

ARTIFACTS



82nd birthday of Theodore W. Brazeau. From left: (shown from back, unidentified), William Brazeau, T.W. Brazeau, Anne Brazeau, Nicholas Brazeau, Aunt Adelaide Brazeau Canning, Richard Brazeau, March 12, 1955. Note golfer figure on cake.

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*First Generation
in America*



SWCHC librarian Kathy Engel at Notre-Dame Basilica, Montreal, where Etienne Brazeau was baptized in 1832 (2011)

Nikolas Brazeau, identified as family progenitor, came from France to Canada in the 1600s, about the time the Witters of local fame emigrated from England to Massachusetts.



Artifacts editor Uncle Dave has found the name Brazeau in Quebec city and Montreal. At left is Brazeau documentation in a Quebec City museum, 1999.

First Generation in River City

Margaret Brady

Born about 1839 in New York City to an Irish sometimes temperance orator and Scottish mother. Her 1882 obituary said she raised a family of ten out of 15 born.



Etienne Brazeau
"Stephen"

His parents died when he was an infant. Etienne lived with an aunt until age 17, when he moved to Buffalo, N.Y., to learn wig making. At 19, he relocated to Chicago and married Margaret in 1856.

Margaret Brady Brazeau and Stephen Brazeau arrived in Centralia/Grand Rapids in 1867. Their seven sons and three daughters eventually split between the states of Wisconsin and Washington. Those who stayed played a prominent role in the history of Wood County.



Brazeau house at corner of present Baker Street and 10th Street, since removed.

From Margaret's 1882 obit:

Her husband, at the time of her death, was very sick with erysipelas and had to be carried to her bedside, so that he might give her his parting good bye. This was indeed a sad scene, a sick father and ten children gathered around her bedside watching for the last pulsation of the heart, which would indicate the departure of her soul to its Creator.

Nine children actually present, Margaret Zenier was in Washington state

Brazeau Notables

Issue #68 features family photographs of one of our most representative families. Consider these distinguished Brazeaus:

- Etienne and Margaret, early French-Canadian/Scotch-Irish immigrants whose seven boys and three girls were accomplished and generous
- Francis and William, sons of Etienne and Margaret, merchants of Nekoosa and Port Edwards. Francis, postmaster of Port Edwards. Will, office manager, John Edwards Mfg. Co.
- James "Ed," Nekoosa civic leader, Chamber of Commerce, school board, Nekoosa State Bank, Masons, IOOF, BPOE WOW
- Theodore W., renowned lawyer, politician, historian, SWCHC founder, previously chronicled in *River City Memoirs*
- Marion Brazeau Fey, daughter of Theodore's brother, George B., UWSP philanthropist
- Richard S., younger son of T.W. and Harriet, lawyer and leader of projects including the Hopa Tree Festival and building of McMillan Memorial Library
- Virginia Wheary Brazeau, wife of Richard, whose benefaction began South Wood County Community Foundation, later Encourage
- Bernard C., elder son of T.W. and Harriet, cranberry marsh developer who bought First National Bank from William J. Taylor and the Witter family in 1938
- Cathryn Chesley Brazeau (wife of Bernard) president of SWCHC, instrumental in installing original Third Street museum
- Nicholas J. Sr., son of Bernard and "Cay," lawyer, SWCHC board member, financial conscience, docent, classmate and confidant of *Artifacts* editor Uncle Dave
- Mary Brazeau Brown (daughter of Richard and Virginia) owner of Glacial Lake Cranberries and Honestly Cranberries
- Philip M. Brown (husband of Mary Brazeau Brown) SWCHC president emeritus, board member, contributor to *Artifacts* and co-conspirator of UD
- Chesley David Brazeau, great grandson of T.W., son of David, title abstracter and founder of the *Wassail* fête
- Nicholas J. Brazeau, Jr., great grandson of T.W., grandson of Bernard, son of Nicholas Sr., Wood County Circuit Judge

Standing: Will, James Edward (Ed), Thede. Center: Frank, George. Front: Irving, Stephen



Center rear: the father, Etienne Stephen flanked by Frank, left, and George; front, left to right: William, Irving, James Ed, Stephen and Theodore



Brazeau Brothers

through the years

Rear, from left: Theodore, Irving, Stephen Jr., James E. (Ed)
Front: Frank, William, George



Born to Margaret and Stephen

• Etienne “Stephen” Brazeau

(b. 1832 Montreal-d. 1902, Wis. Rapids, Wis.)

Moved from Canada to Buffalo, N.Y., in 1849 at age 17 to learn wig making, became a barber and, at 19, moved to Chicago, where he married Margaret Brady in 1853. With four children, they left in 1867 for Centralia and Grand Rapids, Wis., where Stephen operated a barber shop until 1892.

On July 22, 1856, in Chicago, he married:

• Margaret Brady

(1839-1882)

They had 7 boys and 4 girls:

1. Francis “Frank” Stephen Brazeau

(1857, Chicago-1933, Port Edwards)

In 1867, at age 11, came with family to Grand Rapids/Centralia. Following school, worked for ten years in sawmills and then clerked for J.W. Freeman, left for a few years and returned to work in Arpin for the John Arpin Lumber Co., then partnered for three years with brothers James and William in a Nekoosa store, trading his Nekoosa interests to brothers and conducting a store at Port Edwards until 1903, when he became the postmaster of the village.

1894, married Anna Doherty (1867-1940)

Children:

Dorothy married George E. Gallery.

2. Helen “Nellie” Amelia Brazeau Quin

(1859, Chicago-1931, Wis. Rapids)



According to “Who’s Who” in the Wisconsin Rapids *Tribune*, came with family from Chicago, persuaded by Chicago residents Frank Pomainville and Joseph Homier. First lived at the Clinton House. Father, Etienne/Stephen, set up a barbershop on the second floor of the Pomainville Building. Helen, noted for her love of dancing at Worthington Hall, worked as a dressmaker until she married Charles Quin(n), manager of the Wood County Drug Store.

Children:

Elizabeth Belle Quin married Fred M. Wolverton

Florence Lillian (Floy) Quin married George L Peltier, cranberry historian.

See *Artifacts* #52 Chittenden story for Helen Brazeau, Charles Quin, Peltier and more.

3. Margaret Isabelle Brazeau Zenier

(1860, Chicago-1936, Washington state)

Married George Emanuel Zenier
(1856-1923)

Children:

Julian Emanuel Zenier

married Lola Eveline Stewart

Theodore William Zenier



4. George Brinton Brazeau

(1865, Chicago-1942, Idaho)

Married Carrie Anna Perry, 1895
(1870-1903 d. of appendicitis)

Later married Mary A. Jape

Children with Carrie:

Marion Brazeau (1902-1993)

married Emanuel “Manny” Fey

Green for those
who moved to
states of
Washington and
Idaho

After her mother’s death, Marion was raised by her aunt and uncle, Mary Perry Voss and Herman Voss, of Nekoosa. She studied at Stevens Point Normal School and the University of Southern California and returned to teach at the Nekoosa elementary school. An important benefactor and Wisconsin Rapids Citizen of the year, 1985.

