

probably guessed.

Joe Poche was a short, quiet, blank-faced man. He knew Bill Gaylord well, having worked under him in Minnesota as well as in Tehran. Joe had spent two years in Iran as a systems engineer. He had designed the enrolment system for the Ministry's health care programme, and had later been responsible for loading the files which made up the data base for the whole programme. Before working for EDS he had spent <sup>six</sup> four years in the army, and had seen action as commander of a howlitzer battery in Vietnam. Coburn knew that Poche's marriage was breaking up, and he felt an affinity for him, for his own marriage was pretty rocky.

Ralph Boulware was a full five inches taller than Poche. One of the two black men on the list, he had a chubby face and small darting eyes, and he talked very fast. He had spent nine years in the Air Force as a technician, working on the complex inboard computer and radar systems of bombers. In Tehran for only nine months, he had been in charge of data preparation at the Ministry's computer centre. Coburn was not close to Boulware, but Sculley had got to know him in Tehran, and said he was a good man to have around in a tight spot.

Glenn Jackson had no military experience but he was an enthusiastic hunter and an exper shot, and he knew Tehran well, having worked there for Bell Helicopter as well as for EDS. A mild man with spectacles, he looked less like a mercenary than any of them.

Pat Sculley had put his own name on the list. Coburn knew that Sculley had spent twenty months in Tehran as a project manager. He had also been five years in the army, ending up as a Ranger instructor with the rank of Captain. At Ranger Schook he had taught the Son Tay Raid. But he had no combat experience.

Of the two missing men, one was the most qualified for a rescue

Coburn knew Joe because of their professional relationship. No one can make this statement w/ any possible fact or knowledge[.]

It was not true and its [sic] know [sic] one's business to second guess my personal life.

*Coburn knew Joe because of their professional relationship not one can make this statement w/ any possible fact or knowledge*

*It was not true & its know ones business to second guess my personal life!*

*Coburn knew that Poche's marriage was breaking up, and he felt an affinity for him, for his own marriage was pretty rocky.*

*wrong only 2 months in this role wrong only 2 months in this role*

and the other the least.

Jim Schwebach knew more about combat than he did about computers. Eleven years in the army, he had served with the 5th Special Forces Group in Vietnam, doing the kind of commando work Bull Simons specialised in, clandestine operations behind enemy lines; and he had even more medals than Coburn. Because of his years in the military he was still a low-level executive, despite his age - he had still been a trainee systems engineer when he first went to Iran - but he was a mature and dependable man, and Coburn had made him one of the team leaders in the evacuation back in December. Only five feet six inches, Schwebach had the erect, chin-up posture of many short men. He had a lopsided smile that made you wonder whether he knew something you did not. He enjoyed fooling around with anything mechanical, and his hobby was an ugly-looking stripped-down '73 Oldsmobile Cutlass that went like a bullet out of a gun.

The other missing man was Ron Davis. At thirty years old he was the youngest man on the list. The son of a poor black insurance salesman, he had also been the baby of the family, the youngest of ten children. He was cheerful, flippant, and full of fun. He had spent a year and a half in Tehran as operations manager of the Bank Omran project, working under Keane Taylor. He had no military experience at all, but he was a karate Black Belt.

They were all in their thirties, they were all married, and they all had children.

\*

Ross Perot turned left on Forest Lane and right on Central Expressway, heading for the Hilton Inn.

He wondered what the men would say when he told them he wanted them to go to Tehran and bust Paul and Bill out of prison.

computers; and EDS would give it to him. Then he could get on with what he was good at: banking, insurance or manufacturing.

IBM turned the idea down. It was a good concept but the pickings were small. Out of every dollar spent on computers, eighty cents went on hardware - the machinery - and only twenty cents on software, which was what Perot wanted to sell. But over the next decade the proportions changed until software was taking seventy cents of every dollar and hardware only thirty cents, and Perot was one of the richest self-made men in the world. The chairman of IBM, Tom Watson, met Perot in a restaurant and said: 'I just want to know one thing, Ross. Did you foresee that the ratio would change?'

'No,' said Perot. 'The twenty cents looked good enough to me.'

Yes, he was lucky. But he knew better than to rely on luck. Luck alone had not built EDS: it had taken hard work, forward thinking, unending vigilance to ensure that the customer was satisfied, and - most important of all - the right people, Perot's eagles.

