

Excerpt from

When the cheering stopped: The last years of Woodrow Wilson

Gene Smith
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Background: As this excerpt from the book begins, the time is just after the end of the first World War and American President Woodrow Wilson is in Paris. Europe lay in waste; millions were dead and those countries who had won the war were insisting on terrible reparations from the vanquished that would insure that the citizens of those countries which had lost the war would live in poverty for a generation. Wilson is meeting with the Prime Ministers of the various countries involved in the first world war and is trying to forge an agreement about the start of a League of Nations, whose purpose would be to prevent such a terrible war from ever occurring again. You can see a portrait of Woodrow Wilson, read a short synopsis of his life and hear him speak by going to: <http://crusader.dragonfire.net/ww.htm>

Wilson was a former College professor at Bryn Mawr College in Philadelphia, then became a professor and then the President of Princeton University, later he was the Governor of New Jersey prior to being elected the President of the United States.

At the time this narrative begins, he is in Paris and working as hard as he possibly can to bring the League of Nations into existence. The strain is beginning to show.

The President grew thin and gray and his hair seemed to whiten day by day. The twitching of his face was continuous. During the infrequent moments when he was away from his work he would sit silently, or play solitaire, a bent man no longer young, shuffling and dealing the cards. His temper grew short; he could refer to Lloyd George and Clemenceau (the British and French Prime Ministers) as "madmen" and bitterly say that the Irish petitioners for home rule were devoted only to "miserable mischief-making." "Logic! Logic! I don't give a damn for logic!" he burst out. He seemed worn and old and his only exercise came when his personal physician, Dr. Grayson would stand him before an open window and grasp his hands to pull him vigorously to and fro so that at least a little color would come to his cheeks. At night when Baker (his assistant) would come he found the President utterly exhausted and worn out and growing grayer and grayer and grimmer and grimmer, with the lines in his face deepening beneath his eyes. He looked tired all the time; he said he felt as if he could go to sleep standing up. "I get so I cannot understand why he does not crumble up," Hoover wrote home. "I wonder if the Doctor notices it as I do." Grayson did notice, of course, and he begged the President to slow down. "Give me time," the President answered. "We are running a race with Bolshevism and the world is on fire. Let us wind up this work here and then we will go home and find time for a little rest and play and take up our health routine again." The killing work went on. His voice grew hoarse, he suffered from indigestion and heartburn, and he developed headaches; one blinding one he attributed to "bottled-up wrath at Lloyd George" and the Prime Minister's demands for impossible reparations from the Germans.

He could not go on in this way. On April 3 a fit of coughing seized him. All day his voice had been husky and by evening he could hardly talk. Grayson took his temperature: it was 103. The doctor was terrified, thinking to himself that the President had been poisoned. Such was the rumor that flew over Paris: he had been poisoned by germs slipped into the ice in his drinking water. He took to his bed. The coughing was frighteningly violent and so severe that he could not get his breath for long moments at a time. Grayson sat with him all night and the First Lady acted as nurse, but he could not keep food down and suffered violent diarrhea. To Dr. Grayson the situation seemed very serious; it was influenza, he decided. The fever kept up and the President could not sleep, he who had always been able to sleep-to "Pull down the curtains of my mind"-no matter what aggravations were his. When he dozed off for a few minutes he came awake to

racking coughs that Grayson could not stop. His entire digestive system was completely out of control and his face grew alarmingly thin, its gauntness emphasizing the luminous eyes.

He insisted on getting back to work and sent word to the Premiers of France, England and Italy that unless they were afraid of catching his disease he wanted them to come to his room for more conferences and more arguments. They came and he sat up in bed to go over with them yet once again the questions of who got what. Grayson and the First Lady were outside the door, telling each other he should never have gone back to work so soon, and Grayson cabled Joe Tumulty (a trusted political advisor) in Washington that the President was working too hard in spite of the illness: "This is a matter that worries me." Tumulty cabled the President a plea that he not strain his constitution and the President sent back a grim joke in reply: "Constitution? Why man, I'm already living on my by-laws."

There came a night of burning fever and Grayson, backed by the First Lady, absolutely forbade any more work. The patient had no strength with which to fight. For three days he slept-a fitful slumber.

When he awoke, he sent for his reports and his papers, he held his conferences. And he ruled that it was over, the fight was lost. The Italians were too wild in their demands, the French greedy, the British unreasonable. He told Grayson to order the captain of the *George Washington* to prepare for an immediate return to the United States. "I will retire in good order; we will go home." At once the Europeans came flying to promise moderation and compromise. Clemenceau might privately say the President was like a cook who keeps her trunk ready in the hall, and the French papers might say he was like a spoiled child threatening to run home to Mama, but the demands were scaled down and conciliatory gestures made.

He stayed. But in the American delegation they could no longer understand their chief. He became obsessed by the idea that the French servants -the waiters, the porters, the cleaning women--everyone- were all spies who spoke perfect English and reported to their government every word he said. It was useless to point out that three quarters of them knew no more than a few words of English, for he insisted it was not so. He locked all his documents in a safe which he kept near him.

At the same time he began to worry about the furnishings of the Paris house in which he was staying. He wanted everything itemized; he said things were being stolen. "Coming from the President," Ike Hoover wrote, "these were very funny things, and we could but surmise that something queer was happening in his mind." He began to check very carefully on the use of the delegation's automobiles, ordering they be used only for strictly official trips even though, before, he had urged the cooped-up staff to go for relaxing drives and trips. Suddenly, also, he decided the furniture in a room was wrongly arranged and spent half an hour with Grayson moving the couches and tables back and forth. And quite as suddenly he turned on Colonel House. House suggested the President spare himself some of his labors by making better use of aides instead of trying to carry the load alone; it meant House was trying to plant spies by his side and subvert him.

His tone and his attitude toward the Europeans and his own Americans alike bespoke a disturbing secretiveness and dour- ness. He spoke to the former in what they considered an infuriating fashion: they thought him the schoolmaster criticizing errant boys all over again, and they suspected his motives. "I never knew anyone to talk more like Jesus Christ and act more like Lloyd George," said Clemenceau. The Americans he largely ignored. He dismissed the views of Secretary of State Robert Lansing and lectured his experts on their own fields of expertise. He was extremely impatient in his dealings with people, kicking his legs in irritation and walking fretfully about the room. The criticisms of the French press angered him and he threatened to force the transfer of the entire business to another country. There was a petulance in the way he labored over his typewriter on his reports, as if to indicate no secretary could do it right. His work in a way was brilliant, for he was able to compress scores and hundreds of difficult problems in his mind and come up with answers to them-perhaps no one else in the world could have done it- but that he was doing it more and more by himself exposed him to the great dangers of forgetful mistakes.

