

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, cabbled 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?
- Wonder how much they've changed?
- What traumas have they been through?
- Maybe I can take a few days off?
- I guess Paul and Bill's families are really happy?
- Wonder what they'll do now that they have faced such grim possibilities?
- Maybe we'll still have jobs open overseas?

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 - undescrivable!

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?"
- "No, I'm fine too! Where is Cheryl, Glenn, and Cindy?"

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- "In school against their wishes."
- "Your hair is different!"
- "Yeah, do you like it?"
- "It's Great! How did you get here?"
- "I flew up and Carl met me here."
- "Flew! I thought you were going to drive?"
- "Merv called and told me too. They want you to come right to the office. Ross wants to see you first thing."
- "All right, let me get my bags and let's go. Carl where are you parked?"

We chattered all the way to the office about everything:

- Yesterday's reception of Paul and Bill
- The news conference
- The newspaper stories
- 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, cryed 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!!