

Bill, dont know how many of you remember Grandma Kittie, I thought some might be interested in some things I remember. There are some things I forgot like the fact that someone once told me she loved to dance and was very good at it in her young days. I might add some more later, but here are a few things. Dorothy Buster

Ramblings

The thought has occurred to me that most of you probably don't remember, or never even knew Grandma Kittie. I think you have missed a lot and I will tell you some of the things I remember about her. Kittie Ann Porter was born 4-12-1866, d/o William Franklin (Little Frank) Porter and Susannah Patterson Porter. She married 12-19-1886, John Ashure Bradshaw b. 12-3-1868 d. 12-5-1918. Nine children were born of this union and six lived to adulthood.

Grandma was a tiny person not five feet tall I think, and may not have weighed as much as ninety pounds at any time in my memory; but she was a "spunky" little thing.

I remember hearing a story about her having caught a live rat and it bit onto her hand, she promptly choked it to death. When asked how she could do such a thing when the rat was biting her, she answered, "it had done bit me, what else could it do? No use turning it loose."

Granpa told us she made their medicine by pulverizing herbs and wrapping the powder in silk (tissue) paper for them to swallow. Kerosene was another one of her trusted remedies. Grandpa Johnny rafted logs in times of high water and when he left for rafting his goodbye to her was "chukelefluke". He would be gone for several days and she kept house with/for the children until he returned.

Six of her 9 children outlived her and I suppose that is a good average for the time period in which she lived. She was widowed in her early fifties , being slightly older than her husband, and never remarried.

I have some vague memories of the time when she was living in that big house alone , really she lived mostly in the kitchen. The yard was neither mowed nor fenced. There had been a fence at some point in time because I remember stepping over the fence, with grass grown up around and through it, to go to the barn. Now that fence had to be well beaten down for a five year old to step over it. She had two big black cows, which she cared for herself. Mother and we children , went to visit one evening late and found her at the barn milking. I remember how small she looked and beside that big cow. She was milking into a tin cup, which would have held maybe a pint and a half. She milked into the cup, then poured milk into a bucket so if the cow kicked, she would not lose all her milk. I don't remember whether she had any laying hens , but she did keep some banties in coops, under an apple tree near the "outhouse". Now I have banties and I think of her every time I go to feed them . She liked to hear the whip-poor-wills. I was teenage before I ever heard that it is bad luck for whip-poor-wills to call near ones home . She didn't hear well but if anyone ever told her that an airplane was going over she tried to get outside in time to see it. She had her own garden, even after Gramma was there. The

garden had an drainage ditch across the middle of it and front was Grandmas and back was Grammas. That arrangement lasted as long as Grandma was able to garden, her stuff was canned separate, and kept on certain shelves in the cellar. She liked to piece quilts in winter and she tried to teach me to knit one time. She had things to do but she was never busy. She always wore an apron with a big pocket and if a child needed a piece of string, a pencil stub, a small nail or tack, etc. it could probably be found in Grandmas apron pocket and she always had time to check. She loved children and she she always wanted Dick to sleep with her when we were small . Her bed was in the kitchen as long as she lived , a high wooden bed with both straw and feather beds on it. She always slept in a little white cap similar to what Amish women wear.