

Arizona Album

Edited By
Albert R. Buehman



GROUP PICTURED ON LAWN OF E. N. FISH HOME

This group of old-time Tucsonians was photographed about 1891 or 1892 on the lawn of the E. N. Fish home, 141 N. Main st. The home was pictured in Arizona Album Jan. 30, 1951.

Seated with their little boy Hiram are shown Mr. and Mrs. William Stevens. "Bill" Stevens was a nephew of Hiram Stevens. Standing at the left of the tree is Mrs. Lupe Santa Cruz, mother of Mrs. Hiram Stevens and Mrs. Sam Hughes.

At the right of the tree is Carmen Sanchez, about 12; Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Brown; and

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Stevens. The child in the baby buggy in the center of the picture is Elisa Stevens, adopted by the Hiram Stevens and now Mrs. Charles Velasco Sr. of 273 N. Main st. Her son, Charles Jr., lives at 1635 W. Speedway.

Herbert Brown, shown above with Mrs. Brown, was at that time, as he was for many years, owner and editor of the Daily Citizen. Mrs. Brown was formerly Mamie Shibell, a sister of Mrs. Mercedes Gould, at present a director of the Arizona Pioneers' Historical society. (Courtesy of Mrs. Charles Velasco Sr.)

Not Mother - Aunt Lupe we called her



On left of Mrs. Hughes + Mrs. Brown

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Early Old Pueblo Society Was Brilliant

Parisian Gowns Imported Via Guaymas

Woman Ostracized for Card Playing

Sixty years ago, when there were but a few houses outside the narrow confines of the wall of Tucson and the people of the town seldom dared leave the pueblo, except perhaps to go to Fort Lowell, because of the ravages of the Apache Indians, there was a delightfully formal society which entertained in a gay, yet reserved style.

The officers from Camp Lowell were usually the hosts at dances given both in town, at the Orsdorff hotel, and at the big home which was then standing near the entrance to the fort. Then, practically the members of local society gathered to dance the schottische, polka and quadrille. Usually the music consisted of a big drum and a small drum and two or three violins. To these dances came the married people and their older children; seldom were the unmarried girls permitted to attend the social affairs unless accompanied by one of their parents. And late at night, in an intermission from the dancing, there were suppers of roast chicken and everything that would ordinarily compose a festive meal, including champagne.

Parisian Gowns in Old Tucson

The ladies, with careful coiffure and elaborate daintiness, presented a brilliant and charming array when they arrived in their tight jackets and full skirts. From San Diego to Guaymas by boat, then on to Yuma by the river, and finally by ox-cart to Tucson, all materials had to come, but these difficulties did not prevent the merchants from securing silks and linens of surpassing loveliness to please the fastidious tastes of their customers. Many shawls and pannaletes came from distant France to be worn by the ladies of Tucson at their dances.

All the gowns were made by hand at that time, for ready-made dresses were unknown, and the first sewing machine was brought to Tucson from Los Angeles by Mrs. Sam Hughes, Sr., in 1868. Mrs. Hughes has in her wardrobe, among other lovely old gowns, one which she wore in 1865, long before the railroad came to Tucson. It is of heavy brocaded silk in brown and navy blue which has stood the test of years and still clings together in its beauty. Big puff sleeves billow from the tight-fitting jacket, which needed to be altered with the slightest increase or decrease in weight so that it might fit perfectly. A separate skirt of enormous volume spreads from beneath the jacket to a length calculated to conceal everything but slipper tips.

Ravishing Panels of Lace

Another dress is a black velvet jacket daintily embroidered in bright colored silks which was worn with a full white skirt, a very fashionable combination indeed at that time. The velvet jacket came to Arizona from Kansas City. A gold satin skirt, full as were all skirts, was worn with a jacket of black silk Spanish lace of delicate weave, with ravishing panels of the lace falling from the shoulder to the waist in front.

From Vicksburg, Pa., came a black padded satin cloak with beaded braid and rich fringe adorning it. This came after the railroad, when Mr. Hughes made the trip east and returned with the cloak as a present for his wife. A shawl of unusual richness came from Vicksburg later on, and a pannalette arrived which is thought to have come from France. And so, the ladies of from 50 to 60 years ago rivaled those of today in their importation of exquisite costumes from other cities.

Dances were held in the patios in town, too, with the drums and violins playing under the moonlight, with perhaps a few candles to add to the picturesque quality of the scene, although they were not needed for illumination. And under the stars, suppers were served. All the food was grown in Arizona, for it required too long a time to bring it here from other places and under the glaring desert sun it would undoubtedly spoil. Yet here they raised their fowl and other meats, their vegetables and fruits, and held as splendid banquets as could be found in those cities which had all the conveniences of railroads, fertile growing ground, pasture, and safety from the Indians.

Reception for General Miles

One occasion of exceptional brilliance was given for General Miles before he left for Florida. Where the Paseo Redondo now is, there was then a park, and that was the place which was honored by the feast and dance given to the great general.

There were picnics, during the day, to the ranches owned by the men who resided with their families in Tucson for the protection afforded, but only the more venturesome dared go. Mr. Hughes then owned the Twin Buttes ranch, which was at Silver Lake, toward San Xavier. There was a pool there, near the mill, and he frequently took his children in a spring wagon or buggy to camp for the day on the ranch. But the more timid members of the family preferred to stay at home where they were safe from the Indians.

