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August 11th, 1944 Letter from Chuck to Glennis

Chuck Yeager

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My Dearest Darling:

It's almost eleven thirty now so I'll try to end your letter I received today. Last darling, you'll never know how much your letters mean to me. When I come home from a mission all tired and mad because the juice won't come up and fight I really feel pretty bad. But when I get within about a block of my mission hut I smell that perfume that produces that swooning effect, I let out a war whoop or give the rebel yell and tear out on my bicycle like a German in France. The boys can't get me off my sack for about two hours. But say those are about the most heavenly two hours that I ever have during the day. Then at night I sleep with it beside my pillow, and talk about dreams!! maybe I'd better not write about them because I wouldn't want mamell to learn my technique of making love. and speaking of mamell she sure is all there isn't she pug nose. ho! ho! kind of surprised you didn't I? Remember how I used to mash your nose and you would get mad. Then I would have to tell you it meant that I loved you I sure will take a lot of double time later to catch up what we have lost

I will have a lot to tell you about when I get home hon. Spain, France, Germany, North Africa, & Gibraltar. I sure hope how soon it is too.

