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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

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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.