

**HUGHES & HILL**

1000 MERCANTILE DALLAS BUILDING  
DALLAS, TEXAS 75201

(214) 760-5500  
TELECOPIER (214) 651-0561  
TELEX 730836

AUSTIN OFFICE  
1500 UNITED BANK TOWER  
AUSTIN, TEXAS 78701  
(512) 474-6050  
TELECOPIER (512) 474-4258

WRITER'S DIRECT DIAL NUMBER

760-5461

October 19, 1982

Mr. Mervin L. Stauffer  
Electronic Data Systems  
Corporation  
7171 Forest Lane  
Dallas, Texas 75230

Re: The Bull and The Peacock

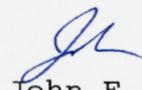
Dear Merv:

In connection with the above-referenced matter, enclosed for forwarding to Ken Follett are:

- (1) A Memorandum setting forth my recollections relating to our arrival in Dallas, as requested by Ross' Memorandum of October 7, 1982.
- (2) A Release executed by me, as requested by your letter of October 12, 1982.

I hope my delay in getting this to you did not unduly inconvenience you or upset the schedule. Please let me know if I can be of any further assistance.

Very truly yours,



John E. Howell

JEH:mks  
Enclosures

MEMORANDUM

TO: Ken Follett  
FROM: John Howell  
DATE: October 18, 1982  
RE: Arrival in Dallas

---

As requested in your 11 August 82 letter to Ross, set forth below, in roughly the format of answers to the questions raised in your letter, are my recollections relating to our arrival in Dallas:

1. As the plane touched down on the DFW runway:

I was very tired, but somewhat "hyper" from operating on nervous energy, when we arrived in Dallas on Sunday afternoon. My last sleep of any significance had been on Thursday night at Lou Goelz's home in Tehran — and even that wasn't much since Bob Young, Joe Poche and I spent a good part of that night destroying references to Chiapparone and Gaylord in our possession, rehearsing our story if we got picked up, and otherwise preparing for the evacuation flight on Saturday. We checked in at the U.S. Embassy on Friday and spent Friday night being processed for the flight and just sitting around listening to sporadic gunfire and waiting to leave for the airport on Saturday morning. Saturday, of course, was spent in the bus ride to the airport, waiting through the passport checks and other hassels at the airport, and finally flying to Frankfurt. As you know, after we made the emergency landing in London, we checked into a motel and got a couple of hours of sleep before getting up to eat breakfast and travel to Gatwick for the Braniff flight to Dallas. The breakfast was a typical English breakfast — poorly cooked eggs and greasy bacon —served buffet style. However, on the plane we had the usual extravagant international first class meal service, including tea shortly before arrival in Dallas. I do not remember very much drinking on the plane — either by me or anybody else — since, after all, it was the middle of the day. That morning at the motel I had taken a shower and had also shaved, although I had to borrow a razor from Bob Young to do so since the marauders at the hotel in Tehran had taken my toilet kit. I was wearing the same clothes that I had been wearing at least since Friday morning and I believe since Tuesday morning -- brown corduroy pants, a long sleeved sport shirt, and a navy blue V-necked pullover sweater.

When the plane landed in Dallas, I was looking forward most to a quiet time to relax with my wife and get reacquainted with my son, who was than 10 1/2 months old and had learned to walk while I was away. I was also looking forward to returning to a regular routine of living in my own home, going to work, eating home cooked meals, etc.

2. When I first saw my family:

As we got off the plane in Dallas, we were sort of whisked through customs and directed to buses waiting outside the terminal. I found this somewhat disconcerting, just as I had found disconcerting the airplane transfer in Frankfurt where we had come off the evacuation flight only to be shunted down the next boarding gate to the infamous 707. I suppose that in both cases I was subconsciously ready to reassume control over my life and start acting normally — such as taking a taxi home from DFW — when I suddenly found myself being swept along by events which I had not anticipated and over which I had no control.

