

**SOUTH DAKOTA STATE HISTORIC PRESERVATION OFFICE  
HISTORIC SITES SURVEY STRUCTURE FORM**



**SITE INFORMATION**

\*SURVEY DATE: November 18, 2013 \*ADDRESS: 46490 314<sup>th</sup> Street  
\*SURVEYOR: Jim Stone \*COUNTY: Clay  
\*CITY: Vermillion

LOCATION DESCRIPTION: From Vermillion, from Intersection of South Dakota Highway 50 bi-pass and University Road (North) about 3 miles to 314th Street, turn right (East) about 3/4 mile, on the left (North) side.

LEGAL DESCRIPTION: E 1/2, SE 1/4, 30 - 93 - 51 Prairie Center Twp.

\*QUARTER 1: SE 1/4 OWNER NAME: Patrick Manning & Daniel J. & Anne M. Manning,  
\*QUARTER 2: \_\_\_\_\_ OWNER ADDRESS: 26440 Ridge Place  
\*TOWNSHIP: Prairie Center OWNER CITY: Vermillion  
\*RANGE: 51 OWNER STATE: So. Dak.  
\*SECTION: 30 OWNER ZIP: 57069  
ACRES: 82.17 QUAD NAME: \_\_\_\_\_  
OWNER CODE 1: P  
OWNER CODE 2:  
OWNER CODE 3:

**HISTORIC SIGNIFICANCE**

\*DOE: \_\_\_\_\_ REGISTER NAME: \_\_\_\_\_  
\*DOE DATE: \_\_\_\_\_ MULTIPLE PROPERTY NAME: \_\_\_\_\_  
REASON INELIGIBLE: \_\_\_\_\_

NOMINATION STATUS: \_\_\_\_\_ CATEGORY: \_\_\_\_\_  
DATE LISTED: \_\_\_\_\_ SIGNIFICANCE LEVEL 1: N S L  
REFERENCE NUMBER: \_\_\_\_\_ SIGNIFICANCE LEVEL 2: N S L  
HISTORIC DISTRICT RATING: C or NC CRITERIA 1: A B C D  
PERIOD: \_\_\_\_\_ CRITERIA 2: A B C D  
CRITERIA 3: A B C D  
CRITERIA 4: A B C D

SIGNIFICANCE NOTES: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**STRUCTURE DETAILS**

\* = REQUIRED FIELD

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SHPO ID: \_\_\_\_\_

\*PROPERTY NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

OTHER NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

CURRENT FUNCTION: Farm Shop FOUNDATION: Poured concrete  
 CURRENT SUBFUNCTION: Storage ROOF MATERIAL: Steel roofing over cedar shingles  
 HISTORIC FUNCTION: Dairy barn ROOF SHAPE: Gambrel roof  
 HISTORIC SUBFUNCTION: Hay & grain storage STRUCTURAL SYSTEM: Balloon framing  
 OCCUPIED: No STYLE: Gambrel roof barn  
 TYPE: Dairy barn  
 ACCESSIBLE: Yes with permission WALLS: 2x6 studs, 1x8 shiplap and Steel roofing.

STORIES: 2 SIGNIFICANT PERSON: John Bruyer  
 \*DATE OF CONSTRUCTION: 1915 to 1925 CULTURAL AFFILIATION: French

ALTERED/MOVED NOTES: Original site. Milk cow stanchions, feed troughs and gutters have been removed. Small granary in the SW corner also removed. Milk room added on the East side. Large overhead door installed in the South wall. All but the North 6' of hayloft floor removed. 2x6 bracing from roof hip down to wall studs about 4' from the floor, 4' O. C. to prevent the outward thrust from pushing the walls out. Walls and roof have been covered with steel roofing.

INTERIOR NOTES: The interior is clear except the 6' of hayloft left at the North end. This area is used as a farm shop and for tractor storage. There were four rows of posts and beams. 6x6 posts on all four rows with 4x6 beams on the outer rows and 6x6 beams on the center rows. 2x10 floor joists for the hayloft floor.

OTHER NOTES: 2x6 stud walls with 1x8 shiplap sheathing and steel roofing. Siding appears to have been removed. 2x6 rafters with a 2x6 brace 6' O. C. Windows are 8"x 10" four light, vinyl windows. Cupola has been removed.

