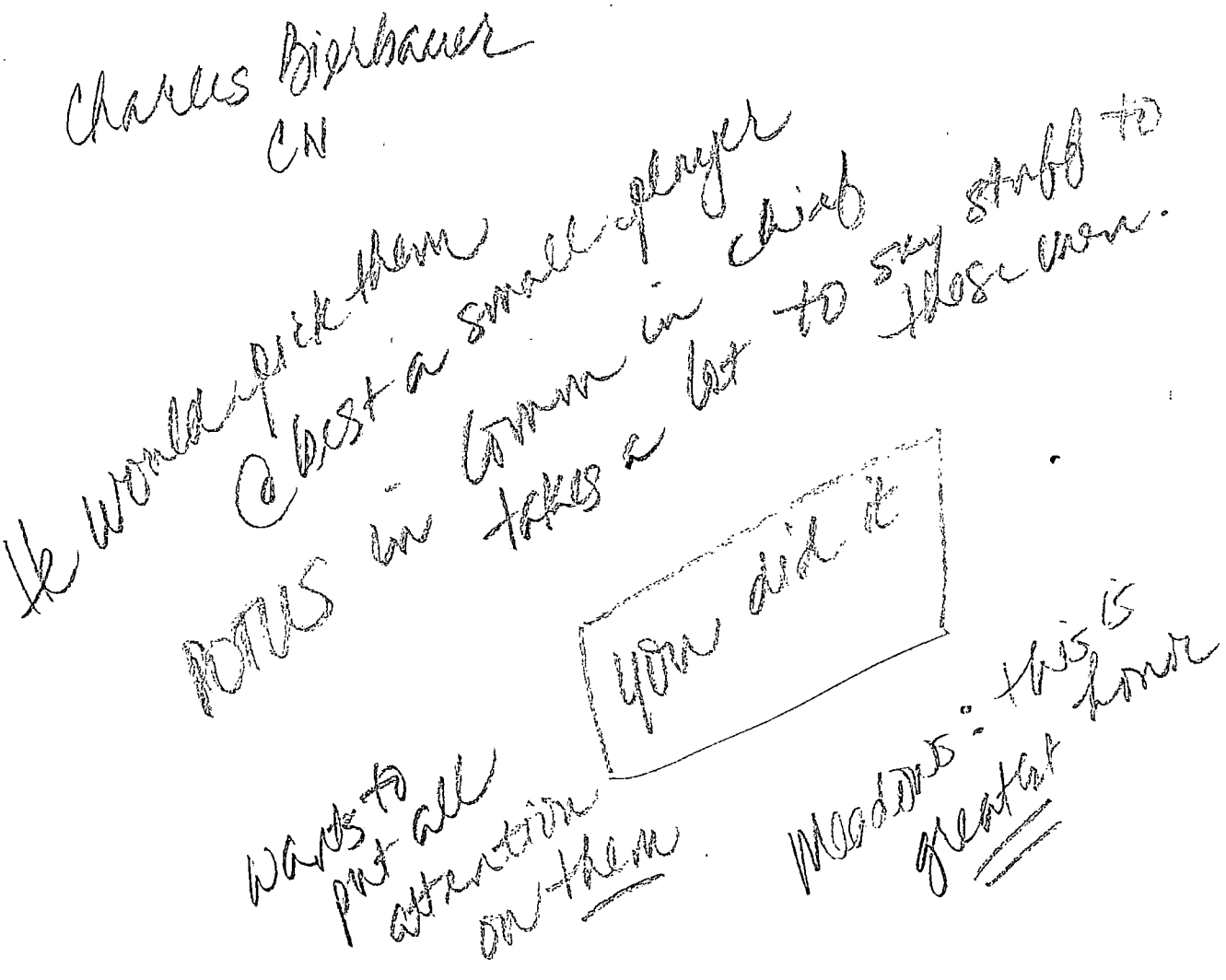
The officers and trustees of the Patrick Henry Memorial Foundation are assisted in carrying out their mandate to honor the Voice of the Revolution and advocate of freedom by two subsidiary organizations: The Descendants' Branch, whose membership consists of direct descendants of Patrick Henry, and the Patrick Henry Woman's Auxiliary.

The Patrick Henry Foundation was established in 1944 to purchase the last home and burial place of Patrick Henry. It is a plantation called Red Hill.

It's located in Charlotte County, Virginia (south of Richmond); Red Hill:Patrick Henry as Mount Vernon: Washington, etc.

Mr. Eugene B. Casey was the principal benefactor he is underwriting this fundraising dinner. Proceeds will go to the maintenance and upkeep of Red Hill and also to projects like a video on the life of Patrick Henry.

The foundation is run by about 40 elected trustees. They will be guests at the dinner, along with various "Friends of the Foundation". The other guests will be friends of Perot.



685 @ 8:45 Wed.
Cap. Hilton Ballroom

TALKING POINTS FOR PATRICK HENRY DINNER
(May 23,1990)

- Delighted to be here to say a few words about the outstanding American you are honoring tonight.

- The recognition of Ross Perot by the Patrick Henry Foundation for his outstanding contributions over the years is well-deserved.

- Ross' exploits, to say art imitates life, are numerous and some have even become the subject for TV movies. His effort to help improve education in the state of Texas is among the most recent in a long list of distinguished contributions he has made to his country.

- He has always been very supportive of our American military and his invitation to so many of them for this evening's memorial dinner is just another example of Ross' belief in Patrick Henry's exhortation of over two hundred years ago of, "Why stand we here idle?"

- With us tonight, we have with us Americans who know the true meaning of the sacrifices made in defense of our country. From Admiral Bill Lawrence, seven years a POW in Vietnam, to Major Robin Higgins, the widow of Colonel Higgins, from the parents of Lt John Connors, the Navy SEAL killed in Panama, to the widow of Colonel Nick Rowe, the Vietnam POW assassinated in the Phillipines.

- The list is extensive and each knows how they have distinguished themselves in the service of our country. They are the Americans who have had to personally deal with the meaning of Patrick Henry's words, "Give me liberty or give me death".

- I ask that you recognize them just as Ross is being honored here tonight.

- I applaud the Patrick Henry Foundation for their recognition of Ross Perot and their graciousness in hosting these special guests for whom the meaning of liberty and freedom has a personal and for some, a tragic meaning. Thank you.

James Elsm
(804) 316-2044
P.H. - Foundation

OFFICE OF PRESIDENTIAL ADVANCE

CONTACT SHEET

Patrick Henry Foundation Dinner

Name	Office	Phone Number
Presidential Advance Office		202/456-7565
Presidential Advance Fax Number		202/456-2820
Steve Broadbent	Advance	566-5847
KRIS GOODWIN	Advance	456-7565
~~Bobby~~ Steve Ross	Advance	363-7729
Carolyn Cawley	Speechwriting	456-7750
Jim Caldwell	Secret Service	395-4011
KEN DERR	NATIONAL ELECTS	550-7090
Tom Miles	Secret Service/TSD	395-4004
GARY Edwards	Secret Service/WFO	634-5100
Wilfredo Gonzalez	Asst. Director Security/Hilton	393 1000
Dan Pilling	NSC	395-6923
Carla McGill	Hargrove Inc	459 1400
Kathleen Foster	Washington Inc	828 7000
HELEN Pennington	WITCA	395-2000
Kevin J McHale	WITCA T.O.	395-4292
Kathy Cronin	Washington Inc	828-7000
Christa Foster	Washington Inc	828-7000

members

open to public

est. 1944 to purch home/b.p. = Red Hill (plantation)
Charlotte Cty. VA
40 mi SO/Richmond

stayed in family. no heirs - purchased "Red Hill Shrine"

elected trustees = 40 trustees; "friends" of Foundation

benefactor for renovation: Eugene B. Casey – left $ to underwrite the dinner

proceeds to maintenance of HH + projects to spread PH to public: video on life, reprint of bio, etc, publications

fundraiser for endowment

Senators – VA
Reps of TX
friends of Perot

Why Perot? based on private sector initiatives

ROBERT DEBS HEINL, JR.
COLONEL, U.S. MARINE CORPS, RETIRED

DICTIONARY OF MILITARY AND NAVAL QUOTATIONS

UNITED STATES NAVAL INSTITUTE
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

P

to her as the fairest offering which they could present at her feast.
Pericles: Funeral oration over the Athenian dead, 431 B.C.

Man was not born for himself alone, but for his country.
Plato, 428–347 B.C., Epistle to Archytas

Sweet is the love of one's country.
Cervantes: Don Quixote, ii, 1605

I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life.
Shakespeare: Coriolanus, iii, 3, 1607

Whose bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Alexander Pope: Prologue to Addison's Cato, 1713

What a pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
Joseph Addison: Cato, iv, 1713

He who serves his country well has no need of ancestors.
Voltaire: Merope, i, 1743

Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.
Samuel Johnson: As recorded by Boswell, 1775

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish with my country was my unalterable determination.
John Adams: To Jonathan Sewell, 1774

Think of your forefathers! Think of your posterity!
John Adams: Speech at Quincy, Massachusetts, 22 December, 1802

I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.
Nathan Hale: Before being hanged by the British as a spy, Long Island, 22 September 1776

Not the value or command of the whole British Navy would seduce me from the cause of my country.
Captain John Barry, USN, 1745–1803 (Barry was one of the original officers of the Continental Navy.)

I shall always be ready to serve my country.
Gustavus Conyngham: Letter to Benjamin Franklin, 18 November 1779

The patriot's blood's the seed of Freedom's tree.
Thomas Campbell, 1777–1844, Stanzas to the Memory of the Spanish Patriots

It is Time We should establish an American Character—Let that Character be a Love of Country and Jealousy of its honor—This Idea comprehends every Thing that ought to be impressed upon the Minds of all our Citizens, but more especially of those Citizens who are also Seamen and Soldiers.
Benjamin Stoddert: Letter to Captain John Barry, USN, 11 July 1798

Each man must do all in his power for his country.
Isaac Hull: To the ship's company, USS Constitution, *1813*

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Walter Scott: Lay of the Last Minstrel, vi, 1805

Let our object be, our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country.
Daniel Webster: Address at the laying of the corner-stone, Bunker Hill Monument, 17 June 1825

Men who when the tempest gathers
Grasp the standards of their fathers
In the thickest fight.
Edward Henry Bickersteth, 1786–1850

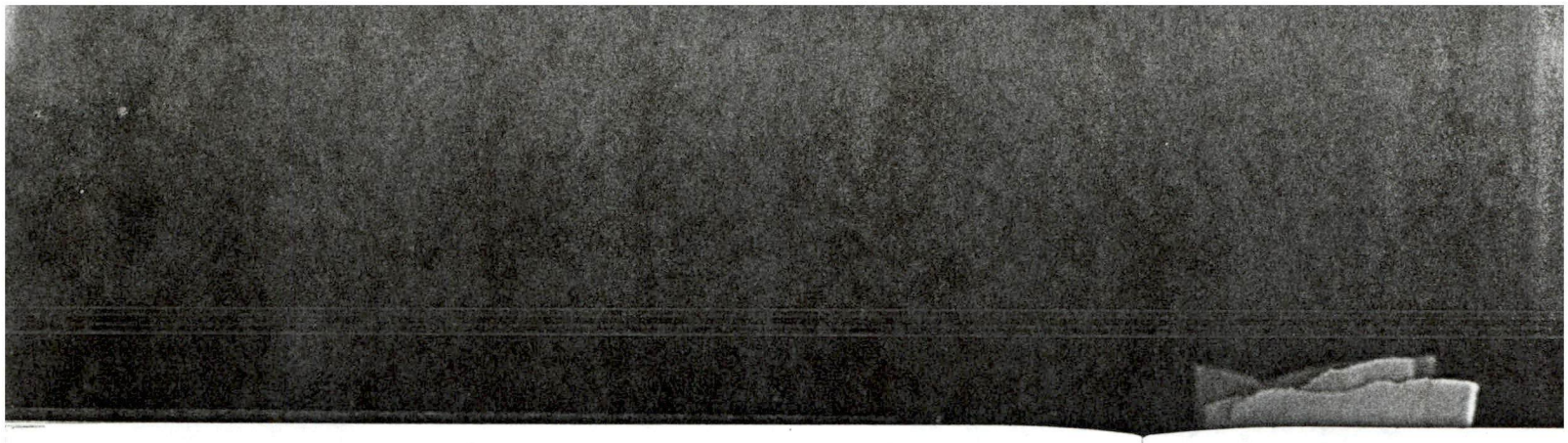
Our country: in her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong!
Stephen Decatur: Toast at a dinner at Norfolk, Virginia, April 1816

He who loves not his country can love nothing.
Byron, 1788–1824, The Two Foscari, iii, 1, 1821

