

A Forty-eight Year Partnership

My wife was always an enthusiastic partner in all my ventures — business or political. Even after we had moved to Dutchess County and I had to be away on government campaigns, she supervised our 300-acre farm.

We were married in Sioux City in 1907. She was Philena Yutzy, an adopted daughter of Jeremiah Yutzy of Sioux City, a passenger conductor on the Illinois Central. Yutzy had fought all the way from Gettysburg to the site of Lee's surrender. Her real father was Yutzy's brother of Falls City, Nebraska, who had four children and who had lost his wife and felt that his brother in Sioux City could give Philena greater opportunities. Her adopted mother died while she was very young, but the grandmother, Mary Wingett, reared her. Mrs. Wingett and her husband pioneered in Plymouth County where they had a 200-acre farm, which my wife inherited.

Our romance began in high school. In fact, while working my way through high school I changed my employment from M. D. Nicol's home on the north side to chores in a boarding house so that I could walk Philena to school every morning.

Philena graduated from high school in 1904. She attended the University of Wisconsin for one year, returning to Sioux City where I was back working on the *Journal*.

After our Sioux City newspaper venture, I went to Washington, where Mrs. Wilson soon joined me. When we transferred to New York we lived for three years in a modest place on West 72nd Street. When our business succeeded and we found our associates lived on Park Avenue, we got an 8-room apartment at 277 Park Avenue, living there for seven years. Just above us lived John Philip Sousa, who was retired. When he stepped into the elevator in his impressive uniform, you felt like marching.

During our motion picture activities we had financed the recording of 27 of Lowell Thomas's travel films. We were charmed by his wonderful farm in Dutchess County and such neighbors as Thomas E. Dewey, Ed Murrow, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., Henry A. Wallace, and Ben Hampton, the magazine publisher.

We accordingly bought a 300-acre tract of scenic wonderland with a large brook, a 12-foot waterfall, and a nine-mile view toward Pawling. We purchased this land in 1928 when the stock market was boiling. We withdrew more than \$50,000 cash from our stock trading account, paid cash for the property, and took six months to build an elaborate stone residence, which was all

paid for when completed. One year later the stock market blew up.

While we were in motion pictures, Mrs. Wilson enjoyed her frequent trips to Hollywood. One day Sam Goldwyn invited us to attend the wedding of Rod LaRocque and Vilma Banky. Ronald Colman, her favorite star, ushered us to our seats. On one trip Mr. and Mrs. Cecil B. DeMille gave a dinner for us at their home. Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, and the Talmadge sisters were the other guests.

My frequent calls to Washington meant long absences from our home. This, plus Mrs. Wilson's ill health, caused by pernicious anemia, induced us to move back to Washington where we would be nearer to the facilities of Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore. Later we sold our estate in Dutchess County to a New York restaurateur who converted it into an exclusive weekend resort for New York patrons.

Science could do nothing for Mrs. Wilson except prolong her life, and after sixteen years, she died on November 8, 1955, at the age of 70.

FRANK R. WILSON