Mrs John Canning, Cassie

5. Adelaide Brazeau Canning

(1868, Grand Rapids -1963 Wis. Rapids)

Married John James Canning, 1888
(1865-1933)

Children:

Cassie M. Canning married Ed. M. Bragg

Philip Walter Canning married Agnes Whytock

Seth William Canning married Ruth Lindeman

Billmeyer

Charlotte Canning married Charles Cowee



Born to Margaret and Stephen continued from p. 5

A 1906 letter from Chas. A Laufer, Asotin, Wash., to the *Wood County Reporter*, mentioned Rapids emigres Dr. Stephen Brazeau, Mrs. Julian Biron, Wm. Farrish, George Zenier, Robt. Richards, the Benedicts, Louie Closuit, Irvin Brazeau (druggist), to be followed by more.

6. James Edward “Ed” Brazeau

(1870, Wisconsin-1951, Wisconsin)

Married Katherine Emeline Young

Children:

Guy Stanton Brazeau married Lillie Mae Burster

Bernice “Bunny” Brazeau may have married Jacob

Henry Van Aernam, photographer for *Look* magazine

Married Anna Marie Roth, 1919

7. William Alexis Brazeau

(1872, Wisconsin-1944, Seattle)

Married Mary Elizabeth Edwards, 1896

(1874-1915)

Children:

Wendell Phillip Brazeau married Elizabeth Wallon

William married Amy Helen Smiley Walker, 1917

8. Theodore Walter Brazeau

(1873, Grand Rapids-1965, Wis. Rapids)

Married Harriet “Hattie” Luella Pickett, 1894

(1881-1961)

Children:

Bernard Cushing Brazeau (1906-1968)

Richard Stephen Cushing Brazeau (1914-1968)

9. Stephen Dolphard Brazeau. M.D.

(1875, Grand Rapids-1942, Spokane)

Married Anna Charlotte Baumeister

Williams, 1906

Children:

Elizabeth Marie (Betty) Brazeau (1910-1990)

married Hobart Reip

10. Irving Newton Brazeau

(1877, Wisconsin,-1918, Spokane)

Married Stella May Bennett, 1911

Children:

Henry Brazeau (1918-1918)

11. Harriet Esther Brazeau

(1880-1881, Grand Rapids)



Cranberry picking at Bears Marsh: Theodore, second from right. Later Thede engineered the acquisition of the Arpin marsh by the Brazeau family, now Glacial Lake Cranberry Co.

Left: Thede and Harriet On the Avenue...Grand Avenue? Mead Witter Building?

Wood County Reporter, Dec. 21, 1893

Of Interest

Scions



Grand Rapids students, UW-Madison 1894-5. Top: Frank Compton, Wm. J. Conway. Middle: Glenn Williams, D.P. Conway, Isaac P. Witter. Bottom: Oscar Winger, Theodore Brazeau, Roy Farrish, Guy Nash.



At Assumption high school, future president Richard Nixon, Congressman Melvin R. Laird, Mrs. Barbara Laird, Richard S. Brazeau

Brazeau photos are from Phil Brown, Nicholas J. Brazeau, Sr., George Peltier and South Wood County Historical Archives, compiled by Alison Bruener

Brazeau Family.

For the benefit of those who formerly resided here but now reside elsewhere, we will from week to week give the place and occupation of every member of some one family: Mr. Stephen Brazeau, who has been at the barbers chair for the past 25 years has retired and lives with his son Edward at the old home. Mrs. Nellie Quinn, resides in Merrill and her husband is the local American Express agent there. Frank Brazeau has charge of the Arpin Lumber Co's store at Arpin and unmarried. Mrs. Maggie Zenier resides in this city and is happy with her little family of husband and two children. Geo. Brazeau is successfully conducting a fruit and confectionery store in the Gardner block in this city. Mrs. Addie Canning lives in Emmons ville, 15 miles from Wausau and has a family of two children. Edward Brazeau succeeded his father in the barber shop and is doing a nice business. Theodore Brazeau is attending the University at Madison. Will Brazeau is book-keeper and collector in the Wood County National Bank. Stephen Brazeau is teaching school at New Rome and Irving is attending the Howe High school.



Brazeau Mercantile Co., Market Street, Nekoosa: Martin Brandt (butcher), Charles Brooks (former owner), James "Ed" Brazeau (owner), Kitty Brazeau (Ed's wife), unidentified. Front: Clarence Jackson, John Krehnke, others unidentified.

See *River City Memoirs II* for the fundamental Theodore Brazeau story.

2nd Generation

Theodore W. Brazeau

Eighth-born of Margaret and Etienne, T.W. became the Wisconsin Rapids attorney who helped found the South Wood County Historical Corp. and probably was responsible for designating it a "Corporation."

"Thede" began his law practice with B.R. Goggins, and later partnered with his son, Richard. As a member of the Wisconsin State Senate, he introduced legislation in 1909 that led in 1916 to the nation's first Workmen's Compensation law. He was a member of the Wisconsin Rapids school board for 16 years, a County Board member, district attorney, and, in 1961, the Wisconsin Rapids Area Chamber of Commerce Citizen of the Year.

His obituary, probably written by himself, noted Thede almost entered the barber business with his father, but with encouragement from industrialist banker J.D. Witter, attended law school. As a result, he was adviser and lawyer to Consolidated Water Power & Paper Co. and its president George W. Mead, J.D. Witter's son-in-law.



Son Richard, grandson Nicholas, and great grandson Nicholas Jr., followed Theodore W. Brazeau in the practice of law, notably from the Mead-Witter building on West Grand Avenue, Wisconsin Rapids. A relatively youthful "Thede," is shown above in his MacKinnon building office, also on the West Side.

Harriet Pickett Brazeau, Marshfield's First Librarian



Harriet Luella Pickett, to be Theodore's wife, graduated from Marshfield, Wis., high school in 1899. She later said, "My father was a carpenter and builder, the reason for moving from Columbus [Wis.] to Marshfield, which had recently burned to the ground."

In 1898, Harriet was employed in Mattie Jackson Tiffault's Book Store and jewelry shop when the collection of books to be known as the Marshfield Public Library was installed there. In a later interview, she said, "The last thing Marshfield needed at that time was a china and art shop, but Mrs. Tiffault [a relative of Andrew Jackson] was so inclined and opened one." Tiffault was also one of the first public school principals in Marshfield.

Our own Mary McMillan Burt, as in "McMillan Memorial Library," came to Marshfield to be an 8th-grade teacher the year the book store opened, later reminiscing with Harriet Pickett Brazeau in Rapids' Third Street neighborhood where both were living for the summer of 1960.

Mrs. Burt said her school had borrowed its first books from the free library at Mrs. Tiffault's shop and that "Miss Pickett as librarian helped us find what she thought might interest a freshman in high school."

Published in *Best Detective*



James Chapman lost an arm in the T.N.T. explosion that killed his wife.



James Tarr, injured in the blast, carried the explosive into the house.



Theodore W. Brazeau, prosecutor, who won a conviction for the state.

T.W. Brazeau's most famous role was prosecutor in the 1923 "Magnuson" murder and 1925 trial, documented by 1956's *Best Detective* and several *River City Memoirs*.



