

The following is the family history as told by Grandpa Clem Pugh to Gloria Owen.

I will start with my dad- he was born in County Mayo, Ireland, in the year 1842, the 15th day of August. As I remember, he was the oldest of the family. He had two brothers, Jim and Frank and a sister, Kate. She passed away at the age of 12.

My dad had an Uncle Jim who came to the States in the early 1850's and it was through him that my dad came over. His uncle sent him money for his fare. Dad came in the year of 1856 at the age of 14.

Dad's first job was a water-boy for a railroad crew. He later worked in the building trade. He was what they called a hod carrier. His job was to carry the bricks and mortar up to the bricklayers. He was asked how he liked his job and said, "Just fine, the man up above did all the work". (That's the Irish for you!)

As time went on, he saved and sent transportation for his two brothers. They also worked in New York City for a time but they all started West, each going their separate way. They were separated for years not knowing where each other was. It was in the early 1900's that they found out where each other was living. My dad's brother Jim came to Summit in 1909 to visit. After leaving New York City, my dad landed in St Louis, Missouri, where he worked on the Levees on the Mississippi River. About that time they were starting to build the Union Pacific Railroad from Omaha, Neb., West. He started working in the spring of 1865. He worked with it until the year of 1869, May 19th. At this time the crews from the west met the crews from the east at Promontory Mountain where they drove the Golden Spike. He said it was a great thrill. He often told of the experiences they had- Indian raids, trying to steal clothes and supplies from camp.

After he left the Union Pacific, he came to Cedar Rapids, Iowa and still worked at railroading. He worked with the Rock Island Railroad Company.

Now the history of my mother. Her parents were Mr. and Mrs. Michael Merritt. They were Scotch and Irish. I think my mother was the youngest of the family. She had three sisters and two brothers. They came to Iowa from Ohio by covered wagon in the early 1860's. They settled on a farm near a little town, Mechanicsville, not too far from Iowa City, Iowa. I never knew my mother's family too well; we were quite a distance from them and I only remember seeing them once. Not her parents but some of her sisters and brothers. A Mrs. George Evans, a sister of my mother, lived near Summit some years back. She still had two daughters living, Mrs. John Popp and Kate Evans, but as near as I know, all the rest of my mother's relation are gone.

My dad and mother were married October 27th, 1872 and for a few years they farmed. But Dad still had the railroad in his blood, so he went back to work for the Rock Island. To this union, eleven children were born. Six of them died at a young age. There was an epidemic of Small Pox and Diphtheria. Some of them died real close together. I don't remember any of them. My brother Ray and I are the two youngest. John and Kate were the oldest of the kids. My brother Jim, just older than myself, never came to Dakota. He worked on the railroad and was killed in an accident in June of 1909.

My brothers and sisters are all buried in a little cemetery in a small town by the name of Neola, Iowa. My dad moved from place to place while railroading. I was born in a little town named Weston, Iowa. We lived beside the railroad in what they called the Section Forman house. In fact, it was rooms up above the Depot. My brother, Ray was born in Wiota, Iowa, and from there my dad was transferred back to Atlantic, Iowa, where Ray and I started school. For middle class people we were only required to go through 8th grade. My brothers, Jim and John, and Kate lived in Atlantic while we were still there.

When I finished the 8th grade, I got a job on the farm. I carried the water, fed the hogs and cattle and cleaned the barn for an old couple by the name of Kelly. They kept me busy most of the time and I got the big sum of \$10.00 per month. After that I got a job in a produce house picking chickens. Then I really made some money. We got 1½ ¢ per bird. I got so I could pick 50 a day. I bought my clothes and helped buy the food.

About this time my dad was getting the age of retirement. This was in the year 1907, so he asked for a pass. And in June of that year, Dad, Mother and Ray came for a visit with Mother's sister, Mrs. George Evans, who lived 4 miles west of Summit, SD. The farm is now Ted Liens. While visiting in Summit, my dad met a Mr. Henry Sharf who was in the grain elevator and had quite a few farms. My dad mentioned that he was getting ready to retire from the railroad. So Sharf asked if he would like to try farming. He said he needed a foreman on a ranch that he had southwest of Twin Brooks, SD. Dad gave it some thought and decided he would take the job. Dad was to receive \$55.00 per month the year round. That was \$5.00 more than he received from the railroad. I was to get \$25.00 per month and through busy times Ray was to get \$15.00. You know that was a lot of money.

