

SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NEWS BULLETIN

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YUBA CITY, CALIFORNIA 95991

JANUARY, 1975



WILLIAM JULIUS KEYS
(1848 - 1930)

in front of his blacksmith
shop at the home place in
Pleasant Grove

IN THIS ISSUE – WILLIAM JULIUS KEYS-
CALIFORNIA FORTY NINER PIONEER
by Amanda Olga Ulstad Keys

SUTTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Vol. XIV No. 1

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Lonnie Wheeler is not really a new member of the staff. He is the genial Sutter County printer who turns out our Bulletin in his very efficient and productive plant. We have depended upon Lonnie to solve many of our technical problems, but are just now getting around to naming him as our official "Lithographer."

- The Staff -

* * * * *

* THE WINTER MEETING *

* The January meeting of the Sutter County *

* Historical Society will be held on Tuesday, *

* January 21, at 7:30 p.m. in the Walton Fire *

* Station, Walton and Franklin Avenues in *

* Yuba City. *

* The speaker will be Dorothy Huggins, who *

* has spent time with several different tribes *

* of Indians in Arizona. "You Don't Go Without *

* an Invitation" will be the title of her *

* informal talk and display. All who are *

* interested may attend. *

* * * * *

The NEWS BULLETIN is published by the Society at Yuba City, California 95991. The annual membership dues include receiving the NEWS BULLETIN. Your remittance should be sent to Mrs. Wanda Rankin, Treasurer, 805 Orange Street, Yuba City. To insure delivery of your NEWS BULLETIN please notify the Treasurer of any change in address.

300

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An index and file of all of the past issues of the NEWS BULLETIN may be found in the Sutter County Library and in the Marysville City-County Library.

SUTTERANA

Marysville Appeal November 17, 1864

In Town. - The old California pioneer, General John A. Sutter, is now spending a few days in the City (S.F.), says the Alta of Tuesday, and witnessed the launching of the Camanche yesterday. He looks as hearty as ever and is likely to outline many a younger man.

NOTE: The Camanche was a popular river boat which came up the Sacramento and Feather during the 1860's.

OUR AUTHOR

AMANDA OLGA ULSTAD KEYS of Sacramento, California, writer of the article in this issue of the NEWS BULLETIN, is the wife of James William Keys, and daughter-in-law of Charles Augustus Keys, both men natives of Pleasant Grove, Sutter County, California. She was born in 1911 in Devils Lake, Ramsey County, North Dakota of Norwegian immigrant parents, Gunder (Gunnar) Lars Ulstad of Hegra, and Sylvia Amelia (Sylvia Amalie) Johnson of Stjordal, -- both villages in Nord Trondelag County, Norway. The author's father was counted as one of the pioneers and homesteaders of the Dakota Territory during the early 1880 influx of the approximately one-half million Norwegian emigrants who settled in Minnesota and the Dakotas; he went on foot from Fishers Landing, Lac qui Parle County, Minnesota to Devils Lake where he later acquired three farms, a city dwelling, a farm implement shop and a restaurant. His first winter was spent in a small dug-out in a hill with buffalo bones for roof rafters with buffalo hides and sod for a roof. They had six children, three boys and three girls, Amanda being the youngest, all speaking Norwegian before learning English. Her father who soon tired of the sub-zero North Dakota weather plus the constant gamble of rain for his crops, sold his land and transported his family to Oroville, Butte County, California in 1927, where he died in 1929.

It was in Sacramento that Amanda met and later married James, who is currently affiliated with SMUD (Sacramento Municipal Utility District) in the accounting department. Amanda has been working for the past 8 years as a clerk in the State Treasurer's Office, State Capitol Building in Sacramento. She has been affiliated as a volunteer librarian in the Sacramento Branch Genealogical Library of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Days Saints for the past 15 years as a librarian and Scandinavian Genealogical Research lecturer. They have one child, Richard Charles Keys, married to the former Diane Lee Simmons of Sacramento.

WILLIAM JULIUS (DICK) KEYS
CALIFORNIA FORTY-NINER PIONEER

by

Amanda Olga Ulstad Keys

William Julius was his name, but he had been nicknamed Dick by his schoolmates and was known throughout the rest of his life by that name -- Dick Keys. So we shall refer to him as "Dick" Keys many times in this publication.

Dick Keys was a strong individual, not only in character, but also had physical strength -- he and his parents were California Forty-Niner Pioneers.

His father, William Nelson Keys, born March 31, 1821 in Illinois, and his mother, Harriet Elizabeth (Beach) Keys, born in Norton, Delaware or Summit County, Ohio on October 23, 1826, were married on June 7, 1846 in or near Quincy, Adams County, Illinois.

THE TREK OUT WEST

In 1849, together with their Beach relatives and friends, the William Nelson Keys family planned to leave immediately for California by wagontrain from Camp Point, Adams County, Illinois, to stake gold claims when the great news of "Gold is discovered in California" had reached their ears. Suddenly their baby boy, William Julius, became ill and the wagontrain's departure was delayed awaiting the baby's recovery. The wagontrain master was impatient and anxious to get going, and it looked for a time that the Keys family would not be included; however, William Julius' parents made the difficult decision

to take the sick baby aboard the wagon and leave with the others. All the while during the first several days of the journey, frightening thoughts went through their minds that they would be burying their first-born child along the trail somewhere. To their surprise and joy, they found their baby taking a turn for the better, and it was not long before he had fully recovered and stood the remaining portion of the journey well. This surely was a fine example of Dick's physical strength and stamina. For his recovery, we, his descendants, are eternally grateful, for we would not be here this day to honor him and the history he made in his lifetime for California.

