

THE UNSINKABLE FRANCES WAYNE: AN OVERVIEW
OF HER WORK AS A REPORTER FOR THE
DENVER POST FROM 1909 TO 1946

by

NANCY PIKE HAUSE

B.A., Colorado University, 1953

A MASTER'S THESIS

submitted in partial fulfillment of the

requirements for the degree

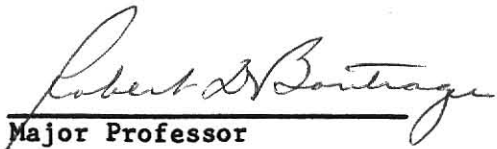
MASTER OF SCIENCE

Department of Journalism and Mass Communications

KANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY
Manhattan, Kansas

1982

Approved by:


Major Professor

Spec.
Coll.
LD
2668
.74
1982
H38
C.2

A11202 247900

TABLE OF CONTENTS

| | |
|--|----|
| CHAPTER I | 1 |
| The Belfords | |
| CHAPTER II | 8 |
| Denver's Brat | |
| CHAPTER III | 17 |
| "Does It Hurt To Be Born?" | |
| CHAPTER IV | 24 |
| Pinky The Lion-Hearted | |
| CHAPTER V | 42 |
| "Well, I Love You Anyway" | |
| CHAPTER VI | 48 |
| "What Is This Thing That Is Coming To Me?" | |
| CHAPTER VII | 52 |
| Addendum | |
| FOOTNOTES | 56 |
| BIBLIOGRAPHY | 64 |

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I would like to thank my committee, Bob Bontrager, Carol Oukrop and Jim Morris for being so patient with me, even when it appeared that I was never going to finish. My dear husband, Rich, is the reason I did finish. He had cooked, tended children, encouraged and supported until I had no alternative but to get on with it. My mother, as she always does when someone in the family is getting a degree, has provided all kinds of aid and comfort, including telling me to call Gene Lindberg. Gene Lindberg and Joy Swift who talked to me, Onalee Smith who found books for me, Cathy Mowry who loaned me her typewriter and her typing correction papers, my kids who adjusted to whatever new idiocy Mother was coming up with, all deserve my thanks. Acknowledgments are wonderful fun to write--what a pity I will never win an Academy Award; I could do great things with the acceptance speech!

CHAPTER 1

THE BELFORDS

Frances Wayne was a writer for the Denver Post from 1909 to 1947. Her stories seldom included a complete set of who, what, where, why, when and how. They were larded with opinion, sometimes became miniature sermons, and were often flowery. She was ultimately fired from the Post.

Frances Wayne was a writer for the Denver Post who was called "the foremost journalist in the Rocky Mountain Region."¹ She won a gold medal in 1922 from the University of Colorado (home of the state's only accredited journalism school). Named Colorado Woman of the Year several times, she was often decades ahead of the thinking of her time, embodying the term "new journalist."

Her 40-year journalistic career was a peculiar amalgam of geography, personality, and the era. At the height of her career she was in the right place at the right time, working with people who appreciated her particular gifts. How much she molded herself to suit the situation and gain her enormous influence at the Denver Post is a question that could probably be settled only by a frank conversation with Mrs. Wayne herself.

At the end of her career, a lack of flexibility and an unwillingness or inability to change were her undoing.

The geography that forged her character was her home town of Central City, Colorado, which, she said, was "A grim hole in the Rockies when we first saw it in 1874."² Hard conditions often breed strong people, and

"Frances drew her strength from Central City and her pioneer parents."³

She lived in other places, but when she furiously left the Denver Post after 38 years, she bought the red brick house in Central where she grew up, living there until her death in 1951. Her ashes were scattered, at her request, on the hills above her home.

In the years between her times in Central City, she worked for the Rocky Mountain News in Denver in 1906, spent a few months on the Chicago Examiner, turned down a job in New York with Arthur Brisbane and went to work, in 1909, for F.G. Bonfils and H.H. Tammen on the Denver Post.

Before 1920, she was writing about abortion, the position of women in society, abused children, adult education--all concerns today. She is credited with being instrumental in the establishment of the Emily Griffith Opportunity School (one of the first, if not the first, vocational-technical schools in the world), the Colorado Children's Bureau and the Stratton Home for Children and the Elderly in Colorado Springs. The City of Denver is known for its Christmas lighting displays in the Civic Center and its Christmas parties for the underprivileged. Both were the brainchildren and yearly project of Frances Wayne.

Frances began as the Post's drama and music critic, but soon became a writer of hard news. She was the only woman filing stories from the Ludlow coal mining camp in southern Colorado in 1914 during the clash between National Guard units and striking miners which became known all over the world as the Ludlow Massacre. When the Titanic went down in April, 1912, Denver readers were concerned that leading citizen, Molly Brown, had drowned. Frances wrote that Molly was fine and "unsinkable."⁴

It took "unsinkable" people to grow and prosper in early Colorado. The term could just as easily be applied to Frances Belford Wayne and her

parents as to the colorful Margaret Tobin Brown.

Frances' father, James B. Belford, was a lawyer in LaPorte, Indiana, when he was appointed by President Grant to be a member of the territorial supreme court in Colorado in 1874. Mr. and Mrs. Belford and their young family moved immediately to Central City, 8,000 feet high in the Rockies.

Gold had been discovered in 1859 near Central City, approximately 40 miles west and a little north of Denver. By 1870, the year of Frances' birth in Indiana, the town had a population of 15,000. The Teller House, built in 1871, was called "the largest and finest hotel in Colorado."⁵ The railroad had extended a spur into the area in 1872.

A fire destroyed most of Central City in 1874, but the town was immediately rebuilt with stone and brick. Most of these buildings are still standing. By 1877, Central City had five theaters, one of which was the Opera House, attracting some of the best talent in the country.

Central City had the drawbacks of a boom town, too--rows and rows of lean-to houses and shanties clinging to the mountain sides near the mines where the hopeful tried to survive the winters; a red-light district; a busy area of bars. Frances said many of Denver's society folks got their start taking in washing in Central while the men in the family waited to strike it rich. When things were really tough and gold was scarce, she said, Central City residents supported themselves by taking in each other's washing.⁶

However, the crime rate in the community was low and the city and state judicial system, of which Judge Belford was a part, were well established and active.

In Central City, neighborhood crime was so minimal and punishment of transgressors so severe that people went to sleep at night in unlocked cabins with bags of gold dust under their pillows. The early establishment of miners' courts and the arrival of

federal judges by 1861 meant that in many of the Colorado Camps there was no wild west period. . . .The rough and ready manner in which that bench was managed has been a source of much amusement to writers of early Colorado history. These accounts make enjoyable reading but more discriminating historians have looked beyond the label of judicial carpet baggers and have awarded a fairly high grade to the efforts of these pioneer jurists.

In 1876, Colorado became a state. Judge Belford was nominated by the Gilpin County Republicans to be Colorado's first congressman. He was opposed by Democrat Thomas Patterson. The election was contested and in January, 1877, both Belford and Patterson, families in tow, arrived in Washington. Patterson had an affidavit saying he had received the most votes in the election and Belford had a signed statement from Colorado Governor John Routt, certifying Belford as Colorado's congressman. Belford was sworn in, but then Patterson presented his affidavit, beginning a year of legal wrangling in the House as to which one should be seated. (At one time, there was even a question as to whether or not Colorado was really a state, due to a technicality in its constitution.) The Belford forces argued that no one was sure who had counted the votes for Patterson. Finally, however, the House voted to seat Patterson, because Judge Belford was elected to office on October 3, violating the November election rule. On December 13, 1877, Patterson was sworn in and the Belfords went home, "thus terminating one of the most perplexing contests that had ever been before the Congress of the United States."⁸

In 1878, Judge Belford was nominated again and, this time, definitely elected, taking his family to Washington a second time. He served until 1885 and is credited with sponsoring a bill giving federal aid to irrigation projects, greatly aiding the high plains farmer. In 1886, he moved to Denver, practicing law there until his death in 1910. He was a stalwart of

the Republican party and " . . . was outspoken and fearless in expressing his convictions."⁹ He was thought to be unusually fair, saying of his antagonist, Thomas Patterson, "He should be praised for fighting for the rights of the common people and keeping it up, year after year."¹⁰

While in Washington, Belford's outspokenness and his fiery red hair earned him the nickname of "the red-headed rooster of the Rockies." Author and poet, Eugene Field, was living in Denver at the time, working on the Denver Tribune. In 1883, in a column, he wrote:

Congressman Belford has suddenly developed into a great social belle at Washington. Young ladies from every part of the Republic are besieging him for strands of his beautiful red hair for their crazy quilts. One fair female from the south has completed a lovely quilt, the centerpiece of which is composed entirely of hair from the Congressman's head and beard. It represents a big juicy strawberry!¹¹

The editor of the Georgetown Courier wrote in response, "Field has gone too far and should be muzzled for making sport of Colorado's first congressman."¹²

Belford's only daughter inherited the red hair, being known as "Pinky" to her friends and colleagues for most of her life. She told Post co-worker, Joy Swift, that one of her earliest memories was a little friend saying "you've got pink hair," and she was Pinky from then on.

Frances and her three brothers, Herbert, Samuel, and James F., went to school in Central City and in Washington, D.C. when the family was there. Frances recalled that the train into Central came up the canyon about the time school was out and had to pass through a cut just below the Belford property before it got to the station. The Belford kids, she said, would head for the family's large, three-hole outhouse which was situated above the cut and sit there and wave to the passengers as the train went by. Finally, the president of the railroad wrote a letter to Congressman Belford, requesting that he insist his children shut the door!¹³

However, while Frances' hair and disposition came from her father, her real inspiration was her mother.¹⁴ Frances McEwen Belford gave birth to eight children. The four who survived infancy were raised in the difficult atmospheres of Central City and Washington, D.C. Pinky said she remembered her mother nursing the babies and reading "real literature" to enable herself to stay above the rock pile where she lived.¹⁵ It must have been quite a challenge to live part of the year in Washington, D.C. and the rest of the year in Central City, where, as Frances told Joy Swift, "Water was so scarce that everyone took a bath in the same water and then used that water to scrub the floors. It was really hard to tell when the wind was blowing. There wasn't a tree stirring, ever, because there were no trees."

Mrs. Belford was obviously successful in rising above the rock pile. She was called "one of Colorado's best known temperance, educational and philanthropic workers."¹⁶ She was a WCTU leader, the first woman to serve on a state board in Colorado--the board of Charities, Corrections and Pardons. During her tenure the Girls' Industrial School and the State Home for Dependent Children were created. She was a trustee for five years of the State Normal School at Greeley (now the University of Northern Colorado) and a member of the board of directors of the State Agricultural College at Fort Collins (now Colorado State University.) She was active in many clubs and associations. When new women's dormitories were being built in the 1920s and 1930s in Greeley, the Colorado Federation of Women's Clubs recommended that one of them be named Belford Hall, and the largest was so named, with a portrait of Mrs. Belford hanging in the lobby.

Mrs. Belford was hospitable and interested in people. When Pinky moved back to Central City in the late 1940s, she had a little hair-lipped pekinese. She told Sid Squibb, a Central neighbor, that it reminded her of a hair-

lipped Hungarian whom her parents had helped sponsor for entry into the United States. He was a musician and had written one of his best compositions while staying at the Belford house, she said. His name, she told Squibb, was Rudolph Friml.¹⁷

Details of Pinky's life are sketchy after the family moved to Denver when she was 16. She said she was educated in Central City, Washington, D.C., and Denver, but did not say where. There is no evidence that she went to a college or university. She talked a lot about the early days in Central City, but almost never about her marriage. It is known that she married John Anthony (Jack) Wayne and they lived in Greeley. She told Joy Swift that she thought Greeley, a conservative town founded as a working man's colony, was dull and, to liven things up, she once organized a fancy dress ball. She said some of the ladies wore ball gowns that really caused raised eyebrows in Greeley.