So in August of 1907, we landed in the town of Twin Brooks. I'll never forget it. There was a little lamp in the Depot but no agent. We couldn't see the main street, so the folks sent Ray and I to find it. We found a light in a window and it was a Hotel. We went back for the folks. There were quite a few of us, my sister Kate, who was Mrs. Pete Morrissey and her two kids, Steve and Julia and my grandmother, who was 99 years old. They had big business in the old Hotel that night.

The next morning, Dad, Ray and I walked out to the ranch. The Sharfs were there to greet us as the help they had pulled out. So they were looking after the place until we got there. They got a team and wagon ready with two spring seats. We went to town and got the rest of the family. In a few days our boxcar with furniture arrived and Mrs. Sharf and the boys went back to Summit. But Sharf stayed and helped with the harvest and haying. In those days, they stacked the grain. We were all through and the hay was all up when a prairie fire came through from South Shore and burned everything in its path. In those days there weren't any phones in the country, so farmers would go from farm to farm and relay the coming fire. We had time to get everything rounded up in the coral and plow a few furrows around the buildings. We lost everything, grain, hay and all. We had one little field of corn. We would cut that by hand and haul to the stock...our ranching days were short lived. There would be nothing for at least another year. So Sharf looked after a farm SE of Summit, now owned by Ted Markve. They sent me up there to plow with three horses and a walking plow. We bought hay and oats up there from a neighbor. I never plowed a furrow in my life. Mr Sharf came out and helped me get started. I was 15 years old. I had a cot, small two-burner oil stove, bacon and eggs, potatoes and bread. They thought I had enough to get along with until they got the stock all shipped out. But I was getting pretty low before they moved up with me (By the way, I only spent one night in the house. I moved my cot out with the horses. It was too quiet in the old house.)

My dad bought the three horses from Sharf plus three more and another walking plow. Then we were in farming on our own. That late fall, he bought eleven cows for \$25.00 a piece. (Sounds cheap now, doesn't it?) He took in a few sales and bought a binder, drill and a boss harrow. We were in business.

I want to add that my dad was 65 years old when we came to South Dakota. Mother was 53. She was 12 years younger than Dad. But they thought starting farming on their own was just great. And they seemed to enjoy it. We lived on the first farm for three years and the place was sold. So we moved on the farm now owned by Ole Dumman, five miles south of Summit. But there wasn't enough farmland on this place, so my dad rented the farm where Harold Butler lives. We kept stock on the Dumman farm and went back and forth everyday to do chores, which was quite a trip in the wintertime. I want to mention that my dad never did buy any land. There just never seemed to be enough money for a down payment. But we lived and had a good life. They never complained.

After the Butler farm, we moved back to Mazeppa Township on the old Herman Krause farm. I think that was about 1914. By that time, Ray and I were dating the Stoddard girls. I was going with Lizzie and Ray with Blanche. Their parents were Mr. and Mrs. Curt Stoddard. They were homesteaders in Mazeppa some time in the 1880's.

Lizzie and I were married on Nov 17, 1915. Ray and Blanche were married in Jan of 1916. I rented my first farm from Henry Sharf. It is located on Hiway 61 across from Harvey Kneeland in Blooming Valley Township. I want to add here that there was another Stoddard girl, Hazel. If there had been another Pugh, who knows? But maybe two was enough.

After farming the Sharf place for one year I moved into Lura Township on the old Emery Homestead. That way we could be closer to Ray as we worked together a lot. By that time, Curt, as everyone called my father-in-law, bought the old Lawrence Adolphson farm. It was 320 acres and on the east quarter. He built a set of buildings for Ray and Blanche. My folks then moved to the farm that Clarence Clayton now owns, Ray and I farmed the land for Dad and he raised stock. In the year of 1919, they moved to Summit and lived there the rest of their lives. Mother passed away July 27, 1923. Dad then lived with my sister, Kate Morrissey, until August 5, 1929. They are both buried in St Lawrence Cemetery at Milbank.

In the fall of 1919, my father-in-law decided to quit and move to town. They wanted me to move onto their place. And I did. Ray and I farmed together for a few years, but as the families grew up, we each went our way.

Ray's family were all raised on that farm: Francis, who lived in Minneapolis, Florence in California, Dorothy, who passed away, Kenneth in Oregon and Ethel in Missouri. Ray and Blanche moved to Toledo, Oregon in 1942 and are living there at the present time.