The rescue would need all of that and luck too.

As he pulled into the forecourt of the Hilton Inn, he wondered again what these men would say. They were good men, and loyal to him, but loyalty to an employer did not extend to risking your neck. Some of them would probably feel the same as Tom Luce, that a rescue was a foolhardy notion. Others would think of their wives and children, and refuse to put their own lives in danger. Perot guessed that one in five would volunteer - in which case it would take several days to get a team together.

He met Coburn in the foyer of the hotel. 'Is everybody here?'

Never thought it to be so!

Perot asked. 'Schwebach and Davis still haven't arrived.'

'I'll have to see them later, in my office. Send the others to

*Never thought it to be so!*

me one at a time.'

'Yes, sir.' Coburn gave him a room key.

Perot found the room, let himself in, and sat waiting. I have no right to ask these men to do this, he thought. I must not put any pressure on them. They must understand that they're free to say No, thanks, count me out. Boy, if this goes wrong ...

He wondered how many of them would volunteer.

Maybe none.

There was a tap on the door.

\*

He made the same speech to each of them. 'I'm asking for volunteers for a project that might involve loss of life. At this stage I'm not going to tell you what it's about, although you can probably guess. I want you to take five or ten minutes to think about it, and think hard. If you choose, for any reason, not to get involved, you can leave, and no one will ever know about it. If you decide you want to volunteer, just stay around. Now go away and think.'

\*

I could get killed on Central Expressway, thought Joe Poche. *aloud!*

He knew perfectly well what the dangerous project was: they were going to get Paul and Bill out of jail. He had known as soon as he got the call, at two-thirty in the morning, to come to Dallas as soon as possible.

He was glad, glad as hell. It reminded him of the old days, when there were only three thousand people in the whole company, and they had talked about Faith. *(faith was the by word)* (faith was the by word) It was their word for a whole bunch of attitudes and beliefs about how a company ought to deal with its employees. What it boiled down to was: EDS took care of its people.

This never happened[.] It was a group session. Asked to think for 5 minutes and respond w/everyone present!

Yes but as a group we did this.

(I) people responded to the question without thought wife, family etc. [I]t was a mountain that needed to be climbed because it had never been done before - life is for living not wishing you had!

*This never happened  
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you had!*

*aloud!*

As long as you were giving your maximum effort to the company, it would stand by you through thick and thin, when you were sick, when you had personal or family problems, when you got yourself into any kind of trouble. It was a little like a family. Poche appreciated that. The family he had grown up in was not the most-stable kind.

His father, a Master Sergeant in the Air Force, had been away from home a lot; the family had moved house frequently; the parents divorced when he was twelve years old, and he lived first with his mother then later with his father.

Poche believed in the EDS family. The rescue idea was just what he had expected: of course they would go in there and bust their friends out of jail. He was just glad to get the chance to join the team.

\*

Boulware had already made up his mind.

He had talked to Sculley the day before at the office, and asked what was being done for Paul and Bill.

'Well, we're working through the lawyers and trying to post bail,' Sculley had said.

Boulware knew Sculley - they had used to drive to work together in Tehran - and he knew Sculley was lying now. 'You guys aren't going to try to go in and get them, are you?'

Sculley did not answer.

'Hey, count me in,' Boulware had said.

For him it was a simple decision. Paul and Bill were his friends, and it could as easily have been him in jail as them - in which case he would have wanted them to come and get him out.

\*

Glenn Jackson was not afraid to die.

He was a Christian of the Baptist persuasion, and any time the

I did not suffer I.D. crisis based on my childhood - it was hard but made me better - just as Perot is luck - I am outwardly hard. DO NOT PAINT CHILD DEVELOPMENT AS A MOTIVE TO DO ANYTHING [Poche's emphasis]

Do you Ken really understand loyalty to a cause-country[?] You can get close if you really understand yourself and hold ideas in proper perspective - why do mothers over react to childrens safety?

I did not suffer I.D. crisis based on my childhood - it was hard but made me better - just as Perot is luck - I am outwardly hard.

EDS is not my family or substitute for it!

Do you Ken really understand loyalty to a cause - country if you can get close if you really understand yourself and hold ideas in proper perspective - why do mothers over react to childrens safety?

DO NOT PAINT CHILD DEVELOPMENT AS A MOTIVE TO DO ANYTHING

(disjointed) disjointed

philosophy - concept philosophy concept

CHILD 75

Lord wanted to call him home, why, he was ready to go.