Through it all, though-the irritability and ill-health which made him if not cool to his wife (for he could never be cool to her), then unresponsive to her cheeriness; through the high-handedness to his colleagues- he clung to one great central idea: the establishment of a League of Nations which would be a forum for the dispensation of justice for all men and wipe out the threat of war forever. If the peace treaty possessed flaws -and who could say it would not?-then the League would exist to remedy those flaws.

Wilson now has returned to the US where he faces strong opposition from his political opponents, headed by Senator Lodge. They claim that Wilson is trying to form a world government with him as the head and that Europeans will be in charge of the US military. Wilson's response is to schedule a DC to West Coast train trip where he take his case directly to the American people.

On Wednesday, September, 3, 1919, at six-forty in the evening, they left the White House to go to Union Station-the President, the First Lady, Grayson, Tumulty. Two dozen reporters would be with them, eight Secret Service men, a corps of aides and a valet for him, a maid for her, a double train crew. The train was seven cars long; the President's blue car, the *Mayflower*, last in line. They would be traveling 9,981 miles, almost to the Canadian border, almost to the Mexican. Every state west of the Mississippi except four would be visited, and it would take twenty-seven days, with twenty-six major stops and at least ten rear-platform speeches a day. All through the planning stage, the First Lady pleaded that some rest days be scheduled; perhaps a week at the Grand Canyon- but the President would not allow it.- "This is a business trip, pure and simple."

Tumulty was also concerned about the omission of any relaxation periods, thinking to himself as they stood on the railroad platform just before getting under way that never had he seen the President- the 'Governor' to Tumulty since their New Jersey statehouse days-look so weary. In those Trenton years, in his secretary's eyes, he was vigorous, agile, slender, an active man with hair only slightly streaked with gray. Now he was an old man gray and grim, to Tumulty's mind like a warrior determined to fight on to the end. The President said to him, "I am in a nice fix. I have not had a single minute to prepare my speeches. I do not know how I shall get the time, for during the past few weeks I have been suffering from daily headaches. But perhaps tonight's rest will make me fit for the work of tomorrow."

The three men and the woman went into the *Mayflower's* sitting room and ordered cool drinks. Out to serve them came a tiny Negro White House servant, "Little" Jackson (sometimes "Major" Jackson), wearing a gigantic mushroom-shaped chefs hat almost as big as he. It sheltered him like a toadstool, the First Lady thought. They all burst into laughter-which pleased Tumulty, who had gone to some trouble to get the hat made.

They halted for a moment in the Baltimore train yards and some Red Cross workers gathered around to wish them luck and offer cigarettes and sandwiches. The cigarettes the President declined by saying he never smoked; he also said he wouldn't take any food as they had just dined on the train and -,told a corps of aides he was "about filled up." Shortly after, they all went to bed. In the morning, the reporters came for a press conference, but they distressed the President. "They ask me such foolish questions," he sighed. They stopped for a few minutes at Dennison, Ohio, where a new locomotive was attached to the train, and some thirty or forty persons gathered beneath the *Mayflower's* rear platform to hear the President say good morning, glad to see you, how are you, as he shook hands all around. An old man looked up and said, "I wish you success on your journey, Mr. Wilson. I lost two sons in the war; only got one left and I want things fixed up so I won't have to lose him." The people broke into applause.

They headed for Columbus and his first speech and before noon they were there. The COLUMBUS WELCOMES YOU sign at the railroad station was enlarged to include OUR PRESIDENT, and the city's school children had been dismissed from classes for the day. On Broad Street hundreds of them were assembled to wave American flags. They broke ranks and came running through the police lines and the Army band that led the slow moving automobile parade to trot along beside his car, where he stood wearing a straw hat although Labor Day was past. Airplanes from Ohio State University's landing field zoomed overhead and dropped flowers on the crowd. At the hall where he would speak he waited backstage for a moment while the First Lady, in blue dress and Russian sable scarf and with a checked coat over her arm,

went out before the people. There was considerable applause for him when he appeared, but it was not the applause he had heard in Paris, London and Rome months before.

"My fellow citizens," he began, *"it is with great pleasure that I greet you. I have long chafed at confinement in Washington and I have wanted to report to you and other citizens of the United States. It has become increasingly necessary that I should report to you."* He spoke with no notes, saying, "This is what the League of Nations is for: it is to prove to the nations of the world that the nations will combine against any nation that would emulate Germany's example. When you are told that the League of Nations is for any purpose but to prevent war, tell them that it is not so." He smacked his hands together when he spoke of the war and said, "The League of Nations is the only thing that can prevent the recurrence of this tragedy and re-deem our promises. And when this treaty is accepted, as it will be accepted, men in khaki will not have to cross the seas again"

Outside the hall his car was halted for a few minutes while escorting Army troops fell into line. People jammed up against the vehicle. He stood up and waved his hat and the crowd clapped hands, but the reporters thought the applause relatively restrained. And the crowds were not as large as expected. Perhaps it was because the Columbus trolley men were on strike and the streetcars from the outlying areas were not running, but perhaps also it was because all over America that September railroad men, plumbers, rubber workers, machinists, cigar makers, chorus girls, potters, shoe workers, electrical workers, all these and others were on strike and there were people in Columbus (and elsewhere) who felt that a President ought to be doing something about the worst labor situation in the country's history instead of gallivanting about, talking of the troubles of far-off places and (in the eyes of some) laying the groundwork for his Presidency of the World or of the United States for a third term.

Just two hours after they arrived they left Columbus, ten minutes of their time having been spent beside the waiting train greeting the local dignitaries presented by the Mayor and a former Governor. An Army veteran told the reporters he had been in Paris when the President entered the city: "I never will forget that day. All Americans were princes and Woody was King." But the man also thought the President looked a lot older now.

They headed for Indianapolis, halting for a few minutes at Urbana, Ohio. "You will beat them," a man called out. "Their case is so weak they are not hard to beat," the President answered. They went on. Earlier the day had been overcast, but now the sun came out, baking both the lush fields around them and the jolting cars of the rolling train. At Richmond, Indiana, he spoke from the rear platform for six minutes: "Shall we or shall we not sustain the first great act of international justice? The thing wears a very big aspect when you look at it that way, and all little matters seem to fall away and one seems ashamed to bring in special interests, particularly party interests." The Secret Service men were in a semicircle, holding the people back, and he was up on the platform crying, "Mat difference does party make when mankind is involved?"

