U.S. COAST GUARD

MY LIFE IN THE U.S. COAST GUARD
and
OTHER STORIES:
A Semi-Autobiography
by Lowell Hauenstein
and
Sandy Dickson and Rick Hauenstein

SEMPER PARATIS

LOWELL LeROY HAUENSTEIN
November 21, 1921 –

Born: Clovis, New Mexico
Parents: Ruth B. (Hill) and Ward B. Hauenstein
Married: Iris Marie Ricks, January 31, 1944 (Deceased April 14, 1997)
Children: Lowell Ricks (8/22/45) and Lee Craig (10/03/52)
Grandchildren: Darrell Ricks, Derrick Charles, Dashell O-Neil, and 4 great-grandchildren
Memberships: Civil Air Patrol, American Legion, Stick and Rudder Flying Club
Occupation: Printer. Retired from Great Lakes Naval Training Center, 1984
Member of Zion Memorial Church, Zion, IL
Favorite food: Fried chicken
Favorite Dessert: Ice cream
Favorite Song(s): Anything country, the older the better
Favorite TV/Movies: Anything western – with John Wayne, the better.

In memory of Iris Marie Hauenstein, my loving wife of 53 years.

Authors

CONTENTS

This page intentionally left blank

To the Veterans

by
Sandy Dickson

The winds blow gently across this land
Stirring a soft rustling among the trees
Wheat fields seem to bow in silent reverence
As U.S flags wave proudly in the breeze.
The banner flies high for the freedom earned
By those brave men who fought so valiantly
To protect the born rights each soul should know
Fought for that we may all know liberty.
Such men who risked their life and limb are those
Who gave up a safe haven they called home,
To go off to fight a war for freedom
A cause on a battlefield then unknown.
Many returned home but many did not.
While those who came back carry sundry scars
Of sights and sounds they experienced in war
In heroic fight for our stripes and stars,
But it's because of them all that these fly
On our flag that continues to be
The symbol of hope, assurance and love
For a country soldiers fight to keep free.
Each one is a hero unforgotten,
Throughout the year, not just in November.
Each is a symbol of brave devotion.
To each, we say thank you, we'll remember.

This page intentionally left blank

A VETERAN'S STORY

Editor's note: Veterans Day is Nov. II and in honor of those who have served our country in military service, the Zion-Benton News will feature a veteran's story each week throughout the month.

BY **SANDY DICKSON**
ZION-BENTON NEWS STAFF
(as appeared in the Zion-Benton News, November 2, 2006)

With additional commentary and photos by
L RICKS HAUENSTEIN

As is the case with everyone who signs up for the service, one never knows just what trouble one might see. And Lowell Hauenstein has seen his share.

He enlisted in the oldest branch of the U.S. service, the Coast Guard, at age 20 along with his father, but at age 40, his father was rejected for being too old.

Most people think the Coast Guard doesn't really count as a real military branch, Hauenstein says, but they worked just as hard as any other branch. If you don't think that's true, read on.

Note: ***The US Coast Guard was originally under the US Treasury Department. During a declared war, the Coast Guard becomes a branch of the US Navy. The current status of the US Coast Guard, since the events of Sept. 11, 2001, has been under the umbrella of the newly formed Department of Homeland Security.***

"People complain now of long work days. Even in four-week boot camp," Hauenstein says. "My day started at 6 am and went to 9 pm"

"My best duty was near Savannah, Ga. at Brunswick. Ten of us had the run of the town. Many nights I spent looking for saboteurs. The East Coast was loaded with German subs, but they never came to shore because we kept them from it. I didn't see a Navy man until six months in Brunswick."

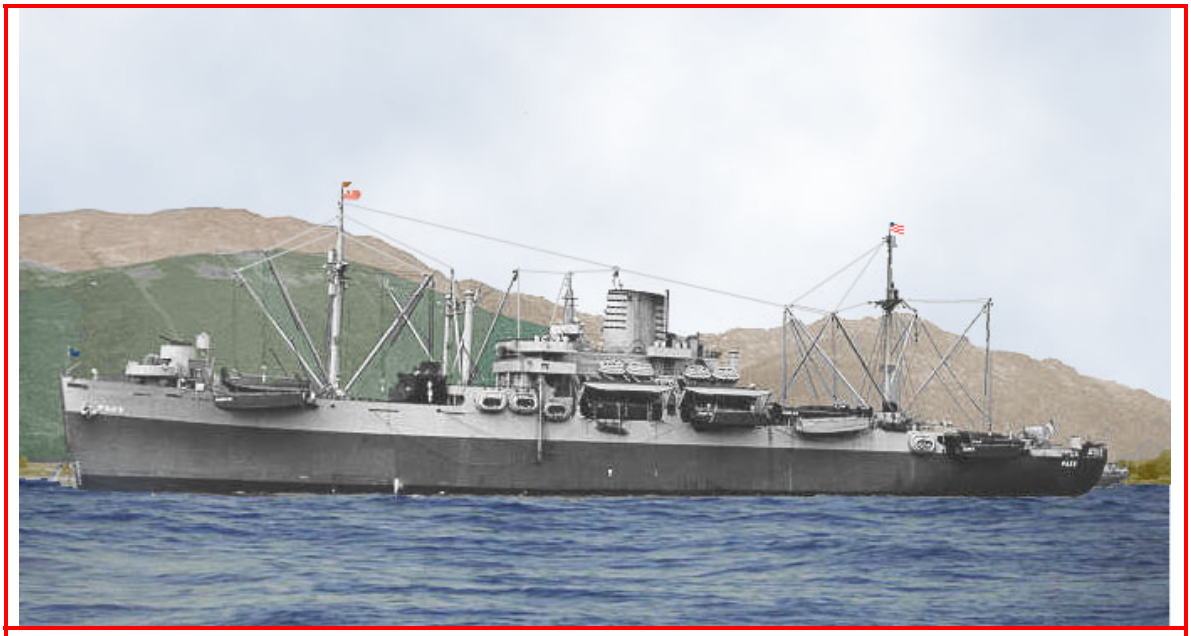
Lowell and Iris Hauenstein
January 31, 1944
Wedding Picture

When he came home on a thirteen-day pass on a Sunday, he married on Monday and left on Tuesday. His new wife (the former Iris Marie Ricks), who was from Houston, then stayed at Great Lakes. After being in service for awhile, Hauenstein was getting migraines and went to a doctor at the receiving station of Ellis Island. He was told to pack a sea bag and assumed that meant he was going to a hospital. Instead, he was taken to the ship Samuel Chase.

The next thing he knew, he was climbing rope ladders on that ship, which sailed at 4 a.m. As far as his family knew, he just disappeared. The ship turned out to be a troop transport that arrived in Glasgow, Scotland after a 14-day voyage. He found out later a guy working in the office as yeoman secretary in New York found himself at the top of the list, and quickly switched his name for Hauenstein's.

Lowell and Iris Hauenstein
January 31, 1994
50th Anniversary Picture

During his 30 months of sea duty, he served on two different ships: destroyer escort, D2 51 USS Camp, and an amphibious transport, Samuel Chase, which had been in all major invasions in Europe and never been hit. It had 600 crew members on board and 2,000 troops, including the entire first and second divisions of Texas. "There were 10 Divisions; I was in the fifth, which was engineering. I was responsible for all the water and oil on the ship. Every day, I ran 10,000 gallons a day from oil tanks through the separator, and then it went to the settling tanks through to the boilers for steam and heat and anything fuel was needed for.



USS Samuel Chase APA-26, Attack Transport (circa 1944)
Photo courtesy of the USCG Photo Archives
Colorized by L. Ricks Hauenstein

D2 51 USS Camp, Destroyer Escort
Photo courtesy of the USCG Photo Archives

As usual, we had "lights out" at about 9pm. As an engineer in the ship's engine room, I slept in the bunks which were stacked five high and a total of six stacks. Yes, it was cramped with 30 men in such a confined space, and heaven help you if you were the least bit claustrophobic! Fortunately, after a long day (6am until 9pm), the bunk was a welcomed sight.

Lying in my bunk, I couldn't help but wonder what tomorrow would bring. I guess I thought that tomorrow was a good day for dying. It was no secret that we were invading Normandy – specifically Omaha Beach – at sunrise. I tried not to think about tomorrow and just relish in the peacefulness of tonight. The gentle rocking

of the ship. Some soft conversation from those who were restless. But not one person complained. Well, there was this one seaman who had turned shades of white. But nervousness was certainly allowed. I heard a few of the crew talking to him, trying to convince him that it was all going to be fine.

I never heard their conversation. I fell asleep almost as soon as my head hit Navy-issued the pillow! (The Navy?? The least they could have done was supply us with US Coast Guard pillows!) And that was about the extent of my concerns as I let the ocean lull me to sleep.

