

MEMORANDUM

To: Ken Follett
From: Bill Gayden
Subject: ARRIVAL IN DALLAS

1. As the plane touched down in Dallas.

By the time we arrived in Dallas I was bone tired. The previous day had been long and tedious (as you are aware) and we had gotten little sleep the night before. I tried to sleep on the plane but just couldn't manage to doze off. I kept taking aspirin to ward off a miserable headache.

I was aware something was going to happen in Dallas on our arrival and was a little mad about it. I was tired of being told to do this and do that by Iranian revolutionists, various immigration officials, EDS employees, and Perot. I was ready to go home and get away from it all.

When we left Iran, I had packed a clean pair of jeans, shirt and underwear in my briefcase; so I was pretty well dressed compared to the other guys having bathed, shaved and changed clothes in London.

On arrival in Dallas, things seemed to be well organized as we breezed through customs and immigration without even showing our passports. We were all concerned about [REDACTED] but someone seemed to have taken him off somewhere and we were being hurried along by our people. As we came out of customs, I was a little surprised not to see Cynthia and the kids but we were hustled out of the airport and toward a bus where I first saw my family.

As I got on the bus, I saw Cynthia and the girls. Much joy, talking, hugging and kissing! I had a gold chain necklace I picked up in Tehran and I gave it to Cynthia on the bus. Cynthia was wearing a skirt and blouse and the girls were in jeans and sweaters. I really don't remember much conversation as there were other families on the bus and we were all saying hello and talking to each other. I am not very demonstrative in such situations, but I was damn glad to be with my family!

When I walked into the Concorde Room.

I thought we were going to take the bus into Dallas and really didn't know different until we went a few yards and stopped. I just wanted to go home and couldn't understand what was going on.

When we walked into the Concorde Room, I couldn't believe the number of people. I don't remember alot of the people today, but there were many familiar faces. Many of the people were old timers who I had known for my

Rashid

entire career. Since I had spent so much time on the phone with him, I do remember seeing Tom Walter and his wife, Jean. There were several signs in the room welcoming us home.

We walked through the room to the front amid loud cheering, clapping, hand shaking and personal comments from friends. I really don't like situations like that so I moved to the back behind a wall by the podium and talked to Tom Marquez as Ross talked and asked each of us to come forward and talk. I really don't remember much of what was said by each of us, but the gist of it was how happy we were to work for a company like EDS that would make the effort for its people.

Being tired to begin with, things seemed to go on forever. I am sure it didn't take more than 30-40 minutes.

As the meeting broke up, Tom Walter asked if I wanted a ride home.

That evening.

Tom and Jean Walter drove Cynthia, the kids and me home. They came in for a few drinks. We spent about two hours of my recounting the events of the trip and answering questions. I think it was about 11-12 o'clock when they left.

Ross wanted us to be at the office the next day, so I took a shower and went to bed.

I don't remember any specific thoughts, but I am sure they were about being home and in surroundings that were familiar and that I understood. I was glad to be out of an environment that I didn't understand, wasn't specifically equipped to handle, and could have easily gone the other way.

Ken, events happened too fast to have any real emotions develop. I really got scared some months later when the hostages were taken. I keep thinking what could have happened to us since we did not have any official standing or the weight of public opinion that situation created.

Ken, this may not be all you wanted but it is the best I can do after three and a half years. I hope it is helpful and I look forward to your book.