An American kneels only to his god, and faces his enemy.
W.H. Crittenden: On being ordered to kneel down before being shot by the

KARL

"The art of war



Anne Bradstreet: Meditations Divine and Moral, c. 1670

The general story of mankind will evince that lawful and settled authority is very seldom resisted when it is well employed.
Samuel Johnson: The Rambler, 8 September 1750

In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!
Ethan Allen: Reply to Captain Delaplace of the British Army on being asked by whose authority he demanded the surrender of Fort Ticonderoga, 10 May 1775

I never knew a sailor who found fault with the orders and ranks of the service; and if I expected to pass the rest of my life before the mast, I would not wish to have the power of the captain diminished an iota.
Richard Henry Dana, Jr.: Two Years Before the Mast, 1840

The highest duty is to respect authority.
Pope Leo XIII: Libertas Praestantissimum, 20 June 1888

It is easier to give directions than advice, and more agreeable to have the right to act, even in a limited sphere, than the privilege to talk at large.
Winston Churchill: The Gathering Storm, 1948

The best test of a man is authority.
Montenegran Proverb

Aviation

If the heavens be penetrable, and no lets, it were not amiss to make wings and fly up, and some new-fangled wits should some time or other find out.
Robert Burton: The Anatomy of Melancholy, 1621

Les Anglais, nation trop fière,
S'arrogent l'empire des mers;
Les Français, nation légère,
S'emparent de celui des airs.
(The haughty English arrogate to themselves the empire of the seas;
The French, a buoyant nation, make themselves masters of the air.)
Comte de Provence (afterward Louis XVIII): Impromptu on Montgolfier's first successful balloon ascension, 1793

It seems to me worthwhile for this government to try whether it will not work on a large enough scale to be of use in the event of war.
Theodore Roosevelt: Letter concerning experiments by Samuel Langley with steam-powered aircraft, 25 March 1898

The Navy must have that. It will be important to us.
Lieutenant George C. Sweet, USN: Report to the Navy Department after an aviation demonstration by Orville Wright, September 1908

—That's good sport, but for the Army the airplane is of no use.
Ferdinand Foch: Remark at the 1910 Circuit de l'Est

(*See also* Aircraft, Aircraft Carrier, Air Force, Air Power, Balloons, Naval Aviation.)

Awards

To those young men who, either in war or other circumstances, have deserved commendation, prizes should be given.
Plato, 428–347 B. C.

To brave men, the prizes that war offers are liberty and fame.
Lycurgus of Sparta, 396–323 B. C.

It is not titles that honor men, but men that honor titles.
Niccolo Machiavelli: Discorsi, xxxviii, Bk 3, 1531

One honor won is surety for more.
Francois de la Rochefoucauld: Reflexions, 1665

Glory is the true and honorable recompense of gallant actions.
Alain René Le Sage: Gil Blas, 1735

A soldier will fight long and hard for a bit of colored ribbon.
Napoleon I: To the Captain, HMS Bellerophon, *15 July 1815*

A clergyman, or a doctor, or a lawyer feels himself no whit disgraced if he reaches the end of his worldly labors without special note of honor. But to a soldier or a sailor such indifference to his merit is

wormwood. It is the bane of the profe
Nine men out of ten who go into it mu
live discontented and die disappointed
*Anthony Trollope: The Three Cl
1858*

nust be a beginning of any great
but the continuing unto the end
be thoroughly finished yields the
ory.
*r Francis Drake: To Lord Walsing-
m, 17 May 1587*

ierce wretchedness that glory brings

*akespeare: Timon of Athens, iv, 2,
07*

s no road of flowers leading to

a Fontaine, 1621–1695, Fables, x

rcome in battle and subdue
is, and bring home spoils with
finite
aughter, shall be the highest pitch
nan glory.
ilton: Paradise Lost, xi, 1667

is the true and honorable
pense of gallant actions.
e Sage: Gil Blas, xii, 1735

is the fair child of peril.
obias Smollet, 1721–1771

is the sodger's prize;
dger's wealth is honor.
*obert Burns, 1759–1796, The
odger's Return*

ls grow in the bay of Biscay—I hope
of them may be found in the Mediter-
n.
*elson: Letter to Sir George Elliott,
August 1794*

nvious only of glory; for if it be a
covet glory, I am the most offending
live.
*elson: Letter to Lady Hamilton,
8 February 1800*

ombat deepens. On, ye brave,
ush to glory, or the grave!
*homas Campbell, 1777–1844,
Hohenlinden*

ve of glory can only create a great
the contempt of it creates a great

alleyrand, 1754–1838

arved not a line, and we raised not
a stone
e left him alone with his glory.
*Charles Wolfe: Burial of Sir John
Moore at Corunna, 1817*

Military glory—that attractive rainbow
that rises in showers of blood, that ser-
pent's eye that charms to destroy.
*Abraham Lincoln: Speech against the
Mexican War, House of Representa-
tives, 12 January 1848*

Military honor and glory have declined
steadily since the destruction of the feudal
system, which assured pre-eminence to
men-at-arms.
*Napoleon I: Political Aphorisms,
1848*

His food
Was glory, which was poison to his mind
And peril to his body.
*Henry Taylor, 1800–1886, Philip van
Artevelde*

Through the red gap of glory, they marched
to the grave.
*The Bold Fenian Men, Irish song,
19th century*

Glory is that bright tragic thing
That for an instant
Means Dominion.
*Emily Dickinson, 1830–1886, The
Single Hound, v*

The love of glory, the ardent desire for
honorable distinction by honorable deeds,
is among the most potent and elevating of
military motives.
Mahan: Life of Nelson, viii, 1897

Common men endure these horrors and
overcome them, along with the insistent
yearnings of the belly and the reasonable
promptings of fear; and in this, I think, is
glory.
*John W. Thomason, Jr.: Fix
Bayonets! 1926*

I buried death in the shroud of glory.
*Jean-Paul Sartre: The Making
of a Writer, 1964*

(*See also* Awards, Decorations, Medals)

God of Battles

O God of battles! steel my soldiers'
hearts . . .
*Shakespeare: King Henry V, iv, 1,
1598*

The Lord Himself hath a controversy with
your enemies; even with that Romish
Babylon of which the Spaniard is the great
underpropper. In that respect we fight the
Lord's battles.
*Oliver Cromwell: Instructions to his
admirals in the West Indies, 1655*

God with us. (Gott mit uns.)
*Motto on the badges of the Imperial
German Army, World War I*

(*See also* Christian Soldier, Religious
War.)

Gordon, Charles George (1833–1885)

I am quite happy, thank God, and, like
Lawrence, I have *tried* to do my duty.
*Charles George Gordon: Postscript
to his last letter from Khartoum, 29
December 1884 (Sir Henry Lawrence,
hero of Lucknow, had as his epitaph,
"Here lies Henry Lawrence, who
tried to do his duty.")*

Grant, Ulysses Simpson (1822–1885)

I can't spare this man; he fights.
*Abraham Lincoln: To A.K. McClure,
April 1862*

When Grant once gets possession of a
place, he holds on to it as if he had in-
herited it.
*Abraham Lincoln: To Benjamin F.
Butler, 22 June 1864*

You just tell me the brand of whiskey
Grant drinks—I would like to send a
barrel of it to my other generals.
*Attributed to Abraham Lincoln
(originally reported in the New York
Herald, 26 November 1863) as his
reply to advisors who complained of
Grant's drinking habits*

Since Vicksburg they have not a word to
say against Grant's habits. He has the
disagreeable habit of not retreating
before irresistible veterans.
*Mary Chesnut: Diary, 1 January
1864*

Each epoch creates its own agents, and
General Grant more nearly than any other
man impersonated the American character
of 1861–5. He will stand, therefore, as the
typical hero of the Great Civil War.
W.T. Sherman, 1820–1891

angers are great, there the greatest
are to be won by men and states.
ucydides: History of the
loponnesian Wars, c. 404 BC

ot a stain in thine honor.
clesiasticus, XXXIII, 22

left when honor is lost?
blilius Syrus: Sententiae,
century B.C.

t memorial for a mighty man is to
nor ere death.
owulf, c. 1000 A.D.

thousand times to die with glory
e without honor.
uis VI of France, 1081–1137

nothing left to me but honor, and
which is saved.
ancis I of France: Letter to his
ther after the battle of Pavia, 24
bruary 1525 (This is often
ntracted into the phrase, "All is
t save honor.")

ior is dearer to me than my life.
rvantes: Don Quixote, 1604

onor is my life; both grow in one;
onor from me and my life is done.
akespeare: King Richard II,
595

nor set a leg? no: or take away the
a wound? no. Honor hath no skill
ry, then? no. What is honor? a
What is that word honor? air. Who
he that died o' Wednesday. Doth
it? no. Doth he hear it? no. It is
ole, then? Yes, to the dead. But will
ve with the living? no. Therefore,
e of it. Honor is a mere scutcheon;
ends my catechism.
akespeare: I King Henry IV, v,
97

a sin to covet honor,
e most offending soul alive.
akespeare: King Henry V, iv,
1598

ior in one eye and death i' the other
vill look on both indifferently;
the gods so speed me as I love
me of honor more than I fear death.
akespeare: Julius Caesar, i, 1599

Life every man holds dear; but the brave man
Holds honor far more precious-dear than life.
Shakespeare: Troilus and Cressida, v, 3, 1601

If I lose mine honor, I lose myself.
Shakespeare: Antony and Cleopatra, iii, 1606

If e'er my son
Follow the war, tell him it is a school
Where all the principles tending to honor
Are taught, if truly followed.
Philip Massinger, 1583–1640

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.
Richard Lovelace, 1618–1658, To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars

He that is valiant and dares fight
Though drubbed, can lose no honor by't.
Samuel Butler: Hudibras, i, 3, 1663

Godlike erect, with native honor clad . . .
Milton: Paradise Lost, iv, 1667

When vice prevails and impious men bear sway,
The post of honor is a private station.
Joseph Addison: Cato, 1713

Better to die ten thousand deaths,
Than wound my honor.
Joseph Addison: Cato, 1713

If honor calls, where'er she points the way,
The sons of honor follow and obey.
Charles Churchill, 1731–1764, The Farewell

The sodger's wealth is honor.
Robert Burns, 1759–1796, The Sodger's Return

I would lay down my life for America, but I cannot trifle with my honor.
John Paul Jones: Letter to A. Livingson, 4 September 1777

That chastity of honor which felt a stain like a wound.
Edmund Burke: Reflections on the Revolution in France, 1790

Unfit as my ship was, I had nothing left for the honor of our country but to sail, which I did in two hours afterward.
Nelson: Letter from Naples, 16 September 1793

The better he behaves, the more honor we shall have in taking him.
Captain James Dacres, RN: To his first lieutenant, in HMS Guerrière, *on observing the bold approach of USS* Constitution, *19 August 1812. (Within 15 minutes after the first broadside,* Guerrière *was dismasted and sinking.)*

The first object which a general who gives battle should consider is the glory and honor of his arms; the safety and conservation of his men is but secondary.
Napoleon I: Maxims of War, 1831

Keep honor, like your sabre, bright,
Shame coward fear—and then
If we must perish in the fight,
Oh! let us die like men.
George Washington Patten, 1808–1882, Oh! Let Us Die Like Men

There may be danger in the deed,
But there is honor too.
W. E. Aytoun, 1813–1865, The Island of the Scots

A military, or a naval man, cannot go very far astray, who abides by the point of honor.
Raphael Semmes, 1809–1877

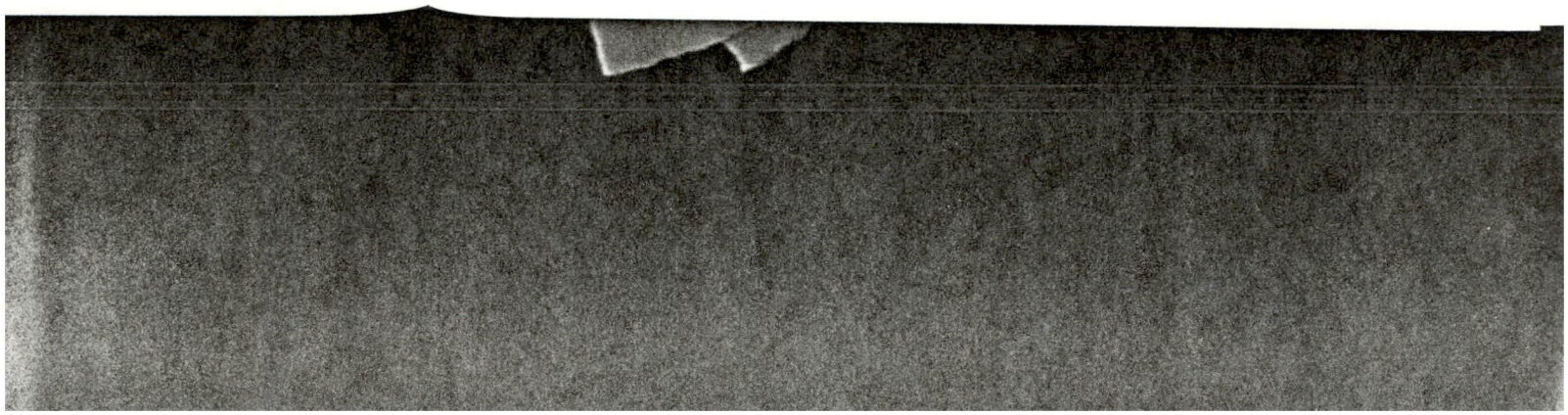
Posts of honor are evermore posts of danger and of care.
Josiah Gilbert Holland, 1819–1881, Gold-Foil

