

## 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.

Your own,  
Woodrow



# 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.

– Edith.



*JUNE 18, 1915*

Dearest One –

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