

apartment but neither was. Terrorist said they found them “while cleaning up the chancery”. I would bet their “cleaning” is stripping the chancery of everything in it in preparation to eventually turning it back to the U.S. Gov’t or the Swiss government which is probably representing our diplomatic interests now. Nothing special today. Electricity was off again from about 9:00 to 11:30 A.M. No mail today.

November 24, 1980: (387<sup>th</sup> Day !!!)

Lights went off again this morning from about 9:00 to 11:30 A.M.—all we could do was our exercises as we had only a tiny “votive” type candle. This is getting to be a habit—lights going off every morning, that is. No mail again today—now 10 days. Asked several times to watch TV; also to be given a tape recorder and tapes as we can hear them in other hostages’ rooms. Also for magazines and mail but to no avail. This afternoon the medical student came in and gave me an “EKG”. Said it was normal except for indication of the murmur in my aortic stenosis.

November 25, 1980: (388<sup>th</sup> Day !!!)

Got “wallpaper” bread this morning for breakfast and again blueberry pie filling in place of jam which I refused. Lights stayed on this morning. Later in the morning they brought in a tape recorder with four tapes of modern music by “Stevie Wonder”, “Van Morrison”, “Phoebe Snow”, etc. Also a box of Rice Krispies we can have for breakfast with powdered milk, of course. No mail again today. Did get a small, but fresh apple for supper tonight. No hot water for showers or laundry.

This afternoon were told we could watch TV. They started to show us an “Osmond Family” tape we had seen so I looked around and found two tapes of a movie “The Night They Raided Minsky’s” so put on Part I. It apparently had been videotaped by someone in Los Angeles who sent it over for the hostages as it was “The 8 o’Clock Movie” and was complete with local commercials and news (1978 news). We were about 10 to 15 minutes into the movie when one of the terrorists stuck his head into the room, watched a bit of the movie and then disappeared.

In a few seconds another terrorist came in, turned off the video machine and, with no further explanation or offering another tape for us to see, abruptly informed us that we couldn’t see that film! Later I asked him why we couldn’t see that film he said it was written on the can in Persian. When I protested and asked who made that decision his only reply was “I don’t know,” and when I asked why the tape was in the TV room if we weren’t allowed to see it he again replied only “I don’t know”, which is one of their usual lies. I told him I was sick of having our mail and now our TV censored and reminded him that we weren’t children, for all the good my complaining does! I just wonder how long our gov’t is going to let us be subjected to this crap?

November 26, 1980: 389<sup>th</sup> Day !!!)

Had hot shower today and washed underwear in hot water. Another fresh apple for dinner tonight but had the egg and mashed potato combination for breakfast again! Received mail this evening all dated latter part of Sept. except one from my sister July 18; another from Switzerland July 25; one from cousin in Syracuse Aug. 1. Did get two from my wife Sept. 20 and 25. Stamps had been taken off my letter from Switzerland by whichever thief censored my mail.

November 27, 1980: Thanksgiving Day): (390<sup>th</sup> Day !!!)

Breakfast consisted of some crumbly sweet cake, cherry pie filling instead of jam, butter and bread. We did get a couple slices of turkey for lunch, along with mashed potatoes from dehydrated powdered (canned) potatoes, cherry pie filling and another piece of white cake which had been additionally frosted with canned lemon flavored frosting. Then tonight had fried shrimp, Iranian rice with lentils and jello. None of this was my idea of a Thanksgiving dinner but was an improvement at least over last year when I had only a bowl of beef noodle soup for Thanksgiving. We are now getting fresh Iranian oranges from time to time—till quite green but a little sweeter each time. Have also had fresh apples a couple of times lately. Jerry crawled back into bed right away this morning and remained there almost all day, staring at the ceiling and feeling sorry for himself. I wrote letters and studied Spanish.

November 28, 1980: (391<sup>st</sup> Day !!!)

Nothing special today except that we got two apples apiece for supper tonight. No mail today and no hot water for showers or laundry.

November 29, 1980: (392<sup>nd</sup> Day !!!)

Hot shower today—also fresh orange for supper tonight. Jerry having another of his days! Claiming he wished the terrorists would “just take him out and shoot him so he could have some peace!” Don’t know what is always eating him so—he certainly has nothing worse happening to him than what all of us are undergoing. His trouble is that all he does is lie in bed staring at the ceiling, picking his nose, feeling sorry for himself and thinking too much without attempting to keep himself or his mind occupied. He really is in a bad way, but I have written him off as far as trying to help him as in my opinion, he is a hopeless case! He doesn’t even try to help himself and everyday becomes more of a pain in the ass! A sad figure of a man!

November 30, 1980: (393<sup>rd</sup> Day !!!)

Don wrote a note addressed to “Abbas or Ahmahd” today pointing out Jerry’s condition and urging something be done to get him psychiatric treatment. Nothing else special today. No mail. Electricity off again this morning for a couple hours. Some hot water but not enough for me to get another shower. They are also out of toothpaste as apparently there is no more in the “co-op”. Lights in hallway are now left on all night as well as heater in our room. The blower heater in hall that apparently works on kerosene heat but with an electric blower conked out tonight.

December 1, 1980: (394<sup>th</sup> Day !!!)

