Portfolio

of

Information

on Searches

for GI fathers

and

GI Fathers

Babies.
Index.

Those Left Behind.
Searching for USA GI Fathers and GI War Babies.

1. What's in a name? From Childhood to Adulthood.

2. WWII GI War Babies, searching for fathers.

3. WWII USA Families searching for siblings in Europe.

4. GI Babies success in finding Dad, or their USA family.

5. Tip of the Iceberg.

6. Researchers.

7. The Seekers.

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1. What's in a name? - “From Childhood to Adulthood.”

Lesley Staite. (Canada)

There were a lot of us kids in our little town that had different names to our mothers, brothers and sisters. No one tells you why, but you know you are 'different'. Just because you are young and small, do the adults who speak over your head think you are deaf as well? Comments like: "she looks like her father", "she has the same colouring as her father", "That's a Yank's kid" - I heard that many times, never actually being sure what it meant. Guess I was different somehow?

Oh, now I know what a 'Yanks kid' is, my dad was an American - so I am special, but nobody says anything to me, no explanation, nothing. The era of don't talk about unpleasant stuff and questions you don't want to answer is in vogue!

I was born in my Aunts house - my cousin had a dad, where was mine? But that's OK, my mum and I were together. Guess other kids didn't have dads in their family either. Then we moved into a house with a man my mum married and I had 2 older kids to play with. His kids had different names to me, perhaps I would have their name one day. My mother had babies, their last name was different to mine. How come I was the only one with a different surname? As a child I had other things to occupy my mind, so no big deal. What's in a name? I was different looking to my younger brothers and sisters. So who do I look like, I used to wonder? If my dad was an American, where was his family? Did they know about me, how could they not?

Even as a child you feel and know you are different. I was tolerated by my step father, but never felt fully accepted. I know I came as part of the package when my mother married, she came with 'baggage' and he never let her forget it. How many times did I hear "she's not mine, she can get out, I'm not going to keep her anymore". All this because I didn't have the same name? I learned at a young age to keep quiet and out of the way – my mother often gave me little treats, I think it was her way of trying to make up for some of the unpleasant ways that I was treated by my stepfather. For sure I had a roof over my head, food on the table, clothes to wear, holidays, all the family kind of stuff, but I was different I knew. I had a different last name!!

As I got into my teens the questions became more open, "How come your mum has a different name when she signs your school stuff?" "How come your brothers and sisters have a different name to you?" It wasn't a subject you talked about in our house, I never asked my mother, just made up stories, different stories depending on my mood! But the questions even though they were asked in innocence, made me bristle, and I remember the aggressive stance I took at times, even at this early age, I replied "My dad was an American and he was killed in the war". I knew inside of me, that he must have been killed in the war or else he would have come back for me and my mum, wouldn't he? Unsure who was more surprised, them at my answer or me at my nerve to say it!

I went for job interviews after leaving school and on filling out the forms that asked about parents I sometimes put 'Father unknown' – such embarrassment, such shame, or I put my step father's name, but that of course led to the ever asked question, how come you have a different name to the rest of your family? I never wanted to hurt my mother, her life was difficult enough living with such a controlling man, so I never felt I could approach her on the issue of just who I was. So I went to my
Aunt and asked her. She told me that my dad was an American soldier that was stationed near by our town, during the war in 1944. All she knew was that his name was John, perhaps in his mid thirties and something to do with tanks. She said my mum had a letter from John's parents in February of '45 (I was born in April 1945) to say that he had been killed in action at the front, and they had got her address from letters that were in his effects that had been returned to them. They were interested in me and after my birth corresponded with my mum for quite a while. Bingo, I felt great, my dad's family really wanted to know about me! "How come...", I asked my aunt, "you don't know more, my mum lived with you, I was born here". She said that that was all she knew. Guess that had to do for now, I thought, but at least I had something. My dad's name was John.!!

After my second baby was born I was thinking more and more about who I was, who my father was, and those damn medical forms that wanted your father's medical history, did I lie, did I put down the truth 'unknown' and suffer the stares and shame? I approached my mother about information on my dad and got the stock answer that I had received for the last 40 years. "I can't remember" All through my mid life I felt I had let down my own children because they didn't know their heritage and who their other grandparents were. I felt I was a nobody and no-one cared! . My half siblings never even mentioned it. I never knew if they actually cared, weren't interested, or it never came into their mind. "That's in the past", people would say when I brought up the subject of wanting to know who I was. Family made out they knew nothing, friends would say "No need to go there, it's in the past", everyone embarrassed that I would even bring up such a subject. Didn't I already have a father and brothers and sisters they would say? They didn't understand I was different, I had a different name and I wanted, needed to know who I was. Wasn't I entitled to that?

After my step father died I thought my mother surely would give me information about 'who I was'. She must have letters, pictures or something that she could now show me. When approached it was "Nothing", "Can't remember", "It was a long time ago" she repeated, the stock answers I had become used to. I went back to my Aunt, she told me the same as she had done 20 years earlier. Your mum did her best for you" I know that, but that doesn't answer who I am. Family made out they knew nothing, friends would say "No need to go there, it's in the past", everyone embarrassed that I would even bring up such a subject. Didn't I already have a father and brothers and sisters they would say? They didn't understand I was different, I had a different name and I wanted, needed to know who I was. Wasn't I entitled to that?

A medical event happened in 2001 and yet again the need for family medical information, so I again approached my mother. Even with the need to know for medical purposes, the stock answer came back. “I wish I could help you dear, it was so long ago, I can't remember!” I was angry at her, how dare she deny any knowledge about my father when it was so important to me. Even though I poked and prodded her, there was no moving my mother. I think she had just closed her mind to events of the time. She had moved on, so I was expected to go along with it. 2004 and another medical issue arose with my grandson, again family medical information needed. OK I hadn't pushed hard enough for myself, but I was going to get to know who I was for my grandchild if nothing else. I used the carrot approach, the stick approach, then the baseball bat approach with my mother. Bingo! My mother suddenly remembered that his name was John, he came from Illinois, was 32, left the local base in October 1944 and he had a foreign sounding last name. Why could she not have told me this before, years ago, surely she had known? I thought that I had worn her down with my continual questions about who my dad was, so she offered me this little bit of information thinking it would keep me happy but it would be of no use to me in any kind of search. I searched through the American war memorials to find Johns from Illinois aged 32 that were killed in action, assuming he must be buried overseas. No luck. I surfed the web like a fiend, for sure I would come up with something, anything, but nothing. Where do I start, what do I need to know, how do I go about it...
At the suggestion of my daughter I joined an organization that could possibly help. Their mandate is helping reunite and or find the families of the children born of American GI fathers. I posted information about myself and got help, advice, feedback from a researcher involved in the group and some of its members. I also joined AWON, again with the thought that perhaps ideas may come in to help me in this difficult search, a needle in a haystack. Can you believe how many John's from Illinois were killed in action? Hundreds !!!!

When I visited the UK in November of 2005 I got permission to visit the Ashchurch base where I knew my dad had been. I thought this may be the nearest I ever get to being near my dad, for sure he walked these pathways. I was overcome with such emotion to think after all these years I was so close, but yet so far away from the dad I never knew, and who's name I didn't even know, his family name should have been or could have been mine!! I posted messages all over the web, got leads and information on searches from my new family on the one -line groups I had joined. I had one lead about a company that was posted at the base near my home during the right period, June '44, left mid October of '44, fitted perfectly, could this be the unit my dad was in? Would it really be that easy? I tried to contact the author of an article about the 346th Ordnance Company that was sent to me. Two addresses I obtained, the letters were returned, 'not known at this address' Then, out of the blue a few weeks later I received an e-mail from the man I was trying to contact. He was 86 years old and lived in Texas, fate, God, not sure where he got my e-mail address from, but he said he was in the 346th and he had some interesting stuff, if I would like to read through it, he would put it in the mail. Included in the mail was a list of the soldiers in the unit, just one John from Illinois, but didn't have a foreign last name. Trauma, disappointment, anger -all those emotions.. I had the service number for this John from Illinois and asked a researcher at one of the organizations that I belonged to to just check him out. I had found his enlistment record and he was 32, but the name wasn't foreign sounding as my mother had insisted it was.