During the westward trek, Dick's father, William Nelson Keys, who was small in stature, was selected to ride a horse ahead of the wagontrain as a scout; then race back giving an advance warning to the rest of the party upon seeing Indians. His pattern of public relations was to give corn to the Indians he encountered to lessen their hostilities, which proved very beneficial in their crossing of the plains.

Earlier in 1847, Mormon pioneers had made similar journeys by wagontrains and handcarts, and had made peace and friends with many Indian tribes, thereby softening the blow in several instances for the succeeding wagontrains; nevertheless, of the Indians encountered, some would be friendly -- some not so friendly. So along the way to California from Illinois, there were hard times, and happy times -- and times of fear when the wagons were drawn into a circle to protect themselves from the Indians.

Most of the winter of 1849-50 was spent in Salt Lake City which had been established by the Mormons earlier. There the young men in the Beach-Keys party left their families for a few months to join them later in the West, while they impatiently hurried to the California gold fields.

The Beach-Keys party first found themselves in San Francisco, then to Bidwell Bar, Butte County, on the Feather River, about 20 miles above Oroville in the foothills (now covered with water from the recently constructed Oroville Dam), where William Nelson Keys staked a mining claim. A short time later he, and others in the party, heard news of the wagontrain carrying their families had been slaughtered by Indians along the way from Salt Lake City. They immediately dropped everything and set out to find these families -- and find them they did -- they were overjoyed to find them alive and still courageously moving West in their trek across the plains.

EARLY LIFE IN CALIFORNIA

William Nelson Keys was a tailor by trade and owned a tailor shop in Sacramento; also, he had a man working for him as a tailor. The shop, in the winter months, with its hot pot-bellied stove in one area of the room, drew several drifters into the shop from time to time; one by one they gathered around the inviting heat of the stove where the tailor-man did his sewing. That created quite a problem for the tailor-man -- he did not have enough elbowroom for sewing. Whenever one moved in too close to cramp his sewing, the tailor-man would apply his needle for two or three stitches, then throw his

hand out to draw the thread through the garment on which he was sewing, and stick the man who had crowded up too closely. The tailor-man would say, "Oh, do sit still -- you're not in my way," but the man would invariably move over somewhat so he wouldn't be stuck again.

Dick's father also went into the hay business with another man a little later in time, and was offered, at one time, \$50.00 per ton for his hay. He wanted to sell the hay at this price, but his partner wished to hold out for a better price. The result was, however, that it rained, the water flooded the hay and they lost the entire lot.

Right after that misfortune, William Nelson Keys bought a farm northeast of Sacramento near Dry Creek district in Centre Township, close to the village of Antelope. After moving there, in due time he bought a new wagon. One day when he went out in the field to haul some wood, the wagon got so mired down that he had to leave it in the mud all winter. It was spring before they could get it onto solid ground again.

WILLIAM JULIUS "DICK" KEYS TAKES OVER

It was during this time that Dick's father died at the age of 49 years, 2 months, 4 days, leaving a wife with small children. Dick being the oldest -- also eldest of four boys, at the age of 21 took over the responsibility of paying off the mortgage on his father's farm. He chopped wood, as there were many oak trees on their property, and hauled it to Sacramento and sold it. One day he met a neighbor, who was

also hauling wood, and they stopped their team of horses to talk the matter over regarding the wood situation. The neighbor asked Dick, "How much do you get for your wood?" To which Dick answered, "Four dollars for two tier." The neighbor continued his conversation by saying, "You got a lot to learn about selling wood. I get eight dollars for two tier. What you want to do is to run up a bill with somebody and be slow in paying it, then they will give you a better price for the wood in order to get you to clear up your bill with them. It works great!" But Dick Keys was an honest man and believed in doing business the honest way, so he continued to sell his wood for \$4.00.

Later he heard of some levee work being done on the river at Nicolaus (Sutter County), and Dick wanted to go over and stay at their camp and get work there. His mother, always concerned about her children's welfare, frowned on it for fear he would have to stay in unsanitary camp conditions and be submitted to various diseases, bedbugs, etc., and thought she had talked him out of the notion, until a number of his friends -- boys of his own age -- came along by the house and hollered, "Dick, come on!" Dick couldn't resist the temptation, sneaked into the house, grabbed a blanket and joined the crowd outside. Mother, with her inborn intuition, realized the result of a trick and shouted after him, "If you get lousy, don't think you're coming back here!" -- but the boy continued on with the other boys.

After three weeks he got a chance to come home for a visit to see his mother -- and with him he brought, not lice,

but a hatful of money, and gave it to his mother. This pleased her so very much that she did not hesitate to let him go back again.

His working companion there owned a fiddle, and Dick would play the fiddle after supper; the men would gather around him and listen to the music. This was their recreation after a hard, hot day's work, and this is how Dick became proficient on his fiddle.

Dick was one of the smart ones, for he kept working for this firm until he thought the firm was about to go broke, then he quit, got paid for what was coming to him, and took off for home. In another week the company did go broke and the rest of the crew didn't get all their pay. This is how he paid off his deceased father's farm mortgage for his mother.