Don spoke to Abbas early this morning in regard to his note, was told they would try to do something within a couple of days. Would try to put him in a better room, find some mail for him, etc. Suggested that Don and I try to talk him out of his attitude but Don told him that we have been trying that for the fast few months without success. Abbas also told Don that “negotiations were going good” and that their (Iranians’) demands were such that there is a good basis for successful negotiations. I’ll believe that the day I am on a plane going out of here and not before! I’ve been hearing that too long to believe it anymore! Nothing special today. Lights were out in morning for about 2 hours again. Finally got some Iranian toothpaste in the washroom. We are constantly low on soap, toothpaste, detergent, etc. these days. No mail either. Things really going to pot.

December 2, 1980: (395<sup>th</sup> Day !!!)

Woke up this morning with a sore throat that is causing twinges of pain in my lymph glands around my right ear, also across top of my head. Am gargling with salt water and taking aspirins. Jerry came back from the washroom, said Ahmahd was there and told him negotiations were “progressing well”, that the three of us were going to be moved to a “better room to stay until our release, as soon as they could find one”, that he would see that we were given things we needed, provided they were available of course, and that all Jerry needed to do was to request them, etc., etc. Of course Jerry believed him and came back very much elated! I don’t know where Jerry has been all this time but he obviously hasn’t learned that Ahmahd is the biggest liar here and I personally would never believe a thing he said. He *did* bring in a tape recorder with some decent tapes (one of Nat King Cole) that we kept for the afternoon and evening, also a “Sports” magazine and a Nov. 10 issue of “Time” with many pages torn out.

Jerry made a list of things such as wanting to see the movie “The Night They Raided Minsky’s” (the one they stopped us from watching several days ago), a request for a belt and a few other minor requests! We’ll see what happens. However I have no desire to be moved again as I’m sure all “cells” in this prison are the same. Also it is not going to help matters just to move the three of us into a different room when Jerry definitely needs hospitalization and psychiatric help. What we *all* need is to be released *and soon*, but it surely doesn’t look as though that is going to happen very soon. Ahmahd told Jerry the “Parliament” is working on our release yet I’m sure that *only* the madman, Khomeini, is the one who will make the decision—not Parliament which obviously has *no say at all* in the affair!

December 3, 1980: (396<sup>th</sup> Day !!!)

Hot shower today. No mail—had another squabble with Jerry at suppertime. He was back into one of his moods today even though yesterday he was more normal. Today all he did was lie on his bed starting at the ceiling, saying his rosary, sucking his fingers or picking his nose! Then tonight while eating supper I mentioned that in a book I am reading “The Honorary Consul” by Graham Green that Greene wrote about the support our Gov’t (and the CIA) gave Paraguay’s dictator General Stroessner who was for giving ex-high Nazi officials asylum, Jerry seemed to take this as a personal slur by me against himself and started in again about how it would be better if the hostages either were set free by the terrorists or, if not, that they shoot all of us! I told him to speak for himself, *not me*, and that if he were so anxious to die why didn’t he ask the terrorists to kill him? Also, that I had things to live for, that I fully intended to walk out of here to join my wife and that I was not about to flip *my* lid!

Also told him that I was sick and tired of his attitude, his doing nothing all the time except feeling sorry for himself as though he were the only one here who had problems (as if neither Don nor I had any—only him) and disgusted with him for lying around all day staring into space and picking his nose. I told him we would all be better off if he would begin to grow up and act like a man! Doubt if this will do any good, however, except possibly to clear the atmosphere a bit! –Took coracidin today and hit the sack for awhile as I have a slightly sore throat—also some nerve ends in my scalp and lymph nodes around my right ear causing sharp twinges of pain.

December 4, 1980” (397<sup>th</sup> Day !!!)

Had another hot shower this afternoon. No mail again today. They decided today to let us see “The Night They Raided Minsky’s” after all, so Jerry and I were able to see the remainder of the

first reel we hadn't seen when they stopped us from watching it, and all of the second reel. These weirdos! One never knows what goes on in their perverted minds. Were given a Nov. 10 issue of "Time" a couple days ago but as usual many of the pages had been torn out—censored, of course. We mustn't have *any* news even though we are now entering our 14<sup>th</sup> month of captivity!

December 5, 1980: (398<sup>th</sup> Day!!)

Nothing special today except we were given some American vanilla ice cream today after lunch. No mail. Haven't been very good today either—stiff neck on right side and steady, dull headache this evening. Hope it is the aftermath (or still part) of my cold and isn't the start of something more serious. Laid with my head near the heater so the hot air would blow on my stiff neck and should, and that helped somewhat.

December 6, 1980 (399<sup>th</sup> Day !!!)

Woke up this morning with a dull, thumping headache and stiff right shoulder. Laundry man should have picked up our sheets yesterday as it has been two weeks. If he doesn't come around by tomorrow and if we have hot water for showers, I'll do them myself, as I did over in the chancery. No mail again today. Nothing else special.

December 7, 1980 (400<sup>th</sup> Day!!!-also Sunday, Pearl Harbor Day)

Today is our 400<sup>th</sup> day in captivity. I wonder when our Gov't is going to get off its dead ass and *really* do something to get us out of here? It should have come in here with force the day we were taken as hostages. Now it never will as it is too late. Certainly doesn't seem to be any hope to get out of here before Christmas. No hot water today so took an ice cold shower and changed underwear—and it was cold! No mail again today. Got a fresh orange for supper.

