

# INAUGURAL: Soaked Dignitaries Watch the President 'Take It'

If anyone asked me my impression [of the inauguration] I would say 'umbrellas: and more umbrellas'—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt in her newspaper column.

Better than all the thousands of colorful adjectives that streamed out of Washington over press wires and air waves last week, this pronouncement summed up Franklin D. Roosevelt's second inaugural. It was literally a washout—a mass of squishy shoes, ruined top hats, sodden music, and runny noses.

**PROLOGUE:** Just after 10 A.M., in a pounding rain, a big chauffeur-driven car pulled up before tiny St. John's Church, across Lafayette Square from the White House. Policemen curtly ordered the protesting chauffeur to drive on. He rounded the block and again was forbidden to stop. Only after several rounds did he succeed in explaining that his two small passengers were Roosevelt grandchildren.

Inside the church, President Roosevelt, surrounded by relatives, solemnly sought divine guidance for his second term in office.

Dr. Endicott Peabody, head of Groton School since before Mr. Roosevelt was a student there, offered a prayer: "Grant, we beseech Thee, that Thy servant, Franklin, chosen to be our President, and all his advisers, may be enlightened and strengthened for this service . . ."

Meanwhile—even at that early hour—many who didn't have reserved seats were braving the torrential rain and gusty winds in front of the Capitol. By 11:45 the crowd had grown to 25,000—small as compared with the 1933 inaugural audience of 100,000 but gigantic in view of the weather, which had caused cancellation of twenty Washington-bound excursion trains.



The court's 'Right Wing' wore skullcaps; Justices Roberts and Cardozo didn't

At noon Franklin Roosevelt's first term legally expired: the United States had no President—or Vice President—and the crowd, peering through the downpour, saw few signs of inaugural activity on the platform fronting the Capitol.

Presently Mrs. Roosevelt appeared. She bustled about in the rain looking for friends and supplied blankets to the few dignitaries who had taken their seats.

Then Chief Justice Hughes led six of his Supreme Court associates on to the platform. Wags noted that the five more orthodox Justices—Hughes, Sutherland, Butler, McReynolds, and Van Devanter—wore black skullcaps much like those worn by Jews of the orthodox

sect; the two others, Cardozo and Roberts, were bareheaded.

Beneath the platform, the Marine Band's leader, baton poised, glued his eyes to a sergeant perched precariously on a balustrade. Leader and sergeant waited, five, ten, twenty minutes. A wave of grim laughter swept the crowd as a radio announcer, whose time-filling comments poured through loudspeakers, spoke of the "natty uniforms" of the bedraggled and waterlogged Marine Band.

Inside the Capitol, the inaugural committee urged Mr. Roosevelt to give up the outdoor ceremony and take his oath in the Senate Chamber. He eyed the throng outside and smiled. "If they can take it, I can."

The procession began. The marine sergeant dropped his arm; the water-soaked band blared "Hail to the Chief"; and 25,000 spectators applauded as best they could without letting go of umbrellas.

From the Capitol's windows, 200-odd Representatives, Senators, and diplomats, preferring dryness to bravery, looked on as Joseph T. Robinson, Senate floor leader, administered the oath to Vice President Garner. For one minute, John Nance Garner was in fact President of the United States. Then Chief Justice Hughes and Franklin Roosevelt, private citizen, stepped to the fore.

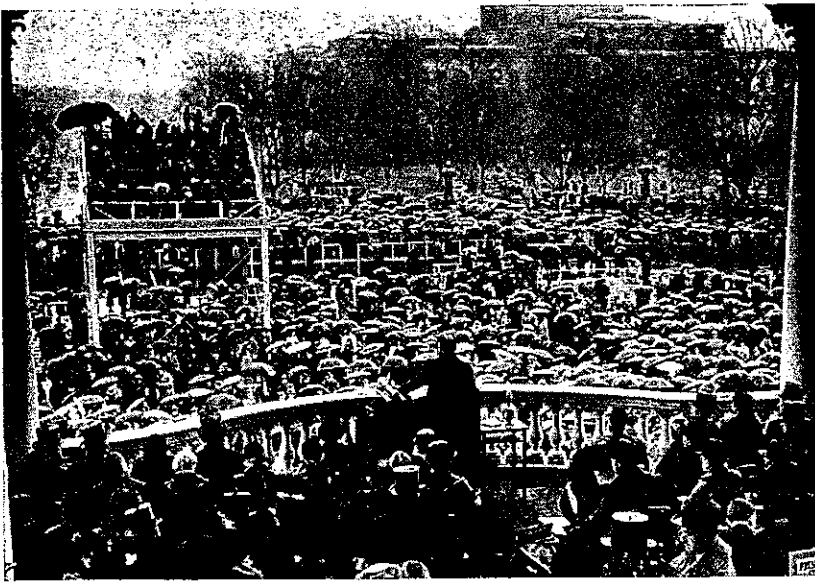
Mr. Roosevelt raised his right hand and slipped his left under the cellophane covering on his ancient family Bible. The Chief Justice recited the oath of office prescribed by the Constitution, adding gratuitously and unconstitutionally—the words "so help me God." Instead of merely uttering the customary "I do," Mr. Roosevelt—as in 1933—gravely repeated the full oath: "I, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, do solemnly swear . . ."