Preparing for the Normandy Invasion June 5, 1944
Note: the dirigibles forming a protective net from Axis aircraft.
Photo courtesy of the USCG Archives

We felt safe in Portsmouth Harbor (England). The allied forces had created a network of hundreds of dirigibles to keep the Axis' planes from interfering with the operation. It was really some sight. Every day, for the past 2, maybe 3 days, more blimps appeared.

WHOOSH!

It was a sound I can remember vividly!! Two more waves of "Whoosh" followed by an explosion and severely listing of the Samuel Chase. I was nearly thrown from my bunk had I not braced myself before the second wave.

I looked over and saw men scrambling out of the bunks. But one sight will be forever etched into my mind. One of my bunk-mates had an onion plant that he was cultivating and when the second bomb hit, he dove toward the plant to keep it from falling to the deck! Sometimes a little piece of home, or at least, land, is worth saving when you are at sea in a foreign port.

The Germans had attacked the flotilla, and in the process, bombed what was possibly a hospital! I don't know exactly what time it was but someone mentioned it was around midnight. After those three bombs narrowly missed the ship, the "attack" was over. Some of us figured it was a couple of planes just to let us know they (the Germans) were watching us.

This is the strange part….none of us were too concerned. We just figured we would get them tomorrow. So just as suddenly as it had begun, it was over. After some general conversing with each other, we were back in our bunks, back asleep, and ready for morning. Reveille pierced through the air far too early. But now we had a job to do and, to a man, we were prepared for whatever came next!

"The Normandy invasion took place a couple days later than planned because of the weather. The Germans knew there was an invasion coming, but didn't know when or where. They were sitting in elevated cement bunkers on a cliff waiting for us. The night before the invasion, we got bombed by the Germans, but they missed all the ships. They hit a hospital on shore though, and that seemed to be the target. We had five different locations of invasion all happening at the same time, but I don't know anything about the others or how they went"

"The morning of the invasion was June 6, 1944. Eighty percent of the people in the invasion who commanded landing ships were Coast Guard. The weather was cold and gray, just like the water, which was very choppy. We were 10 miles out when we dropped anchor at 6 a.m., which was midnight here – at home. Another ship, the USS Texas, was five miles out. Any closer and we'd hit a mine.

"They were short one engineer for a landing boat, so I got the job, which was to start the engine of one of the landing boats to transport the men to shore. There were five crewmen per landing boat, all Coast Guard, and 33 thirty -foot boats in all, with five crew and 30 men on each boat. The landing boats went back and forth between the ships to carry all the men to shore.

All of a sudden in his next conscious moment, Hauenstein was being pulled out of the ice cold water by a medical team. He had lost consciousness for a bit and didn't know what happened, but later learned that his landing boat had hit a

mine and he was only one of four men who had survived. His boat had been reduced to toothpick-sized shards.

"I had been wearing a steel helmet, a big leather jacket and a life preserver, but I was also sitting in back of the boat and all those things probably saved my life. All the boats had made it to shore but mine. The Germans were bombarding the men storming the beach. Bullets were flying everywhere.

"The battleship, USS Texas, which had the best medical facilities, was where our wounded were taken. Along with me, another taken there was the coxswain, the one who steers the boat, who was hit in the stomach, but later died.

"Meanwhile, the Americans on the beach who weren't hit were helping the wounded onto stretchers amid the bullets still being fired. Thousands were killed that day, including the entire first Division off our ship.

"From the second deck I watched bodies bring taken off the LCI landing craft. Then they took it out and sunk it. We lost as many men in one hour in the Normandy invasion as we've lost in the whole current war."

*The Coast Guard-manned landing craft LCI(L)-**85** approached the beach at 12 knots. Her crew winced as they heard repeated thuds against the vessel's hull made by the wooden stakes covering the beach like a crazy, tilted, man-made forest.*

No clear channel existed where the commanding officer's charts indicated there would be, so he ordered the landing craft straight through the obstacles that had been covered by the incoming tide. The bow soon touched bottom, and as the ship ground to a halt, so did its luck. A mine exploded and ripped a gaping hole in the forward compartments, and then German batteries pummeled the LCI. Many of the troops on board were torn to pieces before they ever got off the ship. Those who were still able to disembark could not, because the explosions had destroyed the vessel's landing ramps.

*The burning LCI backed off the beach as the crew fought the fires in the forward compartments. The ship then began to list as water poured in through the shell holes. Other landing craft approached to take off the uninjured troops while other crewmembers manned the sinking landing craft's pumps in a vain attempt to keep the vessel afloat. Then the crew sailed back to the transport area as the ship's list became more and more pronounced. They stayed with the listing LCI and managed to offload the wounded on to the Coast Guard-manned attack-transport USS **Samuel Chase** before they had to abandon their ship. The waters of Normandy washed over the blood-stained decks as the LCI settled deeper. She then capsized, exposing the bottom of her battered hull to the sky and now threatened to become a hazard to navigation to the thousands of ships and craft milling about the area. The crew of a salvage vessel took care of the problem by placing a mine in her hull and exploded it to force her to the sea floor, a final, ignominious end for a gallant veteran that had made so many successful combat landings against hostile shores. Slowly, as the water filled her hull, she turned her stern skyward and sank. The LCI(L)-**85** was one of the many Coast Guard-manned ships that participated in the landings in France on June 6, 1944 - a day that would prove to be one of the bloodiest in the Coast Guard's long history.*

"The 88's began hitting the ship, they tore into the compartments and exploded on the exposed deck. Machine guns opened up. Men were hit and men were mutilated. There was no such thing as a minor wound."

-Lieutenant, Junior Grade Coit Hendley, USCGR, commanding officer of USS LCI(L)-85, describes in his official Action Report what happened when his vessel approached Omaha Beach on the morning of D-Day.

Photo courtesy of the USCG Photo Archives
Colorized by L. Ricks Hauenstein

LCI 326, USCG landing craft, heading for Omaha Beach, June 6, 1944. None of these soldiers know the fate that befalls nearly every man on this craft.

Note the dirigibles forming a net to interfere with Nazi and Axis aircraft.

Photo # 26-G-06-10-44(4) Sinking LCI(L) off Normandy, 6 June 1944

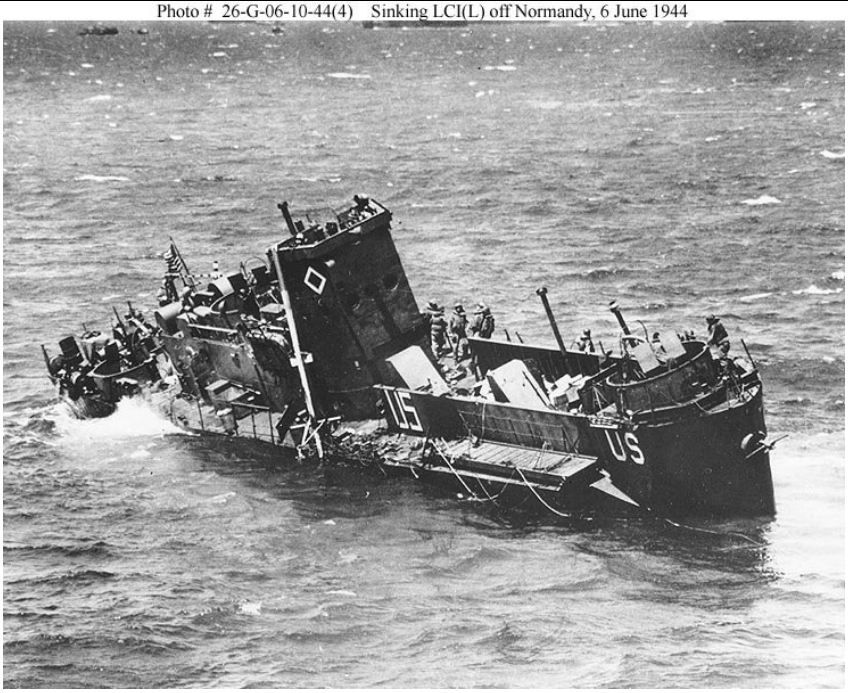


Photo courtesy of the USCG Photo Archives

The Coast Guard *LCI(L)-85*, battered by enemy fire after approaching Omaha Beach, prepares to evacuate the troops she was transporting to an awaiting transport. The "*85*" sank shortly after this photograph was taken. The *LCI(L)-85* was one of four Coast Guard LCI's that were destroyed on D-Day.

Photo courtesy of the USCG Photo Archives
Colorized by L. Ricks Hauenstein

This was a common sight for the men on the USS Samuel Chase as LSI crafts ferried bodies (and body parts) back to the ship where the medical crew was standing by.

The heavy seas cascaded over the hulls and blunt bows of the landing craft, drenching the troops aboard. One Coast Guard sailor said, "We were cold and soaked to the skin even before we started on our 11-mile trip shoreward, as a choppy sea broke over our square bow." The American landing craft had bilge pumps but the British did not and those soldiers aboard kept busy bailing with their helmets. But regardless of the type of craft, everyone got wet.

