

Hughes
Sam

Sam Hughes — Among Tucson's First Health- Seeking Pioneers

By Herman Berlowe

Considering that Tucson is held by many to be a mecca for the sick, the story of Sam Hughes is an absorbing one. And all the more so, when one considers that it happened in the Tucson of 113 years ago, a struggling, desert village beset by hostile Indians.

Samuel Hughes lived to be 88 years of age, but in the first week of March, 1858, when he and a group of friends stopped in Yuma on their way to Texas, not a member of the party would have bet an Indian feather that the 29-year old Hughes would live out the week.

The youthful ex-cabin boy and factory worker, a native of Wales, had left northern California weeks before, striking it rich on the California-Oregon border. His newfound wealth availed him little, however, when he contracted tuberculosis. A doctor told him he would die unless he moved to a warmer climate. So Hughes and his partners decided to head for Texas to enter the cattle business. It was lucky for Tucson, as later years proved, that the short, wiry adventurer never reached the Lone Star state.

A sick man when he left Northern California in February, the young Welshman became steadily worse as the group approached Yuma. Described as being in the "last stages of TB," he was so weak he could hardly cling to his saddle. "His lease on life," a friend later reported, "apparently had expired."



Sam Hughes

In desperation, the men decided to rest in Yuma for several days before resuming their journey. They had been on the road about three days when Hughes suffered such a severe hemorrhage, he was left behind with several companions, who assumed they would bury him in the next day or two.

But Hughes' number was far from up. By an incredible display of determination and raw courage, the small be-whiskered traveler summoned the final, minute dregs of his waning strength, and with "infinitely slow progress," according to one account, managed to reach Tucson early on the morning of March 12, 1858 — apparently, the first man in recorded history to come to the Old Pueblo for his health.

In his own words — he kept a diary — this amazing man was able to attend a party that night in honor of himself

MEMORIAL OF PIONEERS WHO HAVE PASSED ON

9-29-25 *Citizen*

The editors have in mind the re-
lief placed by many former Tu-
csonians now residing in distant
places upon the Boost and Build
edition for informing them of the
changes in the Old Pueblo year by
year and in recognition of that ob-
ligation, offer herewith a memora-
bilium of some of the old timers who have
passed on and for whom readers
would look in vain should they re-
turn. News of our friends when we
times loses our address when we
move around much and it is for that
reason that old news so often comes
as a surprise to us. Those men-
tioned had many friends in man-
y states and there are doubtless some
of those friends who will here hear
of their death for the first time.

Samuel Hughes... The oldest of
Tucson's remaining pioneers, one of
the little group which still links us
directly with the past century, and
which has suffered so many losses
since the New Pueblo rose in the
pride of its Americanism, builder of
schools and churches, thrifty, industri-
ous, adopted son of America yet
American to the heart, Sam Hughes
no longer drives his buggy around

the streets. His death occurred on
June 20, 1917, at the age of 88
years. He came to Tucson, a walled
town, on guard against the Apaches
on March 12, 1850, and he left it a
city without gates, welcoming and re-
ceiving the world.

Hughes Arizona Pioneer

Samuel Hughes, veteran of the Arizona Pioneers, said at the Hotel Woodward yesterday, "I came over here in 1850 to look up some of the boys and find out how to cast a ballot for President. The place where they used to congregate is now replaced by a massive building where Main and Spring streets came together.

"This fall I shall have the pleasure of casting my first vote for President. We had a long struggle to get Statehood in Arizona and now I am anxious to get back and register. It will be the most important ballot I shall ever hope to cast. Three of my daughters living in California will also vote for the first time for President.

"I left California and went to Arizona in 1853, where I have lived ever since. When I left Los Angeles the boys told me I would have to fight my way, but I was used to that. We had been attacked by Indians a number of times crossing the plains.

Journey Proves Exciting

"I admit that the journey to Tucson was exciting, and when I settled out on the Sonoita in the cattle business I found myself in the heart of the Apache country. They ran off my stock, and we had many encounters with them.