I believe that I was one of the first to board the bus to which I was directed outside the terminal and as I came up the steps I saw my wife, Angela, and my son, Michael, on my right (the left side of the bus) right behind the driver. (Remember, it was a U.S. bus, not an English bus.) I believe that Tom Luce may have also been on the bus, but I don't remember seeing him there. I believe that the first thing I said to my wife was something fairly nondescript such as, "Hi. How are you?" and that she replied with something equally exciting like "Hi. We're glad that you're back." I believe that I then picked up Michael and said, "Hi, Michael. Do you remember your daddy?" He didn't answer, since he wasn't speaking yet, but he did smile and give me a hug. Angie was wearing a khaki skirt with a red plaid blouse and a red sweater and Michael had on blue jeans and a red, white and blue striped rugby shirt. After our initial greetings, I started introducing Angela to some of the other people on the bus, many of whom she had never met before. As I remember, we were all smiling, but there was not a lot of laughing. There may have been a few tears in Angela's eyes, but no real crying or weeping. When I kissed Angie, which I did shortly after getting on the bus, I felt very warm and loving toward her and very glad to have my arms around her, although it was somewhat awkward trying to engage in a loving embrace in front of a bus seat. However, my apparent enthusiasm was perhaps more restrained than it might otherwise have been because of a couple of factors. First, I am pretty much a private person who is fairly reserved by nature and am not given to wildly demonstrative displays of affection in public, such as in front of a bus load of people. Second, as mentioned above, I was somewhat disconcerted by the nature of our arrival and the attention it had attracted and so was, therefore, somewhat tentative.

3. When I first walked into the Concorde Room and saw a thousand people waiting to welcome us:

I recognized a good many faces in the crowd, but have a hard time remembering which particular ones were there. In addition to Tom Luce and his wife, Pam, I remember that John Castle of our law firm was there along with his wife, Dorothy, and daughter, Amy. John Castle's secretary, Toni Williams, and her husband, who were good friends of ours, were also there. Toni and Amy, both of whom doted on Michael, had made a banner that said "WELCOME HOME DADDY JOHN" which was hung on the wall. Many EDS people with whom I had worked were there, but the only one I specifically remember is Ken Riedlinger, who was then into photography and was in the back standing on a chair taking lots of pictures. To my disappointment, I did not get much chance to visit with my friends there. Angela and I were among the first to enter the room and we went across the front of the crowd to the podium from which the speeches were given and then faded back into the background behind a bar at the end of the room. I do not recall much of the speeches. I remember that Ross introduced ██████████ and explained that, in order to

Rashid

protect him from possible retribution, his identity and participation would have to be kept confidential. As I remember, Col. Simons' comments were pretty brief, but I do not remember the content — I was more involved with holding my son and looking around the room. I don't remember the speeches as being particularly long, but they were longer than I would have liked because, as I indicated previously, I would have preferred more time to visit with the people there. After the "ceremonies" were concluded, the group broke up pretty quickly and we went out to Tom Luce's car so that he and his wife could take us to our home.

4. That evening:

When we got to our home, I discovered that Angela, primarily at the urging of some of our friends, had planned a party to welcome me back. Our small house (2 bedrooms, 1 bath) was pretty much awash with people, primarily from our law firm. In addition to the Luces, Castles, and Williams who had been at the Concorde Room, I remember that my secretary, Pam Snyder, and her husband were there. I also remember that during the party Vester Hughes called John Hill, who had joined the firm on January 1, 1979, making the firm name Hughes & Hill, so that John (who was in Austin, I believe) could welcome me back. During the party, Vester saw Angela's wall calendar on which she had written for that day "John came home!" and he added "Thank the Lord!"

There was a case of cheap champagne and a variety of chips, dips, etc. for snacking at the party. Other than that, I do not believe that I ate dinner that evening. I enjoyed the party since, unlike at the Concorde Room, I had a chance to visit with the people there and it was a fairly festive occasion. However, I was running out of nervous energy and was pretty exhausted by the time people left around 10:00 p.m. or so. After a minimum of cleaning up, Angie and I went to bed and my last thoughts in the very brief period of time before I was fast asleep was that it felt awfully good to be in my own bed cuddled close to my wife.

**MERVIN L. STAUFFER**

7171 FOREST LANE

DALLAS, TEXAS 75230

October 26, 1982

Mr. Ken Follett  
Tancreds Ford  
Tilford  
Surrey GU102AJ  
England  
Runfolo (02518) 3628

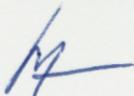
Dear Ken:

As of this moment I do not have comments from Joe Poche, Jay Coburn or Bob Young.