Life on the flat bottomed LCI(L)s was not pleasant either. The sailors joked that "LCI" stood for "Lousy Civilian Idea" but had long since become accustomed to their pitch and roll. But the soldiers had not, and the rough seas did not make their journey any easier. Some wolfed down their motion sickness pills and became drowsy but most just got seasick. In fact, seasickness was rampant throughout the invasion forces that night. While the rough seas made life for the Allied troops miserable, they ironically proved to be a blessing.

Coast Guard LSI-350, one of the veteran landing vessels of the Coast Guard Flotilla 10, a veteran of the invasions of Normandy, Sicily, and Salerno.

Courtesy of the US Coast Guard Photo Archives

"Later that day, we headed south down the French coast to fight, but they wouldn't let me participate in that because I had been wounded. So I sat up on the fantail and watched the invasion. It was just getting dark and it was like fireworks. England was firing rockets but they were falling short and accidentally

hitting our men, too, who were getting killed by their fire. And we had gone there to help the English."

Hauenstein said that all the boats but his were able to be retrieved, because there was nothing left of his.

"My family didn't know for 17 weeks whether I was alive or dead. But I later found out that my mother had woken up at precisely the moment my boat got hit, though she said she knew I was okay. It was always weeks before we could send or receive mail then and who knows how many times a ship carrying it was blown up."

And as far as knowing and losing friends, he says he knew he had a job to do and he went in and did it.

"I never got too close to anyone for that reason."

After the attack, Hauenstein's ship went to Africa to bring some French nurses on board before heading down on a convoy farther south where they proceeded to sink two German subs traveling together in a group called a 'Wolf Pack.'

For all the years until the 50th anniversary of the Normandy invasion, his family had no knowledge of his wartime experience because he had kept it all inside. Then a son encouraged him to let them in on his story. He had received two bronze stars for his heroism.

Hauenstein today, at age 85, still retains his pilot's license from having learned to fly on the GI bill, though he doesn't actively fly anymore. He helped form the Stick and Rudder Flying Club at the Waukegan Airport (Illinois), which currently has 300 members and he has served as Second Lieutenant in the Civil Air Patrol for 40 years,

.

And that's the story of just one Coast Guard veteran.

This page intentionally left blank

Vet finally gets deserved medals 60 years later.

From Left, World War II Coast Guard Veteran, Zion's Lowell Hauenstein, as he was unexpectedly presented with six medals for service to his country. Army veteran, Tom Lex and Theron Otterbacher, U.S. Marine veteran, did the presentation as Hauenstein's son, Rick, responsible for securing the medals, looks on from the far left.

Lowell Hauenstein of Zion got a real big surprise Dec. 12 (2006) at the Zion-Benton American Legion Christmas party. He was presented with six more medals to add to the collection of four awarded during his service for acts of bravery and dedication in the U.S. Coast Guard.

Hauenstein joined the Coast Guard in 1942 when World War II was raging. He was involved in major battles, including the Normandy invasion, and certainly did his share to defend our country. His ship, the amphibious transport USS Samuel Chase was involved in five major battles. Among the medals he had already been awarded are two bronze stars, each representing a battle, one in Germany, another in France.

You may recall reading the harrowing saga of his part in the June 6, 1944, Normandy invasion in the November 2, 2006, Zion-Benton News. Serving in the Fifth Division, an engineering division from Texas, he climbed aboard one of 33 smaller boats *(LSI landing crafts)* to guide it toward the invasion when his boat was the only one to hit a mine and he was knocked unconscious.

He was quickly revived when he hit the frigid water, though his smaller boat was blown to bits. Still able to function, he made it to the beach where he helped load wounded soldiers onto stretchers for transport for medical help.

Enemy bullets were flying everywhere around, but miraculously, he escaped further injury. He was only one of four survivors from his boat of 30 men. With his boat being the only one which had not made it to the shore.

It was undoubtedly for this as well as other acts of heroism that he was decided worthy of the additional medals, belatedly awarded because his son, Rick Hauenstein, petitioned the military and pointed out the medals were long overdue his father. Thankfully, they arrived in time for the elder Hauenstein to be surprised by the presentation at the American Legion Christmas banquet.

“The first and second divisions of the Coast Guard are used to spearhead -- they lead the way. There was none of the entire First Division from our ship that were left after that day,” he reflects. “We lost more men in one hour that have been lost in the entire Iraq war.”

“I spent about 50 years trying to forget the whole ordeal, and then my younger son, Craig, started wanting to know all about it and finally got me going on it on the 50th anniversary of the invasion. A lot of people don’t even think the Coast Guard is a part of the service. I tell them to tell that to those fallen Coast Guard comrades who died in my arms.”

The medals awarded Lowell Hauenstein at the American Legion Dinner

This page intentionally left blank

In My Own Words

By
Lowell L. Hauenstein

I remember when I was in 14 and I had surgery. For years I had a pain when I walked. I was even worse when I would run or jump. Once, after physical education class, I noticed the pain was like needles sticking me in the back. I could not handle the pain any longer. I had been crying and felt as if I were going to collapse. I was frightened as all kinds of thoughts raced through my mind. I was scared to even mention it to my parents. I knew exactly what mom would say, "You are just over-weight." She might be right. But what if it was much more serious? Without a proper diagnosis, I was not going to let her say that to me. That would have hurt my feelings more than whatever the doctor might say.

My daily routine included bouts of crying, which was caused by the stabbing pains in my back and shoulders. I finally decided to let my parents know. As expected, mom made me feel bad by telling me I was simply overweight! It sounded so cold and uncaring. That began a shouting match, which made both of us later regret some of the hateful things we said. When we finally cleared the air, mom and I discussed the matter in a much more civilized way. To my surprise, she actually began to sympathize with me and agreed to take me to the doctor. If he said it was because I was overweight, well, I could accept that. But I had to know one way or the other.

The next day I missed school to visit the doctor. After several x-rays and endless probing and prodding, I just wanted to go home. The pain didn't seem to matter anymore. I just wanted out of there. What seemed like eternity, the doctor came in with the x-rays in hand. Speaking like someone from another planet, the doctor tried explaining the situation. I looked at him with this evil look. Then in language I could understand, he told me I had a hole in my bone that was three-quarters the size of my ankle. I was lucky I didn't fall because I could have

broken my ankle. He immediately excused me from physical education for the year. I had to change classes and use crutches. I had to use the elevators for each class.

The day after visiting the doctor, mom called the Shriner's Hospital for crippled children. We knew about this hospital because Amy, my sister, had been a guest there when she had surgery. The appointment was set for October 21. I felt more relaxed now that I had an idea of the situation. It wasn't just my nerves. I wanted to get out of the "School from Hell." I had had enough of the harassment from my teachers. The countdown was on.

The long-anticipated day finally arrived and I was ready to get this over with! I left on the 19 of October. I was relieved to leave the school I hated so much, but at the same time I was not sure what to expect next. There was the stress of routine check-ups and other tests. Wondering if my weight did add to the problem, I tried not to eat much. The family went through many fast food places but I acted as if I were asleep. I knew that if I did not eat my parents would know something was wrong. When we stopped to eat, I only ate salads - not exactly my favorite thing for dinner!

After endless hours of driving, we reached the halfway point of our trip and made it to the motel. It was one o'clock in the morning. As we walked into the room I smelled a familiar smell, as if I were home. I felt comfortable except for the chill in the room. The air conditioner was blowing full blast! After getting the temperature to a suitable level, sleep came easily.

Morning seemed to come awfully early! I woke up and realized that I fell asleep in the exact position where I laid on the bed, fully clothed.

More states and more long hours passed. I slept most of the time. We finally arrived at the Days Inn where we had made reservations days earlier. With very little hassle, we settled into our room. It was 7PM and I just wanted to go to sleep, but instead, we went to Ember's for dinner. We had been to Ember’s on other trips and it was nice to feel so “at home.” Walking in I could smell this unforgettable smell. I noticed two guys in the corner both and thought to myself, “I’ll bet they are gay!” I do not know what made me think of that. On the other

side were two couples and a waiter. The waiter seated us at our “usual” booth. After eating the outrageously delicious supper we walked back across the street to the room. We could not hold out any longer, so we finally crashed.

The five o'clock alarm came too early! Nervously, I got ready to go to the hospital. I arrived at nearly 5:30. I waited in the waiting room for several minutes until the nurse called my name. I was going to have my height and weight recorded as well as my vital signs. I suppose it is a hospital policy. She escorted me to an office instead of an examining room. Across the hall I saw this woman about my height, very slender with black hair and brown eyes. She smiled at me and I knew I would like it here. I would soon get to know her better than anyone else in the hospital.

The nurse asked if I was scared of the surgery. I told her "no." Then she showed me a 20-minute video about back surgery. After I had watched the video, she repeated the question. I still replied confidently, "No, I m not scared." The truth is — I was petrified.