"Those were dark days, and especially so when the government at the outbreak of the civil war withdrew its troops, and the stage lines were abandoned for the northerly routes, leaving us at the mercy of the Apaches. We had to fight it out the best we could. That was a long time ago, but it seems to me that our victory has just crystallized in our attainment of statehood and the full privileges of citizenship."

See also articles
by in brown books

HUGHES, SAM

CATONACIA SANTA CRUZ

Arizona Pioneers Are to Return Veteran to Cast the First Ballot

Los Angeles Examiner

General Home-Coming Planned
in Time to Register and Vote
at Presidential Election

Aug. 8 — 1912

Pioneer residents of Arizona living in Los Angeles and other cities in the State, are planning a general return home to their native State before the registration election is begun.

Samuel Hughes of Tucson, who is eighty-five years of age, will be the patriarch of the delegates and A. H. Emanuel of Tombstone comes next in importance with eighty-three years to his credit.

A remarkable number of Arizonians who are past fifty years of age are planning

Samuel Hughes, Arizona Pioneer, 85 Years Old, Who Will Return to Native State From California and Cast His First Vote for President.



See also *Plaza of the Pioneers*
(920 W. 224) p. 15

Nineteen Years Ago Today

THE ROUGH RIDERS.

7-19-1917
A Letter from Sergeant David Hughes. His Description of the First Day's Fight. Wilcox Camp Near Santiago de Cuba, June 26, 1898.

Dear Brother Tom.—God knows when this will reach you, but now that I have a chance and if the paper holds out I will try to describe as near as I can what it is like to be on a battle line. We surely had it good and hot. We were led into a trap and a good one by being too anxious to fight, and we were not only lucky to lick them but to get out alive. The boys did finely. We went through them like a dose of salts. We were marching along a path in single file when we were ambushed by between 4,000 and 5,000 Spaniards. They cut Troop L all to pieces. They killed or wounded 15 or 20 on the first fire. My squad was just ahead of them. They had these rapid-fire guns and they were surely using them. Volley after volley they poured into us and we could not locate them. Just imagine the situation. They were firing on us and we could not tell where they were, the underbrush was so thick. The fight commenced a little after 8 and ended about noon.

Talk about hot lead. It just poured. They can fire faster than we can with their guns but they cannot aim straight. We ran them through canyons, up hills and down hills, through fences and the more they would fire the faster we would run toward them at the same time shooting at them. The Cubans were surprised at us. They said Spanish soldiers are not used to having soldiers run towards them while they are shooting at them. Of course I would rather have somebody else throw bouquets at my squad than myself, but in this case I cannot help it. I was cut off from our troop which was on the left flank of the regulars, so I was on the right flank with my squad. It was here the heaviest firing was done and it was here L troop was butchered. I cannot write as I would like to in this letter of a little disagreement I had with a lieutenant on the firing line. I told him what to do with his troop and told him to do it dam quick. That I did not want to get my men butchered like his were. He was not without troop.

My squad came out without a scratch with the exception of a few bullet holes in their canteens, blanket rolls, hats and pants legs. We would hide behind trees and they would turn those rapid fire guns on us and mow the trees right down, almost bury us with branches and leaves. That was the trouble with them. They always shot too high.

If we had been in their position they would never have lived to tell the story. As it was we got 102 of them. That is what we found and the Cuban women say that they saw 11 wagon loads of wounded and a great many more that they could not get in wagons taken away, in all about 200 or 250 wounded. As we did fine work officers of the regulars complimented us very highly, and they said it was the hottest fire they ever witnessed.

When the command to halt was given my squad was at the extreme front and if they had not stopped us we would have gotten many more. The officers thought we had opened fire on the Cubans and one can hardly tell them apart, but it was a pack train of the Spaniards that we took. It was about two miles from where the fight started. They left lots of cooked rice and other stuff. We have taken two towns, not of any note, though, with 500 or 600 inhabitants. We are now in sight of Santiago and we expect to go against it in a very few days. We can see their breast works as well as Morro Castle. The navy hasn't done a thing to them, but I guess you know of that.

