

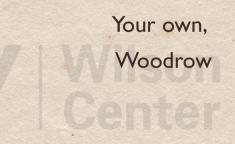
## LETTER FROM PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON TO HIS FIANCÉE, EDITH BOLLING GALT

**SEPTEMBER 19, 1915** 

My noble, incomparable Edith,

I do not know how to express or analyze the conflicting emotions that have surged like a storm through my heart all night long. I only know that first and foremost in all my thoughts has been the glorious confirmation you gave me last night – without effort, unconsciously, as of course – of all I have ever thought of your mind and heart.

You have the greatest soul, the noblest nature, the sweetest, most loving heart I have ever known, and my love, my reverence, my admiration for you, you have increased in one evening as I should have thought only a lifetime of intimate, loving association could have increased them. You are more wonderful and lovely in my eyes than you ever were before; and my pride and joy and gratitude that you should love me with such a perfect love are beyond all expression, except in some great poem which I cannot write.



## LETTERS FROM EDITH BOLLING GALT TO PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON

JUNE 17, 1915

My precious One -

I have just gotten my pen to start this little note when you came down the hall ready for dinner – Oh! my precious Sweetheart how many miles will roll between us when you read this – but no distance can really separate us.

I cannot let you go without just this little message to take the place of our good-night talks – and tell you again I love you –

Your visit has been the happiest one for me – and you have forgotten nothing that would add to my comfort or pleasure – Thank you again for all the tender little things that make me feel your love – and for the real confidence and sharing of the big ones that make up your busy life –

## SUNDAY-MORNING

This is a real good bye – but time or distance need not count – and I am already looking forward to next Sunday when you will be coming back! Bless your precious Heart – I love you – and my arms are stretched out to hold, and shield you from any hurt or loneliness – and my thoughts will follow you throughout the night – and go before to welcome you when you reach the White House.

Much as I love your delicious love-letters, that would make any woman proud and happy, I believe I enjoy even more the ones in which you tell me (as you did this morning) of what you are working on – the things that fill your thoughts and demand your best effort, for then I feel I am sharing your work – and being taken in to partnership as it were –

I know there are many things you don't care to put on paper, for fear it might fall into other hands – and therefore it is difficult to share your work – but I feel so close when I know what you are doing – and all day I have been made happy by your confidence – Please don't forget to tell me about the Democratic Committee matter "when we are together –"

We missed you so this afternoon, and even Tea as strong as Samson, would have beeseemed good if made by certain, strong – capable hands – but I suppose it was wise the way it happened – but, oh dear!

Helen whispered to me you had gone to call on that awful Deserter.

If anything could make me hate him worse than I did before – this would accomplish it – and I will be glad when he expires from an over dose of peace or grape juice – and I never hear of him again –

You will think me in a horrible humor if I dont stop – So good night – and happy dreams my Lord – and thank you again for your books – I am so happy to own them.

Always yours, Edith