**'SERMON':** In the midst of the oath, the slanting rain crescendoed to cloud-



Rain almost drowned out the Chief Justice's unconstitutional 'So help me God'

UNIVERSAL NEWSREEL FROM NEWSPHOTOS



'Umbrellas and more umbrellas' . . . including one for the President's mother

ACME, WIDE WORLD

burst proportions. As the President began his address, the audience could scarcely make out his words above the roar of water on umbrellas. To the crowd, the event ceased to be a celebration; it became an endurance contest. Many gave up and scurried to shelter.

By and large, those who stayed were disappointed with what they could hear. The press had broadcast the word of "certain Cabinet members" that the President would fill his speech with specific proposals, perhaps even a new rebuke to the Supreme Court. Instead, the audience heard a general, nicely phrased statement of purposes.

In barest outline, that statement said simply: by tireless, fearless action, we have overcome the stagnation and despair of four years ago and taken several steps toward improving our economic structure; now we must not let returning prosperity sap our determination to press forward—to remedy the still miserable plight of one-third of our population.

Senators and Representatives who offered comments immediately after the

speech praised it politely. The most ardent New Dealers appraised it in no more specific terms than "great" or "splendid." Republicans made no comments more adverse than Senator McNary's "A fine sermon."

Not until they read the speech—or listened to it on the phonograph recordings put on sale a half hour after its delivery—did many in Washington come to appreciate the address as a masterful exposition of Franklin Roosevelt's progressive theses: of bold experimentation as opposed to *laissez faire*, of an aggressive but democratic Federal Government as opposed to extensive States' rights.

The speech's best features, New Dealers pointed out, lay in its clear, expert phrasing of the Roosevelt outlook:

"Four years ago . . . we would not admit that we could not find a way to master economic epidemics just as, after centuries of fatalistic suffering, we had found a way to master epidemics of disease . . ."

"This year marks the 150th anniversary of the Constitutional Convention which made us a nation. At that convention our forefathers . . . created a

strong government with powers of united action sufficient then and now to solve problems utterly beyond individual or local solution . . . They established the Federal Government in order to promote the *general welfare* and secure the blessings of liberty . . .

"Today we invoke those same powers . . . Our tasks in the last four years did not force democracy to take a holiday . . . The essential democracy of our nation and the safety of our people depend not upon the absence of power, but upon lodging it with those whom the people can change or continue at stated intervals through an honest and free system of elections . . ."

"We have always known that heedless self-interest was bad morals; we know now that it is bad economics . . ."

"We are moving toward an era of good feeling. But we realize that there can be no era of good feeling so long as among men of good will . . ."

"Our present gains were won under the pressure of more than ordinary circumstance . . . To hold to progress today, however, is more difficult. Dullness, conscience, irresponsibility, and rudderless self-interest already reappear. Prosperity already tests the persistence of our progressive purpose . . ."

"I see one-third of a nation ill-housed, ill-clad, ill-nourished."

"It is not in despair that I painted that picture. I paint it for you in hope."

The Vice-Pre

We are American countries in will carry o "In taking President o some the se the America road over v advance.

"While thi do my utm and to do guidance to to give ligh news and to of peace."

**SALUTE:** cheers at ti President go thoughts th: unprecedent back to the not half-con had come, t the same dis He and Mr sides locate down.