Outside Indianapolis a local reception committee came aboard to ride in on the *Mayflower*, and he talked with them in the lounge compartment. They pulled into the station at six in the evening and went at once in a motorcade to the Indianapolis Coliseum. The Indiana State Fair was in session and people came streaming in from the midway, deserting the prize cattle and the exhibits to jam the arena. The crowd was unruly and seemed, in the eyes of the reporters, to view the President and First Lady--she in a gown with a gray georgette bodice and a dark blue velvet skirt--as simply an added attraction to the fair. The Governor of the state began an introductory speech, but the crowd did not quiet down even when the Mayor of Indianapolis got up to ask that they do so. Finally the President arose. "I am making this journey as an American and as a champion of the rights which America believes in--" But still the crowd was noisy and those in the back, unable to bear him, made for the doors, which added to the clamor. A state official got up and told those who wanted to leave that they should do so at once; afterward police would bar the doors. Several thousand people in the rear walked out and his speech went on. "If it is not to be this arrangement, what arrangement do you suggest to secure the peace of the world? It is a case of put up or shut up."

They left at noon and went on to St. Louis, a pilot engine running two minutes in front of them. They arrived at four in the morning and at eight a dozen youths of the junior Chamber of Commerce came to volunteer to carry baggage or do anything needed. Behind them came a reception committee to greet him with yells when at nine he came down from the train in a straw hat. He went to the Hotel Statler in a motorcade, waving. But the cheers were not boisterous and there were no children: school was open in St. Louis that day. In the hotel lobby there was a band that burst into *The Star-Spangled Banner* as he entered, and he came to attention for it and then went up in the elevator to a room where he met with members of the reception committee brought in by twos and threes to pump his arm up and down and hear him say that St. Louis was a wonderful city and he was charmed to be there. He went downstairs to a businessmen's luncheon in the hotel ballroom where he spoke of his Senate opponents, saying they were "contemptible quitters" did they "fail to see the game through." Cigar smoke drifted up to him from the thousand men and made more intense the headache he had had all day. He cried, "America was not founded to make money; it was founded to lead the world on the way to liberty." At the end there was a dash to get on line so that every man could tell his children he shook hands with the President, and then he went upstairs to work on the speech he would give that night.

It was twilight when he went to the hall to sit on a platform in a hard steel chair from which he rose to cry out to the thousands of listeners that "if we keep out of this arrangement war will come soon. If we go into it war will never come." From the hall they drove to the station, arriving there at nine-fifteen. Crowds gathered by the *Mayflower*, and when Grayson and the Governor of the state appeared on the platform they were greeted by shouts of "We want Wilson!" He came out to bow and when at eleven the train pulled out the people got another glimpse of him through the window of the car, sitting at his desk in the evening warmth and working on his next speech, typing, typing. The next morning he was up early when the train stopped to kill some time in Independence so as not to get to Kansas City before the scheduled arrival time of eight o'clock. Housewives came running from their homes when word spread that the President was there, most of them wearing big cottage aprons and Mother Hubbards. One apologized, saying they would have dressed up had they known beforehand he would stop in their town, but he said he was glad to see them "just as you are." They asked if the First Lady would not come out, and she did so and the women burst into applause. In Kansas City at eight the heat was already quite intense and he had to shout at the reception committee in order that his words be heard above the hubbub of the crowd gathered outside the *Mayflower*. There were flowers for the First Lady-"Oh thank you, they're beautiful-and clicking movie cameras. The headache was worse.

Kansas City, the voice hoarse: "I have come to fight a cause, and that cause is greater than the U. S. Senate" At noon they were back on the train with its white "special" flags flying from both sides of the locomotive. He turned to the milling crowd behind the police lines and cupped his hands to shout, "I've had a great time here" Between smiles, the reporters noticed, his face wore the most serious of looks; the headache was continuous for most of the hours of the day..

They hurried north as the second section of the regular train. At St. Joseph they stopped for three minutes and a crowd shouted, "*Speech! Speech!*" but Grayson asked him to spare his voice, so he only leaned down over the platform rail, almost bending double, and shook some of the dozens of hands thrust up at him. Fathers held their children on their shoulders to see, and a group of Red Cross women got him and the First Lady to sign their roster. Newspaper people from Des Moines came aboard to ride the train into their city, and at eight that night they pulled in to where the reception committee waited- representatives of the Commerce, Trades and Labor Assembly of the city, the Grand Army of the Republic post, the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Spanish-American War Veterans, the Rotary, the City Federation of Women's Clubs, the War Camp Community Service, the Salvation Army, the Red Cross, the Soldiers Fathers League, the League to Enforce Peace, officials of the City of Des Moines and the State of Iowa, the

Greater Des Moines Chamber of Commerce, people from the Des Moines *News, the Register and Tribune, the Capital*. He shook hands all around and went to stand before ten thousand people in the Coliseum and cry out-there were no mechanical devices to project his voice-that "the world is waiting, waiting to see not whether we will take part, but whether we will serve and lead' for it has expected us to lead."

That night they slept at the Hotel Fort Des Moines, their first night off the train, and he told his people he felt like taking three baths to wash off the train grime. The next day, Sunday, the reporters went driving and to play golf and tennis while he complied with the rule of his church that there be no work on the Sabbath. But of course there were the forthcoming speeches to be worked on, and when he and the First Lady went to the Central Presbyterian Church there were crowds hoping to shake his hand and, inside, people stretching in their seats to see the visitors. Meanwhile a Missouri priest said the League was a Wall Street plot. The clergyman was echoed by the Socialist Victor Berger of Milwaukee declaring it was a 'capitalist scheme' to bring "more wars and more armaments.'

At midnight they left Des Moines for Omaha. Originally it had been intended to arrive there at five in the morning and for the party to remain sleeping in the rail yards until the reception committee came at -nine, but Grayson felt the President would rest better in some quieter Place and so the train halted by a siding near Underwood, Iowa, fifteen miles northeast of Council Bluffs. They slept there by a quiet cornfield. At Omaha there were sirens, noisemakers, auto horns blaring to welcome him, and a battery of photographers. "Stand by your guns,' the President said to them, and they in return said, "Please have Mrs. Wilson turn this way and smile ... I have no control over that little lady," he answered. He looked better, the reporters traveling with him thought; the quiet Sunday and the night by the cornfield seemed to have done much good.

Omaha: "I predict there would be another world war within a generation if no pains were taken to prevent it. If this guarantee is not lived up to, I want to say that in another generation or two we must have another and far more disastrous war. If I felt that I stood in the way of this settlement of the world's affairs, I would be glad to die that it might be consummated." After his talk people came rushing up past the guards and jumping over the press table to grab his hand. At the train a crowd was yelling "We want Wilson," and he told the Secret Service men to form them up into a line so that he could shake hands with several hundreds of them. By noon they were on their way north to Sioux Falls, South Dakota, stopping along the way, as always, for him to make brief talks from the rear platform.

