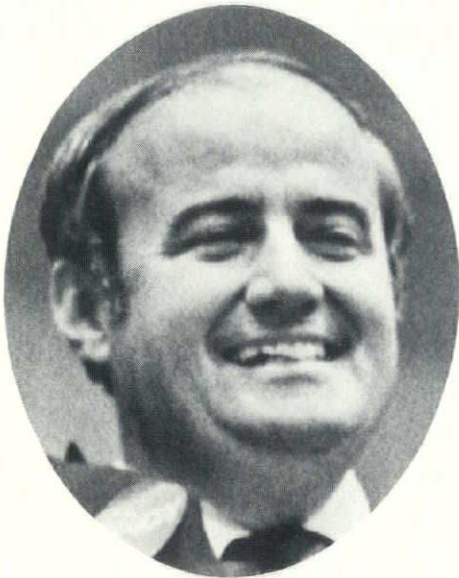


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On Conventions and Candidates . . .

The Struggle for Virginia's Senate Seat

By Guy Friddell

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To tell the Virginia Story

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By

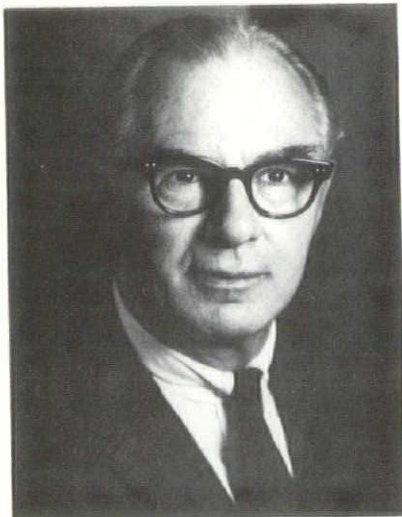
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*Exercise Your Privilege . . .
VOTE
On November 7*

OCTOBER 1978



Clifford Dawley

Whatever Became of Middle Age?

Most of us have heard the somewhat flip definition of the three stages of human life: Youth, Middle Age, and "You look fine." Despite the flippancy of this definition, I imagine that in general it holds true objectively — as in some sociological statistical survey — rather than subjectively to individuals.

While we all know when the youth is on us and, except for those persons of both sexes who experience difficulty in relinquishing the state of "being young," there is usually a gradualism about passing from youth into what might be called "young adulthood." I do not think, for most of us, any watershed marks a day or a year when we have passed from youth into adulthood. And currently (as for most of this century) the many stages of adulthood, in turn, are passed so gradually that I suspect few individuals think of themselves subjectively as "middle-aged" any more.

Excluding those very young who regard anyone past thirty as over the hill, and speaking for my generation (which came of age in the mid-twenties), as I recall, in our youth we simply regarded our parents and their contemporaries as "older people" — that is, older than we were. As for the over the hill business, when I was 20 or 21, two of my best friends were in their middle and late thirties, and my friend, then or ever, was ever closer to me than my landlady, a bright, educated and very amusing English lady who must have been in her sixties: I never thought of her age, nor apparently did the dozens of talented and/or clever persons in the Young Adulthood who crowded her livingroom at tea time.

Of course, as some of us increase in chronological years, there are certain activities which must be curtailed or cancelled altogether, and others in which we no longer have interest. Yet, some of us seem to hold up very well in outdoor activities. I have a friend of 75 who plays competitive tennis and another friend, an editor, who, recently dead, was a gentleman rider in steeplechases when he was young enough to make the weight (160 pounds with saddle) and a most bold foxhunter until back trouble (from earlier falls) forced him to call a halt in his middle seventies. On tennis courts all around Virginia, you can find gentlemen in their sixties and seventies playing on any day.

Of these physical activists, since an equal number of their contemporaries are dead, I think they have been able to continue their outdoor interests partly because of regulated lives but mostly because of the good fortune to have escaped those crippling illnesses (such as, say, poor eyes or certain kinds of arthritis) which make vigorous outdoor exercise, especially games, impossible.

Yet, their contemporaries who for one reason or another no longer partake in outdoor activities are not necessarily relegated to dozing in front of the fire while waiting for the inevitable end. Many of them lead extraordinarily active lives of the mind, which is also their playground. In fact, it is a reward as well as a relief to

able to follow mental pathways wherever they lead without consideration for their practical value in the marketplace or with nary a thought of competition.

However, since for some decades sixty-five has been considered (except in politics) the cut-off place of usefulness, individuals past that arbitrary landmark are often regarded as existing in that Valhalla occupied by "Senior Citizens." It is certainly true that in some places in Florida and in Southern California there are communities composed of retired old people who seem to have no purpose beyond being "Senior Citizens."

A couple who are contemporaries of my father (who would be 106 had he lived) retired to Florida and the husband used to write me long letters without ever mentioning Florida but always expatiating on some aspect of the Civil War. Then once he wrote me, "We are no longer growing old; we *are* old." Since he was then in his upper eighties, and he and his wife had suffered many of the infirmities of the aging process, soon after, he died. This gentleman of very strong feelings, obviously misplaced in a community of senseless old people, would clearly if unhappily fit the category of "Senior Citizen."

But I believe there are more individuals over 65 of both sexes all over America who are senior citizens only by the chronology which makes them senior to younger people than there are nose in the publicized communities for the aged.

By the same token, there are countless young people (say, under thirty) who are not and have not ever been publicized as "Youth." In this century, Noel Coward starred in his own hit plays in London and New York at 23 and 24, at about the time that Richard Rodgers (the perennial composer of hit songs for music shows) was making it big in his mid-twenties. It is inconceivable that such people, then or now, would be interested in any publicity except for their work. Rodgers, who became a very rich man, was always been an extremely private person.

So, now we come to: what is "Middle Age" today? A glib answer, of course, is

that it is in the eye of the beholder. But here we need explain the identity of the beholder. If contemporaries have been friends, or even acquaintances, who have seen one another with some regularity across the decades, they have all undergone together the changes away from youth — graying or balding head, thickening or thinning body — and to one another each remains, in essence, the same familiar person. They know they are long past youth and, by the vital statistics of insurance companies, they know their futures are largely behind them. But I do not believe they think of themselves as "middle-aged" — at least as long as they remain active, in a profession or in sports or in uses of the mind, or any combination of all three.

