

JONES ACCEPTS PEOPLE'S MANDATE TO CLEAN STATE

TAKES OATH WITH SCRIPTURES OPEN AT DIVINE LAWS

Points to 'Thou Shalt Not Steal' While Repeating Obligation

Continued from Page 1

in the ceremonies inaugurating his successor. But the day did not pass without one episode typical of the bitter antagonistic attitude of the Earl Long administration toward what he called "the lynx" newspapers, who exposed the scandals that riddled his regime, the scandals that were the chief ammunition of Governor Jones' campaign; the exposures that led Governor Jones to pay an extraordinary tribute to the press in his inaugural address.

Doesn't Get Picture

At 8 a. m., H. W. Cort, Associated Press photographer, was sent to the governor's mansion with Margaret Dixon, city editor of the Baton Rouge Morning Advocate. A Louisiana State police officer who said his name was John Vitale, was on duty at the mansion, not yet taken over by the Jones administration, for the occupancy of Governor and Mrs. Jones and their family. A postman was delivering United States mail at the mansion, presumably for Governor Jones.

"Get that picture," said Margaret Dixon. "If you take my picture, I'll shoot you." Mr. Cort reported Vitale said to him.

The picture was not taken.

The old-time Long-Leche-Long administration policy of "getting rough" with newspaper reporters and cameramen even intruded into the Jones inauguration ceremonies. When Governor Jones was standing on the platform at the L. S. U. stadium, taking the oath of office, cameramen, who had been crouching on the platform so as not to obstruct the view of the spectators, rose for the moment to take pictures of the historic scene. From the crowd on the stadium field, seated in folding chairs, came a scattered series of "sit down" cries, an unidentified infantryman in Louisiana National Guard uniform, one of the life-guarded to the steps of the inaugural platform, seized one cameraman from behind and forcibly hauled him down to a sitting position on the platform. The scene was witnessed by thousands.

Repeats Oath

Solemnly impressive was the scene as Chief Justice O'Niell, robed in black, stood facing the governor-elect, who stood, a sharp-shouldered figure in white, one hand heavenward.

"Do you, Samuel Houston Jones, solemnly swear that you will support the laws and Constitution of the state of Louisiana and the United States of America . . ."

Uttering Chief Justice O'Niell's honorous voice in the old, familiar path of office.

Equally sonorous was the voice of the governor, as he looked out at the eyes of the thousands of spectators focused upon him.

"I, Sam S. Jones, do solemnly swear that I will support the laws and the Constitution of Louisiana and the United States of America . . ." he began, and finished that oath of office with a voice ringing like a church bell through the loudspeakers: ". . . help me God."

Signal for Stampede

When Governor Jones stepped down from the stand it was the signal for a stampede toward the m. Hundreds surged forward grasping his hand and wringing while words of congratulation poured forth in a steady stream.

Through the scene sounded the steady boom-boom-boom of artillery, as cannon roared out the governor's salute of 19 guns.

That scene had been the climax of a pageant that set all Baton Rouge awirl. No more beautiful day for such a pageant could be imagined. From dawn the sun blazed brightly. The heat was great at times, but clouds patting across the sky eased it from time to time. And all Baton Rouge, with all the visitors, seemed up with the dawn, most, thousands already were in when the special trains from New Orleans began to roll in. Hotel lobbies were the natural places for those thousands to gather, and the Hotel Heidelberg east of all. For there Sam Jones and Mrs. Jones had promised they would be at 8 a. m. to greet friends, enter their automobile and start the parade. The streets in the downtown section were

filled with a fast-shifting panorama, too. Countless men and women wore the "high hats" that were the last laugh at Sam Jones' political opponents in the past campaign who labeled him "High-Hat, Sweet-Smelling Sambo." Those high hats, of stiff and glossy cardboard, ranged from conventional height to two and three times conventional silk-hat height. Some were glossy black. Some were red, white and blue in stripes. Some were star-spangled. But unquestionably they all were high hats. And the "Sam Jones perfume" hawkers sold on every corner unquestionably was sweet-smelling, fragrant city blocks away.