However, he was concerned about his family. They had just been evacuated from Iran and they were staying with his mother and father. If he got involved in something like this, it would mean that Carolyn would be on her own as she tried to rebuild the life of the family in the States. She would have to find a place to live, get the kids in school, buy or rent some furniture ...

But Paul and Bill had wives and families, too. Jackson thought: If I were stuck in the same position I'd sure love for somebody to do something for me.

So he volunteered.

\*

Jay Coburn thought: Liz won't like it.

He sighed. There were many things his wife did not like, these days.

He had not realised that his own name was on the list. Sculley had just assumed Coburn would be on the team.

Well, Sculley had been right. Coburn wanted to go.

\*

Sculley had made his choice two days ago. It was as simple now as it had been then: Paul and Bill were going to die in there unless EDS got them out.

\*

Jim Schwebach, who arrived later in the afternoon, did not hesitate to volunteer. He knew about stuff like this, he liked it, this was where he lived. He couldn't wait to get started.

\*

Ron Davis, the second black man on the list and the youngest, did hesitate.

longer a soldier: he was a pig farmer. Was he still fit? He was sixty years old, and he had suffered a stroke even before the Son Tay Raid. Did he still have a sharp brain? Was he still a great leader of men?

Simons would want total control of Operation Hotfoot, Perot was certain. The Colonel would do it his way or not at all. That suited Perot fine: he liked to hire the best man for the job then let him get on with it.

He heard voices in the outer office. They had arrived. He stood up, and Simons walked in with T.J. and Merv.

'Colonel Simons, how are you?' said Perot. He never called Simons 'Bull'; he thought it was silly.

'Hello, Ross,' said Simons, shaking hands.

He looked older, and his hair was an inch or two longer, but he still had the same deep, tobacco-roughened growl of a voice, with a faint but clear trace of a New York accent.

'Sit down,' said Perot. 'Did y'all have dinner?'

'We went to Dusty's,' said Merv.

Simons said: 'When was the last time this room was swept for bugs?'

Perot smiled: Simons was still sharp. 'It's never been swept, Colonel.'

'From now on I want every room we use to be swept every day.'

Merv said: 'I'll see to that.'

Perot said: 'Whatever you need, Colonel, just tell Merv. Now: we sure appreciate you coming here to help us, and we'd like to offer you some compensation - '

'Don't even think about it,' Simons said gruffly.

'Well - '

'I don't want payment for rescuing Americans in trouble,' Simons

said. 'I never got a bonus for it yet, and I don't want to start now.'

He seemed offended. Perot dropped the subject. 'The boys are waiting for you in the boardroom. I see you have the folders. They all know Tehran, and they all have either military experience or some useful skill - but in the end the choice of the team is up to you. If for any reason you don't like these boys, we'll get some more. You're in charge here.' Perot hoped Simons would not reject them but he felt the need to give the Colonel a completely free hand.

Simons stood up. 'Let's go to work.'

T.J. hung back after Merv and Simons left. He said in a low voice: 'Lucille died.'

'She did?' Perot had not heard that. 'Gee, I'm sorry.'

'Cancer.'

'How did he take it, did you get an idea?'

T.J. nodded. 'Bad.'

\*

It was like a reunion, Coburn thought: the seven old Tehran hands in the conference room waiting for Simons, talking about the old days and the evacuation. There was Ron Davis clowning around and making people laugh, Jim Schwebach smiling his lopsided smile, Ralph Boulware talking at ninety miles an hour, Glenn Jackson saying something about rifles, and Joe Poche looking as animated as a robot in a sulk. They all knew, now, that they were about to meet the legendary Bull Simons. Sculley was talking about the Son Tay Raid, which he had taught as a Ranger Instructor: the meticulous planning, the endless rehearsals, and the fact that Simons had brought all his fifty-nine men back alive.

The door opened, and Simons came in, followed by T.J. Marquez and Merv Stauffer. The room fell silent as Simons walked to the head of the table.

Merv was cheerful, as always. 'Hi, Jay! How are you?'

'Fine.'

'I'm glad you called, because I have a message for you. Got a pencil?'

'Sure do.'

'Okay. Honky Keith Goofball Zero Honky Dummy - '

'Merv,' Coburn interrupted.

'Yeah?'