This evening when I was taken to the toilet there was another hostage there whom I didn't recognize. He identified himself as "Reagan" who I remember was in the "Mushroom Inn" and late in the Charge's bedroom in the resident last year same time I was. He asked me who my roommates were and I only had time to give him Don Hohman's name when the guard realized his mistake in letting me in the toilet with another hostage and came running back to get me out of there. These idiots are so deathly afraid of letting us be in contact with other hostages! They are really paranoid. Hohman told me it was "Sgt. Reagan" of "Armies Mag". I remembered he was sick at the time we were first captured, apparently with flu or something as they had to call a doctor for him and, I believe, took him out of the room—perhaps to a hospital.

December 8, 1980: (401<sup>st</sup> Day)

No hot water today. They keep promising hot water for "tomorrow" but we don't get it. No mail again today—now 13 days since last time we were given any (Nov. 26). Did get a bowl (just one small one) of popcorn and also got the tape recorder this afternoon with several tapes. Throat still a bit sore, am gargling with salt water. Also have a stiff neck. Jerry massages each night some French analgesic cream they gave me last February when I was having back and spine trouble. It helps somewhat. This evening about 2:00 P.M. our lights were turned off suddenly and then there was a lot of what appeared to be anti-aircraft fire or possibly mortars or missiles. Could hear thuds in the distance but then several bursts of the anti aircraft or missiles seem fairly close so we must not be too far from the airport. It appears that the "war" between Iran and Iran is still continuing.

December 9, 1980: (402<sup>nd</sup> Day)

Was told again this morning there would be no hot water today—possibly tomorrow—because there was no oil. It appears that Iran is suffering from a shortage of the kerosene they need for heating like they were a year or two ago when the U.S. gave them something like two million gallons as a “goodwill gesture” and now we see the “thanks” we got! If I could be sure Iran is really hurting, I’ll be glad to do without hot water! So this morning I shaved as usual in cold water, then shampooed and took a sponge bath. Sure was cold, however! Then washed my sheets and pillowcase as it has been 18 days since the terrorists did them for us.

Yesterday I sent a written request for a decent mattress like we had over at the chancery as this foam rubber slab we have here is giving me a backache. Also complained about the lack of proper supplies in the toilets such as safety razors, shaving soap, toilet soap, and detergent for dishes; conditions keep going from bad to worse. This morning we were given pie filling again in place of jam and yesterday got the “wallpaper” type bread in place of the usual ‘barbari’ itself is not as good as it used to be. When we were moved to this “prison” dump on Oct. 30 we were told we would have “to adapt” to the new quarters “for a few days” and then “maybe” we would be going home. Ahmahd was right on time “maybe” as we are still “adapting” as we have seen in this dump for 41 days and *absolutely no sign of going home!* Later in the morning they did get some kerosene so lit the tank and I got a hot shower and washed my underwear in hot water. Don Hohman is very sick—has terrible pains near his eye and left ear—so bad it made him vomit both his breakfast and lunch. Has had a terrific headache past four days and has been eating typl9onol like candy but with no effect in relieving the pain. This afternoon we asked Abbas to get a doctor for him but will see if they do and how long it will take. I’m afraid it will take an antibiotic clear up the pain as it probably is an internal eye or ear infection of some sort. Hope it isn’t too serious, but surely seems so right now. No mail again today.

December 10, 1980: (403<sup>rd</sup> Day—also my 656<sup>th</sup> birthday!!)

Had hoped I might get a birthday present with news that we were being released, but no such luck! Got into the wash room early and while the tank wasn’t lit there was still enough in the tank for another hot shower, so took one. There were two safety razors there this morning—tried both but both were dull! Some improvement! Used one anyway as I am trying to save the one plastic “throwaway” I have in case we don’t get any more. (The “astra” and a couple of others I was saving when we were in the chancery were confiscated the night we were moved over there to our present prison!) Intended to ignore my birthday today and didn’t even mention it to Don or Jerry but this afternoon Ahmahd brought in some mail for us and I got 22 pieces! *Nine* letters from my wife, 3 from my brother Howard, *one* from my sister, four from nephews and nieces, five from friends. A real birthday gift! So I then told Jerry and Don what day it was. Was shocked to learn that my brother Howard had a severe heart attack in mid-October. Hope he is better now but don’t know since latest letter was dated Oct. 25! Reminded Ahmahd again that Don needs a doctor—now at least 36 hours have passed with none coming to see him, yet the terrorists profess to be concerned about our welfare! Lights out again this P.M. just when we were trying to read our mail! Don received word he was promoted in November to “E-7” (sergeant). Good for him!

December 11, 1980: (404<sup>th</sup> Day)

Doctor has not come yet to see Don. I complained vociferously to Abbas and told him that while they profess to be concerned about the hostages' welfare in reality they couldn't care less! Of course he denied it—said they are concerned but that there are problems! Tonight, just before supper he brought in a plate with a lighted candle and three pieces of Iranian cake (sort of a jelly roll) for my birthday! Seems Jerry had requested it yesterday afternoon after he learned it was my birthday. Thoughtful of him. Abbas also brought in a paper made by some school kids on which each one had made his handprint in showcard paint with his and her name by the handprint. Unfortunately the school address was missing, so I have no idea where it came from.