Surprise, surprise! One of the researchers came back with this John's obituary, and no, he wasn't killed in action – he died in 1973, guess this wasn't the right John, but wait more interesting stuff that should be followed up she said, “his family name was foreign sounding”, seems that he may for some reason have changed his last name. We found the obits of his brother and parents, and yes he was there. Could this be the right man, could this be my dad, was this my other family? In the meantime my Texas buddy had sent pictures of his unit and pointed out the John from Illinois. We found that John had a sister that was still living and suggested a letter be sent, trying to get a photo of this John, that for some reason had different last names. The letter was sent, and I waited with apprehension. After all this time, this seemed to be so easy and the puzzle was coming together. Despite all the wrong information I had been told and believed for years and I had spent months searching through records, was I getting warmer?

A few days after I mailed the letter, I had an e-mail from John's sister, Clara. She was intrigued and interested, so would put pictures of their John in the mail for me. What a nice lady I thought, how trusting. Little did I know at that time that her daughters had already started putting 2 and 2 together. The pictures arrived, I scanned them and e-mailed them for my mother to see. She recognized him right away, that was her John with the foreign sounding name. How could I know for sure when he was known all these years by a different surname. He misled my mother!! One of the researchers suggested I send pictures to another member of the organization who can do picture overlays to see if there were facial similarities. I sent pictures I had from Clara, a picture I got from friend Bobby in Texas and pictures of me when I was 5/6 and a recent one. In the meantime Clara had included with her letter a picture of herself taken last year. "Spooky" my daughter said, "she looks a lot like you mum" My heart was pumping and each day I sat on the computer for hours
waiting for the other e-mail to come through. The pictures from the two different sources were of the same man, and guess what, the overlays of my dad John and me fitted perfectly. My friend saying he had never had such a perfect match! This was my father!!! Wow, the excitement in my family, could it be true, after all this misinformation and wrong pathways taken in my search, was this possible? Yes, it was. I knew who I looked like, I had a name, who cares if it's foreign sounding!!! I have found my dad!!!! Questions, questions, if he wasn't killed in the war, why did he not come back for me? Did he ever think of me growing up? Did he ever think about if he had grandchildren? All questions that went through my mind. I will never know the answer, but I can go forward with what I have knowing who I am, who I look like and my new family.

I contacted my new Aunt Clara with the information, it was a shock for her as she said she didn't know her brother John that well, being so much younger than him, but her daughters had already worked it out and they were so excited about their new family member coming out of the woodwork so to speak. I am in contact with my new side of the family, my Aunt Clara and cousins Pat and Sharon and we have made plans for us to get together. What a warm and secure feeling.

Now I do feel like a whole person, I know who I am, my heritage, my roots, my medical history, but most of all I know what my real name should be.


Continued in GI Babies success in finding Dad or their USA family.

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2. WWII GI War Babies, searching for fathers..

John Wastle: I am searching for my father from WWII. His name was Gayle Robinson or Robertson or of a similar sounding. His DOB is circa 1914+. He was raised in an orphanage somewhere in Pennsylvania, became a Miner, then enlisted, he may have enlisted in the early/mid 1930's. It is believed he never knew his parents and had no siblings.

In 1944 when he was posted to the European Theatre of Operations, he met and struck up a relationship with my birth mother, Jessie Peters or Wastle, aged 20, she was about 10 years younger than him, she talks fondly about him. He liked to walk in the countryside and said his home was in a beautiful part of the country.

He was last seen September 1944, my conception time, when he was on furlough at the American Red Cross Service Club on Princes Street Edinburgh Scotland, just prior to him being posted to mainland Europe, around the time of Operation Market Garden. At that time he was ranked as S/Sgt., he had lots of medals, decorations and a number of long service stripes, he would have been older than most of the other G I’s at that time.

During the period he was posted to mainland Europe, he would send my mother gifts from those countries he visited, lace, fruit etc.

It is highly likely he will have passed away by now, but he may have left a family who may wish to know they have family living in Scotland, and I would like my two children and grandson to know about their USA roots and their brave grandfather/great grandfather who fought in WWII.

E-mail: wastle1-1944gale@yahoo.co.uk

John Wastle. Today. Jessie Wastle/Peters 1944'ish

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**Margaret Koroidovi:** I was born to an English woman named Christina Johnson on July 13th 1945 at 35 Walton Road Chaddesden Derby England. I was raised by my Grandparents on my Mommas side.

I was told my Daddy was an American GI Stationed in England in WWII, up until a couple of years ago I thought his name was William Dickensen, (Bill) but I may have been wrong and his name may have been William Dickens (Bill). I don't know what part of the USA he came from.

I wrote to my Momma and asked her if she would help me to trace my Daddy, she said no and that I had no right to know, and she didn't know which part of America he came from. Out of respect for my Momma I didn't press her. I did write to the Red Cross, and the American Embassy in London but to no avail.

It wasn't until I started to learn Internet skill at my Local Age Concern in London that I started to try to trace my Daddy. All I have to work with, is a picture of him which I found in my Grandmothers cupboard. My Grandmother told me that he was Stationed at Fauld Burton-on-Trent, I have since found out he could have been Stationed at Eggington were we lived until my Granddaddy died. I also have my own website Dickensen.org. margaret.koroidovi@yahoo.co.uk

I was named Margaret Christine Johnson.

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**Florence Sagory: France.** I am searching for my grand-father whose name I believe is Eugene Tucker. He was probably stationed in Orly-Villeneuve le Roi in France or in Paris or its suburb. I believed he arrived there in 1945 and left around June 1946. I also think that he was still a soldier in 1947 as he sent pictures of him in a Camp with fellow G I’s in June 1947 in the USA.

He met my grand-mother Genevieve Tourault (she was known under the name Ginette) at that time, she lived in Orly Ville with her parents and 4 sisters. She had a son with him (my father), born on 29th of March 1947, called Philippe Eugene Tourault.

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My grand-father Eugene Tucker was aware of my grand-mother's pregnancy and came back to France a few months after my father's birth to convince my grand-mother to come back with him to the US. She refused and as far as I know they never were in contact after that.

I know that he was older than my grand-mother who was born in 1923 and that he already had a son (his first son must have been between 2 and 4 years old in 1947). I don’t know if he was married or divorced in the US when he met my grand-mother.

Pat Manning: Looking for Jimmy/James Johnson, who was at Grove Base 519 (near Wantage Berkshire) in November 1944 when I was conceived. I was told by my aunt that my Mum had been seeing him for some time, not sure how long exactly.

Jimmy was from Little Rock, Arkansas, he was tall, fair-haired and was quiet-spoken. He would have been in his early twenties at the time. He used to go to my aunt's house (where my Mum was staying) Ormond Road, Wantage, along with his friend Joe Supernott (or similar). My aunt said that Joe was shorter, dark, almost Italian looking. I did look up some Supernaws on Face-book and a lot of them were American Indians which fit in with my aunt's description of 'Italian-looking', my aunt could have misheard it and Joe could be a Supernaw.

Jimmy knew that my Mum was pregnant and was moved on soon after, also he wrote to her sending money 'for the baby'.

My Mum's maiden name was Catherine Tatman, she was known as Kit, and she was born in March 1924. After Jimmy had moved on my Mum met Henry, they started seeing each other and married at the end of April 1945 so it is Henry's name that is on my birth certificate and I've always known him as my father. It wasn't until some years after that my aunt told me about J.J. (as my daughters affectionately named him!), she said that my Mum never wanted me to be told that the dad I knew wasn't my real father.

E-mail: patb45@live.co.uk
Paul Dodds: Canada. Father unknown. When the man I had known all my life as my Dad passed away from a very rare cancer in 1991, I was asked if I could shine more light on his history. It was at that point my Uncle, informed me that he was not my Dad. They had all agreed not to tell me who my real father was. From then on I would ask my mother about my real father, all the information she gave me, later turned out to be lies.