Norman Orme of Phoenix was wounded very bad but he will recover. McClintock, our captain, showed he was the proper stuff in the proper place. He stayed right with his troop until he was shot in the legs twice. Wilcox took command. Wiggins of Bisbee of our troop has a flesh wound, not serious. Our troop was the luckiest one in the engagement.

I tell you we will have a hard time taking Santiago, but we will do it or bust. If I get through all right I will write and tell you about it. Give my regards to all the folks, and the boys, papa and mama, tell them I am well and that it will not be long until we get through with the Spaniards.

Well, godobye. Regards to all the boys in Company D.
Your brother,

D. L. HUGHES.

P. S.—We were singing "There Will Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" about half an hour before the fight.

Just as I had closed my letter a Spanish was found in our lines. He was turned over to the Cubans and they made short work of him.

We raised a little flag a girl gave me in San Antonio over our tent. We are located in the foothills of a range of mountains and it is very pretty. There has not been any sickness in camp.

July 19,
1917
Tucson, Arizona

ARIZONA DAILY STAR

JULY 24, 1933

DAVID HUGHES, SON OF LOCAL PIONEER, DIES

David L. Hughes, son of Sam Hughes, Tucson pioneer, died in the U. S. soldier's home at Sawtelle, Calif., yesterday, it was learned here last night.

Mr. Hughes, whose age was about 60, was a native of Tucson. He was a veteran of the Spanish-American war in which he was wounded while serving with the Rough Riders.

Mrs. J. Knox Corbett, his sister, is the only member of his family now living in Tucson.

Funeral services which will be announced later will be held at Sawtelle and burial will be in the soldiers cemetery there.

Dave Hughes

Aug 19 - 26

By GILBERT COSULICH

With two talented Tucsonans in the party, a troupe of 125 members of the Famous Players-Lasky corporation breezed into the Old Pueblo yesterday morning, inhaled the matchless ozone, gave out some snappy interviews—and breezed right out again.

The Tucson people were:

David L. Hughes, one of the heroes of the battle of San Juan hill, who is a son of Mrs. Sam Hughes and an uncle of Hi Corbett.

Pedro Leon, a gifted Spanish-American who is going to lend local color to the picture that the troupe is to make in San Antonio, entitled "The Rough Riders."

Both men were born in the Old Pueblo.

Hughes was one of the two Rough Riders sent to Cuba by Tucson. Sol B. Drachman, a brother of Herbert Drachman, was the other. Sol Drachman died 18 years ago. Hughes and Herb Drachman held a confab about old times, during the company's 15-minute stay in Tucson.

During the battle of San Juan hill, Dave Hughes received a gashing wound in the scalp. Left behind in the charge, he hastily bound his bleeding head with a handkerchief, and caught up with his comrades. Colonel Roosevelt ordered Hughes to the rear. The intrepid Tucsonan obeyed temporarily, but returned to the front ranks by a circuitous route.

The colonel again commanded the wounded man to retire, and again the latter ostensibly obeyed, only to bob up in the front ranks again.

The third time that he saw Hughes up in front, Roosevelt, who admired courage more than almost anything else, decided that a man who loved battle so much ought to have his own way about it. Hughes stayed, and he is going to show the screen world how he did it, when

the picture is made out in San Antonio.

HUGHES, ATANACIA
(MRS. SAM)

EARLY TUCSON BRIDE IS DEAD

Mrs. Sam Hughes, Pioneer
Of This City Was
84 Years Old

Nov. 13, 1934
Mrs. Sam Hughes, 84, one of
Tucson's oldest pioneers, died yester-
day at a local hospital.

Mrs. Hughes was born Aug. 4,
1850, as Miss Atanacia Santa Cruz,
she was married to Sam Hughes
in 1864, the wedding ceremony be-
ing performed at San Xavier mis-
sion.