\*PHYSICAL NOTES: Barn is in very good condition. \*RESTRICTED: Y or N

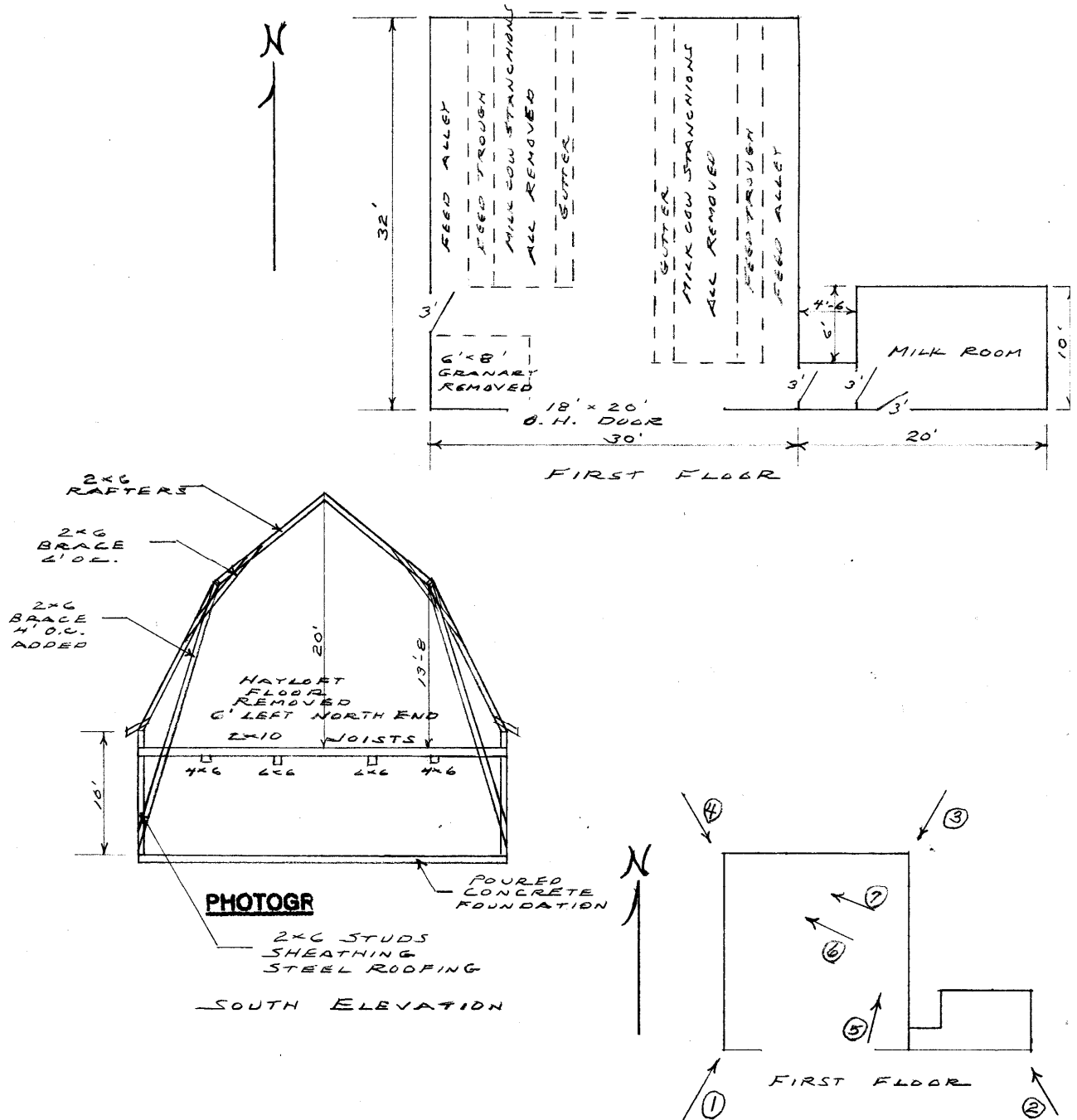
\*UTM EASTING: \_\_\_\_\_

\*UTM NORTHING: \_\_\_\_\_

\* = REQUIRED FIELD

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**SKETCH MAP**



\* = REQUIRED FIELD

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**PHOTOGRAPHER:** Jim Stone  
**DATE OF PHOTO:** November 18, 2013