I met the doctor who explained the surgery to me in language I was able to understand. They showed me around the hospital and then took me to my room. That is when I met Danielle. She was 13, short, and had blonde hair and green eyes. She seemed to be outgoing and calm. “Too calm,” I thought. After getting to know her, she and I stayed awake until midnight talking about everything. She told me that she has not seen her mom in a while and doesn't really know her dad. She has had 14 surgeries.

I had not gone to sleep that night, so mom sent me down to go get some sleeping pills. And as I was walking to the nurse’s station, I heard a scream and something slamming as if it was the phone. A nurse ran to my room and that is all I remember. The sleeping pills were doing their job quite nicely! So I slept right through the excitement.

It is funny about hospitals! They have an unusual sense of time. I mean, they woke me up and it was still dark outside! I was not allowed to eat before the surgery so my stomach was making noises I never thought possible! A nurse came in and put cream on my hands, then tape. She said the cream would numb

my hands for the I-V. I did not think that would work. At noon I was in the recreation room playing pool with my dad when the nurse came in and asked if I was ready. She took me to a room that I vaguely remember. I just remembered a couple of chairs and a hospital bed and toddle toys, but it seemed as if the room did not end. I was in my gown playing with the toddle toys while waiting for the doctor. I figure the drugs were taking affect and playing with my mind.

When the doctor came in, I was finally in bed. The nurse was telling me I will not be able to feel the needle and soon I will be drowsy. I looked at her and thought “Yeah! Right! I’ll bet I can feel the needle and the anesthesia won't make me drowsy”. Before I knew it, I felt a soft pinch and BAM! It hit me! My eyes were getting heavy and I began laughing. Everyone asked what was so funny. To this day I have not got a clue as to what I said. I was out cold!

My surgery was four hours long. After surgery they took me into this cold, bright and bare room - they called it the recovering room. I chuckled a bit because I thought “How funny! It needs to have some coverings on it!”

My parents came in for a moment to say “hi” but then had to leave. I remember the nurse waking me and saying, "You are done. Your parents are right here." I never saw my parents. Now I think I know what it must be like to be on drugs! I woke up later not realizing that I had fallen asleep. I looked over and saw this kid that looked about my age. That's when I realized I was naked, covered up with a sheet. I just wanted to take the sheet and run. But my leg was heavy and I was too tired to move. I looked away and I could feel my face turning bright red from embarrassment.

That night I got to sleep in my room. I felt bad seeing my parents there and when I woke up, they were gone. I felt as though I was being rude and failed my parents teaching me manners. Soon they were in my room all the time.

Every time I woke up I had a new machine on me. It seemed as if I started a collection. My breathing was not stable and I was connected to four machines. Mom and dad never left my side. They rotated “shifts” and never once was I ever alone.

The doctor checked on me every hour to see how I was doing. My leg and ankle had swollen so the doctor had to come in and cut it several times. He thought that I might have to go back to surgery if the swelling did not go down or if the pain did not stop. There was a possibility that they might have damaged some veins.

I met many friends during the several days in the hospital, but now I was ready to go home. I had to go to therapy and prove I was ready to go. As I found out what I had to do I thought I could do it. By the time I started to do my therapy without the bars I was crying for my mother. She was holding the wheel chair and was pushing it toward me. They asked if I wanted to stop I said “No!” I finally reached the chair on my own! And that is when I knew it was time to go home.

This page intentionally left blank

Recollections of the Normandy Invasion

June 6, 1944

On June 6, 1944, I was a 22-year old Third Class machinist mate in the U. S. Coast Guard aboard the USS Samuel Chase (APA 26). We arrived in England in February 1944. From February until the invasion, we made scuttle runs between England and Scotland transporting troops and making dry runs for the Invasion.

Before I go any further on my story, I must tell you what kind of ship I was on and my duties as well as the function of the ship. On one of our trips to Scotland, I had shore leave. A Scottish soldier stopped me and asked why the Coast Guard was In Scotland. I said, “Uncle Sam didn't tell us which coast we were to guard.”

Our ship was a six to eight hundred foot ship APA 26 (Army Personnel Attack). We had in excess of thirty landing barges called Higgins boats. Each one carried thirty troops and five crew men.

I was what was called “water and oil king.” I was responsible for all water and oil on-board ship. We had two ten thousand gallon settling tanks. It was my job to keep black oil free of water in both tanks, which was done through a heated water and oil separator.

We knew something about an Invasion and that It was going to be big. The Invasion was supposed to take place three days earlier; however, due to bad weather it was postponed until June 6th. The Germans flew over and bombed often and didn't hit one ship; but they did hit a hospital on shore. One of the Englishmen had put an onion in a glass of water and placed it on a generator so we could see something growing. One bomb came very close and shook up the Chase—about three guys ran over to the generator to save the onion.

On June 6th, we left Portsmouth, England, before daylight. The water was still rough. Our crew was divided into ten divisions. I was in the Fifth Division, which was the Engineering Division. The men who manned the landing boats were in the Tenth Division.

We arrived in Normandy around 6:00 a.m. They had already dropped the nets over the side of the ship and were about ready to lower the landing craft when they decided they needed a motor machinist mate who knew diesel I happened to be there and volunteered. I got into my landing barge, and they lowered us into the water where we picked up troops who had climbed down the net. At this point, we were about ten miles out from the beach. The USS Texas, a battleship, was about five miles out from shore firing their big guns. Now we headed for Omaha Beach Head. There were landing barges as far as you could see. It is hard to say how far out we were on our first run when we hit a mine. All troops onboard were killed, but none of the crew. The Coxswain got a bullet in the stomach; he was taken to the USS Texas, but died during surgery. There were only four of us alive out of 30 soldiers and five crewmen.

It was about noon when we got back to our ship. I can't begin to describe the kind of feelings I felt. I just couldn't believe that this was really happening. Just like a nightmare. Back onboard the ship, I stood on the upper deck and looked down on the main deck. They brought a platform of dead bodies aboard the ship. A chief engineer had the job of getting identification off the dead. You couldn't tell what parts of the body belonged to who. Loose heads, arms, legs, and guts all over the place. It wasn't real; I kept thinking I would wake up and it was a bad dream. Yet to this day, 50 years later, I still have bad dreams. They also brought a LLC (large landing craft) along side. It had also hit a mine and had gotten shelled badly. No body aboard survived. They finally cut it loose and sank it with some bodies still aboard.

This concludes the Invasion of Normandy as I saw it and the part I played in it. By the middle of the afternoon, we were headed down the coast of France to the Mediterranean Sea.

My time in the U.S. Coast Guard

I am going to start this story, but I don't know whether or not I will ever be able to finish it. If anything happens to me, my mother—and she alone— is the only person that can finish the last lines.

I came in to the U. S. Coast guards on the 21st of June 1942. On that day while taking my oath, I had a tattoo of an eagle put on my left forearm. I figured that as long as I was going to be a sailor, I should act like one.

I left Chicago at 4:00 p.m. on June 21, 1942 with a group of about 130 men for Curtis Bay, Maryland, which is a boot camp. We arrived at Curtis Bay about 11 a.m. June 22nd, 1942. The first day wasn't so bad. We were issued clothing and had to get our haircut. From then on things were getting tougher. It wasn't
very easy to break away from the freedom and life that we loved and held so dear to us.

The next four weeks were really tough, or I then thought it was. We had our vaccinations and shots. We drilled out in the hot sun in an unleveled, dusty field, covered with poison ivy. I was in company P-3, the largest company of the whole unit. I had three liberties in four weeks. I went into Baltimore, which was about nine miles from Curtis Bay. That is where I learn to dance at the USO in Baltimore.

We had a lot of boat drills. We had a write-up in the paper about this. Some of my activities were a little hazy, but for the most part it is very clear, just like it happened yesterday.

Four long weeks at Curtis Bay slowly drew to an end, and on July 21, 1942 they broke our company up and sent them to different places.

I was in a group of fifty men and was sent to Charleston, South Carolina. When we got down as far Florence, South Carolina, headquarters sent word to have our group to go on down to Savannah, Georgia. Our baggage car stayed

in South Carolina. There we were three weeks with what clothing that we had on our backs. We had to wash every night for three weeks. They asked for volunteers to go on down to Brunswick, Georgia. Ten of us said that we would go to Brunswick.

It was getting around the last part of July. We arrived in Brunswick around noon. I am starting to lose track of time and days. They brought a houseboat up the river for us to live on. We were getting $51.32 a month to live on besides our regular pay to live on.

We had to stand an eight-hour shift and had forty hours off. That would seem like a good deal, but we were on twenty-four hour alert. What people didn't understand that there was always a threat of German subs landing spies along the eastern coast of the U.S. I spent a lot of sleepless nights.

There was a law passed that there wasn't to be any boats out on the water between sunset to sunrise. There was a small motor boat that kept going up and the other side of the river, and at this time we didn't have a patrol boat to go after the speed boat, so one night as the boat came down the river I took out the .45 that I was carrying, took careful aim and fired. I could just make out the outline of the boat, to make a long story short, I must of made a direct hit on his fuel tank because it went up in smoke. The man wasn't hurt but he was really upset about it.

