

One or two of the first-class passengers were in the lounge, despite the unsavoury appearance of Mr Perot's party; but when this villainous-looking crowd spread out several hundred thousand dollars in cash on the floor the other passengers vanished in about five seconds flat.

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The chief steward said: 'Mr Perot, sir, some of the passengers are asking whether your party are going to have a word and reassure everyone.'

'Sure,' said Perot. He introduced himself - most of them - and telling the story.

They played one last trick on him.

While he was collecting the money he dropped three bundles of ten thousand dollars each, and the steward picked them up.

The accounting came out wrong of course. Taylor racked his brains to try to figure out where the other thirty thousand dollars could have gone.

Finally Bill confessed.

Taylor did not think it was funny.

That made them laugh all over again.

When Jay Coburn came through the airport, Merv Stauffer handed him an envelope containing Coburn's wedding ring, which he had left behind when he went to Tehran.

Coburn just thought that was a hell of a thoughtful thing for Merv to do.

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① There was a technical problem with the movie projector on the plane.

So Rasid and other people started marking on it so they could see the rest of the movie.

② Ross took Rashid by a window and shamed him the Country as they approached D.F.W.

③ when the plane landed, doors remained closed until a lady came on board and asked "where is the man?" and Ross shamed her Rashid. OVER ->

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It seemed to Paul that they went through customs and immigration very quickly, as if someone had smoothed the way.

An FDS employee whom he vaguely recognised took his arm, saying: 'Come this way - we want to keep you away from the press.'

They went straight out of the airport and got on a bus. Paul wondered where the bus would take him - then he saw them: Ruthie, Karen, and Ann Marie, standing in the aisle waiting for him.

Ann Marie got to him first. He swept her up in his arms and squeezed her as tightly as he could, remembering all the times he had wondered whether he would ever see his little girl again.

Karen was too big to pick up, but he squeezed her just as hard.

Finally he got to his biggest little girl. He put his arms around her and kissed her long and hard.

He had almost forgotten how good it was.

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Bill got on the bus and saw the four children: Vickie, Jacquelyn, Janie and Christopher. The last he had seen of Christopher was the photograph Keane Taylor had brought into the jail, of Christopher standing in front of the Christman tree.

Well, this was better than Christmas.

He kissed them all. Exactly seven days ago he had felt angry because he thought he was about to die and he would miss watching them growing up.

He took Emily in his arms and said: 'It's over.'

'You look marvellous,' she said.

Bill knew he looked absolutely terrible. He said: 'I love you.'

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The bus started to move, but it did not go far. It stopped again a few yards away, at a different gate, and they were all ushered back into the airport and led to a door marked Concorde Room.

Paul walked in first, with Karen on one side and Ann Marie on the other; and three hundred people rose to their feet and clapped. Paul looked around, and realised that all his friends, including most of EDS's employees in Dallas, had come to the airport to welcome him back. They all looked so jubilant, so happy. Oddly enough, it made him feel very humble.

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Simons leaned over and spoke in Perot's ear. 'Remember you offered to pay me?'

'I sure do,' Perot said. He would not forget it: when Simons gave you an icy look, you froze.

'Look at them' Simons said.

Perot, still applauding, looked at Paul walking toward him with Karen and Ann Marie.

Simons said: 'I just got paid.'

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Simons listened while Perot, bursting with pride, told the story of the rescue to the hundreds of people in the Concorde Room, When he had

finished he said: 'And now I'd like Colonel Simons to say a few words.'

And introduced all the members.

Simons stood up. 'I'm very proud to have been part of this team,'

he said, then he sat down again.

They applauded all over again. Simons looked at them: the Gaylords, the Chiapparones, Keane Taylor and his wife and children, Ron Davis and Marva who was pregnant, tall Boulware, short Howell, jovial Gayden: happy people, happy families, lucky people.

Simons had had a family around him, once. Now Bruce was in Alaska, Harry was on a boat in the Gulf of Mexico, and Lucille ...

He wondered whether he would ever see Anita Melton, the stewardess, again.

He did.

But that's another story.