What is life without honor? Degradation is worse than death.
Stonewall Jackson: Letter, 1862

How many sacrifice honor, a necessity, to glory, a luxury.
Joseph Roux, 1834–1886, Meditations of a Parish Priest

The nation's honor is dearer than the nation's comfort; yes, than the nation's life itself.
Woodrow Wilson: Speech, 29 January 1916

Duty, honor, country.
Motto of the U. S. Military Academy, West Point



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American Hymns Old and New

ALBERT CHRIST-JANER
CHARLES W. HUGHES
CARLETON SPRAGUE SMITH

New York 1980
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

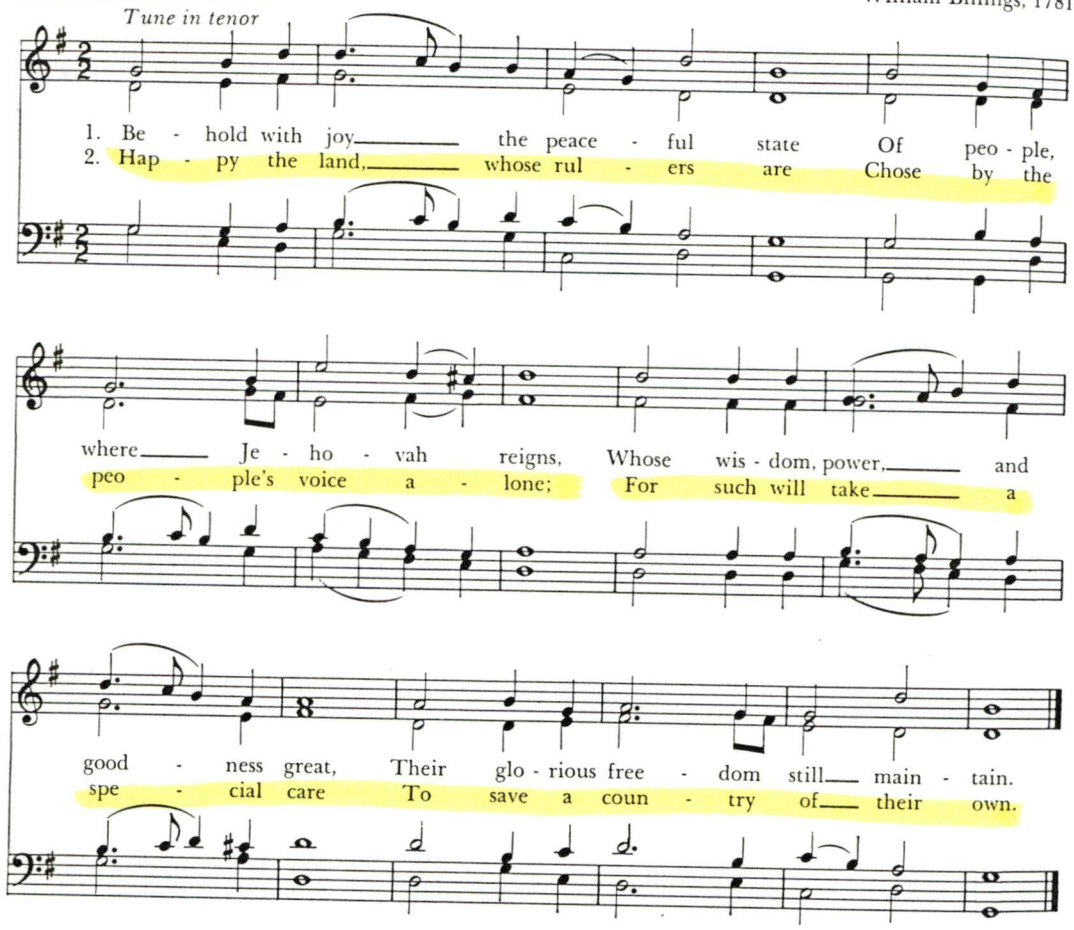
Behold with Joy

St. 1, 2, 4, 6, 7

Elhanan Winchester, 1776

Paris L.M.

William Billings, 1781



3. Hail happy place where freedom stands,
And liberty erects its throne;
Where fraud, and cruel slavery's bands,
And tyranny are never known.

4. Where none each other's peace annoys,
Where conscience never is oppressed;
Where each free liberty enjoys,
This is the land which God hath blessed.

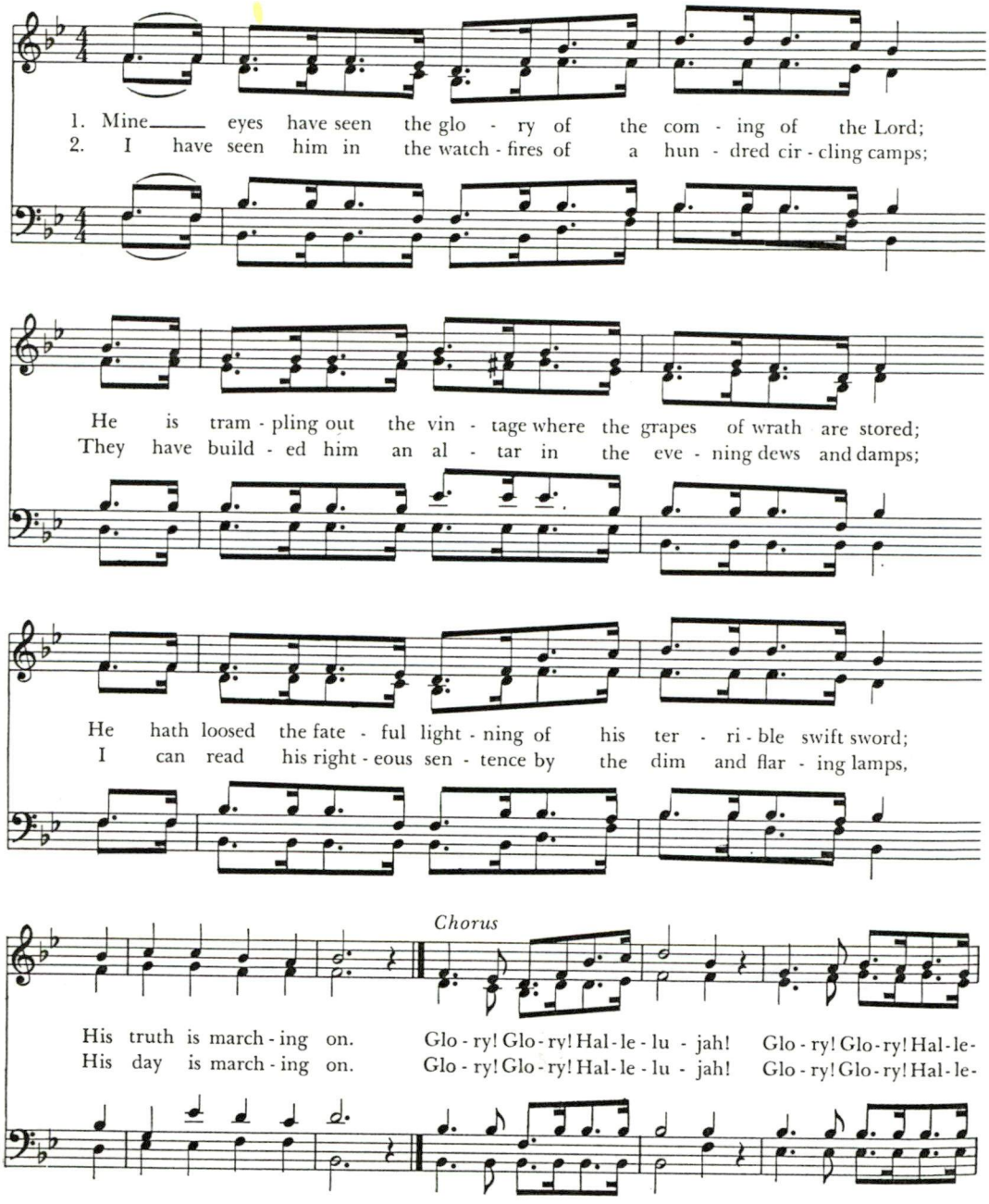
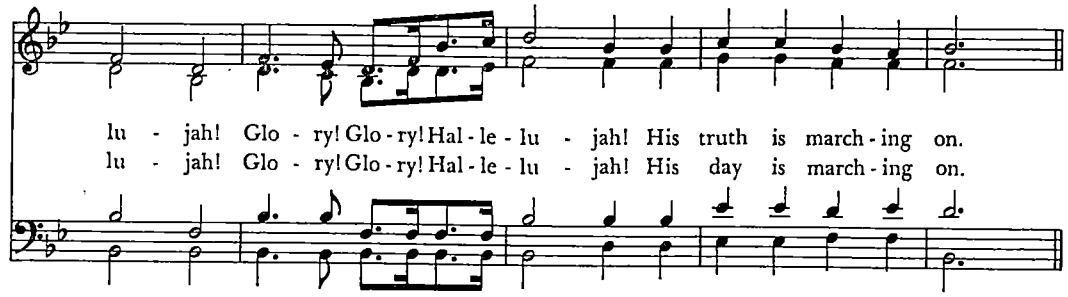
5. In this free state we would rejoice,
And dwell forevermore in peace;
And praise our God with cheerful voice,
Who makes our thrall and bondage cease.

MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY — THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC — 15.15.15.6., with chorus

St. 1-4

Julia Ward Howe, 1862

William Steffe, 1852



3. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never sound retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
O be swift, my soul to answer him; be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

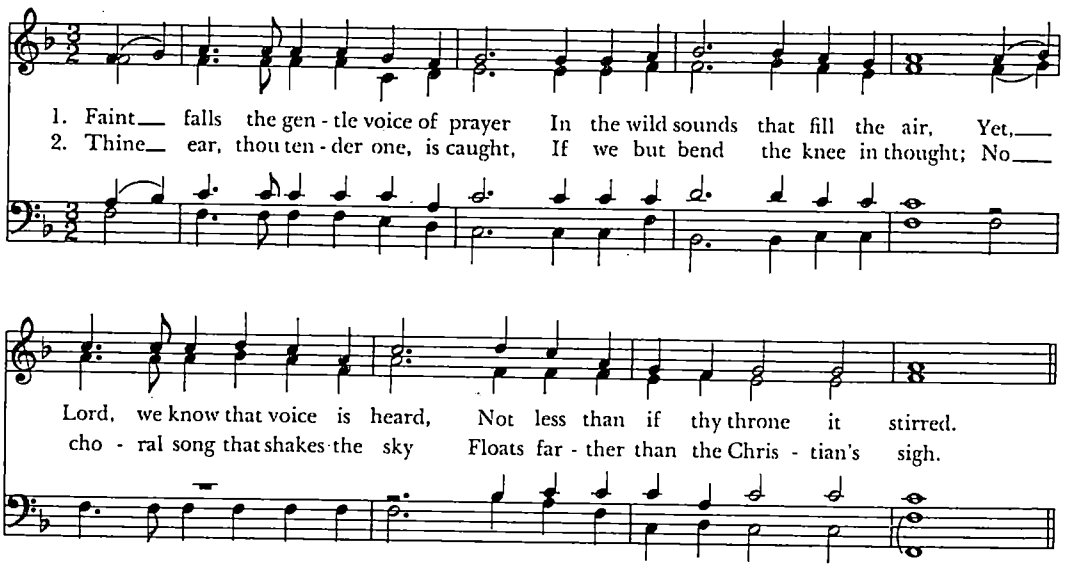
4. In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free!
While God is marching on.

Chorus
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Our God is marching on.

Chorus
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
While God is marching on.