We finally got a patrol boat, and I was taken off shore duty and was put on this boat. We would patrol the river from six at night to six in the morning.

I wasn't on that boat very long when I got transferred back to shore duty, standing watch on sea going tugs, which were being built at the shipyards in Brunswick. I had orders not to let anyone come aboard unless they had the proper identification and a written permission from the commander of the shipyard.

Well, one day a captain and party were going to come aboard to inspect the ship. They refused to show any kind of identification. They felt that they had the right to come aboard any time that they wanted to; they almost got shot for it.

It was just a few days later that I was back walking a patrol along Bay Street, which ran along with the river, and there again I had problems. I shot two men who weren't suppose be in the boxcars in the shipyards. Of course, they shot at me first. I was hit just inside my left knee and sent to the Savannah Marine Hospital for a couple of weeks.

I was transferred to Norfolk, Virginia on December 21st, 1942 and was assigned to a patrol boat
operating out of Norfolk. A few days later I was transferred to another boat, which got hit and sunk by some barges that were towed by a tug. It was the same routine for the next few weeks. On April 15th I was sent to Groton, Connecticut to a motor machinist mate school. That is when my rate was changed from a seaman to a fireman.

During that three-month period, I was spending my time outside of school, looking for a man who was wanted by the government for desertion. They figured that a plain sailor could go into places that a civilian couldn't. I found my man and that also finished my stay in Connecticut.

On July 23rd, 1943 I was sent back to Norfolk, Virginia, or was sent to Berkley, Virginia, which was made in to a receiving station. I stayed there for four days, then I was sent to the Naval 0perating Base in Norfolk, Virginia for Destroyer Escort (DE) training. That was when I was assigned to the U.S.S. Camp DE 251. It was around the 6th or 8th of September, Mom, that you and Clova came to see me.

On September 12, 1943 our DE crew left Norfolk for Houston, Texas on a troop train. We arrived in Houston on September the 14th and we
commissioned the DE on the16th. I met Iris on the 17th of September, which was on a Friday. I met her in front of a theater down town in Houston. We were both waiting for a bus. I had the honor of being one of the mess cooks for the next month. I had every night off, so I did get to see Iris. During the day we had to load supplies. We left port a week after I met Iris. We went to Galveston for a week. Iris came to Galveston and got to spend one weekend with me.

This page intentionally left blank

Have you ever wished you could fly?

by
Sandy Dickson
Zion-Benton News staff
(as appeared in the Zion-Benton News, October 19, 2006)

Lowell Hauenstein of Zion in a 172 Cessna, a World War II veteran who took part in the Normandy invasion in France, was instrumental in establishing the Stick and Rudder Club in 1948 where he is still a, charter member. He also served as Second Lieutenant in the Civil Air Patrol, a volunteer organization, for 20 years.

Those of us who have lived around here for awhile or have even driven along Wadsworth Road or other roads bordering the airport property are aware of the

Waukegan Regional Airport. But few are aware that the Stick and Rudder Club, the oldest and largest not-for-profit flying club in the United State, is located there. Officially established in 1948, it was founded in Lake County by a number of individuals, including Thomas Booth who started flying in 1922 with John Campbell, a World War I pilot and barnstormer.

Views of the original Waukegan Regional airport.

In 1944, Booth purchased the Yeagy Farm, after spending years convincing the Waukegan politicians that an airport was needed for the area, which then became Lake County Airport. Charter members included Zion's Coast Guard veteran, Lowell Hauenstein, who was present at the Normandy invasion.

In 1947, a number of GIs were returning from the war and began to gather at the Lake County Airport to continue the training the government had given them. Wanting to retain their commercial licensure and guided by the flying expertise of Booth, they became the first flight instructors at Lake County Airport.

However, the cost of plane rental was high and prohibitive for students as well as licensed pilots, so in 1947, the ground was laid for the formation of the Stick and

Rudder Club. The Club was also a social club for dances, dinners and camaraderie among pilots and their families, as well as those who wanted to learn to fly.

With a membership of 41, including two women, the group rented an office in one of the airport's two hangers and with the $30 annual dues, they could begin to purchase planes and insurance.

Until then, planes had to be rented or borrowed for their flying. The Stick and Rudder Club now owns eight airplanes. Times were different then, however, with plane rental $3 per hour for the actual flying time as opposed to the current price of between $61.25 for a two-seater and four-seater for $79.80. With an instructor, it's an extra $40 per hour. Both rates include fuel.

Cessna 152

Cessna 172

Aircraft fuel has higher octane so generally runs more per gallon than for that of a car. The smaller planes burn six to seven gallons an hour and that amount lasts for four hours.

"There was a group of us flying on the GI bill in late '48. I haven't flown for 20 years, but I haven't forgotten how to fly and I still keep my license up. All - you need is a physical and to fly with an instructor so he can verify you're doing everything right."

Piper PA28

A lesson usually lasts 1.2 to 1.3 hours. There is a student practice area from Waukegan Regional Airport that extends to just west of Chain of Lakes. Club membership costs the joining fee of $250, which makes them eligible to rent the smaller planes and to upgrade to the category that allows them to fly larger four-seater-planes there is a one-time upgrade fee of $150 added. The annual membership dues are $420, regardless of category.

"It's a club where people into flying come together and members are all part owners of the club," says Pete Cleland, flight instructor and longtime member of Stick and Rudder Club. "They hang out, come to gatherings and can get airplanes at reasonable prices. Flying can be quite expensive. You have to be a club member to rent our planes. You can't just rent to any licensed pilot."

He explains that they can set their own regulations beyond those of FAA if they want to impose other rules in addition.

Among the FAA regulations for private pilots are that 40 hours of flight time must be obtained for licensure, as well as that a written and oral test must be passed. The law says a pilot must have a flight review every two years and if they carry passengers, they must have three takeoffs and landings every 90 days.

Most people usually do ground school for about three hours a week for about 10 weeks. The basic license lets pilot carry passengers in good weather.

Other regulations and tests apply for other realms of flying. An instrument rating must be obtained, for example, for flying in inclement weather.

"There are a lot of different ratings one can get and things to keep learning," Cleland says. "Among others are commercial or instructor ratings, those for airships, sea planes, multi-engine planes, ultra lights, and sport airplanes. It goes on and on. A person can get a glider pilot's license at age 14 because it has less requirements. Flying is challenging, but doesn't require any special gifts. It can all be picked up," assures Cleland, who began his flight instructions on Jan. I, 1976 and has been flying ever since.

"But when you do a solo flight for the first time, you don't need a piece of paper to tell you what a great job you did. You knew inside. The basic thing to flying is overcoming fears. You can take it as far as you want. There are those who like to do it just to be able to look out the window of the cockpit. We've had previous pilots who became airline pilots. We have 250 students now in varying stages."

Few people are aware that there are numerous pilots of the Stick and Rudder Club who do 'angel flights', those who donate their time as Flight for Life pilots to airlift patients for medical treatments.

Cleland knows people have always been fascinated by thoughts of flying. "There was that guy once who tied himself into a lawn chair attached to a bunch of helium balloons and wound up elevating himself to 16,000 feet.

"A commercial airline pilot reported him after he did a double take. His plan for getting himself down was a BB gun, shooting the balloons out one by one. I bet he never realized he'd got that high. He also couldn't have counted on how cold it would be up there. He got down intact, but the aviation people had a little talk with him once he got down. And I don't think he had any kind of license." (Don't try this at home.)

The Waukegan Regional Airport (2007)

Left: another aerial view of the new Waukegan Airport.
Right: The "new" Waukegan Airport has state-of-the-art services and serves as an auxiliary to both Chicago's O'Hare Field and Milwaukee's Mitchell Field.

APPENDIX I. WWII MEDALS AWARDED

American Campaign Medal - WW II American Campaign Medal - WW II

Criteria: Awarded to service members performing either one year of consecutive duty between December 7, 1941 to March 2, 1946 within the continental borders of the United States, or performing 30 days consecutive or 60 non-consecutive days of duty outside the borders of the United States but within the American Theater of Operations. The American Theater was defined as the entirety of the United States to include most of the Atlantic Ocean, a portion of Alaska, and a small portion of the Pacific bordering California and Baja California. Service stars were authorized to any service member who was engaged in actual combat with Axis forces within the American theater. This primarily applied to those members of the military which had engaged in anti-U-Boat patrols in the Atlantic.

Attachments: Bronze Star Device, Silver Star Device

Coast Guard Good Conduct Medal

Criteria: Awarded to any enlisted member of the U.S. Coast Guard who completes three consecutive years of "honorable and faithful service." Such service implies that a standard enlistment was completed without any non-judicial punishments, disciplinary infractions, or court martial offenses. If a service member commits an offense, the three-year mark "resets" and a service member must perform an additional three years of discipline free service before the Good Conduct may be authorized. The Coast Guard Good Conduct Medal was designed in 1923 and originally used enlistment bars as attachments, in the same manner as the Marine Corps and Navy Good Conduct Medal. In 1966, the Coast Guard began using service stars to denote additional awards of the Good Conduct Medal.