No one seems to be sure what happened to the marriage. A feature article about her in the Denver Post in 1948, says, "she entered newspaper work in 1906 following the death of her husband." Since this story was written while she was alive, it can be concluded that this was an impression she fostered. Her obituary of July 17, 1951 in the Post, says she was separated from her husband, and her friend, Joy Swift, says she is sure the couple was divorced. There were no children and there is no evidence of any other romantic interest in Pinky's life. Her brother Herbert's two children, Frances and James, lived with her for awhile--at least during the years they were teenagers.

CHAPTER II

DENVER'S BRAT

The paper where Frances was a star reporter was the spoiled brat of metropolitan newspapers from its birth in 1895 until the death of the last of its original publishers in 1933.

Harry Heye Tammen, a German curio shop owner from Maryland, and Frederick Gilmer Bonfils, a confidence man from Missouri who was a sideways relative of Napoleon and a descendent of John Alden, bought a dying Denver paper called the Evening Post for \$12,000 on October 28, 1895. They turned it into the Denver Post, a paper with a pink front page and red headlines, which sponsored a circus and once attacked a coal trust by opening its own coal company. Neither man had any experience in journalism unless one could count Tammen's Great Divide magazine which advertised his curio shop or Bonfils' experience printing questionable lottery tickets in Kansas City.

The two turned out to be a perfect partnership. They loved each other dearly. Tammen was down to earth, (both in attitude and stature--he was only about five feet four inches tall), approachable and generous. Bonfils was rather aloof, a handsome man who believed he was an aristocrat. Tammen had an excellent head for business, made a lot of money, and gave much of it away. Bonfils was also consumingly interested in money, but not in dispersing it. Tammen loved adventure, vaudeville (the Post's circus was actually his) and gimmicks. Bonfils sincerely believed he was the savior of the underprivileged and had a sentimental streak where animals were concerned. Almost any story involving a lost dog was front page stuff for the Post.

In his book about his experiences at the Denver Post, Gene Fowler wrote:

Bonfils decided to make of the whole region a "family," with the Post as patriarch. He would give his journalism an intensely intimate personal quality, binding together the people of Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, northern New Mexico, Arizona and as much of Kansas and Nebraska as he could win from the paper of particular detestation, the Kansas City Star.

He began at once to address these citizens of the several states as "The Great Post Family." He told them, day after day, that the Post was their "Big Brother" and when cattle were snow-bound in winter or gasping with July drought, the Post was the first to campaign for relief funds. Good roads were clamored for in the Post and many were built (by convict labor), all for the benefit of the Post family.

And despite the apparent eagerness to fill his own money drawers and build his own imperial dream, I am naive enough to believe that Bonfils had an actual, deep love for the region which made him a journalistic czar. The many sides of his character offered puzzling testimony as to his actual feelings on any subject. For example, there was his fondness for dogs . . . The Post was usually barking with dog news, with tear-jerkers concerning the travail of homeless curs, of canine bravery, intelligence and loyalty.¹⁹

Unlike Tammen, Bonfils could be vindictive. The underprivileged he wanted to help were the ones he and he alone decided were underprivileged. He also had a lengthy black list of people whose names were never to be mentioned in the Post. This was a bit of a problem in case those people made legitimate news. A rival paper in Boulder, Colorado, the Boulder Daily Camera, and its owner-publishers, the Paddock family, were on the list. Anyone reading the Post would have assumed Boulder had no paper.

As soon as Bonfils and Tammen took over, the Post happily began attacking all kinds of institutions--coal dealers, department stores which chose not to advertise, the tramway system, city government, state government, corporations. Robert L. Perkin, an editor of the rival Rocky Mountain News, wrote: "Denver was amazed, startled, fascinated and left waiting, slack-jawed to see what the Post would pull next . . . 'Sure,' Tammen conceded, 'we're yellow, but we're read and we're true blue!'"²⁰

The Post hired acrobats to perform in front of and on top of its building. Harry Houdini performed his escape act there. When the baby elephant (Prince Tambo) of the Post's circus died, he was stuffed and put in the building lobby. Once a man ended an argument in the publishers' offices by shooting both of them, wounding them badly. He would have killed them, but Polly Pry, Frances Wayne's friend and her predecessor as Queen of the Post reporters, ran between her employers and the man with the gun.

The Post's slogans included, "The Paper With a Heart and a Soul"; "There Is No Hope for the Satisfied Man"; "The Paper That Is Everybody's Big Brother"; "'Tis a Privilege to Live In Colorado." The editorial page was discontinued in 1911, but the Post often ran editorials in the center of the front page with the heading, "So the People May Know." Perkin wrote: "An editorial page would be excess baggage anyway, since each article in and of itself was a full statement of the paper's passions and prejudices on the subject matter involved . . . everyone damned the Post--and nearly everyone subscribed."²¹

Bill Hosokawa, in his book, Thunder in the Rockies, wrote:

They didn't hesitate to trample rough shod over those in power but they needed the people to support their newspaper and their advertisers. Thus the people were respected, entertained, titillated, catered to. The newspaper and its promotions were designed with their interests in mind . . . Americans in general and frontier Coloradans,²² in particular, were a provincial, unsophisticated people.

Bonfils composed the motto which is still part of the Post's flag on the editorial page: "dedicated in perpetuity to the service of the people that no good cause shall lack a champion and that evil shall not thrive unopposed."

Into this atmosphere, 12 years after the birth of the Denver Post came Pinky Wayne. Her marriage was over. She had probably come back to

Denver to be near (or live with--no one is sure) her parents. She was 36, intelligent, energetic. She went to work for the Rocky Mountain News as a drama and music critic and was hired away a year later by Bonfils. This was a fairly common practice of his--to raid the News for any talent he wanted.

He telephoned Helen Black at the News one day and offered her a job paying considerably more than she was getting . . . Helen finally said what had been on her mind all the while: "Mr. Bonfils, I'm afraid you would cut my pay after a few months. You know, you've been known to do that." He²³ laughed and promised not to do it, but Helen stayed at the News.

Pinky stayed at the Post for a year and then went on the Chicago Examiner in 1908. She said Arthur Brisbane offered her a job on the New York Journal, but, apparently, the time in Chicago had shown her she would never be happy away from Colorado²⁴ and she came back to the Post in 1909 to stay 38 years.

In books about the Post, writers have given her a variety of labels. H. Allen Smith in To Hell in a Hand Basket calls her an institution.²⁵ In Timberline, Gene Fowler says she is "the famous Frances"²⁶ In Thunder in the Rockies, Bill Hosokawa says she was "an untouchable . . . had a private office in a building adjoining the Post"²⁷

But no one explains why she was an untouchable, an institution. Why was she featured so often in the Post? Why was she given the space and time to advocate causes that influenced the Rocky Mountain west and made her a household name in the 'teens and 'twenties? (Many of her stories were headed: "Address all communications on this subject to Frances Wayne.") The Post had other writers who were as good or better.

The answer seems to be a case of fitting well into the slot available at the Post, of being the last piece in the jigsaw puzzle which was the Post's picture.

The border of the puzzle would be the status of women in Colorado at that time. It was a frontier state, where women worked alongside men, having been given the vote in 1894. H. Allen Smith remembers that the Post had more girl reporters than he'd ever seen on any one paper. He wrote that he, personally, was prejudiced against them because they could get away with more than men when it came to interviewing the police and other public servants.²⁸

Bonfils' and Tammen's own attitudes toward women were the filler pieces in the puzzle. Fred Bonfils treated his wife and two daughters as children and was the regal Papa in his own home, but seemed to enjoy working with women. Harry Tammen had a wonderful, comfortable relationship with his wife and was not threatened at all by women, (even though many of them were taller than he.) In all the charges and accusations made against "Bon" and "Tam" over the years, neither was ever accused of sexual promiscuity. Gene Fowler writes:

Bonfils was not a man of amorous exploits. Whether this was because of lofty moral precepts, fear of emotional entanglements, or in keeping with his obsession of "drawing back" from anything which might tend to master him . . . no one can determine. But whatever else might have been charged to him his chastity was conceded. He carried the burden of physical purity almost to the point of asceticism--a St. Anthony of the money bags. This seemed all the more remarkable²⁹ because he was a man of bodily charm and competence

Pinky completed the open space in the center of the picture. She, too, did not seem to be interested in romantic entanglements. She was her father's daughter in that she was aggressive and sure of herself; her mother's child in her great sympathy for causes, especially those involving children. Here, she fit especially well with Tammen, another childless person, who almost single-handedly financed the beginning of Denver's huge Children's Hospital. She was well-connected in Colorado and welcome in Denver society, something Bonfils and Tammen were not, and an attribute Bonfils, at least, admired.

While she was not a joiner herself (her only listed club or activity was the Denver Women's Press Club) her mother was. Mrs. Belford had tremendous influence on the club women of the state, which Pinky used to advantage until her own influence was established.

Pinky also worked long hard hours without any record of complaint. Bonfils demanded long hours for little pay (six and one-half days a week and half day on holidays) of his employees.

She shared Bonfils' great love for the Rocky Mountain states and, apparently, his belief that "the Post is the center of all knowledge."³⁰ She was also sincerely fond of both men.

"Pinky could see Bonfils' good points," Gene Lindberg, an outstanding Post reporter for 40 years, said. "She knew he had faults, but she liked him. He was two people--tight and tough, but a great lover of animals and a sentimentalist. Tam and Bon realized she was the kind of character they were looking for--she dug for facts. Bonfils said, 'she is a digger--she paws in and gets the meat out.' He respected that."

Bill Hosokawa writes: "Pinky Wayne knew the city she covered so thoroughly that she could telephone a few key women and guarantee a turnout at a City Council hearing or a meeting at the Statehouse if the cause she was pushing seemed to need help."³¹

In an interview, Hosokawa said, "she was a spunky, tough, dedicated woman--the bosses appreciated that. She also wrote a lot of what she was told to say."³²

Gene Lindberg echoed that sentiment when he said, "She reflected a lot of Bonfils' opinions. Sometimes, whether she believed in something or not, she'd reflect what he felt in her stories." But Joy Swift, who, perhaps is more aware of what it takes to survive as a woman with male editors,

disagreed:

F.G. owed a lot of his success to her advice. He left her a bequest in his will. She did a lot of work for him but she wasn't afraid of him. F.G. let her say "no" to him because he knew she was well informed and right. She was his good right arm. She was respected and well known by very important people. F.G. knew she was smart. If he had confidence in a person, okay, but if you ever let him down you were out. Bonfils asked questions, snap, snap, snap, and you had to reply in the same manner. Pinky could. If he felt you were trying, he was good to you. He had no patience with laziness or with people who didn't³³ pay attention. He was really a terribly demanding man.

No one seems to have speculated on whether or not some of her great affection for the Post had anything to do with the fact that the opposing Rocky Mountain News was, for a number of years, owned by Thomas Patterson, her father's rival for Colorado's first congressional seat so many years before. What impression that year of confusion and upset in Washington made on the child Frances is not known.

In a 1972 Post article about Pinky, Al Birch, retired Post city editor was quoted as saying, "Mr. Bonfils would say to me, quite often . . . 'that peculiar woman.' And she was peculiar. She loved and hated--she hated some of Mr. Bonfils' friends. She'd handle a story in a particular way and make Mr. Bonfils mad, and he'd say, 'Oh, that red-headed woman!' But he'd forgive her, put his arm around her and say 'She's a great girl!'"³⁴

Bonfils' affection for her was obviously reciprocated. In a story in the Post on May 27, 1917, the Post's silver jubilee issue, Frances wrote:

Tammen and Bonfils . . . two supremely human beings. One had money imagination, practical sense, a broad vision and a passion for people. The other had dreams, ideas radiating from his mind like the glow of an arc light and an infinite belief that there is something good in every living creature.

Neither knew the first syllable in the business of publishing a newspaper . . .