They spent two hours in Sioux Falls: out of the train; the motorcade with the cheers and his responding wave; the speech: "America may have the distinction of leading the way! I sometimes think, when I wake up in the night, of the wakeful nights that anxious fathers, mothers, and friends spent during the weary years of the awful war, and I hear the cry of the mothers of the children, millions on the other side and thousands on this side: 'In God's name give us security and peace and right'" and then they were again in the lurching autos and back to the train and going on. He tried to sleep as they went through the night to St. Paul, but it was difficult for him. In the morning at the St. Paul station fifteen hundred girls of the War Camp Community Service waited, and as soon as he appeared on the *Mayflower's* platform they burst out into a nonsensical get-up-in-the-morning war song: "Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip, with your hair cut just as short' as mine, rise up and shine, good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip, you're surely looking fine." He stood with a fixed smile on his face and then went to the cars standing behind troops Of the 4th Minnesota National Guard who led him to the state capitol.

After that it was Bismarck, North Dakota, crying "The whole world is waiting on us," and an auto tour of the city. During the day they stopped for a few minutes to walk from the train a short distance to where

there was a wonderful view of some waterfalls. It was the first, literally the first, quiet exercise of any kind since Washington.

When they returned to the siding the Secret Service men made their usual check of the train and flushed out two hobos who were planning to hitch a ride under one of the cars. When the men found out whose train this was, one asked a Secret Service man, "Do you think he would shake hands with fellows like us?" The President stepped forward and did so, and even offered a lift. But the hobos said no, they would not trouble him, he had troubles enough, and they would wait for the next train coming through. The First Lady shook hands with them and then the train pulled away. Looking back, the President waved to the two and they bowed and waved their shabby hats in return. Edmund Starling glanced at the President and, seeing a wistful smile, thought to himself, He envies them.

And indeed there was much about the two tramps that the President could envy. For it was likely they slept well at night and were free from a constantly more severe headache and free also from the sneezing and coughing that resulted from the train fumes and the cigar smoke blown up at him in the crowded halls where he spoke, and from the serious asthma attacks the high altitudes were bringing on in spite of the sprays and medications Grayson gave him. The President's poor appetite in the murderous September heat also worried the doctor, and he prescribed predigested foods and lots of fluids to help his patient, but the reporters could not help but notice that although the President in public smiled and waved he seemed to sag as soon as he was out of sight of the crowds. They also noticed the serious, intent look that rarely left the face of the usually cheery First Lady and the tense, worried appearance of Grayson.

Billings, Montana: "I am just as sure what the verdict will be as if already rendered, and what has convinced me most is what plain people have said to me, particularly what women have said to me. When I see a woman dressed with marks of labor upon her and she says, God bless you, Mr. President, and God bless the League of Nations, then I know the League of Nations is safe. I know the League of Nations is close to those people. A woman came to me the other day and took my hand and said, God bless you, Mr. President, and turned away in tears. I asked a neighbor, Mat is the matter? and he said, She was intending to say something to you but she lost a son in France. That woman did not take my hand with the feeling that her son should not have been sent to France. I sent her son to France. She took my hand and blessed it but she could not say anything more because a whole world of spirit came up in her throat. Down deep in the heart of love for her boy she felt that we had done something so that no other woman's boy would be called upon to lay his life down for a thing like that."

As the train pulled away from the station some little boys came running after it. One had an American flag and he reached up to the rear platform of the *Mayflower* and handed it to the First Lady. "Give it to him," he said. A boy running by his side had no flag, but he reached down into his pocket and then stretched out his hand with something in it. The child was running as fast as he could, holding out his hand, and Starling hooked a leg through the platform railing and leaned out to reach him. "Give him this," the boy panted. Starling opened his hand. A dime lay in his palm.

They kept going, up into the Northwest. Meanwhile, back in Washington, Senator Lodge dispatched men to speak out against the League, "that evil thing with the holy name." Senators Johnson, McCormick and Borah went to Chicago. Johnson cried to a crowd of ten thousand sitting with coats off and ties loosened in the steaming Coliseum, "*I have heard of men placing themselves in the hands of their creditors, but never have I heard of a man placing himself in the hands of his debtors. The United States is the greatest solvent power on earth and they ask us to enter into partnership with bankrupts!*" Borah hooked his thumbs under his arms and stalked across the stage. "*Is there an American who wants a foreign nation to say when and where the Monroe Doctrine should apply?*" he asked. "*No, no,*" the crowd yelled. "*England has suggested-*

all England has to do now is to suggest-that we send 100,000 men to Constantinople," the Senator said. "Don't let 'em go," the crowd cried back. *Who betrayed the American soldier and the American ideals?* the Senator asked. "Wilson! Impeach him! Impeach him!" roared the crowd. Johnson the next day went on to Indianapolis to say "*...the Europeans were filled with duplicity unequalled in the history of the world.*" *But when the President seeks to keep up the duplicity by binding our sons to guarantee it, I say it shall not be!*" "No!" roared the crowd. In the Senate at Washington, Senator Sherman stood to say, "He is no longer Wilson the American President of the United States". Now he is Wilson the internationalist, aspirant for first President of the World's League of Nations." Senator Reed, a Democrat, went into New England and waved a sheet of paper over his head, crying that it was the Covenant of the League. "I have it here and I seem to see the bloody footprints of John Bull treading all over the dastardly document."

The train went on: Helena, Coeur d'Alene ... Outside Coeur d'Alene, Borah's town, a woman held up a baby for the President to see. The First Lady leaned over the platform railing and took the child. "It's a boy," the infant's father proudly said, "and his name is Wilson." They went on to a circus tent, cowboys in Western regalia riding before, and he told the people, "My fellow countrymen, we are facing a decision now in which we cannot afford to make a mistake."

The crowds were getting more enthusiastic now with every stop, but at night in the hot dry air the President could hardly breathe. It became necessary for him to try to sleep sitting up in an easy chair of his compartment in the jolting and swaying train; that way, it was riot as difficult for him to catch his breath. Fighting the splitting headaches, he would sit with his fore-head resting on the back of another chair and dictate by the hour to his stenographer, Charles Swem.

Tumulty kept coming in from each stop with a stream of telegrams sent on from the White House and dealing with the Russian situation, the actions of U.S. troops on occupation duty, petitions about the high cost of living, 'the question of what American decoration should be awarded the King of the Belgians, who would soon be coming to the country on a state visit, and the labor disturbances breaking out all over the country--including the police strike in Boston, which saw mobs free of interference breaking windows, shooting craps on Boston Common, molesting women in the street. The telegrams had to be dealt with even as he planned ahead for his next speech.

