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Clipping on Mrs. Worden, NYTimes 24 May 72, attached. See also memo on KPFA news, 17 October 72, this file.

She Takes Peace Seriously

A Crusader in Miami

By Mary McGrory Washington Post Service

Washington

Among the beaming groupies assembling at Miami Beach this weekend, there may be a few lonely hearts.

Representative Pete McCloskey of California, who vainly challenged the President from the left, comes to mind. So does Representative John Ashbrook of Ohio, who attacked briefly from the right.

But one person is going down to what could be two days of solitary confinement. She is a Massachusetts artist named Kay Warden, who intends to pass the time in her hotel room at the Fontainebleau waiting for a knock on the door or a ring of the telephone from dissidents she isn't sure will be there.

Mrs. Warden, a rich, happy sculptress, wife of a Massachusetts Institute of Technology professor and mother of five, has placed anti-war advertisements in the three Miami dailies and in the Republican convention paper as well. In them, she begs the delegates to "help Richard Nixon" get out of Vietnam, and invites people to come around or call up for a



AP Wirephoto

MASSACHUSETTS SCULPTOR KAY WARDEN
She spent her own money on anti-war ads

little dialogue on the subject.

"I may not hear from a single soul," she says. "But all the people who disagree with me, all gathered in one place at one time — how

could I resist?"

Mrs. Warden has placed anti-war ads in newspapers in the heart of Nixonland twice before. She has already spent \$35,581 of her personal fortune in full-page ads of her own composition. exhorting Nixon loyalists to defect from the President's war policies.

It's a different and maybe even eccentric way of protest, but Mrs. Warden thinks that peace people talk too much to each other and that the only way to get to Richard Nixon is to get to the people who might get to him.

A native New Yorker and graduate of the Dobbs Ferry school, Mrs. Warden was a Volunteer for Nixon in 1960, while her husband was working for Kennedy. She turned against the war in 1967 and against Mr. Nixon in 1968. And it was his May 8 speech on the mining that really took her from her pleasant round of sculpting and tennis playing.

She called in her children, three boys and two girls who range in age from 26 to 13, and told them of the expensive counterattack she had in mind. "I told them I could pass on the money to them but that I'd rather pass on a good country. That sounds corny, but it's true, and they agreed with me."

She decided to storm Ohio, because it's right in the middle. She composed a fullpage ad asking middle aged, middle - class Americans to write to the President that the war was a mistake, and placed it in 12 Ohio newspapers. She booked herself into the Sheraton - Columbus, which she noted in the ad, along with her home address, explained her project to the nervous manager and waited for results.

Several of the calls were very hostile. One voice told her, "Communists like you ought to be shot." Another said, "All you Kennedys should go back to Massachusetts." Mrs. Warden is a registered independent and has never met a Kennedy in all her 47 years.

About 100 people came to her room, including a whole class from Ohio State University.

I see the face of the enemy," she told a shaken Kay Warden.

Many women called from small towns to voice cautious agreement with what she said, fearful of saying it "out loud in front of the neighbors."

"Your neighbors have been calling me all day," said Mrs. Warden to them. "Why don't you speak out?" Her mail from Kansas was 10 to 1 in favor. She admits she hasn't had much effect on the President. But she wants to make one more try at the foundations of Richard Nixon's strength at his moment of triumph.

Beach

Back home in Weston, she got 500 letters, 2 to 1 in favor. Several writers enclosed small donations, although none was solicited, and one offered her a German shepherd for protection.

KANSAS

On June 14, she went into Kansas because its junior senator, Republican Robert Dole, "says what I most abhor." At the JayHawk hotel in Topeka for two days, she was again plugged into the anguish of Middle Amerca over the war:

"He's our President and it's unpatriotic to criticize."

"He didn't start it — he's ending it."

"If we don't fight them there, we'll fight them here."

"Did those 50,000 boys die in vain?"

"What about the blood-bath?"

"How will it affect the economy?"

One woman drove through the rain from a house divided. Her collegiate daughter hated the war; her soldier son supported it.

"I look into your face and