

## THE SKY LINER

By W. E. Hill

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Down at the railroad station (circa 1900), showing the elite of the town on hand to meet No. 4, the crack train, as was the custom in those days.



Out at the airport, just thirty-seven years later, showing another generation on hand for the arrival of Flight No. 4, the crack airliner. Thus do times change.



Airline hostess passing out cigarettes to the man with the friendly personality who wants to flirt. Calls her "sister" and looks saucer-eyed at her whenever she passes by. (The man sitting behind him is reading "True Love Stories of the Radio World" from cover to cover.)



"Oh, yes, she's crazy about flying, only she didn't have her nap today!"



These two ladies are taking their first air trip. They were scared at first, but now they are having a grand time. By the end of the trip they will be confirmed air travelers.



Lunch on the plane, showing one of those dainty eaters toying with a chicken wing.



"Just give me your approximate weight. Say 250, 300, or 325 pounds?"



Co-pilot imbibing root beer at airport en route.



The dazzling smile of the pretty air hostess, who welcomes each passenger like an old friend.

# Corcoran and Cohen

## New Deal's Gold Dust Twins

(Continued from page three.) sports instructor. Even now, when he ruefully admits he is getting stout and losing his figure for the New Deal, he likes to run off for a week-end of skiing or trail beating.

By way of direct contrast, Cohen is as sedentary as his bosom friend is athletic. Cohen was born in Muncie, Ind., Sept. 23, 1894. He was, like Corcoran, a top performer in law school. He was graduated with the highest marks ever given in law at the University of Chicago. His reward was a secretaryship with Federal Circuit Judge Julian Mack.

At the outbreak of the war he was rejected for military service because of his poor eyesight. He found a place with the United States shipping board. After the war he went abroad as counsel to the American Zionists at the peace conference. Back home, he practiced law as a "lawyer's lawyer," solving difficult problems for fellow attorneys. At this time he, too, entered the market and ran up a fortune of \$750,000, of which he is said to have saved about \$200,000 in the crash.

Worn in health and spirit by his venture into finance, he was



Corcoran loses his anonymity. Seated at right, chin in hand, he faces Representative John I. O'Connor during hearing on lobbying charges filed against Corcoran by Representative Ralph O. Brewster of Maine, in dark suit at end of table. (Acme photo.)

greeting. If Ben were to take a place at the President's door it is doubtful if he would have to nod his head three times.

This is the more strange because there are hundreds of persons who believe Tommy the Cork lives in the White House. These are the persons he calls to browbeat or cajole into following White House orders. He is a great believer in the telephone as the first line of offense.

A bit of "I'm talking from the White House," "The chief says," and "The chief wants" goes a long way on a hot summer day with a member of congress worried about what his political enemies are making back home against the next campaign.

And if the phone and oily language won't work, Tommy can

unleash a fine flow of Billingsgate which would send a fishmonger's wife into retreat. It is said to have reduced a few Capitol hill secretaries to tears. And he can give it in person. Most members of congress who have no fears back home would rather take Tommy's abuse than his oil—he drools too much of it when he's oily, so they say.

Just how much time Tommy spends in the White House at the side of "the chief" is difficult to determine. He is never an official caller. He can hardly get in between 10 in the morning and 2 in the afternoon, when the presidential carpet is being scuffed by official callers.

No one at the White House ever admits he's around. Even when Tommy is sighted coming out of a basement exit, which permits him to escape the battery of newspaper men, the White House will not say whether or not he has been in to see the President.

The first great service of the

led to accept a government service post, because he always has been a social philosopher, according to his friends. He found his Washington haven as counsel for the national power policy committee. His annual pay is \$8,000 and Corcoran's is \$10,000.

Soon after March 4, 1933, the paths of the two crossed. Both bachelors, they joined with several other young attorneys and rented a house in Georgetown, where they lived a fraternity style of life, to which Corcoran always has been partial. In this respect he has never grown out of his freshman days.

In no time, after his accordion playing attracted presidential notice and brought Corcoran close to the heart of things, the house began attracting attention. Representative Fred Britten of Illinois was the first to smell something sinister in the "little red house on R street." It was given the name of the "Scarlet Fever" house by the former representative, who was retired enforcably before his thrush time to catch on.

Dr. William A. Wirt, father of the Gary school system, did better. He put the Red label on the house in his sensational charge that the administration was full of young communists who were prepared to make Roosevelt the Krensky of an American soviet state.

Possibly because both object to publicity, particularly of this sort, they moved to the K street apartment.

Throughout their careers in the public service Tom and Ben have ably demonstrated a passion for anonymity—Ben more than Tom. Several times more than two hundred Washington correspondents have filed past Corcoran going into a presidential press conference, and of that number scarcely a dozen nodded

Gold Dust Twins to the administration was the drafting of the securities and exchange act, which created the SEC. This difficult task was largely Cohen's, and he drew the tangled skein of market regulation into a neat, binding knot. Cohen did most of the drafting of the utility holding company legislation, which was a staggering task, regardless of the merits or demerits of the legislation.