FAINT FALLS THE GENTLE VOICE
St. 1-3
Henry Timrod, writ. 1864

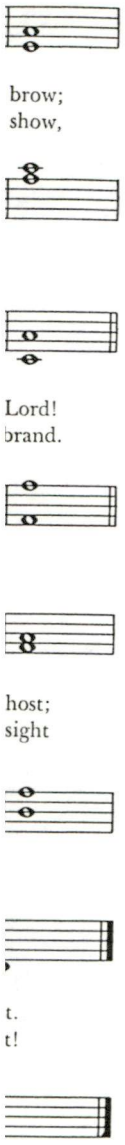
BETTEVER'S CHANT L.M.
Benjamin H. Everett, 1871



3. Not all the darkness of the land
Can hide the lifted eye and hand;
Nor need the clanging conflict cease,
To make thee hear our cries for peace.

7.7.7.7.D.

/yman, 1868



brow;
show,

Lord!
brand.

host;
sight

t.
t!

Sleep Sweetly

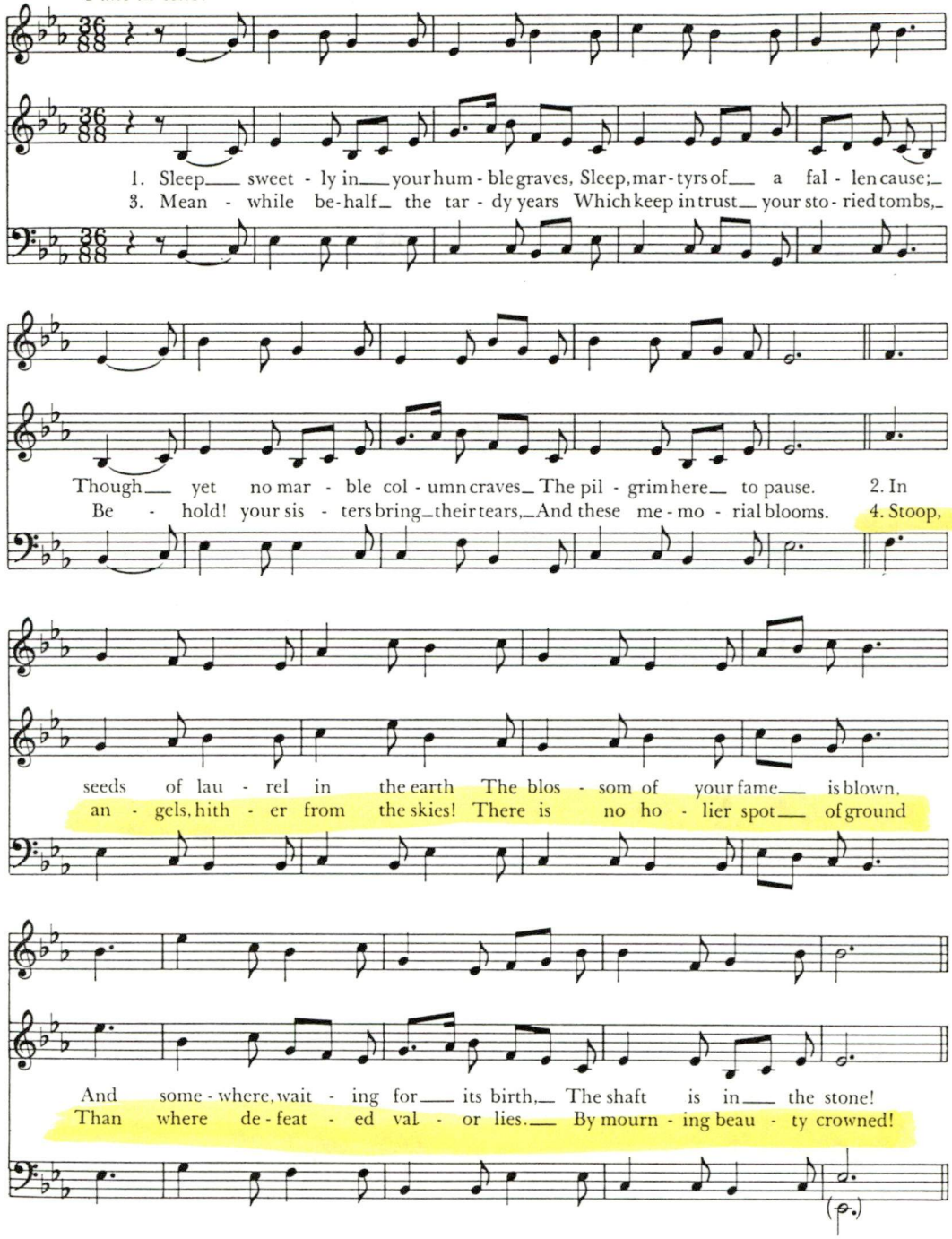
St. 1-3, 5

Henry Timrod, 1866

Tune in tenor

The Pilgrim's Lot 8.8.8.6.D.

Andrew Gramblin, 1835



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THE MORROW BOOK OF QUOTATIONS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

Joseph R. Conlin

WILLIAM MORROW AND COMPANY, INC.
New York

Adolph Strasser (1871–1910): *Trade union leader*

We have no ultimate ends. We are going on from day to day. We are fighting only for immediate objects.

(Testimony before a Senate committee, 21 August 1883)

Charles Sumner (1811–1874): *Senator from Massachusetts*

There is the national flag. He must be cold, indeed, who can look upon its folds rippling in the breeze without pride of country. If in a foreign land, the flag is companionship, and country itself with all its endearments. . . . White is for purity; red for valor; blue, for justice. And altogether, bunting, stripes, stars, and colors, blazing in the sky, make the flag of our country, to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.

(Speech, 19 November 1867)

We must see that the freedmen are established on the soil. The great plantations, which have been so many nurseries of the rebellion, must be broken up, and the freedmen must have the pieces.

(Speech in the Senate, 1866)

William Graham Sumner (1840–1910): *Philosopher*

At bottom there are two chief things with which government has to deal. They are the property of men and the honor of women. These it has to defend against crime.

(*What the Social Classes Owe to each other*, 1883)

You need not think it necessary to have Washington exercise a political providence over the country. God has done that a good deal better by the laws of political economy.

(Ibid.)

My patriotism is of the kind which is outraged by the notion that the United States never was a great nation until in a petty three months' campaign it knocked to pieces a poor, decrepit, bankrupt old state like Spain. To hold such an opinion as that is to abandon all American standards, to put shame and scorn on all that our ancestors tried to build up here, and to go over to the standards of which Spain is a representative.

(On the Spanish-American War, speech, Yale University, January 1899)

Spaniards as a filibusterer, Havana, 16 August 1851

All I am and all I have is at the service of my country.
Stonewall Jackson: Letter, 1861

Patriotism is the egg from which wars are hatched.
Guy de Maupassant, 1850–1893
My Uncle Sosthenes

A country and government such as ours are worth fighting for, and dying for, if need be.
W.T. Sherman: Memoirs, 1875

In time of war the loudest patriots are the greatest profiteers.
August Bebel: Gegen der Militarismus, 1895

Our country right or wrong. When right, to be kept right; when wrong, to be put right.
Carl Schurz: Address at Chicago, 17 October 1899

I shall always hold myself in readiness to serve my country . . . For forty-eight years my life has been at the call of the flag I love, and it will remain so as long as I live
Robley D. Evans: An Admiral's Log, 1910

Patriotism should be something more than just hating your neighbor as much as you love yourself.
"Saki" (H. H. Munro), 1870–1916

Patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone.
Edith Cavell: Before her execution by the Germans, Brussels, 12 October 1915

Patriotism is like a plant whose roots stretch down into race and place subconsciousness; a plant whose best nutriments are blood and tears; a plant which dies down in peace and flowers most brightly in war. Patriotism does not calculate, does not profiteer, does not stop to reason: in an atmosphere of danger the sap begins to stir; it lives; it takes possession of the soul.
Sir Ian Hamilton: The Soul and Body of an Army, x, 1921

Patriotism is not a song in the street and a wreath on a column and a flag flying from a window . . . It is a thing very holy and very terrible, like life itself. It is a burden to be borne, a thing to labor for and to suffer for and to die for; a thing which gives no happiness and no pleasantness—but a hard life and an unknown grave, and the respect and bowed heads of those that follow.
John Masefield, 1878–

I admire men who stand up for their country in defeat, even though I am on the other side.
Winston Churchill: The Gathering Storm, v, 1948

Ask not what your country can do for you—ask what you can do for your country.
John F. Kennedy: Inaugural Address, 20 January 1961

Patriotism is a sense of fear which overcomes a country when war is declared on it.
Major Reginald Hargreaves: Remark to a friend, 30 September 1964

Patton, George Smith, Jr. (1885–1945)

This man would be invaluable in time of war, but is a disturbing element in time of peace.
Major General W.R. Smith, USA: Remark in forwarding the efficiency report of Patton, then a captain, 1927

Patton was an acolyte to Mars.
Colonel J.J. Farley, USA: During conversation in Washington, 17 November 1964

Pay

Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day,
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.
Shakespeare: III King Henry VI, 1590

Without going into detail about the different rates of pay, I shall only say that it should be ample . . . Economy can only be pushed to a certain point. It has limits beyond which it degenerates into parsimony. If your pay and allowances for officers will not support them decently, then you will have only rich men who serve for pleasure or adventure, or indige wretches devoid of spirit.
Maurice de Saxe: Mes Rêveri 1732

The soldier should not have any re money. If he has a few coins in his he thinks himself too much of a gr to follow his profession, and he de the opening of the campaign.
Frederick The Great: Instruc for His Generals, xxv, 1747

Our soldiers surely are not luxurio who live on sixpence a day.
Samuel Johnson: To James B 13 April 1773

As to pay, I beg leave to assure the gress that, as no pecuniary consid could have tempted me to accept t arduous employment at the expen domestic ease and happiness, I do wish to make any profit from it.
George Washington: Letter t Continental Congress, 16 Ju

There must be some other stimulu sides love for their country, to ma fond of the service.
Geroge Washington, 1732–1

How happy's the soldier who live
pay,
And spends half-a-crown out of s
a day.
John O'Keeffe, 1747–1833, Soldier

It is the height of injustice not to veteran more than a recruit.
Napoleon I: Maxims of Wa

My present pay is not wholly for work but is in great part for past ices . . . What money will pay Me Gettysburg? What Sheridan for chester? What Thomas for Chick
W.T. Sherman: Letter, 187 pending legislation to cut A officers' pay

The nation which forgets its defe itself be foregotten.
Calvin Coolidge: Speech, 27

If love of money were the mains American action, the officer cor since would have disintegrated.
The Armed Forces Officer,

(*See also* Finance, Paymaster.)

Dictionary of Military & Naval Quotations

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The Harper Book of AMERICAN QUOTATIONS

Gorton Carruth and Eugene Ehrlich

A Hudson Group Book

1817

Harper & Row, Publishers, New York
Cambridge, Philadelphia, San Francisco
London, Mexico City, São Paulo, Singapore, Sydney

Abraham Lincoln: Gettysburg Address, November 19, 1863

This, the most famous speech in American history, took only three minutes to deliver. It ranks with the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution as among the most enduring statements of American liberty and freedom.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.

the assassin . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs.

CARL SANDBURG, "Cool Tombs," 1918.

45 Not often in the story of mankind does a man arrive on earth who is both steel and velvet, who is as hard as rock and soft as drifting fog, who holds in his heart and mind the paradox of terrible storm and peace unspeakable and perfect.

CARL SANDBURG, opening sentence of his address to a joint session of Congress on the 150th anniversary of Lincoln's birth, February 12, 1959.

46 I will make a prophecy that may now sound peculiar. In fifty years, perhaps much sooner, Lincoln's name will be inscribed close to Washington's on this Republic's roll of honor.

CARL SCHURZ, in a letter to Theodor Petrasch, October 12, 1864.

47 Now he belong to the ages.

EDWIN M. STANTON, at the death of Lincoln, April 15, 1865.

48 The Union, with him, in sentiment rose to the sublimity of a religious mysticism, while his ideas

American Poetry

Allen/Rideout/Robinson

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN [1871]

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
  Gentle and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
  The sword of power, a nation's trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
  Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
  That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free:
  We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
  The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life: its bloody close
  Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
  Who perished in the cause of Right.