**ROLL NUMBER:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**PHOTO NUMBER:** 1  
**CAMERA DIRECTION:** Looking NE, SW corner



**PHOTOGRAPHER:** Jim Stone  
**DATE OF PHOTO:** November 18, 2013

**ROLL NUMBER:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**PHOTO NUMBER:** 2  
**CAMERA DIRECTION:** Looking NW, SE corner

\* = REQUIRED FIELD



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**PHOTOGRAPHER:** Jim Stone  
**DATE OF PHOTO:** November 18, 2013

**ROLL NUMBER:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**PHOTO NUMBER:** 3  
**CAMERA DIRECTION:** Looking SW, NE corner



**PHOTOGRAPHER:** Jim Stone  
**DATE OF PHOTO:** November 18, 2013

**ROLL NUMBER:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**PHOTO NUMBER:** 4  
**CAMERA DIRECTION:** Looking SE, NW corner

\* = REQUIRED FIELD

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**PHOTOGRAPHER:** Jim Stone  
**DATE OF PHOTO:** November 18, 2013

**ROLL NUMBER:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**PHOTO NUMBER:** 5

First floor, looking NE at  
2x6 bracing added to re-  
enforce the barn after the  
hayloft floor was  
removed. 2x6 bracing is  
4' O. C.

**CAMERA DIRECTION:** \_\_\_\_\_



**PHOTOGRAPHER:** Jim Stone  
**DATE OF PHOTO:** November 18, 2013

**ROLL NUMBER:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**PHOTO NUMBER:** 6

First floor, looking NW,  
2x6 bracing on West  
side, after the hayloft  
floor was removed.

**CAMERA DIRECTION:** \_\_\_\_\_



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**PHOTOGRAPHER:** Jim Stone  
**DATE OF PHOTO:** November 18, 2013

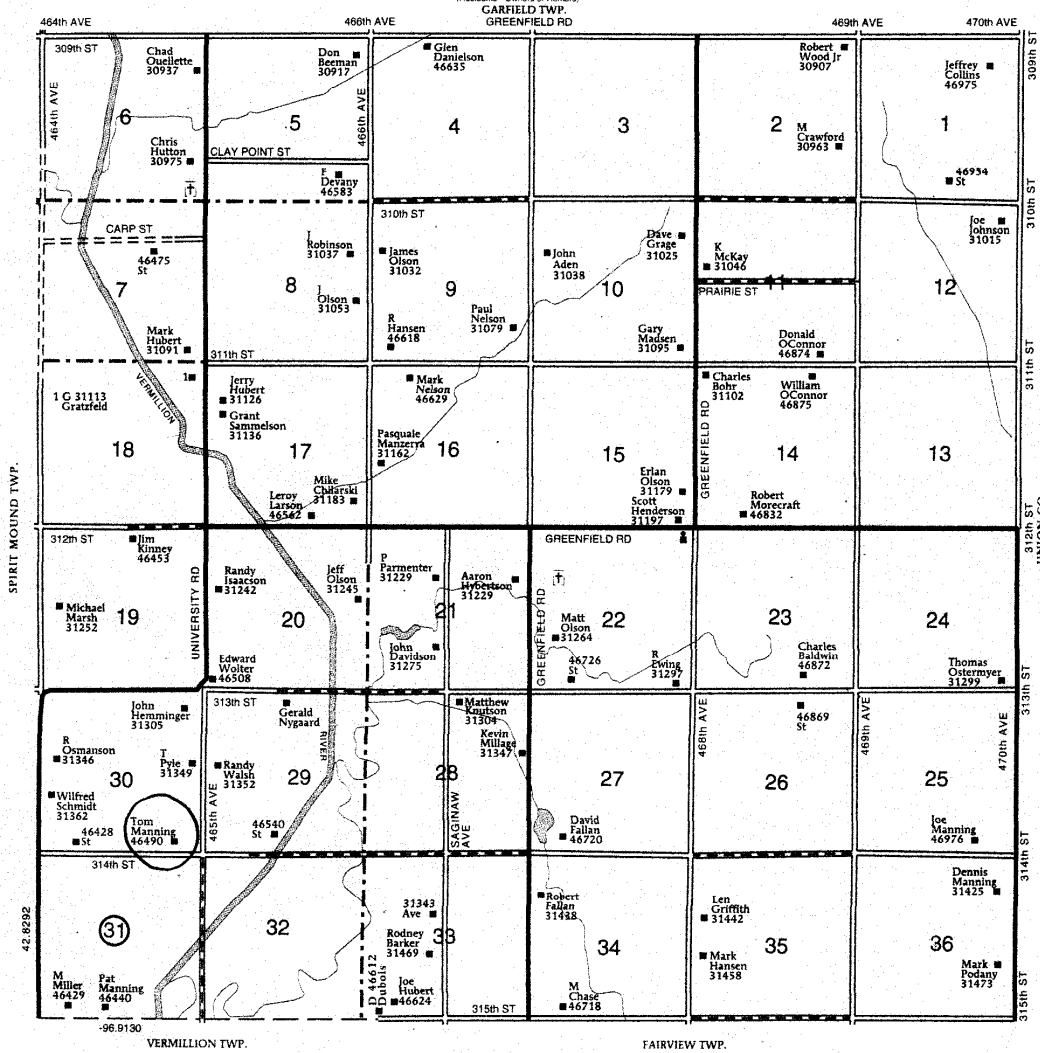
**ROLL NUMBER:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**PHOTO NUMBER:** 7

