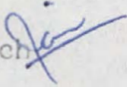


MEMORANDUM

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 EIS'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, HD and Marianne, whom we'd known before Iran at the account in Green Day, 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.

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 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's 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.