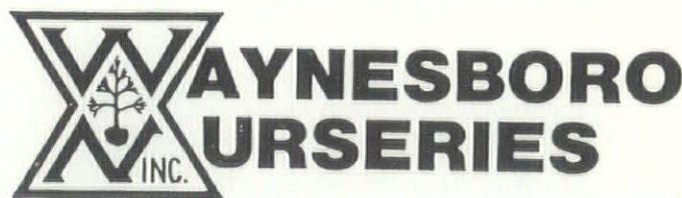
When I had just turned 18 and was studying in New York, my father, who had just reached 50, was sent to New York for a month to be trained in some new technology by the company which employed him. He stayed at the McAlpin (probably long since gone), then a favorite hotel of Southerners, just off Herald Square where Sixth Avenue crossed Broadway. On many days I would meet him for dinner and I can still see him standing on the corner, stocky and sturdy in the good clothes he always loved to wear, with an open, outgoing expression on a face reflecting inner vitality. Since he was quick to smile with an easy warmth, he never experienced difficulty in establishing friendly relations with strangers. This

showed in his at-home-in-the-world stance as he stood on the busy corner surveying the scene.

It was not possible, then or now, to think of him as "middle-aged." Obviously no college boy, he was a physically powerful male adult of the most charming good humor — which could be lost (though it never was on that trip) in tumultuous eruptions of anger. During that month we were excellent companions. He told me much of the pre-prohibition New York he had known in trips in his younger days. One night at the Gene Tunney-Harry Greb fight for the light-heavyweight championship in the old Madison Square Garden (on Madison Square), he told me how its architect, Stanford White, at a supper party on the Roof Garden, was murdered by Harry Thaw over Evelyn Nesbit. These tidbits extended my view of life backward in time until, as Faulkner said, "The past is not dead; it is not even past."

I do not present this memory as anything like part of a case, except to make this point. My father looked to me then, and later, as he had always looked, and I'm sure he thought no more of middle age for himself than I did for him. At 72 he was struck down by a quick-acting cancer. Near the very end, he began to look old, but there was nothing muted like a senior citizen waiting for the end: he was more like a wounded old lion who would never give up. I was then near forty myself and

(Continued on page 16)



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The Struggle for Virginia's Senate Seat

By Guy Friddell

THE race for the U.S. Senate now reaching a peak throughout Virginia began in early June at nominating conventions of crucial significance.

They signaled the start of a struggle that would determine this November not only who would occupy a seat in the U.S. Senate for the next six years but also seemed likely to decide which party — Democrat or Republican — would dominate politics in Virginia a decade or more.

The Republican Convention on June 2-3 marked the coming of age of the GOP that had been battling a quarter of a century to achieve major status.

The Democratic Convention on June 9-10 checked that party's swing to the left and brought it back to the moderate-conservative course it had been following before the death in 1971 of its charismatic young standard bearer, J. Sergeant Reynolds.

In the Richmond Coliseum 42-year-old Richard D. Obenshain wrested the Republican nomination from two formidable rivals. Prior to the nomination there was speculation, indeed, as to which of the three would do best as a nominee.

To win the Democratic nomination in Williamsburg 45-year-old Andrew P. Miller turned back a Charge of the

Light Brigade by seven opponents, most of whom could have been major contenders in November.

Miller and Obenshain, both young but veterans of political wars, both highly intelligent and articulate, were well-matched. They had met before. In the race for Attorney General in 1969 Miller had defeated Obenshain. Now they squared away for what each thought would be the climactic battle of his political career. The Commonwealth could look forward to a contest that had unusual potential for exploring national issues.

But on August 2 Obenshain died tragically when the plane bringing him home from a campaign appearance in Winchester crashed and burned near Chesterfield County Airport. The face of the campaign changed.

Nevertheless, to understand it one must go back to the beginnings in June. Each convention offered spectacles new to politics in the Old Dominion.

The Republican contest drew national television coverage through the violet-eyed presence of Elizabeth Taylor, actress-wife of candidate John W. Warner. Cameramen buzzed at her face like bees at a day lily.

The Democratic melee bemused the press with the candidacy of a born-again Christian, G. Conoly Phillips of Norfolk, leading a band of praying, hymn-singing newcomers to politics.

Neither party had seen anything like the actress or the evangelist.

The Republican Convention drew nearly 9,000 delegates and alternates plus 1,300 guests. Not only was it the largest political convention ever held by Virginia Republicans; it was the largest ever held anywhere.

In sheer gargantuan size it was cause for rejoicing among the GOP faithful. A quarter of a century ago party officials had to beseech friends to attend conventions to get a quorum. And the conventions used to draft candidates for state office like so many sacrificial goats.

Republican nominees entered a state race with the sad nobility of Sidney Carton going to the guillotine.

The upturn in Republican fortunes began in 1952 when Dwight D. Eisenhower beamed his smile upon the electorate. In carrying Virginia Ike also carried three Republicans on his coat tails into the House of Representatives.

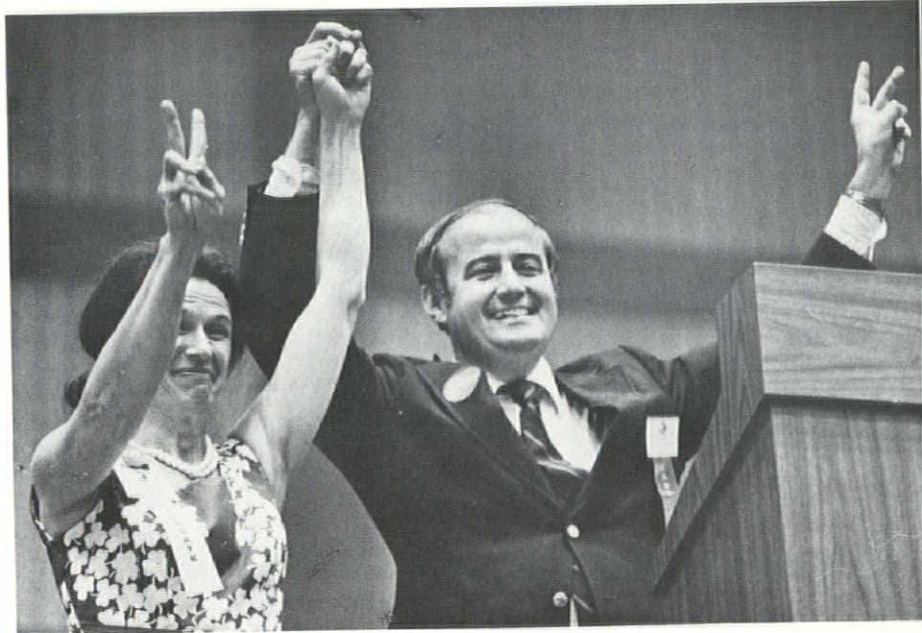
The GOP continued to make gains in Congress and in 1969 Linwood Holtz won the governorship when the followers of Henry Howell defected from the Democratic Party after Howell's defeat in the Democratic primary by William C. Battle. Some disgruntled conservative Democrats also defected after Fred Pollard's loss in the three-way primary.