Subsequently he purchased a farm of his own -- 160 acres near Pleasant Grove, Sutter County, and while living there he continued to farm his mother's farm in Centre Township. Many a day he would walk over to his mother's place from his home -- 10 miles -- sow wheat by hand, then walk the 10 miles back home to Pleasant Grove again that same evening. It made a lot of walking! (Note: In the 1960's that same farmhouse on the now Elverta Road, was still standing after the Driver Family had made it their home for many years. Mrs. Charlie Driver lived in that old farmhouse for several years after her family married and her husband passed away. Shortly after she moved out because of her advanced years, vandals ransacked the house and set fire to it, and it burned to the ground.)

For diversion, Dick Keys would play the fiddle at dances. It was customary for that neighborhood to have a dance on Christmas -- and have a dance every night after Christmas through New Years Eve. The real fun began when they would catch someone trying to steal some sleep -- they all joined in and gave them a "waking-up party"; for instance, Gould had a sack of potatoes sitting on the porch, and if someone would doze off, someone else would grab a potato and "pasted" him alongside his head, woke him up, and in turn he would wake up, grab a potato and slam it against the guilty one's head, and so on -- until they threw the empty sack away. That is how they celebrated Christmas and New Years in the early days in that particular area of California.

It was at this period of time that he met his future wife, Laura Kate (Katie) Foster (born in 1855, Macomb County, Michigan, and came to California by boat via Panama) at the Gould farm, also in Centre Township, while she was living with her aunt (father's sister), Kate Gould. (Her father was Edwin Augustus Foster and her mother was Fidelia "Betsy" Donaldson.) It is known that this family of three (the Edwin Augustus Foster family) landed in San Francisco around the 1850's. Shortly upon arriving in California, Katie's mother died; therefore, Katie had been turned over to an aunt, Lucy Foster Bostich Arnold while she was just a tot, then after she grew a little older, her father gave her permission to live with her other aunt, also her father's sister, Kate Gould.

It was shortly after Dick's father passed away that Dick

and Katie Foster were married on October 25, 1871 at Dry Creek, near Roseville, California, and went to live on the Pleasant Grove farm. To them eight children were born -- four boys and four girls. They are:

	BORN	DIED
1. Oscar Edwin Keys.....	7/25/1872	7/30/1874
2. Berdenia (Berdie) Belle Keys...	6/16/1874	7/31/1965
3. Benjamin (Frank) Franklin Keys.	4/10/1876	1927
4. George Washington Keys.....	6/15/1878	10/4/1974
5. Nellie Foster Keys.....	11/2/1880	1936
6. Harriet Fidelia Keys.....	10/4/1882	9/18/1972
7. Laura Ellen Keys.....	6/12/1885	still living
8. Charles Augustus Keys.....	9/16/1890	still living

After their marriage, Dick continued to farm his Pleasant Grove property by raising wheat; he had a header to cut his wheat, and had three wagons with header beds -- and made a big success of it for awhile. After harvesting was over, he would haul his wheat to Sacramento and get 2¢ per pound. One day one of his neighbors met him coming home with his four horses and two wagons, and asked Dick if he was selling his wheat. Dick replied that he was and was getting 2¢ per pound, to which the neighbor related to him that he was storing his in hopes that he would get 3¢ per pound in the spring, and spend his time leisurely by going to town and having a good time at the saloon.

Dick agreed that 3¢ was a good price if the neighbor's hopes came to pass in the spring, but he would still be getting only 3¢ for only that same quantity of wheat. Although Dick would be getting a lower price, but would have more plantings, thereby getting a larger quantity of wheat for he would raise more wheat the next spring than he did the current year. When spring arrived, the neighbor only got \$1.50 per sack, which was not too good a price, and Dick got much more money all total.

Once again Dick Keys had followed his hunch and came out a winner; and Dick caught up with his bills and was able to pay off his mortgage -- while the sheriff caught up with the neighbor who thought he had outsmarted him.

Dick Keys worked so hard in so many ways -- at one time working on a threshing machine and getting too hot passing out from spending such long hours in the hot sun -- that eventually he had to change his job for his health's sake.

It was at this point that Dick went into partnership with his brother, Frederick Humphrey Keys, in a blacksmith shop in the town of Pleasant Grove in Sutter County, not far from his farm and worked there for several years. He would come home in the late evening tired, and would sit by the fireside, which meant that his children, while small, did not have the opportunity to see much of him during his long working-hours day. (He was very proud of his wife and children, and quite often made a point of telling his wife to "feed the kids good" that he "didn't want to raise half-starved kids" -- so large amounts of bacon was on the breakfast table regularly with the children all begging for the bacon rinds. The family ate well, even if luxuries had to be foregone.)