She and her husband established
their home at 223 North Main
street, and there she lived for
the 70 years until her death.

Sam Hughes, after whom the
Tucson school was named, is said
to have first advocated free public
schools here, and Mrs. Hughes
also was interested in public edu-
cation. She was honorary mother
of the Sam Hughes school P. T.A.

Mrs. Hughes was the mother of
15 children, of whom seven are
living, and of 16 grandchildren and
13 great-grandchildren.

The children left are Mrs. J.
Knox Corbett and James Hughes,
Tucson; Mrs. W. D. Isaacks, San
Francisco; Mrs. Jack Sheehan, Bur-
lingame, Calif.; Mrs. O. B. Leon-
hardt, Issaquah, Wash.; Mrs. O. O.
Reynolds, Los Angeles, and David
L. Hughes, Sawtelle, Calif.

Grandchildren living in Tucson
are Mrs. W. A. Bell, H. S. Corbett
and Frank Landon.

Funeral arrangements will be
made by the Reilly Undertaking
company, and will be announced
later.

Three of the daughters, Mrs. J.
Knox Corbett, Mrs. O. O. McReyn-
olds and Mrs. W. D. Isaacks, already
have arrived in Tucson for the
funeral. Other members of the
family are expected to arrive soon.

DAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1934.

MANY TO ATTEND PIONEER'S FUNERAL

Services Will Be Conducted
Tomorrow Morning For
Mrs. Sam Hughes

Hundreds of Tucsonians will mourn
the passing of Mrs. Sam Hughes, 84-
year-old pioneer of the Old Pueblo,
as funeral services are held tomor-
row at 9 a. m. in San Augustin ca-
thedral.

Mrs. Hughes was well known to
thousands of Tucson residents as a
champion of better public schools
and as a staunch supporter of civic
institutions and projects. Since her
marriage at San Xavier mission in
1864, she had lived in Tucson, being
a major worker in the social and
cultural growth of the city.

Final arrangements for the burial
were concluded this morning as rela-
tives arrived from the Pacific coast.
Mrs. Hughes was the mother of 15
children, a grandmother of 16, and a
great-grandmother of 13.

Pallbearers will be John Nelson, E.
A. Jacobs, Fred Ronstadt, Herbert
Drachman, Alex Jacome and George
Kitt. Burial will be in Holy Hope
cemetery.

MRS. SAMUEL HUGHES

Men and women respected her for the modest stand she took for good in everything she did throughout her life. Children loved her for her gentleness and kindness. She and her late husband, Mr. Sammie Hughes, established their home about 1865 at the corner of North Main and Washington Street, just outside the walled city. It was typically western, open to the rich and poor alike. Probably every person of prominence in those days was entertained by them. What child did not beg to go to the Hughes' to play? Looking back over a half century I can think of no home that was as popular as theirs and knowing Mrs. Hughes since my childhood, I can truthfully say she was always the same—gracious, sweet mannered, extremely kind to young people whom she always met with a smile. Those of us who knew her best will miss her and regret her passing. With her goes a store of Tucson's early history even though she was always ready to impart historical happenings and we are thankful and fortunate in having many of them recorded in the archives of the Historical Society. I feel safe in saying that every girl and boy who enjoyed her hospitality will join me in saying God bless her.—Herbert Drachman.

ARIZONA DAILY STAR

Nov. 13, 1934

ARIZONA DAILY STAR

Nov. 16, 1934

HUGHES, ATANACIA
(MRS. SAM)

TUCSON DAILY CITIZEN

WILL BE HONORED

Feb 20 1934



Feb 20, 1934

MRS. SAM HUGHES

The Sam Hughes Parent-Teachers association will hold its Founder's Day meeting at the school Wednesday afternoon at 2:45 o'clock. Mrs. Winston Reynolds will preside and Mrs. Otto E. Myrland will be in charge of the candle lighting ceremony. Mrs. Sam Hughes, mother of the school, and for whose husband the institution was named, will be presented with the birthday cake.