Coburn has assured me that he will have his ready by Friday. Bob Young is in Saudi Arabia and has indicated that his comments are in a pouch between Saudi and Dallas. I do not have a commitment from Joe.

While waiting for the above three I felt it may be helpful for you to have the comments that had been prepared. I am enclosing comments from Ron Davis, Bill Gaylord, Emily Gaylord, John Howell, Jim Schwebach, Paul Chiapparone, Ruth Chiapparone, and Glen Jackson.

Sincerely,



Mervin L. Stauffer

MLS/ck

Enclosure

**MERVIN L. STAUFFER**  
7171 FOREST LANE  
DALLAS, TEXAS 75230

November 4, 1982

Mr. Ken Follett  
Tancreds Ford  
Tilford  
Surrey GU102AJ  
England  
Runfolo (02518) 3628

Dear Ken:

Enclosed are the comments made by Jay Coburn and Bob Young.

I have still not received comments from Joe Poche. I talked with Joe about it and he assured me he would get it done. As soon as I have his comments I will forward them to you.

Sincerely,

Mervin L. Stauffer

MLS/ck

Enclosure

*Joe's just arrived. Am enclosing his, too!*  
*M*

Joe's just arrived. Am enclosing his, too!  
M -

MEMORANDUM

TO: Ross Perot  
FROM: Bob Young *Bob*  
SUBJECT: Responses to Ken Follett's Questions  
DATE: October 26, 1982

---

Please find attached my responses to Ken Follett's questions regarding the arrival at Dallas/Fort Worth Airport coming home from Iran.

RAY:ljs

ATTACHMENT

Robert A. Young  
October 26, 1982

AS THE PLANE TOUCHED DOWN AT DALLAS/FORT WORTH AIRPORT ...

I was extremely tired. Like most of the group, I was too excited to sleep on the plane from London. I had slept for about two hours at the hotel at Heathrow after our emergency landing early Sunday morning. Prior to that I had only slept in catnaps since Thursday morning in Tehran. Thursday night at Lou Goelz's house in Tehran we had taken turns all night in a futile attempt to make telephone contact with Dallas. Friday night was spent with about 500 other Americans at the American Embassy in Tehran waiting to load onto the buses for the airport Saturday morning.

Eating had not been a problem. We had eaten well at Lou Goelz's house with his Pakistani cook preparing good meals. We also had a decent breakfast Sunday morning before boarding the Braniff flight and, of course, had a good meal, but I don't recall what it was, on the plane to Dallas. I drank my usual Scotch and water on the plane that day, but a little more sparingly than usual. To be honest, I was probably a little inhibited by the presence of Ross, but I also knew that as tired as I was a little Scotch would go a long way.

I had shaved and showered that morning in London at the hotel. Prior to that I had not shaved for almost a week. I stopped shaving the day after the prison break when it became apparent we were going underground, and it appeared we would all end up going out through Turkey. I stopped shaving in hopes of being less recognizable to Dadgar or Ministry people (with whom John Howell and I had met extensively) in case that we accidentally met them. Later, as we were staying at Lou Goelz's house, I vowed that I wouldn't shave again until I kissed my wife. However, that morning in London I decided I should shave because we would be traveling with "real people" on the Braniff flight, and I thought we should try to look as respectable as possible. As it turned out, I wished I hadn't shaved because Kris was disappointed to have not seen my beard, and anyway, we were still a motley bunch who boarded the Braniff flight.

I was wearing the same clothes that I had put on Friday in Tehran -- Levis, desert boots, flannel shirt, and Paul Chiapparone's jacket. When we split into two groups at Bill Dvoranchik's apartment, I had exchanged my hooded ski parka with Paul for his corduroy jacket. I wore those same clothes until Monday

afternoon when I bought new clothes to replace those lost in Tehran.

When we landed, I, of course, was looking forward to seeing my wife, Kristine, and my daughter, Molly. The next most important thing to me was sleep. I had tried to sleep on the plane, but the excitement and generally euphoric atmosphere had made it impossible.

#### WHEN I FIRST SAW MY FAMILY ...

As I recall, I went through customs and passport control very quickly. When I exited the arrivals hall I was disappointed. I had expected to see Kris and Molly, but they weren't there. Mark Moll, with whom I had worked with in Iran, took my arm and said, "Welcome home, Bob, Kris and Molly are on this bus."