In everything they did, the society of 1870 refused anything but the best quality. They insisted upon champagne, upon fine linen, upon the best of silk, and their social affairs were of a dignified splendor which it is pleasant to imagine. The playing of cards by women was

considered gambling, and not to be thought of.

Ostracized for Playing Cards

If it was discovered that a member of society played cards, she was ostracized and under no condition could she regain her place. There were very strict rules to which no exceptions were admitted, and which, if carried out today, would banish most of the present society. For times and customs have changed and the customs of 60 years ago were quite fitting to the conditions of that time, but a new society has sprung up with the introduction of all things modern, and just as it is considered now perfectly proper for a girl to become a business woman, all things have readjusted themselves. But the rigorous formality of 1865 is charming to hear about, particularly from the lips of one who enjoyed those times and lives largely in memories.



OLD STEVENS HOME 68 YEARS AGO

This picture, taken about 1891, shows the old Hiram Stevens home at 163 N. Main St.

Shown here, from left to right, are Mrs. Hiram Stevens, Julie Bell Corbett, and Mrs. J. Knox Corbett, mother of Hi Corbett. Mrs. Corbett was before her marriage Lizzie Hughes, daughter of Samuel Hughes, who came here in 1858.

Note the stone curbing and the well-kept trees. Trees meant shade and then as now Tucsonians took excellent care to preserve their trees and keep them growing as luxuriantly as possible.

This photograph is owned by Charles Velasco, grandson of the Carlos Velasco who was editor of Tucson's first Spanish newspaper, *El Fronterizo*, published on South Stone Avenue.

Drums, Bugles Called To Atanacia

(Editor's Note: This is another in a series by free-lance writer Kitty Ehrenstrom on families of early Tucson.)

By KITTIE EHRENSTROM

The little Mexican girl woke to the sound of drums and bugles every morning, as the Mexican soldiers paraded in the walled presidio that was Tucson in the 1850s.

Her name was Atanacia Santa Cruz, and her memories of the Old Pueblo have been preserved by Frank C. Lockwood in his source-book history, "Life in Old Tucson, 1854-1864."

Atanacia was born in the first house built outside the Mexican fort, just west of the ponderous mesquite wood city gate, Lockwood wrote.

She saw the gate closed every night and fastened with iron bars and a heavy lock. She watched the sentry pacing his platform above the gate, alert for danger.

When trouble came, ranchers, miners and travelers rushed to safety inside the presidio walls.

But in good times little Atanacia played with her friends in the fort. Or saw Punch and Judy shows, acrobats or rope walkers who had travelled from Sonora.

After the Gadsden Purchase brought the presidio under U.S. rule, Atanacia watched the Mexican soldiers march out, and troops of United States Dragoons ride in. The American flag was raised for the first time in Tucson.

But the charm, social graces and artistry of Old Mexico had left its stamp on Tucson, never to be erased by the future's influx of Americans and Europeans.

Orphaned at eight, Atanacia was brought up by her older sister, Petra, and Petra's husband Hiram S. Stevens, one of the first 20 or so early Anglo pioneers.

"Like all Mexican girls, Atanacia led a sheltered life," said her great-granddaughter, Mrs. Edward J. Meyer of Tucson. She was taught the gracious manners of the Mexican lady, and the womanly arts of fine embroidery, sewing, painting and music.

"I knew Great-Grandmother Atanacia Hughes when I was a child," Mrs. Meyer said. "When you went to her house you never raised your voice

— you were always a perfect lady. If you were naughty, she thumped you on the head with her thimble. But afterward she'd slip a lemon drop into your hand.

"She was very quiet, but she was always the boss," Mrs. Meyer continued with a smile. "I remember taking a train trip to California with her and a family party of 16 or 18 people, including children. We filled half a railroad car and there was much noise and confusion. But everybody asked Great-Grandmother's permission before they did anything. Even the sons-in-law asked her what time they should go to dinner."

Proud of her Mexican heritage, Atanacia Hughes usually spoke Spanish, although her English was perfect and without accent. An accomplished musician, Atanacia played the harp. It's now preserved in the museum at Fort Lowell.

Atanacia met her husband in the home of her sister, Mrs. Hiram K. Stevens. But she might have seen Sam when he climbed stiffly out of the stagecoach on his arrival outside the presidio gate March 12, 1858, historian Lockwood suggests. If not, she must have seen him at the baile given that night, which Hughes attended and described in his journal, now in the files of the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society.

Samuel Hughes had real frontier spirit. Welsh-born, he came with his father and family to Pennsylvania in 1837. As a boy of 11, he started working on a canal boat. Then he learned the art of pastry-making and good cooking on a river boat running from Pittsburgh to New Orleans. This art later brought him better jobs and fabulous pay as a cook in California during the Gold Rush. He invested his money in cattle and mines.

But Sam contracted tuberculosis. "They called it consumption then," said his great-granddaughter Mrs. Meyer, "and the doctor told him, 'Get to a dry climate like Texas or you'll die.'"

Like many another, Hughes got as far as Tucson and stayed — to make his fortune, marry and help develop a town and state.

Of his first look at Tucson,

Hughes wrote, "As we were unhitching, a gentleman wearing a plug hat . . . gave us all the news we could stand on an empty stomach. As it had been our custom to take an antidote . . . in the morning for scorpions, tarantulas and centipedes, I asked him to join us, and he did."

Sam Hughes heard the music of a violinist and drummer making the rounds, and was told they were announcing a baile to be held that night. He and his fellow travelers donned their best and went.