My sister, Kate and Pete Morrissey lived in Summit from the fall of 1907. Pete passed away on June 21st, 1929 and Kate on November 12, 1935. They were the parents of three children, Steve and Julia, who passed away, and Mary Bland who lives in Annapolis, Maryland. My brother, John, had a family of eight. Mary, Margaret and Kathleen all of Iowa City, Iowa, Joe in California, Ed in Maryland, John in Florida, Jeanette in North Carolina and Julia, who passed away.

Just Looking Back Over the Years

Back in the year, 1915, when your mother and I were married, things were not too easy. She had taught school for two years and had a little money saved. My dad sold me five horses, harnesses and a full set of farm machines for \$800.00. It was a good deal but I had to borrow the money at 10% interest. We bought a cow or two and started from there. I still have the copy of that mortgage. In time we got it paid off. We were living on what I call the old home place.

Then the babies started coming. No matter how dry it was, it was always good weather for the kids. Your mother was a good planner, always had the cellar full of canned goods that she raised in the garden. We had our meat, butter, milk, and eggs. She raised chickens, turkeys, geese and ducks. Seems like we always had something to eat and she could do most anything indoors or out. She would drive the binder, run a mower, stack hay and did all the sewing for the family. She was even good at carpenter work. She helped me plan my last barn. Sounds like I didn't do much but I was right there beside her.

I'll never forget our first car. It was a 1914 Model T. Ray and I bought it together, but it wasn't long until there wasn't room for all of us, so, we bought another Model T. Then we were really going places.

You kids were all born on the old place, all but Marge and Gene. He was the only one born in a hospital. Sometimes we didn't even have a doctor. Some of the older neighbors we always read to help out. Aunt Lott and Mrs. Jons were about as good as a doctor.

You know, people seemed closer those days, We had some good neighbors, Uncle Frank, the Woolseys, Jons, Ray's, Kennisons, Fern and George and Ed Fransens. We used to have some good old house parties. Where there was room we would dance and play cards. Also, there were no babysitters those days, the kids all went along. I don't want to forget Lyman and Annie Owen, they were good neighbors. We had some good times at their place. Those were the days when we threshed our grain. We would have 6 or 7 farmers in the run. It was hard work, but they were great days. We had good crops and poor crops. Through the drought, we about gave up, but stayed with it.

You kids all grew up on the old farm. Our school was close, just ¼ mile north. After finishing country school, most of you graduated from Summit High School. As time went on, you girls were the first to marry and leave the nest. Later, Don and Norm were married, which left the two youngest boys, DeEll and Gene. We stayed on the farm until 1948. We sold the farm and had an auction sale Oct. 5, 1948, and moved to Summit. We went into the gas station in November of that same year. It was quite a change from farming but we enjoyed it. Mom was the bookkeeper and the boys and I managed the station.

It was good to be in town. The two boys finished high school. DeEll enlisted in the Navy. Gene started college but had to quit because he came down with Rheumatic Fever. After he was over his sickness he worked on the railroad. He was the last of the kids to marry. Shortly after he went into the Service; all of the boys were in the Service.

As time went on, Mom's health began to fail. So in 1957, I sold the station and was home to help Mom. After her death in 1958, I lived in Summit until 1964. I sold my house and lived in Waubay until the fall of 1968. I then moved to Watertown. It is now 1975 and I just passed 83 years of age.

I have a little poem about the name of Pugh, written by my granddaughter, Cindy Pugh.

*A skunk is sometimes associated with our name,
But us Pugh's should have no shame,
So to show the uncommon rareness of our name,
I think it should be put in the Hall of Fame*

by Cindy Pugh, August 31, 1974.

I probably could go on and on but I thought this would be a good time to quit, but not before I say how thankful I am to have six of my seven children still living and I see them all quite often.

My kids had an open house for me on my 80th birthday at the Summit Hall. Another surprise was that my nephew John Pugh was here to visit me last summer. When he was a young boy, he spent a summer with us on the farm in 1924. I showed him how to drive a Model T Ford. He still remembers it. Another nice surprise was having Ray and Blanche back to South Dakota for a visit last summer. We all enjoyed it very much.

*Gramps
You speak so kindly of all,
But who is looked up to by all
you, my gramps, that's who
Your wit, your charm, and all you do
Makes this family proud of you.*