She said, the ship he was on sunk, this was a lie, that ship sank before I was born. Jack McKenzie was a name mentioned to me at another time, but cannot be relied upon. My mother passed away in 2003, when we were sorting through her things, we came across her jewellery box, inside it contained a photo of an American serviceman. My mother has shown that photograph to my ex wife and told her that he was my father, but gave out no name, my ex wife never told me about it.

On the back of the photograph were various names which are difficult to read, LaVera Harvey, (Mary looks like Harvey. LaVera Harvey is on the 1930 Census in Ashtabula Ohio along with daughter Mary.) Bessie L Hendrix, Paul Bennett and an address, Rt3 Morgan County KY, and a date June 4 44. The front of photograph that is legible, looks as if he has a Good Conduct ribbon and an American Defence Campaign ribbon. He does not appear to have enough medals and ribbons, to be after WWII. It also shows him on his chest wearing an Expert Marksman medal. On his left shoulder might be a French Fourragere, but part is missing. If it is a Fourragere, in would place him in the 23rd Infantry.

It is possible my fathers name may be Harvey or from DNA testing, Kirchner. There was a Steven Kirchner in the South Wales area at the time of my conception, May 1945, I just don't know, so until I get further facts, he has to remain as Father Unknown. I am trying to gain access to my adoption file, on my original birth certificate it states my name as Paul James Moncrieff, perhaps the answer to my fathers name lies therein. neatchastle@hotmail.ca

Rosemary Keen: I am trying to find a Raymond Smith an Afro/American who was stationed at Birch Airfield, Essex, England in and around 1944. During this time Raymond Smith met my mother Dorothy Everitt, this association resulted in a son being born on the 12th January 1945, my
brother, also called Raymond although his surname is Everitt. No name for his Father was entered on my brother’s Birth Certificate.

I have been told that the Mother of Raymond Smith lived in New York at this time, though I do not have any evidence to support this. Letters from Raymond Smith’s Mother were around during my childhood, I actually found letters from America but was too young to understand how important they were or who they were from. Sadly upon the death of my Mother they could not be found, they had obviously been destroyed.

My brother has lived his lifetime without any knowledge of his Father, but his 3 children, 2 sons and a daughter are desperate to know their “roots” and have asked me to help them in their search for Raymond Smith their American Grandfather. Raymond Smith was aware of the fact that he had a son in England although I am led to believe that he did not actually see him.

It is thought that Raymond Smith could have been between 20 – 30 years of age at the time he was at Birch Airfield, Essex, England. The Afro/American Units that were stationed at Birch Airfield, Essex, England as of March April 1944 (approx time that Raymond was conceived) were the 356th Engineer General Service Regiment they were not there after June 1944.

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Sheila Howell: Looking for George, based at Burtonwood, Lancashire 1943-1945, his rank was possibly Sergeant.

My Birth Mother was May Ellen Snape 1928-2000. My journey began in 2007 when I discovered I was adopted, I had never been told by my adopted parents and both were dead by the time I made my discovery. On my birth certificate I found the name of my birth mother May Ellen Snape. She was 18 years old when I was born in Warrington, September 1945. I applied to have my name on the "General Register" so if any family member was looking for me they would be given my details.

I received a letter giving me my mothers married name and her address. She had put her name on the Register in 1991 in the hope that I would look for her. When I contacted the address I was told by a close neighbour that May had died in 2000, she mentioned that May talked to her about me and hoped to find me, she had been searching for years.

My adopted parents and I moved to the South of England when I was 5 years old. This neighbour also gave me details of May’s family and how her sister Ruth was also pregnant at the same time, their son Michael was born in May 194, and that the sisters had a brother, Albert. I traced his address and wrote to him, he phoned me as soon as he received my letter, he told me they knew Sally and Jim Penberthy (my adopted parents) and that my grandmother had approached them knowing that they couldn't have children and had asked them if they would adopt me. I don't know if this was before or after I was born.
Sadly, sister Ruth, her husband Owen and also their son Michael had all died between 2003-2005. Ruth would have been able to tell me all about my American father. All that Albert remembers is that he was called George and based at Burtonwood and that he had left the base before I was born but he doesn't know where he went. Albert also said that my father knew about May being pregnant because when he was told, he admitted to already being married and having children. Albert was only 13 years old when I was born, too young to be let into the details of the family secrets.

I have left messages on any sites where people could be searching both here and in America, I have also put adverts in local Warrington newspapers trying to trace any old friends of May’s who might help me in my search although I did get replies there was nothing which was of any help but I have made a few new friends.

I expect it is now too late to ever meet my father I would love to find his family, this is not only for myself but also for my children and grandchildren because these are their roots as well as my own.

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Roger Precious: I am searching for my father from WWII. His name was Herman Mayo from Maryland.

Around June 1945 he was at the 186th Hospital Unit at Fairford Park Hospital, Fairford, Gloucestershire, England, he struck up a relationship with my mother, Florence Precious. He knew my mother for about six months, they had some really nice times together, and went for long walks in the countryside and on several occasions he took her by taxi to Cheltenham, some 20 miles away to visit her sister.

It is possible by now my Father may have passed away, in which case I am now probably looking for half brothers or sisters. He made lots of civilian friends during his stay in Fairford.

E-mail: Roger2ap@yahoo.co.uk

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Claudia Johannsen: Germany. I was born in Bremerhaven Lehe, Northern Germany, in April 1969. I have been searching for my biological father for a very long time, unfortunately to no avail. My father met my mother, Karin Mertin (called Corina), in Bremerhaven in 1967. He drove a white Chevrolet and was a frequent guest in a bar called “Green Dolphin”. The owner’s name was Johnie Nave. The name my father used was Lavell Young. He was African-American, approx. 5’9” and slender. He said he was from San Francisco, CA. His birthday was celebrated in May. He must have been in his mid twenties at that time. He also spoke about a sister he had. His religion was Baptist.

He stated that he was a Staff Sergeant and assigned to 522nd Co, however, this unit was never assigned to Bremerhaven. He must have been stationed there at Carl Schurz Kaserne (Barracks.) or at least close by since he was in Bremerhaven on a daily basis. My mother and him dated for a long time and they got engaged in December of 1968. He left Germany in early 1969. He must have known about my mother’s pregnancy, since I was born on 7 April 1969, barely 4 months after they got engaged.

Apparently the name that the man gave may be incorrect, or have become confused over time, as the Army records state that there was never a man with that name stationed in Germany

Any information is greatly appreciated. I have no financial interest. I just want to know who my biological father is.

E-mail: cj1969@o2online.de

Elizabeth Guyver: I have been searching for my birth father David Greene DR (Dispatcher Rider) for over 20 years. He used to attend dances during Nov/Dec 1944 at Chelveston Air Base (305th Heavy Bomb Group) Chelveston, Northamptonshire. However, extensive searches of the Official Historical War Journal for this Group and all available paperwork, he has not been found. Nor has any mention of any Dispatch Rider's being based there. It's been suggested by the Historians that he would have been based with either 40th Wing Combat HQ at Thurleigh (It consisted of 92nd at Doddington, 305th Chelveston and 306th at Thurleigh) or 1st Air Division at Brampton Huntingtonshire or 8th US Air Force HQ at High Wycombe Buckinghamshire. There was also Milton Ernest the US Communication HQ for Europe in Northamptonshire.

Veterans from Chelveston believe he gave the right name as he was very particular about the spelling of Greene - with the "e" on the end. Several of the David Greene's found on the WWII Enlistment Records, where in fact born David Greenberg when I have searched further. It was excepted both in the UK and the USA during WWI and WWII to remove berg (or any other ending to Green that made it sound German) and add an "e".

My mother would meet with him at the Aero Club at Chelveston Air Base and in Bedford. She described him as exceptionally good looking, dark hair, about 6ft and athletic build born around 1915 -1920 and spoke very quietly, not a brash man and with very good manners.

David Greene would tell stories of when he was a Policeman, and the one about attending a domestic and being hit over the head with a frying pan, is the one people remember most. He said he came from PA and had immunizations on 28th November 1944, my conception time. His blood
group was either AB or A. Research shows this blood group is common with the names Greene/Greenberg.

If you know/knew this man or any Dispatch Rider's in the areas mentioned please contact Elizabeth Guyver.