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Above: T.W. Brazeau at John Chapman house in the town of Auburndale.



Since the infernal package was picked up and delivered by a rural postman, the reign of terrorism in Marshfield became the business of the federal government.

Chapman was the victim of a 1923 murder by mail bomb, solved and prosecuted with circumstantial evidence.

...among
...empty
...trapspring explained why the
blaze had spread so rapidly to the heaped silage in the
feed hopper.
But what motive could there be for so diabolical a plot?
Baner, with no insurance on his barn, could hardly be
suspected of conspiring to impoverish himself by such a
catastrophe. Further, Johan Baner was a civic minded
citizen who had no enemies until he lent his efforts to
furthering the drainage project in the Marshfield district.
Was it this activity which had turned against him the
hand of some recalcitrant neighbor? It was the only plausi-
ble theory, and yet it was difficult to imagine any of the
stolid, reputable farmers of the community in the role of
a fiendish arsonist.
In any event, even if the fire had been intended as an

3rd Generation

Married 1931

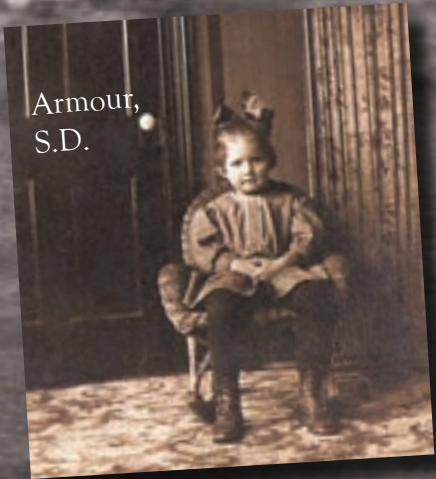
Cathryn Chesley

From Armour, S.D., UW-Madison graduate, Pi Beta Phi sorority sister, history teacher



Bernard C. Brazeau

Eldest son of T.W. and Harriet, UW-Madison grad, Cranberry marsh manager



Armour, S.D.

B.C. and Cathryn's first-born son, "Ted," shown here, has contributed memoirs of the Cranmoor marsh to *Artifacts #55*.

Cathryn and Theodore II, Cranmoor, 1937

Bernard Cushing Brazeau, 1906-1968

Richard Stephen Cushing Brazeau, 1914-1968

Cordon Connor, left, B.C. Brazeau, right, 3 unidentified, 1927

Ted Brazeau, Uncle Dick Brazeau, 1938



B.C. & Cay with Ted, David, c. 1940



B.C., R.S. and T.W.
1230 3rd, 1949

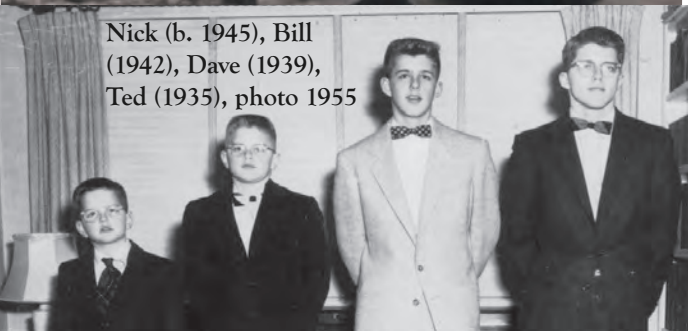


Cathryn

Bernard



Nick (b. 1945), Bill (1942), Dave (1939), Ted (1935), photo 1955



3rd Generation

Virginia Wheary

Richard Brazeau

UW-Madison



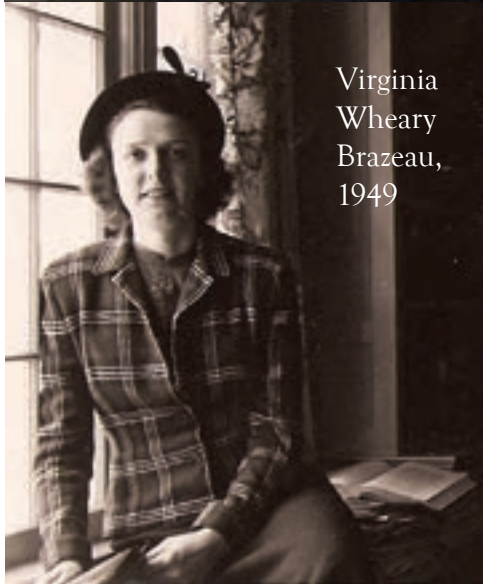
1939

1935 Prom King and Queen
Are To Marry Nov. 4



MISS VIRGINIA WHEARY and RICHARD BRAZEAU

Shown here as they appeared after the pre-prom dance in 1935, when she was presented as his queen for the university's largest social event of the first semester, are Miss Virginia Wheary, Racine, and Richard Brazeau, Wisconsin Rapids, whose approaching marriage was recently announced by her parents.



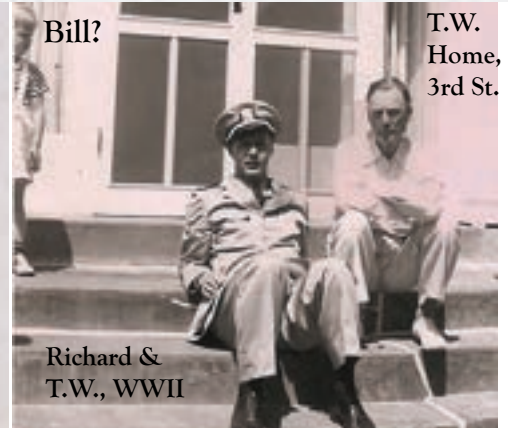
Virginia
Wheary
Brazeau,
1949



AUGUST 1931

RICHARD BRAZEAU

Richard (Dick) Brazeau is the son of T. W. Brazeau of Brazeau, Goggins and Graves, Consolidated attorneys. Dick is an ardent golfer and plays a good game.



Bill?

T.W.
Home,
3rd St.

Richard &
T.W., WWII



12 Virginia and Richard's daughter, Anne,
and Grandma Harriet

Anne and Grandpa Thede



Virginia, Anne, Richard, Mary, 1955

Virginia Brazeau



—Courtesy of Milwaukee Sentinel
BRIDE—Mrs. Richard Brazeau, who before her marriage Saturday evening to the son of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Brazeau of this city was Miss Mary Virginia Wheary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Wheary sr. of Racine, is shown above in her parents' home. The huge colonnaded mirror in which her profile is reflected was the background for the wedding ceremony.

Richard Stephen Cushing Brazeau

Nov. 4, 1939, married

Mary Virginia Wheary

of Racine, Wis.

Following her husband's 1968 death, Virginia assumed management of the family cranberry marsh in Cranmoor (now Glacial Lake Cranberries).

She also served on the UW-Madison Alumni Foundation, Riverview Hospital Foundation and the Richard S. Brazeau family foundation, later establishing the South Wood County Community Foundation (Incourage). Named Citizen of the Year, 1996.

Children:

Anne Harriet Brazeau Hausler, b. 1950. Married Gary Hausler, daughter Catherine.