**CAMERA DIRECTION:** First floor, looking NW,  
6' of hayloft floor left at  
the North end.

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## T-93-N PRAIRIE CENTER DIRECTORY R-51-W



\* = REQUIRED FIELD



## **History**

This farm located in the SE ¼ of Section 30, Prairie Center Township, Clay County was homesteaded by James W. Anderson.

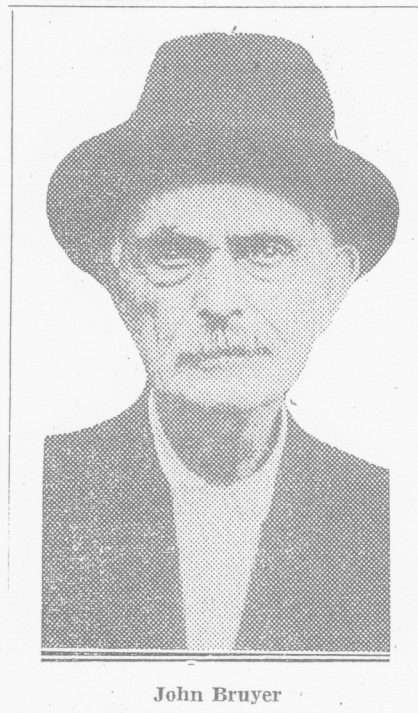
The 1894 and 1901 Clay County Atlas lists Wm. W. Parks as the owner.

The 1912 Clay County Atlas lists John Bruyer as the owner.

The 1924, 1937 and 1948 Clay County Atlas lists Charles Bruyer as the owner.

The 1956 Clay County Atlas lists Zilda Bruyer as the owner.

**The Following is the Obituary from The Dakota Republican (Vermillion, SD), March 4, 1937**



**Services for John Bruyer Held Monday**

**Aged Pioneer Dies Peacefully  
Lived in Clay County 78 Years**

Funeral services were held Monday morning in St. Agnes Catholic Church here with the Rev. Father Thomas Flood officiating for John Bruyer, 93 year-old pioneer of the west, Monday forenoon.

Burial was made in the Fairview Catholic cemetery by the side of the body of his wife, who died in 1922. The Elmore Funeral Service directed the burial. One of the largest funeral corteges in years followed the body of the venerable pioneer to the grave.

The widely known and respected Clay County resident died at his home a few a miles east of Vermillion shortly before midnight last Friday. While his death was expected, as he had been in a precarious condition for some time, it was rather sudden. Death occurred while he was sitting in a chair. After asking his daughter to assist him in taking off his shoes, he evidently suffered a heart attack, for before she could finish the task she looked up and saw that her father was dead.

The pioneer was married in Jefferson in 1867. Ten children were born to the couple, six of whom are alive and live within a radius of the old homestead. The wife and mother died six years ago after living at the same place with her husband 65 years. Mr. Bruyer had lived there 78 years.

One son, George, died while fighting for his country in his father's native France during the World War; another son, Albert, died the same year. A daughter died when but 10 years old, John F., died 11 years ago.