They made their way up to the State of Washington, moving slowly through wooded mountain country and under a drizzle and low-lying mist that turned the atmosphere suddenly cold. It was the chilliest spell for that season that the area had experienced in years, and for the first time the heat in the train was turned on. At Rathdrum, Idaho, the train stopped for a few moments to change engines and a band appeared to play for him. He went out on the platform very much bundled up against the penetrating damp cold and spoke for a few minutes to the people, some of them Indians, standing by their muddy trucks. "A League of Nations will not make war impossible but it will help to prevent war. You do not want war. You want world peace. . . ." A mounted policeman put his horse through a bucking exhibition.

In Spokane two hours later the weather was boilingly hot; the reporters came from the train in panamas. The crowds were, despite the heat, the most enthusiastic of the entire trip. Marching troops of the 21st Infantry led the motorcade through twenty-three blocks filled with people, some sitting atop big delivery vans parked in the side-street intersections. Flags hung across the hot streets and a canopy of white and red dahlias woven into a wire screen stretched above the main thorough-fare. Bouquets sailed out of the crowd toward him, and the Secret Service men on the running boards leaped high to catch them. At each side of his nose there were heavy dark lines leading down to his mouth, and when he stood up in the car to wave

his hat the people noticed that the First Lady, in navy- blue jersey cloth and a small toque of dark gray velour, reached up her band to steady him.

They went to a park to be seen by hundreds of massed school children, and then to his speech: "Isn't 10 per cent insurance against war a pretty good thing?" "You bet it is," a man called out. "Well, the League of Nations will give you 98 per cent insurance against war." Two hours after arriving at Spokane they pulled out. A policeman asked him how he liked the city and he said, "Fine! Fine! I have always wanted to visit Spokane, I have heard so much about it. This is the first opportunity I have had." His headache made him actually see double. The police- man held up a child to shake his hand.

They made for Tacoma and paused for a moment at Pasco, Washington, so that he might say a few words. After his talk he remarked to the little throng that theirs was a dusty area. Someone joked, "Yes, we have to have a lot of grit to live here." As the train pulled out a man came dashing down the track. The President looked at him curiously. "Don't mind me," gasped the man. "I only promised to get the last look at you from Pasco and now I've done it."

Tacoma's crowds were enormous and uproarious:

TACOMA GREETES AMERICAN LEADER. ". . .

If it fails every woman should weep for the child at her breast who when he grows to man- hood will have to go forth to fight . . ." He talked about the little boy who had given him the dime: "I would like to believe that -dime has some relation to the widow's mite-others gave something; he gave all that he had."

At Seattle they found Secretary of the Navy Daniels and his wife, back from a trip to Hawaii, ready to take them at once to a formal review of the Pacific Fleet in Puget Sound. The street crowds unleashed deafening cheers; at Union Street the employees of a store had constructed a confetti gun, and when they fired it he and the First Lady, who held him with one white-gloved hand, disappeared from view in the paper pouring down on them. Japanese school children waved flags and shrieked while auto horns blared.

He was standing up in the car waving a high silk hat-it was the first time on the trip he had worn one- when with terrifying suddenness all the noise and cheering ended. Standing by the curb in long lines were men in blue denim working clothes. Their arms were folded and they stared straight ahead, not at the President, but at nothing at all. They did not hiss or boo but motionless, noiseless, simply stood there. In their hats they wore signs saying RELEASE POLITICAL PRISONERS. They were members of the International Workers of the World-the Wobblies- gathered from all over the state to demonstrate their anger at the imprisonment of radical leaders on sedition charges and to embarrass Seattle's Mayor Ole Hanson, their sworn enemy. They lined the building fronts to the curbs, and only a few children pushed and yelled for the President, making the silence and immobility of the men even more awesome. From the streets over which the motorcade had come there were heard the bands playing and the crowds noisily breaking up, but where the IWW's were there was not a sound but the put-putting of police motorcycles. The President was standing and smiling when he first reached the IWWS, but in a flash the smile vanished and a flabbergasted look came over his face. He stood in the terrible silence for two blocks, the hand holding his hat hanging by his side, and then he sank down onto the car seat beside the First Lady. He put his tall hat on his head, a little to one side, and it seemed that he sat in a crumpled-up way. His face was white.

For six blocks the statue-like men lined the street. When the car had gotten past the silent, terrible blocks there were more cheering people, but the President did not again rise in the car; he simply waved his hand and weakly smiled. They went to the harbor and boarded an overcrowded launch that lurched violently and collided with another craft before taking them to the Oregon. They sailed several miles through the bay

alive with warships firing salvos of twenty-one guns each and flinging across the water the strains of the National Anthem.

At seven in the evening, after speaking at a Seattle Hippodrome dinner, he went to the Seattle Arena for a second talk and found wildly enthusiastic mobs ringing it on all sides. While he was speaking inside, the people outside noisily shouted his name and cheered, making it hard for the listeners to hear him. "If there had been a League of Nations in 1914, whether Germany belonged to it or not, Germany would never have dared to attempt the aggression she did attempt," he cried out over the clamor from outside. Secretary Daniels felt his chief had put his last ounce of strength forward, and Jonathan Daniels, his son, thought the President had made a great speech. But a Navy admiral said to the boy's father, "*Something seemed to be wrong with President Wilson. He appeared to have lost his customary force and enthusiasm.*"

That night the President sat in darkness with the First Lady in a little roof garden of the Hotel New Washington and looked down to where the fleet stood at anchor with all lights blazing. It was a beautiful sight, and all of a sudden in her eyes he looked good again, delighted as a boy with the ships and the beauty and quiet of the night. But later for hours from their suite in the hotel they heard below the roistering sounds of sailors off the ships playing guitars bought on shore leave in Honolulu and twanged in the street as a tribute to the Commander in Chief. With the noise and his extreme difficulty in breathing, he was up most of the night, and the next morning, Sunday, when Secretary Daniels and his wife came to pay a call, they were told the President had a terrible headache and must beg to be excused.