For several years Dick and Fred Keys spent many a long day at the blacksmith shop, making a point to have either one or the other at the shop at all times to take care of the business, until there came a day that the blacksmith shop business partnership was dissolved. It seems that it was Dick's turn to be on hand at the shop while Fred attended a picnic -- and

as it always seems to happen when one is short of help -- business flourished, and this particular picnic day was no exception. There came a rush of work; one man had a broken stick on his cart and showed up at the Keys Blacksmith shop to have it fixed. As Dick was real busy blacksmithing, and at the same time realizing that this man was a carpenter, Dick asked him if he would be able to fix his own cart, by using the shop's tools. The carpenter gladly accepted the offer and did repair his cart to his great satisfaction. One thing, however, was overlooked by this man -- he forgot to put the tools back where Fred kept them and just let them lay where they had been used. The next morning Fred, upon arriving at the shop, noticed the tools had been laying out all night, questioned Dick on the ethics of responsibility -- this no doubt, ruffled Dick's feather and it came around to discussing the termination of their partnership in the blacksmith shop business. Dick said to Fred, "You set the price, give or take, or I will set the price, give or take." The result was that Fred set the price and took over.

After this period Dick worked at several odd jobs -- fixing windmills (many a windmill was in existence in the Pleasant Grove area at that time) and pumps, bored wells, etc. During this time when he was working away from home on these odd jobs, his friends and neighbors kept bringing to his homeplace, blacksmith work to be done. This forced him to get himself some blacksmith tools again to accommodate them. He soon had so much work to do he hired a man to help him -- so it was that the blacksmith shop of William J. Keys came into being

at his farmhome -- and it can be seen there on the same "Keys Ranch" to this very day (1974), the building of the blacksmith shop kept up and painted (now red, however, instead of the white in days gone by) with the same lettering on the front outside wall "Wm J. Keys, Blacksmith . . . \$1.50"

He let his two older boys help him in the shop, especially his son, George Washington Keys (called Uncle George by us all today, who is 96 years young this year of 1974, and makes his home in Sacramento with his youngest brother Charlie). George being handy with tools around the blacksmith shop, learned to be a wheelwright by trade. Frank, Dick's oldest son, did not care for working with his hands or with tools, as he had had the monkey wrench slip off the nut too many times smashing his fingers, to take to blacksmith work.

Dick lived on his homeplace until 1930 when at the age of eighty-two he passed away, and is buried in the Pleasant Grove Cemetery.

William Julius (Dick) Keys had a religion all his own -- he believed in working, paying his honest debts and helping his neighbors and friends. His wife, Laura Kate Foster Keys preceded him in death also at their home in Pleasant Grove, after raising her family and taking care of three old men most of the time; namely, "Old Man Beach" who was the father of Dick's mother, Harriet; her own father, Edwin Augustus Foster; and the brother of Dick's mother, Harriet Beach, whose name was George Washington Beach. Laura Kate Foster Keys was also buried in the Pleasant Grove Cemetery in 1922.

DEEDS IN SUTTER COUNTY RECORDERS OFFICE

BOOK L, p. 420 --- JULY 20, 1874

Charles Richardson to Wm. J. Keys

160 acres for \$1200.00.

South-east 1/4 of Section 14 Township 11 North, 4 East.

NOTE: This land was granted to Richardson by patent from
U.S. Government April 1, 1874.

BOOK V, p. 345 --- DECEMBER 2, 1890

Wm. J. Keys to Supervisors of Sutter County

a right-of-way for a public road

a strip 20 feet wide off the South side

of the South-east quarter of Section 14, Township 11 - 4.

NOTE: This strip is now part of KEYS ROAD.



GEORGE WASHINGTON KEYS (age 96)

At this time (1974) let us also pay tribute to the only two living sons of William Julius Keys -- George Washington, age 96, and his youngest brother, Charles Augustus, age 84, both residing in Sacramento, California at this time -- by relating some of their past historical and enviable lifestyles.

First, let us scan the brilliant memory of George Washington Keys as it was recently unfolded to me in his own words:

"I was born at my parents' farmhome near the town of Pleasant Grove, in Eagle District, Sutter County, California on June 15, 1878 -- delivered by Mrs. Curry, midwife.

I have lived a simple life, a peaceful and healthful one, as compared to today's fast world. During my young childhood, my toys were few and far between, forcing me many times to play with my sister Nellie's china dolls, by tying strings around their necks and dragging them along the stream of water which the windmill would pump for the irrigation of the trees -- pretending the dolls were swimming and racing.

I was a proud owner of two toys, though, a high-wheeled two-wheeler (had one large wheel and one small wheel), and one toy called a "dingle-cart" -- a two-wheeler with a rod in the middle that made a tinkling noise when I went along with it. These were about the only toys I had until I got old enough to make my own, and this I started doing at the young age of two years.

When I was six years old, I went to Grandma's (Harriet Elizabeth Beach Keys) at Dry Creek on Elverta Road near Center Joint School of today, and Dry Creek Cemetery (this historical house burned to the ground by vandals in the 1960's), to stay with her while Uncle Ben (Benjamin Franklin Keys), Pa's brother, was working on the harvester. I was to help her milk the cows, but the cows weren't used to little boys, so I couldn't continue doing that, but I carried in wood, etc. On Sunday Uncle Ben would come and haul his wheat into the barn. Grandma helped him unload the wagon, and I "gombed" onto a sack to help, and dragged it to the edge of the wagon for Uncle Ben to unload. Grandma looked at me in amazement at the strength I had and said, 'Well now, he can pull them better than I can,' but she didn't want me to take the chance of hurting my back, so I was not allowed to drag any more. While staying there, I didn't have any toys to play with so I got busy and made myself a cart, and when Grandma came out and saw me playing with it she asked me where I got it. I told her I had made it. She became curious over my remark and began questioning me on how I got the wheels so round, upon which I showed her Uncle Ben's keyhole saw and the string I used in making them. She expected to see the tools strewn all over the yard, but to her surprise she found them hanging on the same nails where Uncle Ben had placed them in the first place.