The rain new blue to



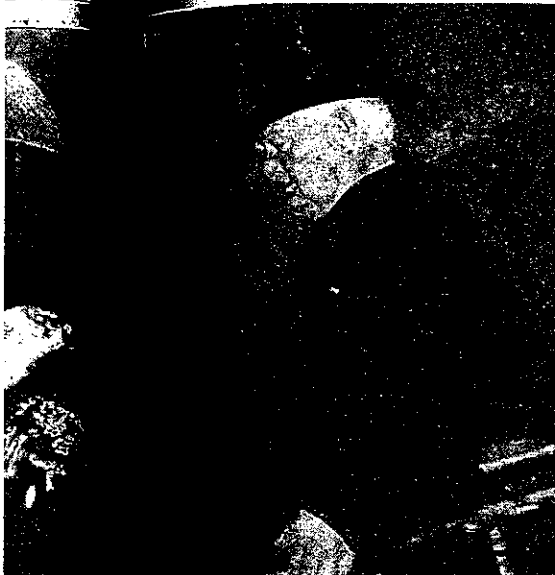
To sidewalk crowds, the celebration was an endurance contest



Mr. Roosevelt reviewed from 'Andrew Jackson's po

WIDE

For In



ACME, WIDE

President bowed only to Vermont



ACME

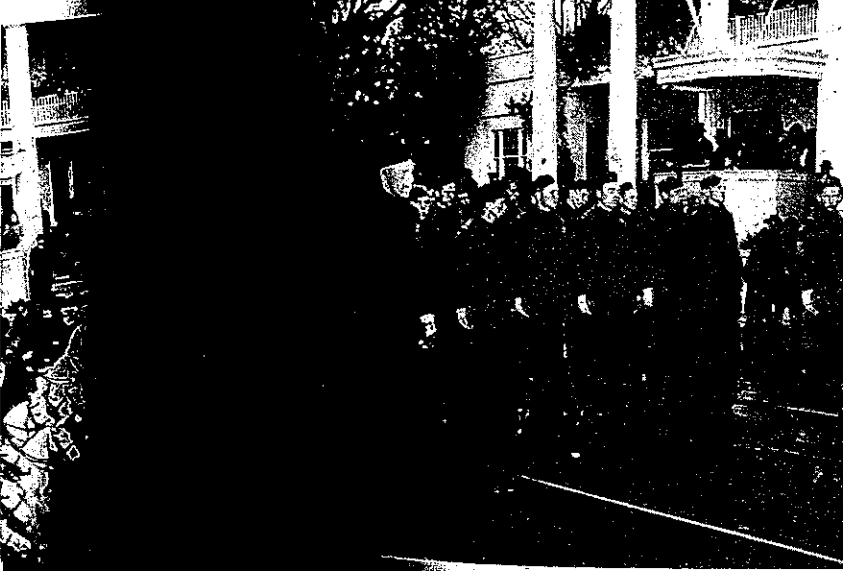
A rainy ride wrecked clothes, but not prestige

owers of  
d now to  
d individ  
establish  
order to  
e and sec  
  
se same  
st four ye  
o take a  
mocracy  
of our pe  
nce of pe  
those wh  
continua  
honest a  
  
own that  
morals  
nomics  
oward an  
realize  
good feel  
will ...  
were we  
re than  
o hold to  
re diffic  
sibility,  
eady reap  
ests the  
urpose of  
a nation  
l.  
air that  
it for

are determined to make every citizen the subject of his interest and concern . . . We . . .  
ing again the oath of office as the solemn obligation of leading the American people forward along the path which they have chosen to follow.  
his duty rests upon me I shall most to speak their purpose to their will, seeking Divine help us each and every one to them that sit in darkness to guide our feet into the way of truth.  
As he acknowledged the close of his speech, the one of those inspirational have led in part to his popularity. On the trip to the White House, he would ride in a limousine, as he sat in the open—suffering discomfort as everybody else. Roosevelt waited while in an open car—with top  
wrecked Mrs. Roosevelt's and the President's silk