December 12, 1980: (405<sup>th</sup> Day)

Don feeling much worse this morning. I demanded to see Ahmahd immediately since it is now the fourth day we have been trying to get a doctor for Don without success. About 10:00 A.M. Abbas came in with the medical student who sees us from time to time (the same one who took my blood pressure and gave me the EKG.) However, Don, who is a male nurse, was not satisfied with either his examination or his diagnosis so now we'll see whether what he prescribes will be of any help. *Four full days* to get a "doctor" who is only a *medical student* when someone of us is sick! It is a miracle that none of us has died here so far! Later today Don said the medicine the medical student prescribed is not helping him at all—rather some of it has bad side effects and is making him more nauseated than before. He continues to have the severe pain in his head and should be seen by an experienced M.D. or preferably, specialist.

Ali gave us some popcorn this P.M. After supper Ahmahd took me to the wash room, I reminded him about my request for a decent mattress but he said they "couldn't" bring any mattresses to "this place" and said we are to be moved to "much better rooms" in four days. (Seems I have heard that story before!) Also said (this time he *confirmed*) that all of our letters are not being sent out but said we would be given more mail in *five* days, so it is obvious that they do not now (and I'm sure never have) given us our mail as it arrives but only when they see fit to do so. Ahmahd also tried to convince me that I should not lose hope, that "other countries" are assisting with negotiations, that progress *is* being made, etc.

He became angry when I reminded him that he has told us the same story several times before; also that on Oct. 30 he had told us we were "to adapt ourselves" to our present dump of a prison "for a few days" and then "maybe" we would be going home, etc. and the "few days" have now continued into 44 days!--so how could I have any hope, or believe anything he told me? He reiterated that "conditions had changed" and that if we read the news (which they still refuse to give us) I would be convinced. No matter what he says, I refuse to believe him and now that another move is planned for us I see no possibility of getting out of here before Christmas and also no *real* hope on the horizon.

December 13, 1980: (406<sup>th</sup> Day)

Jerry is exercising regularly now, reading more, even studying Spanish a bit and practicing some with me. He seems to have snapped out of his depressed mood. Apparently my telling him off to the effect that he "should grow up and act like a man" has had some good effect. —weighed myself this morning on a "Hanson" bath scale—was 77 kilos (169 pounds) so if this scale is accurate, I have gained a bit.—Don was much worse today—still having acute pain in his head and vomited his food soon after he had eaten. I wrote Ahmahd a note, saying it was very urgent and that I believed Don should be taken to a hospital immediately for an examination and tests to

determine the problem as I believed the matter was very serious. He replied by note as follows: "Forget hospital! Whatever we can do we do here. We'll try to contact doctor and ask him to come to see Don Hohman again. Ant till (until) that time don't ask anything about this matter. Ahmahd." The "doctor" he refers to is, I'm sure, the same "medical student" who saw Don before but apparently didn't know what he was doing. Whatever is wrong with Dan could be as serious as Rich Queen's illness was and the Iranians regarded him as serious enough to return him to the U.S., yet they won't take proper measures to determine how serious his problem is!—They lit the tank late this afternoon so I took a hot shower and washed my underwear.

December 14, 1980: 407<sup>th</sup> Day)

Don is very hoarse today but says his throat isn't sore. I wouldn't be surprised if the pain in his head is caused by some infection that has now affected his throat and vocal chords. Not doctor (not even the medical student) came to see him today, even though it is now the ninth day he has been ill. Nothing else special today except got another hot shower as they heated the tank again for a while.

December 15, 1980: (408<sup>th</sup> Day)

When Ahmahd told me on Dec. 12 that we would be moving to a "much better room in four days" I thought he might mean today, counting the 12<sup>th</sup> as the first day, but we didn't move today so perhaps we'll move tomorrow. Don is feeling much better today. Says he has a dull ache in his head but hopefully his own basic good health has helped him overcome whatever his problem has been; however he says it has really been rough! He isn't completely out of the woods yet, and yet no doctor has been brought in to examine him and even the medical student has returned to see him, even though Don has no faith in him. Got a fresh orange for lunch today and a fresh apple for supper. It really tasted good! Hot water again for showers but I didn't take one today. No mail.

December 16, 1980: (409<sup>th</sup> Day)

Ahmahd came in this morning with the medical student to see Don—now that Don is beginning to feel better without any proper medical treatment! The med student prescribed some other medicine which Ahmahd promised to get today, but didn't. Was given a pomegranate today with out lunch. Had seen piles of them on the street last fall when I came to Iran but didn't buy any. First time I can recall ever having eaten any. It was both tasty and interesting to eat. Got my things arranged in anticipation of moving today (at least this evening after dark as Ahmahd had said we would) but the move didn't take place after all! No mail today.

December 17, 1980 (410<sup>th</sup> Day)

Nothing special all day except having some American ice cream this afternoon. Then tonight, after we had gone to bed about 10:00 PM Ahmahd came in and told us to pack our things, so we knew the move he had told me about was to take place. We got our things together packed in plastic garbage bags but this time I was permitted to carry my own packets of letters and photos. Oh yes, I forgot to mention that this morning we were given some Christmas cards to send home so I sent a card and letter to Rita, Howie, and Marge. Naturally don't know if or when they'll ever get them.

We were blindfolded and led downstairs to the garage where about 12 of us were packed into a bus or van. I was handcuffed to another hostage. It was quite a job to get the bus out of

the garage—a really tight squeeze. We were driven about 40 minutes—could feel we were going higher as my ears popped.