Mary Catherine Brazeau, b. 1952, married Philip MacNeil Brown, b. 1955. Their children are Stephen Gilbert Brown, b. 1983, who married Shelley Anne Balcer; and Mary Allison Brown, b. 1990, who married Alex Joseph Hewett, a lawyer and artist. Their child is Mary Elizabeth Hewett, b. 2022.



Bill (pulling wagon), Ted, Dave and Cay Brazeau with an unidentified woman on Mead Street side of the Brazeau's 6210 3rd St. S. house, 1945



Spike, Mary, Anne, Nick, 4th St. S., 1952



Ted & Dave at 621 Third Street, 1944

Brazeau: 3rd, 4th and 5th Generations

Rear: Stephen Brown, Philip Brown, Gary Hausler. Middle: Mary Brazeau Brown, Anne Brazeau Hausler, Virginia Wheary Brazeau, Catherine Hausler, Allison Brown, 1996



Celebration

Nick's Town

July 4, 1956

Slide scanned by C.H. Bruse



Directed by Sherri Baldwin, the Twirlettes included Susan Hanneman, Lyn Sue Baldwin, Diane Reber, Dorothy Galloway, Ramona Marti, Cindy Garnett, Carol Genis, Barbara Bodette, Patsy Whitney, Susan Latourell, Linda Ferrell, Gloria Genis, Janis Gasch, Lois Howard, Patsy Berrend, Jonette and Jackilu Schnorbusch, Nancy and Nels Rank, Barbara Wittenberg, Mary Mader, Toni Golla, Barbara Nobles, Susan Christensen, Barbara Reinicke, Marilyn Weller, Judy Korn, Pauline Landon, Nancy Walker, Teresa Rae Todd, Jane Ponczoch, Patty Ferrell, Shirley Hubbard, Doreen Noel, Nancy Marzofka, Krista Jensen, Sherry Habeck

By Uncle Dave

How did a Sand Hill millworker's son and a Third Street banker's boy bond for life?

Bowling.

On Saturday afternoons in and around 1959, the millworker's son (me, Little Uncle Dave) trekked east on Two Mile Avenue to Bowlmor lanes on 8th Street to meet new classmates.

Fellow Lincoln High School freshman Nick Brazeau had set it up.

Arriving were banker's son Nick and lawyer's son Leon Schmidt of the "Quality Row" neighborhood on and near north Third Street South, joined by Kurt Halverson, from the new ranches near Children's Choice school.

Kurt too was a banker's son, though his hepcat dad, Don, tickled some mean ivories with the "Castillians" swing band.

Nick and Leon were former Howe School dandies, same as most of Third Street, whereas Little Uncle's Grove School crowd inhabited the wrong side of the tracks in that fabled shantytown called Sand Hill. Some of his more ambitious friends accumulated bike size fortunes shoveling snow and mowing lawns at the "mansions" along the river.

Egalitarian in spirit, Nick welcomed Little Uncle into the Brazeau basement where better-funded and fiscally adventurous 14-year-olds gambled for 10-spots and more, liquor bottles stood openly in cabinets and cigarette cases brazenly occupied the tops of coffee tables, set out by his mother. This was not the scene at Little Uncle's Methodist home.

Couple decades later, in 1980, Third Street again opened its doors, when this writer, as an incipient adult and newly avuncular Uncle Dave, began dropping by curator Ellen Sabetta's Museum office, looking for the true gen.

About that time, Nick's mother happened to be SWCHC president, a position traditionally occupied by Lee Pomainville or J. Marshall Buehler. And why wouldn't Cay Brazeau be president of the "hysterical?" Her father-in-law had founded the thing.

Not much later, I answered a desperate plea in a time of crisis and ascended to the SWCHC presidency myself. Familiar with his grandfather Theodore's legacy, I asked Nick to join the board, a strategy not necessarily to my advantage. Nick, notoriously conservative as finance committee chairman, gruffly

defended the society's finances against extravagances. Apparently, you don't "dip into the principle." Nevertheless, Nick, a stalwart supporter of *Artifacts*, displayed copies in his Grand Avenue office, proud to see them disappear with clients. "They love 'm," he said.

Over the latest of the 64 years of our acquaintance, Nick and I shared snifters of Port in my office and mini-reunions at Waupaca with classmates Jennifer Johnson Lemke, Nick's Third Street quasi-cousin Betsy Brauer and former kegger Leon Schmidt, current SWCHC president.

Well into his seventies, Nick has retired from the practice of law and from the board of SWCHC and resides a couple blocks down Third Street in the old Jere Witter house on the Mead Street corner, now a condominium, and takes pleasure in motoring around the city he has expressed so much affection for.

He has repeated the sentiment frequently, paraphrased here: "I see you as a bald-headed graybeard in your office surrounded by old books, peering out at the river and thinking up stories about history."

Me, the Sand Hill millworker's son, enthroned in an upper room on the banker's street, Quality Row?

Preposterous.



2008 in UD's office, Third Street

Nick's Town



Greeting little brother: Ted, Dave, Bill Brazeau, 1946

Tribune 9-8-45

BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT
A son was born to Mr. and Mrs.
Bernard Brazeau, 1125 Third street
south, at Riverview hospital Friday.

Nicholas J. Brazeau, Sr.

Interview with Dave Engel for SWCHC
27 May 1998

My mother says that when I came out, Doc Backus slapped me and said, "God damn it, Cay, it's another boy."

Backus was a well-known doctor here. He lived where the Imperial House is now. After the Rogers, after Backuses, it was the American Legion.

My mother was Cathryn Chesley from Armour, South Dakota, a county seat of about 800 people. She had five brothers and sisters. Her father arrived in South Dakota as a teenager with a quarter in his pocket. As the story goes, he put that in the church collection when it came around.

Her dad owned farms and ran a grain elevator. He built up a pretty good estate and was able to send them all to colleges. Four of them went to the University of Wisconsin, two to medical school. My parents met at the University of Wisconsin and were married in 1931. I was born in 1945, the year they moved into this house.

My brother Ted is ten years older, Dave, six years older. We're good friends, Bill is three years older. They would pick on me more than be my buddy. But I did learn from them.

New Howe

Mayor Knudsen was against building the new Howe School. My parents and many others were for it, Grandpa [T.W.] especially.

It was ultimately built, I think, in 1950, because I was in the first kindergarten there. It was mid-semester before it was ready for use, so all grades walked single file down 8th Street and around and into the building and filed into their respective grade school rooms.

The old Howe school was right where the gymnasium is now. They must have then torn the old Howe down and built the gymnasium.

Theaters

During the fifties, there was polio season. I thought there was a period of time when you were more apt to get it. When I went to a movie, I remember making it a point to go alone and sit far away from people and hold my breath during the picture.

The triple feature at the Palace theater: Johnny Mack Brown, Tex Ritter, Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, all in one afternoon. Man, there wasn't anything better than that. On a Saturday afternoon. Kurt Halverson and I went to a lot of them.

In the fifties, there were three theaters, which for this little town was quite amazing. Palace, Wisconsin, and Rapids. Palace, always crowded, just packed, for these matinees. Kurt and I would sit on those staircases at the exits to watch the movie.