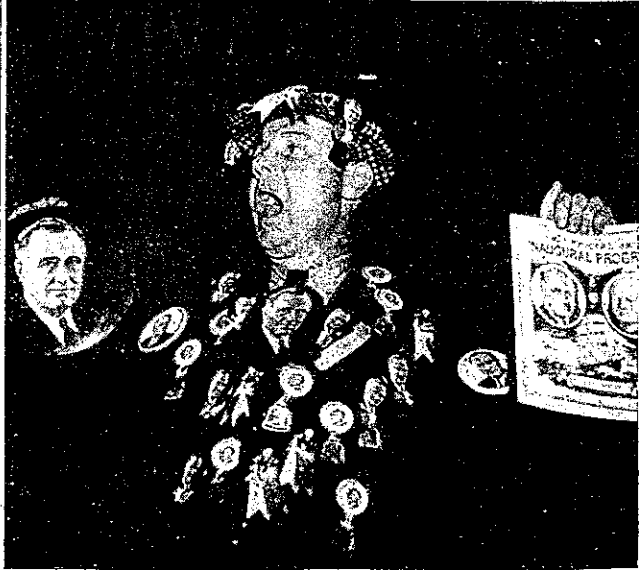
hat, but it didn't impair their prestige. The drab, miserable throngs who lined Pennsylvania Avenue broke into cheers as they saw the Chief Executive and First Lady drive by, soaking wet and waving gaily. From windows, filled with people who had rented rooms for \$25 a day to avoid the weather, came less hearty cheers.  
An hour and a half later, after changing to dry clothes and entertaining 500 at luncheon, the Roosevelts were on the porch of the \$11,000 reproduction of Andrew Jackson's "Hermitage" home, built as a reviewing stand in front of the White House.  
As the army band approached, leading the inaugural parade, it saluted the President with the conventional ruffles and flourishes, then went distinctly unconventional. With thunderous volume, it broke into "Happy Days Are Here Again!" Surprised at first, Mr. Roosevelt suddenly grinned and waved his silk hat—his second of the day. The Roosevelt grandchildren jumped with joy. Little Sara Roosevelt, James' daughter, all but upset Vice President

Garner by crawling through his legs to see what all the noise was about.  
For two hours the Presidential party stood saluting every unit that passed—West Point cadets, marines, midshipmen, CCC boys, the 36 Governors present. It was Pennsylvania's husky Governor and Presidential aspirant, George Earle, who got the crowd's applause. Earle, following the President's example, rode in an open, topless car.  
The Vice President didn't go in for the exuberant smiling and hat waving of the President. Most of the while, he stood firm, chewing a cigar. Not until Vermont's Governor drove past did he finally remove his hat for the first time—and bow deeply with mock solemnity.  
**EPILOGUE:** Four years ago, Franklin Roosevelt spent inauguration night with advisers toiling over the banking crisis. Last week, too, he had major problems on the agenda—particularly a growing labor crisis (see page 8). His address implied that he planned to send Congress a long series of messages: on tenant-farmer relief, rural rehabili-



Andrew J

President saved his broadest smile



WIDE WORLD, PICTURES, INC.

Program hawkers did less business than umbrella vendors

tation, work relief, and a handful of kindred subjects.

But Mr. Roosevelt felt no urgent need to settle down to problems. While his mother, wife, and children joined a sparse audience, at the inauguration concert in Constitution Hall, the President of the United States repaired to his upstairs study.

At 9:30 P.M. Stephen Early, Presidential secretary, telephoned Mr. Roosevelt. The President asked Early to guess what he was doing.

"Stamps?" asked the secretary.

"That's right," chuckled the First Philatelist.

### TALKS: British Officials Here In Roles of Innocents Abroad

Baggage hustlers from the liner Berengaria had piled his luggage under the sign marked "X"—supposedly the first letter of the traveler's surname. Mr. X himself, the gentleman in the black derby, chatted with a cluster of well-comers on a New York pier.

Reporters sought the names of his friends.

"Frankly," he answered, "I haven't the slightest idea."

Then Sir Otto Niemeyer, vice governor of the Bank of England, hied to the Hotel Biltmore for a bit of privacy.

He was one of two Englishmen who arrived in the United States last week, gave admirable demonstrations of British reticence, and thereby cloaked themselves in a vague aura of importance. The other: Walter Runciman, president of the British Board of Trade and, as such, the Cabinet member responsible for England's international trade policy.

**HOLIDAY:** By a curious sequence of unbelievable and sometimes unbelievable statements, both visitors contrived to whet public appetite for matters which each considered none of the public's business.

Runciman, blue-eyed and steely-

voiced, debarked in Boston, and asked newspapermen to believe he had chosen mid-January for a holiday voyage across the North Atlantic; his forthcoming week end at the White House would be "a purely private visit."

