

A JOURNAL

Friday, June 19th, 1987

1. Blessed day: no votes and no trip to Oregon. Set alarm at 6 a.m., as usual, but took my morning coffee leisurely and feasted on every page of the morning POST.

The "Refusniks" I've been helping. My Recaptures

2. Lunch with the Soviet Ambassador ~~was~~ at 1 p.m. Because I hadn't anticipated staying home in the morning, I didn't have the background paper on Naum Chernobylski's immigration case. Arranged by phone for Kim to meet me ^{five} half way down the block from the Soviet Embassy to give it to me.

minutes before my appointment

Phone the document

No sign of life in or around building as I nosed the car up to the locked gate. I could see several cameras aimed at the entrance and felt them taking stock of me. Soon, without a sound, the gate unlocked and slowly slid open and I drove in. No one came out to greet me or tell me where to park, so I just pulled off to the right next to an American sedan with diplomatic plates. At the embassy's front door, I rang twice, then heard a buzz, turned the knob, and stepped into a holding room. Another door was opening from the other side and a man of about 40 years of age -- slender, dark hair, and cordial -- stepped in to greet me. We walked through the lobby where a uniformed soldier was stationed at a desk at the far end and the feel of the room was faintly like the Sovietskia Hotel in Moscow, cavernous, underpopulated and decorated sparsely with a 1950s used furniture look.

I but I could have been wrong.

top of

faintly musty on

Up the staircase, we came to a landing area with arched ceiling, wall molding and columns undergoing refurbishing and painting. We were joined by a man about the same height as my greeter, but stocky, thick glasses, a shock of sandy hair, and a face that had some difficult smiling. "KGB," I told myself. We three went into the dining room to wait for the Ambassador, Yuri Dubinin, who I had struck it off well with in Moscow during the Speaker's trip. This room was beautiful. Full of golf leaf and white walls, pastel carpeting, and dazzling chandelier. In the middle of this large expanse was a French Provincial love seat, two matching chairs, all in a conversational semi-circle around a coffee table. A Russian waiter served fruit juice. Thirty feet away was a single table, fully set, set off with flowers tastefully arranged. We visited casually but it was awkward and I wondered how many Congressmen or Senators did this.

It became clear that

had already done

Dubinin was powerless. His choice of subjects about the superpower relationship was the vote in Congress ~~to allow~~ the Soviets to occupy their new embassy until claims for restitution for the bugs discovered at the construction site of the U.S. Embassy in Moscow. I came to talk about arms control, the INF negotiations, congressional arms control initiatives, the date of a possible Reagan-Gorbachev summit, Naum Chernobylski, and to ^{soft} generally build on the personal acquaintance I had established in Moscow. But Dubinin took an hour on the embassy problem. At length, I realized that this mild, soft-spoken man who previously was the Soviet Ambassador in Madrid, was simply worried about his working facilities. He wanted his new digs! The point became even clearer when he lost his intellectual interest as I tried to

seemed to lose

The Corana

soft the Ambassador

jam in all my points in what remained of the luncheon. I tried to sell him on the virtue of his side tearing down its ASAT, reconfiguring the Krasnearsk radar to make it unambiguously clear that it did not constitute a SALT violation, and to hold off a summit until after Congress adjourns.

whereupon

My eagerness to cover these points before leaving pushed the lunch to 2 hours, 45 minutes ~~30~~ ~~30~~ minutes too long at least. Then, as I pressed the case of the refusnik and handed Dubinin the paperwork (and he handed it to an aide, saying he'd look into it), I left feeling I had been a bore. The Greeter escorted me to the door, though, and seemed genuinely cheerful, called the conversation "interesting," said he did arms control at the embassy (Is he the new Chernkin?), and expressed the hope that he would be permitted to visit me on Capitol Hill. I told him of course he would be. He told me he had been at the hearing when Dicks and I testified in support of the narrow interpretation of the ABM agreement. No compliments, but his manner seemed complimentary.