The Palace had the B movies, Westerns or black-and-white, cheaply made, and monster movies, *Them*, about the giant ants and *The Creature from the Black Lagoon*.



The other two theaters competed for the mainline movies. The Rapids I remember more for its owner, Tom Poulos. I was fortunate that I was a person he liked, because he and my dad were good friends. So he would often let me in free. Wave me in, and Butch [La Chapelle] too.

We always got along with him until he caught Butch smoking in the theater. Butch didn't know it was him and Butch came with his elbow and knocked him back head over heels. He and Butch didn't get along very well after that.

I can remember the Wisconsin Theater being rather awesome to me. It had that cry room and that wonderful lobby upstairs that separated the bathrooms. I thought it was kind of a big time place. A wide lobby in the main part. I always liked the Wisconsin the best.

My favorite western hero was John Wayne, of course, a conservative Republican.

North Western Bridge

You weren't a made man unless you had walked or run across the old railroad bridge. It took me a long time to work up the courage to do it. Others had no problem at all. Especially that Indian we called Chief. [Larry Boutwell]. Heavy-set guy, I think he lived up on Sand Hill. For him, it was like a sidewalk. For us, we were petrified. When I got across, I came around the other way to get back. I only did it once.

West Side

The West Side was extremely Polish. The grandmas and grandpas still spoke the language in their homes. Strong Catholics, to the point where daughters were not encouraged and sometimes forbade to date non-Catholics, which is unheard of now.

Buddies

The soonest I could get away with being downtown without any kind of supervision was going to a movie with a friend or friends. It wouldn't be any fun if you didn't go with your buddies: Butch La Chapelle and Alan Grischke, along with Kurt Halverson.



Ted and Nick, 1946

Harold "Butch" La Chapelle was called Butch before he moved to Wisconsin Rapids in about 1956. They built a house when they moved here.

Bill Metcalf. Leon Schmidt Jr. He was in the neighborhood. Ironically, we're all lawyers back here now.

Craig Skibba. George Zimmerman didn't come into the picture until high school. Ron Brazener lived upstairs in the house where Edgar Bird and his wife lived. Ultimately, they built a home

on Riverwood Lane. He was from England. His mom worked in the Cadbury's chocolate factory over there. His dad was an officer in Consoweld.

John Farrish's was the only other family with a Rapids history.

I see my sons as good friends with many females that they're never intimate with. That was unheard of then, except Betsy Brauer, when we were kids.

The Friendly

Friday night was really bustling. That was when the farmers came in. Everything was open till nine o'clock.

First thing was to coordinate everything on the telephone. Our parents would take us to the movie and we would assure them that we would find our own way back. We would make up some



For 1998 interview by UD

excuse about stopping in a store, when we were really in the Friendly Fountain, playing pinball machines and drinking vanilla phosphates.

Brazeau
c. 1949



Harriet,
Theodore,
Bernard,
William,
Catherine,
Nicholas,
Richard,
David,
Virginia,
Theodore II

“Friendly Bob,” Bob Luzenski, would always say to us, in high school especially, “As long as you’re not in the establishment, I can say you’re not here.”

When a parent called, we’d all make a mad dash for the front door. Even in the winter, we’d stand out and huddle while he was answering the phone,

“Hello! Nope, he’s not in here.”

He’d hang up and we’d all come piling back in again.

I didn’t go to the Sugar Bowl much; I’d go there to buy chocolates. I considered the place kind of rough and I avoided it. Same with the Quick Lunch. Not much at Art’s either. Later on, in high school, Butch always wanted to go there late at night, to get mustard with a hamburger, so I’d go along.

Smokes

We hadn’t experimented with anything but cigarettes. It never agreed with me, so I’ve never smoked in my life. My buddies mostly did smoke. We got the cigarettes usually from our parents. My dad smoked Fatimas. He smoked a lot. My mother never smoked but she had the cigarettes for others who did.



18 Cartoons

My dad made my 12-year-old brother, Dave, take me, as a little kid five or six years old, up to Earl Young’s barber shop on Baker Street next to Consumers Grocery [near original Brazeau homestead site] for two reasons: Earl Young was a good Republican and a customer of the bank. We had to walk all the way, quite a task in the winter time

Dave took me down to the Wisconsin Theater and they had the most wonderful matinee that day. It was cartoon after cartoon after cartoon. He just paid for one person, told them that I’d sit on his lap. Then he used the extra money for candy. So I sat on my brother’s lap for 18 cartoons.

Petty Theft

When you were a kid in the Fifties, you didn’t do it for a reason. To get money to buy coke or crack or whatever. You did it because it was wrong. Because you thought you’d defy society.

But it’s not something that hung on. You didn’t become a hardened criminal as a result of the activity.

It happened to people close to me. The stores told the cops; the cops told the parents; the parents dealt with it. Successfully, as far as I know. It only took awareness that a parent had knowledge for them to never do it again.

Sporting Life

The main place that I went in grade school was my back lawn, to play baseball on the diamond that my parents created back there. The same bunch of guys plus more. You'd add Johnny Blanchard, Peter Parsons, Tom Parsons, Jere Rude, my best friend in grade school. He now works for the converting plant. His dad was [Clarence] Ron Rude, who was a mailman. His mom was Ruth Rude, who married [Hubert] Hub White after Ronny died. Her parents were the Johanns, who lived out on 15th Avenue. Their son was Bruce Johann, who was a great pitcher for our class AA team, the White Sox, in the Fifties. Jere Rude's still in town. He and I were inseparable in early grade school.



Nick, Bill, 1952

Corner Groceries

My favorite stores were the corner groceries. Diebels, by Howe School. And more than that, McCamley's, just a block from that, where Kelly's Liquor was for a while. Right now, there's a gas station there. At the corner of Grand. All of them had their little meat market. The candy was all laid out in a great way.

The one I remember that we would go to from here was Gerum's. On Oak and Third. That was Gerum's meat market. His daughter, Bernadette Gerum, is recently retired from Firststar. Still lives here. That was a great place. He was a character and my grandmother would always accuse him of having his thumb on the scale.

The other one I remember because it was the only grocery store in Wisconsin Rapids that was open on

Sunday. That's Sweet's. If you wanted any kind of bread or groceries, or a Sunday paper, that was the only place in Wisconsin Rapids that you could buy it. I remember my mother saying, "Why don't you run over to Sweet's and get a Sunday paper? Go over to Sweet's and get a gallon of milk." That's when I was driving.

Sunday School

We were non-organized religion. Grandpa was born in 1873 and raised on Baker Street, right across from Farrishes. French-Canadian. Sixteen kids in that family and all raised Catholic. About half of them became disaffected early on.

Apparently, my grandpa's mother died when he was young and the father didn't care enough or wasn't religious enough to keep their nose to the grindstone.

It started with T.W. He never attended church so my dad never did and my uncle never did. As a result, none of us have.

My grandpa and a couple of his brothers, instead of going to catechism, they'd hide in the bushes outside and laugh.

My mother was never a churchgoer either. She did think it was important enough to try to get us to go to Sunday School. She would let us off at the top of the hill on Birch and Third where the Congregational church is and drive off. We would walk down the hill and cut through the alley and go to the Friendly Fountain to play the pinball machines.