They transformed the Post into a pulsing, sparkling, gay, serious, sympathetic, critical, condemning, praising branch of the army of the COMMON GOOD . . .

Of course, the Post has made mistakes, many of them, because it

is a most human institution operated by very human people. But if, through faulty judgment, the Post made a mistake yesterday, F.G. Bonfils and H.H. Tammen have been quick to think up some big, startling, beneficial scheme for today by way of asking forgiveness.

Harry Tammen died of cancer in 1924. He had been ill for some time and tried to ignore it. He'd lost weight and been so weak he could only work half days at times. He lost the sight in one eye, so he wore a patch over it that read, "read the Denver Post." He said, "The eye quit working for me, so I put it to work for the Post." ³⁵

Pinky was chosen to write his obituary.

From the hour the surgeon in the Baltimore hospital told Harry Tammen that his days were numbered, Mrs. Tammen has held a constant vigil by his side . . . Friday night he urged his wife to send the nurse away so they might have an intimate talk.

Of many things this husband and wife talked as the night closed about them. He spoke of friends, dear to his heart; he treasured his wife's devotion and told her of his debt to her; he paid tribute to his longtime friend and business associate, F.G. Bonfils . . . then, clutching at his heart, he said "I have a pain."

There were further moments and hours, when the pain had gone and then, suddenly, tightening the hold on the hand in his, he asked the eternal question:

"What is this thing that is coming to me?"
And the life he loved and filled so full, ended. ³⁶

Bonfils, who was never the same after the death of his beloved partner, lived until Feb. 2, 1933, when he died at 72 of toxic encephalitis. Pinky wrote his obituary, too, which began, "A tireless sentinel, a constant friend to humanity, 'The Boss' to his staff, Frederick G. Bonfils, publisher of the Denver Post, died at his home, 1500 East Tenth avenue at 6:15 o'clock Thursday morning." ³⁷

Pinky received a small bequest from Tammen, \$1,000 in Bonfils' will and \$5,000 from the estate of Mrs. Tammen when she died in July, 1942.

What kind of a journalist, then, was Frances Wayne? She was indulged and used, sometimes given a free ticket to say anything she wanted, sometimes asked to be a mouthpiece for her employer. She was overworked and

underpaid by today's standards. She was featured and pampered, given a private office, her own mail box for "communications to Frances Wayne," and a bequest in everybody's will. Some weeks she had a byline every day and two on Sunday. What kind of a journalist was created by this strange combination of treatment and talents?

CHAPTER III

"DOES IT HURT TO BE BORN?"

Journalism is constantly being defined, redefined, undefined and over-defined. Textbooks discuss new journalism, personal journalism, interpretive journalism, investigative journalism, gonzo journalism, yellow journalism.

New journalism is defined by one source as " . . . an uninhibited, sometimes artful kind of non fiction . . . which makes use of the devices of fiction and more."³⁸ In new journalism, a writer " . . . had to be willing to conduct research."³⁹ Personal journalism, sometimes another name for, sometimes a child of, new journalism, occurs when " . . . writers tend to play major parts in their stories. 'I' is an important pronoun. . . ." ⁴⁰

Interpretive journalism lies " . . . somewhere between the information and the opinion piece. . . . The 'new' journalism built interest in interpretive journalism but interpretive journalism has been around a long time. An interpretive piece goes beyond an information piece in that it puts the information into perspective."⁴¹

Investigative journalism does not need a textbook definition as the whole world watched the classic example of investigative journalism unfold in the Watergate stories. Gonzo journalism is a term invented and a type practiced by Hunter Thompson of Rolling Stone.

"Thompson says 'But to me it means intense, demented involvement. I use it very often to contrast with Professional Journalism, which, I guess, I don't have too much respect for.' "⁴²

Yellow journalism, of course, is the turn of the century phrase for sensationalism.

Pinky Wayne wrote things that fit all the classifications.

One of her first bylines in 1909 was on a story urging readers to take care of the squirrels in the winter. Pinky suggested that humans plan for "Mr. Squirrelkins' winter comfort and safety as though he, too, belonged to the family circle."⁴³

On the day following the squirrel story, the first story of a type Denver readers were to become very familiar with appeared--Frances Wayne was embarking on a crusade. She was advocating that a federal bureau for the welfare of children be established.

It is high time for the national government to divert some of the numerous millions it devoted to the study and investigation of pigs and cows and vegetables and the building of warships, to the founding of a children's bureau where the needs and perils of children--created by⁴⁴ industrial conditions--will be recognized and ameliorated.

The plan was one that had been suggested by officers of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, a group in which her mother was very active. Frances interviewed several prominent women of Denver, whom she described as women of rare intelligence and wrote that she was "shocked and amazed" to find that they all favored a bureau, but the majority thought a man should be the commissioner.

The children's welfare bureau story was well documented, but another 1909 feature was mostly emotion and few facts:

Antonio Nicora had come to America, one of the thousands of immigrants with the dazzle from the golden fleece blinding his eyes and blazing his imagination and with a wallet stuffed with lire.

Somehow, he rambled into Kansas, and there the broad prairies with the endless horizon became as hunger and thirst and nakedness and misery to the peasant, remembering as he did the smiling land he had forsaken⁴⁵ with its close embrace, its song, its rapture of friendliness.

Nicora, she continued, lost his mind and was hospitalized. The where and when didn't make it into the story.

In 1910 she was barred from the Broadway and Tabor Grande theaters in Denver by order of the manager, Peter McCourt. She was barred for life, not only as a representative of the Denver Post, but as a private citizen, after a review she wrote of a play presented there. The play was the story of a successful man who left his wife for a younger woman. In her review of the play she had compared its story line to the life of H.A.W. Tabor (builder of the Tabor Grande), his first wife, Augusta, and his mistress and then second wife, Baby Doe Tabor. This was, perhaps, tactless when the play was being presented in Tabor's own theater, but doubly so, because Manager McCourt was Baby Doe's brother.

In the story she wrote about her banishment, the final paragraph read: "Is it possible that the ever hectic imagination of Billy Hene, his press-man, . . . convinced the handsome Adonis of the Silver Crest (Mccourt) that the order of Banishment would be good advertising?"⁴⁶

In 1912, everybody's big story was the sinking of the Titanic. The Post hired actors, who were appearing at Elitch's theater, to pose for photographs in scenes they imagined had occurred on the Titanic. Most of the Post's featured writers had a story a day. The final Titanic story was Frances'. Emma Goldman had given a talk in New York, saying that women were not worthy of suffrage because they had gotten into the lifeboats first and allowed men to sacrifice themselves. Pinky, writing in a state where suffrage had been a fact of life for almost 20 years, wrote a long angry article, repudiating Miss Goldman's claims. Although she obviously admired Emma Goldman and called her "wise" and "intelligent" she said she felt Emma had gotten off on the wrong foot in this instance. "The women on

the Titanic," she wrote, "were largely of the butterfly persuasion and, therefore, might be counted on to lean hard against the high wall of tradition which stand for centuries of enforced dependence on the stronger male."⁴⁷

The article also included statements from important Denverites (all disagreeing with Emma), including Judge Ben Lindsey, who was figuring prominently in Pinky's life, and the "well known" Mrs. J.B. Belford.

In 1914, she wrote an article about drug abuse. A new federal law outlawed the opium trade, and many Denverites, unable to obtain drugs, were suffering in the county hospital. Frances interviewed a couple there. The wife had been given heroin by a doctor for headaches, and, then, the couple had started going to parties where "dope was served like tea." The closing paragraph:

Three thousand dope fiends in Denver alone have been turned loose with hopeless needles and empty pipes to agonize and to become a menace to society. Some of these have gone to Mexico where in the land of manana they can drowse away their days without fear of the copper's shadow falling athwart their path. The others are here to be cared for and saved, if they can be saved. But 90 days, the time required to "get the coke out⁴⁸ of you" is a long time to remain swinging above the fires of hell.

In 1920, a front page story told about the fund raising campaign that was beginning at the Florence Crittenton home for unwed mothers.

A slip of a girl in a nurse's blue uniform stood in the hallway at the Crittenton home holding a baby in her arms. The girl and the baby were alike in the gold of their hair, the blue of their eyes, the soulfulness of expression.

As the door opened, the girl clasped the child closely and started for the shadows of the chimney. Then she stopped and stepped into the sunlight and said,⁴⁹ quite proudly, "He is mine," as the visitor paused before her.

The last paragraph of the article read:

The Crittenton home does not stand as an encouragement for those who violate the fair rules of life and living by making it easy for girls to evade the responsibility of their thoughtlessness,

while pointing in the direction of a better way and urging the dignity that is motherhood on those who have ignored the conventions. The managers believe that its mother⁵⁰ is better for a baby than any institution ever organized.

In December of that same year, Pinky wrote a furious story about women teachers in Denver who were being subjected to a character survey (by whom or when is never mentioned) to see if they advocated birth control, attended lectures by Emma Goldman, or supported Margaret Sanger. She quoted several teachers anonymously as saying they saw and helped support so many poor and neglected children, that, of course, they supported birth control. The teachers also were insisting on their right to live alone in apartments, rather than in boarding houses or with families.

The story advocated clinics to impart birth control information and Frances closed by saying:

"Birth control, like prohibition is in the air. Every sentence imposed on Margaret Sanger just thickens the atmosphere."⁵¹

In 1925, Frances was a headline herself when the Post flew her to the inauguration of the first woman governor, Nellie Ross of Wyoming.

"It took a field mechanic and a ladder to install the writer, arrayed like an Eskimo belle, in the seat of the open cockpit plane," she wrote.

A Colorado National Guard pilot flew the plane. It was a cold, windy, frightening trip. A trip between Denver and Cheyenne in January is seldom easy. This one sounded worse than most. Frances wrote cheerfully about the wind that threatened to push them backward to Denver and the ups and downs of the little plane, but there is a tone to the article that makes one wonder if this wasn't one of the times she was just going along with one of F.G.'s wild ideas.

In February, 1928, she wrote a story that got the Post more mail

than any story it had ever run. It was reprinted and discussed all over the country.

H. Allen Smith wrote about it in To Hell in a Hand Basket.

One Saturday Miss [sic] Wayne was leafing through a medical journal when she came upon an article discussing childbirth with special reference to the baby's feelings and sensations at the moment of being born. There was some speculation in the article over whether the infant suffers pain during the process of birth, and Miss Wayne thought this subject might interest Post readers. She sat down and composed a small feature story and then certain doubts arose in her mind. Maybe the subject was too frank for a family newspaper. She took her story to Bon. He read through it with mounting excitement. Then he dashed into the city room, shouting for one of his chief editors.

On Sunday morning with mighty political events occurring around the globe and horrible disasters in various localities, the Post hit the street with an eight column bannerline in red ink, saying:

DOES IT HURT TO BE BORN?⁵³

The article quoted several doctors and concluded with a statement from a woman physician in Denver who worked with unwed mothers:

The girls whose babies I bring into the world lack the moral support which means so much to women at such times and it may be that this increases their suffering and it may mean suffering as well for the baby . . . One point on which a general agreement may be arrived at is that it is a good thing for the baby, granting its entrance into the world has been a terrible experience that it doesn't remember the agony enough to talk about it later on and thus prolong memories more comforting and comfortable to forget.⁵⁴

The question is still discussed. The relatively new LeBoyer method of delivering babies in a room with soft lights and hushed sounds and placing the babies in warm water immediately after birth is a response to the same question. Gerald Mowry, M.D., F.A.C.O.G., chairman of the Kansas State-wide Peri-natal Committee, says he believe it is quite likely that birth is an uncomfortable experience for the baby.⁵⁵

In the 1930s and 1940s when she was in her sixties and seventies, Frances' bylines were fewer and fewer. The vigor was going out of her

writing. It rambled and fussed. In the last years, most of her stories were completely rewritten at the city desk. Her concern with important causes lessened.