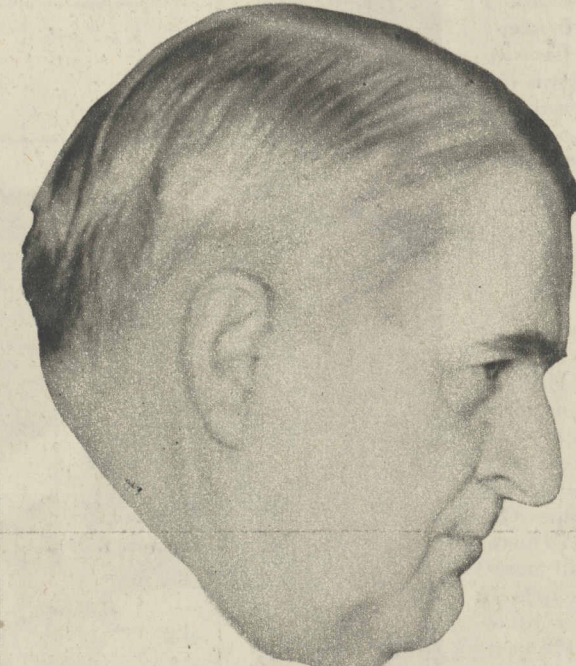
Senator Wheeler, with whom they worked in driving the legislation through congress, gives them credit for originating the court packing plan. Neither they nor any one else within the administration is now anxious to take any credit for the defeated program, which shattered the unity of the Democratic party in its fall. Both are now at work on schemes to put Humpty Dumpty together again, however.

In the bitter holding company battle the anonymity of the team was pierced. Corcoran was dragged into the spotlight when Representative Ralph O. Brewster, former governor of Maine, charged from the floor of the house that Corcoran had threatened to halt work on the moon harnessing project at Passamaquoddy if Brewster would not vote for the holding company legislation. Though the charge set the house buzzing like a disturbed hornets' nest, it was laughed off by the heavily Democratic majority.

Cohen got his share a short time later. Opponents of the death sentence clause of the legislation objected to Cohen's presence at committee meetings at the elbow of Senator Wheeler. Hearings were halted while the wrangling went on. At length a compromise settled the dis-



(A. P. photo.) Corcoran in a closeup, moping his face during the lobby inquiry.



(Associated Press photo.) Senator Joseph F. Guffey of Pennsylvania, whose speech reading recalcitrant Democrats out of the party was reputedly "ghosted" by Corcoran.



(Acme photo.) Charles Michelson, administration publicist, denied writing the sensational Guffey speech.

ately an even greater issue began to raise its head—the supposition of White House approval of the Guffey speech. The whole matter was quickly quashed for fear of graver consequences than those which loomed on the senate floor.

Rumor has it that the Gold Dust Twins are ready to quit and, like their predecessors in the brain trust, join forces with the men they have been belaboring.

Corcoran is said to boast of daily offers. He has given no indication of any tendency to accept them, although to follow his own five-year rule he should change his job, because he has been pumping his accordion around Washington for five years. Cohen, ever more the economical philosopher than his roommate, may be satisfied where he is, although he would probably follow Corcoran.

Theirs is a team act.

To the administration, however, Tom and Ben are the personification of loyalty. To paraphrase Gilbert and Sullivan, which Tommy, a thoroughgoing Savoyard, knows to the last note and syllable:

For in spite of all temptations  
To belong to corporations,  
They remain New Dealers—  
They remain New Dealers.



(A. P. photo.) Judge Samuel I. Rosenman, who may have contributed to the acceptance speech.

pute. Cohen left the committee conferences but was permitted to stay in an adjoining room, where he could be consulted by administration leaders.

Although neither of the pair does much at his official job, they are tireless workers for the administration. The RFC knows little of Corcoran and the power policy committee scarcely more of Cohen. Yet every department of the government knows something of both, because they have their fingers in every pie, even if only through the young men introduced by them into legal jobs.

In the thick of a fight the two will work as many hours a day as Napoleon in his prime and Edison in the heyday of his inventiveness. They think nothing of eighteen to twenty hours a day or more at a stretch.

During periods of stress both find occasional relaxation in writing speeches for administration senators and representatives. In such cases they are truly ghost writers and the speech as delivered is usually all theirs, although the congressman or senator might be led to believe its ideas were largely his own.

One of the last of such efforts, conceived with more enthusiasm than caution, was a radio speech for Senator Joseph F. Guffey of Pennsylvania. At a time when Postmaster General Farley was speaking of peace within the party in Indiana, Guffey took the air to advocate reprisals against senators who opposed the court plan, and went so far as to name Senators Wheeler, Burke, O'Mahoney, and Holt.

The next day, which was the closing day of the first session of the Seventy-fifth congress, the senators so named rose one by one to verbally castigate the chubby-faced Pennsylvanian. Such a series of verbal lashings has seldom been heard from the floor of the senate. Several times speakers were warned of the rules and waved their interrupters aside to declare rules made for gentlemen did not concern the Pennsylvania boss.

The Democratic national committee, which was given a fine case of jitters by the course of senate oratory, quickly denied any knowledge of the Guffey speech. Charley Michelson denied its authorship. Inquiry laid the work at the door of the Gold Dust Twins, and immediately an even greater issue began to raise its head—the supposition of White House approval of the Guffey speech. The whole matter was quickly quashed for fear of graver consequences than those which loomed on the senate floor.

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