Attended

(I was 20 minutes late returning from the Soviet Embassy)

Welcoming of Congress

2. Only other meeting on day's loose schedule was a 3 p.m. with two pension experts from CRS who I had asked to meet at my office to help me determine which pension plan was best for me. With the passage of the new system, featuring a thrift plan, Members have been provided this service, using computers, to play out various scenarios to see if it's best to stay under the old system or go into the new one.

on a flight to Oregon

Arnold

Two weeks ago, I had glanced over a copy of U.S. NEWS AND WORLD REPORT, with a cover story on personal financial planning. A familiar stabbing feeling of incompetence hit me with more impact than normal. I've always been privately embarrassed that I'm nowhere when it comes to handling my money on a short- or long-term basis. But on this day, I knew I had to begin to start thinking seriously about Sue and my well-being because it brought to a head my growing sense of time galloping forward. Several things prompted this: the realization that this will be Stacy's last summer home as a college student, Kelly's completion of his sophomore year, and the realization that Sue and I will be at retirement age in 17 ~~more~~ years (roughly the amount of time that has passed since we ran our first campaign).

Sue and I

The basic answer I sought from the CRS experts ("best to stay in the existing pension system") was to be routine compared to the decisions the session showed that Sue and I needed to confront, and quickly.

The two of us had reached a decision, during the hiatus between last fall's smashing reelection victory and the convening of the new Congress, that we would run for the Senate in 1990 if Hatfield vacated his seat. I had excited my staff with this news at the March retreat on the Eastern Shore and had been feeling like a liberated man as I plunged into issues with a whole new sense of purpose and glee. I had started reaching maximum performance in legislation, public appearances, and even in approaching reporters, who I've always held in contempt as a class. But a new factor in my political plans leaped out at me in the pension-planning discussion. I learned that all I had to do to qualify for a \$33,000 annual annuity at 60 years of age was to stay in Congress two years beyond the 1990 election. Moreover, that extra period of service would allow me to withdraw the \$64,000 in cash I had paid into the system for any purpose I might choose. And the CRS men advised me that a guaranteed \$33,000 a year annuity would be attractive collateral for bankers,

and it would be in the house

Moreover

-- will two more house elections.

fall two years short of this benefit trigger, and have to

typically leveraging four times that amount in a business loan. All this, while still being able to work for perhaps \$125,000 a year in the private sector for 12 more years. On the other hand, if I failed in the Senate bid, I would have to wait until age 62 for the annuity and would not be able to withdraw my contribution until then.

Re 2020-21

Now here was a whole new consideration in thinking of the Senate. The difference of two years service — and thus the decision to run statewide in 1990 — service puts at risk a whole new standard of personal security for Sue and for me. Still, there'll never likely be another chance for a Senate seat for me, hanging onto the First District would be pure anguish after the 1991 reapportionment reflects the growing Republican population growth. And if I ran and won — if I ran and won! — I would not only be able to carry out my plan of outspoken work, free of any thought of reelection, but the CRS men told me that by the end of my Senate term, at age 55, with seven years left to work in the private sector, I would have a \$33,000 annual annuity and access to \$87,000 cash from my personal pension contribution.

On the other hand,

my last chance

Pat

For the Senate

3. That night, Sue and I caught a dinner show at an experimental theater that had been given a good review in the paper. Sue's eyes widened when I broke the news to her over dinner. The concept was so big, we agreed our plans warranted more thought. Then we settled back for a few laughs over the musical comedy revue, "Man Without a Contra." Kelly would love this kind of improvisational comedy work.

Saturday and Sunday, June 20th-20st

A working weekend, with one eye on the arrival of Grandma Alice in two weeks. A new ground fence for the flower garden in the yard, an overdue mowing of the lawn, some new flowers for color off the patio, some house clean-up, and, for me, some serious work to reorganize the office, empty my brief case, and make a stab at budget and financial planning, bill paying, cleaning Kelly's room and closets, thinking through what activities to do while Grandma Alice is here, doing some staff memos, and putting some organization into backed-up legislative work. The computer, with Bob Sherman's printer, is working beautifully; found myself working until 2 a.m. Friday night and Saturday as well.

