

MEMORANDUM

TO: Ken Follett
FROM: Glen Jackson
DATE: October 13, 1982

My situation was somewhat different than everyone else's as things ended there in Iran. But, here goes.

I had been positioned in Amman, Jordan for five days with a Lear Jet when Paul, Bill, etc., succeeded in leaving Iran and entering Turkey.

I was notified in the Amman Hilton by Merv Stauffer that they were clear, that it was confirmed by Ross, and that they were on their way home. I was to proceed out of the Middle East as soon as possible since there was a good possibility they (Iran and Jordan) might tie the escape to me because of the things I had been doing in Amman. Merv expressed some real concern that I might be in a hazardous position.

I was tremendously elated that they were confirmed out of Iran and in route home. Many feelings, emotions, and thoughts occurred among which were:

- Excited and overjoyed that they had pulled one over on Iran -- successfully! A bit of revenge!
- Relief that they were really safe.
- Concern that, under pressure, the Turks might give them back if caught in Turkey.
- Anxious to get home to my family (who were still living with relatives).
- Desire to be with Col. Simons, Paul, Bill, etc., on their journey home to share their experience.
- Some mild concern accompanied by some excitement that, now that they were free, I might be detained since I was certainly vulnerable to any suspicious person!
*Five days of coded Telexes
*Flights/attempted flights into Iran as a fake co-pilot to pick up two Americans without passports (no real names)
It wouldn't be hard to tie me in if they got suspicious.
- Then, when I found that the next flight out was at 11:00 the next day, a great deal of frustration.

A few hours later, as I returned to the hotel, the desk clerk, with whom I had become good friends, called me over as I went through the lobby. Roughly the following took place:

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"Did you see the men who were looking for you?"
"No, what men?" (a pulse increase did occur!)
"Two men were asking for you and we gave them your room number.
They went up about ten minutes ago."
"Are they still up at my room or did they leave already?"
"I haven't seen them come down."
"How were they dressed and what did they look like?"
"Oh, just business men, I guess."
"Jordanian?"
"Yes."
"Would you do me a favor and use your room service key to see if
they are in the room or in the area?"
"Sure! Don't you want to see them?"
"I'm not expecting anyone and I'd just as soon not see them. It's
been a long day!"
"What if they ask questions?"
"Just tell them that you are checking to make sure the room has been
cleaned and linen changed. I'll wait back in the Telex room."

When he came back he had not seen them and they had apparently left the building. By then I'd had a few minutes to think; I know it couldn't be my contact with Arab Wings, Akel Biltaji since I had just left his office and I also know that my friendly desk clerk was to get off work in the next few minutes -- so I decided to make myself a bit more scarce.

As soon as it was certain that the desk clerks had made their switch, I checked out of the hotel and caught a taxi to the airport.

I knew that the BOA flight to London was leaving at 11:00 a.m. (next day) so I picked up a Jordanian air schedule and made reservations to leave at 11:03 (?) to Rome (next day). I then walked back to a shopping area where I took a taxi to a medium size hotel in the center of Amman (name I don't remember) -- where I registered as Jack Glenson. I sent a telex to Merv with new name/facilities in a simple condensed code like a normal business telex. I then called from the lobby and made reservations on the BOA flight to London for Jack Glenson, telling them I would pay when I picked up the ticket.

I then spent a large part of the afternoon in the hotel restaurant in a fairly secluded place with papers spread out like a typical businessman. This way I could watch people but not really be noticed.

Early the next morning I checked out of the hotel, cabbed to the airport and picked up my ticket. What a relief when, just as I hoped, they did not request my passport since I had previous reservations and was obviously "English".

The plane, much to my relief, lifted off on time, for London. The flight was very interesting because I was seated with a BBC News crew who had just been "ejected" from Iran and who had been badly harassed in the

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the process. It was really interesting to hear all their stories, trials, fears, anger, and frustration and not be able to even admit ever being in Iran.

My arrival in London was uneventful except that I was out of money. I made arrangements to get enough cash through EDS in London to get back to Dallas on the next day's Braniff non-stop flight.

I had telephoned Carolyn while in London so she knew I was coming home and was planning to meet me at DFW. Naturally I was very excited about getting home and a multitude of thoughts began passing through my mind, especially during the flight.