"It looked more like a big family gathering than a dance," he wrote. "The musicians sat on a log, and the ladies sat on wooden poles or on sheepskins and rawhide spread on the ground. There were no chairs." Everybody danced and had a wonderful time Sam noted. The next day he looked for a job.

"He opened a butcher shop and in time went into the cattle business with Alphons (Frenchie) Lazzard and Hiram S. Stevens, later territorial delegate to Congress," said Mrs. Meyer.

"Through Stevens, he met young Atanacia and married her at San Xavier Mission. Incidentally her uncle, a Santa Cruz, had painted some of the murals there," she said.

When the Civil War brought Confederate control of Tucson, Samuel Hughes, a dedicated Union man, went to California. His business partners sold his holdings at a profit and gave the money to Hughes when he returned to Tucson with Union troops.

"My hobby was to make a town," he said. And he did. Lockwood writes that Hughes helped incorporate Tucson as a city in 1871. He was alderman for seven years, treasurer of Pima County and of the Territory of Arizona, sheriff of Pima County and adjutant-general of Arizona.

"He believed strongly in education for everybody and worked hard in the cause of public schools," Mrs. Meyer said. Sam Hughes Elementary School is named for him.

"Great-Grandfather Hughes was also one of the founders of the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society," she continued. "But he was proudest of his work to help make Arizona a

state. And when it was, in 1912, he said, 'My life is now complete.' He died in 1917 when he was 88 years old."

His widow Atanacia stayed on in their old home at the northeast corner of Washington and Main, until her death in 1934. The home has since been converted into apartments.

"Of their 10 children, only Mrs. Mary Hughes Sheehan of Burlingame, Calif., and Mrs. Atanacia Hughes Isaacs of Petaluma, Calif., still survive. But the Sam Hughes' great-great-grandchildren, all seventh generation Tucsonans, include many Landons, Treats, Bells, Corbetts and Meyers still living here," Mrs. Meyer said.

AUNT LIZZIE



ELIZABETH, ATANACIA
AND SAM HUGHES' DAUGHTER

MAY 28-1912

ARIZONA DAILY STAR

GOLDEN WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS. SAMUEL HUGHES

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hughes, North Main street, passed one of the happiest days of their lives Sunday, when with all of their children and grandchildren now living about them, they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary, the climax of a half century of their lives together.

"And so they were married and lived happily ever afterward," as the old-time novel has it, and this sentiment may fittingly be applied in real life to the consummation of the 50th anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Hughes.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Hughes have had exceptionally interesting lives, Mrs. Hughes having been born here and Mr. Hughes in Wales.

Arizona, as his health was still not good.

He arrived in Yuma, in February, 1858, and in Tucson March 12th, the same year.

Mr. Hughes' description of the Santa Cruz valley and Tucson seems almost unreal to those of today. It is almost impossible to associate the beautiful cosmopolitan city of Tucson in the year 1912 with its flowering shrubs, its green lawns, its wonderful gardens and tall trees; with its up-to-date little business center and its artistic residences with the desolate aridness on Mr. Hughes' arrival, when the mesquite, cactus and sagebrush were the only vegetation dot-

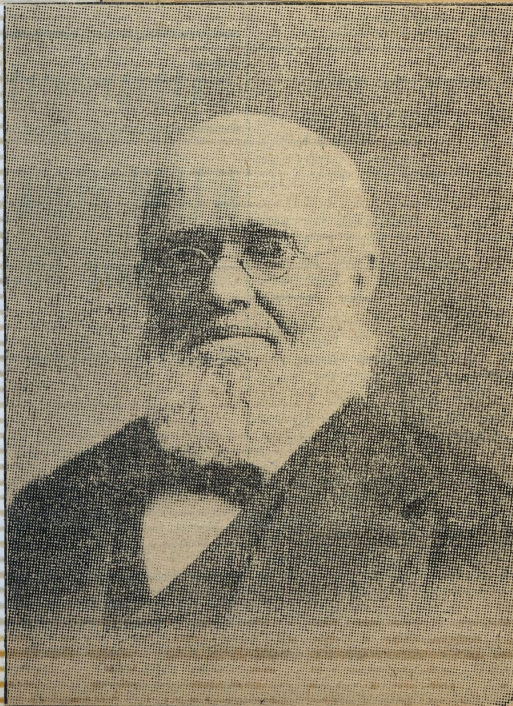
The career of Mr. Hughes has, to say the least, been an eventful one, and his life has been filled with those incidents which are so attractive and interesting to those of this generation.

Born at Penebrieshire, Wales, in 1829, he arrived in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1837. He received his first schooling in 1841 in a small country school out from Allegheny, Pa.; because of his inability to speak English, the lad was imposed upon by some of his school fellows, and declaring if that was what procuring an education meant, he would have none of it, he left school at the close of the third day, and from that time until the present he has never been inside a school house to study.

ting an otherwise barren and treeless landscape.

And now comes the romantic turn to Mr. Hughes' remarkable life, for it was during the first year of his life on the desert that he met his wife. She was at that time only seven years old, a dainty, little dark-eyed girl, who talked in her pretty Spanish tongue of the things of interest to children. But Mr. Hughes, then 29, was interested in the charming little girl, and being a man who had learned patience in the school of hard experience, he waited for the little girl to grow into girlhood. Then his suit for her hand was looked upon with favor and there occurred in the territory one of the most romantic marriages of that period.