Some days earlier, President Roosevelt had abetted that impression; he said he had invited Runciman to Washington solely as "an old friend." Runciman himself qualified a little: "The President and I have a great many friends in common."

Reminded that Sir Otto was on the way, Runciman supposed his countryman was bent only on bank business. Sir Otto's version failed to lessen the confusion: "I am not here as an official of the Bank of England."

He had come, he explained, to discuss with the Foreign Bondholders Protective Council private action to collect defaulted German and South American bonds held by British-American investors. Unfortunately for this account, the council said it knew nothing of such a conference, although Sir Otto would be welcome any time.

**MONEY:** On the basis of their respective records, neither Sir Otto nor Runciman could blame anybody for wondering whether their doings heralded more than met the American eye.

As Britain's physician-in-chief to ailing currencies, Sir Otto has doctored the money systems of Australia, India, Argentina, and Brazil. His usual formula: a strong central bank and economy-til-it-hurts.

Last week his known aptitude for currency juggling justified a guess, bolstered by events throughout the world, that his visit had something to do with the relations of the dollar, franc, and pound. One possible, long-range outcome: permanent stabilization of the world's principal currencies, replacing the semiformal agreement now governing comparative values of British, French, and American money.

Those on the lookout for some major development harked back to August, 1933, when Sir Otto's chief—Montagu Collet Norman, governor of the Bank of England—visited Quebec "for his health." While there, he conferred with George L. Harrison, president of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. Almost immediately after that, England went off the gold standard.

Some guessers suggested last week that Sir Otto might turn his talents toward a perennial international irritant—Europe's unpaid war debts to the United States.

He denied it, and so did his fellow traveler. When an interviewer asked Runciman whether he and Mr. Roosevelt would discuss England's defaulted installments, totaling \$786,144,836, the Britisher rasped: "God forbid."

Yet events pointed toward eventual settlement—and another cut in the total to be paid this country. Chief among the debt indicators: France chose Georges Bonnet, 47-year-old finance expert, as its new Ambassador to Washington.

**TRADE:** Those who knew Runciman thought he told the truth when he shielded

from the debts. By inclination, inclination, and Cabinet duty, he leaned toward another objective of British-American dickering: a reciprocal trade treaty.

He was born "in trade," 66 years ago. Today he and his father—the 89-year-old Lord Walter Runciman—own one of England's major merchant fleets, the Moor Line, and they have their fingers deep in banking, insurance, shipping, publishing, and real estate.

Long a Liberal free trader, Runciman in 1932 turned to high tariff protection—to shield his own interests and those of all England from cheap foreign goods. Nowadays switching back toward lower tariffs but always with an eye first to domestic trade within the British Empire.

Even his trade talks with Mr. Roosevelt might serve that end; many domestic industries would rush to seal treaties protecting their share of the Mother Country's favors, before the United States grabbed a bigger slice of British trade.

Diplomatic underlings of Runciman and the President had worked for weeks on treaty preliminaries. Last week seemed likely, despite all the denials, that Mr. Roosevelt might have in mind some such performance as he staged last year.

After Canadian and American diplomats had failed to iron out the barriers to a reciprocal agreement, President and Canada's Premier got together at the White House. Soon they had cleared the way toward a mutually profitable give-and-take in lowered tariffs.

Saturday, Runciman and his accompanying wife—famous in England as a civic leader and one of the country's first woman magistrates—vanished to White House silence.

The single pronouncement of the week end came just before Runciman visited Secretary of State Cordell Hull, inveterate exponent of reciprocal treaties.

"I can't imagine seeing Secretary Hull without talking about trade."



Sir Otto: 'I haven't the slightest idea'



Walter Runciman: 'God forbid!'

January 30  
JAI  
Feb. 2  
voted ag  
politician  
buildings  
palled c  
prominer  
klyo Tak  
Finance  
Premie  
signed in  
ernment  
Koki Hi  
law and  
leaders  
didn't r  
who sh  
Parliam  
Last v  
again f  
This tir  
resigned  
BLAM  
hito ope  
the new  
ing, the  
fully to  
address,  
At k  
armed  
and cor  
trouble.  
mier kn  
out of  
Minseit  
servativ  
bloc)—  
indictm  
The g  
ject ar  
ment;  
expendi