

ACTUAL DIARY ENTRIES

Nov. 3, 1979. Went to Embassy residence in evening to see movie. After movie was told by Charge' that Consular Section was to be closed the next day so that the front could be repainted where demonstrators had painted slogans. I was surprised to receive this news as I had not heard about it elsewhere.

Nov. 4, 1979: Since I wasn't sure whether we were expected to work at the Consular Section, in view of what the Charge' had told me last evening, I went to the office just the same at 7:30 as I had quite a bit of work to do anyway. When I got there, however, I found that everyone was coming to work as usual but we were not open to the general public. About 9:00 I was in my office when a young American woman, apparently the wife of an Iranian, was shown into my office as she wanted to obtain her mother-in-law's Iranian passport that had been left at the Consular Section a day or so before for a non-immigrant visa. Just as I was talking to her in an attempt to find out to whom the passport had been issued, when it was left with us, etc., we were told by the Consul General to drop everything and get up to the second floor of the Consular Section. I really didn't know what was happening but was told that a mob had managed to get into the Embassy Compound and, for our own protection, everyone had to go upstairs immediately.

I noticed that the Consul General was removing the visa plates and locking the visa stamping machines. I went upstairs with the American woman and could see a number of young men in the area between the rear of the Consular Section and the Embassy CO-OP store. We were told to sit on the floor in the outer hallway offices. A Marine Security Guard was present and was in contact with the main Embassy building (Chancery) by walkie-talkie. After an hour or so we could hear that the mob, which turned out to be student revolutionaries, were also on the walkie-talkie. The Marine Guard then advised that we were going to evacuate the Consular Section.

There were some visitors on the second floor in the Immigrant Visa Unit and the American Services Unit. I was asked to assist an elderly gentleman, either an American of Iranian origin or an Iranian citizen, I don't know, since he was almost blind and was completely terrified, and to be the first one out of the building. When we got outside he was met by a relative who took him away in his car. The students outside the Consular Section appeared to be somewhat confused at that point and the Consul General and about four other American members of the Consular Section, of which I was one, started up the street with the intention of going to his residence. When we were about 1 ½ blocks from the Consular Section we were surrounded by a group of the students, who were armed, and told to return to the Compound. When we protested a shot was fired into the air above our heads.

It was raining moderately at the time. We were taken back to the Compound, being pushed and hurried along the way and forced to put our hands above our heads and then marched to the Embassy residence. After arriving at the residence I had my hands tied behind my back so

tightly with nylon cord that circulation was cut off. I was taken upstairs and put alone in a rear bedroom and after a short time was blindfolded. After protesting strongly that the cord was too tight the cord was removed and the blindfold taken off when they tried to feed me some dates and I refused to eat anything I couldn't see. I strongly protested the violation of my diplomatic immunity, but these protests were ignored. I then was required to sit in a chair facing the bedroom wall. Then another older student came in and when I again protested the violation of my diplomatic immunity he confiscated my U.S. Mission Tehran I.D. card. My hands were again tied and I was taken to the Embassy living room on the ground floor where a number of other hostages were gathered. Some students attempted to talk with us, stating how they didn't hate Americans--only our U.S. Government, President Carter, etc. We were given sandwiches and that night I slept on the living room floor. We were not permitted to talk to our fellow hostages and from then on our hands were tied day and night and only removed while we were eating or had to go to the bathroom.

September 12, 1980: Today is Jerry's 42nd birthday. Had really fresh Barbari bread for breakfast today! Ate so much of it, with butter and honey, that I didn't want any lunch! Wish we could get it everyday. While we were playing Scrabble this afternoon, the student who apparently is in charge of us brought me some Sun and Ski Suntan lotion from the Embassy CO-OP but when I asked him if there was any mail (which he had said he would bring yesterday afternoon or today), he just said "No" with no other explanation.

This evening I expected that the cake I had asked the girls to make would be brought in to Jerry as a surprise. Instead one of the guards brought me a note asking what kind of a cake we wanted and said it would be made tomorrow. I was a bit disappointed that they didn't make it for his birthday today, as I wanted it as a surprise for him. However, there may have been some reason for not doing so but at least they are given our notes and this was the first time that I have been sure of it.

We are wondering whether there may be something going on, as we can hear the students using a power mower on the grass in the Compound and also from time to time we hear scraping sounds as though they are cleaning up junk outside. Don thinks that perhaps they are cleaning up the place in preparation for a visit by the International Red Cross or some other VIP's as we were asked to clean the library, etc. Perhaps this is just wishful thinking on our part and I don't really know what to make of it. In June, when Akbar took over as our Supervisor he told me that "he hoped" something would be decided about releasing us "at least by October" as that is when the students wanted to get back to the university, so sometimes I think possibly something may be working up toward releasing us by the beginning of early October. On the other hand, I think that perhaps we may be being kept until at least November 4, our Election Day in the U.S., just to embarrass the U.S. and possibly have some effect on the election as it seems to me that they ought to realize by this time they are not going to succeed in having the Shah returned nor having the Shah's money in the U.S. returned to them either, particularly to an Iranian Gov't as unstable as this one.

Again, all this may just be wishful thinking on my part and I surely hope that we will be released by November or even earlier as I dread to think of being here another Christmas! Even though they may be cleaning the place up a bit I'm sure they aren't going to remove all the signs they have written all over the walls everywhere in the Embassy Residence, the Chancery, etc., such as "Yankee Go Home--Yankee, you will *deid* in Iran--Down with the Carter; Masked Human Rights; Down with the Shah and Carter; etc." They want us to go home--yet they won't release us!

January 15, 1981 (439th 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!

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