When we finally arrived were led into a building and made to sit on the floor either in a large room or a hallway (couldn't see as was still blindfolded). Then I had to stand spread-eagled against a wall while one of the terrorists frisked me thoroughly, checked all my pockets and examined the contents, even ran his fingers through my scalp, took off my slippers and felt my feet and socks, checked my belt, looking into my undershorts, etc! Then I was pushed into a room and made to sit on a chair where I was told I could remove the blindfold. Found that I was in a large room, apparently a hotel—but one that had not been occupied for some time. Don Hohman, Jerry Miele and I were there, plus two other hostages—Bill Belk and John Graves of “ICA”—second ranking officers in the Embassy. (Belk is a communications and records man). None of our belongings had arrived. We sat up all night until about 5:00 AM when I stretched out on the floor. The room *was* warm—heat coming from two warm air wall heaters. There is a good bathroom. But everything dusty. Also while there is hot water, good shower and tub, good sink, the toilet would not flush and has to be flushed with a pail of water.

### December 18, 1980 (411<sup>th</sup> Day)

Spent a couple hours trying to sleep on the carpeted floor until about 8:30 when one of the guards brought in a few blankets, so I stretched out on one until about a half hour later the same guard brought in five foam rubber slab mattresses, so was able to sleep a little better. We didn't get our own things until about 4:00 PM. Fortunately I got everything except my green pillow which I can get along without. As nearly as I can determine, we are in a hotel (possibly luxury) in the mountains north of Iran. We have large double doors leading to a balcony, but the doors have been blocked off with apparently newly installed bars. It also prevents us from getting any fresh air. Room is carpeted (brown). There are two hot air radiator/air conditioners so the room is well heated. The shelves, closets, etc. are modern, white painted wood. We have a glass coffee table and five chairs. Bath has small mosaic tiles, green tub, green wash basin, mirror, green toilet. We had plenty of hot water until a pipe broke later in the afternoon. Toilet is usable but not connected to water so we have to flush it by pouring water into it.

However, although everything was dusty and dirty, it is a big step forward to have a bathroom connected to our room, with tub, shower, sink, toilet and hot water we can use whenever we wish—especially after our 49 days in the prison! Belk and Graves have been in the prison since July 3 (Belk) and Graves (June 25). Graves said he, Joe Hall, Persanger and Kertley had been badly banged up when the car in which they were being transported from Isfahan to Tehran ran off the road and overturned, end over end, two times! They believed the driver was killed (apparently fell asleep while driving) but the four hostages, although being badly bruised, suffered no broken bones or other serious injuries. It was a miracle!

It snowed all day today, with huge flakes at times, and evergreen trees opposite our balcony window are hanging heavy with snow. Really looks like Christmas. Meals very off schedule today, breakfast about noon, lunch about five PM. Since we didn't get much sleep last night we were all in bed when they served soup and tea about ten PM. Only John had supper, the rest of us slept. I had taken a hot shower. Right after, the hot water was off. Guard said a pipe had broken but would be fixed tomorrow, but we think the hot water has merely been turned off!

December 19, 1980 (412<sup>th</sup> Day)

There was an earth tremor this morning at approximately 5:00 AM. All of us felt it. The place was really shaking for a few seconds. Wonder if there was an earthquake somewhere in Iran. Hope so and that there was severe damage somewhere! It would serve them right. Hot water not turned on today. It has quit snowing and there is bright sunshine. Means were a little bit more on schedule, but still late.

December 20, 1980 (413<sup>th</sup> Day)

Bright sunshine this morning. What a wonderful day it would be to fly out of here! Surely makes the room a lot warmer too. About noon "Little Hamid" came in and asked us what we needed for our room, so we gave him a list such as toilet and laundry soap, shaving cream, toilet paper, etc. He gave us instructions about when we could request supplies in the future, stating we were to requisition items only between the hours of 11:00-12:00 AM and 6:00-7:00 PM. He then gave us the bad news that we would be here over Christmas! How much longer we'll be here, I don't know. Both Bill Belk and John Graves have been under the impression we would be released before Christmas, claiming one of the terrorists had told them that "agreements" had been signed "in principle" and that only the details have to be worked out. Apparently we have been moved to this hotel so that at such time as we may be released (or possibly for Christmas) any TV cameramen or news reports will be able to show us off in a more favorable light. Hot water came on today so I took another shower and washed my underwear.

December 21, 1980 (414<sup>th</sup> Day)

Nothing special today.

December 22, 1980 (415<sup>th</sup> Day)

Bill Belk trimmed my hair today. Did a good job. There was another earth tremor this afternoon about 4:30. Seemed to be stronger than the one on Dec. 19. Ali Akbar told us that one was approximately 500 kilometers away but no damage. With this second one there may possibly [be] a[nother] quake, or larger quake, in the offing. Bill blew up this afternoon at John Graves, same as I have before at Jerry. This living together for such a long time in close confinement with people of such different personalities is really hard on the nerves.

December 23, 1980 (416<sup>th</sup> Day)

Nothing special today. Had a good lunch today. Meat loaf, French fries and green salad. First time we have had fresh salad since we left the chancery and the girls were fixing our meals.

December 24, 1980 (417<sup>th</sup> Day)

Early this morning, about 4:30 A M, the lights came on in our room and Colonel Schaeffer, Air Attache, was brought into our room. Said he had been brought over here with 12 others from the Abani Prison where he had been kept for some time. So now we are six hostages in one room! Washed my sheets and pillow case this morning.