Later, however, he pulled himself together to break his rule about working on the Sabbath and received the leaders of the terrible silent men of the six blocks. A delegation of five men came, two wearing the caps they had been issued during their Army service. Jack Kipps, a Socialist and the head of the International Workers of the World in the Seattle area, led them into a room where the President stood by a long table, one hand holding the edge. "Good morning," the President said, stepping forward. Kipps thought to himself that the President was smaller than his pictures made him appear and that his head seemed heavy on his neck. "And he looked old-just old." They shook hands and Kipps found the President's was dry and shaky. His voice also trembled. He waited for the men to speak. He did not look at them. The delegation and the President stood in silence for a moment and then one of the men got out something about a petition they had for him asking that all imprisoned radical leaders be released. The President said he would read it and they handed it to him. His face seemed terribly long and gray to them. Again there was a long silence. Kipps said they had a thousand signatures on their petition but that if they had had more time they could have gotten ten thousand. The President's hand was shaking so much that he gripped the lapel of his coat with it. For a few moments he closed his eyes-the headache that had prevented his seeing Secretary Daniels was all but unendurable-and the men started to leave. Again he shook their hands and got out a thank-you. They went to the door and he took a few steps after them and stopped in the middle of the room and bowed. He looks like a ghost, Kipps thought. The men went down and got into a streetcar. "Christ Almighty," one of them breathed. "What a mess he was!" Kipps said.

That night the travelers went to the train and headed for Portland and a drive around a race track where ten thousand people roared for him and to the Hotel Portland for a luncheon after which the cigars of the men in the banquet room sent clouds of thick smoke drifting up to him. His voice was very hoarse. "I have lived to see a day in which, after saturating most of my life in the history and traditions of America, I seem suddenly to see a culmination of American hope in history; all the orators seeing their dreams realized, if their spirits are looking on; all the men who spoke the noblest sentiments for America heartened with the sight of a great nation responding to and acting upon those dreams, saying, 'At last the world knows America as the savior of the world.'"

That day there was bad news from Washington. Testifying before Senator Lodge and his Foreign Relations Committee, William C. Bullitt, who had been attached to the American delegation at Paris during the Peace Conference,' said that Secretary of State Robert Lansing had told him outright that the League of Nations was a terrible idea. Reading from notes he said he had made of the conversation, Bullitt quoted Lansing as saying, "I believe that if the Senate could only understand what this treaty means, it would unquestionably be defeated, but I wonder if they will understand what it lets them in for . . . I believe that the League of Nations at present is entirely useless."

The newspapers headlined the story and added that Secretary Lansing, on vacation in upstate New York, returned from a day of bass fishing and said he had no comment on Bullitt's statement. The implication of the Secretary's silence clearly was that he was not going to deny that he made the remarks to Bullitt. The revelations of his Secretary of State's attitude threw the President into a rage. "Read that," he rasped at Tumulty, and tell me what you think of a man who was my associate on the other side and who confidentially expressed himself to an outsider in such a fashion! Think of it! This from a man whom I raised from the level of a subordinate to the great office of Secretary of State of the United States! My God! I did not think it was possible for Lansing to act in this way!" Senators Borah and Johnson traveling behind him damning the League and Senator New in the Senate saying his dreams were scarcely less visionary than the hallucinations of Don Quixote" were one thing, but for his Secretary of State to say the same thing was quite another. He could not get it out of his mind, and there was something desperate in his face as they went south into California behind three engines pulling the train up over the Siskiyou Mountains.

They spent two days in the San Francisco area and he made five major addresses. There was a men's luncheon, a women's luncheon, a trip by ferry across the bay and a talk at the Greek Theatre of the University of California at Berkeley. Margaret Axson Elliott, Ellen's younger sister, came with her husband, an assistant to the President in Princeton days, and stayed with them at the Hotel St. Francis in San Francisco. Sitting with the Mayor of Oakland and the President and First Lady as they drove in one of the unending motorcades, Margaret---"Madge" to the family-saw a child fall off the curb and get dragged back by its father. The Mayor of Oakland saw it too. "Those are the little chaps for whom you are fighting, Mr. President." "God help them, yes!" the President said. Often on the trip he repeated that--"I am the attorney for these children." At the end of their stay Madge drove with them to the train. "Take care of yourself. This trip is pretty strenuous," she said. He nodded. "It is! I shall be ready for a rest when it is over."

The Far West's September weather was hot, steamy, draining -he seemed to be weakening hour by hour, but there was no let up in the reception committees and politicians and the pushing and screaming crowds that were everywhere, along with the bands that awakened him in the morning and blared long into the night. Always there were more bands to shake, more people wanting just a moment of the President's time, his ear for just a second or two. "They mean so well-but they are killing me," he groaned. They went down to San Diego and to the stadium, where with the assistance of then-novel loudspeakers he spoke to a crowd of more than forty thousand madly enthusiastic and vociferous persons shielding themselves with umbrellas from the sun.

As they headed north to Los Angeles, Grayson had the train halted so that the President might get off and sleep in an inn. The doctor also argued that there must be no more rear-plat- form speeches and handshaking, but in the Los Angeles station a begrimed Mexican rail-yard worker reached up to shake. Although the Secret Service men leaped forward to bar others from doing the same, the crowd set up three cheers and would not take no for an answer. So he had to shake what the reporters estimated to be a thousand hands in a matter of minutes.

There was a dinner for him, the First Lady wearing black and silver brocade and a velvet hat trimmed with sapphire tulle fastened with a diamond and sapphire, and at the Shrine Auditorium there were seven thousand to hear him while three times that number stood outside. Cheers drowned out the voice of the Mayor as he tried to make the introduction, and when the President stood up the people increased the enormous volume of sound. As soon as the cheers began to diminish, a man waving a large American flag urged the people to redouble their efforts, and so he stood for a long time before he began his Speech.

LOS ANGELES SHRIEKS APPROVAL OF THE PRESIDENT,

said a local paper, and the New York Times correspondent on the train wrote the traveler was "now getting the cumulative effect of his missionary work." Correspondent David Lawrence, who earlier in the trip had been struck by the lack of enthusiasm, now wrote the President would leave the West Coast "triumphant."

In the afternoon there came to the hotel someone from out of the past: Mrs. Peck, invited for lunch by the First Lady. She came by streetcar to the Hotel Alexandria and went in through the great crowds to Grayson, who brought her to the President and First Lady. She had not seen the former in four years; the latter she had never met. Mrs. Peck thought the First Lady handsome and junoesque with a charming smile; the First Lady thought her sweet-looking but faded.

Mrs. Peck told of her troubles with the President's enemies who sought to buy the letters he had written her, of how her room had been searched and of the large sums offered. "God, to think that you should have suffered because of me!" said the distressed President. She told of her financial difficulties, of how she sold encyclopedias door to door and worked as a movie extra sipping tea in the background of a garden-party scene, of her suffering because of the gossip about them. In an apparent attempt to smooth over a difficult situation by making a joke, the First Lady said, "Where there's so much smoke there must be some fire."