One of my prized toys that I made later was a four-horse team with two wagons with a back-axle tongue and a brake on the front wagon so that when I put on the brake the back of the front wagon would slide. Upon completing the wagons, I

gathered up some empty Bull Durham tobacco sacks and filled them with sand to represent wheat sacks and loaded them onto the wagons and pulled them around the yard, similar to the way the men would haul their sacks of grain. When the novelty of this past-time wore off, I next built a hay wagon and raked dry grass to load and haul. This resulted in creating a miniature haystack for feed for my 'horses,' which I was able to lock up when the neighbor kids came over to play, for I treasured the toys I had made, was very proud of them, and used every effort to protect and preserve them.

After starting school, which meant walking one and one-half miles through pasture fields, my brother Frank and I improvised a way to make it easier on us to go to school by tying wire to two or three old plow shares and dragging them through the tall grass to blaze a trail for us to walk on. Miss Ella Jones, a neighbor's daughter who lived near the schoolhouse (Eagle School) was my first teacher. I remember well her mode of keeping discipline in the one-room schoolhouse by bringing armfuls of switches from apple tree limbs to use on the 'kids' when they became too unruly. I got my share of the switchings all right. Other teachers I had were: Mrs. Stanfield, Mrs. Corliss, and Miss Brown. From Miss Brown I learned decimals and fractions. She was not a switch swinging teacher, but she nevertheless had a mode of keeping good order in the schoolroom. The last teacher I had was Miss Lucy Purington, a schoolmate of mine, who was not too much of a hand to switch the 'kids' either.

On the last day of school Lucy Purington's sister, Annie, threw some water on me for a joke just as the bell rang for us

to come in from recess, and I told her that if she did that again I would kiss her. She 'dunked' me with water again, so the next recess I grabbed onto her to kiss her, but much to my dismay, I learned that to kiss a girl when she didn't feel so inclined was a hard matter to accomplish. I found the teacher appearing on the scene and I lost out on my dream; it didn't take too much coaxing on the teacher's part to get me to stop for I could see that it was going to be a flop.

At the age of about ten I worked for George Kirkpatrick driving derrick horse and loaded hay wagons. I don't remember whether I drew any wages or if Pa did. It lasted only a few days.

I was taken out of school at age twelve to work on the farm. It was at this time that my Pa (William Julius Keys) started up a blacksmith shop on the farm, which enabled me to learn to be a wheelwright by trade, thus dividing my time working in the shop during busy times and out in the harvest other times.

A great adventure for me at the age of sixteen was when I thought I'd take a two-week vacation to Grandpa Foster's place at Sheep Ranch up above San Andreas in Calaveras county by Angels Camp after Ma (Laura Kate Foster Keys) and my youngest brother, Charlie, went up to stay with him because his wife (Fidelia "Betsy" Donaldson Foster) had died many years previously. Grandpa Foster took me over to see a mine 300 feet deep straight down. They had a donkey engine and a high derrick and a drum to wind the cable on, and they had a 50-gallon barrel to raise and lower down to the men to remove the dirt. They let a man down while I was there and I must say the way he went down was

not very slow, but he had a string tied onto the cable and when the barrel got down near the bottom, the engineman slowed the barrel down a great deal. When we got back to the house, Ma said she had received a letter from Pa wanting to know if we weren't about ready to come home, that he had some work for me to do. (Most of my 'vacation' was spent hauling wood and hay at Grandpa's -- so that's the way I spent my vacation in those days.)

Because I had great love for her, at a very young age all by myself in my wagon, I decided to pay Grandma Keys a visit again. When I went out to hitch up, Uncle Charlie (Charles Beach Keys), Pa's brother, and his folks -- his wife, Lizzie, and daughter, Maude, came out to see me off and wave good-bye to me. As I approached Grandma's house, I could see her and the rest sitting on the front porch and staring at me and my horses and wagon. As I grew closer, Grandma recognized me and welcomed me with love as I stopped to hitch my horses to the hitching rack in front of the house, and told me, 'We thought you were an insurance agent or something, coming to pay us a visit.' That was a great day for me as I now look back at it!

My next job as a young boy of seventeen, was bucking wheat sacks for Ephraim P. Johnson, and later I ran header on his harvester. When the Johnson harvester moved to Tucker Sankey's place, I got the job of running header under Johnson's supervision.

The following year, about 1895, I was running the header for Johnson again and went to Lincoln to harvest some grain for Hempfield, who passed the jug around at the supper table the

first night, but I passed it up and didn't indulge, whereby Mrs. Hempfield said that I was her boy because I didn't take it on. Some of the girls from Lincoln came out to ride the harvester the next day. One got up on the driver's seat to help drive the team and three or four sat on the board 'over the doghouse,' as we called it. I was running header so I had lots of company -- they got some chaff down their necks so they didn't come back anymore.

