

E. D. SYSTEMS CORPORATION

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MEMORANDUM

TO: Ross Perot
FROM: Ron Davis
DATE: October 15, 1982

As the Plane Touched Down on the DFW Runway -

As the plane started to descend, my heart began to pound rapidly. I could not determine if the feeling was as a result of lack of sleep or anxiety. The night of the emergency landing, we were able to get only four (4) hours sleep before having to catch the Braniff flight into DFW. Prior to that night, I had not slept for about a day and a half.

I would have felt worse, had it not been for the delicious first class meal that was served on the plane, and, topped off with my favorite spirits (Corvossier Cognac). I cannot remember the last time I had shaved and showered. It seemed so unimportant. My best recollection would be seven days. At one time, the flannel shirt and jeans began to smell somewhat foul, however, as time passed, so did the smell. The white trench coat I was wearing had become dark grey.

As we came closer to the runway, I turned to Jay Coburn and asked, "What will we do for a living now." Jay smiled and said, "I don't know, Ron." My mind began to drift. Then, I remembered that Marva had conceived and should be about three (3) months pregnant. I thought about how nice that was and how wonderful it would be to see her again. She had always been so understanding and trusting (never questioned what was going on); she knew it had something to do with Mr. Perot, so everything would be OK. I had not seen Marva except for two weeks in the last two months, so I did not know how she would look (being pregnant).

I really had a craving for a coke in the can from a gas station machine and Kentucky Fried Chicken.

When I First Saw My Family -

After landing, someone notified the passengers that the EDS team would be the first to get off. I really didn't know if the FBI or some Law Enforcement group was awaiting or not. However, we were shown a route (between the ropes) that had been provided for segregation purposes. Because of the

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previous training from the Colonel (for me, to always be first over the wall, etc.). I had become accustomed to get in front of all the others, so, I was one of the first members off the plane. The first person I saw and recognized was John Murphy (who had worked in Iran) then, EDS Security and that is when I began to feel a little more secure. Then there were many familiar faces and everything seemed a bit more organized. Sponsors had been assigned and were taking each team member to a specific area.

My sponsor led me to an awaiting Mercedes Benz bus . . . and there she was . . ., it was Marva. As I approached her, there were other wives and family members greeting me and shaking hands, crying, but my mind was strictly on Marva. Her eyes were glassy and we hugged for a long time. It was the first time since our wedding that I saw her cry. I could not decide what to do. I found myself looking for the team members, then returning to Marva. (It seemed as if I did not want to lose sight of them).

Then, as I looked around, I saw Paul and Bill reunited with their families and that is when it hit me what we had done. I saw Mr. Perot and the Colonel standing, shaking hands and I got emotional. I knew it was all over.

When I walked into the Concorde Room and Saw 1,000 People Waiting to Welcome Me -

I recognized many faces in the crowd, but I did not speak nor did I look at them for any length of time. I was not sure if they recognized me because I was a mess. Dirty clothes, unshaven, red eyes, and an odor. Mr. Perot has always been a good speaker; his speech brought cheers from the crowd. The speech was short and sweet; he introduced the team (probably because he wasn't sure if the crowd recognized anyone).

I was thinking, after the speech, where do I go? Where is home? Where has my wife been living, in Dallas? Was she still living in the EDS apartment or had some of our friends taken her into their homes?

That Evening -

After the speech, Ralph Boulware informed me that we had been invited to dinner at Terry Meyers home, another EDS employee. We had some beautiful steaks and drank scotch and sodas and spent the rest of the evening talking. It was late when we went to bed; I had fallen asleep on the floor in front of the fireplace while the others continued talking and laughing. Marva touched me gently and said, "Ron, wakeup honey, let's go home." I said, "Where is that?" Marva replied, "We are staying with the Boulwares."

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My last thoughts before going to bed, my mother or noone would never know or understand what had just taken place in my life.

I wonder, what will I do next? Can I sit behind a desk? Where will I work, in what state, city or country? Will I be successful? Will Marva and I have a boy or a girl? What happens now?

Ron Davis