About the Author: Guy Friddell, award-winning author, columnist and special writer for Landmark News Service is regarded among the best known of Virginia's newspapermen. He was honored recently for distinguished service to journalism when he received the highest accolade of local journalists, the George Mason Award.

A native of Atlanta, Friddell was graduated from the University of Richmond. After World War II service with the U. S. Army, he earned a Masters degree in journalism at Columbia University.

In addition to his journalistic endeavors, Friddell has written six books about Virginia, the best known being the delightful "What Is It About Virginia?"

The George Mason Awards committee had this to say about him — "Guy Friddell has become part of the fabric of the Old Dominion . . . He is the most successful working journalist-author in the state and perhaps the most quoted among journalists . . ."



Doris and Andy Miller

Then young Reynolds, the Democrats' bright and rising star, died of a brain tumor. Howell took over as Lieutenant Governor — and the liberals took temporary command of the Democratic Party. In 1970 U.S. Senator Harry Byrd Jr. turned Independent and in 1972 Republican William Scott upset U.S. Senator William B. Spong Jr.

In 1973 former Democratic Governor Mills Godwin turned Republican and defeated Howell narrowly in the race for Governor. Howell, who had polled more than 500,000 votes against Godwin, ran a third time in 1976 and defeated Andy Miller in the Democratic Primary but then lost in November to John Dalton, son of Ted Dalton.

In 25 years the political complexion of the Old Dominion had changed radically. Starting with Ike, the Republicans breached a solid Democratic front and by 1978 the GOP held the governorship and the post of attorney general, a U.S. Senate seat, and six of the 10 seats in the House of Representatives.

A view widely held through the GOP's lean years had been that the Republican Party had to build gradually from the grassroots by gaining a majority of the seats in the 140-member Virginia General Assembly. But the party's accession to power has come from the top down.

So the Republicans arrived in Richmond in June full of hopes and with a surplus of seasoned Senatorial timber.

Obenshain, a former state party chairman and national co-chairman, was front-runner for the Senate nomination. Warner and former Governor Holton were vying for second



The Late Dick Obenshain and wife Helen

place. A fourth candidate, State Senator Nathan Miller of Staunton, seemed to be using the convention as a staging area for some more distant race. (In former years just such a budding candidate as Senator Miller would have been pulled green and thrown into a race. Indeed as recently as 1972 Republican Congressman Scott had picked up the GOP nomination for the Senate without opposition because nobody else dared challenge Democratic Senator Spong.)

The 1978 convention's most surprising aspect was Warner's strong showing. A Washington, D.C. native whose father was born in Amherst

County, Warner volunteered at 17 for the Navy. After graduation from Washington and Lee University he had finished a year at the University of Virginia Law School when he was called as a Marine reservist to two years in Korea.

He took his law degree in 1953, clerked a year in the Circuit Court of Appeals in Washington, and after five years in the U.S. attorney's office and eight years as a corporate lawyer, he became undersecretary of the Navy in 1969.

He was Secretary of the Navy from 1972 to 1974 when he was appointed head of the Bicentennial Administration.

Warner was divorced in 1973 from Catherine Mellon, daughter of philanthropist Paul Mellon. They have two daughters and a son. In December 1976 he married Elizabeth Taylor, whom he had escorted as "a blind date" to Queen Elizabeth's luncheon for President Ford in 1976.

The idea of running for the Senate occurred to Warner while he was campaigning in Virginia for Ford in October 1976 and Senator Scott announced his intention not to seek reelection.

"That's what triggered it," Warner told a reporter later.

Two things had to be determined, he said. First, whether enough people were interested in his making the race. "In that," he said, "I was far more encouraged than I had anticipated.

"Secondly there was a question mark about Elizabeth. I had married her for solely personal reasons with no political thought in mind and there was some speculation the state would not accept



Elizabeth and John Warner



Jinks and Linwood Holton

her. The contrary is the fact. Wherever we go, people are extraordinarily warm' and nice."

In receptions in all of the state's 10 congressional districts the Warners raised between \$200,000 and \$250,000 for the Republican Party, State Chairman George McMath has estimated.

A picnic at Warner's farm in Middleburg drew 3,000 persons and netted \$45,000 for John Dalton's campaign for Governor. "From John's back porch, it looked like Woodstock," said one of Warner's former aides, Dennis Peterson. "There was a mass of faces."

Peterson remembers first seeing Miss Taylor at a Chamber of Commerce banquet in a hotel in Staunton. Afterwards she sat on a couch, with an ice pack on the back of her neck, while local chamber officials trooped through the room to pay their respects.

"Elizabeth is a very fragile person," said Peterson. "She spends a lot of her life in pain, bless her heart, and she just goes on. It was aggravated by her being thrown from a horse on the farm in November 1976. She's better now; but in the course of the campaign it was a problem for her. Frankly a lot of people talked about her weight, but that came from the cortisone shots she was taking to relieve the pain."

She endures the rigors of campaigning with remarkable poise, said Peterson. In Hampton a hearty handshaker broke a blood vessel in her hand. In Wytheville a man, with a friend nearby holding a camera, said he had bet the boys at the plant fifty dollars he could have his picture taken kissing Elizabeth Taylor.

"You lose," she said, instantly, softly.

Following Dalton's election, Warner went to work recruiting talent from the Republican National Committee and from President Ford's Committee to head his well-financed campaign organization.

He formally announced January 5, 1978. In the tumultuous five-month struggle for delegates, his recruits proved highly effective.