He called Rashid next to him and said "[Illegible], 140 pounds with 40 [illegible] brain."

And introduced all the members.

He called Rashid next to him and said: 'A man, 140 Pounds with brain'

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

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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.

MEMORANDUM

TO: Ken Follett
FROM: Paul Chiapparone
DATE: October 13, 1982

The following is an account of our arrival back in Dallas:

As the plane touched down on the DFW runway, I couldn't help but think to myself that we were finally home. I had spent 46 days in jail dreaming about this particular moment. I did not drink on the flight to Dallas although I ate an excellent meal. I was able to shower and shave at the hotel we stayed at in London. I hadn't slept very much in the last couple of days. I remember getting a few hours of sleep on the plane from Istanbul to Frankfurt, Germany, and prior to that I hadn't slept very much on the overland trip. The last good night sleep I got, if you can call it good, was the last night I spent in jail.

When we landed, I was wearing a beige turtleneck sweater with a pair of dungarees and a blue jacket. I believe most of my entire clothes (including my underwear) belonged to Jim Schwebach. I remember Jim giving me some clean clothes to wear once we had gotten to Istanbul. (The dungarees belonged to Keane, he gave them to me while I was in jail).

The thing I looked forward to the most was getting back to a normal life. I was prepared to go to work the next day. The second thing I looked forward to the most, was being again part of the American way, that is living in a society where people can't throw someone in jail without a reason. (And a good one)!

I was looking forward to being reunited with my family. This was foremost over everything else. As I indicated when we were together, I had put by family out of my mind during the time I was in jail, allowing me to better cope with the situation. Since arriving in Istanbul, where I had an opportunity to talk with Ruthie for the first time, I started thinking more and more about being with them and living a normal life again. I first saw my family as I boarded the bus when we landed at DFW. The bus was a great idea, in that it provided a degree of privacy for some very special moments. As I boarded the bus, there were a number of people on the bus, but I remember seeing Ruthie, Karen and Ann Marie. The first thing that I said to my wife was, "How are you?" There was feeling expressed in ways other than words. The only thing I can say in response to the question of how did I feel when I kissed my wife, would be, absolutely FANTASTIC! During moments of great happiness, I normally don't say much. I feel mellow inside and usually smile alot. This was the moment of greatest happiness in my entire life. I can't think of another event that has ever or will ever match seeing my family in Dallas.

Memo to Ken Follett

October 13, 1982

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When I walked into the Concorde Room, I felt really good seeing all those people, most of whom I knew. I remember thinking, this is a Sunday and the weather outside was bad and it was great that all of these people would show up. In particular, David Behne, who I have known for 16 years. We both joined EDS at the same time, he in Dallas and me in New York. He later told me he had an accident on the way to the airport and told the other party that he didn't have time to fill out the paperwork, he had to go to the airport for something very important, they wouldn't understand but he would get back to them later. That is a true friend.

My reaction to the speeches were that Ross did a superb job as usual. This was the first time that I had heard Colonel Simons speak formally. I was quite surprised that Colonel Simons was able to articulate in a very professional manner the message he wanted to convey. He spent alot of time talking about EDS and what a fine company it was. I felt proud to be a member of EDS. During this time, I was holding Ann Marie in my arms and I remember I kept putting her down and picking her up because I felt quite tired and it was hot. On the way out of the Concorde Room, I was carrying Ann Marie and had Karen next to me and Ruthie was walking behind me and the press was trying to interview us and I remember telling them that I was quite tired and would talk to them tomorrow.

That night we went to the Nyfeler's house where we spent the evening. I don't remember very much about that evening except being extremely tired. We were about to move into our house that next day. The movers were coming early so I had a sandwich and a soda and went to bed quite early. That night Ruthie told me that she thought she would never see me again, and I told her that my feelings had been through it all we would find a way to get out. I never really lost faith in our ability to do that. That driving force is something Ross has instilled in me over the last 16 years that I have worked for him. If you are patient and very creative, you can always come out a winner and the word NO is one you shouldn't spend a lot of time thinking about. I believe that message even more today.

