

I—paid homage at his home, 3652 Iogarth. And there was a letter of congratulations from President Roosevelt. Outside in the street old members of the Detroit Federation of Musicians serenaded him, and Haines, too, was their oldest member.

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 uniforms—and 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 great-grandson, 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 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 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. 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.

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 Woodmere Cemetery.