A cadre of his staffers came into Roanoke County the week before the mass meeting and organized a coup that succeeded in taking more than 50 delegates in Linwood Holton's home town, a psychological blow to Holton. When the convention opened in Richmond, Warner was challenging Holton for second place.

During the convention proceedings he made additional headway. Visiting a Tenth District delegation in the gallery, Warner was tagged by a pert little Holtonite, a blonde dressed in green and blue, who fluttered around him like a blue jay and cried a word for Linwood at every pause in Warner's spiel. Finally, wheeling, Warner grabbed her by the waist, swept her off her feet, and swirled her around in the air, as if the two were in a Strauss waltz. Applause swept the delegation — and even the blonde had to laugh.

Meanwhile, in a remarkable demonstration of family solidarity, Holton and his wife Jinks and their four children were canvassing the huge coliseum in quest of votes, clambering around its steep sides in a kind of Pilgrim's Progress, a gallant journey as Holton's position slipped from ballot to ballot, in the face of Giant Despair.

Earlier in the day, before the

balloting began, Holton conferred with delegates in a cell-like room in the basement while Mrs. Holton stood outside and talked with others waiting to see the former governor. Wearing a peach-cool frock, her green eyes sparkling under a cap of tight curls, she brightened the drab corridor and conversation.

Then, during the balloting, the Holton clan moved ceaselessly around the three-decked auditorium, a grand canyon of color and sound. Holton, leaning across seats, stretching over rows, laughing, greeting delegates, extended his hand constantly like an elephant's inquiring snout.

He told a reporter that he had decided to make the race when he watched the 1977 convention and decided that it was not controlled tightly by the ultraconservative forces.

In a week-long family conference at Seashore State Park, Mrs. Holton cautioned: "You've been at the top. Aren't you ever satisfied?" But the children sided with Holton because, said his elder daughter Tayloe, "Dad's happier at politics than at anything he does."

Whatever her doubts, Mrs. Holton campaigned as thoroughly and engagingly as her husband as their command post in the convention dispatched them from one delegation to another — Rockbridge, Northampton, Fairfax, Norfolk, Dinwiddie, Floyd, Danville — as if they were hop-skipping, and jumping around a giant map of Virginia. Under the Salem standard the two met briefly, kissed, and went their separate ways in the cause of togetherness.

From the first vote on the first ballot in the First District, Holton knew the cause was lost. "I only got 51 votes and John Warner got 59," he said. "I had thought I had to have 100. So there I was."

As the fourth ballot neared, he got his family together for a conference in an upper hallway.

"Tayloe and the other children didn't want me to stop, but Jinks thought I had better get out than get bloodied," he said later.

So he put on his coat and combed his hair and led them by a back route to the rostrum. On the way they happened to meet Obenshain. Holton shook his hand, the girls kissed him on the cheek and they climbed the steps to the platform to concede — as much of more a family in defeat as they had been in victory.

With a spirited flourish, Holton told the convention: "Fellow Republican . . . Jinks, Tayloe, Ann, Woody, and Dwight are very happy to join with you in welcoming me to the status of the elder statesman!"

Holton pledged to help the nominee, thanked his supporters, and expressed satisfaction that the convention helped "fulfill the overall objective at the beginning of my political career to stop one-party government and create two-party competition."

So the Republican Convention, which in former years had difficulty finding a member of the General Assembly to bear the standard, had rejected a former Governor. From two opposing sources that night came analyses of Holton's defeat.

"I supported Linwood Holton for Governor in 1969 but he was more liberal in office than he had presented himself in the campaign," said a delegate from McLean. "Otherwise I would have been right behind him tonight."

"Had Linwood been less of a Governor and more of a politician, he could have won tonight," said a former member of Holton's administration.

As the Holton forces faltered, Warner was picking up momentum and, after Holton's withdrawal, he made a surprisingly strong charge at Obenshain. In the midst of the fifth ballot, the vast convention became aware that Warner, standing in the second tier near the front of the hall was leading his supporters in a cheering chant: "GO! ... GO! ... GO! ... GO!"

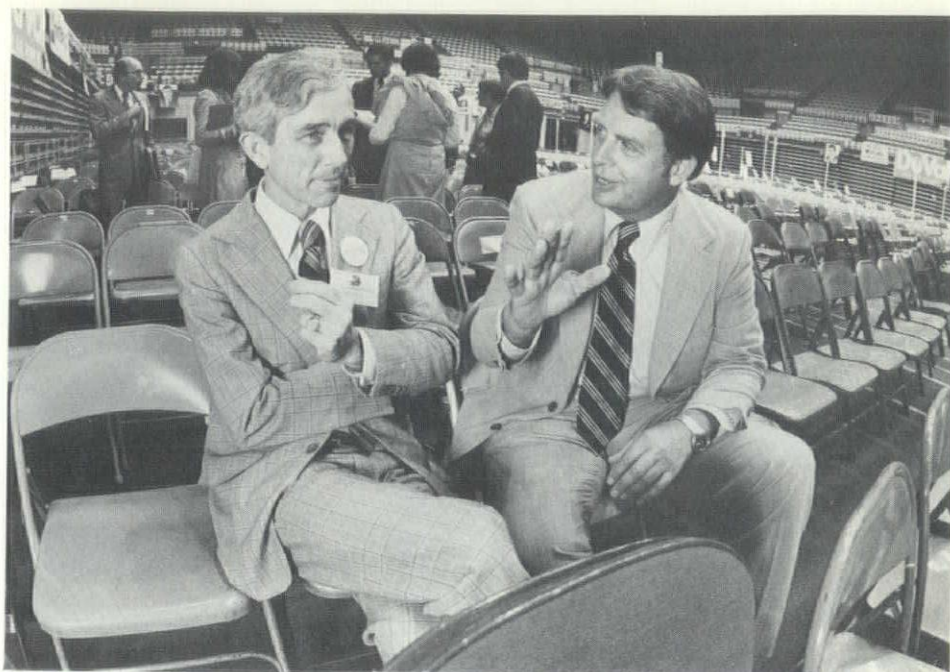
He shrugged his coat and climbed onto a table at his command post, and, conspicuous in shirt sleeves and wide red-and-blue suspenders, he balled his right fist and swung his arm in a huge, pumping semi-circle over and over in time to the chant. Those on the floor and in the galleries swayed back and forth in time.