Others There

There were Mr. and Mrs. Vance Platche, old-time friends of Sam Jones; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Whitehead, the Whitehead-Platche team joint masters of ceremonies at the inauguration; Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. McKenzie, the Rev. Benjamin F. Rogers of Shreveport, Methodist pastor; the Most Reverend Jules B. Jeannard, bishop of Lafayette; Rabbi Walter G. Peiser of Baton Rouge.

Past them, as they packed that stand, the long parade rolled.

Oldest man in that parade was Major-General O. R. Gelleite of the United Confederate Veterans of Shreveport, in his 96th year, escorted by his personal aid, J. T. Ringenbach of Shreveport, veteran of the A. E. F.

Personal escorts to Sam Jones and Mrs. Jones were Detective Captains Henry Assel, Joe Cassard and Fred J. Williams of the New Orleans police department, in plain clothes. Captain Cassard has escorted in his time every president of the United States from Woodrow Wilson on. Captains Cassard and Williams escorted Huey P. Long when governor to the stand where he took his oath.

Endless seemed the line of that parade; countless the bands and marching organizations. Louisiana National Guardsmen marched past, the artillery motorized, the infantry marching on foot. L. S. U. cadets, beautifully drilled, went by. Spanish war veterans, and one of them valiantly marching the whole way on crutches, his wooden leg thumping the concrete. American Legion men, whose state commander Sam Jones had been, with their memories of the World war; imposing

drum majors, and high-stepping girl drum majors and a girls' drum and bugle corps.

Then came the New Orleans ward clubs of Sam Jones men, and the Jimmy Noe workers who took their licking and joined up with Sam Jones to fight with a new leader the Leche-Long regime they had fought in the first primary.

Scores on scores of flags of the United States went past, each with its color guard, each flying bravely in the breeze. And every flag that passed received its salute from the reviewing stand, every man rising, standing at attention, with hat held over heart, with women rising beside them.

Past the reviewing stand they filed, and down the long concrete road, and into the L. S. U. Stadium. And when the rear guard had passed the Sam Jones party took up its own march again and entered the stadium, too.

Baton Rouge was bright and colorful, with flying flags and bunting, with Sam Jones portraits. But the stadium was more brilliant. Bright colors flamed from the huge tiers of concrete bleachers. And a mighty cheer went up when Sam Jones was seen coming through the southern entrance on the west side.

50,000 Roar Approval

Wide are the spaces in that L. S. U. stadium. But the roar of cheering filled them as Sam Jones made his memorable inauguration speech. And for hours thereafter, men and women in Baton Rouge spoke to one another about the clean-cut sincerity of the man. He hit straight from the shoulder. He used no weasel words.

And the loudspeakers carried his voice to the remotest nooks of that great stadium where close to 50,000 roared approval as lustily as they had roared the old-time songs that they sang before the speech was made.

Reverence was in that throng, as well as joy and exultation. They stood reverently while prayers rose heavenward from the lips of the Rev. Benjamin F. Rogers, pastor of Shreveport's Magnolia Memorial Methodist church, who gave the invocation; from Rabbi Walter Gilbert Peiser of Baton Rouge's Congregation B'Nai Israel; from the Right Reverend Jules B. Jeannard, bishop of Lafayette, who gave the benediction.

And those thousands cheered the preliminary addresses of Frank Whitehead and Vance Platche, masters of ceremonies, the only speakers save for Governor Jones.

There was only one theme to it all. Louisiana had been given back to the people of Louisiana, faith in democracy had been vindicated. The days of theft and embezzlement and swindling and waste and graft and corruption were ended. Decent men and women of Louisiana could look the whole world in the eye, unashamed, henceforth.

Then, when it was over, and Governor Sam Houston Jones, duly and legally inaugurated, was vested with his power and authority, they sang "Auld Lang Syne" and streamed out to the most titanic barbecue Louisiana ever saw. They feasted on tons of barbecued beef and buns. They drank oceans of lemonade.