E-mail: eaguyver@btinternet.com

Maureen Pumford: I was born in Wallasey 23/10/1945 to Audrey Cox. Audrey was 16 and worked in a local bakery, she went everywhere with her best friend Elsie. We lived with our family in Liscard. I was adopted at the age of 3 months by my mothers parents.

It was on my 10th birthday when I was told about my adoption. Any questions I had about my birth, met with a wall of resistance from then onwards. My 13th birthday arrived, and my brother (uncle) irritated by yet more questions about it, let slip that my sister was in fact my mother. This had a lasting effect on me and I never viewed my family in the same way again.

I wanted to know about my birth father so the questions continued, but the only answer I ever got was that he was a Polish airman who had been shot down over Germany. I had to settle for that until my 28th birthday, which I spent with Audrey. Out of the blue she tells me about my birth father, she said he came from California, his name was George McCoy, he preferred to be called Gene and had another name which was Blue Water, his native American name. She thought Southern Cheyenne but wasn't sure.

He was tall, dark and aged about 23 in 1945. He was billeted at a house in Stonehouse Road Wallasey. There were 2 companies in that vicinity at that time, the 356th. Engineers General Service Regiment Company at Bidston and the 855th. Ordnance Heavy Auto Maintenance Company at Wallasey, these two were very close together. There were also two Ordnance depots in the area 0606 and 0616. I am still searching for George.

E-Mail: falseflag2002-gene@yahoo.co.uk

Angela Parsons: I was born 19th June 1946 to Jean Lilian Fox of Southampton and an American GI known as Ray. Ray was blond with blue eyes and wore glasses with circular shaped lens, similar to those worn by Glen Miller. I was told by a family member that my father wore a flat topped peak cap. He was probably US Army or Army Air Corps, it is believed he came from Buffalo, New York. I do not know if the name Ray is a first name, nickname, or if even Ray is incorporated in my father's surname. I was told it was thought that my father had a foreign sounding surname which may have ended in 'Ski'.

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My parents met and frequented the Bassett Pub in Southampton, my mother Jean Fox's date of birth was 30th December 1927. I was adopted and there were no details of my father in my adoption files. Unfortunately my birth mother passed away some years ago, as have my adoptive parents, so reliable supportive information is unavailable.

There is a large public open space in Southampton called The Common. Part of it is literally just across the road near to where the Basettt Pub used to be. The Common was a 'Rest and Recuperation Camp' during WW2.

Jean Lilian is on the left of this photograph.

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Monique Willems: Holland. I was born 17th March 1946 in Breda Netherlands (Holland). My Mother is Caroline Willems born 4th Oct. 1918, my father is believed to be about the same age.

She met my Father Technical Sergeant Bill Walkinson of Pittsburgh Pennsylvania when he was staying at the Rest-Centre (Possible American Red Cross Service Club.) in Heerlen in the southern part of the Netherlands around the May/June/July 1945 time-frame. My mother was a Teacher in a School at this time in Heerlen.

They dated on many occasions prior to him moving on and back to the USA. It is believed my Father was a Catholic and Married at the time he met my mother.

Any information on my Father is greatly appreciated.

Caroline Willems.
Circa 1939

Monique Willems
Close resemblance of her father.

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Claire Eley: Searching for Grandfather.

My Grandmother, Ellen (Nellie) Twaddle, was 30 years of age when she had my mum and was married at the time. My mother was born in June 1945, so my Grandfather would have been at Keele around September 1944, and that he was aware that my Grandma was pregnant.

I'm not sure where they met, but I do know that some Servicemen there would go and have tea on a Sunday at my Great Aunts (deceased) house.

My Grandma also worked at Swynnerton Munitions factory, it is possible, but I cannot say for sure, if that's where they met.

We are led to believe he died in March 1945 - my Grandma (now deceased) said he was part of the 'Final Push'. The possible names of my Grandfather are Sam/Samuel Matteson, Jackson, there was also a mentioned of a Rafe? Grandma also mentioned Ohio unit?

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Christine Laverty: Searching for Fathers history.

I was born in the Salvation Army's Crossley Hospital, Manchester, England, on 10 Nov.1945, the daughter of an Irish girl & an American GI. I came to Ireland in April 1946 with my birth mother & spent my first years in St Joseph's Babies Home, Nazareth Lodge, Ravenhill Road, Belfast, before being adopted in late 1948. I met my birth mother when I was in my early 30s & it was not until a few years ago that she eventually told me the truth as to who my GI dad was. Which set off my mission to try to trace my GI dad. By the process of elimination, I identified who is the most likely candidate:

Joseph Travis Mello; Army of the United States; Serial /Service Number: 31-062-127; Date of Service: February 6 1942 to January 18 1946; Duty Status: Discharged; Rank Grade: Staff Sergeant; Transferred from 160 Station Hospital (Bath England) & arrived in US on 1/14/46; Place of Entry: Fall River, Massachusetts; Place of Separation: Fort Devens, Massachusetts; Place of Birth: Massachusetts; Born: 15 June1917; Date of death: 11 January 1995. He is interred in Riverside National Cemetery, Riverside California. He was awarded the European-African-Middle Eastern Campaign Medal; World War11 Victory Medal & Service lapel Button WW11.

From what I have discovered, he was attached to the Medical Corps of the US Army & travelled in convoy through England briefly on its way to the front in Europe; landing in Liverpool & departing for the Continent at Dover. The convoy must/may have stopped overnight in the Stoke/Newcastle-under-Lyme/Swynnerton area of NW England on its journey to the the Port of Dover. After the War & mustering out, it appears that he continued to work as a surgical technician with the medical corps, moving to California at some stage & worked in a veteran's hospital during the rest of his working lifetime.

I contacted a son, Neal Mello, he was greatly shocked & refused to believe that I could be a half-sister although I told him that my birth mother identified the
photo of his dad, which he had sent me. All the information which my birth mother provided about my GI dad tallies with the information I have gleaned in the course of my search, including the admission that "he was a married man".

I would like to emphasise that I am solely interested in finding the history of my paternal roots so that my children & my grandchildren will have some knowledge of their biological roots & medical history & of the grandfather who played a role in World War II.

I can be contacted at: christinamaria.laverty@gmail.com or Facebook via messaging: Please send a friend request to Christine M Laverty family photos are on Facebook.

PHILIP SMITHERS: I was conceived in or around March 1945, my date of birth is 11th Dec. 1945, my mother, Olive Wiggins, according to her RAF records she was stationed in RAF Cotishall where she was a cook.

I did not find out my fathers name until 2008 when I received some documents from the Childrens Home (Spurgeons) that mother had placed me in at the age of 4, these documents named Milton Kerman as my father. My Mother never spoke about her past, she told me when I was about 13 yes old as I was walking out of the kitchen, "Your father was an American Air-force pilot and he was killed at the end of the war".

After some research with the US Military Records Centre in Missouri, the nearest match they could find is a Milton Korman who served with 447th BG stationed in Rattlesden and hailed from Flushing, New York 11367, who at the time was already married, he returned to the USA at the end of the war.

These are photos of my mother Olive Wiggins, she is the black haired Lady in the middle of the picture.
Sue Keates: Searching for Grandfather.

Dad was born May 1945 and was adopted age 6 years by his maternal grandparents and didn't find out that they weren't his parents until last summer 2010. His birth mother, Betty Keates, who he had always thought to be his sister. We found out purely by accident, although most of his brothers and sisters knew, some didn't find out until after my grandparents died when they found the adoption documentation. Betty died several years before his adopted parents and she had not told her husband or their son.

Dads late sister in law told us that his fathers name is Bill Payntor/Painter and he was believed to be stationed/based at the Muller Orphanage, Bristol. Although another family member, thought he was perhaps based in Gloucestershire. Both could be a possibility, as Bristol was at one point part of the county of Gloucestershire.

As we carry genetic traits Bill would have been white rather than part of the black units which were based at Muller. Bill went with Betty to tell my grandparents that she was pregnant and that Bill wanted her to follow on to the US when possible. Granddad wasn't happy.