When I stepped onto the bus, I saw Kris and Molly immediately. They were sitting on the left side about one-third of the way back. Kris was wearing her new raincoat I had given her for Christmas, and she was holding Molly who was wearing a new dress and booties her Aunt Patty had given her. Kris was biting her lip trying not to cry. As usual when I come home from a trip I said, "Hi, Sweetheart, I love you." Kris said, "Welcome home, Honey, how are you?" We kissed with Molly squeezed between us, and Kris gave up and cried a little. I had tears in my eyes too. We kissed and hugged, and then I took Molly in my arms and kissed her and commented to Kris how much Molly had grown since I last saw her January 5th when I had left them at my parents to go back to Kuwait after our Christmas vacation. Kris and Molly had stayed behind for a few extra days because Molly had an ear infection and couldn't fly. I had only been in Kuwait one day when I was asked to go to Tehran so they decided to stay in the States until I was finished in Iran.

The moments when I first saw and embraced my family were probably the most emotional of my life. Kristine had been upset with me when I told her I was going to Tehran. I had been back in Kuwait less than 24 hours in early January when Bill Gayden called and asked me if I would go to Tehran to help negotiate Paul's and Bill's release. I agreed and Bill told me I

should be prepared to stay there about three weeks and that I should go to London the next morning to meet John Howell and Lloyd Briggs. I then called Kris at my parents' where she was staying, and she tried to persuade me not to go. I told her it was something I felt I had to do. I was a general manager in the Middle East, and if I ever was in a position like Paul and Bill were, I would hope my friends would try to help me out. She reluctantly agreed.

When I kissed my wife I felt relieved. I was "home." The ordeal was really over now, and I was proud to have been a member of the team. I thought, "I'm sorry to have caused you the anxiety, but I'm glad I did it." - Kris looked at me and said, "Where'd you get that coat?"

AT THE CONCORDE ROOM ...

When we first walked in I was surprised. I had not expected such a reception. I remember seeing a lot of friends and acquaintances in the crowd, many of whom we had been with in Tehran, but now I can't remember specific people we recognized. I do remember both Emily and Ruth giving me hugs and saying, "Thank you."

The content of the speeches has blurred in my memory. I was still wrapped up in the emotions of seeing my family again and coupled with my fatigue, I suppose I was in a bit of a daze and not concentrating on the events of the moment. I remember Molly became fussy, and Kris and I kept taking turns holding her and keeping her quiet.

THAT EVENING ...

After the reception, Mark and Betty Moll took us to the Hilton Inn where Kris had been given a room when she arrived from Seattle. We arranged for a rental car and invited Mark and Betty to join us for an early dinner. We had been close friends with the Molls in Tehran, and they were now living in Dallas.

Since we had ten-month-old Molly with us, we chose to eat in the hotel coffee

shop. I ate soup and a sandwich and drank Coors beer. As we talked after dinner, I was really tired and practically fell asleep at the table.

We started getting Molly ready for bed around 8:00. While Kris was getting Molly settled, we called my parents in Amboy, Illinois, and Kris' in Gig Harbor, Washington. Kris had called my parents when she heard from Dallas that we were out and on our way home, but my mother had been very upset about my going to Tehran, and I wanted to assure her that all was well. Kris' folks invited us to join them the following week for a short golfing vacation in Arizona. We finally fell into bed about 10:00. Suddenly, I was wide awake and try as I might sleep was impossible. Kris was also "wired" and couldn't sleep either. Every once in awhile she would say, "Bob, are you awake?" I would say, "yes," and she would ask more questions about what happened in Tehran. It was well after 1:00 in the morning before we finally went to sleep.

MONDAY ...

On Monday, I had to do some shopping for clothes as those I had been wearing for the three and one-half days were getting a bit rank. Ross had asked if Kris and I would look after Anita Melton and take her shopping for clothes because she was going to stay in Dallas a few days and had no clothes with her. We all went shopping at North Park Mall that afternoon after the press conference at EDS.

Kris and I decided that rather than go to Arizona with her parents, we would rather get home to Kuwait and start being a family again. I also had business to take care of there since I had only spent one day in my office since mid-December. We left Dallas on Wednesday and after spending a couple days with her parents in Gig Harbor and mine in Amboy, arrived home in Kuwait on the 24th of February.