December 25, 1980 (418<sup>th</sup> Day) Christmas Day

Attended religious services this morning about 2:00 Am, conducted by the Catholic Archbishop of Tehran and the Papal Nuncio in Tehran. I had not intended to participate in any way in the

Christmas services this year as I regard the ones they have held for us (Last Christmas and Easter) as purely to further their own propaganda. However, I relented this year and went anyway as I thought I might be seen on TV by my wife, sister, brother and others who would know I am well. Actually, from a purely religious standpoint the services were better than last Christmas and Easter. No American priests or ministers came over this year.

There was a tree, locally made sweets and fruits, and we also were given a sweat shirt jacket, sweat pants and sport T-shirt all of which were too small for me. Lots of pictures were taken and I sent greetings on TV to my wife, sister, and brother. In the afternoon, received a package from my wife with underwear, chocolate bars, socks, handkerchiefs, mitts, games, crossword puzzles, fruit cake, etc. Surely was nice to get it. We were also given some Swiss chocolate, various candies, toilet soap, a Dresdener Stollen, etc. Much of it of European origin. May have come from the Int. Red Cross, but don't know for sure.

Then this evening we were visited by the Algerian ambassador to Iran and another official from the Algerian Embassy (along with several cameramen). Informed us they are leaving for Washington within next two days with proposals from the Iranians (Gov't?) concerning our possible release. Most of the interview with them was conducted in French by one of the hostages in our room, John Graves, who is bi-lingual in French and English. The Algerian ambassador appeared to be very sympathetic to our plight. Surely hope something good will happen this time!

#### December 26, 1980 –419<sup>th</sup> Day

Wrote a letter last night to Rita and one to Howie and this morning got one off to Marge which we were told would be taken to the U.S. by the Algerians. Hope the letters, as well as others written recently, will reach them soon. With the bars across the sliding doors in our room leading to the balcony we can't open the door. As a result our room is always very stuffy, especially with six of us talking, breathing, exercising in one room. This afternoon and evening they opened the door into the hallway for awhile and it helped a great deal. However, it is so humid and warm in our room that the chocolate bars and candy I received from my wife and from the Int. Red Cross or other source gets terribly soft.

#### December 27, 1980 (420<sup>th</sup> Day)

Nothing special today.

#### December 28, 1980 (421<sup>st</sup> Day)

Woke up about 5:00 with diarrhea. Went about three times before breakfast. Must have been from eating too many Christmas sweets which I'm not used to. Also had a very thick, but not particularly sore, throat. Jerry managed to get the sliding glass door open this morning so it should be less stuffy and humid in our room from now on. Bright sunshine this morning. Got some medicine from one of the guards for gargling which helped some and Jerry had part of a bottle of Kaopectate which helped the diarrhea. Little Hamid came in this afternoon with mail. Received 11 letters, two of which were from my wife dated Sept. 23 and Oct. 25 that pre-dated the two I got from her on Christmas Day. Latest was one from my sister dated Dec.3. My brother Howard is getting along fairly well following his heart attack. Also learned that my wife is in Washington again in Nov. for a "FLAG" meeting and was able to spend Thanksgiving with her brother Jim and family. Didn't feel up to supper tonight but did eat a fresh orange they gave us.

December 29, 1980 (422<sup>nd</sup> Day)

Started today off with a squabble amongst all of us—actually a continuation on one that started a couple of days ago. Two days ago the others started in on me because I talk too much (personal characteristic of which I am well aware) but they aren't aware that a number of them are just as bad, especially Don Hohman and John Graves who monopolize almost every conversation and consider themselves to be the complete authority on everything! This morning Don lit into me about he had put up with me since April, how sick he was of me and my opinions, etc., etc. Trouble is with six of us now in one room we are grating on each other's nerves so much that the slightest discussion or disagreement turns into a big squabble. If only this situation could end so we could get out of here and begin to live a normal life again!

December 30, 1980 (423<sup>rd</sup> Day)

Nothing special today. Just the usual—exercising, letter-writing, reading, card games, etc.

December 31, 1980 (424<sup>th</sup> Day)

Jerry talked me into starting Yoga exercises today, a 28 day program. Will give it a try. This afternoon, the terrorists installed a wide angle lens peephole in the door to our room. What they want that for is hard to imagine as we no longer have to be taken to the bathroom, etc. Don smeared tooth paste over it just to annoy them which it did, of course, and they threatened disciplinary action but didn't take any against him at least for the rest of the day. He seems to enjoy inviting trouble. Don't see what he is accomplishing by it. Sat up tonight playing hearts with John Graves, Bill Belk and Col. Schaeffer until after midnight. What a way—and in what a place—to bring in the New Year! Both Graves and Col. Schaeffer are of the opinion, based on the student (terrorists) attitude and time that has elapsed since Christmas that negotiations have broken down again, so now think we will continue to be held here for quite some time. Previously they thought we would be released before Christmas; then before Presidential Inauguration Day on Jan. 20; now they don't know! All very, very discouraging.

January 1, 1981 (425<sup>th</sup> Day)

Woke up this morning about 9:30 AM to find the trees hanging heavy with snow and snow falling heavily. Really very pretty outdoors. Would like to be out in it. Electricity has been off most of the day—probably lines are down because of the heavy snow. Electricity came on later in the day and Ali-Akbar took us down to the new TV room (just a short distance down the hall) to see a film of the 1967-68 Superbowl. Of course we had to be blindfolded! Same old routine!

January 2, 1981 (426<sup>th</sup> Day)

Nothing special today. Got an orange for lunch for dessert and some popcorn later in the day. Very bright and sunny today but appeared to be rather cold outdoors.