CHAPTER IV

PINKY THE LION-HEARTED

The concern for worthy causes that seemed to burn itself out as Frances got older had been a blazing bonfire in her first 25 years at the Post. The motto, "So the People May Know," became, for Pinky, "So the People May React," and react they did to her stories. New laws were passed and old ones changed as a result of her work. Children were fed and clothed. A school, unlike any other, became a reality because of her interest. She accomplished all this partly because she wasn't afraid of hard work, partly because of her fearless and fiery disposition. Her instincts were usually right on target, even when her syntax was not. Most of the time she had the complete trust and backing of Tammen and Bonfils. A more conservative management might have made her back off a bit, but they enjoyed every brush fire she lit.

There were numerous libel suits involving the Post, but not nearly as many as might be expected from reading the stories it ran. Al Birch, who had been, among other things, promotion manager at the Post, said about those days:

The times were different. The people were different. The nature of the whole town was different. People would be put in jail instantly today if they tried to do the things Tammen and Bonfils . . . did in the heyday of this paper . . . when I look around me at this joint--at the cut and dried, straitlaced, timid bastards who are afraid to let a single line go into the paper that hasn't been approved by some insipid School of Journalism boy--I almost give up my innards. I'm almost 75 [in 1960] but I still believe I can out work any five of these milksops, and I wouldn't surrender my memories⁵⁶ of the more robust days for anything anyone could offer me.

Bill Hosokawa, commenting on the libel issue, said:

The writing was typical of the style of those days. There were

relatively few libel suits, for the most part because of the fear of Bonfils and Tammen. The power of the press was tremendous and they could get by with almost anything, including riding rough shod over people. Also, if the laws have not changed much, the implementation of them has. People are more educated,⁵⁷ more ready to sue, and lawyers are eager to implement the laws.

"In those days," Gene Lindberg said, "newspaper support could make or break someone in public life. It's different now."⁵⁸

One of her first crusades put independent, suffragist Pinky into the odd position of fulfilling the posthumous wishes of a man who had thought of women only as sex objects, when he thought about them at all.

Winfield Scott Stratton was from Indiana, the youngest in a family of nine. He had eight older sisters who, apparently, soured him on women. Stratton left home after an argument with his father and went to Colorado in 1872. He supported himself as a carpenter in the winters and prospected for gold in the summers. But, unlike most prospectors, he also spent his winters reading and taking college courses in geology. He married in 1876 but, finding out that his wife was pregnant when they were married, he divorced her and refused to claim her son who was born six months after the marriage.

After 17 years of gold hunting, he discovered the Independence lode at Cripple Creek--so named because he found it on July fourth. It was one of the richest mines ever, producing more gold than Stratton knew what to do with. He built houses and bought hotels he didn't use. He gave gold away by the thousands of dollars to churches, schools, the Salvation Army, Colorado College, the Colorado School of Mines and many individuals.

The only women he had anything to do with on a personal level were prostitutes. "It was often said that some of his adventures (in the tenderloin of Cripple Creek) were so violent that they seemed to come from a man bent on revenge rather than gratification. . . ."⁵⁹

He finally sold the Independence to an English corporation for \$11,000,000 in 1899 and then proceeded to try to drink up the profits, an activity which ultimately killed him in 1902.

In his will, he left half a million dollars to relatives, including \$50,000 to his wife's son. The rest of his money was to be used to establish a home in Colorado Springs.

The will stated:

It is my special desire and command that the inmates of said home shall not be clothed and fed as paupers usually are at public expense, but that they shall be decently and comfortably clothed and amply provided with good wholesome food and necessary medical attendance, care and nursing to protect their health and insure their comfort.

Those will qualify for admission who are by reason of youth, age, sickness or other infirmity unable to earn a livelihood and who are not, by reason of insanity or gross indecency, unfit to associate with worthy persons of the condition in life above named.⁶⁰

The will stated that only residents of Colorado, preferably from El Paso County, would be considered. The home was to be named the "Myron Stratton Home" for the father he had quarreled with 30 years before.

By 1911, when Pinky became aware of the situation, the home had not been begun. No one knows who brought it to her attention, but it is not illogical to suppose that her mother's work on the State Board of Charities and Corrections had something to do with Frances' finding out about the situation.

As soon as Stratton's will was made public in 1902, litigation began. His wife's son sued for more money and got it, although court costs ate up the excess. Other people appeared, claiming to be relatives or creditors. Women claimed they were common-law wives or illegitimate daughters. Twelve of them actually filed suit.

However, after eight years, most of the lawsuits had been throw out

of court; the only settlement made was with Mrs. Stratton's son. The money was intact and unused.

Pinky took off like a rocket, writing her usual "what's going on here?" type of story. In a citation given her by the University of Colorado 10 years later, is the statement:

Day in and day out, week in and week out, she campaigned for the building of the Myron Stratton Home for the poor until the philanthropic dream of the deceased Colorado Springs millionaire became a reality, offering sustenance and ⁶¹shelter and opportunity to those Stratton had desired to assist.

Writing about the campaign in an article in the Post's silver jubilee issue, Frances, always a team player, said:

Bonfils said, "Tear into the Stratton estate management; let's get that home built for them (the children and the aged poor.) Of course we're going to hurt some folks, but we're going to make a lot more happy and they are the ones to think of."

That was the order given concerning the manner and method of forcing the building for the Stratton Home ⁶². . . that and an order to the news editor for unlimited space.

Joy Swift said:

The Stratton Home in Colorado Springs is a monument to Pinky. A Denver attorney named Deines was the attorney for the estate that provided for the building of the Home. What brought it to a head was Pink's front page story in the Post that said, "If you want to see what the bequest money has done, drive by Deines' big new home" and she gave the address. People drove by all day Sunday, just bumper to bumper traffic. Deines came in ⁶³and threatened her, but Bonfils backed her and the Home was built.

The Home was completed in 1912. The first occupants were admitted in 1913. Today (March, 1982) the Myron Stratton Home, a series of comfortable, small houses and larger buildings, situated at the foot of Pike's Peak is functioning exactly as W.S. Stratton intended. It houses 30 young people and the staff works with the Social Rehabilitation Services in these cases. (Many people who have spent time in Colorado have known at least one bright, successful adult who grew up in the Myron Stratton Home.) A call to the

public relations office at the Home will be answered by one of several cordial, helpful people who have never heard of Frances Wayne or her battle.

Frances was a strong advocate of women in politics and on government commissions. She could not be called a suffragette because Colorado had granted suffrage to women in 1894, but Frances was anxious for women to make use of their vote. She also devoted a lot of inches to refuting accusations against Colorado's suffrage made by people in other states.

In the winter of 1910, the Rev. Mr. Andrew Underhill of the Church of the Ascension in New York (no denomination given, no exact location, and the circumstances of his sermon were not explained) said, "the voting women of Colorado stoop to the lowest forms of political intrigue."⁶⁴

The Rev. Mr. Underhill was against suffrage for women in New York and was using the Colorado ladies as an awful example of what can happen. Frances' indignant article in reply included interviews with Colorado Governor John H. Shafroth and Justice Robert W. Steele, who, she wrote, "have rolled up their sleeves, polished their letter writing talents to a dazzling glow and made answer to the Rev. Andrew Underhill."⁶⁵

She quoted the men as saying:

"The wives, daughters and sisters of Colorado men are the equal of any women on earth in refinement, education, female graces and none of these qualities have been damaged in the slightest degree by their fifteen years of participation in public affairs, while government has been immeasurably improved by such participation."⁶⁶ The article fumes on in the same vein for 13 more paragraphs.

In April, 1912, Pinky wrote a scornful story attacking Colorado Republican women for not being more of a force in the party. A convention had been held in Colorado Springs to choose delegates to the Republican National

Convention in the summer. Only 14 women attended the Colorado convention and not one was chosen to go to Chicago. Pinky accused the women of allowing men to "orientalize" them. She said women in the east were:

. . . looking through the smoke of battle and prison bars to the women of Colorado for encouragement. . . . what do they see?
 . . . the ladies of one great party . . . twirling their nineteen-year-old ballot as though it were a curl paper and explaining they don't care a fuss over offices or worry over going to conventions or⁶⁷ having a hand in choosing delegates who shall represent them.

In 1913, she wrote a front page story listing the Post's choices for city commission members, many of whom were women. (Denver had just adopted the commission form of government.) Although they were all defeated, a follow-up story in which Pinky interviewed the winners, said the men were ready to fill the jobs and committee chairmanships under their new jurisdiction with women. In 1916, the tenacious Pinky wrote another story detailing how empty those promises had been.

In a 1914 assessment of the suffrage situation, she wrote that women seem to want power but don't know how to get it or what to do with it.

In 1913 she began a column, "The Suffragette" which features her picture, and was a composite of news about women from other places, news of women's advancement in Colorado, and Frances' comments. The lead of the first column said:

The secret has escaped. New Womanism is a germ. This germ probably came into being the first time it occurred to a wife that she should not be made to ask her husband for money and when she came to the conclusion that she had some rights in the children she had borne. But be that as it may, New Womanism has become as much a part of our daily life as breakfast. It is everywhere; on the street, in the shops, at the play,⁶⁸ and henceforth it has a place on this page of the POST ! ! !

In early 1919, she campaigned for a bill called "Horses' rights for women," which called for the state to support a needy pregnant woman in the

period close to her delivery to insure a healthy child. Horses in Colorado weren't required to work in the days before, confinement, she said, so women shouldn't be either.

Her interest in women in politics lasted all her life. One of her final stories at the Post was a blast at an idea Democratic party leaders ("masculine gender") were promoting to collect 50 cents apiece from Democrats to pay off a party deficit. She quoted an indignant lady as saying, "The men who are running the Democratic party machinery seem to forget, or overlook the fact, that women, as always, must do the leg and arm work in a campaign for votes or to raise money. Well, here we balk . . . mooching, plain and simple mooching is what I call this."⁶⁹

Frances did not just sit at her desk and exhort others to get into the fray. Perhaps her finest hour and certainly some of her best writing occurred during the Ludlow Massacre in April, 1914, in southern Colorado.

Ludlow was a coal mining camp between Trinidad and Walsenburg. Clashes between the workers who were striking and young National Guard recruits developed into a battle. A first report indicated 25 had been killed. The strikers and their families had been living in tents near the mines, since the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, against whom they were striking, owned their houses. The guardsmen chased the strikers out of the tent city and then set fire to the tents, apparently unaware that women and children were hiding from the bullets in pits dug beneath the tents. Other families, both strikers' wives and children and mine managers' families hid in the mines themselves.

The Ludlow Massacre, a major scandal, drew the attention of the entire country to Colorado's labor strife and left upon the state a stain that has not faded with the passage of time. About the only positive thing to come out of the violence was the

willingness of the Rockefeller interests to improve conditions in the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company and its subsidiary coal-producing companies. Better conditions for workers and a new period of labor-management peace were bought with blood . . . 70

By Wednesday, April 22, after the battle on the preceding Monday, all women were ordered out of the area and into Trinidad. Pinky slept in Trinidad but was in and out of the battle zone for more than a week.

"She was the only woman there for awhile," Joy Swift said. "I think they sent her because she could really get the feel of the situation." She was obviously there with a team of reporters, for she writes about "we." Her stories in the beginning are side bars to the other stories and feature pieces, but as time wore on, the lead stories have her byline. She was also the only woman present at the peace talks.

Partially as a result of Pinky's stories, 200 Denver women held a peace meeting. ("When there was a campaign or something needed for the city, important people would call and say 'Pink, get out your women,' and she'd rally the club women," Joy Swift said.) The Post gave the peace meeting front page play:

It aroused every drop of fighting blood in these women as the call was sounded again and again for action and no more of the masculine dilly-dallying⁷¹. . . these women wanted action and they wanted it now.

