

TEHRAN DIARY

An Air Force Wife's Account of The Last Days Of the Shah's Regime

By **Jerrienne R. Hayslett**

Color photos by Jerrienne R. Hayslett
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In December, most U.S. military dependents were evacuated from Iran. Here they settle in for the long trip home.



A tour in Tehran, Iran. The opportunity to travel, buy carpets and copper and learn about another culture.

My husband's assignment as personnel officer for the Air Force Section of the Military Assistance Advisory Group took us to that faraway land in July 1978. I already had laid the groundwork for a job at Tehran American School, which our two older children would attend. A chance meeting with another newly arrived military family took care of babysitting arrangements for our two-year-old son.

Our expectations were high. But who could have predicted the grim turn our lives would take? For we had stumbled upon what was to be the Shah of Iran's stormy swan song.

The following are excerpts taken from my journal kept during the six turbulent months of our Iranian experience.

JULY 23, 1978

We have been flung to a corner of the world few Americans know exists. The contrasts caused by 20th century progress elbowing its way into this ancient civilization are startling. Women draped in black cloaks called *chadores* so that only their eyes are visible seem so incongruous in this city of shiny new Mercedes and towering skyscrapers.

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