



In Their Own Words

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Bernice and Ty Sadenwasser were the owners of Ty's Tap in North Prairie before their retirement. In this story from her memoir, she recalls the historic blizzard of 1947.

A Snowstorm for the Ages by Bernice (Kramer) Sadenwasser

I was born in 1923 on my family's farm in Jericho near Highways NN and E, but of course the roads weren't named back then. I was the youngest of twelve children born to Mike and Agnes Kramer. My Pa raised beef and dairy cows, horses, pigs, and chickens galore. All of us kids pitched in to help on the farm. We had a windmill that powered our well.



I met my husband, Ty, sometime around 1945. My friend, Mary Sasso, begged me to go to the bowling alley in East Troy with her. I didn't want to go because I had to get up early for work in Milwaukee the next morning, but she persisted, so I went. A young soldier caught her eye, and she said we should go over and meet him. I didn't want to, but she dragged me along. Ty introduced himself to us. He said he'd be leaving on the train the next day at two o'clock. Somehow Mary convinced me to join her to see him off. She even managed to get his address! She wrote to him, and he wrote back asking for my address! I had to write back – he was serving our country in Germany, after all. When he came home for the funeral of his aunt, I introduced him to my parents. My Pa liked him right away, but Ma didn't care for the idea of her "baby" having a serious boyfriend!

My sister, Harriet, and I worked in Milwaukee. One day there was a terrible blizzard, so our sister, Isabelle, insisted we stay overnight at her house rather than making our way home to Jericho. The next day, my Pa called and said we needed to come home; Ma was very sick. Ty joined us in a taxi that was only able to make it to Waukesha. We took another cab to Genesee, but then we had to start walking through



the storm. Luckily, a county truck offered us a ride, but only as far as North Prairie. From there we walked again, stopping for a breather at the elementary school. We continued on and stopped at the first farm house, where Mrs. West allowed us to warm up for a bit. We finally made it back to Jericho on a tractor that drove us the rest of the way home. My Pa was very happy that Ty had helped us to get home safely.

The next day, we left Ma in bed while we went to church in Eagle. When we got back, Ma was gone! Turns out she had gotten up and walked to the neighbor's house for a breath of fresh air. You see, it was a gas leak at home that had made her so sick!