Frances' first story after the massacre was an interview in Trinidad with Mrs. Linderfelt, the wife of a National Guard officer. Pinky allowed her a fair hearing. " 'It is all very deplorable,' Mrs. Linderfelt said, 'but the soldiers were not to blame.' " ⁷²

Fortunately for Mrs. Linderfelt, the volatile Frances had not gotten to Ludlow yet. At Ludlow she visited the building being used for a morgue for the women and children who had died under the burning tents. Of one little boy's body, she wrote:

A bruise over the left eye seems to show where death had taken him, but a cap on his head conceals the fact that the entire top of

his head had been blown away . . .

In the next room were the bodies of the Chavez family, father, mother, son, and daughter, and in the mother's arms lay the baby, born after the mother's death. Patricia lay in a white coffin. When the little girl was found, her right leg was gone to the knee and both hands were filled with hair torn from her head in her agony. Joe Petrucia, 4 years old, seemed to be peacefully sleeping, but two fingers burned⁷³ from his right hand showed what the child had suffered . . .

A story written the same day told of the evacuation from the district and of the evacuation of Aguilar, a nearby small town, after Major Hamrock of the guard threatened to dynamite Aguilar. Pinky also speculated on the condition of Mrs. Hattie Bert, wife of the superintendent of the Royal Mine, and her son who were believed to be hiding in the mine.

On April 25, a funeral was held in Trinidad for many of the dead.

In a front page story that exemplified the best of her writing, Pinky wrote:

Ludlow has come to stand for something on our national and industrial scene. Yesterday when a hundred women and a few men and many children crowded into the Catholic church and packed the street in front of the door to witness the funeral services over the bodies of the victims of the Ludlow fire, that name became the synonym of grief, injustice and disaster. Never has this town seen such a sight as that funeral with its black and white coffins hiding from sight the burned and bullet-ridden remains of the dead.

At the head of the cortege was the body of Louie Tikos, the Greek who controlled the colony during his life and was the first sacrificed in the Monday horror. Then came a tiny casket of white, then the Chavez family, all gone together; then others until eleven were counted. The head of every spectator was bowed.

High mass of the Roman Catholic church was celebrated as women moaned and children wept and those who could not crowd into the church remained silent in the sunshine with that listening expression on their faces that proves the interest of their heart is elsewhere.

And this interest was in the hills, where every man of the union strong enough and big enough to carry a gun had gone to stand by the strikers in what promised to be their day.

In the crowd at the funeral were women from Ludlow, now living on charity; women from Aguilar, driven to Trinidad by fear; women from the Southwestern camp with the memory of what happened there but a day old in their minds. . . .

And when the service was over, when the last casket was lowered into its untimely grave, straightway the eyes of the women turned to the hills, from which sharp shots were heard; then a long silence,⁷⁴ then other shots until the day wore to noon and word came of a truce.

Frances went to the truce talks and wrote about the oppressive atmosphere and the sullen faces of the men. Then, typically, she returned to the tent city.

In one of the safety pits, which were really death traps, a dog was found. Just an ordinary dog . . . who lay at the bottom of the pit . . . his nose resting on a tiny shoe . . . When one of the men stooped to lift him . . . he snarled . . . among the ruins in the pit was the picture of a little boy . . . toys . . . a crucifix . . . only the sorrowing dog in the pit knew the name of the small⁷⁵ boy whose shoe was all that is left to him to love and serve.

Frances' concern for children, so obvious in the Ludlow stories, continued. In 1915 she became the Post's "Big Brothers' editor." The Post Big Brothers Club was organized that year to provide clothing for children and to sponsor Thanksgiving and Christmas parties. The Post provided a store room for donated clothes and gifts. One of the first stories about the Christmas party was headed:

BOX OF NEW CLOTHES
AND A GORGEOUS DOLL
SENT TO BIG BROTHERS

Mary Hooper, 7, Provides Christmas ^{Treat}
Are You Going to Do as Much?⁷⁶

Another head, the following December:

CROWD RIGHT UP, FOLKS
THEY WAIT, SCORES OF⁷⁷
THE POOR LITTLE ONES

A story in the same issue: "A family . . . of ~~ten~~ members . . . can only make enough to survive . . . a physician says death will reap a rich harvest if someone does not come to the rescue!"⁷⁸

It is obvious why Pinky was often described (usually by the opposition) as a sob sister. (Her own paper referred to her as a crusader or reformer.)

The term was applied to her as someone who wrote human interest stories, full of sentimental pathos, for the sake of sentiment itself.

In contrast with the stories written in Ludlow where no exaggeration was necessary, the Christmas stories did, indeed, drip with sentiment. But perhaps the end justified the means. Joy Swift, whose desk was next to Frances' in later years, said she remembers many adults coming into the Post office to donate toys for Christmas parties and saying, "Mrs. Wayne, if it hadn't been for you, I wouldn't have had a Christmas when I was a child."⁷⁹ Writing a Christmas story every day of the week for a month took unlimited energy, but she did it, year after year. "Each child got clothing, a toy, fruit, candy and ice cream and went to a show in the City Auditorium-- thousands of them."⁸⁰

In 1940, an after Christmas feature in the Post gave Pinky credit for originating outdoor Christmas lighting using colored bulbs. In 1919 a Denver electrician decorated a tree in his yard with colored bulbs to entertain his sick little boy. "The innovation came to Mrs. Wayne's attention and so impressed her that she began to recommend and encourage this type of lighting for indoors as well as outdoors."⁸¹

About 1921, Post stories written by Pinky announced sponsorship of an outdoor lighting contest and Denver began to be nationally known for its Christmas lights. Ultimately the City of Denver joined in sponsorship of the Christmas party and Denver's Christmas lights now illuminate the city's Civic Center in a huge month-long display.

One of the people in Denver who cared even more for children than Pinky did was Judge Benjamin Barr Lindsey. Originally from Tennessee, he was admitted to the Colorado bar in 1887. In 1901 he became a county judge. As a result of his ceaseless effort, the Denver Juvenile Court was established

in 1907. Frances wrote many stories supporting the Judge and was a close personal friend.

Lindsey was so dedicated to his work that he spent all his time and most of his salary working to help underprivileged children. For years, he and his wife and daughter lived in the basement of their home and rented out the upstairs to provide more money for the Judge's work. Lindsey was a small man--about five feet five inches tall and 100 pounds--but he had a large impact on Colorado and the nation. Judge Lindsey decided early on that justice for children should be remedial rather than vengeful. His most famous statement is, "There's no such thing as a bad boy," and he believed environment was more important than heredity in shaping a child. He investigated the backgrounds of children who appeared before him. He found that economic and industrial abuses were destroying children and began using every power and facility at his disposal to fight corporations and politicians who were exploiting children.

He had neither the time, nor the inclination, to be sociable or charming with anyone other than "his kids" and he cut through pretense with a clear eye and a sharp tongue. As a result, he made powerful enemies. He advocated more than 150 systems and laws which included a law forbidding public officials to charge fees for the prosecution and conviction of children; a law forbidding putting children in jail and establishing, in place of jail, the detention home school; a law permitting probation officers to arrest bartenders, gamblers and others who enticed children into evil places; a system of boys' clubs in Denver; a system of summer outings and fresh air camps for Denver children. He, personally, paid the largest share of expenses for a day nursery for the children of working mothers for as long as he could afford it. He was instrumental in the enactment of Colorado's enlightened child labor laws.

He advocated a system of companionate marriage which had four major parts: 1) birth control; 2) divorce by mutual consent; 3) education in the art of marriage; 4) alimony and support with reference to economic status.

He believed in birth control as a way to prevent the illegal abortion system which flourished in Denver, causing many deaths among teen-age girls. He believed in equality of the races. He wanted simpler systems that often eliminated lawyers--group counseling sessions to settle things without litigation. As a result, he antagonized the Roman Catholic Church, the Klu Klux Klan and the Denver Bar Association. Finally, in the late 1920s, his enemies were able to get him disbarred on a technicality, even though the situation had, earlier, been found to be a frame-up. He left Colorado to practice in California, where he died 10 years later.

Lindsey was honored and respected the world over. He was a good friend of Theodore Roosevelt. George Bernard Shaw stood in line in London to shake his hand.

Gene Fowler wrote about him in 1933:

It is unnecessary to write at length of Judge Lindsey's life and work, for he became Colorado's best-known citizen, widely acclaimed abroad and utterly unappreciated in his home town. Persecuted, ridiculed, lied about and hounded (ending with his abominable disbarment in recent years) this little fellow had more courage than any fifty of his detractors. It is impossible to know how many boys he advised, guided, kept from criminal careers or prison; how many girls he safeguarded from public shame.

His juvenile court is his monument. His Companionate Marriage premise has been garbled, misrepresented and falsely analyzed, but it is not unlikely that the Judge has more than a glimpse⁸² of the future and may prove to be a century ahead of his time.

The Denver papers didn't seem to know what to do with such an unusual man. Often, both the Post and the News supported him, sometimes they criticized him, once the Post put him on its celebrated black list, but removed him and started mentioning his name again when he began attacking

someone who was a foe of the paper's. ("The Post never considered that the things it said about a public official one day committed it to support what he did the next.")⁸³

In the early days, the Post began a campaign against child labor in the big Denver department stores, motivated, some said, by the fact that the stores' backers also owned rival papers and boycotted the Post for advertising. Whatever the Post's motives, eventually the Colorado legislature, pushed by the Post passed laws regulating child labor which had been largely authored by Lindsey. The Post and little Ben became very aware of each other.

In 1903, a Post editorial states:" The criminal laws have been destroying boys' souls a longtime. It has been an awful evil. And the world loves a man who is not afraid of his dignity in saving souls."⁸⁴

(The world in Denver did not love Lindsey. As he said at the height of his persecution by the KKK and the Catholic Church, "The cross and the Flaming Cross both made war on me.")⁸⁵

Before 1909 he was running for judge on a non-partisan ticket and both the Democrats and Republicans were against and threatening to "finish" him unless he declared a party.

But I was resolved to meet it on my feet and fighting. The women rallied first. Mrs. J.B. Belford, Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker and Mrs. M.A.B. Conine of the Women's Club, organized indignation meetings . . . the newspapers spread reports of the protest written effectively by such⁸⁶able newspaperwomen as "Polly Pry" and Winifred Black . . .

Pinky was not a force in Denver journalism during this campaign so the Judge's defense was in the hands of her mother and Polly Pry, who wrote:

We have the best juvenile court laws in the world, thanks to Judge Lindsey and they are better enforced than any other in that the Judge has been^{87a} . . . guardian angel to the children of this community.

By 1910, Pinky was Lindsey's official champion on the paper. No one knows how she felt or what she said to Bonfils when the paper criticized Lindsey, but those stories never bore her byline.

"Pinky and Ben Lindsey were friends all his life. She worked with him to establish his programs. She and Lindsey were both ahead of the times in a lot of ways. He came out for companionate marriage and she agreed with him, which makes me wonder about her own marriage experiences. She also wrote stories supporting him personally."⁸⁸

In 1914, Lindsey was so impressed with Pinky's stories from Ludlow, that he and his wife took a train to Washington to meet with President Wilson to ask for relief for the women and children involved in the battles. The Red Cross arrived in Trinidad soon after, whether or not as a result of his visit is not known.

By 1919 the pressure was on Lindsey. Pinky's stories increased in frequency and intensity. Many of her stories were mostly quotes from him rather than comments from her. She had apparently decided to let him do his own talking. In a story about the bill for Colorado's Child Welfare Bureau, which he authored and she and the Post pushed until it passed the legislature in July, 1919, he was quoted: "The CHILD--the nation's most valuable asset, more valuable than oil . . ."⁸⁹

A speech he made asking for more power for the juvenile court was run almost in its entirety and almost word for word--not a common practice with Frances, who liked to get a word in herself. Lindsey said, "Society is responsible for child crime. . . . A majority of children are pure and good. . . .mothers should be allowed to stay home with their children or have a clean, happy, healthful place to leave them . . ."⁹⁰

In 1920, the Child Welfare Board was attacked and some long-time employees were fired. On May 6, Pinky wrote a story saying the issue was patronage and an attack on Lindsey, and that the employees should be rehired. A few weeks later, in a front page article, she congratulated the employees for being reinstated.