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When a mere boy, he engaged in driving a canal boat from Pittsburg to Philadelphia, for which services he received the munificent salary of 75 cents per week. Later he accepted a position on a boat plying between Pittsburg and New Orleans. During one of the trips Henry Clay was a passenger and he gave Mr. Hughes much good advice and kindly suggestions, which he has never forgotten.

In 1850 occurred the turning point in the life of Mr. Hughes. At that time he joined a party of immigrants who were going across country to St. Joseph, Mo., and later crossed the plains to California. At a small town in California, Mr. Hughes went into the hotel business, and in supplying the demands of the numerous immigrants who were going to California at that time, he was most successful, saving in a few months \$3000.

Later he went to Sacramento, Cal., trusting a friend to bring him his hard-earned money, which he had buried in the sand. This was perhaps one of the bitterest experiences of Mr. Hughes' whole life, for the friend gambled the money away, leaving him with nothing except a harsh lesson in the uncertainty of human nature, where money is concerned, and the falsity of a friend. However, of a cheerful and sanguine temperament, Mr. Hughes took the little of his savings, which he had brought with him, and invested in another hotel. This venture fortunately was successful and he was soon interested in two or three of the leading hotels of California.

In 1852 he engaged in fighting the Indians on the Rogue river. During an engagement he injured one of his lungs and was obliged to seek a mild climate; this he found at Los Angeles, later staging to San Diego, where he fitted a caravan preparatory to departing for the desert and

San Xavier mission was the scene of the wedding, Padre Rosales performing the ceremony in the beautiful and quaint old mission a half century ago. An interesting feature in connection with this is the fact that the great-grandfather of the bride was one of the artists who painted the interior walls, which are today so much admired by the visitors to the quaint old cathedral.

Time has obliterated more or less the faces of the saints on the old walls, but when Mr. and Mrs. Hughes stepped over the threshold as bride and groom fifty years ago, the paintings were much more distinct and an ideal setting for a marriage.

It was a strange-looking bride who took her place at the altar a half century ago, for she was gowned in wedding garments of black throughout, wearing a long veil of black; her attendants also wearing garments of the same sombre color. However, there were flowers, not many to be sure, but still flowers, and the gayety of the wedding party fully compensated for their black garments, which was the costume of the bride in those days in Arizona; also the beauty and grace of the bride could not be concealed by the garments of that day.

After the wedding, the party returned to Tucson and an elaborate wedding dinner was served in the new home, which the groom had prepared for his bride, and which is the same house in which the golden anniversary was celebrated Sunday. Also the same dishes were used in the dinner of 1912 as in the one of fifty years ago.

Now, after fifty years, Mr. and Mrs. Hughes count their friends here by the score and are among the most popular, highly respected and best beloved of all the pioneers of Arizona. History has been made under their very eyes, and they have as-

sisted to a great extent in the making of it.

Of the fifteen children born to Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, the following are now living: Mrs. J. Knox Corbett, Mrs. Jessie Stradling, Mrs. Emma Lehnhardt, Mrs. Attie Barnhardt, Mrs. Mary Dietrich, Mr. David Hughes and Mr. James Hughes.

A more delightful scene it would be impossible to imagine than the long, high-ceilinged reception room of the Hughes home, which was converted into a dining room and which was adorned with hundreds of the golden California poppy for the banquet Sunday. The chairs of the bride and bridegroom were done in yellow satin in honor of the occasion, while a tall Shepherdess basket filled to overflowing with the California flower formed a center-piece for the long table, about which gathered thirty-two of the children, grand-children and great-grand-children of the bride and groom of fifty years ago.

On this occasion Mrs. Hughes was not arrayed in the black of her wedding garments, but wore a dainty gown of gray, while the bridegroom wore, as is described in all weddings, "the conventional black."

The happy couple were the recipients of dozens of congratulatory messages and telegrams, and were showered with hundreds of carnations and roses.

A program of toasts was given at the dinner, among which were:

"To the Bride and Groom," J. Knox Corbett.

"To Mr. and Mrs. Hughes," L. C. Hughes.

"To the Absent Members," F. S. Treat.

"To the Resident Members," E. C. Dietrich.

During the late afternoon and evening the old friends of Mr. and Mrs. Hughes called on them and in the evening a jolly party of young men, whom Mr. Hughes has been almost a second father to, serenaded the bride and groom.

Those present at the dinner were: Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hughes, the bride and groom, and guests of honor; Mr. and Mrs. J. Knox Corbett, Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Lehnhardt of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Dietrich, Mrs. Jessie Stradling of San Francisco, Mrs. Attie Barnhart of San Francisco, Mr. David Hughes, Mr. James Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Hi Corbett, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Caperton, Mr. Frank Treat, Mr. L. H. Hughes, Miss Annie Hughes, Miss Barbara Stradling, Mr. Clarence Barnhardt, Gulie Elizabeth Caperton, J. Knox Corbett, Jr., Mabel Treat, Attie Treat, Margaret Treat, Elizabeth Treat, Frank Treat, Jr.,

Theodore Treat, Dick Treat, Frank Landon, Jr., James Lavinne Landon, Jessie Landon, Harte Langdon, Mildred Landon, and Mrs. Petra Stevins, a sister of Mrs. Hughes.



