

home one afternoon a couple of years ago when "my younger daughter came home from school and told me that I was a murderer because I hunt. I found out that PETA [People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals] had had a person in her classroom for three days, and I got furious. I'm telling my kids to learn, to listen to the teacher, but what do you do if you know somebody is there teaching them this perverted garbage?"

The first thing she did was go to her daughter's junior high classroom to dish out some of her own propaganda. "I said to the kids, 'O.K., you're against wearing fur.' They said, 'Yeah, fur is murder.' So I said, 'What about your shoes, what's the difference?' I said, 'What is leather?' I wanted them to realize the basis of all this. 'How many of you are vegetarians? Do you eat eggs, milk, chicken?'"

"I began to get them to understand that here is nature, that we are human and we are part of the food chain, we're part of nature, we have canine teeth and intestines, we're omnivores. It's reality. In animal rights, you have to suspend critical thinking. I explained that animals are raised and cared for by farmers who love their animals, you don't raise them and hate them. The kids were great, they soaked up the information."

She looked for an organization that promoted her point of view, but found only trade associations — furrers, medical researchers and the like — "nobody that represented the everyday person." Marquardt and her lawyer husband, Bill Wewer, started Putting People First. Membership has spurred to 35,000, with 100 chapters around the United States.

She says they're up against, among oth-

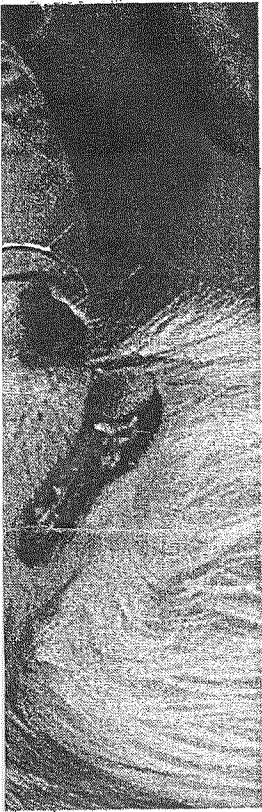
tragic and painful and slow deaths." The desk is a mess, stacked high with talking papers and speaking invitations. Elsewhere in the office, half a dozen paid staff members — Marquardt receives no salary "yet" — are busy churning out press releases and fielding inquiries. But it's more than your normal lobbying situation, it's a battlefield, and Marquardt goes for any opening.

And what with Candice Bergen sporting a PETA coffee mug on "Murphy Brown" and Kim Basinger doing an anti-fur commercial, Marquardt has had to think up some imaginative countermoves.

Thus, PPF's "Hunters for the Hungry" program has provided 160,000 pounds of venison for the needy in several Southern states. Prizes offered in a recent PPF membership drive include Tony Lama snakeskin boots, a Canadian hunting and fishing trip, a set of turkey and deer calls, and a cooler filled with Perdue chicken coupons.

And of course there are PPF T-shirts, mugs and bumper stickers — the latter with "unique messages" such as "Save a frog, dissect an activist." These have caused some consternation even among PPF members, but she explained in her column in the PPF newspaper, the People's Agenda, that "You have to have a sense of humor." Besides, "We need money [and] our bumper stickers are very popular."

Marquardt was raised in Montana by a hard-driving grandmother who pressed home basic values, and by a gambling grandfather "who took us rattlesnake hunting and fishing and cherry picking and gold panning." As a child she played poker and threw horseshoes. Later she moved around the country with her mother and father, a career navy man, majored



Larry Morris/The Washington Post

Marquardt: "We are part of the food chain, we're part of nature . . . It's reality."

in math at Palomar College in California and then dropped out and became a Pan Am flight attendant.

In 1972 she married a photographer, settled in Washington and had a couple of daughters. The marriage didn't last and Marquardt realized she had abandoned many of her own interests. "I'm a scuba diver," she says. "I'm a skier. I hunt deer. I fish. I gave these things up in my first marriage, but I'm doing them now."

She feels that too many children today are out of touch with the basics. "In our society we don't see death anymore," she says. "To most people it is mystical or feared, and they don't realize that death is a part of life."

Wewer is something of a maverick, like his wife — a lawyer who has served clients ranging from the late California anti-tax guru Howard Jarvis to the National Committee to Preserve Social Security and Medicare, which was accused before a congressional committee in 1987 of terrifying the elderly with its direct mail fundraising campaigns.

In the early 1980s, Marquardt was run-

ning what she described as a nonideological think tank producing research packages for anyone who would pay; Wewer was a client. Now he's PPF's lawyer, without compensation, and waves his "Research Saves Lives" placard at protests. In 1983 they launched a small business, Cyrenic Gourmet Condiments, featuring such items as pickled onion rings, peach butter and blueberry chutney. It bombed, and they lost \$150,000.

A few years later they were massively remodeling their huge old house and hosting Cinco de Mayo parties for 200, where they served turkey mole, sangria and hundreds of homemade chocolate truffles to the strains of a mariachi band.

"It was," Marquardt says, "a phase we went through."

She claims to be quite "reclusive." Now, she says, their dream is to retire to the wilds of western Montana — the sooner the better — where Wewer can serve his clients by telephone and fax, and she can run PPF just as well as in Washington.

She hopes, she says, to be making some money off it by then too.

To: Oliver - son

I can't believe this kind of woman exists.

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