It was an unwise remark to make to a woman who, she once had told a friend, still kept the lace for the dress she had intended to wear at her White House wedding. She flared out some sharp things to the First Lady, but the tiff was passed over when the President talked about his fight for the League. Several times people came in to ask if the President would not greet the crowds outside the hotel, or this delegation or that, and once Grayson came in to ask if the First Lady would not say hello to a women's group, and finally the President went out to meet with some League supporters. It seemed to Mrs. Peck that he was like a man being drawn into a maelstrom.

Finally it came time for her to go. The President put his hand on the First Lady's and asked, "Isn't there something we can do?" Mrs. Peck did not fail to note the First Lady's silence and said, "Not for me; not for me. I am quite all right." The First Lady went to tell a valet to bring Mrs. Peck's wrap and the President walked with his visitor to the hall. She quoted from a poem: "With all my will, but much against my heart, we two now part." The elevator came and she was gone. They would never meet again.

Going across the Sierras, finally heading in the direction of Washington, they ran into forest fires that scorched the sides of the train cars and filled the long mountain tunnels with choking gas fumes. He could not sleep at all and the headaches, formerly located at the back of his head, now seemed to be moving into the very center of his brain. The sharp changes of altitude were the worst thing possible for his asthma, and when they moved out of the mountains into the dust of the Western desert the twitching of his face was more pronounced and continuous for hours on end. In Washington a resolution was introduced in Congress directing the State Department to furnish a "list of all presents of any kind whatsoever that were tendered" the President from "any King, Prince or Foreign State." Rumors were spread that "women and liquor" were aboard the train.

At Reno, Nevada, the crowd called for the First Lady and he brought her out on the train platform. "Here is the best part of this traveling show," he said. A man below called "Mr. Wilson, I would like to make a statement: I am very much pleased with your better half." Everyone laughed. They drove to a theater: "Answering those who fear the League will get the United States into trouble, I want to get into any kind of trouble that will help to liberate mankind!" The talk was piped over telephone lines to megaphones set up in three other theaters in the town.

They went on toward Salt Lake City, stopping at Ogden for a one-hour drive through crowded city streets after rolling through the small desert towns where the entire populations turned out to call his name, the children singing, Indian squaws standing with papooses on their backs, people clinging to dust-covered telegraph poles along the right of way. At Salt Lake City the speech was to be in the Mormon Tabernacle at eight in the evening. At six Tumulty came to the hotel where they were resting and said the Tabernacle was so packed that the police had locked the doors. Looking from the hotel windows, they saw thousands of people milling about in the streets, and when they went down, a police escort had hard work getting them through the crowds.

Inside, fifteen thousand people sat in an unventilated building on a very hot night; the heat and fetid air made the First Lady feel sick and blind. They went up on the rostrum, where the hot thick air was even more stifling, and she thought she was going to faint. Her maid saw her getting white and passed up a bottle of smelling salts which she gratefully inhaled and then poured onto a handkerchief for the President. He was in agony from the terrible pain in his head and choking from the asthma and the poor air, and when they got back to the hotel his clothing was soaked through with perspiration. The First Lady and Grayson got him into dry things, but within five minutes they too were sopping wet. All night on the train he could not keep dry.

The next day at Cheyenne two troops of cavalry from Fort Russell gave him a saber salute as he stood at attention for *The Star-Spangled Banner* before the parade to the Princess Theater and an hour's speech. Four hours later, at eleven at night, they pulled into Denver. They had wired ahead asking there be as small a reception committee as possible, giving the explanation that this was a security request from the Secret Service, but when they got there they found the entire city ablaze with special lights strung up by the Denver Gas and Electric Light Company. The streets were jammed. Thousands of yelling people escorted them to their hotel, where they talked with his cousin Harriet Woodrow Wells, whom as a boy he had loved but who had rejected his proposal of marriage.

When he tried to sleep, he could not. The First Lady was desperate, terrified of the way he looked and what lay ahead. 'Let's stop,' she begged. 'Let's go somewhere and rest. Only for a few days.' "No," he said. "I have caught the imagination of the people. They are eager to hear what the League stands for. I should fail in my duty if I disappointed them.' She was so downcast that he tried to make light of the situation: "Cheer up! This will soon be over. And when we get back to Washing- ton I promise you I'll take a holiday."

In the morning they went to the state capitol grounds to greet school children and then to the City Auditorium for his speech. The acoustics were very bad and he had to shout. By eleven in the morning they were on their way to Pueblo, Colorado. They lunched on the train and his appetite was bad, as usual. As the train approached Pueblo he asked what the arrangements were and was told the schedule called for a drive to the fairgrounds to greet a crowd before going to speak in the Memorial Auditorium. The idea of a long standing-up auto tour to the fairgrounds seemed too much for him. "Who authorized such an idiotic idea?" he snapped. He was told it was listed in the plans he himself had approved. "Send for Tumulty and tell him

to bring the original program," he ordered. Tumulty brought it and showed the President where he had signed an approving 'V.W.'" The President sighed. "Any damned fool who was stupid enough to approve such a pro- gram has no business in the White House.'

He said he would not go to the fairgrounds. But when they arrived in Pueblo the reception committee pleaded that he make the trip, saying ten thousand people were waiting for him. Reluctantly he agreed and drove around in front of the crowd, waving his hat. When they went to the auditorium for his speech he seemed to stumble at the single step of the hall's entrance. The Secret Service man Edmund Starling caught him and almost lifted him up over the step. Always before the President had refused any suggestion of physical assistance when his party was battling its way through the enormous crowds of the trip, but this time he did -not object. He went out onto the platform. It was a little after three in the afternoon, September.25, 1919. Passing the newspapermen, he said, "This will have to be a short speech. Aren't you fellows getting pretty sick of this?"

He went up to the cheering and yells and began to speak. His voice was not strong, but he did well enough until suddenly he stumbled over a sentence. "Germany must never be allowed..." He stopped and was silent. "A lesson must be taught to Germany!--" He stopped again and stood still. "The world will not allow Germany!--" Reporter Joseph Jefferson O'Neill looked up from his notes. This had never happened before in any of the speeches. O'Neill looked at the First Lady and saw terror on her face. Edmund Starling thought to himself the President was about to collapse and tensed to step forward and catch him. But the President gathered himself together, although his voice was very weak, and went on. He spoke of Memorial Day at Suresnes, of the soldiers alive and dead at the cemetery, and of how he wished that some of the Senators opposing the League might have been there on that day. As he spoke of the dead boys in the graves at Suresnes, Joe Tumulty, standing in the wings of the auditorium, saw down in the audience men and women alike reaching for handkerchiefs to wipe their eyes. "There seems to me to stand between us and the rejection of this treaty the serried ranks of those boys in khaki, not only those boys who came home, but those dear ghosts who still deploy upon the fields of France."

