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Wilmette Civil War Veteran Celebrates 91st Anniversary

**John A. "Daddy" Hood Reaches
Another Milestone and Is
Still Going Strong**

Proudly wearing his uniform of blue, with glittering gilt buttons and gold braid, John A. Hood, familiarly and affectionately called "Daddy" by a legion of doting friends, one of Wilmette's two surviving veterans of the conflict between north and south, is still on the march. With form erect and head held high he is today, with sturdy stride and spirit undaunted, completing the ninety-first lap of his march on the highway of life. WILMETTE LIFE joins with all our people in wishing him many happy returns of the day.

Mr. Hood and Frank A. Alles, 1614 Wilmette avenue, the latter serving in Co. D, 39th Illinois Infantry, are said to be the only two veterans of the civil war now living in Wilmette.

Near the little town of Lenoir, down in the wild and rugged hills of North Carolina, where life was as rugged as

time before being sent to Belle Island, Va., where he was kept for two months. From there he was sent to Salisbury, N. C., from which prison camp he was transferred to the notorious prison at Andersonville, Ga. After two months he was liberated through an exchange of prisoners and sent home on a thirty-day furlough. At the end of his holiday he went back into service, and was with General Sherman on his famous march to the sea. He was mustered out at Nashville, Tenn., on Dec. 16, 1865, and received his pay in full in real money, paying his own railroad fare to his home. Unlike most soldiers, Mr. Hood saved money during the war, coming out without a scratch and \$275 to the good.

Returns to Farming

Nosing around for something in the nature of romance, the reporter asked if, when he marched away to war, he had left a sweetheart who was waiting to welcome him on his return. "No," said the patriarch, "I never had a sweetheart before the war. You see, I just loved them all a little bit." Then he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "But do you know what I did with that money I saved during the war? I took \$175 of it and bought a buggy, and my father gave me a horse and harness, and then I could get as many girls as I wanted."

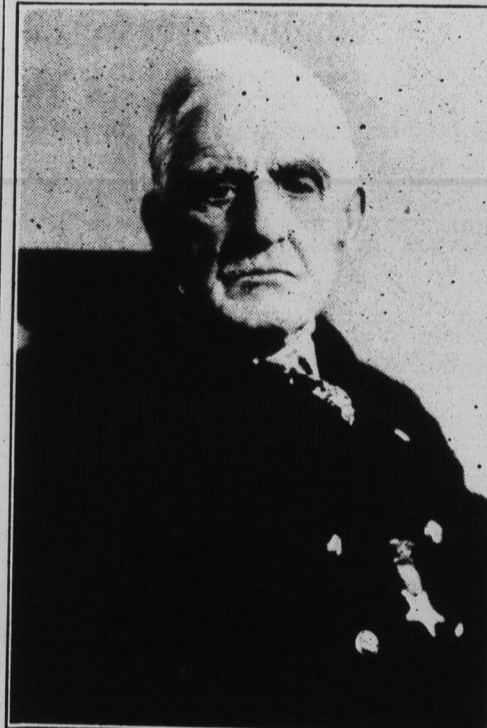
After reaching home he rented a farm and set up in business for himself. Soon afterward he married a neighbor girl, Amanda M. Sears, with whom, a couple of years later, he again "went west," settling on an 80-acre farm in Carroll county, Iowa, for which he had traded the buggy bought with his hard-earned war money. He added to this farm until it comprised 320 acres, which he still owns and which he still calls home, though most of his time is spent with his only daughter, Mrs. Lenore Miller at 106 Sixth street. Frequent visits keep him in touch with the soil to which he was born and which he has never deserted.

Tells About Blizzards

"Iowa was at that time a raw country," said Mr. Hood, "with deer and elk roaming the prairies. There were also plenty of Indians, all friendly though great beggars. Our nearest neighbors were three bachelors who lived three miles from our farm. We lived with them until I could build a shack on our farm and then we moved into our own home. In 1908," he continued, "I went to Sturgis, South Dakota, and took up a soldier's claim on 160 acres of land, and stayed there long enough to prove up on it. I liked that country, too, except for the blizzards."

Sensing a story the reporter asked about the blizzards. "Well," said the sturdy old pioneer, "I'll tell you about one that gave me a bad night. My daughter, Mrs. Miller, was attending college at Iowa City, and had also taken up a claim at Sturgis. While there she was teaching school in a sod school house several miles from our farm. One day a terrific blizzard started, and when trying to reach home she got lost on the prairie. Becoming worried a few hours after dark, I enlisted the aid of about twenty men, and we scoured the prairies all night without finding any trace of her. About 10 o'clock the following morning I insisted that some of the men go to the school house and see if by any chance she might be there. And there she was, teaching classes as though nothing had happened. It seems that, while riding her pony aimlessly about she sighted a light some distance away, and made for it.

(Continued on page 8)



JOHN A. HOOD

Mathew Francis Photo

the country and almost as wild, "Daddy" Hood was born on June 22, 1842. Out of the rocks and red clay his father had grubbed the necessities of life for a growing family, and had provided for them a home that was then considered a mansion. Made of logs, with clapboard roof, and large fireplaces, it afforded comfort even though luxuries were practically unknown.

Family Goes West

When John was ten years of age the family "went west," locating in Indiana, near Indianapolis, where they again engaged in farming. Here again frugality was not a matter of choice but of unavoidable necessity, and in this school the boy formed those habits of arduous earning and conservative spending that have characterized him to this day. Here also he developed those qualities of honesty and integrity and love of justice that have won for him the respect and confidence of his fellow men.

On August 24, 1861, Mr. Hood enlisted in Co. D, 51st regiment Indiana volunteer infantry, serving until the close of the war, under Grant, Sherman, Thomas and other generals. He took part in the battles of Misionary Ridge, Chickamauga, Shiloh and others. On May 3, 1863, while on an exploring expedition, he was taken prisoner at Rome, Georgia, and then his troubles really began. He was first taken to Libby prison where he remained a short