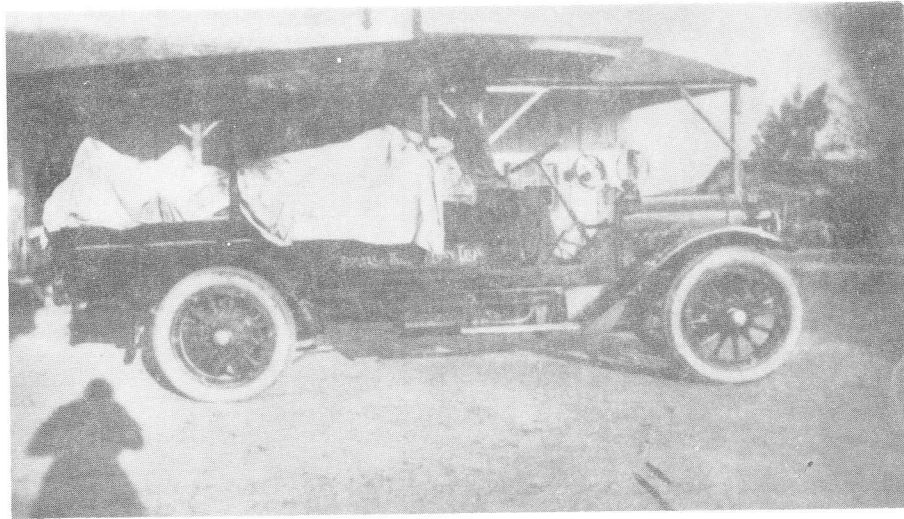
I earned \$175.00 that summer and put \$100.00 in the bank, and had Pa and the blacksmith build me a buckboard wagon. When it was finished, I hitched up the team to it and drove over to Uncle Charlie's to show it off.

Pa bought the Burke place in the year of 1899 which was on Keys Road west of the home place, 220 acres for \$3500.00. We boys helped him pay on it and he borrowed \$800.00 from Grandma, his Ma. When he got ready to pay her back, he sent me over with the money. When I gave it to her, she said, 'Law! Did he trust you with all that money?' And she counted the money two or three times, then counted out the interest and sent it back home with me to give back to Pa. She said, 'Here, he helped me pay off the mortgage on my home, didn't he?' After the place had been paid for he thought one of us boys might buy it; and I thought it wasn't acreage enough for both Frank and me, so after discussing the matter within the family, the result was that I bought the farm. It took me five years to pay it off by working for Pa and working around in the harvesting. Having only two horses to use, I was forced to rent four to make up a 6-horse team until I was able to get some horses of my own. I finally bought me a stallion and

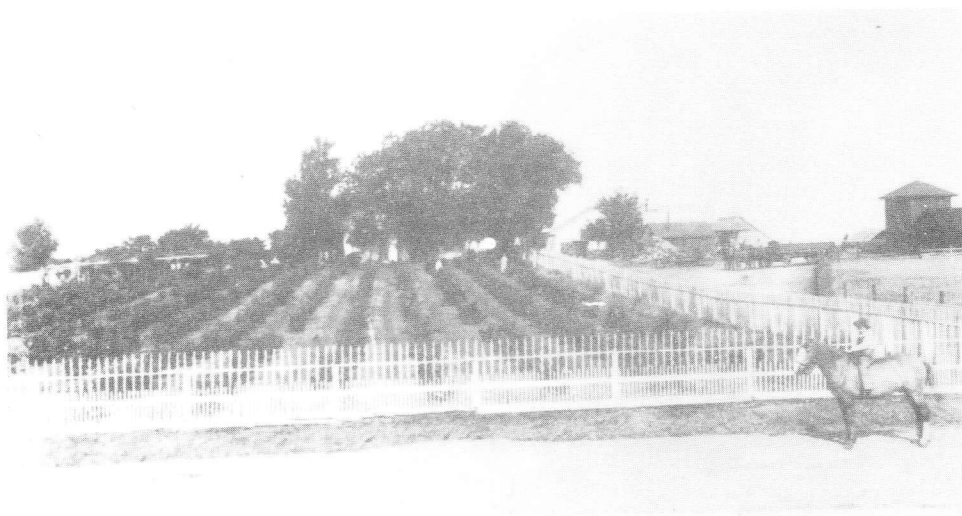
raised some colts and soon had horses of my own. I enjoyed breaking the 3-year old colts for my neighbor, Tucker Sankey, who had previously purchased some from me. For this I charged \$10.00.

After buying the 220 acres, I moved there to live and went over to help Pa with work at his farm, for which he paid me \$20.00 per month. As I owed Pa for the farm, I let my \$20.00 per month salary go as payment on the mortgage. ~~Assist-~~ing me to get the mortgage paid off, I got a job working on the Western Pacific Railroad grade with four horses scraping and plowing at \$6.50 per day plus free board for myself and my team of horses, which lasted three months with earnings of \$700.00, the entire earnings being applied to the mortgage. After awhile I was able to sell a right-of-way for two railroad, Sacramento Northern and the Western Pacific -- and the Great Western Powerline and the Natomas Canal to go through my farm, which enabled me to pay off my mortgage and enough money left over to build my horses to a 6-horse team. My team soon grew to 8 horses.

Later on in my life, in one summer, at the age of 23, I bucked 10,000 sacks of wheat behind a combine harvester, then helped haul it. (Our wheat-hauling gang consisted of three 6-horse teams, one 4-horse team and one 8-horse team, going out on the plains to load the wheat, camping all night at the home place, and hauling it to Sacramento the next morning through rain or shine). One husky 'feller' in Lincoln named Barrows complained about bucking wheat sacks and told me that anyone working this hard bucking sacks of wheat was a d--- fool. I told him, 'That's what it takes to buck sacks. If he



Charles A. Key's butcher truck about 1924, before refrigeration. He was a son of William Julius Key's.