He halted. The people looked at him and he at them.

The President of the United States, standing before an audience of some several thousands of his fellow citizens, was crying.

He had come to the last words of his speech. He said:

"I believe that men will see the truth, eye to eye and face to face. There is one thing that the American people always rise to and extend their hand to, and that is the truth of justice and of liberty and of peace. We have accepted that truth and we are going to be led by it, and it is going to lead us, and through us the world, out into pastures of quietness and peace such as the world never dreamed of before."

He turned away and the First Lady came to him. Their tears mixed.

They went to the train but traveled only a few miles when Grayson asked him if he thought a stroll in the open air might do him some good. He said he would like that, and word was sent to the engineer to halt the train. The brakes went on. The engine stood panting with steam up and the reporters were told that the President and the First Lady and Dr. Grayson were going for a little walk. They had come down out of the mountain country and were in beautiful prairie land with no houses in sight and evening coming on. It was very pleasant. The reporters got out and lay down on the grass to relax and watch the long, lovely September twilight.

The trio walked slowly down a dusty road with Starling idling behind at a little distance. They came to a bridge and paused on it, looking down at the thin Arkansas River, hardly more than a stream at that point. They went on in the comfortably warm Colorado air and saw a farmer in a small auto driving down the road. He came to a stop when he recognized the walkers and took out a head of cabbage and some apples, saying he hoped they would eat them "for dinner tonight." They thanked him and he drove off, raising a little cloud of dust as he went.

A man and his wife and their friend, they strolled down a silent country road. They came to a field cut off from the road by a fence. Some distance back from the road was a frame house with a soldier in uniform sitting on the porch. The President said, "That fellow looks sick to me." Grayson said, "Yes, he certainly is." They climbed over the low fence, Starling following, and went across to the boy and said hello. The soldier's mother and father and brothers came out and for a few minutes the visitors talked with the farm people. Then they said good-by and, carrying the cabbage and apples, strolled back toward the setting sun.

About an hour had elapsed when the reporters on the grass saw the four specks, three together and one in the rear, coming toward the train. When the group was about a hundred yards away from the *Mayflower*, Grayson and the President broke into a dog trot and ran by the men on the grass. Reporter Morton Milford said, "Pretty good! I don't know whether I could do that myself or not." The President was smiling as he went up on the rear platform.

That night the First Lady's maid came to her room in the rolling *Mayflower* to brush her hair and give her a massage. The two spoke in the lowest of tones, for the President's compartment was next door and the First Lady thought he was asleep. But about eleven-thirty there was a knock on the intervening door and she heard his voice: "*Can you come to me, Edith? I'm terribly sick.*" He was sitting on the edge of his bed with his head resting on the back of a chair. "*I can't sleep because of the pain. I'm afraid you'd better call Grayson.*" She sent her maid to the doctor's room. He was not there, and although it was only a few minutes before he was located, it seemed to her that hours passed. But when he came there was nothing he could do to ease his patient. The tiny sleeping room oppressed the President; he said he could not stay in it; he must move about. They went into the room that he used as a study and office. His typewriter stood on the Pullman table. They brought in some pillows and tried to make him comfortable, but he could not stay still and twisted about to try to find a position that would lessen the splitting agony in his head. The hours passed as the train rushed eastward, and about five, sitting propped upright by the pillows, he fell asleep.

The First Lady motioned Grayson to go to bed and sat alone opposite her husband, breathing as quietly as she could for fear she might awaken him. Dawn came as she sat motionless, staring at him. The room grew light. He awoke, stood, and said he must shave, for soon they would be in Wichita, Kansas, for another speech. Grayson came in and spoke with her and went to Tumulty's compartment. He knocked on the door and told Tumulty to get up and come quickly, the President was seriously ill.

The two men hurried through the train and as they moved Grayson tersely said something was terribly, terribly wrong and that to continue the trip could be fatal but that Tumulty support would be needed to convince the President. They went in and joined the First Lady. A few minutes later the President came out of the bathroom, freshly shaven and -dressed, and Grayson thought to himself that no one else would have shaven himself while in such a condition. The men said to him that he must cancel the tour, but at once he said no, no, he could not do it. As he spoke saliva came down from the left side of his mouth and they saw that the left half of his face was fallen and unmoving. His words were mumbled and indistinct.

Grayson told him that continuing was out of the question, but he said, "I must go on. I should feel like a deserter. My opponents will accuse me of having cold feet should I stop now." It was difficult to understand his words. Grayson said, "I owe it to the country, to you and to your family not to permit you to continue. If you try to speak today you will fall down on the platform before the audience." Still the President insisted he would go on. Tumulty urged him to obey the doctor. The President turned to him. "My dear boy, this has never happened to me before. I don't know what to do." "You must give up the trip and get some rest," Tumulty said. "Don't you see," said the President, "if we cancel this trip Senator Lodge and his friends will say that I am a quitter, that the trip was a failure. And the treaty will be lost." Tumulty reached over to him and took both of his hands in his own. "Mat difference, dear Governor, does it make what they say? No- body in the world will consider you a quitter. It is your life we must consider."

The President was sitting with Tumulty holding his hands; he tried to move closer but found his left arm and leg refused to function. But he said, "I want to show them that I can still fight and that I am not afraid. Just postpone the trip for twenty- four hours and I will be all right." Grayson began to protest, but the President interrupted. "No, no, no. I must keep up."

Finally the First Lady spoke and said to him that he must give up, that he could not go on, that he must not let the people see him, as he was this day. Ever after she felt it was the hardest thing she had done in her life, to tell him the truth that morning even as the train slowed down at the Wichita outskirts. And when she had said what had to be said he finally understood. "I suppose you are right," he said. He burst into tears and the two men went out to tell the reporters. She sat with her weeping husband and she thought, I will have to wear a mask-not only to the public but to the one I love best in the world. For he must never know how ill he is and I must carry on.

Questions:

1. when do you think the first symptoms of a serious neurological event (probably a mild stroke) occurred?
2. What symptoms did Wilson suffer from, during the course of events which you read about here?
3. How did his family friends and staff react to the situation? Were they representing the needs of the citizens of the US by their actions or were they placing Wilson's needs over the needs of the country?
4. What were the implications of Wilson's deficits for world history? That is, suppose he had not suffered a stroke. How might history have been different?
5. And here is a hard one. Make a list of various cognitive skills that your brain provides you, and then extrapolate to the political problems which could result when a leader has a deficit in that area.

Examples:

Face recognition	Cant recognize people	Would possibly be unable to recognize aides
Frontal lobes	planning	would not recognize implication of actions