

MEMORANDUM

TO: Ross Perot  
FROM: Bob Young *Bob*  
SUBJECT: Responses to Ken Follett's Questions  
DATE: October 26, 1982

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Please find attached my responses to Ken Follett's questions regarding the arrival at Dallas/Fort Worth Airport coming home from Iran.

RAY:ljs

ATTACHMENT

Robert A. Young  
October 26, 1982

AS THE PLANE TOUCHED DOWN AT DALLAS/FORT WORTH AIRPORT ...

I was extremely tired. Like most of the group, I was too excited to sleep on the plane from London. I had slept for about two hours at the hotel at Heathrow after our emergency landing early Sunday morning. Prior to that I had only slept in catnaps since Thursday morning in Tehran. Thursday night at Lou Goelz's house in Tehran we had taken turns all night in a futile attempt to make telephone contact with Dallas. Friday night was spent with about 500 other Americans at the American Embassy in Tehran waiting to load onto the buses for the airport Saturday morning.

Eating had not been a problem. We had eaten well at Lou Goelz's house with his Pakistani cook preparing good meals. We also had a decent breakfast Sunday morning before boarding the Braniff flight and, of course, had a good meal, but I don't recall what it was, on the plane to Dallas. I drank my usual Scotch and water on the plane that day, but a little more sparingly than usual. To be honest, I was probably a little inhibited by the presence of Ross, but I also knew that as tired as I was a little Scotch would go a long way.

I had shaved and showered that morning in London at the hotel. Prior to that I had not shaved for almost a week. I stopped shaving the day after the prison break when it became apparent we were going underground, and it appeared we would all end up going out through Turkey. I stopped shaving in hopes of being less recognizable to Dadgar or Ministry people (with whom John Howell and I had met extensively) in case that we accidentally met them. Later, as we were staying at Lou Goelz's house, I vowed that I wouldn't shave again until I kissed my wife. However, that morning in London I decided I should shave because we would be traveling with "real people" on the Braniff flight, and I thought we should try to look as respectable as possible. As it turned out, I wished I hadn't shaved because Kris was disappointed to have not seen my beard, and anyway, we were still a motley bunch who boarded the Braniff flight.

I was wearing the same clothes that I had put on Friday in Tehran -- Levis, desert boots, flannel shirt, and Paul Chiapparone's jacket. When we split into two groups at Bill Dvoranchik's apartment, I had exchanged my hooded ski parka with Paul for his corduroy jacket. I wore those same clothes until Monday

afternoon when I bought new clothes to replace those lost in Tehran.

When we landed, I, of course, was looking forward to seeing my wife, Kristine, and my daughter, Molly. The next most important thing to me was sleep. I had tried to sleep on the plane, but the excitement and generally euphoric atmosphere had made it impossible.

WHEN I FIRST SAW MY FAMILY ...

As I recall, I went through customs and passport control very quickly. When I exited the arrivals hall I was disappointed. I had expected to see Kris and Molly, but they weren't there. Mark Moll, with whom I had worked with in Iran, took my arm and said, "Welcome home, Bob, Kris and Molly are on this bus."

When I stepped onto the bus, I saw Kris and Molly immediately. They were sitting on the left side about one-third of the way back. Kris was wearing her new raincoat I had given her for Christmas, and she was holding Molly who was wearing a new dress and booties her Aunt Patty had given her. Kris was biting her lip trying not to cry. As usual when I come home from a trip I said, "Hi, Sweetheart, I love you." Kris said, "Welcome home, Honey, how are you?" We kissed with Molly squeezed between us, and Kris gave up and cried a little. I had tears in my eyes too. We kissed and hugged, and then I took Molly in my arms and kissed her and commented to Kris how much Molly had grown since I last saw her January 5th when I had left them at my parents to go back to Kuwait after our Christmas vacation. Kris and Molly had stayed behind for a few extra days because Molly had an ear infection and couldn't fly. I had only been in Kuwait one day when I was asked to go to Tehran so they decided to stay in the States until I was finished in Iran.

The moments when I first saw and embraced my family were probably the most emotional of my life. Kristine had been upset with me when I told her I was going to Tehran. I had been back in Kuwait less than 24 hours in early January when Bill Gayden called and asked me if I would go to Tehran to help negotiate Paul's and Bill's release. I agreed and Bill told me I

should be prepared to stay there about three weeks and that I should go to London the next morning to meet John Howell and Lloyd Briggs. I then called Kris at my parents' where she was staying, and she tried to persuade me not to go. I told her it was something I felt I had to do. I was a general manager in the Middle East, and if I ever was in a position like Paul and Bill were, I would hope my friends would try to help me out. She reluctantly agreed.

When I kissed my wife I felt relieved. I was "home." The ordeal was really over now, and I was proud to have been a member of the team. I thought, "I'm sorry to have caused you the anxiety, but I'm glad I did it." Kris looked at me and said, "Where'd you get that coat?"

AT THE CONCORDE ROOM ...

When we first walked in I was surprised. I had not expected such a reception. I remember seeing a lot of friends and acquaintances in the crowd, many of whom we had been with in Tehran, but now I can't remember specific people we recognized. I do remember both Emily and Ruth giving me hugs and saying, "Thank you."

The content of the speeches has blurred in my memory. I was still wrapped up in the emotions of seeing my family again and coupled with my fatigue, I suppose I was in a bit of a daze and not concentrating on the events of the moment. I remember Molly became fussy, and Kris and I kept taking turns holding her and keeping her quiet.

THAT EVENING ...

After the reception, Mark and Betty Moll took us to the Hilton Inn where Kris had been given a room when she arrived from Seattle. We arranged for a rental car and invited Mark and Betty to join us for an early dinner. We had been close friends with the Molls in Tehran, and they were now living in Dallas.

Since we had ten-month-old Molly with us, we chose to eat in the hotel coffee

shop. I ate soup and a sandwich and drank Coors beer. As we talked after dinner, I was really tired and practically fell asleep at the table.

We started getting Molly ready for bed around 8:00. While Kris was getting Molly settled, we called my parents in Amboy, Illinois, and Kris' in Gig Harbor, Washington. Kris had called my parents when she heard from Dallas that we were out and on our way home, but my mother had been very upset about my going to Tehran, and I wanted to assure her that all was well. Kris' folks invited us to join them the following week for a short golfing vacation in Arizona. We finally fell into bed about 10:00. Suddenly, I was wide awake and try as I might sleep was impossible. Kris was also "wired" and couldn't sleep either. Every once in awhile she would say, "Bob, are you awake?" I would say, "yes," and she would ask more questions about what happened in Tehran. It was well after 1:00 in the morning before we finally went to sleep.

MONDAY ...

On Monday, I had to do some shopping for clothes as those I had been wearing for the three and one-half days were getting a bit rank. Ross had asked if Kris and I would look after Anita Melton and take her shopping for clothes because she was going to stay in Dallas a few days and had no clothes with her. We all went shopping at North Park Mall that afternoon after the press conference at EDS.

Kris and I decided that rather than go to Arizona with her parents, we would rather get home to Kuwait and start being a family again. I also had business to take care of there since I had only spent one day in my office since mid-December. We left Dallas on Wednesday and after spending a couple days with her parents in Gig Harbor and mine in Amboy, arrived home in Kuwait on the 24th of February.