January 3, 1981 (427<sup>th</sup> Day)

Last day of our 14<sup>th</sup> month in captivity. Tomorrow we begin our 15<sup>th</sup> month in this hole! Was given a Coca-Cola with lunch today. Had a "Pepsi" a long time ago but first time I have had a Coke in Iran.

### January 4, 1981 (428<sup>th</sup> Day)

We begin our 15<sup>th</sup> month of captivity today! This afternoon the terrorists brought in a doctor to check us over to see if we were in good health. This time it was a proper medical doctor, a rather small built man, perhaps in mid-thirties who spoke English well and said he had been in New York for six years. He checked each of us for blood pressure and queried us as to whether we had any special complaints. When he examined me he said my blood pressure was 140/80, normal for my age. He also noticed immediately that I had a heart murmur and asked whether I was aware of it and I related to him the history of it, my childhood illness, partial loss of sight in my left eye in Jan. '73, subsequent visits to 97<sup>th</sup> Gen. Hosp. in Frankfurt, being put on Cumadin for 6 mos., etc.

I also told him how concerned I have been during my period of captivity, fearing that if I had a heart attack I would surely die here as the terrorists—because of their ridiculous “security” measures, could never get me emergency medical attention in time. He then gave me the same line that Ahmehd has given about how things have changed now that the elections (U.S.) are over, etc. etc., intimating that we would soon be released. I told him I had been hearing that line too many times and for too long to believe any of it anymore. John Graves, Col. Schaeffer and Bill Belk seem to think the doctor’s visit is a prelude to our being released soon and that his visit is to determine that none of us has incurred any illnesses or medical problems because of our confinement—for the terrorists’ own protection, of course. I sincerely hope this is an indication of our early release, but I am still not very hopeful. “Little Hamid” who assisted the doctor in checking off names, told Bill we would be given mail on Wednesday, Jan.7. He also told me the Christmas goodies (other than those our families sent) were from “other embassies” in Tehran. Today was my day to wash pots and pans. Did five of them, plus 3 spatulas and spoons.

### January 5, 1981 (429<sup>th</sup> Day)

Got pomegranate jam for breakfast this morning—something different but so sickening sweet as usual with all Iranian jams that the taste of pomegranate wasn’t really apparent.

### January 6, 1981 (430<sup>th</sup> Day)

Every morning we hear school kids from a school next door shouting while they apparently are doing calisthenics and always ending up with cries of “mankbar Amerika” (or something like that) which means “Death to America”! Apparently Iranian school kids are being brought up as the Nazis did in Germany!

### January 7, 1981 (431<sup>st</sup> Day)

They brought me some lozenges and gargle that the medical doctor prescribed this morning. Hope it will help. Had been told several days ago by Little Hamid as well as Ali Akbar that we would be given mail today. Then today when Ali Akbar came in (this morning) with the lozenges and gargle the doctor had prescribed he said we won’t get mail before noon. However we didn’t get it until evening when we received a few letters, again about two months old except one from my wife via the “Box 2976” address dated Dec. 4. Jerry got one from his sister with a different address “Box 6096, Silver Spring MD 20906” and Bill Belk got one from his son postmarked Dec. 27 stating he had seen him at Christmas on TV!

### January 8, 1981 (432<sup>nd</sup> Day)

Nothing special today. Continued bright sunny weather and appears to be moderately cold outdoors.

January 9, 1981 (433<sup>rd</sup> Day)

Ali, the cook, brought in a bunch, that is, a lot of fresh carrots this morning after breakfast asking us to scrape, wash and clean, and slice them up for cooking, so the six of us set up an assembly line in the bathroom, putting the carrots in the bath tub, scrubbing them with scouring pads, washing them in the sink, then slicing them. Surely were a lot of carrots! My day today to clean the bathroom. What do you think we had for supper tonight? Hard boiled eggs, some celery vegetable and raw, sliced carrots!

January 10, 1981 (434<sup>th</sup> day)

Nothing special today.

January 11, 1981 (435<sup>th</sup> Day).

Just as I was making up a list this morning to give to our guard of things we needed for our room Jerry snapped that he wanted some cyanide and I could see he was off again on one of his fits of depression. It was the first time the others, besides Don Hohman and I, had seen him carry on like that. Bill tried to reason with him, suggesting he talk about his troubles but, of course as always it did no good. So for the remainder of the day Jerry laid in his bed, never getting out of his pajamas, just staring at the ceiling, sucking his fingers, etc. in a gloomy fit of depression as he has acted many times before. I'm surely getting sick of him and his actions.

January 12, 1981 (436<sup>th</sup> Day)

Had a big serving of Ali's beef stew today with lots of the fresh carrots we cleaned and sliced a few days ago. Was dull and overcast until late afternoon and snowed some. A wet, heavy snow that didn't last.

January 13, 1981 (437<sup>th</sup> Day)

Been having trouble with electricity lately. Light bulbs are burning out and fuses blowing. Don't know what is causing it, that is, whether the light bulbs cause the fuses blowing or vice versa. Col. Schaefer finished the 2500 jigsaw puzzle today of the beautiful German scene he got for Christmas, took him an estimated 100 hours! Surely is a gorgeous picture. John gave me some practice in French pronunciation today.

January 14, 1981 (438<sup>th</sup> Day)

The school kids next door also shout "Death to Russia" each morning. Such idiots! They want to take on the two greatest powers in the world. Pains in right hip today. Must be rheumatism or arthritis again like I had last year at this time. Laid in the tub this evening (unfortunately water not very hot) took a couple of aspirins and hit the sack early.