- It's a long drive to DFW. What if Carolyn has trouble?
- What will be my next job assignment?
- How are the kids doing in school?
- What bills are stacked up since Carolyn has never been the bookkeeper?
- Has she balanced the checkbook?
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- Maybe I can take a few days off?
- I guess Paul and Bill's families are really happy?
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The first really solid feeling of emotional relief came while we were taxiing to the terminal in DFW. It really hit me! "Hey my wife is here and maybe the kids! I'm in Dallas! Safe for sure!"

The second solid jolt came when I first saw Carolyn. She had already spotted me and was just standing there crying and looking at me. Carolyn, through tears, caught me by the arms as I caught her by the waist and said, "You're Home!" in a voice impossible to describe and yet filled with so many emotions and meanings so close to the surface. Then we were clinging, hugging, kissing like school kids, laughing, crying, embarrassed, proud! So many things felt and shared but not spoken. It was one of the most - felt - moments of my life - undescribable!

Carl Commons, a good friend of ours from EDS in Iran, had accompanied her and now was caught up - excited, overjoyed, embarrassed, and caught up in some of the same emotions, could only grin and wring my hand.

After only a few moments, then started the questions:

- "How are you doing? You look great!"
- "Fine, you've lost weight! Have you been sick?"
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- "In school against their wishes."
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We chattered all the way to the office about everything:

- Yesterday's reception of Paul and Bill
- The news conference
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- The weather
- The great feeling of being home again!

Our arrival at the office was met with enthusiastic hugs, "Welcome backs", etc. Ross was so excited that he couldn't be still, people were coming and going like mad - and there in the corner of the room out of everything - sat Col. Simons with an amused gleam in his eyes, just watching the furor and smoking his usual cigar. We welcomed each other back, I introduced my wife, and he spent several minutes just chatting with her.

Ross, then, gave me a portable tape recorder, some tapes, the key to a hotel room, and some very clear instructions. "Don't leave town until you've recorded everything you've been through, get it back to me, then go home!"

Carolyn and I had mexican food at Pancho's then went to the Holiday Inn where we called the kids, talked, laughed, cried and finally with her help, made Ross's recordings. Later, exhausted, we finally went to bed.

After that, home! Enthusiastic hugs and kisses for Cheryl and Cindy, a shy but forceful hug from Glenn, Jr. and many hours of talking and answering questions. School, church, friends, cars, bills, pets, grandparents, new hair styles, traumas, joys, angers, ups, downs - all the things I'd missed but now could relive with them. Boy it's great to be a husband, a friend, a father, a brother, a son, a grandson, a son-in-law in a big close family - right now! Here! today! In Texas! In America! Home!!

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Coburn
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MEMORANDUM

TO: Ken Follett
FROM: Jay Coburn
DATE: October 29, 1982

Someone woke me up about thirty minutes before touchdown. I was seated next to Col. Simons who was just waking, also. Don't remember who woke us up.

The Col. and I chatted about how good it was to get some sleep and I remember also thinking how great it would be to have a shower and clean clothes. I am a pitiful sight! (Still dressed in same clothing we wore leaving Tehran.)

I had not been drinking on flight and the last meal was the one served on board. It was a quiet time as I remember it. I was reflecting back on how lucky we all were and looking forward to a quiet existance at home with my wife and kids.

On departing plane, we had familiar drill going through customs and the next person I remember seeing is Merv Stauffer. We embraced and exchanged greetings -- all smiles. Then Merv hands me my wedding band! Now, to me this is remarkable. It seems like such a simple thing but keep in mind, Merv is responsible for the logistics of this entire episode and here he is remembering something as small but meaningful as this. In my mind he is the unsung hero in this entire affair. What a real friend and truly outstanding human being. (Oh well! Ken, I believe that's enough for the \$50 Merv slipped me for this testimony.)

My family was on a bus with the Perot's family and the Chiapparone's family. I filed on bus and greeted Margot and her girls first. Then there was what I was waiting for. All my kids jumping at me at once, teary eyed and happy -- not much dialogue, just hugging and kissing. Then a big hug and kiss with Liz. This was truly as good a feeling as one ever gets. Usually I am bordering on breaking down at these moments and this is no different. I am choking back the tears and pretty speechless. The bus ride to the Concorde room was about a week too short. I really wanted the bus to keep going home. But off we came and led through the building to Concorde room. I was flabbergasted/overwhelmed by the number of people packed in that room and the applause and shouting. What a sight! I remember first seeing David Behne -- a warm embrace and hand-shake, then he said it was really good to see us back. Then Dick Morrison -- hand shake and he said welcome back. Everyone I went by was shaking hands but don't remember any other words exchanged.