Wander in Crowd

For a few moments Governor and Mrs. Jones wandered among the feasting thousands he had promised that barbecue. Then they slipped away, and in a car sped to the governor's mansion. Mrs. Lee Herzberg, formerly Miss Fannie Mayer, once of New Orleans, Newcomb college graduate,

greeted them. She has been executive hostess there since Governor Leche appointed her in 1936.

The whole inauguration program in the stadium had taken only from 12:05 to 12:55 p. m., just 50 minutes that changed Louisiana history. By 1:15 p. m. Governor and Mrs. Jones had crossed the threshold of the mansion for the first time in their lives. They found it in perfect condition. They rested for two hours, bathed and changed clothes, and at 4 p. m. emerged.

"I like this house," smiled Governor Jones. "I think I'll take it for the next four years."

"I agree with him," smiled Mrs. Jones.

Again they entered a car. They sped to the "block dance" on the L. S. U. campus. They went to

the three other dances that marked the inauguration. They ate an informal dinner in the governor's mansion, with reporters looking on. Billy and Jimmy Dwyer, Governor Jones' two stepsons, had played about the high and spacious rooms all afternoon, with special attention to attic and basement, and special approval for the sleeping porch.

And though thousands streamed home from Baton Rouge, thousands of others revelled on into the night. The state capital held some 50,000 suburban noses, and no man knew how many thousands of weary feet, but they revelled on. For as Vance Platche said in his brief speech, only two words were needed to tell Louisiana's story today, those two words were: "At last."

Plans for two exhibitions during the week May 20-25 of work done by the professional and service division projects of the work projects administration were announced Tuesday by James H. Crutcher, state administrator. City Hall archives will be displayed on the fourth floor of City Hall, and police records will be shown at the criminal courts building. The exhibits, Mr. Crutcher said, are events in the week that have been designated to show that "This Work Pays Your Community." The archives and records were arranged by WPA professional and service units.

WORK EXHIBITIONS SCHEDULED BY WPA

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Wander in Crowd

For a few moments Governor and Mrs. Jones wandered among the feasting thousands he had promised that barbecue. Then they slipped away, and in a car sped to the governor's mansion. Mrs. Lee Herzberg, formerly Miss Fannie Mayer, once of New Orleans, Newcomb college graduate,

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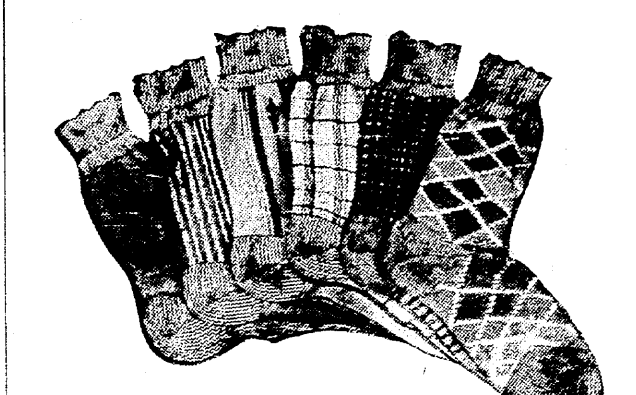
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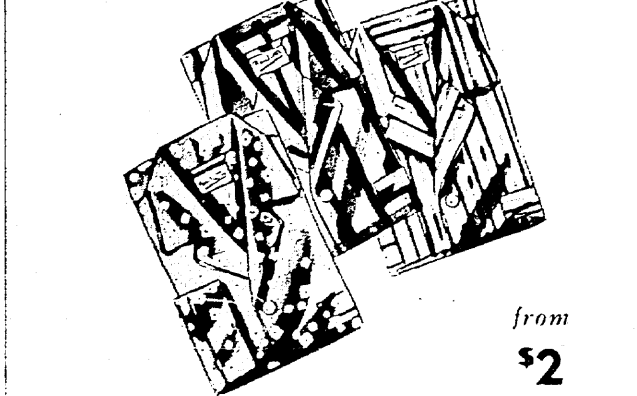
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