Bill went back to the US and sent money for Betty to join him. At the time she wasn't old enough to go without a parents signature and we believe my grandfather refused to give his agreement. The last contact from Bill was a letter asking her to either follow or let him have his money back. Knowing my grandfather he'd probably already spent the money. The letters and all who may have known something more are all long gone and all we are left with is questions, without answers.

We're hoping that because Bill had asked Betty to follow, that he had talked about her & her Dad to his family and that someone will be able to tell us what happened to him and what extended family, if any we have in the USA. They may wish to know that Dad had myself and a younger sister and between us there are 2 great grandsons and 3 great granddaughters.

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Simon Burlingham: Searching for his father.

My father was a USAF Staff Sergeant Jimmy/James Smoak. Around February 1953 he must have been in the Kent area, possibly at Manston. He may have been there on leave or maybe on TDY. (Temporary Tour of Duty.) This is where he met my birth mother Ruth Elizabeth May Thompson, she is from Hearne Bay, Kent. I was told by Ruth that Jimmy was about 22 years old at this time.

Ruth came looking for me in 1997, with the help of the Catholic Adoption Services she was able to locate me. Unfortunately she doesn't recall very much about Staff Sergeant Jimmy Smoak. Ruth never saw Jimmy in Uniform so no clues as to what he did in the USAF

I was born on the 20th November 1953 and placed for adoption at the age of six weeks. Jimmy Smoak was interviewed by the Social Services attached to Hasting Magistrate Court, to make sure he was in full agreement that the baby should be placed for adoption. During the interview he stated he was a single man with no dependants, though Ruth has said he was married with two children, and that he was a member of the Baptist Church. He also stated he no intentions of marrying Ruth or supporting the child.
I know that sometime in the following spring Jimmy went to London to see Ruth, she was able to show him a photo of me, their baby son. By this time I was with my adoptive parents. It is possible Jimmy Smoak may have come from the Carolinas. I am in no way resentful of my uncertain start in life, having met my birth mother, I now want to know a little about my dad. I would love to know if I have any half siblings. I would love to inform Jimmy that he is a Grandfather twice over to our son and daughter and about to become a Great Grand father any day now.

These photos were taken in London and at the Tower of London. I believe the visit was to see a show, Paint Your Wagon. It was on this trip that I was conceived!

Joyce Brunnen: Searching for her father.

My father was a black GI stationed in the UK and in April 1944 was stationed in the Cosham, Portsmouth, Hampshire area, possibly at the local school, with B Comp. 384th Engineer Batt. I believe his name to be William S Page, his possible Service Number 34221574. DOB 27th June 1916. It is believed his date of service is May 1942 – September 1945, and may have come from Mississippi, or Alabama, as his last known address was 522 Selma Street, Mobile, AL. And that he may have passed away by now.

I believe he met my mother, Francis Noyce at a dance hall in Cosham, or at the nearby Clacton Pub in Cosham. From the information I can gather, my father was a large man, over 6 feet 6 inches tall.

Terry Major: Searching for his father.

My father, a Pilot was stationed at Dunkeswell near Honiton, Devon. All I know is his name is Joe and he may have had a Dutch sounding surname. He was in the area around October 1943, when he had a relationship with my mother Eunice Major who lived in Honiton. It is believed my mother had a one off payment from the U.S government or forces.
3. WWII USA Families searching for siblings in Europe.

Jackie “Jack” Lee Winn/US Army - Tamma W. Williams. Seeking Brother/Sister

I am the only child of Jack and Charlene Winn. My father was in the US Army, stationed in Albuquerque, New Mexico. He met my mother during the fifties and this is where I grew up.

Dad was known as Jack as he hated the name Jackie. He was born in Nebraska on November 26, 1929, an identical twin, but grew up in San Diego, California. My father enlisted in the Army in November 1946 for 18 months, serving in Germany till May 1948, when he returned to the USA. His unit was “A” 388th MP SV Bttn. He then re-enlisted and retired with over 20 years of service. I am very proud of my father and his service to the United States.

My father passed away on June 9, 2009. He had various health issues, one he shared with myself and my daughter, which is PSD (Protein S Deficiency), which causes blood clotting. I would guess my sibling may also have PSD issues.

In April of 2011, my mother told me, for the first time, that my father had a child from a previous marriage. My Father had never mentioned it to me. My father during his service in Germany, served as a guard on a train. He had met a woman and married her, they had a child, my Mother believes it was a son. She also thinks, this woman lived in a town whose name began with the letter “W” She may have married again.

The marriage to my Father was not recognized by the United States Government. I found out that all the children fathered by US servicemen were not acknowledged and that the German women should “get lost”.

I now feel that if my sibling was looking for closure, and to find out about his/her father, I wanted to make that happen.


My father was Ledford Bolin. He was from KY., his company shipped out of Texas. He was in WWII, the European Theatre of Operations in the Rhineland. He travelled and fought, throughout Germany, Austria, and Italy. His company was called the T-Patchers..their motto was, "I'll face you". It was a special unit, and still is. They were activated for WWI, and WWII, and recently activated again. They're the 142nd. Infantry Regiment, 36th. Infantry Division, Company K. He was in Europe from 20th Aug.1944 till 10th Nov. 1945.

He supposedly fathered a son or daughter, my mother seemed to think it was a son, and could have been born after my father returned home from the war, which was in 1945.
The mother of the child, was a school teacher, my mother said she was in Germany, that may or may not be accurate though, Austria is a possibility, however, on 25th June ’45 he was at a school in Oberkirchberg in southern Germany, there is also mentioned classes for the men took place in Austria, not all that far from Oberkirchberg. On 8 May ’45, they were in Kitzbuhl Austria, and final station was at Kufstein Austria on 14 August ’45.

She may have been young, because Mom said that my father had told her, the lady had never been with anyone else, except my father. I am unsure of the woman's name, I associated it with Katherine, and Elizabeth, for some reason. I am unsure of the name. It isn't much to go on, but if they are searching for us, we may connect somehow.

Dad is on the right.

I have a brother, but I cannot find him because he does not even know I exist. During World War II, my father, Staff Sergeant Joseph Waymon Zorzoli was crew chief in the 8th Air Force, based in Great Ashfield, England. He was in the 551 Bomb Squad, 385 Bomb Group. My dad was in England for two years (1944-1945). While in England, he took two furloughs to Edinburgh, Scotland where he met and courted a lady named Helen.

Helen and my dad fell in love and wrote letters between furloughs. He said that they met at a club that had a revolving stage where two bands played. There was a big crystal ball on the ceiling that reflected lights onto the dance floor. He described Helen as having coal black hair and sky blue eyes and said that her family was well-off financially and that her father held a high position in the railway transportation industry in Edinburgh. That is all I know of Helen.
Before my father died, he told my sister that he had a son in Scotland. I do not know the date of conception, but it had to be on one of the two furloughs. Aircraft that he was crew chief on were named Junior, Betty Jo and Raunchy Wolf. There were others, but I don’t have the names. My father’s origin of birth was Memphis, Tennessee, and his parents were Italian immigrants.

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US Army George E. Hulett. Nancy Bright Seeking Brothers (Twin)

Dad said they were twins...Their grandfather was still alive in 1986 when my dad called him, and he knew who my dad was, he certainly knew their names. I remember dad calling their mother "Pretty Margaret". My mother died in 2006 and she admitted before she died, that she knew about the boys but she didn't give me any information.

Dad talked about their mother, how beautiful she was and driving into the country in her red convertible sports car, and how she was from a well to do family, being the daughter of a doctor. The boys could have been born in 1946, which by that time my father had remarried my mother.

Dad was in Europe April 1944 till December 1945. In April '44 he was in the Slapton Sands area. He was a member of the OSS. He went back in 1949 till 1952, by then he was a 2nd Lt, he was stationed in Germany at that time, in charge of a supply depot located on the communist border during the "War Trials". I got the impression that when he was sent back it was "Under Orders" from OCS in 1948 to Germany, I think he got in contact and had a relationship with her again.

Dad had a nickname "Jimmy Dale" And had a close resemblance to Kirk Douglas.

I do not know if these boys know about our dad

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4. GI Babies successfully finding Dad or their USA family.