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The six surviving children are Mrs. Mary King and Joseph Bruyer of Burbank; Joseph, Peter and Charles, of Vermillion, and Emma Bruyer, with whom the pioneer had made his home in recent years.

John Bruyer was a remarkable man. He had led a long and active life, filled with the romance, the hardships and successes, which follow such charters. During his life he had accumulated more than 1600 acres of Clay County land, which he had divided with his children. The Dakota Republican is privileged to publish one of the most interesting "human interest" stories it has ever been our good fortune to read. It is the "autobiography" of Mr. Bruyer, as told to his niece, Helen Bruyer. It appears elsewhere in this issue.

**This is the Autobiography that appeared in the Dakota Republican (Vermillion, SD) March 4, 1937**

(The corrections were made by Nick Bruyer in September 2013)

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From *The Dakota Republican* (Vermillion, SD), March 4, 1937

*(NOTE: I have made additions or corrections in italics)*

**Some Reminiscences of the Life and Adventures of John Bruyer, Pioneer  
Resident of Clay County**

**As Told to His Granddaughter, Helen Bruyer**

In a humble home, somewhere in Champaign (*Champagne*), France, a tiny baby boy (*Jean Baptiste Felicien, or "John"*) was born to August Bruyer and his wife (*Josephine Simonin*). It was September 7, 1843 (*Sept. 18, 1844*). They were not able to give him everything for August was merely a tailor. To these good people were born four other children, Rose, Julius, Joe and Babe (*the "Babe" must have been Marie Delphine, born July 15, 1850*).

August heard of the prosperous America and decided to go. John was nearly ten years old but was small for his age. This fact did not bother him in the least, for he made himself "mother's helper."

It was the winter of 1853 (*September, 1853*) before everything was settled and August and his family could get passage on a small sailing vessel (*from Le Havre, France aboard the S.S. Fortitude*). They landed (*in New York on November 15, 1853*) and went to Chicago sad and grief stricken for on the way over Babe had not been able to stand the hardship of the tiny and inconvenient vessel and had departed for the great beyond, while the ones who treasured her journeyed on to adventure as well as great hardship and sorrows.

An epidemic of cholera was sweeping through Chicago. August did not want to settle down there for fear of the children but he was forced to settle down and open up a tiny tailor shop in order to rest his family and get more to get farther west.

**Many Died from Cholera**



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People were dying like so many flies. The doctors were at their wits end trying to help the sick and dispose of the dead but it was all in vain (*in 1854 cholera killed 1,424 in Chicago, often hours after the first symptoms*). August after a few months would not remain any longer in Chicago to he moved with his family to Dubuque, Ia. (*Center, Dubuque County, Iowa*) and made a crude log cabin in the timber. They lived here for three years.

In the summer John would pick wild berries of every kind. Clean them and in the evening after the work was all done he and his mother would take the baskets or pails, whatever John would have the berries in, and go to Dubuque and sell them from house to house and store to store. This was their chief source of money during those three years. John's mother would sing to him on those trips. It made their hearts lighter and their trips never seemed so long.

In 1856 they moved again. This time they didn't go far. They moved five miles below Sioux City where they stayed with August Troversia (*Augustus Langlois Dit Traversie (24 Nov 1810-21 Feb 1901), a French Canadian, and the location most likely was Big Sioux Township, about 5 miles northeast of Sioux City near the Missouri river*), a Frenchman who had married a squaw. They stayed but a short time with this kind stranger. That winter they moved again, going into Dakota territory. They passed through a small village which is now Burbank (It is just four miles sought of the farm John Bruyer homesteaded after he married.) They crossed the Missouri into Nebraska.

Here they lived for three years making all sizes and shapes of willow baskets and selling them. In the spring they would put in a large patch of potatoes. These were tended with great care as they brought them money in the winter with which to live. While they tended and watched over the potatoes, as they grew, they would make the baskets to bring in money for the spring and summer months. It was a slim living, yes, but what did they care so long as they were all well and happy.