'What the hell are you talking about?'

'It's the code, Jay.'

'What is Honky Keith Goofball?'

'H for Honky, K for Keith - '

'Merv, H is Hotel, K is Kilo ... '

'Oh!' said Merv. 'Oh, I didn't realise you were supposed to use certain particular words ... '

Coburn started to laugh. 'Listen,' he said, 'get someone to give you the military alphabet next time.'

'I sure will,' Merv laughed. 'I guess we'll have to manage with my own version this time.'

Coburn took down the coded message, then - still using the code - he gave Merv his location and phone number. After hanging up, he decoded the message Merv had given him.

It was good news. Simons and Joe Poche were arriving the following day.

The traffic came to a complete stop. After a few minutes, Joe Poche turned off the engine of the car. There was nothing to do but sit it out.

*Is it important about Ralph leaving Zurich + why - Is it important to know Simons was doing this which was discussed in Zurich.*

*Why did Jay + I really go back to Iran?*

Is it important about Ralph leaving Zürich and why - Is it important to know Simons was doing this which was discussed in Zürich?

Why did Jay and I really go back to Iran.

*Where is the conversation?*  
*two days pass and nothing occurs*

It was 14 January, the day after Simons and Poche flew in. The other five rescue team members were still in Paris, waiting for tickets. Meanwhile, Simons, Poche and Coburn were heading for downtown Tehran, to reconnoitre the jail.

Coburn wondered what they would find. It was too much to hope that the jail would be exactly as he had described it after his conversation with Amir Bakhtiar. The team had based a very precise attack plan on quite imprecise intelligence: just how imprecise, they would soon find out.

If the traffic ever got moving.

Fortunately, the demonstration which was causing the traffic jam was peaceful. There were several burning cars close by, but the demonstrations were otherwise satisfied with marching up and down carrying pictures of Khomeini and putting flowers in the turrets of tanks. The military looked on passively.

Coburn got out of the car and went to buy bread. When he returned the three men sat eating as they waited for the traffic to move again.

Simons was animated. Coming through the airport he had been asked the purpose of his visit to Iran. He had said that he had always been interested in revolutions, and this was the only chance he was ever likely to get of actually seeing one. It was true, Coburn now realised: Simons was fascinated by what was going on all around. 'Not many people get a chance like this,' Simons said. 'To live through a revolution.'

The traffic jam finally cleared, and they drove farther south. Poche had worked out their route the previous evening. They would drive past the jail several times but would not stop.

They reached the Ministry of Justice and drove around the block

*feathers?*  
feathers?

long, bulky down coat. Perot brightened: perhaps he would have good news. 'Did you see Deep Throat?'

'Sure did,' said Coburn, taking off his coat.

'All right, let's have it.'

'He says he has a line to Dadgar, and Dadgar wants six million dollars. The money would be paid into an escrow account in Switzerland and released when Paul and Bill get out.'

'Hell, that ain't bad,' said Perot. 'We get out with fifty cents on the dollar. What kind of a guy is Deep Throat?'

Coburn considered for a moment, then said: 'I don't trust the bastard.'

Howell said: 'Ross, I don't like this one bit.'

'I don't like it,' Perot said. 'But you've just been telling me that the Iranians aren't playing to our rules.'

'Yes, but, listen. We have only one thing going for us in this situation: we are innocent. That's our whole case! That's what we've been telling the State Department, the Embassy, Dadgar, the Ministry of Justice, everybody.'

'And how far has it got us?'

'Ross, I believe that with time and patience we will succeed. But if we get involved in bribery we're no longer innocent.'

Perot turned to Coburn. 'How do we know Deep Throat has a deal with Dadgar wired?'

'We don't know. His argument is, we don't pay until we get results, so what do we have to lose?'

'Our reputation,' Howell said.

Taylor said: 'It stinks. The whole thing stinks.'

Perot was surprised by their reactions. He hated the idea of bribery, but he had been prepared to compromise his principles if it

meant getting Paul and Bill out of jail. But he was impressed with Howell's vehemence. And a further misgiving had occurred to him. 'I suppose,' he said, 'this could even be a trap. Dadgar may by now believe that we aren't guilty of corruption - but he could save face if he could catch us in a bribe situation now.'

'Right!' said Howell.

'All right,' said Perot decisively. 'Tell Deep Throat thanks, but no, thanks.'