Who Was Who In Arizona

By Frank C. Lockwood

IV

ATANACIA SANTA CRUZ

A leading Tucsonian in the fifties was brown-eyed, comely, modest Atanacia Santa Cruz. She was born August 4, 1850, when Tucson was still a walled presidio. Her father was Juan Santa Cruz. Both her father and grandfather were born inside the city walls. But she was not, her family being one of the first to build on the edge of the fields outside the presidio. The house in which she was born was directly across the street, west of the massive city gate. Her father died when she was only an infant, and when she was eight she lost her mother, also. After that, until the time of her marriage to Samuel Hughes, in 1864, she lived with her older sister, wife of the famous pioneer Hiram S. Stevens.

Remembered Old Wall

He Traveled To Tucson To Die

By JOHN WOESTENDIEK
Star Staff Writer

In 1858, a wagon train traveling from California slowed to a dusty halt about 70 miles west of Tucson. A 27-year-old man, a victim of tuberculosis, was badly hemorrhaging and apparently dying.

The man begged to be taken on to Tucson, where he could be buried. His wish was granted, and Samuel Hughes made it to Tucson. But it was quite a while before he was buried.

For, Sam Hughes overcame his illness and played an important part not only in Tucson's

Pioneer Portraits

becoming a municipality, but in developing its schools, government and businesses.

"My hobby was to make a town," he once said. "I taught Tucson to toddle."

"I helped build churches and schools and spent my time and money on them," he once said. "I helped the different lodges . . . I have helped every club and organization. You see, I owned so much property that I had to do these things to boost my own game. I was learning something new all the time.

"I had a spoon in every soup."

And indeed he did. In addition to his business enterprises, Hughes served as an alderman for seven years. He was deputy sheriff of

Pima County and was later sheriff. For more than six years he was adjutant-general of Arizona.

A short man, somewhat chubby and balding, he became a well-known figure in the town. In his later years, he could often be seen riding around town in his one-horse buggy wearing a skullcap.

Hughes was born in Pembroke, Wales, in 1829 and came to America with his family when he was 8. At 11, he got a job on a canal boat and later worked in a cotton factory in Pennsylvania.

Later, he became a cook and traveled to California. There, he soon opened his own hotel and acquired cattle and land. But in 1858, Hughes injured his chest while hoisting the carcass of a deer on the back of his horse. A doctor told him he would die if he did not move to a warmer, drier climate.

So, Hughes sold out his investments in California. On March 12, 1858, he arrived in Tucson. He recorded his first impressions of the town.

"After breakfast, we took a stroll to see the town. It did not take us long as all the town was inside of what we now call Court Plaza . . . The day passed answering questions about California, and along in the evening we heard the fiddle and drum going from place to place. Asking what it meant, we were

told they was to have a reception in the shape of a baile that evening . . . We finally got to the place, and all the town was there. It looked more like a family gathering than a dance. The musicians sat on a loft and all the ladies sat round on poles of wood . . . Everybody came — old men and women, and all the children and Papagos and Apaches turned out in full force."

Something must have impressed Hughes that first night, because he decided to cancel his trip to Texas, which was his original destination, and stay in Tucson. After being driven out by Confederate supporters, Hughes, an ardent Union man, returned to Tucson with the California Column.

In 1862, back in Tucson, Hughes married Atanacia Santa Cruz and opened a butcher shop. His family expanded almost as rapidly as his business did. Hughes became a government contractor, a rancher, bought and sold real estate, owned mines, grubstaked prospectors and was one of the first organizers of the first bank in Tucson, in addition to the various government positions he filled.

His own 10 children were perhaps the stimulus behind his dedication to schools. A man who reportedly never went to school himself, Hughes worked hard for public schools in the early 1870s and believed strongly in education for everybody.

When Arizona reached statehood in 1912 Hughes said, "My life is now complete." And in 1917, at the age of 88, he died — the last surviving pioneer who came to Arizona before it became a territory of the U.S.



Samuel Hughes

ARIZONA DAILY STAR AUG. 20-1975

TUCSON CITIZEN

Nov. 13-1934

HUGHES' FUNERAL SERVICE PENDING

Arrangements To Be Made When Relatives Arrive From California

Funeral arrangements for Mrs. Sam Hughes, 84, one of Tucson's oldest pioneers who died yesterday, are being held in abeyance pending the arrival of relatives from California.

Mrs. Hughes, honored and praised as the first advocate of a free public school system in Tucson, had lived in the Old Pueblo for 70 years. She was born August 4, 1850. In a ceremony performed at San Xavier mission in 1864, she was married to Sam Hughes. Since her marriage she has lived at 223 North Main street.

Because of her crusading work in establishing an adequate school system in Tucson, one of the city's schools was named Sam Hughes and she was made honorary mother of the school P. T. A.

Mrs. Hughes was the mother of 15 children, a grandmother of 16, and a great-grandmother of 13.

The children still living are Mrs. J. Knox Corbett and James Hughes of Tucson; Mrs. W. D. Isaacks, San Francisco; Mrs. Jack Sheehan, Burlingame, California; Mrs. O. B. Leonhardt, Isaaquah, Washington; Mrs. O. O. Reynolds, Los Angeles and David L. Hughes, Sawtelle, California.

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

Funeral arrangements will be made by Reilly's as soon as the other relatives have arrived.

EARLY TUCSON BRIDE IS DEAD

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

Mrs. Sam Hughes, 84, one of Tucson's oldest pioneers, died yesterday 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 being performed at San Xavier mission.

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 education. 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, Burlingame, Calif.; Mrs. O. B. Leonhardt, 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. McReynolds and Mrs. W. D. Isaacks, already have arrived in Tucson for the funeral. Other members of the family are expected to arrive soon.

SDAY, 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 tomorrow at 9 a. m. in San Augustin cathedral.