William Julius Key's Pleasant Grove Farm
in the year - 1900

wasn't a d--- fool, he would know better than to tackle a job like this.'

Other people around Pleasant Grove that I worked for, were: Hauling baled hay for Dan Compton, bucking sacks for George Housley at \$5.00 per day (good wages for those days), sewing sacks of wheat for William Decker, hauling sacks for Don Jackson for 90¢ an hour plus room and board for me and my team, fixed pumps on Mrs. Belle Bishop's farm, who was a widow, and also fixed pumps for wealthy Jim Kaysburg's several farms.

At 2:30 p.m. on April 21, 1909 I got married to Annie Burns, who had come across the Atlantic Ocean via New York City from Ireland when she was thirteen years old to make her home with her Aunt Mary Burns in the Pleasant Grove area. Since then my wife has passed away and I've sold the farm and am presently living with my youngest brother, Charlie Keys and his wife, in the Country Club Centre area of Sacramento -- and I have just celebrated my 96th birthday last June, 1974 together with my youngest sister, Laura Ellen Keys Fryer who was 89 years old in the same month. The rest of my immediate family has since passed on."

BUTCHER BUSINESS OF CHARLES AUGUSTUS KEYS

From the lips of Charlie Keys:

"My butcher business came into being in Pleasant Grove, Sutter County, California, when I combined my business operation of hauling chickens and eggs to Sacramento to sell to the grocery stores, together with extending kindnesses to my neighbors by bringing back their groceries to them on my return trip.

Next, it expanded into the killing and selling of my own lambs and the meat to the neighbors which grew into requests by the neighbors of my killing some of their lambs for them; then they talked me into killing their calves for veal. At this time meat inspectors forbade me to haul live chickens at the same time as dressed livestock meat, so I disposed of the chickens and went solely into butchering livestock, using a horse to round up the livestock for my slaughter house. With this bigger workload on my shoulders, I was pleased to be able to turn over the 'bringing-back-groceries-from-town-for-the-neighbors' chore to my older brother, George W. Keys. I saw my butchering business grow from butchering only cattle that I had raised to the purchasing of additional livestock to kill. As all this took place before refrigeration came into existence, butchering was done late in the cool of the afternoon and evening to prevent spoilage and was hauled to town (Sacramento) the following morning by horse and wagon, originally -- later a butcher truck was used.

My only son, James William Keys, at the tender age of eight was taught to work in my butcher business. His job was to don a long, rubberized, adult's apron and cap, together with a knife, steel and scabbard and 'hit the offal wagon' (commonly known as the 'gut wagon'), which wasn't a wagon at all -- it was a sled. Here he had orders to trim and salvage the fat from the offals to be sold to the Sacramento Reduction Works on Second Street in Sacramento. Later he was given the responsibility of skinning of 8 sheep in a day. The price received for the pelt of the sheep was based on how much wool there was on the pelt.

In time, a refrigeration law was passed and I didn't want to go into buying a large costly commercial refrigerator, so I sold all my livestock and took a three-month vacation to the ocean to breathe salt air into my lungs to help overcome an asthmatic attack -- upon doctor's orders. I found myself in Oakland at the old Neptune Beach and swam at Washington Park (today in 1974 this Oakland area is built up with apartment complexes).

After the end of three months, I came back to Pleasant Grove and bought 125 turkeys and went into the turkey business. It wasn't long before I had a business of 1500 turkeys. In this business I killed and de-feathered the turkeys dry at home, then took them in to Sacramento, without refrigeration again; but the butchering always took place during the cold holiday season so refrigeration wasn't too much of a problem and the de-feathered turkeys were sold to grocery stores. The grocery store operators would hang the turkeys up on hooks around the store, and it wasn't until they were sold and the customers took them home to prepare them for cooking that the entrails were removed (drawn). I quit this turkey business after two years.

At this point I chanced to talk to Pete Tudesko* who was a partner in the Tudesko & Dillar Slaughter House in Sacramento and I approached him seeking employment at his slaughter house as a butcher and he told me, 'This is too hard a work for you why don't you bring in livestock to me on a commission and let us do the butchering?' So that is what I did for twenty years furnishing his slaughter house with cattle, sheep, hogs -- all kinds of livestock until World War II came along requiring us

to use meat stamps, thus forcing me to go through three slaughter houses -- to Swanstons in North Sacramento with hogs, to Tudeskos in Sacramento with lambs, and to Bruce Mace in Dixon with cattle. For about three years I did business in this way; then Swanstons sold out to Safeway Stores and I continued doing business with Safeway until approximately the year 1942 when I did fold up my butcher business entirely."

*The origin of Pete Tudesko's butcher business ran parallel to mine. He, too, started on a shoestring, riding a bike around (instead of a horse like I did) to buy up the cattle and driving a horse and wagon, as I did, to pick up the purchased cattle a little later.

RECOGNITION AND SINCERE APPRECIATION IS GIVEN TO THE FOLLOWING:

George W. Keys, Charles A. and Grace Keys, Laura Keys Fryer, Harriet Keys Sandoval, Berdenia Keys Pope, James W. Keys, Mariano and Lucile Keys Rivera -- all of Sacramento, California for first-hand information.