Coburn stood up. 'Okay.'

Perot said: 'The question is, what the heck else can we try?'

## 4

There was nothing else to try. All the legitimate team could do was to continue arguing with Dadgar, keep up the political pressure on the State Department in Washington, try to find a way to post the bail, and keep calling the Embassy. After six days in Tehran, Perot believed that none of this would work. His only remaining hope was Simons. Realising that was the only achievement of his trip. But there was one thing he could do for Paul and Bill before going home.

He could visit them.

It was like putting his head into the lion's mouth. There was reason to believe the Iranians were looking for him, and if they found him they would arrest him; yet here he was, in the U.S. Embassy's Volkswagen minibus, heading for the very jail they wanted to throw him into. It was foolhardy, but he wanted Paul and Bill to know that he was prepared to stick his neck out for them. It was the kind of decision he liked to talk over with his mother, but he could not do that. Still, he had a pretty good idea of what she would say. She

would tell him to go in there and cheer them up.

His hopes were pinned on the notorious inability of government to let its right hand know what its left was doing. The Ministry of Justice was looking for him; the police ran the jails; the military was running the airport. He was confident that the search for him would be hopelessly inefficient.

Nevertheless, he took care to look like one of the regular team of EDS men visiting Paul and Bill. He even carried a box of groceries for them; and he wore his usual casual clothes. ~~✗~~ <sup>bag</sup> bag

The bus pulled into the square, and he got his first sight of the Gasr Prison. It was formidable: he could not imagine that Simons would find a way to break into it.

The bus stopped and Perot got out. Keane Taylor and Rich Gallagher were with him, and Coburn had come to reconnoitre the inside of the jail for Simons.

Outside the prison were scores of people, mostly Iranian women, making a lot of noise. The four EDS men pushed their way through the crowd to the huge steel gates. Someone looked out through a small window set in the wall, then the gates swung open and the four men walked in.

The gate clanged shut behind them.

Perot had passed the point of no return.

He gave the guard a five-dollar tip, as was normal - he wanted to do everything completely normally - and walked on, through a second set of steel doors, into a reception area.

He showed his passport. There was a \$5 bill inside it. He was betting that neither his face nor his name would mean anything to anyone in the prison. If he was wrong, the receptionist would blow a whistle, or pick up a phone, or just start hollering, and the game would be up.

The receptionist handed his passport to him - minus the bill - and pointed to a visitors' book.

He signed it 'H.R. Perot.'

He had been right. Nobody here had ever heard of Ross Perot.

He walked into the waiting-room - and there, to his horror, he saw someone who did know him. It was Ramsey Clark, the human rights campaigner and former U.S. Attorney-General. Perot had met Clark several times and knew Clark's sister Mimi very well.

For a moment Perot froze. Could he keep out of Clark's sight? Clark was talking to an Iranian in general's uniform. Perot thought: Any minute now Ramsy will see me and say: 'Lord, there's Ross Perot, the owner of EDS,' and it will be worse if I look as if I'm trying to hide.

He made a snap decision. He walked over to Clark, stuck out his hand, and said: 'Hello, Ramsey, what are you doing in jail?'

Clark laughed and shook hands. 'How's Mimi?' Perot asked, before Clark could perform introductions.

'She's fine - '

'Good to see you,' Perot said, and he walked on.

His mouth was dry as he went out of the waiting-room and into the prison compound. That had been a close one. He wondered what Clark was saying to the Iranian general now ...

\*

Paul was depressed. He had thought that Coburn's rescue team would ambush the bus that brought them from the Ministry of Justice, and when the bus entered the formidable Gasr Prison he had been bitterly disappointed.

General Mohari had explained to Paul and Bill that he was in charge of all the jails in Tehran, and he had arranged for their transfer

you to come over in the morning. Leave at seven o'clock, just as if you were going to the office. Don't pack any bags, don't check out. Joe will be waiting for you outside, and he'll have figured out a safe route to the apartment. But don't tell the others until the morning.'

Gayden and Taylor went out.

Paul and Bill were ready to leave. With Simons, Coburn and Poche they walked to the elevator. As they were going down, Simons said: 'Now, let's just walk out of here like it was the normal thing to do.'

The five men went out to the forecourt of the hotel. A big dark car drew up just as they were leaving, and four or five ragged men with machine-guns jumped out. They can't be coming for us, Coburn thought - can they? Paul and Bill got into one car with Joe Poche, and Coburn and Simons got into the second. The revolutionaries ignored them and went into the hotel.