Attachments: Bronze Star Device, Silver Star Device.

European - African - Middle Eastern Campaign Medal

The **European-African-Middle Eastern Campaign Medal** is a military decoration of the United States armed forces which was first created in 1942 by Executive Order of President Franklin D. Roosevelt. The decoration was intended to recognize those military service members who had performed military duty in the European Theater (to include North Africa and the Middle East) during the years of the Second World War. The flag colors of Germany, Italy, and France are visible in the ribbon.

Originally known as the “EAME Ribbon”, the European-African-Middle Eastern Campaign Medal is awarded for any service performed between December 7, 1941 and March 2, 1946 provided such service was performed in the geographical theater areas of Europe, North Africa, or the Middle East. For those service members who participated in multiple battle campaigns, service stars are authorized to the decoration with the arrowhead device awarded for any airborne or amphibious operations performed. The Fleet Marine Force combat operation insignia is also authorized for certain sailors.

The following campaigns are recognized by service stars to the European-African-Middle Eastern Campaign Medal.

- Egypt-Libya: 11 Jun 42 - 12 Feb 43
- Air Offensive, Europe: 4 Jul 42 - 5 Jun 44
- Algeria-French Morocco: 8-11 Nov 42
- Tunisia: 12 Nov 42 - 13 May 43
- Sicily: 14 May 43 - 17 Aug 43
- Naples-Foggia: 18 Aug 43 - 21 Jan 44
- Anzio: 22 Jan 44 - 24 May 44
- Rome-Arno: 22 Jan 44 - 9 Sep 44
- Normandy: 6 Jun 44 - 24 Jul 44
- Northern France: 25 Jul 44 - 14 Sep 44
- Southern France: 15 Aug 44 - 14 Sep 44
- Northern Apennines: 10 Sep 44 - 4 Apr 45
- Rhineland: 15 Sep 44 - 21 Mar 45
- Ardennes-Alsace: 16 Dec 44 - 25 Jan 45
- Central Europe: 22 Mar 45 - 11 May 45
- Po Valley: 5 Apr 45 - 8 May 45

The **French Liberation Medal** or more precisely **Liberated France Medal** (*Médaille de la France libérée*) is a decoration of the French Republic which is issued to any veteran of the Second World War who participated in the liberation of France.

The Medal was created in 1947 for any person, military or civilian, who participated effectively in the Liberation of France from German occupation and for any allied or French soldier who fought on French soil during the war. It is not awarded since 1947.

The French Liberation Medal was issued extensively to the United States military between 1946 and 1950. The medal was authorized for wear on a military uniform until the 1950s, when the French Liberation Medal adopted the status as a commemorative decoration for civilian wear only.

The United States government considers the French Liberation Medal to be a foreign decoration and it is not issued by the U.S. military to veterans of the Second World War. The decoration may be purchased from civilian military insignia vendors or by request from the French Embassy to the United States.

The **World War II Victory Medal** is a decoration of the United States military which was created by an act of Congress in July 1945. The decoration commemorates military service during the Second World War and is awarded to any member of the United States military, including members of the armed forces of the Government of the Philippine Islands, who served on active duty, or as a reservist, between December 7, 1941 and December 31, 1946.

The World War II Victory Medal was first issued as a ribbon, and was referred to simply as the “Victory Ribbon.” By 1946, a full medal had been established which was referred to as the World War II Victory Medal.

There is no minimum service time limit for the issuance of the World War II Victory Medal, and the National Personnel Records Center has reported some cases of service members receiving the award for simply a few days of service. As the Second World War ended in August 1945, there are also cases of service

members, who had enlisted in 1946, receiving the decoration without having been a veteran of World War II. The reason for this late date is that President Harry S Truman did not declare an official end of hostilities until the last day of 1946.

Combat Service Medal

Criteria: Struck to honor all Soldiers, Sailors, Marines and Airmen who served in an overseas combat theater or expeditionary combat operation.

World War II D Day (Est 2001)

Dates: 1944
Criteria: Struck to honor all who landed or served in support of U. S. Forces during the D Day invasion, June 1944. Medal shows troops, paratroopers, Air and Naval forces assaulting the coast of France.

Victory in Europe Medal
(Est 1995)

Dates: 1941-1946
Criteria: Struck to honor all soldiers, sailors, marines and airmen who served in the European, African and Middle Eastern Theaters During WWII.

Overseas Service Medal

Criteria: Struck to honor all Soldiers, Sailors, Marines and Airmen who served in an overseas theater or expeditionary operation outside the United States for 30 days or more.

Sea Service Medal (Est 2004)

Dates: All Periods
Criteria: To honor Navy, USMC, USCG, USMM personnel who served at sea for at least 30 days of continuous service.

United States Coast Guard Commemorative Medal (Est 2001)

Dates: 1789-Present
Criteria: Designed to honor all Officers, Petty Officers and seamen who have honorable service in the United States Coast Guard between 1789 to present

.

APPENDIX II. USCG AWARD LETTER

UNITED STATES COAST GUARD

ADDRESS REPLY TO
COMMANDANT
U. S. COAST GUARD
HEADQUARTERS
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

PS
8 March 1954
P15/MM
(545-671)

Mr. Lowell L. Hauenstein
2801 Gabriel
Zion, Illinois

Dear Mr. Hauenstein:

In reply to your letter of 25 January 1954 it is a pleasure to award you the following medals for your service with the Coast Guard during World War II:

American Campaign Medal
European-African-Middle Eastern
Campaign Medal
World War II Victory Medal

Please acknowledge receipt of the above awards by signing Part C of the attached Form CG-2927 and return it in the enclosed self-addressed envelope.

You are entitled to wear two bronze stars on your European-African-Middle Eastern Campaign ribbon. Campaign stars are not issued by the Coast Guard but may be purchased at stores which sell military supplies.

A Good Conduct Medal is being engraved for you and will be issued as soon as it is ready.

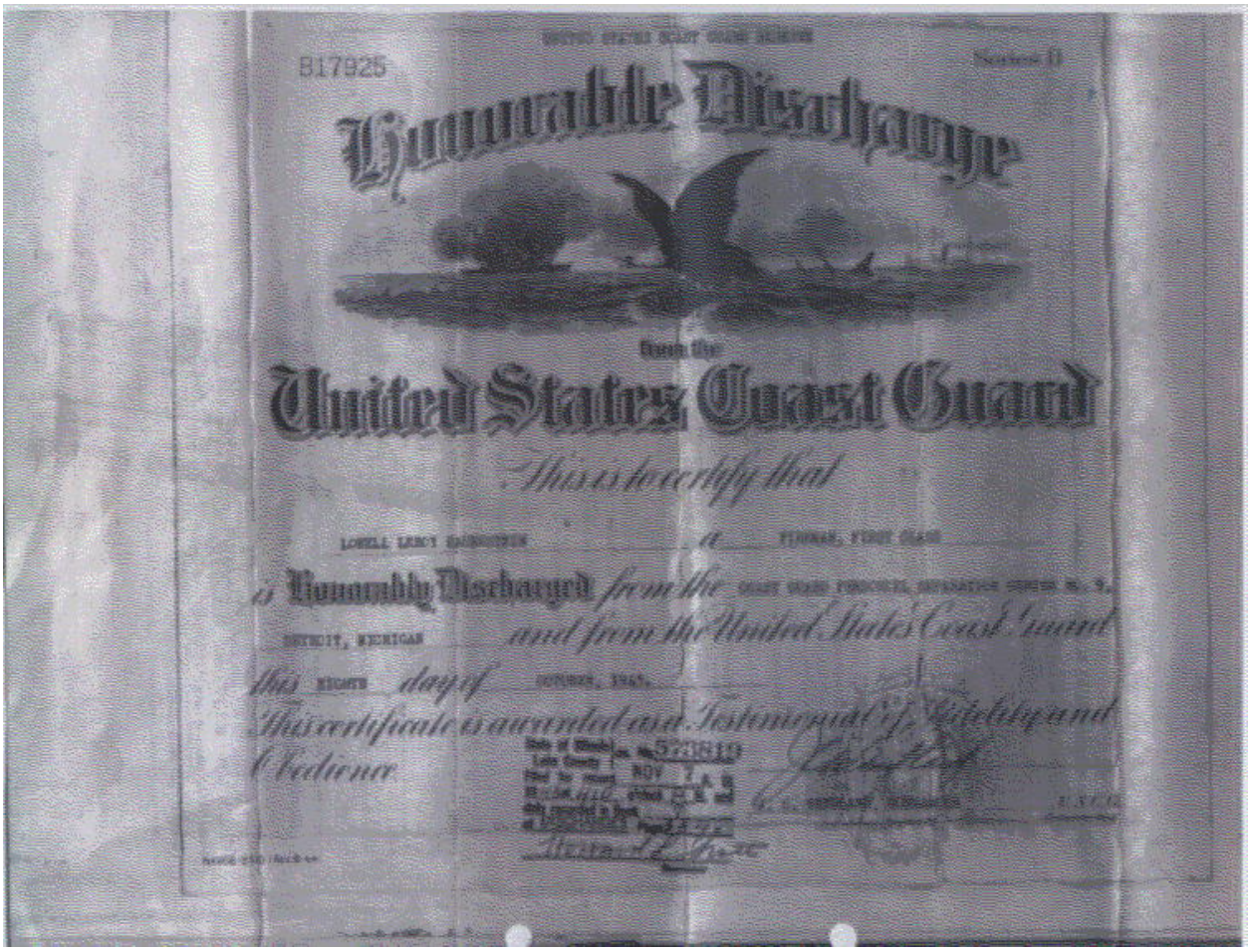
Very truly yours,

B. V. [illegible]
Lieutenant Commander, USCGR(W)
Assistant to Chief, Special Services Division
By direction of the Commandant