The above picture is one of me with my dad's two sisters. My Aunt Marge (86) and Aunt Clara (78). The reunion with my dad's family took place when my husband and I went to Joliet, Illinois in June. The family were so welcoming and thrilled that I had worked so hard so find them. It made me truly feel that I had come home! We went to my dad's grave which was very emotional, but I did feel that he knew I was there. My new cousin Patty and her husband will be visiting me in Canada in September. They all say now that I have found them, they will never let me go!! How lucky I was. I would like to send special thanks to the organization and researchers and my new friend Bobby (86) from Texas who's son was surfing the web and found one of the many messages I had left on one of the many message boards of US units, army, legion boards, that helped bring the puzzle together !!!

Lesley - Daughter of S/Sgt. John Chermack-Powell 9th US Army, 346 Ordnance Company

Janice Clist: I had been searching for my father since about 1978, whom I had known about since I was six years old. His name is Arnold Stanley Burnham born 1913 in Rouses Point New York, the only son of Georgiana Duquette Burnham and Lemuel Burnham. Georgiana was the daughter of Elise Langevin Duquette and Joseph Duquette, from St Bernard De Lacolle in Quebec Canada.

I was born on August 3rd 1945, my mother was married to a Welsh Guardsman, and they married in London in 1934. My mother met Arnold when she was working in London between 1944 and 1945, when he was stationed with the 8th army. The relationship resulted in my birth in Paddington Hospital London. I was my mother’s first child, as far as I know, and she was 31 years old. At the time of my birth, my father Arnold was in Cherbourg. My father had said that he was pleased my mother had a daughter and named her Janice, I was given Burnham as a middle name. Arnold said that he would never forgive my mother. I assumed from this that she had not told him she was married.
I still remember the photos my mother kept of Arnold, he was a staff sergeant in the US army. He had dark hair and eyes, short, with a gap in between his front teeth, and a big smile, and a natural central hair parting. My mother’s marriage was unhappy, I did not ask questions, I did not want to escalate an already volatile marriage.

My mother wrote to Georgiana as a pen pal, I posted the letters. I memorised the address, 48 Maple Street Rouses Point New York. In October 1963 I wrote to Georgiana for the first time. She replied and sent me a photo of my father Arnold. I never wrote back to her, perhaps I was too busy being a student nurse. I confronted my mother with the letter and the photo, she took them from me and I never saw them again.

I tried to contact Georgiana in the mid 1970’s, she did not reply. I contacted The US embassy in London, they could not help me, so I gave up searching for my dad until 2001, then I had my first computer. I did not have a clue where to look. I tried Ancestry.com and Genforum, where I posted messages in the hope of finding some information about my father, and a family.

I wrote to the National Archives in Missouri, and received some information that I did not know. I learned he had joined the army through Fort Dix in New Jersey, as a private, and then became a Staff Sergeant. He served in Eisenach Germany, and was involved in an accident that left him with burns, he returned to the USA in September 1945.

I was contacted by a retired navigator from the Royal Canadian Air force, he was looking for a Georgiana Burnham. Through him I received the 1920 census of my father and family, it confirmed 48 Maple Street Rouses Point New York. I also had contact with a person from Moores Forks in New York, he turned out to be my third cousin, so we shared our family history over about 4 years.

In 2003 I was contacted by a Belgian lady, she asked what I wanted to know about Arnold Burnham and I told her. She asked me if I could help her find the wife of the pilot of a B17 aircraft called the Red Dragon. The plane was shot down in September 1944, over Liege in Belgium. I placed lots of messages on different message boards and a lot of searching. After about four months I had a Californian guy contact me with photos and newspaper copies of a lady who was the second wife of the pilot of the Red Dragon. I was so pleased to find her, she was alive, living in Nebraska, I communicated with her as did the remaining crew members.

My hubby promised to take me to Rouses Point, and in 2004, he took me to Toronto, and Montreal, and then to Rouses Point. I was so excited. I had not found my father's relatives at this time, but through a friend who knew another and it was his father from Rouses Point, that was the navigator on the Red Dragon. She asked them to meet me at Rouses Point station on the 1st April 2004. They gave me the burial permits for my father and my grandmother Georgiana. My third cousin took us to St Patrick’s church so I could place flowers on my father’s grave. The grave-site was one large burial plot, where most of the family were buried. We took a train down to New York, I cried all the way, I will never ever forget Rouses Point, and where my father is buried.

In 2007, we returned to Rouses Point. We were met by my third cousin and his wife, they took us to St Patrick’s church cemetery, so I could lay flowers on my father’s grave. We met the local historian, who has given me a photo of my father from a newspaper cutting.

About 2006, a lady made contact from a genealogical site, she was related to the son of my father’s sister, we communicated until 2007. I learned my father married a Technical Sergeant, I am still trying to trace her family. She was born in Champlain, but lived in Long Island New York. My father, a clerk at the Albany Veterans Centre, lived at 94 Grand Street Albany New York.
To date I have helped others with their research and I have found two GI fathers, one was still alive, the other had died but the family communicates with that person and they have both visited. On returning from Rouses Point I felt that through my grief this just makes me want to search and to help others find their GI fathers. It took me between four and seven years to find my family; I will go out of my way to do a search and to stick with it.

Janice Daughter of Joseph Arnold Stanley Burnham Staff Sergeant US Army 1943-1945

Raimund Briechle: Germany. I was 25 years old when I first heard that my natural father was an American GI. Until then I had thought that my step father was my real father, he gave me his surname, but never adopted me.

My mother had only been able to give me the place of my fathers birth. The State of Wisconsin, was correct, but the village was the wrong one. I found my fathers real name from the christening list at my birthplace, also that of his aunt.

In 2011, I joined a self help group, based in the UK, they were able to tell me where my American grandparents were. They then guided me to the US Army Archives, who told me all about my father. His name was Raymond W Dunbar, a Major in the USAF. He died in 1996, and they also sent me a photo of him aged 37.

I am still trying to trace siblings or cousins, so far without success.

Raimund Briechle Germany Son of Raymond W. Dunbar. Major USAF.

Barrie Howard Trevain: (Born Williams) I was born in Chelmsford, Essex, England, on 25th August 1943, My father was an American serviceman, Sgt. Howard Williams, 819th Engineering Aviation Battalion, Company B US Army stationed in England in 1942 – 1944. My Mum and Dad had a relationship during this time. My father served in France and Germany.

Upon completion of his tour of duty, he wanted to take my mother and myself back with him when he returned to the States. Father had already lost his younger brother at the Battle of the Bulge. My mother refused to go with him, so he returned home to the USA alone and broken hearted.

I was adopted by my step-father when I was 15 years old, and told all my paperwork, birth certificate and photo's would be destroyed. Through the years my Mum gave me no information about my father, except that I looked very like him. I decided to go to the Registrar and seek my adoption papers. They showed my fathers rank, name, and the amount he paid for my child support. The Registrar said he must have thought a lot of you to give you his surname, quite a few do not, I was of the opinion my dad did not want me, how wrong was I. It was then I realised that most of what my mother had said about him was untrue.
After years of searching and much help from various people, to whom I am in debt. With help from a special lady, along with many people from various organisations my family was found. My father, born in Mississippi, but moved to Dyess Arkansas in the 1930's. My father died in 1980. In 2003 my wife and I travelled to the US to meet with my relations. I met up with my half sister in California, and from there to my cousin in Tennessee, and then on to meet more relatives in Osceola Arkansas for a family reunion. They came from all over the States, I was well received and had a wonderful experience. It also turned out that my Great Grandmother was a native American Indian.


E-mail: barrietrevain@ymail.com

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**Valerie Guppy:** My mother told me about my father in November 1999. She had wanted to tell me a few weeks earlier, on what would have been my fathers birthday, but I was always in a hurry. I just assumed that her first husband was my father. I phoned the nearest open Citizens Advice Bureau in Exmouth, and they put me in touch with the Trace organisation, an organisation of similar people to myself searching for their USA GI Dads. With their help, it took me about 9 to 10 months to find my family in the USA. I would write 4 to 6 letters every week. I eventually found my fathers Social Security Number, which had his address on from around 1936. As I had given up searching for a few months, I didn't write anymore, but on receiving this address from 1936, I thought I would give it a try. Thinking I would have no hope from using an address that was so old, I left on holiday.