This meeting will commemorate the thirty-seventh anniversary of the founding of the national congress of parents and teachers, which has for its aim the caring for the welfare of children and bringing about a more complete understanding between the home and the school.

C. E. Rose will speak on "Economic Conditions of the Schools." Any one interested in school activities is invited to attend.

ATAHACIA
HUGHES, (MRS. SAMUEL)

She Glorifies Tucson's Pioneering Motherhood

Tucson Week Review, May 12 - 1933



**MRS. SAMUEL HUGHES WILL SOON HAVE
71ST. WEDDING ANNIVERSARY**

Hallowed on this Mother's Day be the memories of that radiant Motherhood which has borne this Old Pueblo; glorious be the names of that galaxy of pioneering mothers which star-like, has guided us out of the wilderness. To them we bow.

Among the mothers whose lives have glorified the history of these pioneering parts the name of Mrs. Samuel Hughes is notable, epitomizing as she does in the three generations she has given to Tucson that matchless saga of trail-blazing "Coronado's Children."

.....Three generations of the House of Hughes, seven children, eighteen grand-children, eleven great grand-children will this Mothers Day pay homage to this 87-year old mother who, on this coming May 27, will observe her seventy-first wedding anniversary.

The children of pioneering Mrs. Hughes are: Jim Hughes, Tucson; Mrs. J. Knox Corbett, Los Angeles; Mrs. Eva Leonhardt, Seattle; Mrs. Jessie McReynold, Los Angeles; Mrs. Mary Sheehan San Francisco; Mrs. Dave Hughes, Sawtelle; Mrs. Anne Isaacs, Burlingame. Their children number eighteen, their children's children total eleven.

On a certain dazzling May day in the long-ago a jaunty Spring wagon jogged out of this then much younger Old Pueblo toward San Xavier Mission. In front sat a beautiful 16-year old maid one Atancia Santa Cruz, and a hardy trail-blazer from Wales, Samuel Hughes. That was seventy-one years ago; but it might have been yesterday as far as Mrs. Hughes is concerned for the memory of that epochal day, stretching does back through many a now dim chapter in the Frontier's History, is still to her as warm and lilting as an old melody.

The Old Pueblo, whose eloquent 'dobe walls are knit with the splendid traditions of the House of Hughes which were thus founded, joins on this Mother's Day with her three fine generations in paying tribute to the glorious exemplification of Motherhood which she typifies for us.

Bride Recalls Romantic Trip For Wedding

Matron of Old Tucson Tells Story on Her Anniversary

By EFFIE LEESE SCOTT

Getting married and having honeymoon trips sixty-six years ago in Tucson differed in many ways from wedding arrangements today when automobiles transport bridal couples and from the church, and Pullmans are waiting to whirl them away on their wedding journey.

If a group of Tucsonians had been on their way to the desert for an early morning breakfast on May 27 in 1862 they might have passed a dapper looking young man sitting in a new spring wagon with a white top pulled by a span of sleek, brown horses. Snuggled close beside him was a pretty young girl not yet sixteen, with sparkling black eyes, black hair and deep red cheeks. They would have seen two other couples seated in the two rear seats and noted that the conveyance with its merry occupants was headed south on the Mission road.

The young couple in the front seat were Atanacia Santa Cruz and Samuel Hughes, on their way to the San Xavier Mission to be married. For novelty and romance the wedding and the honeymoon trip that followed would be difficult to surpass.

Seated in her home at 233 North Main street, Mrs. Hughes recalled her wedding in an interview given to The Tucson Citizen.

"I was married to Mr. Hughes, May 27, 1862, at San Xavier Mission. We went out early in the morning, leaving here at six o'clock. There were six of us. Those who went with us were Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Stevens and Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Contzen. Mrs. Stevens was my sister. I lived with my sister after my father and mother died. Mr. Hughes was a Welshman and had just come out here from Pittsburgh. Mrs. Contzen is the only person living today who attended my wedding. It was Wednesday and we had to go to San Xavier for the wedding because the priest only came in town on Saturday, when he held services. So he asked us to come out there, and we did.