The two cars drove off, with Poche in the lead. They were stopped outside the Hilton hotel. The road was blocked by an overturned, burning car. Men and boys armed with guns - pistols and rifles, mostly American military weapons - were stopping cars and questioning the drivers.

Poche exchanged a few words with a guard and drove on. Coburn drove up to the checkpoint and rolled down the window.

The guard said: 'Got a cigarette?'

Coburn took out a pack and tried to shake out a cigarette. His hands were unsteady, and he could not get one out.

Simons said: 'Jay.'

'Yes.'

'Give him the fucking pack.'

Coburn gave him the whole pack, and he waved them on.

2

Ruthie Chiapparone was in bed, but awake, at the Nyfelters' house in Dallas when the phone rang. She heard Jim Nyfeler answer it and say: 'Well, she's sleeping.'

'I'm awake,' she called. She got out of bed, slipped on a robe, and went out into the hall.

'It's Tom Walter's wife, Jean,' said Jim.

Ruthie took the phone. 'Hi, Jean.'

'Ruth, I have good news for you. The guys are free. They got out of jail.'

'Oh, thank God,' Ruthie said ecstatically.

She had not yet begun to wonder how Paul would get out of Iran.

\*

When Emily Gaylord got back from church her mother said: 'Tom Walter called from Dallas. I told him you'd get back to him.'

Emily snatched up the phone, dialled EDS's number, and asked for Walter.

'Hi, Em'ly,' said Walter in his slow Alabama drawl. 'Paul and Bill got out of jail.'

'Tom, that's wonderful!'

'There was a jailbreak. They're safe, and they're in good hands.'

'When are they coming home?'

'We're not sure yet, but we'll keep you posted.'

'Thankyou, Tom,' Emily said. 'Thankyou!'

\*

with us where you supply all the extras, crew and so on? We'll pay you for it.'

'It'll be complicated. The insurance alone ... '

'But you'll do it?'

'Yes, we'll do it.'

It was complicated, T.J. learned during the course of the day. The unusual nature of the deal did not appeal to the insurance companies, who in addition did not like to be hurried. It was difficult to figure out which regulations EDS needed to be in compliance with. Omni required a cash deposit in an offshore branch of a U.S. bank. The problems were sorted out by EDS executive Gary Fernandes in Washington and lawyer Claude Chappelle in Dallas: the contract, which was executed at the end of the day, was a sales demonstration lease. Omni found a crew in California and sent them to Dallas to pick up the plane and fly it on to Washington.

By midnight on Monday the plane, the crew, the extra pilots and the remnants of the rescue team were all in Washington with Ross Perot. T.J. had worked a miracle. That was why it took so long.

CHAPTER TEN

1

John Howell and the negotiating team stayed at the Hyatt for the night of Sunday 11 February. They spent most of their time looking through the windows. In the distance, the city was burning. Close by, the mob was attacking an armory. It seemed that more of the military had joined the revolutionaries, for the mob now had tanks. Toward morning they blew a hole in the armory wall and got in. From dawn on, Howell could see a stream of orange-coloured Tehran taxis loaded down with guns, ferrying the weapons from the armory to where the fighting was heaviest downtown.

They all packed their suitcases and left them in their rooms, just in case they got a chance to have them picked up later. At seven o'clock they gathered in Bill Gayden's suite: John Howell, Keane Taylor, Bob Young, Rich and Kathy Gallagher and the dog Buffy. Together they went down in the elevator.

In the foyer the hotel manager saw them all leaving. 'Where are you going?' he asked incredulously.

'To the office,' said Gayden.

'Don't you know there's a revolution going on out there?'

'Life must go on,' said Gayden.

Joe Poche was waiting in the forecourt in a Range Rover.

They got into two cars and followed Poche out. There was a revolutionary checkpoint at the exit from the forecourt, but when they drove through the two guards were preoccupied with trying to jam a banana clip into a machine pistol which did not take that kind of ammunition, and they paid no attention to the three cars.

At seven o'clock they had not moved at 0715 they appeared in the parking lot late

they could have been SOL because by I was to be back w/ or w/o them!

*at seven o'clock they had not moved in the parking lot late they could have been SOL because by 0715 I was to be back w/ or w/o them!*