On my return from my holiday, a letter had arrived from what turned out to be my sister, Roberta. She had thought I was an old lady who Bob had met here he was over here. I hadn't given out any details of my reason for making contact, so my sister had no reason to think otherwise. A friend of a friend had bought my fathers house, and my letter had been passed on.

In the Easter of 2001 I visited the USA and we met for the first time. I visited her once more after that, then unfortunately my sister Roberta passed away. My father was Robert Poffenberger, better known as Bob, he was born 1912 and passed away in 1976. Too late for me to ever meet with my Dad, it was also too late to ever meet with my brother, also called Robert, who passed away in 1985 of lung cancer, but my brother had a daughter, Pam, and I have met with Pam, whom I keep in touch with, Pam lives in California. I am also in touch with Roberta's daughters & son.

I should mention, my mother & father went out together for 2 years, both were married, mother was separated from her first husband, my father was married 4 times twice to Robert & Roberta's mother.

**Valerie Guppy, Daughter of Robert Poffenberger.**

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Linda French: I think I was around 8 years of age when I started asking questions of my family. I was told that my dad was an American, his name was Dale Roberts and he was in the American Air Force. He had been sent back to the USA, because he was already married and had a child.

My life changed when I was 12 years of age, as my Mum married my Step-Father and we moved into our own home. Life was good.

When I was 18 years of age I wrote to Upper Heyford Base and was told that there was no Dale Roberts there in the 50's. They needed more information, I had none.

I got married and had two children, a Daughter and a Son.

I wrote to various organisations, but didn't have any luck. Then in 2007. my son found a self help website where other GI Babies were supporting each other with their own individual searches for their GI Dads, so I joined them and received such encouragement. In June of that year I received confirmation that my Dad's name was Dale Lavon Roberts, and he was from California.

I was able to speak to him on the phone, and in July 2007, my Daughter and I flew to California and met him, for the first time. I have since visited him and his family on several other occasions. Unfortunately, my Dad was quite ill by then, and he passed away in March 2009. I am still happily in touch with his wife and my half-sisters on a regular basis.

Linda French, Daughter of Dale Lavon Roberts.

Pauline Natividad: I am the daughter of an American GI known as Paul Natividad, who served in England during WW2.

I was born in Southampton, Hampshire, and lived with my Mother and Grandparents until my Mother got married, when I was three and a half. They had two daughters and we were a really happy family. However, my Mother died when she was only twenty-eight, and I was sent back to live with my Grandparents.

I always felt that I could not discuss my real Father with my Grandparents but when I was thirteen, my Grandmother gave me a small jewel box, that had belonged to my Mother. It contained two photos of my Father and letters and cards, one referring to me by name.

Some years later I checked the details on my birth certificate, and it contained My Father's name, P. Natividad, his US Army serial number and his occupation, as a copper sampler.

I searched many organisations but with no success. I did find out that his first name was really Pilar, but so many records had been destroyed by a fire, I had no other information. I had compiled a list of people with the surname Natividad and remembered my Aunt telling me that my Father was married and had a son called Victor. I went back to my lists and decided to make some calls. The third call found my half brother! He said that my Father was alive and well and gave me his phone number! I called and spoke with my Father and it was wonderful!
I have visited my American family regularly and they have been able to visit me too. Now I know where I come from, there is no longer a void.

Pauline Natividad proud daughter of Dorothy and Pilar Valenzuela Natividad, Omaha Vet.

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Dennis Brown: I found my Dad's family in 2004, unfortunately, my dad had passed away in 1996 and I was never able to meet him, his name was Armando Paniagua, born 1st Sept. 1921 in Del Rio Texas. He enlisted 4th June 1942 into the 104th Infantry.

My US family welcomed me and my family with open arms, and we now live very close to them in San Antonio Texas, my new sister moved right next door to us. I now feel that I have found part of me that was missing. It is the same feeling all GI babies feel, and the need to find their fathers, because time has almost run out for most of them to meet with their fathers, now so many years later.

Dennis Brown, proud son of Armando Paniagua.

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Sandy Blomstrom:

I was born on 21st December 1944. My Mother was 19 years old and my Father was an American GI, called Ralph Lee Edwards. He paid a weekly allowance for me, through the Navy. I was adopted in 1946, but was not told about it until 8 years later. At 16 years of age I was given my adoption certificate and this is how I found out about my Father.

I decided to search for my Father and it took almost 40 years to complete. An Aunt thought that he was based in Dartmouth and that he may have come from Alabama. I thought that he might have been with the US Amphibious Advanced party of the Naval Construction Battalion (Seabees), preparing for D-Day.

About 12 years ago, myself and 5 others took the US Government to court and won under the Freedom of Privilege Act thus enabling a number of GI Babes to contact their Fathers.

I continued with my search and finally got hold of my adoption records. It contained a 52 year old address in Birmingham, Alabama. This led to finding other members of my Fathers family and eventually to his Step-daughter, who was very helpful. My first contact with My Father, was by phone and we had several conversations like this. In 2001 I flew out to visit him. All of his family have made me feel so welcome.

Sandy Blomstrom proud daughter of Ralph Lee Edwards.

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Sue A. Scoma Tawwater: USA.

In August 2010, my 74 year old Father, Carmelo James Scoma, a paratrooper in the 11th Airborne Infantry, 188th Unit, the original Hells Angels Airborne Group, told me that when he was stationed in Augsburg, Germany in the fifties, he had a relationship with a lady called Irmgard, who came from Munich. He was then discharged from the army and went back to the US. He received a letter from an attorney, stating that he had a son named John, and wanting to set up payment for child support. The baby was born in or around Munich in 1957.

I began my search with very few details besides the names of the Mother and Son, a possible date of conception and approximate date of birth. I eventually found a self-help GI search group, and they put me in touch with the liaison on the German side, Ute Timmerbrink. She asked a reporter on a Munich newspaper to publish our story, with pictures, in December 2010. We had no success. She tried a second time in February 2011 and friends and family of the Mother saw it and contacted her.

Son John was told, when he was 18 years old, that his biological Father was an American GI who had had to return to the US, and not his Step-Father as he had thought. John did not want to upset his Mother, so never asked any questions.

Since then John and I have been emailing each other and in August he and his Wife and Children are coming to visit and meet his Father and myself for the first time. We are delighted with the outcome, and can't wait to meet John, it will be an emotional time for us all. I have spoken with the family, such a warm and genuine family. I could not be happier, for me and my father.

Sue A. Scoma Tawwater, Texas USA, Sister of John, Munich Germany. Dad is Carmelo J. Scoma of Canton Texas (Native Dallas Texan)
5. Tip of the Iceberg.

It is thought that the result of World War Two (WWII) in Europe led to the birth of around 20,000+ GI War Babies. Over 2,000,000 American Servicemen passed through the UK during that period. The children left behind, some were known about, some were not, some got lost in the confusion of war, and are now themselves enjoying their retirement years. Unfortunately time is running out fast, as those veterans from WWII, are passing away at a greater pace, and not ever having had the chance to meet their child they left behind.

These children, seek nothing from their American relatives, but do want to know about their USA families and their roots. There are many that still don't know they are half American, and may go to their graves never knowing. Why? Because it was a dark family secret from the past that was kept from them. Many also know that they have an American father, but are not interested in seeking him or their USA family out.

However, there are many of us who do want to know about our American roots, many want their children and grand children to know about their Dad who fought for them during WWII, many of those grand-children are searching themselves to try and find their grandfather. Many also would like to know their family medical history in case there is some hereditary illness which can be caught at an early stage.

What is most noticeable, is that those who have found their GI fathers, they can write pages on their search with a happy ending. However, the vast majority of them had accurate information about their fathers from the very start to work with and so achieve this happy success. Unfortunately, the vast majority of the GI babies are not that lucky and have little or no information or inaccurate data to work with, which in the most cases runs over many, many years, if not decades.

As with those who have happily found their USA family to date, we are equally sure that there are many other American families who would love to know that they have blood related kin-folk living in the UK and Europe and would dearly love to know of them and to meet them, and welcome them into their extended family.
6. Researchers.