Former Governor Godwin and other Obenshain supporters conferred with Nathan Miller who withdrew to let the convention "work its will." On the sixth ballot Obenshain went over the top with 1,579 votes, 38 more than he needed for victory, and the Warners came to the rostrum.

They waved to the convention and then Warner made a gracious concession and called for Obenshain's nomination. Then it was the turn of Obenshain and his pretty wife, Helen, to come to the front and accept the victory.

After paying tribute to his three opponents for "the friendliest, most constructive competition my party has ever had," Obenshain pitched into the Democrats.

At high points of remarks the crowd in the coliseum screamed and waved Obenshain placards — each bearing a single huge O — so that the convention floor looked like a proud, spreading peacock's tail.



G. Conoly Phillips and Rufus Phillips

The stereotype of a conservative is a grim, dour individual, which is fully as erroneous as the depiction of the stock liberal as a shrill bleeding heart. Anyway, Obenshain didn't fit the pattern of the humorless conservative.

Somewhat shy, really, he wasn't a backslapping politician who fell all over a voter, but his wide boyish grin left no doubt about his delight in seeing you. Further, his wit surfaced porpoise-like in question-and-answer sessions with the press or audiences.

A quarter of a century ago the Taft-Eisenhower contest sparked Richard Obenshain's interest in politics. Just out of high school in Blacksburg, he attended the Chicago convention at the behest of Bentley Hite of Christiansburg, the first Virginia delegate to declare for Eisenhower.

Obenshain's family always had been Republican. His grandfather was Republican sheriff of Botetourt County. His father, professor of agronomy at VPI, was a Republican in a community where, the son said, "The administration and faculty of VPI were strongly controlled by the Democratic Party."

At Bridgewater College young Obenshain was president of the student body, took national honors debating, graduated *magna cum laude*, and won a Root-Tilden Scholarship to New York University School of Law.

An outstanding liberal professor, Edmund Cahn, encouraged the Virginia youth to start practice in Richmond, but by that time Sylvester Petro, a trenchant conservative professor, had turned the young fledgling lawyer "from being what they called in Arthur Larsen's day a moderate Eisenhower Republican" into

one who would work for Goldwater in 1964.

He entered Richmond politics in 1960 as a precinct chairman for Richard Nixon, organized precincts for the 1962 congressional race, worked three years as chairman of the Young Republicans, and at 28 succumbed to pressures from party leaders to run in a three-way race for Congress in 1964. He finished second only 350 votes behind conservative Democrat David Satterfield.

In 1969 State GOP leaders persuaded him to run for Attorney General. He lost to Andrew Miller. But he began campaigning the following February for the post of State Chairman.

The Republican Party, he preached, had fallen into a dismal situation, drawing less than 25 percent of the vote in 1970 and 1971 compared with Ted Dalton's performance of 1951 in garnering 45 percent.

In a convention in the Roanoke Civic Center in 1972 Obenshain defeated Governor Holton's candidate for the party chairmanship by nearly three to one. When he took the party's helm as the new chairman he told the cheering delegates that he aimed to make the GOP "a comfortable new home" for Democrats fleeing the liberal takeover of their own party.

So he reconstructed the Republican Party in his own image, and, having worked for the election of others, he won the right last June to become a candidate himself. The day after his nomination in the Coliseum, Obenshain set out with his usual thoroughness to campaign.

A week later the Democrats arrived in Williamsburg ravenous for victory.

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During the last nine years their party, once as dominant as the New York Yankees of Ruth and DiMaggio, has lost three successive races for Governor and two U.S. Senate campaigns in a row.

Concern over that losing streak was marked at the convention. Usually members of the General Assembly shun state political conventions, but 80 legislators showed up in William and Mary Hall. They were motivated by a healthy instinct: fear of extinction. Another substantial loss this November might jeopardize some of their own seats in next year's legislative elections.

The blacks at the convention also were inclined to be pragmatic. Those committed to Andrew Miller resisted appeals during a black caucus to support State Senator Clive DuVal. DuVal, who had the backing of Henry Howell, pledged to vote for extension of the Federal Voting Rights Act; but the blacks stuck with Miller as the candidate who, they felt, had the best chance to win in November.

Thus the party's moderates and conservatives regained the ascendancy that they had lost to the liberals in the 1972 state convention at Salem that endorsed McGovern for President.

In Williamsburg last June the Democrats had a smorgasbord of candidates. Miller, a former Attorney General for two terms, came into the convention with 1,000 of the nearly 1,300 votes necessary to win the nomination.

Tall, courtly, 65-year-old DuVal started with some 500 votes. A veteran of three terms in the House of Delegates and in his second term in the State Senate, DuVal is a guardian of the environment and an advocate of ERA. Soft-spoken, polite to the point of being self-effacing, he once told me diffidently during an interview that he

went "to a school called Groton." Often called a liberal, he would be regarded as moderate in most other states.

Leading more than 300 Christian soldiers was G. Conoly Phillips, the Norfolk automobile dealer and City Councilman who said he had been called by the Lord to enter politics and to jump into the Senate race just before the April mass meetings.

Thin, with the woe-begone look of one of El Greco's martyrs, Phillips intrigued newsmen with his serene confidence and self deprecatory sense of humor, a contradictory combination.

A 14-year veteran of the General Assembly, State Senator Hunter B. Andrews of Hampton commanded a place in the anti-Miller coalition out of all proportion to his less than 100 delegates — just as he is consulted as "Mr. Rules" in the State Senate. Indeed, other Senators have found that they can draw on his advice about procedure even though they may be pushing a bill he opposes. He obligingly explains the route to take while reserving the right to disagree in voting.

Another veteran of the General Assembly, 58-year-old Carrington Williams, resigned from the House in 1977 to fulfill a nearly life-long ambition in running for the U.S. Senate. The elegant Williams — his hair is the striped silver and black of an ascot tie — wears glasses with heavy horn rims and appears downright ambassadorial.

The president of an engineering firm in Northern Virginia, Rufus Phillips campaigned by working a day or two in more than two dozen different jobs throughout the Old Dominion. He believes in learning for himself.

A former CIA operative, he returned from Vietnam in 1963 and warned President Kennedy of our failures in Southeast Asia. David Halberstram's book, "The Best and the Brightest," notes that Phillips convinced the President that the reports of the military could not be trusted.