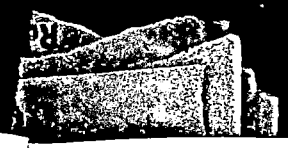
Ralph Waldo Emerso

180

Emerson was born on May 25, 1803, in Boston; his father tarian minister, died eight years later. The impoverished fam to Concord, Massachusetts, in 1814. Emerson worked his wa Harvard, receiving his degree in 1821. After four years of he studied at the Divinity School in Cambridge, was licensed in 1826, was a minister from 1829 to 1832 at the Second (U Church in Boston, but then resigned his pulpit on doctrinal gr spent most of 1833 traveling in Europe on the first of three tri In the next year he settled in Concord, but until the last years he made frequent lecture trips to various parts of the United St first book, Nature *(1836), was followed in the next two the bulk of his more important works—several books of essay and poems. He was a founding member of the Transcendental from 1842 to 1844 was sole editor of the Transcendentalist* The Dial. *Beginning in 1871 he began to fail in health an He died at Concord, April 27, 1882.*

THE SPHINX [1847]

The Sphinx is drowsy,
  Her wings are furled:
Her ear is heavy,
  She broods on the world.
"Who'll tell me my secret,
  The ages have kept?—
I awaited the seer
  While they slumbered and slept:—



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American POETRY

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GAY WILSON ALLEN
NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

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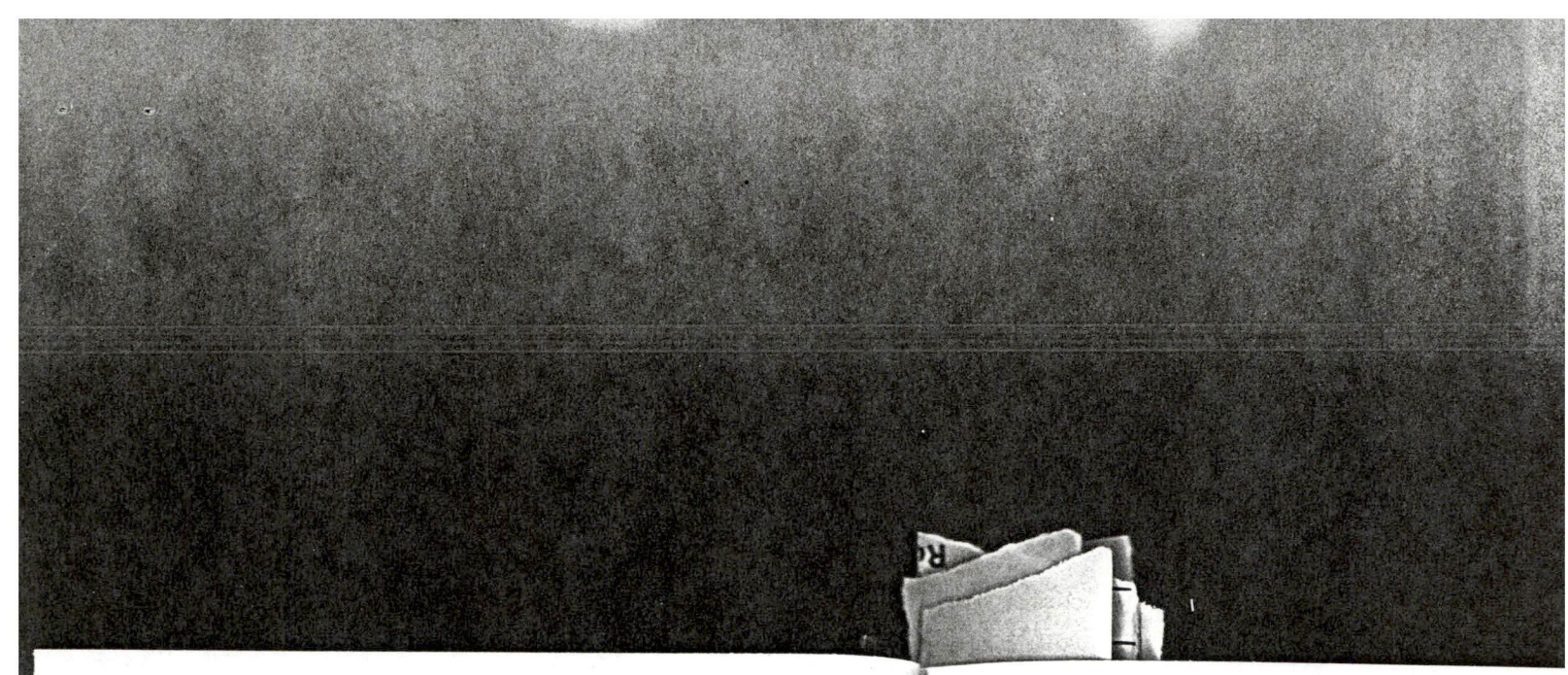

THE JOY OF CHURCH FELLOWSHIP RIGHTLY ATTENDED [1939]

In Heaven soaring up, I dropt an Eare
  On Earth: and oh! sweet Melody!
And listening, found it was the Saints who were
  Encoacht for Heaven that sang for Joy.
  For in Christs Coach they sweetly sing,
  As they to Glory ride therein.

Oh! joyous hearts! Enfir'de with holy Flame!
  Is speech thus tasseled with praise?
Will not your inward fire of Joy contain,
  That it in open flames doth blaze?
  For in Christ[s] Coach Saints sweetly sing,
  As they to Glory ride therein.

And if a string do slip by Chance, they soon
  Do screw it up again: whereby
They set it in a more melodious Tune
  And a Diviner Harmony.
  For in Christs Coach they sweetly sing,
  As they to Glory ride therein.

In all their Acts, publick and private, nay,
  And secret too, they praise impart.
But in their Acts Divine, and Worship, they
  With Hymns do offer up their Heart.
  Thus in Christs Coach they sweetly sing,
  As they to Glory ride therein.

Some few not in; and some whose Time and Place
  Block up this Coaches way, do goe
As Travellers afoot: and so do trace
  The Road that gives them right thereto;
  While in this Coach these sweetly sing,
  As they to Glory ride therein.

American Poetry
Allen / Rideout / Robinson

Miscellaneous Poems

AN ADDRESS TO THE SOUL OCCASIONED RAIN [1939]

Ye Flippering Soule,
  Why dost between the Nippers dwell?
Not stay, nor goe. Not yea, nor yet Controle.
  Doth this doe well?
    Rise journy'ng when the skies fall weeping Showe
    Not o're nor under th' Clouds and Cloudy Powers

Not yea, nor noe:
  On tiptoes thus? Why sit on thorns?
Resolve the matter: Stay thyselfe or goe:
  Ben't both wayes born.
    Wager thyselfe against thy surplic'de see,
    And win thy Coate, or let thy Coate win thee.

Is this th' Effect
  To leaven thus my Spirits all?
To make my heart a Crabtree Cask direct?
  A Verjuc'te Hall?
    As Bottle Ale, whose Spirits prison'd must
    When jogg'd, the bung with Violence doth burst?

Shall I be made
  A sparkling Wildfire Shop,
Where my dull Spirits at the Fireball trade
  Do frisk and hop?
    And while the Hammer doth the Anvill pay,
    The fire ball matter sparkles e'ry way.

One sorry fret,
  An anvill Sparke, rose higher,
And in thy Temple falling, almost set
  The house on fire.
    Such fireballs drop[p]ing in the Temple Flame
    Burns up the building: Lord, forbid the

"All hell demands me hence,"—he said, and threw
The red lamp hissing through the midnight air.

THE VANITY OF EXISTENCE [1786]

To Thyrsis

In youth, gay scenes attract our eyes,
And not suspecting their decay
Life's flowery fields before us rise,
Regardless of its winter day.

But vain pursuits and joys as vain,
Convince us life is but a dream.
Death is to wake, to rise again
To that true life you best esteem.

So nightly on some shallow tide,
Oft have I seen a splendid show;
Reflected stars on either side,
And glittering moons were seen below.

But when the tide had ebbed away,
The scene fantastic with it fled,
A bank of mud around me lay,
And sea-weed on the river's bed.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE BRAVE AMERICANS [1786]

Under General Greene, in South Carolina,
who fell in the action of September 8, 1781

At Eutaw Springs the valiant died;
Their limbs with dust are covered o'er—

Weep on, ye springs, your tearful tide;
  How many heroes are no more!

If in this wreck or ruin, they
  Can yet be thought to claim a tear,
O smite your gentle breast, and say
  The friends of freedom slumber here!

Thou, who shalt trace this bloody plain,
  If goodness rules thy generous breast,
Sigh for the wasted rural reign;
  Sigh for the shepherds, sunk to rest!

Stranger, their humble graves adorn;
  You too may fall, and ask a tear;
'Tis not the beauty of the morn
  That proves the evening shall be clear.—

They saw their injured country's woe;
  The flaming town, the wasted field;
Then rushed to meet the insulting foe;
  They took the spear—but left the shield.

Led by thy conquering genius, Greene,
  The Britons they compelled to fly;
None distant viewed the fatal plain,
  None grieved, in such a cause to die—

But, like the Parthian, famed of old,
  Who, flying, still their arrows threw,
These routed Britons, full as bold,
  Retreated, and retreating slew.

Now rest in peace, our patriot band;
  Though far from nature's limits thrown,
We trust they find a happier land,
  A brighter sunshine of their own.

THE HURRICANE [1786]

Happy the man who, safe on shore,
  Now trims, at home, his evening fire;
Unmov'd, he hears the tempests roar,
  That on the tufted groves expire:
Alas! on us they doubly fall,
Our feeble barque must bear them all.

Now to their haunts the birds retreat,
  The squirrel seeks his hollow tree,
Wolves in their shaded caverns meet,
  All, all are blest but wretched we—
Foredoomed a stranger to repose,
No rest the unsettled ocean knows.

While o'er the dark abyss we roam,
  Perhaps, with last departing gleam,
We saw the sun descend in gloom,
  No more to see his morning beam;
But buried low, by far too deep,
On coral beds, unpitied, sleep!

But what a strange, uncoasted strand
  Is that, where fate permits no day—
No charts have we to mark that land,
  No compass to direct that way—
What Pilot shall explore that realm,
What new Columbus take the helm!

While death and darkness both surround,
  And tempests rage with lawless power,
Of friendship's voice I hear no sound,
  No comfort in this dreadful hour—
What friendship can in tempests be,
What comfort on this raging sea?

Ah! not the chiefs, who, dying, see
Their flags in front of victory,
Or, at their life-blood's noble cost
Pay for a battle nobly lost,
Claim from their monumental beds
The bitterest tears a nation sheds.
Beneath yon lonely mound—the spot
By all save some fond few forgot—
Lie the true martyrs of the fight
Which strikes for freedom and for right.
Of them, their patriot zeal and pride,
The lofty faith that with them died,
No grateful page shall farther tell
Than that so many bravely fell;
And we can only dimly guess
What worlds of all this world's distress,
What utter woe, despair, and dearth,
Their fate has brought to many a hearth.
Just such a sky as this should weep
Above them, always, where they sleep;
Yet, haply, at this very hour,
Their graves are like a lover's bower;
And Nature's self, with eyes unwet,
Oblivious of the crimson debt
To which she owes her April grace,
Laughs gayly o'er their burial-place.

ODE [1873]

Sung on the Occasion of Decorating the Graves of the Confederate Dead, at Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S.C., 1867

I

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
  Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
  The pilgrim here to pause.

II

In seeds of laurel in the earth
  The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
  The shaft is in the stone!

III

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
  Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
  And these memorial blooms.

IV

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
  More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
  Shall overlook this bay.

V

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
  There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
  By mourning beauty crowned!

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WH

THE VIKING BOOK OF POETRY

OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD

Chosen and Edited by Richard Aldington

Published by The Viking Press, New York

1944

A great idea!

The Soldier

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware;
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

ALAN SEEGER

(1888–1916)

"I Have a Rendezvous with Death"

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere be
Pillowed in silk and s
Where Love throbs o
Pulse nigh to pulse, a
Where hushed awake
But I've a rendezvous
At midnight in some
When Spring trips no
And I to my pledged
I shall not fail that re

JOHN CROWE R

Tom, Tom, the Pi

Grim in my little black coat as the s
And gone of hue,
Lonely, a man reputed for softening
Loving few—

Mournfully going where men assemb
With laborious wares,
And glaring with little grey eyes at w
Who would with theirs—

Full of my thoughts as I trudge here
Eyes on the ground,
Tricked by white birds or tall women
And no sound—

Yet privy to great dreams, and secret i
And hot and proud,
And poor and bewildered, and longin
Rehearsed aloud—

How I have passed, involved in these
By certain trees
Whose tiny attent auricles receive the
Of the wordless breeze—

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ON WINGS OF EAGLES

by Ken Follett

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They were in a small reception area with a desk and a few chairs. Bill looked around. There were no lawyers, no Embassy staff, no EDS executives here to spring him from jail. We're on our own, he thought, and this is going to be dangerous.

A guard stood behind the desk with a ball-point pen and a pile of forms. He asked a question in Farsi. Guessing, Paul said: "Paul Chiapparone," and spelled it.

