Last of Detroit's GAR, John C. Haines, Dies

Free Press Staff Writer

Detroit's last thin thread to an old war parted Tuesday.

Reality-as real as a living man could make it-left and dull history became all that remained of the Civil War.

John C. Haines, who lived a hundred years and kept alive real memories and traditions, died. He was the last in Detroit of what reporters, for an unbelievably long time, referred to as "the thinning ranks of the blue."

He was more than Detroit's last old soldier from that war, more than just an elderly figure in a blue hat with gold braid who was whisked by in parades to stir a fleeting memory of a romantic war

A BRIDGE TO PAST

John C. Haines was a man who to the last fought to keep alive the memory of the men who had fought to save the Union. As long as he lived, there was a Grand Army of the Republic post in Detroit. His, he felt, was a trust with the dead, and he was a bridge to the living. He was the O. M. Poe Post, GAR. To him a merorable past was as real as Lincoln, whom he had seen once in Washington.

in Washington.

made his hast cold ago, Halnes empty GAR hall which echoed to the slow footfalls of the last man left alive. A year ago there had been two of them there to make been two of them there to make
77 years seem like yesterday.
But Augustus F. Chappell, who
was all that was left of Fairbanks
Post, died last October at 99.
THEIR GLORY LIVED ON
Haines was the last, an old
bugler of the 19th Ohio waiting for

taps, but while he was alive there was to be no forgetting of the men who died young or who died withered, all soldiers in a distant

war to save the Nation.

Haines not only remembered, he
was remembered. Last Aug. 15, was remembered. Last Aug. 15, when he was a century old, the soldiers of other wars—the Spanish, World War I, even World War II—paid homage at his home, 3652 Hogarth. And there was a letter of congratulations from President Roosevelt. Outside in the street Roosevelt. Outside in the street old members of the Detroit Federtattion of Musicians serenaded him, for Haines, too, was their oldest

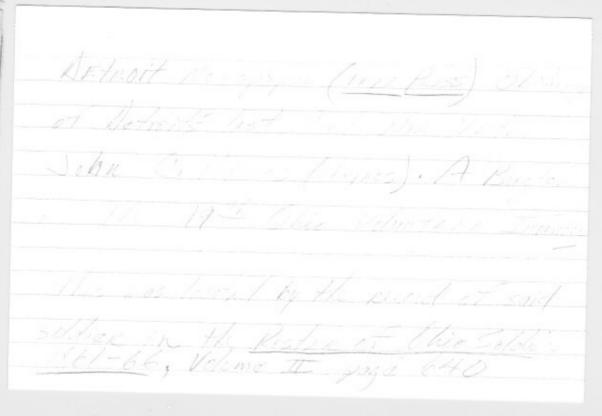
On that day, Haines went to the bureau and got out a key—the key to the hall no longer peopled by even old men in faded uniformsand kept it warm in his hands.

HIS STORY IN A KEY
"All my life is contained right here," he said.

Time, as it will to a man who lives a century, brought its sorrow. When he cut his birthday cake with its hundred candles, a greatgrandson, Robert Hotchkiss III, yas in Haines' arms. Just last yeek he was told carefully that he boy, like others he had loved, ad preceded him in death.



Free Press Photo JOHN C. HAINES His death ends Detroit GAR



I-paid homage at his home, 3652 logarth. And there was a letter f congratulations from President Roosevelt. Outside in the street id members of the Detroit Federttion of Musicians serenaded him, or Haines, too, was their oldest nember.

On that day, Haines went to the pureau and got out a key-the key to the hall no longer peopled by even old men in faded uniformsand kept it warm in his hands. HIS STORY IN A KEY

. "All my life is contained right

here," he said. Time, as it will to a man who lives a century, brought its sorrow. When he cut his birthday cake

with its hundred candles, a greatgrandson, Robert Hotchkiss III, was in Haines' arms. Just last week he was told carefully that the boy, like others he had loved,

had preceded him in death.

How much Haines' life spanned can never be told by younger men, but before he marched off in that but before he marched our in that remote war he had seen runaway slaves making their way north to Detroit, a post in the underground railway. He marched with the "Rocky Face Band" through Tennessee, Alabama, Virginia and Georgia. The band got its name when it was under fire for 100 days.

when it was under fire for 100 days at Rocky Face, a little battle which history has forgotten now.

PLAYED WITH BANDS

After the old war, Haines came to Detroit and played with bands, many now as unremembered as the men who were his comrades. the men who were his comrades. He played in the theaters. Then time began to overrun his comrades until there were no more of the Rocky Face Band, no more of many GAR posts, and he was the sole tie to a yesterday that with his death lost its vitality.

with his death lost its vitality.

Funeral services will be conducted at the Harvey A. Neely
Funeral Home, 5683 Maybury Grand, at 1 p. m. Friday, with burial in the GAR plot in Wood-

mere Cemetery.