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 relatives 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.

JULY 23 WILL MARK ANNIVERSARY OF TUCSON'S HERO'S DEATH YEAR AGO

July 23-1936

July 23 will be the anniversary of the death of one of Tucson's first-rank heroes, it was recalled by Herbert Drachman, spending the summer in southern California, in a communication to the Daily Citizen. When this man died at the Soldiers' home at Sawtelle, Calif., a year ago on July 23, little notice was taken of his passing, Drachman said, but he bequeathed to kinsmen medals which attested his valor in the service of his country.

But he fought in the War That the Country Has Forgotten, the nobly-inspired military enterprise to set Cuba free, to present a little nation with its own sovereignty, served up on the blood-stained shield of Yankee idealism. The "big war" intervened, and today "the war" is the World War, and "veteran" is a soldier who fought in Europe.

But if present-day Tucsonians are unaware of this hero, his own generation has not, and Drachman reminisced of the home-coming of this valiant of 1896—David L. Hughes, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hughes, who wore on his breast two medals attesting his outstanding bravery in battle.

Dave Hughes Is Hero

For Dave Hughes, who died one year ago, is that hero.

"Dave was a good athlete and a leader in anything he undertook," Drachman recalled. "Growing into early manhood, he was made lieutenant of "D" Company, Arizona National Guard, one of the first in the then territory. All will remember the sinking of the Maine

which brought on the Spanish-American War. Major Alexander Brodie, retired, West Point graduate, then living in Prescott, Ariz., was called upon to recruit several troops of cavalry to comprise the first Arizona Volunteers, which later were known as the Rough Riders. Major Brodie wired Dave Hughes, asking him if he could gather 15 men and bring them to Whipple barracks. This Dave promptly did and was made sergeant of "B" Troop. Being a good horseman, a natural frontiersman, good shot and speaking the Spanish language, he rendered valuable service in both training the men and handling them in Cuba.

"Captain James McClintock, his troop commander, was shot early in the battle of San Juan the command falling to Lieutenant Wilcox, an old soldier of the Fourth Cavalry, who after being discharged, lived in Tucson and knew Dave Hughes and his qualities.

"Lieutenant Wilcox gave Dave a squadron of 10 picked men that did outstanding fighting during the entire war in Cuba. In the charge up San Juan Hill, a Mouser bullet struck Dave in the forehead, splitting his scalp and dropping him on the spot. The squad, thinking him dead, went on but Dave, finding his wound not serious, tied up his head with a handkerchief, picked up his gun, and ran to the line.

"About then Colonel Theodore Roosevelt came along, and seeing Dave covered with blood, ordered him back to the hospital. Dave saluted and when Roosevelt disappeared, ran to the other end of the line, where Roosevelt again found him and said, 'Didn't I order you to the rear?' 'Yes, sir' was the reply, and waited until Roosevelt was out of sight, then ran back to the firing line and right up the hill with the rest of the troopers.

Comments On Bravery

"Colonel Roosevelt's story of the Rough Riders refers to Dave and others, commenting on their bravery. Hardships, privations and illness brought many of the soldiers back to the U. S. so weak some never fully recovered. Dave was ill of fever for several years. Finally he tried to work again, but found he was not equal to it. The wound he received also bothered him occasionally until finally he was admitted to the Soldiers' Home at Sawtelle, Calif., where he remained about 20 years. His end came one year ago today, July 23, 1935, and he was buried at the Sawtelle Soldiers' Home.

"When he died only short notices appeared in the Tucson papers, yet who will forget the day Sergeant David L. Hughes returned from the

war? A public reception was held in his honor at the then most popular hotel, the San Augustin. Every man, woman and child who could possibly be there came to shake the hand of this modest but great hero. He was awarded a certificate of merit, May 22, 1899, for having distinguished himself in the battle of Santiago, Cuba, July 1, 1898, the award being recommended by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, and was signed by President William McKinley. Accompanying this certificate was a medal for military merit. On January 18, 1927, David L. Hughes was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal.

Extremely modest about his war record, Dave seldom spoke of it even to his most intimate friends. Among his effects were found the above-mentioned honors, a good story of the Rough Riders, written by him, starting from the time he was called, and ending with his discharge. He also left a small silk American flag presented to him by a young lady while the Rough Riders were encamped near San Antonio, and which he carried through the entire war. All the above are now in the possession of his eldest sister, Mrs. Lizzie Corbett, wife of the late J. Knox Corbett, and will be deposited where they belong, with the Arizona Pioneer Historical Society.

"I consider it an honor to have been one of his closest friends, and feel it would be appropriate to have the Junior Pioneers of yesterday (the older men and women of today) father at the next annual pioneer reunion, December 29, 1936, and pass fitting resolutions to the memory of David L. Hughes, our old friend and war hero."

Arizona Album

Edited By
Albert R. Buehman



PUBLICATION OF THIS PHOTO HELD UP FOR 52 YEARS

Taken for publication, this picture was "delayed by the censor" and is now for the first time being published in a daily newspaper.

This photo is of the University of Arizona class of 1898-99 and University President Millard Mayhew Parker forbade its publication or sale to members of the student body. This copy obviously must have been smuggled out.

This copy was donated to the university recently by one of the students, D. Stephen Brown, now of Oxnard, Calif., who sent it to C. Z. Leshner, U of A registrar, for the university's archives. Donor of the picture is shown in the third row from the back, just to the right of center, the handsome youth with the fedora hat, light suit,

and left hand across his lapel. But if you look closely, you'll see it's not his own left hand, but that of the lad in uniform sitting behind him and slightly at the left.