Encls:
3 medals
1 Form CG-2927 with env

This page intentionally left blank

APPENDIX III. HONORABLE DISCHARGE (a)



B17925

Honorable Discharge

from the

United States Coast Guard

This is to certify that

LOWELL LEROY [illegible] at FLINT, MICHIGAN

is Honorably Discharged from the COAST GUARD PERSONNEL DISTRIBUTION OFFICE NO. 9,

DETROIT, MICHIGAN and from the United States Coast Guard

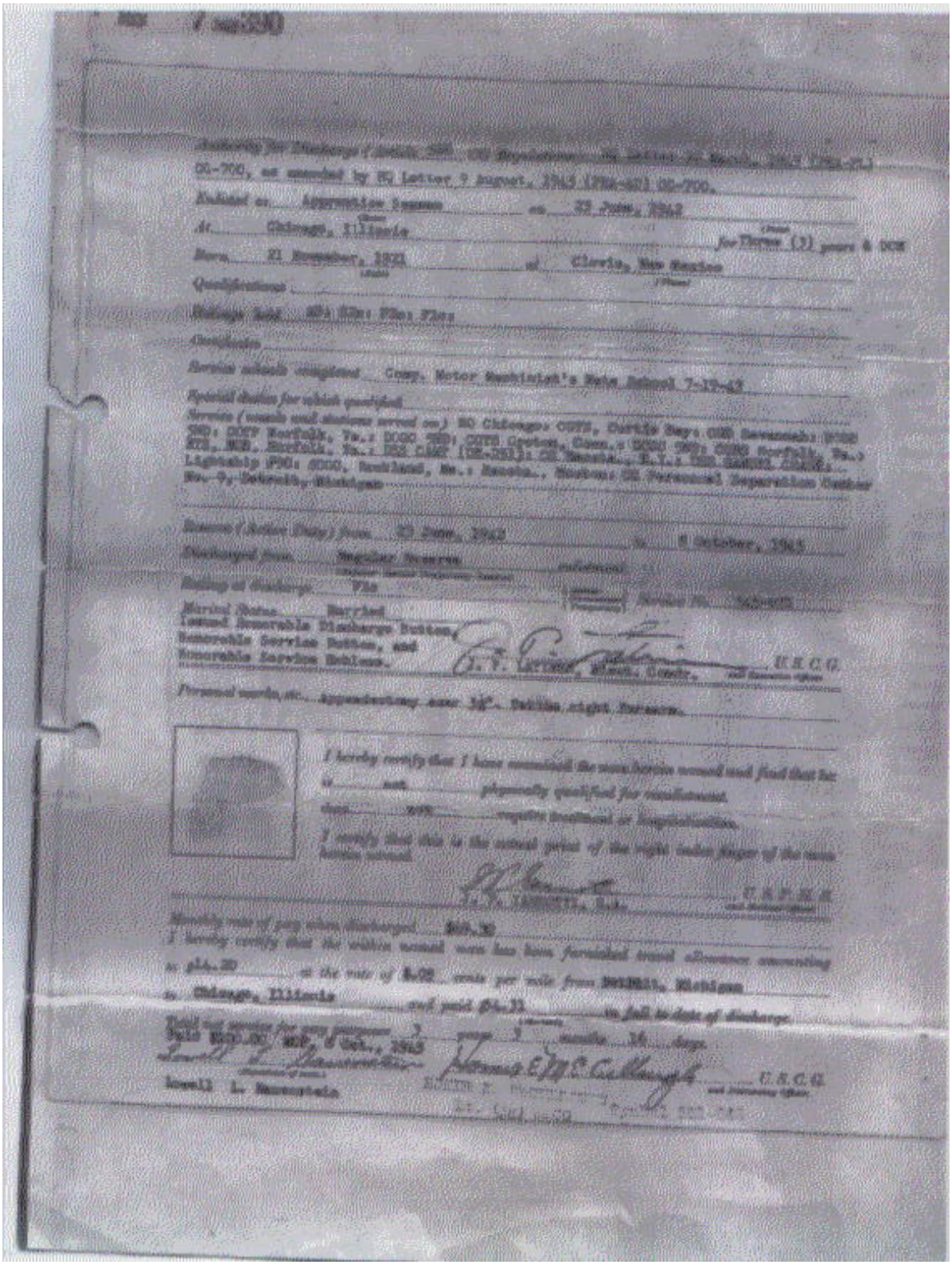
this EIGHTH day of OCTOBER, 1945.

This certificate is awarded as Testimonial of Fidelity and

Ordinar

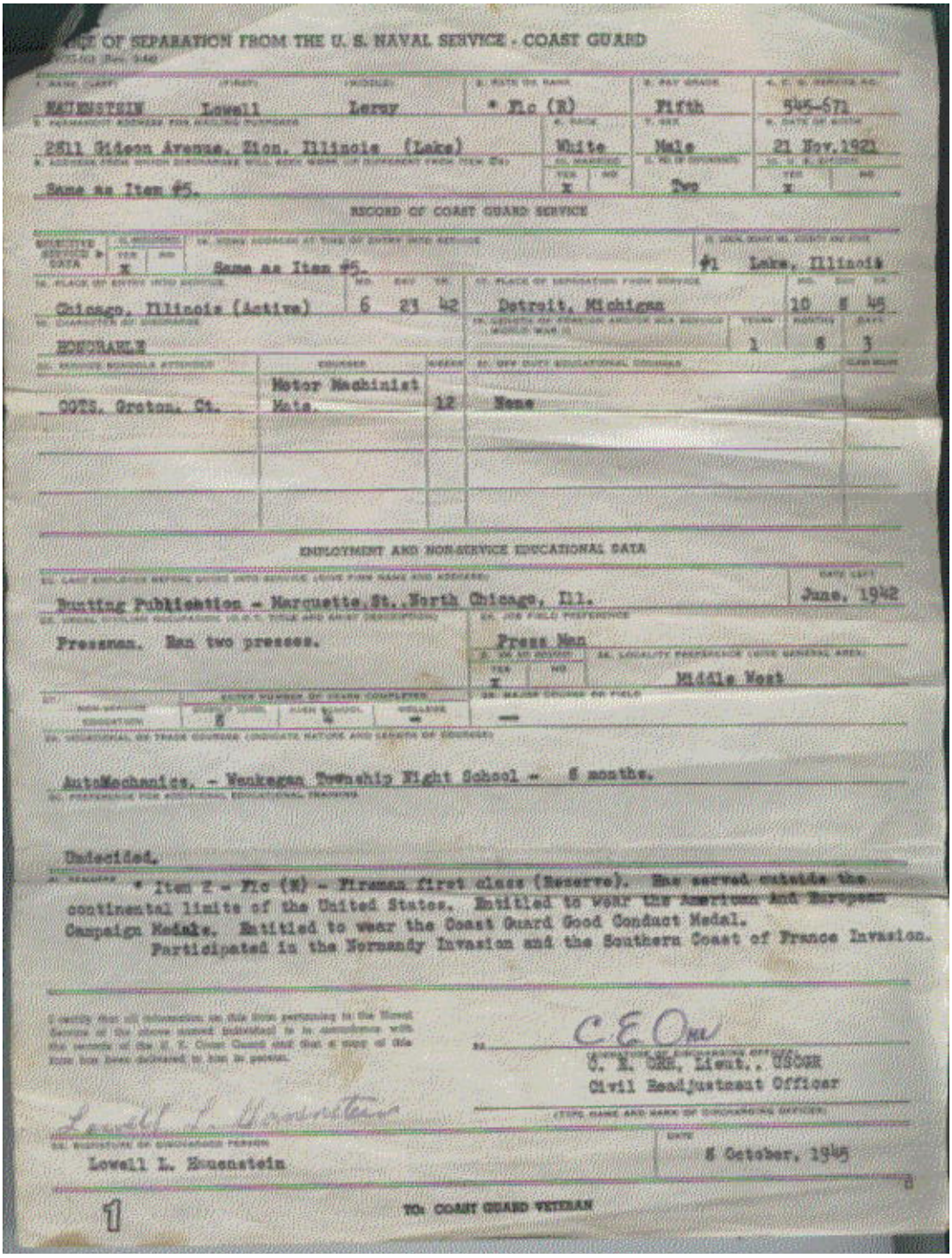
This page intentionally left blank

APPENDIX IV. HONORABLE DISCHARGE (b)