A long article that was an overview of Lindsey's work ended with the paragraph:

If Judge Lindsey has been forward-visioned enough to see which way the human procession is moving and to prepare guide posts for its protection and betterment, who is the legislator who will vote against good and necessary measures because Judge⁹¹ Lindsey has been the one to assist in their preparation?

In 1924 a Klan puppet was elected governor of Colorado and by 1927 his enemies had succeeded in getting Lindsey's election to judge declared illegal. By 1929 he had been disbarred on charges that were later proved false.

The Post covered the long arduous process of Lindsey's persecution. While most of the bills he had advocated were saved by a group of courageous Republicans who voted with the Democrats, no one seemed to be able to save the job of the man himself. Pinky wrote articles, invoking the memory of Polly Pry, who had called him a guardian angel. The Post complained, fussed, and, occasionally, trumpeted about the situation, but a lot of the old vigor seemed to be gone. No marches were begun and the stories were more often apologetic than scathing. Mrs. Belford, the clubwoman, and Harry Tamm, the lover of children, were both dead. Perhaps their leaving had taken some of the backbone from those they left behind.

But Pinky, the tenacious, did not forget. As late as 1931, when Lindsey was living in California, a story appeared under her byline which began:

While other cities are boasting of a new system in the development of the understanding of human problems by the application of psychology and psychiatry to the settlement of family quarrels and marital woes, the Denver Juvenile Court has been practicing it

for many years.

From Evanston, Ill., comes the announcement that the police magistrate . . . will issue no warrants for husbands or wives until the complaining parties air their domestic woes in a clinic.

As long ago as Ben B. Lindsey presided in the local Juvenile Court, a psychiatric clinic was organized and put to work settling the reasons for family breaks so they⁹² might be patched up before the children were cast adrift. . .

In 1965 an NBC television series, "Profiles in Courage", filmed a segment about Lindsey. The Denver Post reviewer praised the show but with uncharacteristic modesty (or, perhaps, lack of knowledge) did not mention Lindsey's relationship with the Post.

Another close personal friend of Pinky, as well as an important person in Denver, was Emily Griffith. She was a gentle, blue-eyed lady who had begun teaching school in Nebraska when she was 14. She and her parents moved to Denver in 1895. While still a teen-ager, she was teaching in some of the toughest sections of Denver.

By the time Emily was 35 she was firmly convinced that schools offering vocational education for adults and older children were necessary. She approached the school board and was allowed to try a few such classes in a condemned school in downtown Denver. She began to talk to clubwomen, civic groups and the Denver Chamber of Commerce about forming a school to teach trades and occupations with classes at all times of the day and evening. She was not getting very far until one afternoon in December, when she took a group of her students to the Post's Big Brother store room to get clothes for them.

Emily Griffith . . . appeared one day with a large group of children in tow . . . she stayed to fit each one of her proteges with suits, overcoats, and all sorts of clothing. She made it a personal thing. After everybody had been fitted to his own and Emily's satisfaction . . . she stayed behind to "red" up the store room.

Frances Wayne, one of the paper's best feature writers, was present during all this and she began to draw Emily Griffith out as they worked together. She discovered⁹³ that Emily had stayed home from a house party to outfit her pupils.

Frances asked her about her work and then about her plans and Emily told her all about the people she met in her work who had no future unless they could learn skills or take night classes in subjects they had missed in school. Frances offered to write some stories about Emily's dream of an opportunity school.

"From then on," Emily Griffith relates, "you know how the community responded to the school." But the School Board was still hanging back. "Give the little lady a break," . . . was the gist of the newspaper publicity. The idea might work and it might not. At least give it a trial . . . the condemned Longfellow School would be a good place to start . . . the idea caught fire. "I was continually⁹⁴ being stopped in the street," Emily Griffith recalled.

The school opened the next year. Pinky and Emily were close friends from then on. Emily used to tell people that there would be no Opportunity School were it not for Pinky. But when the Denver School Board tried to take over the administration of the school, claiming it had been a School Board project all along, the head on Frances' bylined story read:

EMILY GRIFFITH ALONE DESERVES
CREDIT FOR OPPORTUNITY SCHOOL
Success of Venture in Denver Due to Untiring Efforts
of Woman and Not to Any Help⁹⁵ Given
By Present School Board

The article was long and angry. The School Board backed off and Emily, though offered more lucrative jobs including European lecture tours, stayed in Denver and ran the school until her retirement in 1933.

In the 1980s, the Emily Griffith Opportunity School averaged 40,000 pupils per year. There is a core faculty of 90 with another 800 part time teachers on the payroll. Four hundred and fifty courses were offered during the school year of 1981-82.

CHAPTER V

"WELL, I LOVE YOU ANYWAY"

Frances became a local celebrity after the Ludlow series. Fay King, the Post artist, wrote about her in 1916, "Frances Wayne, often called by the public 'the angel of mercy' or 'Lady Bountiful' . . . because she is always fighting the cause of the oppressed and downtrodden . . ."96

In 1914 she was named a representative woman of Colorado in a publication that also included her mother. In 1918, she was appointed a Red Cross director to do publicity work for the Red Cross in France until the end of World War I. In 1922 she received a gold recognition medal from the University of Colorado, the first journalist and one of few women to be so honored. The medal was inscribed, "At the hands of the state of Colorado, she deserves well."97

Achievements cited were her work for the Myron Stratton home, her appointment by the Red Cross, her assistance to the Opportunity School, her campaign to get legislative appropriations for the Colorado University Medical school to be built in Denver, and her work to promote legislation to benefit children, among others. (Another big boost to the CU medical school was the donation of 20 acres of prime Denver property by F.G. Bonfils. Joy Swift said Pinky talked him into giving it.)

Ralph Crossman, of the CU School of Journalism, presented the medal to her at commencement ceremonies.

During her service in this field she had been identified with and been an important factor in practically every worthy

enterprise for the development of Colorado, for the relief of suffering, for the advancement of our common schools, our secondary schools and our state institutions of higher learning.

She has written things that have made men and women give money for worthy causes; she has written things that have made men and women give personal labor for charitable and other enterprises; she has written things that have made the people of this great commonwealth vote for desirable legislation. The testimony of educators, of governors, of judges, of bishops, of thousands of men, women and children in the street will enthusiastically proclaim that she has constantly and always been a powerful advocate for those institutions which stand for intellectual advancement, a zealous worker for state⁹⁸ development, a pleader for justice, a friend of the helpless.

Recipient of the other gold medal given at the ceremonies was Emily Griffith and when the two were presented to the audience, the Denver Post said "the auditorium . . . rocked with cheers."⁹⁹

Frances was also honored by the Denver Women's Press Club. The club was founded in 1898 but had no place to meet until the mid-1920s, when Colorado artist George E. Burr's art studio became available. Pinky and other members sponsored two formal parties in the Municipal Auditorium. They were supported by the Sacred 36 (Denver's leading society families), and the proceeds from the two occasions paid for the house. The Press Club, whose members have included Katherine Anne Porter, Mrs. W.W. Whiteman (Paul's mother) and associate member, Molly Brown, has given a Frances Belford Wayne Merit Award to a senior woman majoring in journalism at Colorado University. This monetary award honors Frances as an investigative reporter and feature writer who achieved national recognition in both areas. Pinky was the club's first honorary member and honorary life director at large.

In 1946 she was named Woman of the Year by the Colorado Business and Professional Women's Club.

Even though she was a public figure, Pinky was a very private person. She never talked about her husband. She said little about her niece and

nephew, although they lived with her for at least four years and Joy Swift believes she put them both through college.

She was private about her finances. She lived in an unpretentious house on Race street near Denver's Cheesman Park. When she left the Post, however, she was able to buy and restore her family home in Central City.

She did not discuss her age. Gene Lindberg recalls that when social security was enacted, she didn't sign up for, thereby forestalling the need to tell anyone how old she was.

Gray hair did not give her age away either. Her hair was red until she died. She dressed smartly, Joy Swift said, and was average size, about five feet, five inches tall. She always believed she wasn't pretty. Her friend, Polly Pry, was always described as beautiful but Pinky said, "They'll never say that about me."¹⁰⁰

She had good friends among the people she worked with. She was fond of Polly Pry and very close to Emily Griffith and Ben Lindsey.¹⁰¹

Post artist Fay King wrote a column on Christmas day, 1916, as a Christmas present to her co-workers at the Post. Among other things, she said, "Frances . . . is a jolly sort outside of working hours. She's got the grandest red gold hair you ever saw and smart? Say, I feel like checking out after talking to her for 10 minutes."¹⁰²

Joy Swift said Pinky was always good to her, giving her a lot of encouragement. She also worked with with, and was friends with, Denver's women leaders--women like lawyer Mary Lathrop and Dr. Florence Sabin. If she didn't like someone, Joy said, she'd let it be known. She was seldom wrong about a person's character. Men either feared Frances or admired her, Joy said.

One special friend was Anne Evans, daughter of Colorado's second territorial governor, John Evans. Anne Evans was an artist and philanthropist who figured largely in the restoration of Central City and its Opera House. Pinky and Anne would go round and round on issues. They were both strong-minded products of early Colorado. (Anne's brother had owned the rival Denver Times, at one point, and used it to attack Ben Lindsey.)

But after whatever battle they were having currently, they'd end up saying, "Well, I love you anyway."

Once Herndon Davis, an artist who worked on and off for the Post, went to Central City and wanted to paint "the face on the bar room floor" on the floor of the Glory Hole Bar in the Teller House. Anne, who was chairman of the Central City Opera Association and a leading figure in state art circles, said "absolutely not!" So he sneaked in and did it at 4 a.m. It was so popular with the tourists that they left it there, so he sneaked in another night and signed it, but they painted over the signature.¹⁰³ Anne thought Pinky encouraged him, but Pinky denied it.

Frances had an interesting relationship with Gene Fowler when he worked on the Post before World War I.

In his book about his father, Young Man From Denver, Will Fowler quotes Al Birch:

Fowler's . . . favorite place to take his liquor aboard was in the small office of Frances Wayne . . . Gene would start drinking until he was good and plastered . . . when sleepy he'd lie down on one end of the carpet . . . and grab the end of the rug and roll over until he was wrapped up like a mummy. He often wound up at one end of the room with his nose pressed against the baseboard. On Monday morning, Frances would get . . . [Birch]¹⁰⁴ to go with her to see if Fowler was still there.

In Thunder in the Rockies, Bill Hosokawa writes:

Pinky . . . who . . . had a private office, became accustomed to finding Fowler on Monday mornings, sleeping off a bender on the floor, wrapped up in her prize Oriental rug. But she had more than she could take when one Monday, she found Fowler asleep under the rug together with his lady of the evening. Pinky strode across the city room into Bonfils' office and demanded that he come see what she had to show him. By the time they returned to Pinky's office, the girl was gone but Fowler was still trying to wake up. A short time later, Fowler left

for New York. Pinky, who by then regretted having told on Fowler, helped arrange his passage. In those days two tickets had to be purchased when shipping a body by rail--one for the corpse and the other for an escort-- and Fowler¹⁰⁵ headed out of town as the escort to an elderly corpse.

In the several books in which he tells about leaving Denver, Gene Fowler says he left as a corpse's companion, but does not go into the details of his expulsion from the Post. He writes it as if he left for the greener pastures of New York solely by choice. In all his books he mentions Pinky only once. In Timberline, he said: "So many other compelling characters on the Post . . . the famous daughter of the famous Judge James Burns Belford ('The red rooster sic of the Rockies') Frances Wayne Belford sic ." ¹⁰⁶ Perhaps the mistake in her name was an indication that he'd rather have forgotten her altogether.

Although Pinky did not join Fowler and his friends in their wild parties, she did have a social life. "If Pinky was at a party," Gene Lindberg said, "things never got dull." She was a popular dinner guest, but her private life was definitely secondary to her work. Her newspaper work was her life, Joy Swift said. Writing was such a part of her that she'd do it no matter where she was.