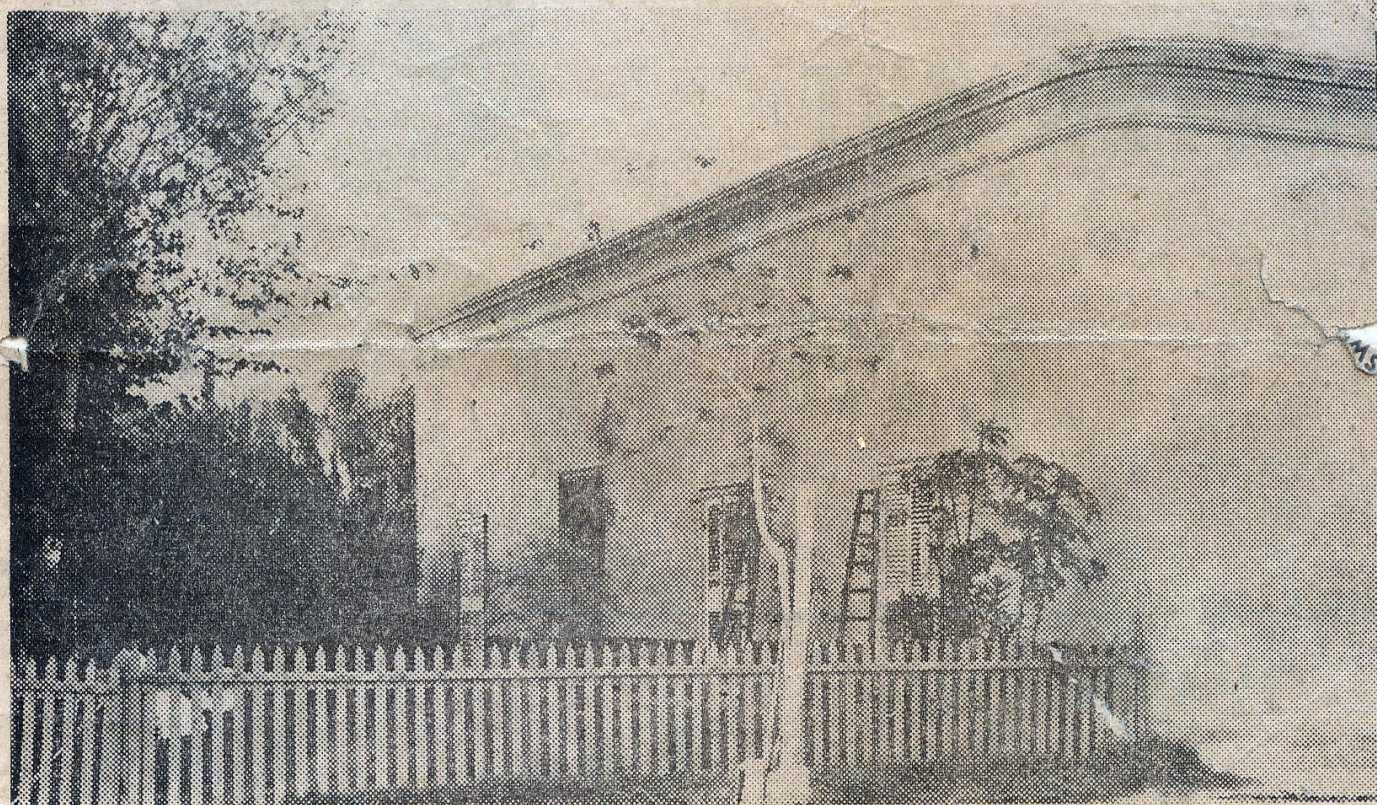
Confidentially, mind you, the reason this picture was banned by President Parker is that it's very naughty—two students, a boy and a girl in the third row from the front in the center, were holding hands and gazing dreamily into each other's eyes. (At their grandparents' request we are withholding their names.)

When Brown sent the picture to the university this fall it was promptly published by the student body's semi-weekly Wildcat. Its publication in the Daily Citizen is through the courtesy of Don Phillips, director of the university's press bureau.

Arizona Album

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TUCSON HOME OF LATE GOV. L. C. HUGHES

This building, still standing at the northeast corner of North Court and West Alameda streets, was the Tucson residence of the late Gov. L. C. Hughes. It was not, however, the official residence of the territorial governor (1893-96), for the capital was located at Prescott

at the time Hughes, a brother of Sam Hughes, was in office. The Hughes home shown here, known as Governor's Corner, was built in 1874 on the site of the old Mexican fort. This photograph was taken about 1906. (From the Henry Buehman memorial collection.)

October 9, 1993

IN MEMORY OF

JOAN I. PEASLEE

1920 - 1993

11:05 pm

Lord, make me an instrument of
your peace
Where there is hatred . . . let me
sow love
Where there is injury . . . pardon.
Where there is doubt . . . faith.
Where there is despair . . . hope.
Where there is darkness . . . light.
Where there is sadness . . . joy.
O Divine Master, grant that I
may not so much seek
To be consoled . . . as to console,
To be understood . . . as to
understand,
To be loved . . . as to love,
for
It is in giving . . . that we receive,
It is in pardoning, that we are
pardoned,
It is in dying . . . that we are born
to eternal life. St. Francis

Parent-Sorensen Mortuary
Petaluma, California

aturday at her home of

She was kidnapped en route
bank job. She was released
unharmed. That evening, she
played piano as accompaniment
for the play, "Music Man," by the
Harmonees and Harmonettes the-
ater group in Petaluma.