PJC/jaf

MEMORANDUM

TO: Merv Stauffer

FROM: Jim Schwebach 

DATE: October 14, 1982

Enclosed is the narrative requested in Ross' memo of October 7. I've attempted to answer all of Ken's questions within the piece, but some things either didn't apply or were no longer in memory.

Hope this helps, if you need anything else, please give me a call.

The Return

Riding the chartered bus from Heathrow to Gatwick, we heard on the news that China had invaded North Vietnam. Someone made the comment that that was our next assignment. Colonel Simons allowed as how we could be dropped between the two armies so that no matter which way we fired, we'd be right.

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The flight to Dallas was long, or at least it seemed that way. I spent some time talking with Sculley about what we'd done, what we'd learned, and what we could do with that experience. EDS was still doing business in the Middle East and was expanding into the Far Eastern market. Neither of those areas are noted for long term stability, and we thought that the Sunshine Boys, or a group like them, might come in handy in the future. Not as a standing force, but rather as a group of individuals identified as having the necessary skills and willingness to operate in adverse situations. In addition to their usual EDS duties, they would gather and study information on the areas of the world where the company did business, learn languages, keep up their proficiencies with weapons, and stand ready. The more we talked, the more the idea began to sound like a long term solution to a one time problem, and the conversation moved to other things.

A couple of bourbons and a forgettable airline meal later, I dozed off and didn't wake up until we were on final for DFW. I knew most of the wives were staying in or near Dallas and expected that they'd meet the plane. Rachel was in Wisconsin with my parents and I didn't think she'd be there. I was looking forward to getting some real sleep and hopping a plane for the north woods the next day. I had a new assignment lined up in Green Bay, one that I was to have signed in at on January 5th. I was a month and a half late and they were probably wondering where the hell I was. I thought I'd be able to spend a couple of days with Rachel and the kids and then go back to work. Let's get off the plane.

As we lined up to clear customs we could see other EDS`ers waiting on the far side of the gate. As team members came through an escort would meet them and they`d leave the terminal. As I came through, Dave Marsden, who`d been a jeep club member in Tehran, came over, grabbed my bag, and hustled me out the door.

``Get on the bus, someone wants to see you``.

Halfway down the bus, on the left side, was Rachel. I remember thinking how blue her eyes were, and that she smelled good.

Bill Gaylord got on shortly after I did. During his reunion with his family it got awful quiet on that bus. I looked at Rachel, she was crying.

Someone stood up in front and told us we`d be going to another terminal where we were to meet some people. I figured on a cheese and crackers reception with the folks that supported us from Dallas. I was more than a little surprised when we walked into the room and it was packed. There were the Bartzes, HB and Marianne, whom we`d known before Iran at the account in Green Bay, Marilyn and Marshal Khonsandi, I`d shared an office with Marilyn in Tehran, the Marsden`s and a room full of people who evidently cared a lot. Ross spoke, telling the story and introducing each of the team members. I remember thinking that the telling always sounds different than the doing, no matter how detailed the recounting. When the Colonel had spoken, very briefly, it was over. We got the word that there were reporters outside the room and that, because there was to be a press conference the following day, we were to avoid them. I found the back way out and Rachel and I ducked out. In the hallway, a reporter stopped us and asked if I knew what was going on in the Concorde Room. I told her no, maybe she should ask the big guys standing by the door. Back on the bus, quick.

Reservations had been made for us at the Hilton, and, like everything else that was done for us in Dallas, it was first class. Flowers for Rachel and all. A call came in from the car rental agency explaining that all they could arrange was a new Thunderbird and would that be satisfactory. I`d been driving a 1949 jeep for the last two years in Tehran, I told them a Thunderbird would be just fine.