"You should have been there when she'd start to write a story. She'd come in, roll the paper in the typewriter, write a little, tear it out, throw it on the floor, put in another one, write a little, throw it on the floor--then look frantically on the floor for the first one." ¹⁰⁷

Joy said Pinky came in one day, just furious--the mayor had asked her to leave a meeting that he didn't want reported. Frances said, "If I'm not a better reporter than you are a mayor, I'll have this in the first edition" and she did. She and Mayor Stapleton were friends after that.

"She had a real temper," Gene Lindberg said. "She'd learned to cuss in the mining camps, but she was a lady. She was honest and moral but not religious. She knew everything about everybody, but never misused her power and never blackmailed anybody. She knew a lot about people but she was so straightforward, she'd just tell them about it.

CHAPTER VI

"WHAT IS THIS THING THAT IS COMING TO ME?"

Frances' straightforwardness and mining camp language were not appreciated by everybody, especially Larry Martin, a Post reporter since 1924 and managing editor from 1938 to 1947. Martin was:

Lean, acid, dyspeptic . . . Martin was a gifted writer and reporter but was soon made news editor to supervise the production of each day's paper. Newspapers have a way of promoting superior writers into administrative and editorial positions for which they have no special aptitude, simply because they are competent people.¹⁰⁸

During World War II, the Women's Press Club had open houses for men from Lowry Air Force Base, featuring local speakers. Larry Martin came once to speak and said, "If I had my way there would never be a woman in the city room."¹⁰⁹

The president of the Press Club called Pinky, who was currently in Larry's city room, and asked her to debate this with him in front of an audience. Frances agreed, but Larry refused. Jack Foster, editor of the Rocky Mountain News agreed to be on the program with Pinky, but said it wouldn't be a real debate because he didn't agree with Martin. During the "debate" Foster said, "There isn't a newsman living who wouldn't envy the honors Mrs. Wayne has won in journalism." Then he listed some of her accomplishments including the Stratton Home, the gift of land to Colorado University and the child welfare laws. Pinky was speechless for the first time in living memory, according to Joy Swift, who was there.

Larry Martin was always tough on women, Joy said, and on Frances especially, because she was smarter than he was and had so much influence.

Martin was a brilliant writer who was frustrated in management and had no patience with people, Gene Lindberg said. "But Frances got crotchety as she got older," Lindberg added. "She couldn't cut the mustard anymore and she knew it."

Eva Hodges joined the Post staff in 1945 when she was 21 and Pinky was 75.

She was an aristocratic old girl--I don't think she even deigned to speak to me. I remember being assigned to rewrite her stories because about all she wrote by then were great flowery things that rambled on and on.

Her hair was dyed by the time I knew her. She was sort of a wiry person. Her friends must have enjoyed her a great deal. She had a sharp wit--a little eccentric but an enjoyable individual . . . with her bird-like face and red hair. The people around the office generally respected her. Even rewriting those ¹¹⁰rambling stories, I recognized that she had been a good writer.

In 1946, the last vestige of the Bonfils and Tammen days disappeared when William Shepherd, Bonfils successor, retired. E. Palmer Hoyt, a newsman from Oregon, took over as editor and publisher. He arrived with three major objectives: to give the Post respectability by improving news coverage and the quality of writing; to achieve credibility by restoring the editorial page and taking editorializing out of the news stories; to restore vitality by acquiring a new physical plant.

Most of the employees were happy about the changes. However, as Bill Hosokawa writes:

But not everyone took gracefully to change. If degrees of unhappiness could be measured, no doubt stubborn, fiery Pinky Wayne would have been adjudged the most miserable. Long the uncrowned queen of Denver reporters . . . in her declining years her work had suffered. Hoyt wanted her relieved of reportorial duties. He offered to let her write a column in which her vast contacts would be valuable and where she could express her opinions without affronting his standards of objectivity. He invited her to name her own hours or even work at home . . . Pinky first expressed her outrage by joining the Guild which

she had scorned until then. Unable¹¹¹ to accept Hoyt, she walked out one day and never returned.

At last Frances had what she needed to turn her into a superb craftsman-- a good editor. But pride and age destroyed her opportunity.

Al Birch and Joy Swift recall Frances' leaving differently. Birch said an argument with Larry Martin led to her being fired. It involved a relatively minor question.

" 'There was an awful row,' Birch said. ' Martin said, "You're fired!" and she said, "I quit." Larry was very sorry afterward. He was temperamental too.' "¹¹²

Joy Swift said:

That was the saddest thing, that Pinky and Larry tangled. We never discussed her leaving and the circumstances surrounding it. I was so fond of her and she was so heartsick, that we just didn't talk about it. Pinky wasn't well at the end of her time at the Post. At the end of her life, she had very serious surgery. When the doctor put down some rules afterward, she said "you've taken everything out of my body--you're not going to take it out of my mind too!" Pinky said after that the doctor changed his approach.

Pinky went home to Central City, moving back into the bedroom she'd had as a child. Her niece, Frances, had married and was in Central with her family. A September, 1948 Post story about Pinky says that year she became associate editor of the Central City Register-Call, but current editor, Janet Davis, can find no record of it.¹¹³ Her name is not on a masthead. However, Rae Laird, at that time owner and publisher of the paper, did not believe in personal journalism. There were no bylines or formal masthead.¹¹⁴

Sid Squibb also said he does not remember Frances' having any connection with the paper. She could have contributed articles and the editor title have been a courtesy, or the whole thing could have been a face-saving fabrication of the proud, private Pinky.

In the last months of 1950, she became critically ill and died of cancer on July 16, 1951. At her request, her ashes were scattered near the Anne Evans Memorial, high on a hill overlooking the town that had meant so much in the lives of both of them.

The Denver Post told her goodbye in an editorial on July 17, 1951:

Through four decades as one of the distinctive figures in western journalism, Frances Wayne became a familiar and looked for name to many thousands of Denver Post readers in this country of mountain and plain. Her work often drew fulsome praise from those in high places, but she took greater satisfaction from the letters she so often received from the humble--from the poor here in Denver or from men and women in remote mountain hamlets or prairie villages. Pinky Wayne served her profession and the era in which she lived with the best she had of craftsmanship and of devotion to the welfare of the people, particularly the poor and needy, the afflicted and the underprivileged. Her contributions to the awakening of social consciousness and to social reforms in Denver and Colorado are everlasting monuments to her. May she rest in peace from her labors.

CHAPTER VII

ADDENDUM:

THE SEARCH FOR PINKY: FURTHER QUESTIONS

The first book I read in my literature search for this paper was Up From the Footnote, A History of Women Journalists by Marion Marzolf. Dr. Marzolf, a journalism teacher at the University of Michigan, writes:

I looked at the journalism history that I was teaching. Women were mentioned mostly in the footnotes in standard journalism history texts. I resolved¹¹⁵ to search for them and recover their lost history.

The subject of this paper, in her time one of the best known journalists in the west, was not even a footnote in Dr. Marzolf's book! I knew then that it was going to take a great deal of investigative reporting to find out much about Pinky.

In all the books I read about the Denver Post and in the several Colorado history books I consulted, there was enough about Frances to fill a page--a short page. (All of it is included in this paper.) Add her parents, and I'd worked up to three pages.

I went to the Denver Post and was given Frances' file which contained copies of a short feature written about her in 1948, Zoe Von Ende's long feature of 1972, Pinky's obituary, the editorial printed the day after she died, and a short list of some of the stories she had written.

A friend who used to work at the Post suggested I call Gene Lindberg, a featured Post writer for 42 years. The girl in the Post library helped me find his phone number, but said she didn't think he'd want to be bothered. I bothered him and he took me to lunch at the Denver Press Club

(the Men's Press Club where women were not allowed until 1970.) He told me everything he could remember about Frances. Then he arranged an afternoon with Joy Swift, an artist and 40-year Post veteran, so the three of us could talk.

That afternoon with those two professional, intelligent, funny, nice people would be worth a trip to Denver anytime. They gave me dates and names to check on, remembered everything they could and talked about their Post careers. Gene Lindberg said he had enjoyed writing about Charles Lindbergh. ("Our families were from the same part of Scandinavia, but my family got the 'H' out.") They talked about everything from the first days of the Post to the fact that they both enjoy "Lou Grant" on television. Billie Newman, Lou Grant's red-haired reporter, reminds Joy of Pinky.

After that the search was a lot less fun. I read micro-film of the Denver Post in the Denver library and the University of Colorado library. I checked history books and old records to find Judge Belford. I ran into a lot of blank walls. I tried to find some record of Frances and John Wayne in Greeley, but couldn't. Her niece and nephew are both dead, but the niece's son, Donald L. Russell, was supposed to lived in Boulder. The only Donald L. Russell in the Boulder phone book was a nice man, but not the right one. The Register-Call had no information on Pinky or her family.

The most interesting blank wall I found was not blank at all, but alive with portraits. Gene Lindberg had said he thought Denver lawyer Fred Mazulla, who collected all things western, had bought Pinky's files when she left the Post. Fred Mazulla died almost two years ago, but I was able to arrange a visit with his daughter, Arlene, who lives in Reno, Nevada, but was coming to Denver. Several years before his death, Mazulla had sent

most of his collection (it took six large trucks to transport) to the Amon Carter Museum in Fort Worth. However, Arlene said there were still a few things in the basement of the Mazulla family home.

There was nothing of Pinky's in the basement, but I did get to see the famous portrait room. Herndon Davis, of the "face on the bar room floor," had been a friend of Mazulla's. Arlene said every time he was out of money, he'd paint a portrait of some prominent Coloradan on the wall of Fred's basement. Fred would pay him and Davis would have grocery money for a while. There are more than 80 portraits (including Gene Lindberg) on the wall. There is a beautiful "face on the basement floor" which is Mrs. Mazulla's. She is much prettier than the one in Central City. Mother Cabrini, Colorado's only beatified citizen, is in a Sistine Chapel-type oval on the ceiling. A portrait that Arlene thought might be Pinky, turned out to be Polly Pry, wearing a hat and looking decidedly dumpy and unbeautiful.

In writing this paper, it was difficult, with roots that go deep enough in Colorado to have survived radiation and smog, not to get side tracked and not to get sentimental. I may have failed to avoid either. I learned to read with the Denver Post. I always saved the pink front page to put the dog's dish on or line the waste basket with, after it had been thoroughly read. (Some Coloradans used it for those purposes before they read it.) I was horrified in grade school when a teacher finally let me know that the Post had been a wicked paper and was now just a poor one--at least in her opinion.

I finished copying the final editorial about Pinky into this paper and cried. My husband said, "Didn't anyone tell you she died?" But I hadn't known, in the beginning, that she was fired, that she was ill, that she may

not really have been associate editor of the Register-Call. It must have been a terrible time for her. Emily Griffith, who had retired to live in the mountains, was murdered the year Frances left the Post. Her good friends, Anne Evans and Ben Lindsey were dead. Her career, that meant more to her than anything else, seemed over.

Well, upward and onward. Questions for further study would involve learning more about Frances herself. I found a lot of what she did and what she wrote, but not much about what she was. I wonder about her marriage and her relationship with the rest of her family. I wonder what happened to her files and her gold medal. The Amon Carter Mazulla collection is two-thirds indexed at this point. Thus far there is nothing relating to her.

It would be interesting to study the power of the press then to accomplish what it did without foundering in lawsuits. The moral and sociological aspects could be investigated.

I'm sure every reporter would be envious of what Pinky often had-- a free ticket to take off on a crusade without fear or punctuation.

Bless you, Pinky. I love you anyway.

FOOTNOTES

¹Elinor Bluemel, One Hundred Years of Colorado Women, (Denver: Bluemel Pub., 1973.) p. 85.

²Gene Lindberg, personal interview, Denver, Colo., January 13, 1980.