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Shortly afterwards Paul and his family came in and the crowd really screamed. I remember thinking what a great family affair this organization really is. The speeches were necessary and everyone kept it short knowing we all wanted to get home. The only thing I remember specifically was Col. Simons looking bored with this whole business and how sheepishly he accepted Ross's praise.

Later, I remember going home, spending a few hours eating and telling the kids about the trip. Then to bed.

JC/clk

MERVIN L. STAUFFER
7171 FOREST LANE
DALLAS, TEXAS 75230

November 24, 1982

Mr. Ken Follett

[REDACTED]

Dear Ken:

Rashid

Enclosed are the comments which [REDACTED] made relative to the questions in your letter.

As I was returning from Baton Rouge, Louisiana last night I noticed the attached review in their flight magazine. I thought it might be of interest.

Sincerely,



Mervin L. Stauffer

MLS/ck

Enclosure

MEMORANDUM

TO: Ken Follett
FROM: Merv Stauffer
RE: [REDACTED] Remaining Questions

Rashid's

Category I - As the plane touched down on the D/FW runway:

1. Were you tired?
A) Not really tired. I am not sure why but I was not tired.
2. When had you last slept?
A) In London for a few hours. I did not sleep on the airplane.
3. When did you last eat and what did you eat?
A) I believe it was food on the plane but I don't remember what it was.
4. Had you been drinking on the flight?
A) No.
5. When had you last shaved?
A) Not since leaving Tehren. As we were approached Dallas I was going to ask the stewardess for a razor. I thought I would shave to try and stay ahead of everyone else. I decided not to shave and be different from the others. Since the others were unshaven, I didn't shave so as to maintain the group harmony.
6. When had you last taken a bath?
A) At the hotel before getting on the plane to Dallas.
7. What were you wearing?
A) Slacks, a shirt, a blue jacket that I think belonged to Poche. I did not have anything of my own and I believe Poche gave me his jacket.

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8. What were you looking forward to?

- A) You must understand that I took for granted I was protected. I was in good hands. I had no problem with customs or immigration or anything like that. I was observing more than anything else -- mainly I observed people. I particularly noticed how good the people in the rescue team were feeling. They were happy -- 3ft. off the ground.

CATEGORY II - When you walked into the Concord room and saw 1,000 people waiting to welcome you:

1. What went through your mind?

- A) For members of the rescue team, it was the emotional reward they were getting (not for myself). For some reason I felt distant from the team members -- I felt apart from them. I was still observing.

2. Do you recall the speeches?

- A) I remember some of it. I had not seen Ross Perot before Turkey. I didn't really know him but, he was proud of the event -- of what had been accomplished. You could see it in his eyes, too. I thought this was part of an American tradition -- recognition more than is deserved (for rescue team).

3. Did it go on too long?

- A) Not really. To me it was quite short.

4. Did you think about what you were going to do next?

- A) No, that came much, much later. It was much later before I thought about that.

Category III - That evening:

1. Where did you go?

- A) I went with Bill Dvoranchik to his apartment. He gave me one of his sons' bedrooms. I stayed with him one or two weeks. Then he went on vacation and I stayed at his place when he was on vacation.

2. What did you eat, where, with whom?

- A) I believe Dvoranchik and Jay Coburn and their wives and children went to a place on Greenville Avenue named Randy Tar Restaurant and Bar. It was quiet. Jay ordered for me. I ordered prime rib. When it came it was huge. I thought it was for two or three people.

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3. How did you spend the rest of the evening?
 - A) After dinner I returned to Dvoranchik's apartment.
4. What time did you go to bed?
 - A) About midnight.
5. What were your last thoughts before going to sleep?
 - A) I was constantly thinking about one little thing. I had seen EDS headquarters in pictures. Tomorrow I would see it personally. Then I also started thinking "whats going to happen next"?

Category IV - Anything else that I can pass on to Ken?

- A) Yes. I remember when I first met Margot Perot, I got on the bus after coming through immigrations. She introduced herself to me as "Margot Perot". I remember thinking that she must be Ross Perot's wife. She thanked me for what I had done and several others had thanked me too.