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That night Rachel and I went to dinner at Trader Vic's. I'd met Rachel in Hawaii twice during my tours in Viet Nam and the Hawaiian atmosphere seemed appropriate for this reunion too. I broke with tradition by ordering a rum concoction for two instead of the usual bourbon. The drink, actually a bowl with two straws, came and Rachel and I talked about the last six weeks. She had never believed the cover story about the ``study in Europe`` and a number of things had happened to indicate she was right. She'd received flowers on Valentine's Day - from a husband who doesn't send flowers, I'd called her from London while Pat and I were there. She'd asked if I'd seen Ron Fisher, an old friend from Tehran. When I said no she knew something was up, Ron and I would have surely taken an opportunity to raise a little dust. Over the time we'd been married there had been plenty of times when I'd been gone and she didn't know exactly where. She was pleased that this time she'd figured it out. It was a very pleasant evening, one of the good times.

The next morning I got back into the clothes I'd been wearing since we left London, grey slacks and a plaid shirt over a turtleneck. The rest of my clothes had been lent to the other guys on the team or were too dirty to wear. I made up a laundry bundle, had breakfast and left for Forest Lane.

In a small office next to Ross's on the seventh floor Merv Stauffer, Tom Marques, Tom Walter, Colonel Simons, (Paul may also have been there) Pat Sculley and I met to come up with recommendations for Ross' statement to the press. The Colonel was concerned that too much information might place Paul and Bill, and possibly ^{Rashid} [REDACTED], in jeopardy of retaliation by the Iranians. It was decided to recommend that the team's part in the instigation of the riot be downplayed and to treat the whole escape as just a question of having the right people in the right place at the right time. Ross' reaction as typical. Rashid [REDACTED] protection was a given, but the team in Tehran had gotten Paul and Bill out and they'd get full credit, period.

At the press conference, later in the morning, Ross said, responding to a reporter's question, that lots of money was the best equipment for this sort of operation. Sitting there, I agreed, and listed the other ingredients in my mind. Success was composed of a combination of Ross, the Colonel, EDS, the team, and guts.

MEMORANDUM

TO: KEN FOLLETT
FROM: RUTH CHIAPPARONE
DATE: OCTOBER 14, 1982

Sunday

The morning seemed to drag on and on. The girls and I were eagerly looking forward to the time to leave for the airport. We spent some time getting dressed and doing our hair and then the girls watched TV. Karen and Ann Marie decided to wear their red plaid skirts that we had bought in London. Karen's hair was longer and she wanted to surprise Paul since she had always worn it short. I wore my brown dress with a cream turtleneck underneath, brown boots and beige coat. I nervously paced back and forth watching the clock only to receive a call saying the plane was delayed a few hours.

The time finally arrived for us to leave for the airport. Jim Nyfeler took his children and Karen and Ann Marie in one car and I went with Cathy and a fellow from EDS who did the driving. We arrived at the airport and went to the gate to be met by Tom Marquez, who escorted us out to a bus. Now I paced the bus and chatted with the other wives.

At last the plane arrived and I saw Paul smiling outside the bus window. He boarded the bus and we hugged and kissed and asked how I was, and then he kissed the girls and gave them each a hug and squeeze. They both said "Hi Dad." Paul asked how they were and what they had been doing. The bus was alive with everyone hugging and kissing and joking.

The bus proceeded to another gate and we all departed for the reception. I remember meeting Jean Walter and hugging her and making small talk about this day finally happening. Paul was walking with Karen and holding Ann Marie and we met ██████████ ^{Rashid} and gave him a hug and kiss -- not knowing the whole story about him at this point.

We went into the reception room and were amazed at how many people had come to welcome the men home. I recognized some of the faces. I remember David Behne walking through the maze of people to hug Paul. Everyone was

Ken Follett
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clapping as the men filed into the room with their families. I remember being warm with the heavy winter coat on. I remember some of the speeches and at last was able to meet Colonel Simons. The men all looked great despite their rough appearance.

After the reception we all went back to the Nyfelters and Jim went out and bought McDonald's hamburgers -- the girls favorite. We watched the news to see if Paul had made the news -- he didn't. The Nyfelters went to a hotel, since EDS was anticipating reporters and we stayed in their house. The girls kissed and hugged their dad and went to bed since tomorrow we were moving into our new house. My fear was that I would have to move in without Paul and wait for him for how long.

Paul and I went to bed. The long sleepless nights were finally over.