Monday through Friday, June 21st-26th

This week started with a morning visit to Dr. Schriener, my nephrologist. I learned something about my kidney condition that underscores the magnitude of the career decisions I now know I have to make. He tells me that in the five years since my kidney ailment hit me, I've lost 30 percent of my kidney filtration function. Twenty percent over the first three years, then another 10 percent in the last two. Each time, a flareup of kidney bleeding, caused by a virus, has triggered the loss. He explains that the trend isn't going downward in a straight line but dropping with each flareup, staying at a

my physical condition

plateau, dropping again with a new flareup, and on, like a staircase. Clearly, I should avoid flareups, and that means foreign travel needs to be very thoroughly thought through because its been the viruses I've caught in Central America and in the Soviet Union that have done the most damage. He also tells me that it's not until the 10 percent range that he begins preparing patients for dialysis; he even had one patient who stayed off it until he reached 2 percent. Further, he tells me, medical science is making new advances all the time and my game should be to work to keep as much function as long as possible in hopes of new breakthroughs that might treat the ailment. He said my good physical conditioning actually was keeping one kidney function, the BUN reading, ~~normal~~ ^{normal} even as the others were dropping, and he encouraged me to keep it up. But not running. "Every marathoner," he said, "causes some kidney bleeding but it doesn't matter because he has function to spare. But you don't. So concentrate on light jogging for short distances but put the real emphasis on swimming, calisthenics, and light weight-lifting for toning." I felt the door swing closed on the hope I had had of someday running the New York Marathon, crossing the Varazano Bridge with that teeming, bouncing mass of darers as boisterous borough crowds cheered them on. I told Schreiner about the discovery I had made in the course of my pension planning and asked for his private advice about doing what I want to do (and running for the Senate), or being more conservative and taking one extra House term to nail down financial security in the event of possibly high medical bills in the years ahead. His advice was to wait until the last possible moment to make an irrevocable decision, in the hope that medical advances would make the decision easier. He said it was an entirely reasonable thing to consider, although he reminded me that Social Security still pays the lion's share of the cost of dialysis -- and would, unless the chronic budget crisis forced radical medical rationing. He also told me about political leaders from around the world who took dialysis under his care and how they, and others, managed to keep an active life with home dialysis units to handle the eight-hour, every two- to three-day treatment.

The wisdom of a Senate race was weighing heavily on my mind for the rest of the week, although I told no one and had no time to really discuss it with Sue. Then on Wednesday, I had dinner with Mike Lowry of Washington for a long-postponed discussion of what one has to do to run for the Senate. He was incredibly enthusiastic, felt my strong positions, willingness to take on controversial issues, and liberal leadership on arms control and Central America would be decisive in putting a Wyden challenge away in any primary. We discussed the increasingly radical drift of the environmental community over the old growth issue in the national forests and started thinking of ways to deal with it. We agreed that I needed this grassroots force, too, to hold a royal flush in the poker of Democratic primary elections.

At length, I had to tell Mike the new thing that was on my mind and might keep me out of the race, no matter how exhilarating it had been having once made the decision to run. Mike is one of the few who has known the implications of my ailment from the beginning because his mother had the condition. His eyelids were holding some water as he listened, but his advice was aggressive and unequivocal: go for it! He said the Senate is where I should be and that if I lost, all I would have to do is work for two years -- albeit at a salary reduced from what I'd been accustomed to -- as a senior staffer of a congressional committee. Then I'd have my two years, my annuity, and could go on with my plans in private life. He said I had too many friends

far

After three days young

on The Hill to have a problem with this and vowed that he'd do it himself, if necessary. This was encouraging and caused me to expand my thinking. But it would be difficult for me to work in a staff environment and, from a financial planning standpoint, I'll have to calculate how much borrowing I would have to do to maintain my standard of living for ~~those~~ two years and what repayment would do to my economic position in my post-congress years. Interestingly, though, ~~there is~~ legislation pending that would call for a one- to two-year "cooling off" period before House or Senate members could legally lobby Congress. *Will it pass? I do not know.*

Throughout the week, I played a ^{big} large role on the floor, leading the debate against across-the-board cuts on appropriations bills. Won a lot of friends among committee leaders and committee staff, and Stacy said one of her friends who ^{was} a summer intern of the Hill was very complimentary of my floor debate work, as were Congressman Bob Traxler and his staff, who she visited at week's end.