



Mme Jacqueline GONTHIER
«La Cachottière»
Feucherolles
NERON
28210 NOGENT LE ROI

April 2nd 1987

Dear Grady.

Oh yes! I do remember you; I dare say I remember you all; those nice memories fill my lonely evenings; but I knew that you were in touch with Mason and occasionally he gave me news of you - Mason is the only one with Beron Blum's widow with whom I kept on writing. I did sometimes thought of sending you a Xmas Card, but life is there and I did not come around to it. Well all the same this is a lovely surprise, and I do look forward to meeting you and your son -

To say the truth I now live about 70 miles West of Paris very near Chartres; but if you ring me on the phone when you arrive in Paris, I shall do my best to come, either I'll drive my car or I'll catch a train - How long will you be in Paris? Easter is on the 14th - Well no use to think now. We shall plan when you are here. Or maybe I could see you in Paris and another day you could come to Chartres, to see the

Cathedral.

As I wrote just before I ~~now~~ live in a small cottage in the country - We had this tiny house built with my husband to use as a weekend place to go to; When he died (14 years ago) I kept on living near Paris but when I retired, I came here as life is not as dear as in Paris, and I love gardening roses and so on - I have an Alsation Shepherd (lady dog) who keeps me company -

My son and his family live near Paris (he works very near the Opera). I am the happy grame of 3 girls; 11, 9, 4 years old.

It seems I could soon ~~be~~ like that, but we shall talk very soon. I only hope my "American" is not too bad now. I go to England every 2 or 3 years; but when the 42nd R. U. left Paris, I had a very strong american accent.

Dear Grady, please, ring me. I am always home in the evenings - the number is from Paris: (15) 37 82 70 14 -

(in case I would not be there on the first call

try again, even very late in the night, I don't sleep much) -

Yours very friendly

Jacqueline

P. S. Please excuse my writing, I am ever so excited



Insurance Corporation Post Office Box 61 Winston-Salem, North Carolina 27102

May 27, 1988

Mrs. Emmy Joynes-Jonker
Haus Der Arztinnen
1100 Wien, Dr. Eberle Gasse 3/224

Dear Emmy:

You are so thoughtful to write me the nice letter from Cape Town and I sincerely appreciate your expressions of kindness. Because of Gladys' tragic illness we have learned a sense of comfort in knowing that she has experienced the peace she deserves.

From the notes I received from you while you were in Africa, it seems that you must have had a very enjoyable stay. It was good that Carol could visit with you while you were there and in your letter you mentioned that you, Carol and Benjamin will be together for a vacation visit and I can imagine what a nice reunion that will be. Hopefully I will hear from you at the end of your vacation to know about your plans for the remainder of the year.

My daughter and her family leave for Europe on June 25 I believe, and the last time I talked with her it looked very doubtful that they would get to Vienna. I wish they could travel to Vienna in order to see you if only for a short visit and also to see Vienna and the beautiful Austrian countryside. There still may be a possibility so do not be too surprised if they call you sometime when they are in Europe.

Your kind invitation to have me come over to visit and travel with you sounds wonderful and I do not know of anything I would enjoy more. What a treat it would be for me to see you and have the opportunity to visit some of the cultural aspects of Vienna and some of the countryside. For the next month or two I will be busy attending conventions (business) and as I fulfill those commitments I am going to keep in mind a trip to Europe. If there is the slightest possibility that I can come over I will be in touch with you.

Emmy, you also mentioned in one of your letters that you may come to the states during the cold wintertime, and you know that we would be delighted to have you and you will always be welcome. If you should go to Phoenix or any other point in the states, I would expect you to include a visit to North Carolina, so please begin thinking about this and try to arrange such a trip. It would be wonderful to visit you again, and if I should not get to Europe before year's end hopefully you will be coming over this way and plan to spend some time here with me.

I was so pleased to learn that the warm climate of Africa had been so beneficial to you, and I hope that you are back to your usual good health and able to do the things that bring you happiness. Your letters are always so meaningful, so please let me hear from you and I promise to do better about writing next time.

With assurance of my warmest personal regards and very best wishes,

Most sincerely,

Grady R. Pulliam, Jr.

GRP/ab

105 STUYVESANT ROAD
ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA 28803

11 November 1994

Dear Grady,

Prue and I thoroughly enjoyed our lunch and visit with you two weeks ago. Prue said, "What a wonderful person he is. You were so lucky to work for someone like him when you were in the Army." I told her that they were not all like you--you are truly one in a million! More exactly you are unique! When I look back fifty years I realize how many good times we had and how lucky we were to have been where we were when we were.

Last Tuesday we watched the public television documentary that went on for two hours about the Battle of the Bulge. How well I recall those days as I had just joined the 42nd MRU about three weeks before it began. I recall when the Germans dropped their last bomb on Paris. It fell on the Gare St.Lazare, and that was quite some distance away from us. To this day I can see you in your steel helmet standing on that small second floor balcony in front of the Avenue Mozart pension watching the anti-aircraft flak going up into the air. When I saw how really terrible the Battle of the Bulge was and how much awful suffering went on there to say nothing of losing over 4000 American lives, I just gave thanks over and over as I watched it that the Lord spared us from that. I was in a replacement depot outside of Paris when seemingly by the hand of the Lord Roger Willett and I were plucked out and taken to the 42nd MRU. The others in that group went right on to the front and ended up in the Battle of the Bulge. Right after Christmas I saw the name of one of the guys we were with on one of the Morning Reports we were processing. He had been seriously wounded in action and was in a Paris Hospital. I went over one night to visit him, and a piece of shrapnel had taken off a part of his liver and gone through his stomach. He was being sent back to the States. He told me that while he was awaiting to be evacuated he got frozen hands and frozen feet in addition to everything else. I will never forget that night either. We were surely blessed, no doubt.

You were most gracious to return my cap. I thought I had left it in the restaurant. It was one I had bought at K-Mart and no big deal. I wear it every morning when I walk the dog so I had missed and thought I would go buy another one. You went to a lot of trouble to do this, and I do appreciate it very much.

Prue and I enjoyed the lunch so much. We had wanted to take you out to lunch, and I was sorry we did not position ourselves right so I could grab the check first. We do thank you for it, but remember the next time the treat is on the Wilsons.

We hope to see you in W-S or the mountains one of these days. We are really anxious to meet your family. That would be so nice for us.

Love and peace from both of us,

Maxon