Filling out the forms took close to an hour. An English-speaking prisoner was brought from the jail to help translate. Paul and Bill gave their Tehran addresses, phone numbers, and dates of birth, and listed their possessions. Their money was taken away and they were each given two thousand rials, about thirty dollars.

They were taken into an adjoining room and told to remove their clothes. They both stripped to their undershorts. Their clothing and their bodies were searched. Paul was told to get dressed again, but not Bill. It was very cold: the heat was off here, too. Naked and shivering, Bill wondered what would happen now. Obviously they were the only Americans in the jail. Everything he had ever read or heard about being in prison was awful. What would the guards do to him and Paul? What would the other prisoners do? Surely any minute now someone would come to get him released.

"Can I put on my coat?" he asked the guard.

The guard did not understand.

"Coat," Bill said, and mimed putting on a coat.

The guard handed him his coat.

A little later another guard came in and told Bill to get dressed.

They were led back into the reception area. Once again, Bill looked around expectantly for lawyers or friends; once again, he was disappointed.

They were taken through the reception area. Another door was opened. They went down a flight of stairs into the basement.

It was cold, dim, and dirty. There were several cells, all crammed with prisoners, all of them Iranian. The stink of urine made Bill close his mouth and breathe shallowly through his nose. The guard opened the door to Cell Number 9. Paul and Bill walked in.

Sixteen unshaven faces stared at them, alive with curiosity. Paul and Bill stared back, horrified.

The cell door clanged shut behind them.

Two

1

Until this moment life had been extremely good to Ross Perot.

On the morning of December 28, 1978, he sat at the breakfast table in his mountain cabin at Vail, Colorado, and was served breakfast by Holly, the cook.

Perched on the mountainside and half-hidden in the aspen forest, the "log cabin" had six bedrooms, five bathrooms, a thirty-foot living room, and an après-ski "recuperation room" with a Jacuzzi pool in front of the fireplace. It was just a holiday home.

Ross Perot was rich.

He had started EDS with a thousand dollars, and now the shares in the company—more than half of which he still owned personally—were worth several hundred million dollars. He was the sole owner of the Petrus Oil and Gas Company, which had reserves worth hundreds of millions. He also had an awful lot of Dallas real estate. It was difficult to figure out exactly how much money he had—a lot depended on just how you counted it—but it was certainly more than five hundred million dollars and probably less than a billion.

In novels, fantastically rich people were portrayed as greedy, power-mad, neurotic, hated, and unhappy—always unhappy. Perot did not read many novels. He was happy.

He did not think it was the money that made him happy. He believed in money-making, in business and profits, because that was what made America tick; and he enjoyed a few of the toys money could buy—the cabin cruiser, the speedboats, the helicopter; but rolling around in hundred-dollar bills had never been one of his daydreams. He *had* dreamed of building a successful business that would employ thousands of people; but his greatest

dream-come-true was right here in front of his eyes. Running around in thermal underwear, getting ready to go skiing, was his family. Here was Ross Junior, twenty years old, and if there was a finer young man in the state of Texas, Perot had yet to meet him. Here were four—count 'em, four—daughters: Nancy, Suzanne, Carolyn, and Katherine. They were all healthy, smart, and lovable. Perot had sometimes told interviewers that he would measure his success in life by how his children turned out. If they grew into good citizens with a deep concern for other people, he would consider his life worthwhile. (The interviewers would say: "Hell, I believe you, but if I put stuff like that in the article the readers will think I've been bought off!" And Perot would just say: "I don't care. I'll tell you the truth—you write whatever you like.") And the children had turned out just exactly how he had wished, so far. Being brought up in circumstances of great wealth and privilege had not spoiled them at all. It was almost miraculous.

Running around after the children with ski-lift tickets, wool socks, and sunscreen lotion was the person responsible for this miracle, Margot Perot. She was beautiful, loving, intelligent, classy, and a perfect mother. She could, if she had wanted to, have married a John Kennedy, a Paul Newman, a Prince Ranier, or a Rockefeller. Instead, she had fallen in love with Ross Perot from Texarkana, Texas; five feet seven with a broken nose and nothing in his pocket but hopes. All his life Perot had believed he was lucky. Now, at the age of forty-eight, he could look back and see that the luckiest thing that ever happened to him was Margot.

He was a happy man with a happy family, but a shadow had fallen over them this Christmas. Perot's mother was dying. She had bone cancer. On Christmas Eve she had fallen at home: it was not a heavy fall, but because the cancer had weakened her bones, she had broken her hip and had to be rushed to Baylor Hospital in downtown Dallas.

Perot's sister, Bette, spent that night with their mother, then, on Christmas Day, Perot and Margot and the five children loaded the presents into the station wagon and drove to the hospital. Grandmother was in such good spirits that they all thoroughly enjoyed their day. However, she did not want to see them the following day: she knew they had planned to go skiing, and she insisted they go, despite her illness. Margot and the children left for Vail on December 26, but Perot stayed behind.

There followed a battle of wills such as Perot had fought with his mother in childhood. Lulu May Perot was only an inch or two over five feet, and slight, but she was no more frail than a sergeant in the marines. She told him he worked hard and he needed the holiday. He replied that he did not want to leave her. Eventually the doctors intervened, and told him he was doing her no good by staying against her will. The next day he joined his family in Vail. She had won, as she always had when he was a boy.

One of their battles had been fought over a Boy Scout trip. There had been flooding in Texarkana, and the Scouts were planning to camp near the disaster area for three days and help with relief work. Young Perot was determined to go, but his mother knew that he was too young—he would only be a burden to the scoutmaster. Young Ross kept on and on at her, and she just smiled sweetly and said no.

The time he won a concession from her: he was allowed to go and help pitch tents the first day, but he had to come home in the evening. It wasn't much of a compromise. But he was quite incapable of defying her. He just had to imagine the scene when he would come home, and think of the words he would use to tell her that he had disobeyed her—and he knew he could not do it.

He was never spanked. He could not remember even being yelled at. She did not rule him by fear. With her fair hair, blue eyes, and sweet nature, she bound him—and his sister, Bette—in chains of love. She would just look you in the eye and tell you what to do, and you simply could not bring yourself to make her unhappy.

Even at the age of twenty-three, when Ross had been around the world and come home again, she would say: "Who have you got a date with tonight? Where are you going? What time will you be back?" And when he came home he would always have to kiss her good night. But by this time their battles were few and far between, for her principles were so deeply embedded in him that they had become his own. She now ruled the family like a constitutional monarch, wearing the trappings of power and legitimizing the real decision-makers.

He had inherited more than her principles. He also had her iron will. He, too, had a way of looking people in the eye. He had married a woman who resembled his mother. Blond and

blue-eyed, Margot also had the kind of sweet nature that Lulu May had. But Margot did not dominate Perot.

Everybody's mother has to die, and Lulu May was now eighty-two, but Perot could not be stoical about it. She was still a big part of his life. She no longer gave him orders, but she did give him encouragement. She had encouraged him to start EDS, and she had been the company's bookkeeper during the early years as well as a founding director. He could talk over problems with her. He had consulted her in December 1969, at the height of his campaign to publicize the plight of American prisoners of war in North Vietnam. He had been planning to fly to Hanoi, and his colleagues at EDS had pointed out that if he put his life in danger the price of EDS stock might fall. He was faced with a moral dilemma: Did he have the right to make shareholders suffer, even for the best of causes? He had put the question to his mother. Her answer had been unhesitating. "Let them sell their shares." The prisoners were dying, and that was far more important than the price of EDS stock.

It was the conclusion Perot would have come to on his own. He did not really need her to tell him what to do. Without her, he would be the same man and do the same things. He was going to miss her, that was all. He was going to miss her very badly indeed.

But he was not a man to brood. He could do nothing for her today. Two years ago, when she had a stroke, he had turned Dallas upside down on a Sunday afternoon to find the best neurosurgeon in town and bring him to the hospital. He responded to a crisis with action. But if there was nothing to be done he was able to shut the problem out of his mind, forgetting the bad news and going on to the next task. He would not now spoil his family's holiday by walking around with a mournful face. He would enter into the fun and games, and enjoy the company of his wife and children.

The phone rang, interrupting his thoughts, and he stepped into the kitchen to pick it up.

"Ross Perot," he said.

"Ross, this is Bill Gayden."

"Hi, Bill." Gayden was an EDS old-timer, having joined the company in 1967. In some ways he was the typical salesman. He was a jovial man, everyone's buddy. He liked a joke, a drink, a smoke, and a hand of poker. He was also a wizard financier, very good around acquisitions, mergers, and deals, which was why Perot had made him president of EDS World. Gayden's sense of humor was irrepressible—he would find something funny to say in the most serious situations—but now he sounded somber.

"Ross, we got a problem."

It was an EDS catchphrase: *We got a problem.* It meant bad news.

Gayden went on: "It's Paul and Bill."

Perot knew instantly what he was talking about. The way in which his two senior men in Iran had been prevented from leaving the country was highly sinister, and it had never been far from his mind, even while his mother lay dying. "But they're supposed to be allowed out today."

"They've been arrested."

The anger began as a small, hard knot in the pit of Perot's stomach. "Now, Bill, I was assured that they would be allowed to leave Iran as soon as this interview was over. Now I want to know how this happened."

"They just slung them in jail."

"On what charges?"

"They didn't specify charges."

"Under what law did they jail them?"

"They didn't say."

"What are we doing to get them out?"

"Ross, they set bail at ninety million tomans. That's twelve million, seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"Twelve *million*?"

"That's right."

"Now how the devil has this happened?"

"Ross, I've been on the phone with Lloyd Briggs for half an hour, trying to understand it, and the fact is that Lloyd doesn't understand it either."

Perot paused. EDS executives were supposed to give him answers, not questions. Gayden knew better than to call without briefing himself as thoroughly as possible. Perot was not going to get any more out of him right now; Gayden just didn't have the information.

"Get Tom Luce into the office," Perot said. "Call the State Department in Washington. This takes priority over everything else. I don't want them to stay in that jail another damn minute!"

* * *

Margot pricked up her ears when she heard Ross say *damn:* it was most unusual for him to curse, especially in front of the children. He came in from the kitchen with his face set. His eyes were as blue as the Arctic Ocean, and as cold. She knew that look. It was not just anger: he was not the kind of man to dissipate his energy in a display of bad temper. It was a look of inflexible determination. It meant he had decided to do something and he would move heaven and earth to get it done. She had seen that determination, that strength, in him when she had first met him, at the Naval Academy in Annapolis . . . could it really be twenty-five years ago? It was the quality that cut him out from the herd, made him different from the mass of men. Oh, he had other qualities—he was smart, he was funny, he could charm the birds out of the trees—but what made him *exceptional* was his strength of will. When he got that look in his eyes you could no more stop him than you could stop a railway train on a downhill gradient.

"The Iranians put Paul and Bill in jail," he said.

Margot's thoughts flew at once to their wives. She had known them both for years. Ruthie Chiapparone was a small, placid, smiling girl with a shock of fair hair. She had a vulnerable look: men wanted to protect her. She would take it hard. Emily Gaylord was tougher, at least on the surface. A thin blond woman, Emily was vivacious and spirited: she would want to get on a plane and go spring Bill from jail herself. The difference in the two women showed in their clothes: Ruthie chose soft fabrics and gentle outlines; Emily went in for smart tailoring and bright colors. Emily would suffer on the inside.

"I'm going back to Dallas," Ross said.

"There's a blizzard out there," said Margot, looking out at the snowflakes swirling down the mountainside. She knew she was wasting her breath: snow and ice would not stop him now. She thought ahead: Ross would not be able to sit behind a desk in Dallas for very long while two of his men were in an Iranian jail. He's not going to Dallas, she thought; he's going to Iran.

"I'll take the four-wheel drive," he said. "I can catch a plane in Denver."

Margot suppressed her fears and smiled brightly. "Drive carefully, won't you," she said.

Perot sat hunched over the wheel of the GM Suburban, driving carefully. The road was icy. Snow built up along the bottom edge of the windshield, shortening the travel of the wipers. He peered at the road ahead. Denver was 106 miles from Vail. It gave him time to think.

He was still furious.

It was not just that Paul and Bill were in jail. They were in jail because they had gone to Iran, and they had gone to Iran because Perot had sent them there.

He had been worried about Iran for months. One day, after lying awake at night thinking about it, he had gone into the office and said: "Let's evacuate. If we're wrong, all we've lost is the price of three or four hundred plane tickets. Do it today."

It had been one of the rare occasions on which his orders were not carried out. Everyone had dragged their feet, in Dallas and in Tehran. Not that he could blame them. He had lacked determination. If he had been firm they would have evacuated that day; but he had not been firm, and the following day the passports had been called for.