When it was time for Sunday School to end, we'd run up to the top of the hill and be there when she came to pick us up. That was as bad as you got back then.

Bulls Eye

Walking up Sand Hill from the railroad bridge, I thought that was a tough area. That I was better off, that I might get beat up or something if I went up there. I figured that was their turf and I'd leave it alone and take another way to Bulls Eye.

The country club was very different then. It was the old, old clubhouse. Mike Gaulke, the former postmaster here in town, was the manager. You'd just sit there until Mike came over to your table to count the heads and say, "Well, Barney, tonight you owe me \$16." You'd pay him and that would be the end of it.

I golfed from about age five. Bill Metcalf and I, Ron Brazener. Our parents bought us miniature sets of clubs. They would drop us off in the morning and pick us up late in the afternoon. The golf course was our babysitter.

The golf pro, Joe Kuklinski, took care of us. We'd bring a peanut butter and jelly sandwich and we'd buy a bottle of pop out of the machine. The pro would have some candy laid out. Pick a candy bar and pay him a nickel. We'd go out and look for balls and he'd pay us a nickel or a dime for a ball and resell them for a quarter.

Downtown

Woolworth's was great. They had that lunch counter. A lot of things to look at. A nice smell. I can remember the smell to this day. I liked to look for the newest toy six shooter even though I've never owned a real gun. Cowboys and Indians were a big thing with me, and soldiers. I don't know why, because I couldn't imagine going into the service.

How about Your Record Shop? Couldn't get any better than that. Comics, paperbacks, an occasional adult paperback you'd sneak a peak at. Go in and buy your latest issue of Little Lulu or Warner Brothers comics, Daffy Duck. Tweety and Sylvester. Tasmanian Devil, Pepé Le Pew. As you got older, you graduated to the *Mad* magazines. *Mad* was forbidden for a while though, so you just look through it at the counter and leave it there. Records? We were beyond the 78 rpms. I thought 45s were cool. I still have a big box of 45s somewhere. With a little record player with the cylinder that you'd put them on.

I went in Johnson Hills with my mother most of the time. Whenever I needed a pair of shoes or galoshes or a shirt or pants. She knew all the clerks on a first-name basis, people like Bill Sherwood and Oscar Adler and Clara Boehm.

I remember going to Aurelia's beauty shop with her. Aurelia Kaudy. Where Woolco is now [1998]. Wal-Mart. Kitty-corner in back of the old A&P. It was an old home and they lived there. She had a beauty shop and gift store on the main floor.

One great place I used to go with my dad was Shorty the Greek's hat blocking and shoe shine shop. It was a tiny little place right next to the Flatiron Building.

Back then, most men wore hats. You'd go to a baseball game back then and

everybody's in a suit.

Great guy. He used to import oregano from Greece for my dad. Oregano was apparently hard to get then. You couldn't get it at Diebel's.

He was no relation or friend of Tom Poulos although they were both Greeks, the only Greeks in the community until Jim Drivas came a little later. It was the littlest, tiniest store. He was a real short guy with a very high voice and a bald head. He had a Greek accent, of course.

Penney's: I thought I remembered it having wooden floors. They never had anything in there that I was interested in. It was all clothes. They never had toys. Montgomery Ward. Never liked that either. I always felt that had things I didn't want to do, like mow the lawn. I wasn't into tools at all.

The specialty shops I'd go into. Fey Photo was a great shop. Germann's jewelry. Heilman's, I was in quite a bit with my mother. Schroeder's on the East Side. It had a distinctive smell and a good one. I liked Schroeder's. It had a lot of little doodads. Much like Manion's Ben Franklin was later on. Never went into that Gambles.



Anne?, Virginia, Ted, Nick, Mary, Dave, T.W. Cay, B.C., Harriet, Bill? Xmas, 1953

Daly Drug was quite a spot. Talk about smell. It was big in cosmetics. Paul Gross Jewelry was in there. There was a big liquor store. That was a holdover from the Prohibition days, you know. The drug stores dispensed medicine.

Remember Church's had a big liquor shelf? Anderson's drug. I loved it. It had a fountain in the back that I frequented often. I suppose you would say that was my favorite. Chocolate sodas at Anderson's. The two Anderson brothers in there, working away, Harris and Del.

Matthews' toys. I loved that place. Had a gift shop on top and toys below. Kind of before his time. A miniature Toys 'R Us.

I was just talking to Maury, Maurice, the other night, when I was down to Herschleb's.

Wilpolt's was a favorite of mine in high school. That's because the Assumption girls hung out there so we made it a point to go down there after school. Your sister and her friends. See, that was a good year for girls. Sherry Schneider, and Diane Erickson, Diane Lindgren. It was a good group.

Assumption, with Jeannie Lieble, Jane Jeffrey, Mary Ann Cwicklo, many others. Sharon Van Lysal. Diane Cummings, Kitty Saunders. All in the same class.

Every booth was filled with kids. Not only was it a great meeting place, but it had great hamburgers and French fries. No comparison with the Friendly Fountain.

The Friendly had sort of a bare-bones little patty. Grade school basketball games. We would at least say we were going to them. If we had an excuse to be somewhere, we would go to the Friendly Fountain. My mother didn't want me to be in the Friendly Fountain.

We went to the Chatterbox probably one time there for every twelve times at the Friendly. We didn't go to the West Side that much. There wasn't much reason to go there until I started dating my high school sweetheart. Entire sophomore year. Her parents were

nice. I'd go over there and sit for hours. Her dad would be about a foot away from us. Watching us the whole time I was there.

First National

And of course, the bank, because my dad was in there. The First National. If I walked in there, I could always plan on seeing him. He became president there when he moved into town in '45, the year I was born. He bought the stock that the Witter family had. Our family, and Mead, and others. His first job there was president.

Bill Taylor was the president before my dad. I guess Taylor was a crusty old guy. He lived where Emily Bell lived when she died. Henry Baldwin, I think, bought that house from Taylor.

I have a letter in my desk that is a copy of a letter written from J.D. Witter to my grandfather in about 1891 or '92. J.D. Witter was the First National Bank then. He was the only owner.

My grandfather was a great friend of Isaac Witter, J.D.'s son; that's how he got to know J.D. and the letter says, "Dear Thede, In regard to your college education, feel free to draw at will." That was the early version of a scholarship. My grandpa, when he needed money, going to college, he would go in the bank and sign a note. When he graduated from college, he paid it all back. That was the only way he could go to college. It's ironic that later my dad became very involved in that bank.

My dad had many good ideas but one that did not turn out so well was, he thought he could trust people to make their own change when they came in the bank. He thought it would save a lot of teller time. He put out jars of fifty-cent pieces, quarters, dimes, nickels and pennies. If you came in with your dollar bill for a parking meter, you'd put the dollar in and he'd trust you to take a fifty a quarter two dimes and a nickel. He had some early losses but he stuck with it. Ultimately, the policy was disbanded.



Mary, Anne, Nick, 1953

Bowlmor

How'd you know I started bowling? I started bowling in about seventh grade. In a competition at Bowlmor.