Born in Alameda, Peaslee, 73,
came to Petaluma at age 12. She
graduated from Dominican High
School in San Rafael, then attended
Santa Rosa Junior College.

She worked 30 years for Wells
Fargo Bank, first at the main
Petaluma branch, then as manager
of the east Petaluma branch until
she retired 10 years ago.

Peaslee also was a talented or-
ganist and played for St. Vincent de
Paul Church for 20 years.

As an active community mem-
ber, she was past president of the
service organization FISH in Petal-
uma. She served eight years on the
Petaluma Parks and Recreation
Commission.

Peaslee is survived by her sons,
William Frederic Peaslee of Santa
Rosa, David Bryan Peaslee of
Cotati, Peter James Peaslee of
Vacaville, Steven Hughes Peaslee
and Charles Christopher Peaslee,
both of Petaluma; and six grand-
children.

Friends can attend the vigil at 7
p.m. today at the Parent-Sorensen
Mortuary in Petaluma. Friends can
meet at 10:30 a.m. Wednesday at
the mortuary, then attend a funeral
Mass at 11 a.m. at St. Vincent de
Paul Church in Petaluma. Burial
will be at Petaluma's Calvary Cath-
olic Cemetery. Memorial donations
are preferred to St. Vincent de Paul
Church Capital Campaign, 35 Lib-
erty St., Petaluma 94952, or to
Hospice of Petaluma, 415 A St.,
Petaluma 94952.

Joan Peaslee

Joan Isaacs Peaslee, a longtime
Petaluma resident who shrugged
off being temporarily kidnapped in
1977 to play piano for a community
theater performance the same day,

PEASLEE, Joan I. — Died in Petaluma,
California, October 9, 1993. Wife of the late
Frederic Reese Peaslee. Loving mother of
William Frederic Peaslee of Santa Rosa,
Steven Hughes Peaslee of Petaluma, David
Bryan Peaslee of Cotati, Peter James
Peaslee of Vacaville and Charles Christo-
pher Peaslee of Petaluma. Adored grand-
mother of Kimberly Sharon Peaslee, Kerri
Ann Peaslee, Rachael Lynn Peaslee, Aaron
James Peaslee, Charles Christopher Peas-
lee Jr. and Carissa LeeAnn Peaslee. Sister
of the late Clarence Barnhart. Also survived
by several nieces and nephews. A native of
Alameda, California, age 73 years. A
member of St. Vincent de Paul Church, lay
member of the Carmelite Religious Order,
Harmonees and Harmonettes, Beta Sigma
Phi, Soroptimist Club, former member of the
Petaluma Parks and Recreation Commis-
sion, past President of Petaluma Peoples
Service Center and Immediate past Presi-
dent of FISH.

Friends are invited to meet on Wednes-
day, October 13, 1993 at 10:30 a.m. at the
PARENT-SORENSEN MORTUARY, Magnolia
Ave. and Keokuk St., Petaluma, thence to
St. Vincent de Paul Church where a Funeral
Mass will be celebrated at 11:00 a.m.
Friends are also invited to the Vigil Service,
Tuesday, October 12, 1993 at 7:00 p.m. at
the mortuary. Committal will be at Calvary
Catholic Cemetery, Petaluma. Visitation will
be at the PARENT-SORENSEN MORTU-
ARY, Tuesday, 10:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. The
family prefers memorials be made to the St.
Vincent de Paul Church Capital Campaign,
35 Liberty Street, Petaluma, CA 94952 or to
Hospice of Petaluma, 415 A Street, Petal-
uma, CA 94952.

4A—PETALUMA ARGUS-COURIER,

Obituaries

Joan I. Peaslee

Joan I. Peaslee, who devoted
much of her time to community
activities, died Saturday in her
home after a short illness. She was
73.

She was immediate past presi-
dent of FISH and served eight
years on the Parks and Recreation
Commission. A talented organist,
she was the St. Vincent de Paul
Church organist for more than 20
years and was accompanist for the
Harmonees and Harmonettes.

She was also a member of the
Soroptimist Club and Beta Sigma
Phi, a lay member of the Carmelite
Religious Order and a past presi-
dent of the Petaluma People Ser-
vices Center.

An Alameda native, she moved
with her family to the Petaluma
area when she was 12. She
graduated from Dominican High
School in San Rafael and later at-
tended Santa Rosa Junior College
and business college.

She worked for Wells Fargo
Bank for 30 years, downtown at
the main branch and later at the
east Petaluma branch as manager,
until her retirement 10 years ago.

Survivors include her children,
Charles and Steven, both of
Petaluma, William of Santa Rosa,
David of Cotati and Peter of
Vacaville; six grandchildren; and
several nieces and nephews. She
was preceded in death by her hus-
band, Frederic, and a brother,
Clarence Barnhart.

Friends are invited to the vigil
service at 7 o'clock tonight at
Parent-Sorensen Mortuary of
Petaluma. A funeral Mass will
begin at 11 a.m. at St. Vincent de
Paul Church. Burial will be in Cal-
vary Catholic Cemetery.

Memorials are preferred to the
St. Vincent de Paul Church Capital
Campaign, 35 Liberty St.,
Petaluma 94952, or to Hospice of
Petaluma, 415 A St., Petaluma
94952.