He owed Paul and Bill a lot anyway. He felt a special debt of loyalty to the men who had gambled their careers by joining EDS when it was a struggling young company. Many times he had found the right man, interviewed him, got him interested, and offered him the job, only to find that, on talking it over with his family, the man had decided that EDS was just too small, too new, too risky.

Paul and Bill had not only taken the chance—they had worked their butts off to make sure their gamble paid. Bill had designed the basic computer system for the administration of Medicare and Medicaid programs that, used now in many American states, formed the foundation of EDS's business. He had worked long hours, spent weeks away from home, and moved his family all over the country in those days. Paul had been no less dedicated: when the company had too few men and very little cash, Paul had done the work of three systems engineers. Perot could remember the company's first contract in New York, with Pepsico; and Paul walking from Manhattan across the Brooklyn Bridge in the snow, to sneak past a picket line—the plant was on strike—and go to work.

Perot owed it to Paul and Bill to get them *out*.

He owed it to them to get the government of the United States to bring the whole weight of its influence to bear on the Iranians.

America had asked for Perot's help, once; and he had given

three years of his life—and a *bunch* of money—to the prisoners-of-war campaign. Now he was going to ask for America's help.

His mind went back to 1969, when the Vietnam War was at its height. Some of his friends from the Naval Academy had been killed or captured: Bill Leftwich, a wonderfully warm, strong, kind man, had been killed in battle at the age of thirty-nine; Bill Lawrence was a prisoner of the North Vietnamese. Perot found it hard to watch his country, the greatest country in the world, losing a war because of lack of will; and even harder to see millions of Americans protesting, not without justification, that the war was wrong and *should* not be won. Then, one day in 1969, he had met little Billy Singleton, a boy who did not know whether he had a father or not. Billy's father had been missing in Vietnam before ever seeing his son: there was no way of knowing whether he was a prisoner, or dead. It was heartbreaking.

For Perot, sentiment was not a mournful emotion but a clarion call to action.

He learned that Billy's father was not unique. There were many, perhaps hundreds, of wives and children who did not know whether their husbands and fathers had been killed or just captured. The Vietnamese, arguing that they were not bound by the rules of the Geneva Convention because the United States had never declared war, refused to release the names of their prisoners.

Worse still, many of the prisoners were dying of brutality and neglect. President Nixon was planning to "Vietnamize" the war and disengage in three years' time, but by then, according to CIA reports, half the prisoners would have died. Even if Billy Singleton's father were alive, he might not survive to come home.

Perot wanted to do something.

EDS had good connections with the Nixon White House. Perot went to Washington and talked to Chief Foreign Policy Advisor Henry Kissinger. And Kissinger had a plan.

The Vietnamese were maintaining, at least for the purposes of propaganda, that they had no quarrel with the American people—only with the U.S. government. Furthermore, they were presenting themselves to the world as the little guy in a David-and-Goliath conflict. It seemed that they valued their public image. It might be possible, Kissinger thought, to embarrass them into improving their treatment of prisoners, and releasing the names,

by an international campaign to publicize the sufferings of the prisoners and their families.

The campaign must be privately financed, and must *seem* to be quite unconnected with the government, even though in reality it would be closely monitored by a team of White House and State Department people.

Perot accepted the challenge. (Perot could resist anything but a challenge. His eleventh-grade teacher, one Mrs. Duck, had realized this. "It's a shame," Mrs. Duck had said, "that you're not as smart as your friends." Young Perot insisted he *was* as smart as his friends. "Well, why do they make better grades than you?" It was just that they were interested in school and he was not, said Perot. "Anybody can stand there and tell me that they *could* do something," said Mrs. Duck. "But let's look at the record: your friends can do it and you can't." Perot was cut to the quick. He told her that he would make straight A's for the next six weeks. He made straight A's, not just for six weeks, but for the rest of his high school career. The perceptive Mrs. Duck had discovered the only way to manipulate Perot: challenge him.)

Accepting Kissinger's challenge, Perot went to J. Walter Thompson, the largest advertising agency in the world, and told them what he wanted to do. They offered to come up with a plan of campaign within thirty to sixty days and show some results in a year. Perot turned them down: he wanted to start today and see results tomorrow. He went back to Dallas and put together a small team of EDS executives who began calling newspaper editors and placing simple, unsophisticated advertisements that they wrote themselves.

And the mail came in truckloads.

For Americans who were pro-war, the treatment of the prisoners showed that the Vietnamese really were the bad guys; and for those who were anti-war the plight of the prisoners was one more reason for getting out of Vietnam. Only the most hard-line protesters resented the campaign. In 1970 the FBI told Perot that the Viet Cong had instructed the Black Panthers to murder him. (At the crazy end of the sixties this had not sounded particularly bizarre.) Perot hired bodyguards. Sure enough, a few weeks later a squad of men climbed the fence around Perot's seventeen-acre Dallas property. They were chased off by savage dogs. Perot's family, including his indomitable mother, would not hear of him giving up the campaign for the sake of their safety.

His greatest publicity stunt took place in December 1969, when he chartered two planes and tried to fly into Hanoi with Christmas dinners for the prisoners of war. Of course, he was not allowed to land; but during a slow news period he created enormous international awareness of the problem. He spent two million dollars, but he reckoned the publicity would have cost sixty million to buy. And a Gallup poll he commissioned afterward showed that the feelings of Americans toward the North Vietnamese were overwhelmingly negative.

During 1970 Perot used less spectacular methods. Small communities all over the United States were encouraged to set up their own POW campaigns. They raised funds to send people to Paris to badger the North Vietnamese delegation there. They organized telethons, and built replicas of the cages in which some of the POWs lived. They sent so many protest letters to Hanoi that the North Vietnamese postal system collapsed under the strain. Perot stumped the country, giving speeches anywhere he was invited. He met with North Vietnamese diplomats in Laos, taking with him lists of their prisoners held in the south, mail from them, and film of their living conditions. He also took a Gallup associate with him, and together they went over the results of the poll with the North Vietnamese.

Some or all of it worked. The treatment of American POWs improved, mail and parcels began to get through to them, and the North Vietnamese started to release names. Most importantly, the prisoners heard of the campaign—from newly captured American soldiers—and the news boosted their morale enormously.

Eight years later, driving to Denver in the snow, Perot recalled another consequence of the campaign; a consequence that had then seemed no more than mildly irritating, but could now be important and valuable. Publicity for the POWs had meant, inevitably, publicity for Ross Perot. He had become nationally known. He would be remembered in the corridors of power—and especially in the Pentagon. That Washington monitoring committee had included Admiral Tom Moorer, then Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; Alexander Haig, then assistant to Kissinger and now the commander in chief of NATO forces; William Sullivan, then a Deputy Assistant Secretary of State and now U.S. Ambassador to Iran; and Kissinger himself.

These people would help Perot get inside the government, find out what was happening, and promote help fast. He would call Richard Helms, who had in the past been both head of the CIA and U.S. Ambassador to Tehran. He would call Kermit Roosevelt, son of Teddy, who had been involved in the CIA coup that put the Shah back on the throne in 1953 . . .

But what if none of this works? he thought.

It was his habit to think more than one step ahead.

What if the Carter administration could not or would not help?

Then, he thought, I'm going to break them out of jail.

How would we go about something like that? We've never done anything like it. Where would we start? Who could help us?

He thought of EDS executives Merv Stauffer and T. J. Marquez and his secretary Sally Walther, who had been key organizers of the POW campaign: making complex arrangements halfway across the world by phone was meat and drink to them, but . . . a prison break? And who would staff the mission? Since 1968 EDS's recruiters had given priority to Vietnam veterans—a policy begun for patriotic reasons and continued when Perot found that the vets often made first-class businessmen—but the men who had once been lean, fit, highly trained soldiers were now overweight, out-of-condition computer executives, more comfortable with a telephone than with a rifle. And who would plan and lead the raid?

Finding the best man for the job was Perot's specialty. Although he was one of the most successful self-made men in the history of American capitalism, he was not the world's greatest computer expert, or the world's greatest salesman, or even the world's greatest business administrator. He did just one thing superbly well: pick the right man, give him the resources, motivate him, then leave him alone to do the job.

Now, as he approached Denver, he asked himself: who is the world's greatest rescuer?

Then he thought of Bull Simons.

A legend in the U.S. Army, Colonel Arthur D. "Bull" Simons had hit the headlines in November 1970 when he and a team of commandos raided the Son Tay prison camp, twenty-three miles outside Hanoi, in an attempt to rescue American prisoners of war. The raid had been a brave and well-organized operation, but the intelligence on which all the planning was based had been faulty: the prisoners had been moved, and were no longer at Son Tay. The raid was widely regarded as a fiasco, which in Perot's opinion was grossly unfair. He had been invited to meet the Son Tay Raiders, to boost their morale by telling

them that here was at least one American citizen who was grateful for their bravery. He had spent a day at Fort Bragg in North Carolina—and he had met Colonel Simons.

Peering through his windshield, Perot could picture Simons against the cloud of falling snowflakes: a big man, just under six feet tall, with the shoulders of an ox. His white hair was cropped in a military crewcut, but his bushy eyebrows were still black. On either side of his big nose, two deep lines ran down to the corners of his mouth, giving him a permanently aggressive expression. He had a big head, big ears, a strong jaw, and the most powerful hands Perot had ever seen. The man looked as if he had been carved from a single block of granite.

After spending a day with him, Perot thought: in a world of counterfeits, he is the genuine article.

That day and in years to come Perot learned a lot about Simons. What impressed him most was the attitude of Simons's men toward their leader. He reminded Perot of Vince Lombardi, the legendary coach of the Green Bay Packers: he inspired in his men emotions ranging from fear through respect and admiration to love. He was an imposing figure and an aggressive commander—he cursed a lot, and would tell a soldier: "Do what I say or I'll cut your bloody head off!"—but that by itself could not account for his hold on the hearts of skeptical, battle-hardened commandos. Beneath the tough exterior there was a tough interior.

Those who had served under him liked nothing better than to sit around telling Simons stories. Although he had a bull-like physique, his nickname came not from that but, according to legend, from a game played by Rangers called The Bull Pen. A pit would be dug, six feet deep, and one man would get into it. The object of the game was to find out how many men it took to throw the first man out of the pit. Simons thought the game was foolish, but was once needled into playing it. It took fifteen men to get him out, and several of them spent the night in the hospital with broken fingers and noses and severe bite wounds. After that he was called "Bull."

Perot learned later that almost everything in this story was exaggerated. Simons played the game more than once; it generally took four men to get him out; no one ever had any broken bones. Simons was simply the kind of man about whom legends are told. He earned the loyalty of his men not by displays of bravado but by his skill as a military commander. He was a meticulous, endlessly patient planner; he was cautious—one of his catchphrases was: "That's a risk we don't have to take"; and he took pride in bringing all his men back from a mission alive.

In the Vietnam War Simons had run Operation White Star. He went to Laos with 107 men and organized twelve battalions of Mao tribesmen to fight the Vietnamese. One of the battalions defected to the other side, taking as prisoners some of Simons's Green Berets. Simons took a helicopter and landed inside the stockade where the defecting battalion was. On seeing Simons, the Laotian colonel stepped forward, stood at attention, and saluted. Simons told him to produce the prisoners immediately, or he would call an air strike and destroy the entire battalion. The colonel produced the prisoners. Simons took them away, then called the air strike anyway. Simons had come back from Laos three years later with all his 107 men. Perot had never checked out this legend—he liked it the way it was.

The second time Perot met Simons was after the war. Perot virtually took over a hotel in San Francisco and threw a weekend party for the returning prisoners of war to meet the Son Tay Raiders. It cost Perot a quarter of a million dollars, but it was a hell of a party. Nancy Reagan, Clint Eastwood, and John Wayne came. Perot would never forget the meeting between John Wayne and Bull Simons. Wayne shook Simons's hand with tears in his eyes and said: "You *are* the man I play in the movies."

Before the ticker-tape parade Perot asked Simons to talk to his Raiders and warn them against reacting to demonstrators. "San Francisco has had more than its share of anti-war demonstrations," Perot said. "You didn't pick your Raiders for their charm. If one of them gets irritated he might just snap some poor devil's neck and regret it later."

Simons looked at Perot. It was Perot's first experience of The Simons Look. It made you feel as if you were the biggest fool in history. It made you wish you had not spoken. It made you wish the ground would swallow you up.

"I've already talked to them," Simons said. "There won't be a problem."

That weekend and later, Perot got to know Simons better, and saw other sides of his personality. Simons could be very charming, when he chose to be. He enchanted Perot's wife, Margot, and the children thought he was wonderful. With his men he spoke soldiers' language, using a great deal of profanity, but he was surprisingly articulate when talking at a banquet or press conference. His college major had been journalism. Some of his

tastes were simple—he read westerns by the boxful, and enjoyed what his sons called "supermarket music"—but he also read a lot of nonfiction, and had a lively curiosity about all sorts of things. He could talk about antiques or history as easily as battles and weaponry.