That's when I remember starting to become interested in girls.

I dated Barb Panter in 8th grade Her grandpa used to take us to Bowlmor to bowl and pick us up from there. I was never a very good bowler though and it didn't last for long.

My dad was an excellent bowler. He was good at just about everything he tried, whether it was woodworking or photography. He had a 300 game. He would compete at Bowlmor. I would go out there with him when I was five, six, seven years old. I remember how much fun that was, to be in that place.

You had that bar room area and you'd go out and it would open up into these lanes. Man, I thought that was just great. I think that influenced me to want to play as well.

High Rollers

The gambling started in 8th grade. Continued for a long time, mostly poker. We played in the basements of the various houses. Here, for sure. [Nick lived in his boyhood home.]

My mother never discouraged any of that, because she thought, if we were here, we were staying out of trouble. We'd play with chips so she didn't have any concept of what we were doing.

At Lincoln high school, we would be flipping coins in the locker cubbyholes when Mr. Junkman wasn't watching. He was a sniper in World War II and came back to work for the high school, taught there all his life. Quite a guy, really.

Mean Boys

The Conway [family] house is where the Conway [apartment] House is now; a big old yellow house was there. Jay Somers used to live there. He just died, you know. The 52-year-old Jay. Diabetes.

We were stamp collectors together. That was a big thing in grade school. I still collect them.

Jay was a victim of the old gum-in-the-hair prank that prevailed about freshman year in high school. Where you take the poor guy down, hold him down, come to school the next day with about ten bald spots.

Why were kids from Howe so mean? Maybe we had to pick on somebody so we knew who we were.

Billy

Bill Thiele. Speaking of gay. I knew he was. He was sixteen, I was fifteen. I knew him pretty well and he told me. It was shortly before he was killed in that car accident. [See *Artifacts* #38.]

Bill must have had personality enough to take the offensive, not to be picked on. He had his own car, early on. Lived with his grandmother, remember?

Nose Job

I suffered from a terrible nosebleed problem. One time I broke it, I thought I was going to be the great baseball pitcher of all time. I pitched a fast ball to Johnny Blanchard when I was about eight years old and he hit a line drive right into my nose. Ended up down at the emergency room.

The next time, I was on a double date with Stanley Schultz, visiting Butch La Chapelle, our sophomore year in college, watching the Democratic convention in 1964.

Coming back from Stevens Point, at the railroad track that came back into Plover from Point, this damn railroad engine was coming, the warning lights were on but cars in front of me were piling through and I just kept following. I looked up all of a sudden, there's aaaaaah there's a light this big.

It took the passenger door off the car. My head bashed into the steering wheel, I had broken my nose another time. I had it cauterized about thirty times with an electric needle.

I had special privileges, partly by design. Torresani let me run a half mile one day and a half mile the next. Then it was about fourteen minutes.



Nick & Bill, Xmas, 1953

Stagger Out

We experimented with alcohol at certainly age fifteen. I would say sophomore in high school. Before that, there was no drinking.

We had individual charge accounts at Stagger Inn, a bar in Plover. There was Coney Island, the Koko club, the Beehive down from Coney Island. They all knew we were 16. This guy at Stagger Inn actually had us sign releases, releasing him of liability if

he was ever caught serving us, as if minors can sign releases. The problem is, we were young, and we had to drive back from those places. They didn't arrest you for driving under the influence back then, remember?

We didn't view it as criminal activity. You were a made person if you went out and drank with the boys.

In my group, almost all the parents drank. Cocktail parties were a big thing and there was plenty of booze in every house. As a result, we thought it was acceptable. We weren't punished when we were caught, either.

I didn't go to beer parties very much. That's why I was never rounded up, so to speak, when these 14, 15 kids got caught. They had vandalized some poor guy's house. We usually avoided that. We were in Plover or in our cars.

Suits

When I went to visit my grandfather, there was never a time that he didn't have a three-piece suit on. Sunday morning, go to his house for breakfast, here he'd be in a wing-backed chair reading a Dickens novel, age 89, in a three-piece herring bone suit with his watch and chain. Shirt and tie.

I wasn't a very good dresser in high school, I don't think. I thought I was but I don't think I was. But I do

recall, maybe I'm off base on this, did many kids wear jeans to high school? I didn't think so. Now, you see hardly anything but that. And I don't like that. I think it's nicer to look nicer. I don't own a pair of jeans.



Bill (front), Dave, Helen (then wife of Ted), Cathi, Nick, Ted Brazeau, 1957

Legacy

I got very interested in politics early on. A couple years ago, Charlie Spees was in Sieber's with Hawk Peterson and some of those guys and he turned to me and said, "Nick, you remember those political discussions we had when I taught world history in '62? I just

wanted you to know, you were right about Goldwater." That did my heart good.

At Home

My mother would always go up to the school, grade school or high school, if I didn't get the teacher she wanted me to get, she had that changed.

I didn't have Bill Miller. I had Edgar Bird. My mother went up to the high school and tried to get that changed. That was the first time she wasn't successful.

Did I feel that I was one of the rich kids? If I did, I worked awfully hard not to convey it. The last thing I wanted to do was go away to a private school, for example. I had a feeling I was going to come back here to Rapids so I wanted to go to Lincoln High School. I never yearned to go any other place. I liked it then and I like it now.

LHS yearbook,
Ahdawagam, 1963



A version of this story appeared in *Artifacts* #38, August 2013, in connection with the 50-year reunion of the class of 1963.



2023

Three Generations



Nicholas J. Brazeau Jr. joined the family law firm in 1997, and became a Wood County Circuit Court Judge in 2011. He and wife Lisa have two children, Bingham and Barbara.

Nick Jr.'s brother William and William's partner, Nancy, have a daughter, Ella.

2008

15 years ago, Barbara Brazeau, the daughter of Nick Jr. and Lisa, was caught by the *Artifacts* photographer in an informal pose at the SWCHC ice cream social. The ice cream goatee seemed to suggest the Brazeau family tradition at the local historical society.

Brazeaus: Nicholas Jr.; Barbara; Nicholas Sr.

Great grandchildren of Theodore W. Brazeau: Cathryn, Sue, Chesley, Bernard and Chérie Brazeau, 1966



Chesley David Brazeau (son of David Chesley Brazeau), title abstracter by trade, is celebrated as impresario of the solstice event, Wassail, formerly held at Clancey's Stone Lion, Custer, Wis. Photo by UD, 2017



SWCHC Archives



Parthenia's Dolls Embody History

by Mary Brazeau Brown

When I was a little girl, there were two sisters who lived up on 15th street in a cozy and primitive house. When our parents or grandparents took us to visit them, my sister and I were intrigued by their stories, love of history and ability to relate both using the dolls they created with such attention to detail and authenticity that they appeared to come alive. We were amazed, both by the dolls and the women who made them, Parthenia and Josephine Fitch.

While the Fitch sisters lived together in Wood County in their later years, their paths here took a few turns. They were the granddaughters of William A. Fitch, pioneer wholesale clothing merchant of Chicago and daughters of Oliver E. Fitch and Parthenia (Meek) Fitch.