This page intentionally left blank

APPENDIX V. NOTICE OF SEPARATION



NOTICE OF SEPARATION FROM THE U. S. NAVAL SERVICE - COAST GUARD

1. NAME (Last)	(First)	(Middle)	2. RATE OR RANK	3. PAY GRADE	4. U. S. SERVICE NO.
ROSENSTEIN	Lowell	Leroy	* Fic (R)	Fifth	545-671
5. PERMANENT ADDRESS FOR MAILING PURPOSES			6. RACE	7. SEX	8. DATE OF BIRTH
2811 Gideon Avenue, Zion, Illinois (Lake)			White	Male	21 Nov. 1921
9. ADDRESS FROM WHICH DISCHARGED WILL HAVE WORK OF DIFFERENT FROM ITEM 5			10. MARRIED	11. NO. OF DEPENDENTS	12. U. S. CITIZEN
Same as Item #5.			X	Two	X

RECORD OF COAST GUARD SERVICE

13. DATE OF ENTRY INTO SERVICE	MO.	DAY	YR.	14. PLACE OF ENTRY INTO SERVICE				
Same as Item #5.				#1 Lake, Illinois				
15. PLACE OF SEPARATION FROM SERVICE	MO.	DAY	YR.	16. DURATION OF THIS PERIOD OF SERVICE	YEARS	MONTHS	DAYS	
Chicago, Illinois (Active)	6	21	42	Detroit, Michigan		10	8	45
17. CHARACTER OF DISCHARGE				18. LENGTH OF FOREIGN AND/OR SEA SERVICE THIS WAR	1	8	3	
HONORABLE				WORLD WAR II				

19. SERVICE SCHOOLS ATTENDED	COURSE	WEEKS	20. OFF DUTY EDUCATIONAL COURSES	CREDIT HOURS
USTS, Groton, Ct.	Motor Machinist Mate	12	None	

EMPLOYMENT AND NON-SERVICE EDUCATIONAL DATA

21. LAST EMPLOYER BEFORE ENTERING SERVICE (GIVE FIRM NAME AND ADDRESS)	DATE LAST EMPLOYED
Rusting Publication - Marquette St. North Chicago, Ill.	June, 1942

22. USUAL CIVILIAN OCCUPATION (GIVE EXACT TITLE AND BRIEF DESCRIPTION)	23. JOB FIELD PREFERENCE	
Pressman. Ran two presses.	Press Man	
	24. OK AS DRIVER	25. LOCALITY PREFERENCE (GIVE GENERAL AREA)
	YES X NO	Middle West

26. NON-SERVICE EDUCATION	SCHOOL YEARS OF GRADE COMPLETED			27. MAJOR COURSE OF FIELD
	GRADE SCHOOL	HIGH SCHOOL	COLLEGE	
	8	4	—	—

28. VOCATIONAL OR TRADE COURSES (INDICATE NATURE AND LENGTH OF COURSE)

AutoMechanics. - Waukegan Township Night School - 6 months.

29. PREFERENCE FOR ADDITIONAL EDUCATIONAL TRAINING

Undecided.

30. REMARKS * Item 2 - Fic (R) - Fireman first class (Reserve). Has served outside the continental limits of the United States. Entitled to wear the American and European Campaign Medals. Entitled to wear the Coast Guard Good Conduct Medal. Participated in the Normandy Invasion and the Southern Coast of France Invasion.

I certify that all information on this form pertaining to the Naval Service of the above named individual is in accordance with the records of the U. S. Coast Guard and that a copy of this form has been delivered to him in person.

31. C. E. Ohl
C. E. Ohl, Lieut., USCGR
Civil Readjustment Officer
(TYPED NAME AND RANK OF DISCHARGING OFFICER)

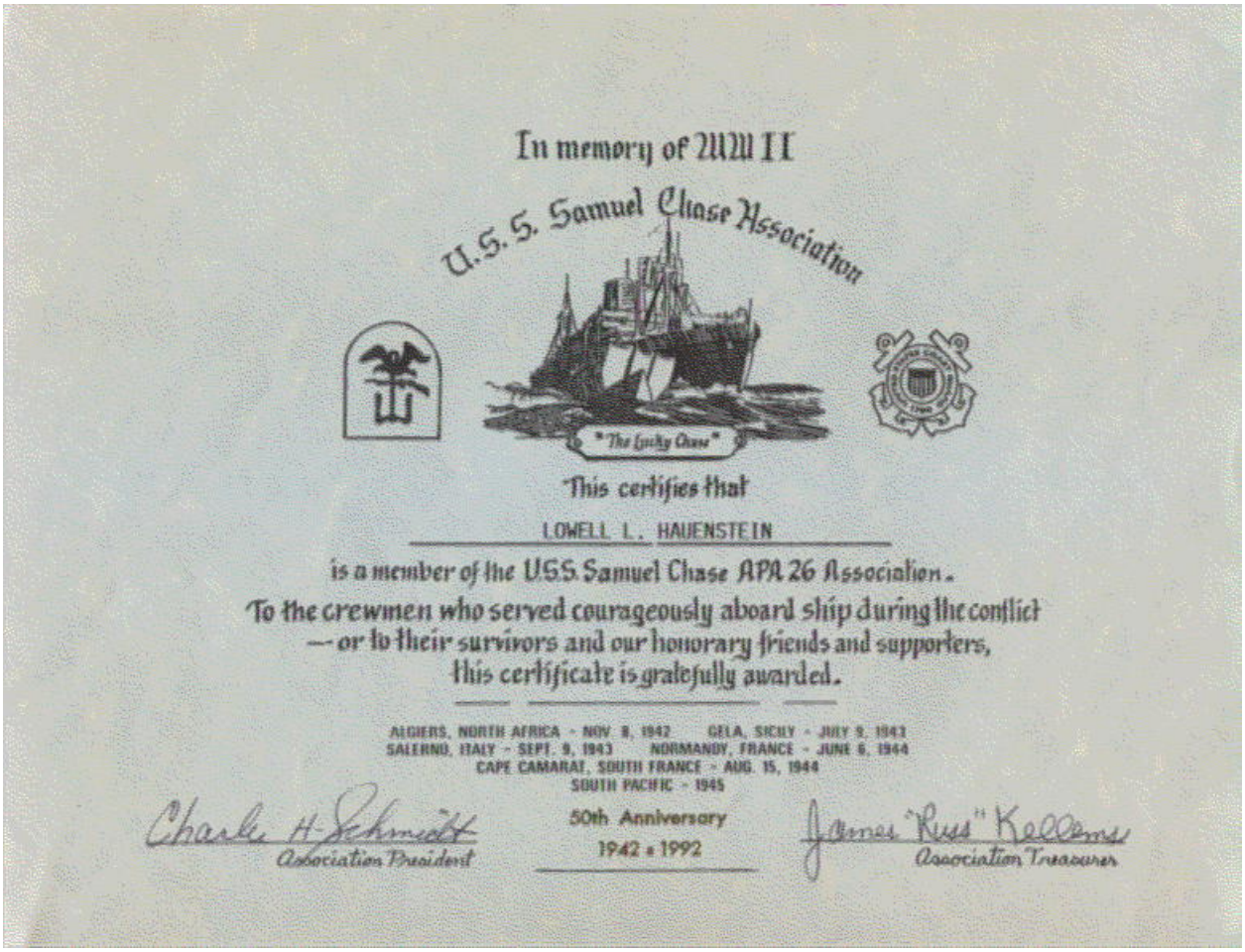
32. Lowell L. Rosenstein
(SIGNATURE OF DISCHARGED PERSON)
Lowell L. Rosenstein

DATE: 8 October, 1945

1 TO: COAST GUARD VETERAN

This page intentionally left blank

APPENDIX VI. USS SAMUEL CHASE ASSOC.



In memory of WW II

U.S.S. Samuel Chase Association

"The Lucky Chase"

This certifies that

LOWELL L. HAUENSTEIN

is a member of the USS Samuel Chase APA 26 Association.

To the crewmen who served courageously aboard ship during the conflict
— or to their survivors and our honorary friends and supporters,
this certificate is gratefully awarded.

ALGIERS, NORTH AFRICA - NOV. 8, 1942 GELA, SICILY - JULY 9, 1943
SALERNO, ITALY - SEPT. 9, 1943 NORMANDY, FRANCE - JUNE 6, 1944
CAPE CAMARAT, SOUTH FRANCE - AUG. 15, 1944
SOUTH PACIFIC - 1945

Charles H. Schmidt
Association President

50th Anniversary
1942 • 1992

James "Russ" Kellams
Association Treasurer