Richard and Diane Keys of Sacramento, California for proof-reading assistance.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dawson of Yuba City for advice and information.

Mr. Earl Ramey of Yuba City for research information from newspapers.

Leola Hacken of Sacramento, for the art work. All others who assisted in one way or another.

It has been my sincere desire to retain the pioneer spirit of honesty, integrity and fair dealings as these golden qualities of the Keys name were handed down from generation to generation to the present day, and I trust that I have not detracted in any way from this treasured heritage upon my writing and compiling of this manuscript.

- Amanda Olga Ulstad Keys -
(Mrs. James W. Keys)
Sacramento, California

MEMORIAL MUSEUM REPORT

as of November 15, 1974

The Community Memorial Museum is rising! Have you seen it yet, either from Butte House Road or from Onstott Highway? All the underground work is accomplished, the foundation and the flooring in, and, at this date the wall studs in place awaiting the glue lams arrival from Oregon, ---- BUT ----

HELP

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE NEEDED

Gifts are vitally needed now to pay off the \$22,500 note due January 2, 1975 (and a like one in five years)! These two notes were given August 27, by way of underwriting the loan necessitated by the 25 per cent rise in estimated cost from the time of making the original gifts, as explained in the October BULLETIN.

This community can well afford to back so worthy a project as this which will be such an asset. Once completed the County will take over maintenance of both the Museum and the Park. But now it is the responsibility of the citizenry at large, and, most specifically, the Historical Society to meet this challenge of subscription. Will you help -- those of you who have promised gifts but haven't gotten them in yet? Here is an envelope for your use. (Others may be obtained from the presently located Museum in Carriage Square) Will you enlist the interest of others in joining those who, in years to come may see their name permanently recorded along with your as donors, taking pride in knowing the part you played in making this building

a reality? This project FOR THE PEOPLE should, most right-fully, be one attained BY ALL interested in preserving our heritage.

Have you heard how five children raised \$23.25 by their efforts in selling tickets to their "Haunted House" recently, giving it for the purpose of buying the 1st picnic table for the Park (when completed)? May our enthusiasm be no less than the childrens' for this entire project!

* * * * *

CONTINUING LIST OF DONORS TO THE MUSEUM PROJECT FROM OCTOBER:

Genevieve R. Wold in memory of John Lawrence Snyder

Charlie and Betty Northrop

Coburn and Dora Haskell

Grace Harter Reid and
Mildred Harter Waldvogel in memory of Glen George Harter

Frank L. Herrick, DDS

Helen S. Gregg in memory of Kenyon T. Gregg

Bob and Gayle Barkhouse

Tom and Nora Barkhouse

Lawrence and Muriel Purcell in memory of the Thomas Purcell
Katherine Purcell Family

Ray and Marian Richardson

Sutter-Yuba Genealogical Society

Howard and Norma Harter in memory of Elizabeth Van
Arsdale Wilson

Rick Braun

Howard and Norma Harter in memory of Bessie Loraine Nelson

Brock Smith (of Brock's Ice Cream)

Bev and Bette Epperson in memory of Mabel Phillips

Kappa Chapter, Alpha Sigma in memory of Elizabeth Van
Arsdale Wilson

CONTINUED LIST OF DONORS TO THE MEMORIAL PARK (from October)

Mrs. Virgil Walton	in memory of Keith Kenyon
Mr. and Mrs. Starr Poole	in memory of Walter Barrett
Mr. and Mrs. Earl Kay	in memory of Commodore Reische
Bill and Wanda Rankin	in memory of Robert L. Sullivan
Forest Hawley a visitor to the Museum from Klamath Falls, Oregon	
Lt. Col. and Mrs. W.G. Walton	in honor of Bertha P. Walton and in memory of Mark R. Walton, Hiram Walton, Robert M. Walton
Verna M. Sexton for	Elizabeth Krehe, Samuel & Gladys Betty, Walter Barrett and Mabel Phillips
John and Irminna Palmer	in memory of Elizabeth Van Arsdale Wilson
Lola Case	in memory of George W. Tarke and Chauncey J. Harter
Jon Renfrow Jenny Renfrow Rick Breitenstein Paul Malquist Doug Malquist	5 children who earned the money to buy the first picnic table for the Memorial Park by selling tickets to their "Haunted House" October 26, 1974

GLEANINGS

Collected by Winifred Greene

Marysville Appeal, September 4, 1915

Two Loaves For Price of One

This is bargain day for bread at the W. T. Ellis Company. During the day 500 ten-cent loaves of the staff of life will be sold for 5 cents a loaf. The bread to be sold is the famous Big Twin bread. The regular price of the bread after today will be 8 cents a loaf or two for 15 cents. The big bread sale will commence at 10 o'clock this morning.

16 Pounds Cane Sugar \$1.00

Try one pound of Union Cash Coffee for 30 cents and get 16 pounds of cane sugar for \$1.00. We close Monday, September 6 Labor Day.

Union Cash Grocery (not a member of the Grocers Assn.)

Marysville Appeal, September 4, 1915

Attention

Auto Owners

Gasoline

12½ c

Per Gallon

Metz & Berg

408 Second Street

TOWNSHIP 11 NORTH, 4 EAST — SUTTER COUNTY