A former chairman of the Fairfax County Board of Supervisors, personable Frederick A. Babson, 47, now a real estate developer in Virginia Beach, had set his hopes on Andrew Miller being elected Governor in 1977 and on the Democrats nominating a senatorial candidate through a primary. Cut off from his Northern Virginia base, his own campaign hadn't made much headway.

The only woman in the race, Flora Crater, was the only avowed liberal. The 63-year-old feminist chided her colleagues for trying, she said, to act more like Republicans than Democrats.

That then was the large and able cast that came before the convention of some 4,000 Democrats.

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It would have taken a political miracle to head off Miller. The born-again Christians expected one, and I spent a good part of the time watching at new phenomenon in Virginia politics.

They looked, en masse, like members of the average Baptist or Methodist congregation — those, I mean, who come to church year-round, not just at Christmas and Easter.

They kept a prayer vigil around the clock in the motel where Conoly Phillips was quartered and gathered early on the morning of the nomination for a prayer breakfast.

Standing in a long line through the lobby, they sang softly, "This Is the Day the Lord Has Made." Tourists entering the motel were startled at encountering the delegates leaving with a hymn on their lips, rapt looks in their eyes.

Pat Robertson, chairman of the Christian Broadcasting Network, preached a sermon of participation at the prayer breakfast. Constitutional church-state separation "doesn't mean, in the end, God-fearing citizens shouldn't take charge of government," he told the cheering breakfast throng.

Robertson asked how many had participated in a convention before. When no one raised a hand, applause and laughter swept the room, and Robertson quipped: "It's obvious we're dealing with a group of professionals."

The newcomers to politics had professional guidance from a paid consultant, Don Fowler, chairman of the Democratic Party of South Carolina.

As the delegates listened attentively to instructions, the tall, white-clad, poker-faced South Carolinian leaned across to his neighbors and murmured: "This is the most thorough, detailed, effective, and persistent political organization I've seen since the McGovern kids in '72!"

The born-again Christians occasioned a good many good-humored wisecracks. Seeing Conoly Phillips walking onto the floor of the convention, one delegate confided to another, "God is his own son."

But there was respect for the well-organized way in which the saints came marching in. They also had an undeniable flair.

BN director Robertson put Phillips' name in nomination and, as a noted opinion personality, he held the convention's attention. Then Phillips ended the convention not for a noisy demonstration but for "a moment of silence to think about the future of this country."

It was a deft and daring request. The other candidate's delegate might have broken the silence as the huge hall filled; but nobody did.

tell the Virginia Story

The solid seven, as the coalition was called, couldn't agree on any one of their number behind whom to rally against Miller. Midway through the third ballot his candidacy took on the look of a bandwagon.

The five main contenders — DuVal, Andrews, Rufus Phillips, Williams, Conoly Phillips, and his campaign manager, Robertson — huddled in a hallway to try to figure how to slow down Miller. As a signal of solidarity they decided to appear on a second-deck balcony overlooking the convention floor.

When the six emerged, hands interlocked and held high in a daisy chain, the convention floor erupted in excitement. The six capered on the balcony, one in his exuberance almost toppling over, and then they skipped into the wings, leaping, thrusting their fists into the air, an antic, dancing frieze of figures — and a last hurrah.

A short time later all seven candidates crowded on the rostrum and pledged their support to Miller.

"As far as I'm concerned, every single one of 'em is an Affirmed," declared Miller in accepting the nomination.

So the Democrats, like the Republicans, came out of their convention reasonably well-knit.

Andrew Miller, like Obenshain, entered politics as a teenager, working a mimeograph machine in the gubernatorial campaign of his father, Colonel Francis Pickens Miller, in the 1949 primary. The elder Miller lost narrowly in that four-way race.

(A poignant moment occurred in William and Mary Hall when Andrew Miller, accepting the nomination to the Senate, extended his right hand toward his mother and father sitting in the gallery and introduced them to the applauding delegates. Answering the delegates' standing ovation, Colonel

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Miller struggled to his feet, waved to the Democrats, and blew a kiss to the nominee and his lovely wife, Doris, on the platform.)

At Princeton University young Miller was a member of the student council and president of the Princeton Senate, a debating society. He studied politics, philosophy, and economics a year at Oxford. Then he spent a year and a half in the Army in Korea.

He entered the University of Virginia Law School in 1957 and graduated first in his class and editor of *The Law Review*. Colgate Darden Jr., then president of the University of Virginia, advised him to set up practice in Southwest Virginia and Miller went to work in Abingdon. He became president of the Young Virginia Democrats in 1966-67 and chairman of the Young Lawyers Section of the Virginia Bar Association.

In 1969 he entered and won a four-way primary and runoff for Attorney General and then defeated Obenshain by 53,000 votes in the general election. He won again in 1973 and during seven years' service introduced a new professionalism in the office.

In 1977 he ran for governor and lost by 14,000 votes despite almost universal predictions of success — which, ironically, may have helped foster the low voter turnout that contributed to his defeat in the Democratic primary.

He picked himself up and in a year's time was accepting the Senate nomination and consoling the losers about the uncertainties of politics. Immediately after the nomination he went to work to try to unify a party that had been split nearly a decade.

During the next two months Obenshain, too, was healing the wounds from the Republican Convention. His managers felt he was succeeding. His campaign, they said, was on the upswing.

Then came the crash.

In the shock waves that spread through the Republican Party and the general public after Obenshain's death, there was a widespread and heightened appreciation of the 18 years he had worked to restructure and shape the party. People began speaking of "the legacy of Dick Obenshain."

It meant, for one thing, commitment, as the Rev. Dr. Albert Winn stressed in the funeral services on August 5 in the Second Presbyterian Church.

"In a time of commitment, when so many people are not willing to get involved, we have much to learn from Dick Obenshain," the minister advised.

He recalled that in his last conversation with Obenshain at the door of the church he praised him for "his willingness to engage in the hurly-burly of politics when so many hang back for fear of getting their hands dirty."

He also had remarked he had some notion of the cost to the candidate and his family.

"I had no notion that the cost would be this great," said the minister looking across the flag-draped casket Obenshain's wife, Helen, sitting with their three children.

He had, said Dr. Winn, told his children: "Your daddy died pursuing a dream. He died trying to do what he thought was best and right for Virginia and the nation and for the coming generations."

"You can hold your heads high when you remember that."

Obenshain, deeply committed to principles, "lived more fully in his years than many others will live in years," said Dr. Winn.