**Came to Dakota in 1859**

In 1859 they came to Dakota territory. They homesteaded on a place five miles straight east of Vermillion. John and his father built a log cabin to live. In their spare time they would chop wood and sell it to the steamboats. Now that they were pretty well settled John and the rest of the children were sent to school at Vermillion. The teacher, Amos Shaw, was a civil war soldier (*in 1861?*). After doing all the chores in the morning and then attempting to walk to school, it did not sit so well with John and his brothers, so the idea of school was finally abandoned. In those days school was not so important as it is today. They would get their education by tilling the soil and knitting and cooking.

In 1862 they became frightened by a rumor. In Minnesota the Indians were warring. But old Dame Rumor had it that the Indians were going down the river, killing everything and everybody so August and his family again moved. They went as far as the Big Sioux River on the Iowa side. Nothing more was heard so they soon came back to their farm and everything went as smoothly as before.

*(According to the 1890 veterans pension schedule, August and his son John served as privates in the Dakota Infantry from 1862 to 1865)*

In April, 1865, John heard of the gold strike in Montana (*between 1862-1866 Montana's placer mines produced over \$90 million in gold*). So he and a group of other men, some younger and some older, got passage on a steamboat (*up the Missouri River*) and set out for they knew not what, taking with them \$100 each. Going up the river just above Fort Pierre they had to stop the boat to give the right-of-way to a huge herd of buffalo crossing the river. It was a pretty sight as there were buffaloes, big and little, red and black.

### Pulled Buffalo Into Boat

They came so close to the boat they passengers could put out their hands and touch them. A group of boys decided it would be fun to catch one and pull it on deck. "Go ahead, shouted the captain, we need some meat. You pull one aboard and I'll help you butcher it." A cheer rose from the boys as they made for a passing buffalo. It was a struggle in which the buffalo nearly won but help came just in time and the poor doomed buffalo was finally on deck and was short work of.

As they traveled on the water kept getting more shallow until at last the boat was not able to go at all. They stopped near an island known as "Tiny Island." They could not leave the freight there. There was only one thing to do and that was to hire some drivers and rent some oxen and wagons. But first the passengers must be paid part of their fare back.

"How many of you men can drive a team of oxen and would be willing to hire out?" No one but John knew how to handle a team. Most of them had just moved out from the East and knew nothing about oxen. There were seventy-five men on the *Katy Carney (the Kate Kearney, built 1865)* and Capt. Joe LaBarge (1815-1899, a famous French Canadian riverboat captain) could find but one man among them that was capable of doing a single farm task. John was given six yoke of oxen and a trail wagon. For his first trip he was given sixty-five dollars per month with his board. *(LaBarge had opened a store in the new mining town of Helena, MT and contracted to deliver large amounts of mining supplies. He desperately needed to deliver his load of freight and was at risk of being sued for \$300,000 if he failed)*

It was quite an experience for John and he accepted readily when the wagon master asked him to make another trip. This time he was given seventy-five dollars. It would take them pretty close to one month to make the round trip. So of course it was getting pretty cold by the time John had made an extra bit of money and also had some experience so he was eager to return to his home.

### Starts on Winter Trip

But the wagon master had other plans. He liked this young sturdy lad. For John was good company and was not afraid of work and so he asked John to go on a third and last trip. "Well, John, how about going on one more trip with me?" "Gosh, I'd sure like to go but I don't think we could make before the snow, do you?" "Oh, don't let a little snow bother you, we will get there; we will double up if we have to get over the Rockies. Tell you what I'll do, John. I'll give you \$125 is you will go along with us and help the cook with his work?"

What could he say to such a liberal proposition? To be sure it would be cold and not so much merry making as on the other trips but the big sum of money meant a lot to him. He would not be able to go home until the spring so he would need a little more money. He at last decided to go. This time it took them more than one month to make the trip for they went as far as Helena and all the snow delayed them. When they came to the Rocky Mountains there was so much snow they were forced to put 25 yoke of oxen on to get over. However, they got through without further trouble and were glad to get to Helena. They stayed there all winter.