³Joy Swift, personal interview, Denver, Colo., March 14, 1980.

⁴Gene Lindberg, personal interview, Denver, Colo., March 14, 1980.

⁵Muriel Wolle, Stampede to Timberline, (Boulder, Colo.: Muriel S. Wolle, Publ. 1949.) p. 26.

⁶Lindberg interview, January, 1980.

⁷Robert Athearn, The Coloradans, (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1976.) pp. 57, 59.

⁸Frank Hall, History of the State of Colorado, (Chicago: The Blakely Printing Company, 1890.) p. 354.

⁹History of Colorado, (Denver: Linderman Co., 1927.) p. 445.

¹⁰Carl Abbott, Colorado, (Boulder, Colo.: University of Colorado Press, 1976.) p. 73.

¹¹Ibid.

¹²Ibid., p. 74.

¹³Lindberg interview, January, 1980

¹⁴Swift interview, March, 1980.

¹⁵Ibid.

FOOTNOTES (Cont.)

- 16
James Semple, Representative Women of Colorado, (Denver: Semple Publishers, 1914.) p. 19.
- 17
Sid Squibb, telephone interview (Manhattan, Ks., to Central City, Colo.), March 4, 1982.
- 18
Swift interview, March 14, 1980.
- 19
Gene Fowler, Timberline, (New York: Covici Friede, 1933.) p. 165.
- 20
Robert Perkin, The First Hundred Years, (Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Co., 1959.) p. 317.
- 21
Ibid., p. 320.
- 22
Bill Hosokawa, Thunder In the Rockies, (New York: William Morrow & Co., 1976.) p. 71.
- 23
Ibid., pp. 63, 64.
- 24
Swift interview, March, 1980.
- 25
H. Allen Smith, To Hell In a Handbasket, (Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Co., 1962.) p. 182.
- 26
G. Fowler, Timberline, p. 122.
- 27
Hosokawa, Thunder In the Rockies, p. 77.
- 28
Smith, To Hell In a Handbasket, p. 182.
- 29
G. Fowler, Timberline, p. 252.
- 30
Lindberg interview, March, 1980.

FOOTNOTES (Cont.)

- 31
Hosokawa, Thunder In the Rockies, p. 78.
- 32
Bill Hosokawa, Telephone interview, (Manhattan, Ks. to Denver, Colo.), March 22, 1982.
- 33
Swift interview, March, 1980.
- 34
Zoe Von Ende, "Frances Wayne--Star Reporter," Denver Post, February 6, 1972.
- 35
Hosokawa, Thunder In the Rockies, p. 40 .
- 36
Denver Post, July 19, 1924.
- 37
Denver Post, February 2, 1933.
- 38
Roy Nelson, Articles and Features, (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1978.) p. 12.
- 39
Ibid., p. 13.
- 40
Ibid., p. 16.
- 41
Ibid., p. 32.
- 42
Ibid., p. 16.
- 43
Denver Post, November 7, 1909.
- 44
Denver Post, November 8, 1909.
- 45
Von Ende, "Frances Wayne," Post, February 6, 1972.
- 46
Denver Post, February 6, 1910.

FOOTNOTES (Cont.)

- 47
Denver Post, April 25, 1912.
- 48
Denver Post, June 5, 1914.
- 49
Denver Post, May 2, 1920.
- 50
Ibid.
- 51
Denver Post, December 16, 1920.
- 52
Denver Post, January 6, 1925.
- 53
H. Allen Smith, To Hell In a Handbasket, p. 183.
- 54
Denver Post, February 5, 1928.
- 55
Gerald Mowry, Personal interview, Manhattan, Ks., March 5, 1982.
- 56
Will Fowler, The Young Man From Denver, (Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Co., 1962.) p. 55.
- 57
Hosokawa, Telephone interview, March, 1982.
- 58
Lindberg, Personal interview, March, 1980.
- 59
Mabel Barbee Lee, Cripple Creek Days, (Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Co., 1958.) p. 187.
- 60
Ibid., p. 198.
- 61
Denver Post, June 13, 1920.
- 62
Denver Post, May 27, 1917.

FOOTNOTES (Cont.)

- ⁶³ Swift interview, March, 1980.
- ⁶⁴ Denver Post, February 8, 1910.
- ⁶⁵ Ibid.
- ⁶⁶ Ibid.
- ⁶⁷ Denver Post, April 1, 1912.
- ⁶⁸ Denver Post, May 12, 1913.
- ⁶⁹ Denver Post, February 27, 1945.
- ⁷⁰ Athearn, The Coloradans, p. 197.
- ⁷¹ Denver Post, April 24, 1914.
- ⁷² Denver Post, April 22, 1914.
- ⁷³ Ibid.
- ⁷⁴ Denver Post, April 25, 1914.
- ⁷⁵ Ibid.
- ⁷⁶ Denver Post, December 16, 1915.
- ⁷⁷ Denver Post, December 15, 1916.
- ⁷⁸ Ibid.
- ⁷⁹ Swift interview, March, 1980.

FOOTNOTES (Cont.)

- 80
Ibid.
- 81
Denver Post, December 29, 1940.
- 82
G. Fowler, Timberline, p. 138.
- 83
Hosokawa, Thunder In the Rockies, p. 27.
- 84
Denver Post, December 12, 1903.
- 85
Benjamin Lindsey, The Dangerous Life, (New York: Horace Liveright Inc., 1931.) p. 396.
- 86
Benjamin Lindsey, The Beast (New York: Horace Liveright, Inc., 1911.) p. 167.
- 87
Denver Post, September 4, 1909.
- 88
Lindberg and Swift, Personal interview, March 1980.
- 89
Denver Post, July 10, 1919.
- 90
Denver Post, October 17, 1919.
- 91
Denver Post, February 22, 1920.
- 92
Denver Post, August 26, 1931.
- 93
Elinor Bluemel, The Opportunity School and Emily Griffith, (Denver: Green Mountain Press, 1970.) p. 23.
- 94
Ibid., p. 25.
- 95
Denver Post, May 5, 1919.

FOOTNOTES (Cont.)

- 96
Denver Post, December 25, 1916.
- 97
Denver Post, June 13, 1922.
- 98
Ibid.
- 99
Ibid.
- 100
Swift interview, March, 1980.
- 101
Von Ende, Denver Post, February 6, 1972.
- 102
Denver Post, December 25, 1916.
- 103
Swift interview, March, 1980.
- 104
W. Fowler, Young Man From Denver, p. 53.
- 105
Hosokawa, Thunder In the Rockies, pp. 77, 78.
- 106
G. Fowler, Timberline, p. 122.
- 107
Swift interview, March, 1980.
- 108
Hosokawa, Thunder In the Rockies, pp. 190. 191.
- 109
Swift interview, March, 1980.
- 110
Von Ende, Denver Post, February 6, 1972.
- 111
Hosokawa, Thunder In the Rockies, p. 237.
- 112
Von Ende, Denver Post, February 6, 1972.

FOOTNOTES (Cont.)

113

Janet Davis, Telephone interview, (Manhattan, Ks. to Central City, Colo.), March 25, 1980.

114

Ibid.

115

Marion Marzolf, Up From the Footnote, (New York: Hastings House Publishers, 1977.) p. ix.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Abbott, Carl, Colorado, Boulder, Colo.: University of Colorado Press, 1976.
- Athearn, Robert, The Coloradans, Albuquerque, N.M.: University of New Mexico Press, 1976.
- Bluemel, Elinor, One Hundred Years of Colorado Women, Denver: Elinor Bluemel, Publ, 1973.
- Bluemel, Elinor, The Opportunity School and Emily Griffith, Denver: Green Mountain Press, 1970.
- Davis, Janet, Telephone interviews, Manhattan, Ks., to Central City, Colo., March 4, 25, 1982.
- Denver Post, December 12, 1905; September 4, 1909; November 7, 8, 1909; February 6, 8, 1910; April 1, 25, 1912; May 12, 1913; April 22, 24, 25, 1914; June 5, 1914; December 16, 1915; December 15, 1916; May 27, 1917; May 5, 1919; July 10, 1919; October 17, 1919; February 22, 1920; May 2, 1920; December 16, 1920; June 13, 1922; July 19, 1924; January 6, 1925; February 5, 1928; August 26, 1931; February 2, 1933; December 29, 1940; February 27, 1945; July 17, 1951.
- Fowler, Gene, Timberline, New York : Covici Friede, 1933.
- Fowler, Will, The Young Man From Denver, Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Co., 1962.
- Hall, Frank, History of the State of Colorado, Chicago: The Blakely Printing Company, 1890.
- History of Colorado, Biographical-State Historical Society of Colorado, Denver: Linderman Co., 1927.
- Hosokawa, Bill, Telephone interview, Manhattan Ks. to Denver, Colo., March 22, 1982.
- Hosokawa, Bill, Thunder In the Rockies, New York: William Morrow & Co., 1976.
- Lee, Mabel, Barbee, Cripple Creek Days, Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Co., 1958.
- Lindberg, Gene, Personal interviews, Denver, Colo., January 13, 1980; March 14, 1980.

BIBLIOGRAPHY (Cont.)

- Lindsey, Benjamin, The Beast, New York: Horace Liveright, Inc., 1911.
- Lindsey, Benjamin, The Dangerous Life, New York: Horace Liveright, Inc., 1931.
- Marzolf, Marion, Up From the Footnote, New York: Hastings House Publishers, 1977.
- Mowry, Gerald L., Personal interview, Manhattan, Ks., March 5, 1982.
- Nelson, Roy, Articles and Features, Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1978.
- Perkin, Robert L., The First Hundred Years, Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Co., 1959.
- Semple, James, Representative Women of Colorado, Denver: Semple Publishers, 1914.
- Smith, H. Allen, To Hell In a Handbasket, Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Co., 1962.
- Squibb, Sid, Telephone interviews, Manhattan, Ks. to Central City, Colo., March 4, 8, 23 1982.
- Swift, Joy, Personal interview, Denver, Colo., March 14, 1980.
- Von Ende, Zoe, "Frances Wayne--Star Reporter," Denver Post, February 6, 1972.
- Wolle, Muriel Sibell, Stampede to Timberline, Boulder, Colo.: Muriel S. Wolle, Pub., 1949.

THE UNSINKABLE FRANCES WAYNE: AN OVERVIEW
OF HER WORK AS A REPORTER FOR THE
DENVER POST FROM 1909 TO 1946

by

NANCY PIKE HAUSE

B.A., Colorado University, 1953

AN ABSTRACT OF A MASTER'S THESIS

submitted in partial fulfillment of the

requirements for the degree

MASTER OF SCIENCE

Department of Journalism and Mass Communications

KANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY
Manhattan, Kansas

1982

ABSTRACT

This paper is an overview of the work of Frances Belford Wayne, daughter of Colorado's first congressman, a writer for the Denver Post from 1909 to 1946.

Frances Wayne's writing style was that of the times--verbose, preachy, sometimes vague. Her talent was for investigation. Her instincts about a good story were unbeatable. She was fearless, tenacious and totally honest. She had the respect of the owners of the Denver Post, who seldom respected anybody. She had what all reporters dream about--the backing of a powerful metropolitan newspaper to investigate and write stories or projects that interested her.

As a result she was instrumental in aiding social reform in Colorado. Institutions she helped establish include the Myron Stratton Home in Colorado Springs and the Opportunity School in Denver, the first vocational-technical school for adults in the United States. She was a prime mover in the enactment of enlightened laws to protect women and children and worked closely with Judge Ben Lindsey, founder of the juvenile court concept.

She was the only woman reporter at the site of the Ludlow Massacre during the coal miners' strikes in Colorado in 1914.

She received many honors from the state where she lived including a gold medal from the University of Colorado. A memorial scholarship in her name is awarded annually by the Denver Women's Press Club.

She left the Post after a struggle with its new management in 1947, and returned to her home town of Central City, Colorado. She lived there until her death in 1951 at 81.