Among the invited guests in transept, his face darkened with sadness was Andrew Miller. Appearances together the two foes had been notably low-keyed and congenial.

The Miller family also had cause for personal grief. Colonel Miller, who had been in ill health since two major operations, suffered a stroke not quite two weeks after he watched his son win the Democratic nomination. He died at a Norfolk hospital on August 3.

The veteran of two World Wars, Colonel was as upright in his views as was in his soldierly posture. His chief concern during his final illness was that in dying he would "mess up Andrew's campaign right in the middle."

Campaigning was suspended three or four days, at least outwardly; but Monday a flurry of name-dropping and half a dozen possible Republican candidates suggested that Warren might not have a clear shot at the nomination despite his close, second-place finish at the June convention.

Obenshain's image had undergone a remarkable transformation among many Republicans who had not been among his early supporters. During the pre-convention campaign he had been depicted often as the most vulnerable of the three major candidates because of positions on the issues were "too far to the right." Supporters of both Holloman and Warner contended that the candidates were nearer the center and therefore could appeal to a wider spectrum of voters.

But the marked trend to conservatism in the nation as well as Virginia, plus the headway that Obenshain seemed to have been making in the first few months, now made him appear to have been the ideal candidate.

It was not that the other candidates had expressed views that differed to a great degree from Obenshain's. They simply had been advancing them

(Continued on page 11)

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Thompson-Arthur Paving Company Greensboro, a Division of Ashland/Warren, Inc., has been awarded the Award of Honor by the National Safety Council for an outstanding safety record in 1977.

The Thompson-Arthur award was on the basis of its record in 1977 with an accident rate of 0.18 as compared to 0.73 for the entire Highway and Street Construction Industry for 1975-1976. According to statistics from the National Safety Council, the 1977 performance of Thompson-Arthur was 75% better than PAR for the whole industry.

The Award of Honor is the highest award that can be received from the National Safety Council. This is the seventh Award of Honor received by Thompson-Arthur.

New Manager of Promotion and Events Appointed For Alexandria Tourist Council

Jane E. Lasky has been named manager of promotion and events for the Alexandria Tourist Council. She will report to Peg B. Sinclair, director of the organization.

Lasky has worked for the American Automobile Association as a public relations associate and writer in the area of travel and has been an editorial assistant for McGraw-Hill Inc. in New York. Recently, she has served as a public relations consultant for the Department of Tourism Development and Travel Administration for the George Washington University in Washington, D.C. She has done freelance travel writing, brochure design and production, editing and photography for several national

newspapers and trade publications. Lasky has her B.S. in journalism from Syracuse University in New York and is currently working on her masters degree in travel at George Washington University.

The Alexandria Tourist Council is a contributory agency of the City of Alexandria which promotes Alexandria as a tourist destination and provides guidance and services to tourists at the Ramsay House Visitor Center, 221 King Street. As manager of promotion and events, Lasky will be press liaison for local, metropolitan, state, national and trade media in promoting Alexandria's historic landmarks and special events. She will work closely with civic organizations and historic sites to schedule, develop and promote new events designed to attract visitors to Alexandria.

Lasky replaces Nikki Longworth who is moving to Boston, Massachusetts.

Seward Named Administrative Assistant to Commissioner

Roy E. Seward, Jr., has been named administrative assistant to S. Mason Carbaugh, Commissioner of the Virginia Department of Agriculture and Consumer Services. (VDACS).

Seward will assume the research, speech-writing and Executive Staff duties previously done by J. E. Norment, who retired July 1.

"He brings a broad knowledge of all VDACS programs and responsibilities to the new job, as well as considerable knowledge of other facets of agriculture, learned while serving with the Soil and Water Conservation

Commission." Carbaugh said in announcing Seward's appointment.

Before coming to VDACS as an information officer in November 1977, Seward was an information officer with the Virginia Soil and Water Conservation Commission. In 1971, he served as a staff researcher for the Governor's Council on Environment. While on special assignment with the Council, he helped write and edit the first report on the state of Virginia's environment. From 1968 to 1970, Seward was an information technician with VDACS.

As the Commissioner's administrative assistant, Seward will do a great deal of research, write speeches, serve on VDACS' executive staff and assist the deputy commissioner in the area of administration.

A native of Surry County, Seward spent his childhood on a working farm. He did undergraduate work at the University of Virginia where he received a B. A. in English in 1967.

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VIRGINIA RECORD
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HENRICO AND HANOVER COUNTIES RECEIVE AWARDS

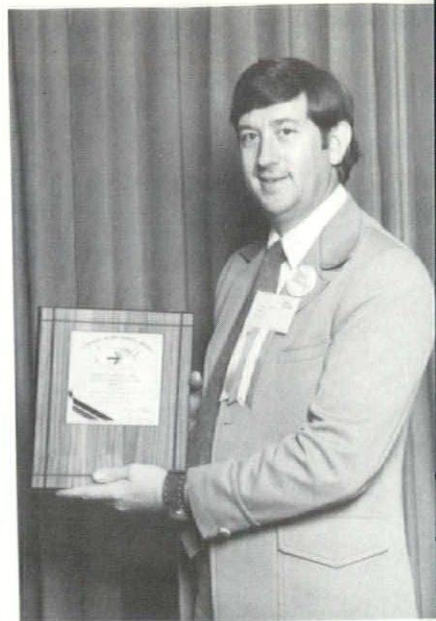
Henrico and Hanover Counties were presented with 1978 Achievement Awards in Atlanta, at the 43rd annual conference of the National Association of Counties (NACo). The annual awards are given to counties who have been specially honored for their outstanding citizen service and for innovative programs leading to more efficient, modern county government.

HENRICO COUNTY received its award for its:

Volunteer Services Handbook. Since beginning with three volunteers in 1973, Henrico County has established a full-time probation department supervisory position to address volunteer services and needs. In May 1976, 90 citizens, organizations and businesses were recognized for varied volunteer services that year. To assist the volunteers, a Volunteer Services Handbook was developed, dealing with the court process, expectations of volunteers and community resources.

HANOVER COUNTY received its award for its:

Parks and Recreation Department. Citizens interested in establishing a county recreation program met early in 1976, leading to the appointment of a county parks and recreation director that fall. The director took over the citizens group's work of surveying available parks and recreation



John E. Longmire, county administrator, Hanover County, received a National Association of Counties (NACo) achievement award at the group's 43rd annual conference.

programs and developing long-range planning. During 1977, improvements in facilities were underway, and the department organized such programs as softball, gymnastics and square dance classes.