*(According to a biography of Captain LaBarge, the boats were forced by shallow water to unload at Fort Galpin, a little above the Milk river. With John's help LaBarge's freight reached the mines in time to prevent a lawsuit and he pocketed a profit of \$50,000 in gold dust for the season)*

When summer (1866) came John's money was nearly all gone and he was eager to get to work again. He had two friends whose acquaintance he had made the past winter so they built themselves a log cabin in the timber and started working by the day *(in the mining camps near Helena)*. They received six

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dollars per day and they were paid in gold dust. The other two men during the winter had run up bills which took all their wages to pay. John stood all the expenses with the promise of being paid when the other bills were settled. Flour cost them 25 cents per pound and bacon and sugar 75 cents per pound. After it was all figured up their board came to approximately \$2.00 a day and they had to do their own cooking. About the middle of the summer John's friends became bored with the monotony of batching and decided to leave for new country and surroundings. So one day without giving any notice they left. Poor, big hearted John! He was out seventy-five dollars and also partners to work with. The rest of the summer was very lonesome for him. Of course there was always the Saturday night dances but they even in time became tiresome. So in October of 1866 John decided to go home.

**Meets Vermillion Friend**

He got passage on the last boat from Benton. As he was riding on the stage coach through Helena he saw Mr. VanMeter, a friend from Vermillion, just as VanMeter saw him. The latter said he didn't have the price of a shoe string but John lent him the money for a passage on the boat. The boat was at last started but it was destined not to go far. About 100 miles from Benton the boat ran on to a sandbar. They stayed one week waiting for the water to rise. It didn't so they cut down trees to damn the river but still it wouldn't move. By this time the passengers were becoming restless. They wanted a guide so they could go back to Benton and get help or some way back. Again, John came to the rescue. He had freighted through there and knew the way well. Fifteen of the passengers agreed to go with him. So getting their passage money from the boat they started for Benton. They had to travel at night for fear of the Indians. Thus their journey was made longer than had they been able to travel by day also. Luck, for once, was with them. They didn't see any Indians. Two of the men had about forty thousand dollars each in gold dust. It was very heavy and the others took turns carrying it. When they finally reached Benton these two men bought everyone champagne all day long. It cost ten dollars a bottle but after two or three rounds of drinks they didn't mind the cost nor did they notice the passing of time.

They found some flat boats for sale but the price had gone up since they left Benton. They had gotten word the boat's disaster and had raised the price from one hundred dollars to three hundred dollars. At last it was decided that three of them would go in together and get one. When the three returned to the steamboat it was still there. Fifteen others agreed to pay a share in the boat if they could get home. The remaining 13 that had gone to Benton got passage on a boat that was to take a longer route. It went by Salt Lake. Teams came from Benton for the remaining passengers.

**Start Out for Home**

John and his small party set out the next morning for home. It took four to row and one to steer. They rowed in shifts of two hours at a time. They were making good time. One day toward the end of their journey they were all anxious to get home. So they decided it would be fun to travel by moonlight. The moon was shining bright and the boys were all having a good time when suddenly the boat ran into a snag. Try as they would they could not move it. Of course they could not push very hard for fear of breaking the boat. The boys decided at last they would have to get out and lift the boat off the snag if possible.

"Do you suppose the water is very deep John?" "Well, if it is we can swim." "But I can't swim and you can't lift the boat with me in it, said VanMeter." It wasn't necessary to lift the boat for when they were all out it drifted free. John took VanMeter on his back as he swam to the shore. They did not dare to build a fire to dry their clothes and cook breakfast for fear of the Indians.

They decided it didn't pay to travel at night so the rest of the way home they traveled by day. They camped and rested until dawn. As they were eating breakfast the half breed in the crowd announced the

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presence of an Indian “lurking toward the East.” he said. “Indians on top of him waiting for us.” “Oh,” laughed one of the boys, “one Indian can’t scare out fifteen good men like us. Don’t worry about it, let him do the worrying.”

“But,” insisted the half breed, “it is a bad sign. More will come to join him; it is best that we pack and leave at once. It is very fortunate we are near two channels of the river. We will take the one on the right.” “There isn’t hardly any water in that one.” argued VanMeter. “Nevertheless we will take that one. We will have the other channel and the trees between us. Perhaps we can outrace them.” At last they were packed and were just in time for over the hills came fifty Indians. The boys got about half way through channel and the water was so low they had to get out and push into higher water. At last they reached the main channel. They looked back and saw the Indians were still coming so they put all they had into the rowing and they finally lost sight of them.

**Meat Supplied by Buffalos**

When they were out of supplies they would shoot buffalo for meat. For their other supplies such as salt, sugar, bacon, and so on, they would stop at the Indian forts.

