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Glenn,  
  
That is so interesting your Mother remembers Pauline in a nice way.  My mom always told me how Pauline would try to spoil the fun of others by her constant moaning and groaning.  I guess that was just her in old age.  Maybe when she was younger she was with her mother--and things may have been at times more pleasant.  I think like her father she just fell into mental illness at some point.  I will never forget her wild cats in the house in Sumner.  When I was a kid she would always bring down a kitten for me to hold.  Little did she know the kitten would scratch up my legs and writhe around until I let it go.  She left the cats upstairs and wouldn't let anyone go up there.  They would breed like crazy and soon there would be literally hundreds of cats.  Prior to being removed from her home it was so bad--workers from the city went in, came out and threw up.  I couldn't even go to her house after that.  The sad thing is she lived in the house in that condition.  It was worse than some of those hoarding shows.  The ceiling was falling down from cat urine soaked into it.  My parents wanted the house burned down but the fire department said the urine odor would be at toxic levels.  The house was gutted and fixed up.  Pauline had terrible Alzheimer's from around age 50 on.  It was sad for a while, but then she was kind of ok.  In the end of her life she loved my mom, but up until that point she hated my mother.  In the end we all laughed because she liked when my mom would visit her.  
  
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Sara

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Sara,

Oh my gosh!  What a sad story...I  had no idea.  Now I am worried....my wife and I have 12 cats but they are mainly outdoors (we live on 15 acres) and all are neutered!

My mother turns 90 on Saturday and we are gathering for her birthday.  However, she is having memory problems...that time has arrived in her life.  But Pauline, age 50....that is sad.  I am hoping to stop in Blountville, Tennessee this Thursday at the historical society to search on the life of Toby's brother, Bishop L. Osborne, who wrote for the Bristol paper until his death in 1965.  Hmm...I don't know of any dementia or mental illness in the lives of the children of G.W. and Frances Wilson Osborne other than your great grandfather Toby.

I found a box of photos in my sister's attic, and if you don't mind, do you recognize these persons in the first two pictures?  They may be from the Bristol, Tennessee era in my grandmother's life, Mayme Osborne Stansbery, an aunt of Pauline. Pauline would be my mother's first cousin.

The third picture, center person, is your great, great grandfather George Washington Osborne (1847-1927), and I had never seen this photo before until last week.

I am getting a picture that your Dad's life as a child must have been difficult....thanks for sharing and always good to hear from you.

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Glenn

On Sun, Nov 10, 2013 at 10:29 PM, sara <[sara@aquatantravel.com](mailto:sara@aquatantravel.com)> wrote:

Glenn,  
  
That is so interesting your Mother remembers Pauline in a nice way.  My mom always told me how Pauline would try to spoil the fun of others by her constant moaning and groaning.  I guess that was just her in old age.  Maybe when she was younger she was with her mother--and things may have been at times more pleasant.  I think like her father she just fell into mental illness at some point.  I will never forget her wild cats in the house in Sumner.  When I was a kid she would always bring down a kitten for me to hold.  Little did she know the kitten would scratch up my legs and writhe around until I let it go.  She left the cats upstairs and wouldn't let anyone go up there.  They would breed like crazy and soon there would be literally hundreds of cats.  Prior to being removed from her home it was so bad--workers from the city went in, came out and threw up.  I couldn't even go to her house after that.  The sad thing is she lived in the house in that condition.  It was worse than some of those hoarding shows.  The ceiling was falling down from cat urine soaked into it.  My parents wanted the house burned down but the fire department said the urine odor would be at toxic levels.  The house was gutted and fixed up.  Pauline had terrible Alzheimer's from around age 50 on.  It was sad for a while, but then she was kind of ok.  In the end of her life she loved my mom, but up until that point she hated my mother.  In the end we all laughed because she liked when my mom would visit her.  
  
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