

Dear Charles and Kathern

Charles I enjoyed your letter, and thanks for the pictures of our illustrious ancestors, Father was a hanson young man. I had never heard the story of him going AWOL to see our alluring Mother to be. Getting busted and spending a 100 days in the Brig.

That sounds like a Banfield, allways folling^o his heart, and it reminded me of my thilling days of yester years going AWOL to get to the awaiting arms of Saint Joan.

Yes, I remember Pauline Alexander. One of my earliest recalls is of her Mother and ours having a heated and loud guarrel in our back yard. I must have been about 5 years old and you 13. It seemed that Pauline's Mother was upset that you had beded down bother her young, innocent and virtuous daughters...Don't you see.

Mother came in and as she stormed past me, she said "Good Girls don't do it."...Now even at that tender age I could see my Mother point, I didn't think a good girl would do it either with my brother from hell. Now Kathern, I suspose even that bandit did have some kind of primitive charm.

I am not sure if our Heroic Mother had not of had Charles it would had effected her longevity but it's logical that she would have been a little more coherent in her old age and not walk around mumbling to herself all the time.

I must have experienced puberty much later in life than Charles, Mother said that I was a slow blummer. I recall a neighborhood girl trying to deflower me in our barn as I was brushing down my horse. She ask me if I would rather have her...or that horse? ...I told her that I was only 20 years old I would rather have the horse.

Charles, I read the Biography of 'Pretty Boy Floyd'. It talk^{ed} about him living in Tulsa for a Time and about his son Charles, but it didn't mention your name any where in it. I thought you said his son was your best friend and you were on a first name bases with his infamous father...You sure have stranges idols for holding up banks with a gun seems like an extreme form of hustling and he was bad to shoot folks. Now I know their are a lot of men out their that need killing but hell he shot folks he did not know. Now to my mind that is a serious character flaw.

Most all my family got together last week and we went to the fair and saw the great white tiger as I watched that monster a montain lion came to mind just above our head on a ledge fixing to eat us

on a float trip in wilds of Mexico, do you remember ?

Now there is not many things that will spook the Great White Hunter but on that day I remember the warm pee running down my leg.

Yesterday, Joan and I went to Okla. City to see some of our troops again on the way over Joan remarked the only people she ever trusted to tell you the truth were children and old people and she guessed that is why she always got along so well with them. I thought how strange...The only people I ever trusted to always tell you the truth were vivacious young girls with long flowing hair, mayhaps that is why I always got along so well with them.

However in my old age I agree with Omar Kihman ^{IN THIS WORLD} when he said "The idols I have loved so long, have did my credit much wrong...And have drawn my life in a shallow cup... and sold my reputation for a song. Are something like that.

Speaking of idols I have loved so long. I painted the best picture of the Mother of my Children. I will enclose a pencil sketch of it when she was a Football Queen at Roosevelt High. However my Art is like Peter's music the farther away you get from it the better it is.

The other day Mr. Happy got so liquored up, he work out on 22 different machines, for two hours each one designed to kill a different part of your body. That night I was in so much pain I had to get up and take some more medician (Whisky). It's no fun to hubble around in pain if you don't have a women to see your performance any way Mr. Happy came back (he is so creative) and wrote the most beautiful poem but alas the next morning I couldn't read his hand writing.

Charles, you allowed in your letter that Bobby first born is going to get married and that one day you may become a Great Grandfather. Walt's first born is married and I too may become a Great Grandfather. Now if that does happen you know you have stayed to long at the fair and soon after that event, I expect to see Dad and John coming with Dad raddling his keys and saying come on boys it is closing time, hit the lights let's shut this son of a bitch down.

Love, Mrs. Banfield favorit son or in some parts of the world, better known as Bawanna-(The fearless one) or 'The Great White Hunter.