NACo is the national spokesman for county government in the United States.



Henrico County officials received a National Association of Counties (NACo) achievement award at the group's 43rd annual conference. From left to right: Eugene Rilee, supervisor; George Jenkins, chairman, Board of Supervisors; Porch, probation officer; Dorothy M. Peters, coordinator of Volunteer Services; and M. H. Wilkinson, assistant to the County Manager.

The Struggle for Virginia's Senate Seat

(From page 12)

early two decades. His fellow conservatives had never doubted that he was the genuine article. Now some of them looked, rather wistfully, for a candidate in his image.

Their first efforts centered on former Governor Mills Godwin. A trio conferred with Godwin on August 4 just before he and Mrs. Godwin left on a long-planned trip to Austria. The former Governor's rejection of their bid did not discourage scores of overseas calls asking him to reconsider.

Godwin would be tested again, declared one of his admirers, "to see whether his firm 'no' meant 'hell no.'" Meanwhile, among half a dozen names popping up as putative candidates, the one attracting the most attention as a prospect should Godwin say "hell no" was that of Representative Caldwell Butler of Roanoke, co-chairman of Obenshain's campaign. Representative J. Kenneth Robinson of Winchester also was mentioned as a possible replacement.

The night of Obenshain's death Warner was speaking to a Republican dinner in New Hampshire, and did not hear of the tragedy until the next morning. He returned to his Middleburg farm and declined to take any calls.

Monday, August 7, with trial balloons being lofted around the state, Warner emerged and went to work energetically to puncture them. He formally announced his candidacy in Richmond Wednesday, August 9, saying he was ready to hit the deck running and running. "Meanwhile Godwin sent word that he would not accept the nomination even if it were tendered."

Governor Dalton, holding a press conference Thursday, August 10, in the Capitol with Warner at his side, clinched Warner's campaign two days ahead of the formal nomination by the Republican State Central Committee.

Never had a Virginia Governor taken so bold and open a hand in setting a campaign in motion as did Dalton. First he endorsed Warner heartily. Next he released a letter he had written in his half to the members of the Central Committee. Then he disclosed that he actually had told the two congressmen to make up their minds to either get out of the race or get out of the way.

Further, when the Central Committee convened Saturday, August 12, in the Hotel John Marshall, Governor Dalton was replacing Warner's name in the nomination. Accepting, Warner advised that his election would "be one of the finest tributes we could build to the memory of Dick Obenshain."

tell the Virginia Story

Indeed, Obenshain's name was mentioned even more than that of the nominee. In death he continued to exert influence over his party. The closing minutes of the committee's meeting were the most emotional as Mrs. Obenshain pleaded for party unity.

So the two campaigns geared up again. Both Warner and Miller indicated that they would focus on the need to curb inflation and strengthen national defense.

Their principle difference, at least at the start, lay in interpreting their qualifications. Warner declared that his experience in publicizing the nation's bicentennial and in dealing with defense budgets and testifying before congressional committees equipped him for service on the national level.

In a press conference following Warner's nomination, Miller held that his eight years as attorney general representing the state's views before federal agencies and congressional committees gives him "a state perspective," the type needed to cope with the major issues.

Thus the campaign got underway.

It promised to be spirited.

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Whatever Became Of Middle Age?

(From page 5)

until those last days, my father looked to me as he always had.

So, "The eye of the beholder" is very relative thing. In these days believe we go from youth first into young adulthood, then the adulthood grows (or should) gradually more adult until finally the aging process enters the adulthood bringing an infinite variety of reactions to individuals. I do not believe in the ancient cliché that "you are as young as you feel." Some individuals in quite advanced adulthood who have suffered many infirmities can and do feel awful, but their minds and spirits they could feel as young as those who have been spared.

There is an even worse wheeze: "you are as young as you think you are." That is nonsense. No matter how young you think you are, at seventy you cannot do what you could at twenty or thirty: look at professional athletes. Among creative writers, who do not usually bloom as early as athletes, their best years are most often in the thirties and forties and on momentum many continue into or through the fifties and even into the sixties. But it is a rare case when a creative writer produces work at the level of his best years at seventy and

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ver. Many turn to non-fiction, where their experience with its acquired craftsmanship, can serve both themselves and the public well.

The key to the foolishness inherent in these two hoary maxims is the exalted status given youth by Americans. Why this is so I've no idea. However, I was early impressed by my father's frequent references to St. Paul (I Cor.: 13): When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

This is not by any means to imply that all youth is childish; but the "when I became a man" does imply the state of adulthood when one's concerns and responsibilities are not those of youth. They and the individual become (or should) adult. That seems to me to be the most benefic stage in the human life cycle, to be savored and enjoyed for self — under no category or label.

Thus, with all the hullabaloo during the 1960s by "Youth" movements, and all the talk, mostly talk, about the plight of the "Senior Citizens" (many of whom have indeed been placed in dire need by rising costs, illnesses and other calamities), the great body of our citizenry range through all determinate stages from just past the really young to just on the verge of the really old.

During that broad range, it is not important how one thinks of himself. But during this passage of continuing small changes, one should measure

himself against goals of accomplishment and standards of wisdom to be gained, that have nothing whatever to do with age; one could be inwardly strong by having achieved acceptance of himself with all his limitations, and acceptance of others with the limitations of which no individual is free.

Since that often heard gag line, "No one is perfect," is also a very true line, nothing more marks maturity in adulthood than tolerance. Since few individuals have the courage of their vices (see our representatives in Washington as examples), the inevitable loss of early illusions, as in youth, should not be replaced by bitter cynicism.

Using this last as only an example, I believe the greatest single accomplishment for adults (and this can take decades to achieve) is to do the best one can with what he had to work with, *as a total person*, while within reason accepting the world as it is. At this period in history, I do not believe there is much any individual can do about all the inequities and injustices that fall on some, just as personal misfortune falls on others, or even about the malevolent fate that seems to be gathering for America, if not our whole planet. We can only do as individuals the best we can in the honest conviction that we give no hurt to others. This is not a small thing today, and it requires those with moral and ethical maturity who, through experience, do not expect too much of their fellows.

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