One day the boys were all pretty tired and couldn’t find any way to amuse themselves. Finally one of them spoke up:

“Say, John, did you see any Indians when you were freighting?”

“Did I? I’ll say I did.” and John told them of the one and only encounter they had had on their three trips of freighting.

“When we were freighting we traveled in two trains, the head one usually having a whole day’s start on the last. The last trip we were met by three thousand Indians. They surrounded the train ahead of the one I was in and demanded coffee, sugar, flour and tobacco. The wagon master refused them. When we got within ten miles of them three Indians came to our wagon master and made the same request. We knew it would be our finish if we did not give it to them and so we promised if they would come with us to our camp ten miles further on they could have the supplies.

“It was on the Milk river bottoms where the train was cornered. When we reached them we drew camp and cooked our supper of meat, soup and coffee. We stayed here all night and in the morning gave the Blackfeet, name of the tribe, what we could spare. In our crowd was one young Indian lad that belonged to this tribe. It was his turn to go round up the oxen. He wasn’t much more than out of sight when one of the other Indians followed him.

“Presently our young lad returned with two arrows in his back. The other Indian had tried to coax him into rejoining the tribe and when he refused he shot him in the back and fled. The chief hearing this was very angry--- White Man had treated Red Face very kindly and had received foul play in return. He would kill the offender of kind pale face. With this threat he set out in pursuit of the Indian. By this time our young lad was getting very weak from loss of blood so we proceeded on to Benton and there left him in the care of a good physician.”

As John concluded his story he looked around and the long and dismal faces of the others made him laugh and exclaim:

**Sees Indians Pick Warriors**



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“That isn’t half bad. Just wait until you see a tribe of Indians choosing warriors. When we were going up the river we stopped at Fort Berthold. The Grosventre or big belly tribe was selecting warriors. We asked the chief if we might be permitted to watch the performance and he consented.

“There was a tent covered with hay. In the center was a large pole with old Indians and young Indians sitting around it. The young boys that were to become warriors were put through a strenuous test. If he accomplished it all he was fit to be one; if not, he was just out of luck.

“They would take a knife and cut into the chest to the large chest sinews. They would fasten them to a pole off of the ground and if they could break through the sinews by kicking and squirming around they would be eligible to the next and last test.

“This time they would cut into the small of the back to the large sinews and tie a large piece of buffalo head on to them. One could hear their screams of pain for miles around but they would drag that head until the sinews would break or they fell unconscious to the ground.”

That story was enough for the boys and they didn’t care to hear any more the rest of the journey. They finally reached home in November of 1866.

In 1867 John’s thoughts turned to romance. He started to go with Lucy Limoges. When they were children they had played together and made their first communion at the same time. She now lived in Dubuque, Iowa. It was pretty far for John to go to see her but they were married and he and Lucy embarked upon the sea of matrimony. They moved to Clay county five miles straight east of Vermillion in Dakota territory and there he has lived ever since.

**Went to Deadwood in 1877**

In 1877 John and his brother went to Deadwood with each a wagon and team. One load was butter, eggs, fowl and honey. The other carried grain. On the way up the weather was real good. By taking these to Deadwood John and his brother got their money. When they started back they sold their teams and wagons. The return trip wasn’t so nice. It snowed every day.

They reached home on Christmas eve. With the money he bought 40 acres of land that joined his homestead. In 1884 John went to the Worlds Fair at New Orleans. He saw many things that in the years to come he would be using, yet here he was looking at them with amazement and deep respect for the men who made these things possible.

In December of 1890 John’s son Albert was playing with some papers around the stovepipe. He thought it was pretty cold so he started a fire. After it was started he became frightened and tried to put it out. Failing to do this he ran upstairs and told the family but it was too late. Buckets (of) water were carried from the well to stop it but all in vain. Seeing they could not check the fire they turned their attention to the household goods, all of which were saved. They had to go and live with their brother Joe until they finished building another house.

This time John made one that would not burn. He built it of brick. John and Lucy had seven boys and three girls. Ella, died when she was eighteen years old. A son, George, died going over the top a the front in the World War, September 12, 1918. Another son, Albert, died with the flu on February 21, 1920.

(Note by editor) The living children at this time are Louis, Charles, Peter and Joe, four sons, and Emma and Mrs. Mary King, two daughters. Mrs. Bruyer died in 1922.

9/29/2013

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