Perot and Simons, two willful, dominating personalities, got along by giving one another plenty of room. They did not become close friends. Perot never called Simons by his first name, Art (although Margot did). Like most people, Perot never knew what Simons was thinking unless Simons chose to tell him. Perot recalled their first meeting in Fort Bragg. Before getting up to make his speech, Perot had asked Simons's wife, Lucille: "What is Colonel Simons really like?" She had replied: "Oh, he's just a great big teddy bear." Perot repeated this in his speech. The Son Tay Raiders fell apart. Simons never cracked a smile.

Perot did not know whether this impenetrable man would care to rescue two EDS executives from a Persian jail. Was Simons grateful for the San Francisco party? Perhaps. After that party Perot had financed Simons on a trip to Laos to search for MIAs—American soldiers missing in action—who had not come back with the prisoners of war. On his return from Laos, Simons had remarked to a group of EDS executives: "Perot is a hard man to say no to."

As he pulled into Denver Airport, Perot wondered whether, six years later, Simons would still find him a hard man to say no to.

But that contingency was a long way down the line. Perot was going to try everything else first.

He went into the terminal, bought a seat on the next flight to Dallas, and found a phone. He called EDS and spoke to T. J. Marquez, one of his most senior executives, who was known as T.J. rather than Tom because there were so many Toms around EDS. "I want you to go find my passport," he told T.J., "and get me a visa for Iran."

T.J. said: "Ross, I think that's the world's worst idea."

T.J. would argue until nightfall if you let him. "I'm not going to debate with you," Perot said curtly. "I talked Paul and Bill into going over there, and I'm going to get them out."

He hung up the phone and headed for the departure gate. All in all, it had been a rotten Christmas.

* * *

T.J. was a little wounded. An old friend of Perot's as well as a vice-president of EDS, he was not used to being talked to like the office boy. This was a persistent failing of Perot's: when he was in high gear, he trod on people's toes and never knew he had hurt them. He was a remarkable man, but he was not a saint.

2

Ruthie Chiapparone also had a rotten Christmas.

She was staying at her parents' home, an eighty-five-year-old two-story house on the southwest side of Chicago. In the rush of the evacuation from Iran she had left behind most of the Christmas presents she had bought for her daughters, Karen, eleven, and Ann Marie, five; but soon after arriving in Chicago she had gone shopping with her brother Bill and bought some more. Her family did their best to make Christmas Day happy. Her sister and three brothers visited, and there were lots more toys for Karen and Ann Marie; but everyone asked about Paul.

Ruthie needed Paul. A soft, dependent woman, five years younger than her husband—she was thirty-four—she loved him partly because she could lean on his broad shoulders and feel safe. She had always been looked after. As a child, even when her mother was out at work—supplementing the wages of Ruthie's father, a truck driver—Ruthie had two older brothers and an older sister to take care of her.

When she first met Paul he had ignored her.

She was secretary to a colonel; Paul was working on data processing for the army in the same building. Ruthie used to go down to the cafeteria to get coffee for the colonel, some of her friends knew some of the young officers, she sat down to talk with a group of them, and Paul was there and he ignored her. So she ignored him for a while, then all of a sudden he asked her for a date. They dated for a year and a half and then got married.

Ruthie had not wanted to go to Iran. Unlike most of the EDS wives, who had found the prospect of moving to a new country exciting, Ruthie had been highly anxious. She had never been outside the United States—Hawaii was the farthest she had ever traveled—and the Middle East seemed a weird and frightening place. Paul took her to Iran for a week in June of 1977, hoping

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August 6, 1989, Sunday, Final Edition

SECTION: OUTLOOK; PAGE B2

LENGTH: 709 words

HEADLINE: Should We Extradite Sheik Obeid?;
Despite Legal Precedent Bush Is Slow to Act

BYLINE: Steven Emerson

DATELINE: TEL AVIV

BODY:

If President Bush really wants to get tough on terrorism, he should seek a warrant for the arrest of Sheik Abdul Karim Obeid, request his extradition from Israel and put him on trial for the kidnapping and murder of Lt. Colonel William Higgins.

The legality and political precedent for such a move was established by the Reagan administration -- largely through the efforts of then-Vice President Bush. Yet paradoxically President Bush has not yet authorized any FBI effort to have Obeid arrested. And he has criticized Israel's capture of Obeid as a "kidnapping," equating it with Hezbollah's adbuction of Higgins and other Americans.

Bush didn't see things that way when he was vice president. According to intelligence sources, Bush approved two covert operations to seize Lebanese terrorists in the past four years. In October 1985, he backed an NSC plan to seize Imad Mughaniyeh, the Lebanese Shiite who is believed to have masterminded the abduction of at least six of the eight American hostages being kept in Beirut today. The covert operation called for American agents to secretly grab Mughaniyeh during one of his visits to France -- without French knowledge or approval. But the operation failed when Mughaniyeh did not travel to France as expected.

Two years later, in September 1987, Bush supported the successful U.S. operation to lure Lebanese hijacker Fawaz Yunis onto a yacht in the Mediterranean where he was arrested and brought back to the United States to stand trial. Despite Yunis's protest that he was "kidnapped" and illegally brought to America, a jury convicted him of air piracy in a trial earlier this year in Washington. Immediately following the 1987 operation, at an unpublicized meeting at the White House, Bush congratulated more than a dozen CIA agents and FBI officials for their role in the capture of Yunis. The Yunis operation was the result of 1984 anti-terrorism legislation backed by Bush and proposals developed in 1986 by Bush's Task Force on Terrorism, which urged, among other things, that terrorists be brought to the United States to stand trial for their crimes. In fact, over the past four years, according to FBI sources, more than 15 secret warrants have been issued for the arrest of international terrorists, including Imad Mughaniyeh.

Justice Department sources say that an indictment of Sheik Obeid was considered after Higgins was kidnapped but wasn't pressed for lack of

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evidence. The situation may now have changed, following Obeid's interrogation in Israel. According to Israeli and American officials, Obeid has given specific names, dates and places that reveal an intimate knowledge of Higgins' kidnapping.

U.S. courts have long ruled that international fugitives from justice can be brought back to the United States against their will as long as the method of apprehension does not "shock the conscience" of the court. In Obeid's case, anti-terrorism and law enforcement officials believe strongly that the double threshold has been met for justification of an arrest warrant and an extradition to stick legally. The evidence provided by Obeid, say FBI officials, is sufficient to support his extradition to the United States, pending further investigation that could lead to an indictment for the kidnapping and murder of Higgins. The method of his capture by Israel, they say, was no more brutal than the arrest of Yunis. Law enforcement officials say that although the FBI has been eager to initiate the arrest and extradition of Obeid, President Bush and his NSC advisers have so far rejected any serious consideration of this option.

That's unfortunate. The arrest option makes sense as an alternative to military retaliation. And the evidence suggests that besides bringing individual terrorists to justice, it deters their fellow terrorists: Following the arrest of Yunis, American intelligence detected that international terrorists restricted their movements abroad. The arrest option shows that democracies can fight terrorists on our terms -- the terms of law.

Steven Emerson is senior editor at U.S. News and World Report, specializing in national security affairs. He is the author of "Secret Warriors: Inside the Covert Military Operations of the Reagan Era."

TYPE:
FEATURE

SUBJECT:
ISRAEL; TERRORISM; EXTRADITION; KIDNAPPING

ORGANIZATION:
HEZBOLLAH

NAMED-PERSONS:
GEORGE BUSH; ABDUL KARIM OBEID; WILLIAM R. HIGGINS

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THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

MEMORANDUM

TO: General Scowcroft

FROM: JOSEPH W. HAGIN

SUBJECT: APPROVED PRESIDENTIAL ACTIVITY

EVENT: Drop By the Patrick Henry Foundation's Dinner

DATE: May 23, 1990

TIME: 8:15 p.m.

DURATION: 20 minutes

LOCATION: Capitol Hilton

ATTIRE: Business suit

REMARKS REQUIRED: Brief Remarks

MEDIA COVERAGE: Open Photo

FIRST LADY PARTICIPATION: Is Invited

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION:

Don Pilling
6923

CONTACT: _____, _____

TELEPHONE: **OFFICE** _____ **HOME** _____

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LRF 5/16/90

PATRICK HENRY MEMORIAL FOUNDATION DINNER
CAPITOL HILTON \ WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1990 \ 8:15 P.M.

THANK YOU, MAJOR MEADOWS. YOU KNOW, I'VE BEEN INTRODUCED BY HEADS OF STATE, MEMBERS OF CONGRESS, AND LEADERS OF EVERY KIND FROM AROUND THE WORLD. BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN MORE HONORED THAN I AM TONIGHT -- BEING INTRODUCED BY MAJOR RICHARD MEADOWS. \\

ROSS PEROT, ERVIN WALKER; MEMBERS OF CONGRESS, TRUSTEES, FRIENDS OF THE FOUNDATION, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: IT'S AN HONOR TO BE WITH YOU TONIGHT.

THIS FOUNDATION IS A CELEBRATION OF THE AMERICAN SPIRIT. AND IT'S A FITTING TRIBUTE TO THE FRIENDS OF FREEDOM -- BECAUSE IT KEEPS ALIVE IN OUR HEARTS AND MINDS THE REAL MEANING OF PATRIOTISM. THE TRUE COLORS OF COURAGE.

MANY SEE PATRIOTISM AS A FLAG IN THE BREEZE, VOICES RAISED IN SONG, A PARADE PASSING BY IN THE SUNSHINE. IT IS ALL OF THOSE THINGS, SHARED BY ALL OF US. BUT IT IS MORE.

FOR SOME, PATRIOTISM IS AN ACHING AND PRIVATE BURDEN -- A SILENT EMPTINESS THAT WORDS WILL NEVER FILL. ALL OF YOU HERE TONIGHT UNDERSTAND THAT: ADMIRAL BILL LAWRENCE, SIX YEARS A POW IN VIETNAM. MAJOR ROBIN HIGGINS, THE WIFE OF COLONEL RICH HIGGINS. THE PARENTS OF LT. JOHN CONNORS, A NAVY SEAL KILLED IN PANAMA. MEN LIKE SERGEANT MICHAEL PAGE, WOUNDED IN THE BEIRUT BARRACKS ATTACK.

WE SINGLE OUT THE FEW, BECAUSE THEY REPRESENT ALL OF YOU. AND THEY STAND AS TESTAMENTS TO THE POWER OF AN IDEA: THAT THERE ARE AMONG US MEN AND WOMEN SO DEVOTED TO THE IDEAL OF LIBERTY, THAT ITS PRESERVATION BECOMES MORE PRECIOUS THAN LIFE.

IT IS UPON MILLIONS OF SUCH INDIVIDUAL CHOICES -- THROUGH A BRILLIANT MOSAIC OF COURAGEOUS DECISIONS MADE FOR THE COLLECTIVE GOOD -- THAT AMERICA SHOULDERS THE TRUE COLORS OF LIBERTY.

TONIGHT, WE'VE GATHERED TO HONOR AN AMERICAN WHOSE LIFE HAS BEEN DEFINED BY THOSE DECISIONS -- AND DEVOTED TO ALL WHO MAKE THEM. ONE OF FREEDOM'S GREAT FRIENDS: H. ROSS PEROT. \\

YOU KNOW, THEY SAY THAT ART IMITATES LIFE. IN ROSS PEROT'S CASE, T.V. DOCU-DRAMAS IMITATE HIM. \\

HE'S A MAN WHO CAN'T RESIST A CHALLENGE -- SOMEBODY THAT JUST ABOUT NOBODY CAN SAY "NO" TO. HIS SUCCESSFUL RESCUE IN 1979 OF TWO OF HIS FIRM'S EMPLOYEES TAKEN HOSTAGE IN IRAN HAS BECOME A MODERN LEGEND.

HIS ENDURING SUPPORT OF THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO WEAR THE UNIFORM OF THE UNITED STATES HAS BEEN MORE THAN MATCHED BY HIS COMMITMENT TO THE WAR ON ILLEGAL DRUGS HERE AT HOME. AND HE'S BEEN AN OUTSTANDING ADVOCATE OF FAR-REACHING REFORM IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

SO I'D LIKE TO COMMEND THE PATRICK HENRY FOUNDATION, AND JOIN ALL OF YOU, IN HONORING THIS MAN. MANY CELEBRATE FREEDOM. MANY REAP ITS BLESSINGS.

BUT THOSE WHO FREELY BEAR ITS BURDEN, WE CALL HEROES -- AND ROSS PEROT IS ONE OF THEM.

THANK YOU. AND GOD BLESS YOU ALL.

# # #