E. D. SYSTEMS CORPORATION

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA 19106

320 LAFAYETTE BUILDING
5TH AND CHESTNUT STREETS
(215) 922-6330MEMORANDUM

TO: Ross Perot
FROM: Ron Davis
DATE: October 15, 1982

As the Plane Touched Down on the DFW Runway -

As the plane started to descend, my heart began to pound rapidly. I could not determine if the feeling was as a result of lack of sleep or anxiety. The night of the emergency landing, we were able to get only four (4) hours sleep before having to catch the Braniff flight into DFW. Prior to that night, I had not slept for about a day and a half.

I would have felt worse, had it not been for the delicious first class meal that was served on the plane, and, topped off with my favorite spirits (Corvossier Cognac). I cannot remember the last time I had shaved and showered. It seemed so unimportant. My best recollection would be seven days. At one time, the flannel shirt and jeans began to smell somewhat foul, however, as time passed, so did the smell. The white trench coat I was wearing had become dark grey.

As we came closer to the runway, I turned to Jay Coburn and asked, "What will we do for a living now." Jay smiled and said, "I don't know, Ron." My mind began to drift. Then, I remembered that Marva had conceived and should be about three (3) months pregnant. I thought about how nice that was and how wonderful it would be to see her again. She had always been so understanding and trusting (never questioned what was going on); she knew it had something to do with Mr. Perot, so everything would be OK. I had not seen Marva except for two weeks in the last two months, so I did not know how she would look (being pregnant).

I really had a craving for a coke in the can from a gas station machine and Kentucky Fried Chicken.

When I First Saw My Family -

After landing, someone notified the passengers that the EDS team would be the first to get off. I really didn't know if the FBI or some Law Enforcement group was awaiting or not. However, we were shown a route (between the ropes) that had been provided for segregation purposes. Because of the

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previous training from the Colonel (for me, to always be first over the wall, etc.). I had become accustomed to get in front of all the others, so, I was one of the first members off the plane. The first person I saw and recognized was John Murphy (who had worked in Iran) then, EDS Security and that is when I began to feel a little more secure. Then there were many familiar faces and everything seemed a bit more organized. Sponsors had been assigned and were taking each team member to a specific area.

My sponsor led me to an awaiting Mercedes Benz bus . . . and there she was . . ., it was Marva. As I approached her, there were other wives and family members greeting me and shaking hands, crying, but my mind was strictly on Marva. Her eyes were glassy and we hugged for a long time. It was the first time since our wedding that I saw her cry. I could not decide what to do. I found myself looking for the team members, then returning to Marva. (It seemed as if I did not want to lose sight of them).

Then, as I looked around, I saw Paul and Bill reunited with their families and that is when it hit me what we had done. I saw Mr. Perot and the Colonel standing, shaking hands and I got emotional. I knew it was all over.

When I walked into the Concorde Room and Saw 1,000 People Waiting to Welcome Me -

I recognized many faces in the crowd, but I did not speak nor did I look at them for any length of time. I was not sure if they recognized me because I was a mess. Dirty clothes, unshaven, red eyes, and an odor. Mr. Perot has always been a good speaker; his speech brought cheers from the crowd. The speech was short and sweet; he introduced the team (probably because he wasn't sure if the crowd recognized anyone).

I was thinking, after the speech, where do I go? Where is home? Where has my wife been living, in Dallas? Was she still living in the EDS apartment or had some of our friends taken her into their homes?

That Evening -

After the speech, Ralph Boulware informed me that we had been invited to dinner at Terry Meyers home, another EDS employee. We had some beautiful steaks and drank scotch and sodas and spent the rest of the evening talking. It was late when we went to bed; I had fallen asleep on the floor in front of the fireplace while the others continued talking and laughing. Marva touched me gently and said, "Ron, wakeup honey, let's go home." I said, "Where is that?" Marva replied, "We are staying with the Boulwares."

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My last thoughts before going to bed, my mother or noone would never know or understand what had just taken place in my life.

I wonder, what will I do next? Can I sit behind a desk? Where will I work, in what state, city or country? Will I be successful? Will Marva and I have a boy or a girl? What happens now?

Ron Davis