January 15, 1981 (439<sup>th</sup> Day)

Started off as another bad day! Hohman has made a number of snide comments lately—about my "pretending" to exercise, about his having to put up with my "shit" since last April (meaning my comments and opinions on various matters) and now this morning about my "bitching" concerning certain letters I receive when I get more mail than anyone else, etc. Seems this close

confinement brings out the true character in everyone and what used to be “joking “ remarks have now turned into bitter, cutting ones. What he doesn’t realize (or refuses to admit) is that he is one of the most opinionated individuals I have ever met and regards himself as a complete authority on most everything. I’m getting just as sick of his constant foul language as I’m sure he is getting sick of me and my ways. I’m also pretty tired of the others’ constant reference to me as an “old man” or “gramps”, or belittling me about my talking and the jokes I tell. While it appears to be meant as kidding, it too gets pretty caustic at times. So from here on, insofar as it possible, I’m not going to enter into any conversations expressing an opinion—or talk with Hohman about anything. Gave Col. Schaeffer a lesson in German pronunciation today. Jerry also acting strangely today, more or less accusing the rest of us of reading his mail! Why he would think any of us would be interested in doing that is more than I can imagine! This is a real happy ship!

[This was the last diary entry made by William Ode while a captive, shortly before the process began of flying them from Iran to Germany, where they were met by President Jimmy Carter. Ode later wrote the following account to fill in the gap in his diary entries in his last week in Iran.]

### **My Love of, and Life in, the Foreign Service**

The voice came over the Algerian plane’s speaker: “You are now leaving Iranian air space!” What a cheer went up from the American hostages on the plane! This was the moment for which we had waited 444 days. Now we knew we were really free! Even though we had been told by the Iranian terrorists that we were being set free, I’m sure all of the hostages didn’t really feel that we were on our way to freedom until we actually were out of Iran. So much still could go wrong in the process of obtaining our freedom...but the confirmation that we were actually out of Iran and the Ayatollah Khomeini’s jurisdiction made us finally realize that our ordeal was over! What a magnificent feeling! We were on our way at last! We were going home!

For months it seemed that nothing was ever really going to happen but then we realized that progress was being made to reach an agreement to release us, even though the terrorists gave us little news or hope in that regard, except for their usual vague hints that “something would happen soon”...“we would be released soon”, etc.

On January 19, 1981 I was taken from my room which I was occupying with five other hostages, Bill Belk and Jerry Miele of the State Department; John Graves of the International Communications Agency; Colonel Thomas Schaeffer, U.S. Air Force who had been the U.S. Defense Attache prior to the takeover of the Embassy; and Donald Hohman, a U.S. Army Medical Specialist who had been sent to Iran to head the embassy Medical Unit until such time as the State Department would send a qualified State Department Nurse for permanent duty.

Ahmad, who I thoroughly detested and I always referred to as “Shovelface” because of his rather flat facial structure was one of the terrorist-supervisors who had control of the “minor league” terrorist guards who controlled us on a daily basis. “Shovelface” spoke English well and, with a newspaper before him, informed me that “some” of the hostages were to be released that evening and flown to Wiesbaden, Germany and that I was “one of the candidates”! While I couldn’t seriously believe that our government would permit or accept the release of some, but

not all, of the hostages, the thought raced through my mind..."If I am one of the 'candidates'-- how do I win this election?"

The next thing I was taken to another room where I was seated before one of the women terrorists...a young woman gowned in the usual black chador who had interviewed me on previous occasions. It was my understanding that she had spent several years of her youth as a resident of Philadelphia where she attended school and learned to speak English like an American. In spite of her long residence in the United States she was rabidly anti-American! Perhaps living in Philadelphia makes one that way! I don't know. Since she spoke English so well I later learned that she had appeared frequently on Iranian propaganda TV broadcasts to the United States using the name of "Mary" and was well-known to American TV viewers who were following the hostage situation. Several TV cameras were focused on us and Mary asked me to describe my daily activities while being held hostage. I related how I did calisthenics each morning; then following breakfast I would pursue my daily regimen—pacing rapidly across my room for approximately 1200 times to equate two miles of walking; write letters to my wife, other relatives and friends; read, play Scrabble and other games with other hostages in my room, and study Spanish. Mary queried me as to whether I had been well treated to which I replied, "There was much room for improvement in our treatment" Then she asked me whether I felt there was any justification for having been taken hostage. I replied, "There was absolutely no justification...there never was." With that, Mary said, "The interview is over!"

[The hostages were set free on January 21, 1981. Robert Ode wanted this diary made public and donated it to the federal government. In June 19, 1980 entry, he wrote:] "I commented that the Iranians have continued to provoke us into any such actions that we might deem appropriate and that would have no one but themselves to blame, but that I was confident that Carter would not resort to such action anyway. Then later in the day Hohman, Queen and I were discussing the present situation and both Hohman and I commented that we had no use for any of the students engaged in this matter and that we would do everything in our power to bring to the attention of the American people what had gone on here and would do everything in our power to assure that the Iranians were punished for their actions, such as by a complete embargo of goods to their country, etc."

Robert C. Ode died on September 8, 1995 in Sun City West, Arizona, where he had lived in retirement in the home that his wife Rita had described to him in her letters while he was captive in Iran.