

M E M O R A N D U M

TO: Ken Follett
FROM: Paul Chiapparone
DATE: October 13, 1982

The following is an account of our arrival back in Dallas:

As the plane touched down on the DFW runway, I couldn't help but think to myself that we were finally home. I had spent 46 days in jail dreaming about this particular moment. I did not drink on the flight to Dallas although I ate an excellent meal. I was able to shower and shave at the hotel we stayed at in London. I hadn't slept very much in the last couple of days. I remember getting a few hours of sleep on the plane from Istanbul to Frankfurt, Germany, and prior to that I hadn't slept very much on the overland trip. The last good night sleep I got, if you can call it good, was the last night I spent in jail.

When we landed, I was wearing a beige turtleneck sweater with a pair of dungarees and a blue jacket. I believe most of my entire clothes (including my underwear) belonged to Jim Schwebach. I remember Jim giving me some clean clothes to wear once we had gotten to Istanbul. (The dungarees belonged to Keane, he gave them to me while I was in jail).

The thing I looked forward to the most was getting back to a normal life. I was prepared to go to work the next day. The second thing I looked forward to the most, was being again part of the American way, that is living in a society where people can't throw someone in jail without a reason. (And a good one)!

I was looking forward to being reunited with my family. This was foremost over everything else. As I indicated when we were together, I had put by family out of my mind during the time I was in jail, allowing me to better cope with the situation. Since arriving in Istanbul, where I had an opportunity to talk with Ruthie for the first time, I started thinking more and more about being with them and living a normal life again. I first saw my family as I boarded the bus when we landed at DFW. The bus was a great idea, in that it provided a degree of privacy for some very special moments. As I boarded the bus, there were a number of people on the bus, but I remember seeing Ruthie, Karen and Ann Marie. The first thing that I said to my wife was, "How are you?" There was feeling expressed in ways other than words. The only thing I can say in response to the question of how did I feel when I kissed my wife, would be, absolutely FANTASTIC! During moments of great happiness, I normally don't say much. I feel mellow inside and usually smile alot. This was the moment of greatest happiness in my entire life. I can't think of another event that has ever or will ever match seeing my family in Dallas.

Memo to Ken Follett

October 13, 1982

Page 2

When I walked into the Concorde Room, I felt really good seeing all those people, most of whom I knew. I remember thinking, this is a Sunday and the weather outside was bad and it was great that all of these people would show up. In particular, David Behne, who I have known for 16 years. We both joined EDS at the same time, he in Dallas and me in New York. He later told me he had an accident on the way to the airport and told the other party that he didn't have time to fill out the paperwork, he had to go to the airport for something very important, they wouldn't understand but he would get back to them later. That is a true friend.

My reaction to the speeches were that Ross did a superb job as usual. This was the first time that I had heard Colonel Simons speak formally. I was quite surprised that Colonel Simons was able to articulate in a very professional manner the message he wanted to convey. He spent alot of time talking about EDS and what a fine company it was. I felt proud to be a member of EDS. During this time, I was holding Ann Marie in my arms and I remember I kept putting her down and picking her up because I felt quite tired and it was hot. On the way out of the Concorde Room, I was carrying Ann Marie and had Karen next to me and Ruthie was walking behind me and the press was trying to interview us and I remember telling them that I was quite tired and would talk to them tomorrow.

That night we went to the Nyfeler's house where we spent the evening. I don't remember very much about that evening except being extremely tired. We were about to move into our house that next day. The movers were coming early so I had a sandwich and a soda and went to bed quite early. That night Ruthie told me that she thought she would never see me again, and I told her that my feelings had been through it all we would find a way to get out. I never really lost faith in our ability to do that. That driving force is something Ross has instilled in me over the last 16 years that I have worked for him. If you are patient and very creative, you can always come out a winner and the word NO is one you shouldn't spend a lot of time thinking about. I believe that message even more today.

PJC/jaf