

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

After about five minutes of questioning,

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

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