The Bridal Carriage

"We went out in a spring wagon. It was a real nice one; it was new and had a white top. I had a good many friends at San Xavier and they all came to the church to see us get married. One of them was named Ararat and had a fine home out there, where we had lunch there. Then we came back to Tucson late in the afternoon and had the wedding dinner in the Stevens home, which was my home, too. It is now the old Purcell place; an 'L' has been built on, but the other part is the old part. Lots of friends came to see us and we had a jolly evening."

Mrs. Sam Hughes Wins Prizes at Arizona Picnic In Long Beach

Mrs. Sam Hughes, 422 North Main street, Tucson, was the special guest of honor at the annual Arizona picnic held last week in Long Beach, California. Mrs. Hughes received the prize for being the oldest visiting Arizona pioneer, and had another trophy bestowed upon her because she was also the oldest native pioneer of the state. Another significance added to the occasion was that of Mrs. Hughes' seventy-ninth birthday on August 15, having been born in Tucson in 1850. Mrs. Hughes is making an extended visit on the coast with her daughter, Mrs. Knox Corbett.

SPRING WAGON NUPTIAL

They Drove To San Xavier In a Buckboard and Were Married



—Photography by Al Bue

MR. AND MRS. SAMUEL HUGHES, Tucson pioneers, whose sixty-sixth wedding anniversary falls on this morning. Mrs. Hughes survives her husband, whose death occurred some years ago, and she tells an interesting story of her wedding to the dapper young Welshman and their romantic honeymoon.

See also Plaza of the Pioneers
(920 W 224) p. 14

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TUCSON, ARIZONA, MAY 9, 1931—WEEK-END EDITION

ned With Many Parties

Group of Prominent Tucson Mothers



MRS. SAMUEL HUGHES (Buehman Photo.)

Mrs. Samuel Hughes, always referred to as Tucson's pioneer mother. She is the head of four generations some of whom live in Tucson. She has seven children living, sixteen grand children and eleven great grand children. None of her children are living in Tucson, but the grand children residing here will join a family party Sunday honoring Mrs. Hughes. Mrs. O. B. Leonhart, of Seattle, a daughter arrived this week to be with her mother over Mother's Day. Mrs. Hughes has just celebrated her eighty-second birthday. She was married at the San Xavier Mission in 1864.

and his friends. But his respite was brief. Within days, Sam Hughes suffered another hemorrhage, and for months lingered at death's door.

A grandson, the late State Senator Hi Corbett, related many years later that his grandfather told him that he rested for nearly a year before recovering. The fact that he did recover and lived an additional 59 years, convinced Hughes that Tucson's dry climate had saved his life.

Hughes not only regained his health, but became one of Tucson's foremost benefactors in the years to come. When he died in 1917, Tucson was a promising western city of 17,000 people, a far cry from the adobe-hut village of 500 — only 25 or 30 of whom were Americans — in 1858.

A prosperous businessman, Hughes devoted his life to help build schools (one is named for him), churches and fraternal organizations. He held various city and county offices.

Described as "friendly, energetic and enterprising," he was also remembered by Corbett as "kind and generous," a man who liked to sleep outdoors, eat at all hours of the night and take an occasional snort.

Another grandson, Frank J. Landon, 76, lives at 208 N. Palomas. Landon, former chief engineer of the Federal building here, remembers his grandfather as a man who "was not too talkative, but who enjoyed life and was good to his family." As a small child, Landon recalls, too, that his grandfather took him for rides around town in his horse and buggy.

For his service to Tucson, Sam Hughes surely deserves the place of honor he holds in the Old Pueblo's history. Yet, ironically enough, he might never have come to Tucson had he not sought the health that untold thousands after him have pursued.