Oliver operated a steam laundry, shirt factory, hattery and gents-furnishing firm in Madison, Wis., apparently having gleaned business acumen and clothing expertise from his father.

The Oliver Fitch family had originally settled in Galesburg, Ill, where Teresa "Josephine" was born June 17, 1873, before they moved to Madison, Wis., in 1878. Josephine was educated in Madison, and later attended the Chicago Art Institute and became a member of the North Shore Art Guild.

Hazel "Parthenia" Fitch was born Nov. 12, 1883, in Madison and attended high school back in Galesburg, where the family had returned in 1893. Parthenia moved to Chicago in 1906 where she pursued a career in advertising at Curtis Publishing.

Though it is not documented how or why the sisters chose Wood County, in 1945 they moved here together from Chicago. [A 1908 newspaper said "Miss Parthenia Fitch of Chicago" was visiting W.H. Fitch, Cranmoor.] According to a 1961 WHA (Public) radio interview, after Parthenia retired from "active life" she needed a hobby, and as an "experiment commenced making little dolls."

Establishing a mail order business for her new hobby seemed to “suit her purpose well,” as she said. And that purpose was to create dolls for collectors, exclusive gift shops and an occasional store window. Many, but not all, of the dolls have a small satin label, “Original Parcraft Doll Made in the USA”

Ideas for the character dolls came from history books, children’s books, fairy tales, and even funny cartoons. Parthenia notes that Daniel Boone was one of her favorite historical characters because of his accomplishments forging westward over the wilderness road. She was told her forebearers followed that wilderness road, became curious, and sure enough, discovered her grandfather was born in Boone, Kentucky.

The sisters were so well read and detail oriented that conversations with them were as engaging and fascinating as their dolls. The dolls are flexible, made from stovepipe wire wound with cotton thread and covered in Jersey cloth. Parthenia worked out her design and production system using glue and powders she developed and compounded herself, carefully modeling with her instruments the details of facial expressions, hands and fingers, and making sure the characters were anatomically correct with arms in proportion and shoulders positioned appropriately. The costumes were sewn with the same attention to detail and authenticity. The differences between the Puritans of John and Priscilla Alden and the Massachusetts Bay Colonialists are apparent. It is this attention to detail that makes the Fitch Dolls so remarkable.

The dolls were often displayed in settings typical to their occupations, complete with benches, chests, lampposts, cauldrons, and backdrops. These props were made of paper, cardboard, canvas, and glue, and all authentic: the Organ Grinder had a Swiss music box, the Pirates had a Jolly Roger Flag, the Town Crier had a lamp post, Madam Mystica held a tiny playing card and crystal ball, Romeo and Juliet had a



balcony, to name a few. Josephine, with her artistic talent, painted most of the backdrops until her death.

Parthenia was self taught through years of practice. Her character dolls became sought after by collectors around the country. The intricate detail took patience and time, even more of an investment than the materials that went into them. She designed the dolls to be in the midst of an activity, or as she put it, they were “occupied. They have to be busy to keep pace with me!”

Both “Fitch Sisters” died in Wood County and are buried at Forest Hill Cemetery in Madison, Wis.

The lessons, history, and inspiration from the Fitch Sisters will continue through the sharing of their dolls. If anyone has more information or would like to share their dolls for a special exhibit at the South Wood County Historical Museum, please contact the Museum.

The interview with Parthenia and Aline Hazard can be found here:



1953, Parthenia Fitch at Bull's Eye Country Club

A favorite of former curator Ellen Sabetta, the Fitch dolls have been displayed regularly.



Hobby to Create Things Ends Up in Full-Time Task for Local Woman

An urge to "create things" has resulted in a hobby that has grown to a point where it takes all the time that one person... day, glue, paint, and a variety of materials such as satins... the molding of the fingers in...

The Daily Tribune, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., Saturday, June 30, 1990 3A



LIDA VISITS MUSEUM: Ellen Sabetta, Historical Society Museum curator, sets up a unique and unique doll collection display there.

Doll collection featured display

WIS. RAPIDS — Antique and unique dolls will be the featured exhibit of the South Wood County Historical Museum from June 24 through July 24.

The museum is located at 540 3rd St. S. Hours are 1-4 p.m. on Tuesdays and Sundays.

Parcraft Dolls by Parthenia Fitch, circa early 1950s, will be included in the display, according to a news release from the museum. Ms. Fitch, a native of Madison, retired to Wisconsin Rapids after an interesting business career in publishing and advertising in the Chicago area.

"Parthy" as she was known to some, was a descendant of the famous Commodore Perry. Her dolls, while they may not be things of great beauty, are her own unique construction.

Speci 2 p.m. Sabetta w doll collec Japanese Heart of members to share experiences. 14 p.m. Temple dc ages are their dolls celebration cookies.

cessful busin of the Nekos paper mills. According featured in a I cle in Wisco

Museum notes Hello, dolly!

Museum exhibit puts dolls on display

WIS. RAPIDS — Hello, dolly! Come visit our dolls through July 24. We have antique dolls dating from 1850. Our Parthenia Fitch dolls are unique.

Doll carriages, furniture and accessories will be on display in special first floor showcases and in our permanent children's room exhibit. We even have dolls that will show you their barest parts, as they have not been refurbished yet.

Parthenias' dolls began with a wire armature of her own design. Her dolls are on record in the Library of the United Federation

"flat-top," circa 1850-70. She belonged to Mrs. Lewis Alexander, mother of John Edwards Alexander.

Thank you, to the exhibit committee, Ellen Sabetta, "Pete" Carrigan, Shirley Masemore, Connie Saylor, Helen Mead and Betty Zimmerman.

Shirley Temple Doll Owners of all ages — bring your doll for a special party, July 10, any time between 1-4 p.m. We will have a special celebration with punch and cookies and take pictures. Please join us!

The renaissance probably gave

played with. A century ago, dolls that looked like children were the hot new item. Before that, all the dolls were fashioned after adults. They had slim, grown-up faces. Their hair was wound in ever-so-proper buns. Back then, children weren't thought of as children.

Come to the museum for a great afternoon of entertainment. Free admission. Donations gladly accepted!

— Betty Zimmerman Park and Recreation commission member

Witter neighbor, the Webb house, continued from Artifacts #67



Webb House Revisited

Related variously are Mrs. (Jane) Webb, George R. Gardner, Clara Webb, Mr. Jones and daughter; Mrs. Jones; John A. Gaynor and daughter; Gertrude; Mrs. Geo. R. Gardner; Jennie Webb; Bessie Gaynor; Mina Webb Gaynor; Judge Webb. "To Mrs. Cochran From Bessie & Gertrude Gaynor, May 16, 1893)." A similar photo is held by McMillan Memorial Library. Believed to be house shown below.



Third Street: Isaac Witter house, now SWCHC, on left. Webb house, right, later moved to Witter Street.

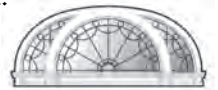
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SWCHC Ice Cream Social, Saturday, June 17, 2023: 1-3 p.m.



Roger
Hornig,
Director



LHS band
1951

UD wore
the same
hot wool
uniform
in 1959