We are a self help group of similar people, some who have found their USA family and roots, but the majority of whom have not, also there are a few researchers who are not seeking to find any USA roots of their own, but out of the goodness of their hearts want to try and help others trace their long lost families.

Our self help group is totally voluntary and there are no financial fees or charges to anyone seeking help. All the research help we offer is based on our own experiences, the paths we have crossed, our searching and finding of resources, carried out over many years of personal researching for our own long lost USA family. We hope that our pooled years of searching, experience and knowledge, can help and be of benefit to all those others seeking to find their families, but hopefully be able to achieve it in a much shorter time-scale and with a greater success rate.

I, John Wastle, and many others like me would love to find our USA family, we seek no financial gain, we wish only to know of our father, his background and therefore our long lost American roots.

Should I ever be lucky enough to get the opportunity to meet with my USA family, I and my immediate family would welcome them with open arms and to be part of my extended family. Equally, on the other hand if I did meet up with my USA family, and it was their desire not to know or have anything to do with us, I would have no issue with that and respect their wishes, all I would ask in return, is for them to respect my only wish and my right, that I know of my father and my American roots.

I am positive with these words, that I speak for all the people mentioned in this portfolio. John Wastle.

American Graffiti: Findings of a researcher.

I had heard about the 'American Wall' here in Southampton, situated behind Tudor House Museum on Western Esplanade and the hotel, very close to the waterfront and directly opposite another much older part of Southampton's History, the Old City Medieval Walls. The wall formed part of the hotel building. Scratched into the brickwork are the names of American Servicemen who were stationed here during the WWII, it seems likely that those personnel were waiting to embark just prior to the D – Day landings. Their own historical version of “Kilroy was here.”

A short distance from the 'American Wall', above the Medieval Wall is a row of houses in a little street called Forest View. During the War a great part of this area was razed to the ground, including houses in Forest View. In 2004, the 60th Anniversary of D-Day, there was an exhibition of photos and memorabilia in Southampton Art Gallery. I visited the exhibition I was intrigued to see a house brick on display. It had been recovered from the remains of a house in Forest View. The brick sat proudly in a glass case and was inscribed as follows:

On Way to France
Sidney Greenwald 32081546 USA
Bronx New York
Having always been fascinated with anything linked to American GI's, because my own father, Pilar Natividad was a US Army Medic and is an Omaha Veteran. I was just a baby when my family lost touch with him but happily many years later, after a long enduring search, I was finally reunited with my father, as my earlier story tells. Which led to my active involvement with our previously mentioned voluntary self help group here in the UK.

This was where my natural curiosity took over. That evening I set out to find what had happened to Sidney Greenwald. From switchboard.com I soon found a Sidney Greenwald with an address in Brooklyn, NY. The next day I told a fellow UK member about the brick. He later checked anybirthday.com for Sidney Greenwald, Brooklyn. The date of birth given was 7th March 1913. USA Military Records at NARA, confirmed a match with the Service Number, date of birth and address to that of our Mr Sidney Greenwald in Brooklyn.

A couple of days later I called Mr Greenwald and asked for him by name, He was hesitant at first and then told me he was gone. I explained the reason for my call, but he still insisted it wasn't him! I apologised for bothering him and hung up.

My gut feeling was that I had been speaking to Sidney so decided to try just once more and call him back. He asked me to explain again who I was and he then said “Yes, I was over there during WW2”. He didn't seem to recall carving his name into the brick, but then without any prompting from me, reeled off his Army Service Number!

After writing to 90 year old Sidney Greenwald and sending a photograph of the Brick I received a message from his son, Allan, saying “the letter brought a large smile to his father's face and really boosted his spirits”. Over the next few years Allan continued to update me with family news.

Now, 7 years later, I have received another message telling me that Sidney Greenwald passed away in May.

A very special man. May he Rest In Peace.

Pauline Natividad Southampton, England

Footnote:

Held by Southampton Heritage Services, are a series of photographs taken of around sixty USA Service people that passed through the city at that time. Descriptions are on the back of photos taken by American Captain. Dalton Newfield. (Provost Marshall of the 14th Port in Southampton WWII)
## The Seekers.

**Those Searching for USA GI Fathers and European GI War Babies.**

### UK/Europe:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Searching for</th>
<th>Where met</th>
<th>Unit</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>John Wastle</td>
<td>Gayle Robinson/Robertson or Similar.</td>
<td>Edinburgh</td>
<td>Unknown</td>
<td>Sept. 1944</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Margaret Koroidovi</td>
<td>William Dickensen</td>
<td>Burton-on-Trent</td>
<td>Unknown</td>
<td>Oct. 1944</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Florence Sagory</td>
<td>Eugene Tucker</td>
<td>Orly-Villeneuve France</td>
<td>Unknown</td>
<td>Jun 1946</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pat Manning</td>
<td>Jimmy/James Johnson</td>
<td>Grove Base 519 Wantage Berks.</td>
<td>Unknown</td>
<td>Nov 1944</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paul Dodds</td>
<td>Father unknown</td>
<td>South Wales</td>
<td>Unknown</td>
<td>May 1945</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sheila Howell</td>
<td>George ?</td>
<td>Burtonwood Lancashire</td>
<td>Unknown</td>
<td>Dec 1944</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roger Precious</td>
<td>Herman Mayo</td>
<td>Fairford Park Hospital, Fairford Gloucestershire.</td>
<td>Unknown</td>
<td>Xxx 1945</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Claudia Johannsen</td>
<td>Lavell Young</td>
<td>Carl Schurz Kaserne Bremerhaven Germany</td>
<td>Poss. 522	extsuperscript{nd} Co.</td>
<td>Early 1969</td>
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<tr>
<td>Elizabeth Guyver</td>
<td>David Greene</td>
<td>Chelveston Air Base Poss. 305th Heavy Bomb Group</td>
<td>Nov. 1944</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Angela Parsons</td>
<td>Ray?</td>
<td>Bassett Pub. Southampton</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sept. 1945</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monique Willems</td>
<td>Bill Walkinson</td>
<td>Rest-Centre Heerlen Holland</td>
<td>Unknown</td>
<td>May-Jul. 1945</td>
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<tr>
<td>Name:</td>
<td>Searching for:</td>
<td>Where met</td>
<td>Place/Base:</td>
<td>Unit:</td>
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<tr>
<td>----------------</td>
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<tr>
<td>Claire Eley</td>
<td>Sam/Samuel Matteson, Jackson, Rafe?</td>
<td>Keele Hall</td>
<td>Poss. Anti-Air. Artillery</td>
<td>Sept. 1944</td>
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<tr>
<td>Christine Laverty</td>
<td>Joseph Travis Mello, Paternal Roots history</td>
<td>Swynnerton</td>
<td>Medical Corps</td>
<td>Aug. 1944</td>
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<tr>
<td>Philip Smithers</td>
<td>Milton Korman</td>
<td>Rattlesden</td>
<td>447th BG</td>
<td>Mar. 1945</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sue Keates</td>
<td>Bill Payntor/Painter</td>
<td>Muller Orphanage Bristol/ Gloucestershire</td>
<td>Unknown</td>
<td>Aug. 1944</td>
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<tr>
<td>Grand-daughter</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Terry Major</td>
<td>Joe ????</td>
<td>Dunkeswell, Honiton, Devon.</td>
<td>USAF</td>
<td>Oct. 1943</td>
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**USA:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name:</th>
<th>Searching for:</th>
<th>Where met</th>
<th>Place/Base:</th>
<th>Unit:</th>
<th>Date:</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tamma Williams</td>
<td>Brother/Sister</td>
<td>Germany</td>
<td>“A” 388th MP SV Btn</td>
<td>Apr47-May48</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Judith Marrs</td>
<td>Brother</td>
<td>Edinburgh Scotland</td>
<td>551 Bomb Squad, 385 Bomb Group</td>
<td>1944</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Nancy Bright</td>
<td>Twin Brothers</td>
<td>Slapton Sands.</td>
<td>OSS</td>
<td>1944-1946 or 1950-1951</td>
<td></td>
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