

photos and gathering stories, we went from an unconscious comparison of one township's horrors to others to an almost overbearing sense of tragedy.

The damage is everywhere. The most visible cataclysms of Margaretville, Walton and the Schoharie Valley are the tip to a sad iceberg. Roads and bridges were damaged in nearly every township. Basements and yards and driveways, not to mention whole first floors and entire homes, have been trashed by the oft-forgotten force of nature. The damage totals, still being added up as we go to press, are staggering.

In the midst of all this, though, were incredible moments that defined man's hope, that characterized people's resilience better than any example we've encountered. Everyone chipped in to help each other. Battered business people and homeowners laughed at their fate, then vowed recovery. Outside help started pouring in. Bitterness was given no toehold amongst the destruction.

Of course, much of this can be chalked up to the closeness between invigoration and enervation. There are times when one has no alternative but to look up. The call of the moment has been deafening; we've had no choice but to focus on the now, on the jobs at hand. It will only be later that the real pain of what we've been through will hit. We must prepare for then.

We must remember that the recent floods have proven our region's cohesion, at least in nature's eyes. And we must remember that it has only been through our shared efforts that we've come through all this. The outside world has not forsaken us, just as we have not forsaken each other.

Nature is a cruel mistress. We sometimes scoff at the ideas of 100-year flood plains that rule our planning documents, sometimes think that we've reached an age where our human efforts can thwart all. But then matters fall out of our hands. We are forced to realize where we live, what we must deal with for our choices. And when we rebuild our dreams, we must do so cognizant of the tragedies that have preceded our actions.

Good times still lie ahead of us, just as they occupy our memories. As humans, we know how to persevere, how to rebuild and fortify. The future is always ours.

Please let us know what we can do to help. We care for this region. We know its days of glory have yet to come.

And we bless all our angels for helping us through this past week: our local officials, our emergency volunteers, our neighbors and saviors. We even thank dear Mother Nature for having dropped our temperatures below freezing last Friday night so the waters would abate and we could get on with the hard business of life.●

TRIBUTE TO MARY M. STEFON

● Mr. DODD. Mr. President, it was once said: "Leadership is not bestowed. It is only yours for as long as it is continually earned." Today, I rise to pay tribute to Mary M. Stefon, a leader and public servant who truly personifies this adage.

Mary recently retired from her post as town clerk of the Town of Sprague, CT—the town she served in various elective capacities for 34 years. Those of us in political life know it is rare to be continually returned to office by one's fellow citizens for so many years, and for Mary Stefon to be so honored by her constituents is a testament to the great respect and faith she has earned from them.

Mary's service to her hometown grew out of her firmly planted roots there. She has lived in Sprague since 1927, graduating from school and raising her family there. She took an active role in many community affairs, serving in official positions on the Board of Education of St. Joseph School, the Sprague Housing Authority, and the Sprague Grist Mill Committee. She was active in Democratic politics, serving as chairman, vice-chairman, secretary and treasurer of the Democratic Town Committee. And in elective office, Mary served not only as town clerk until last year, but also as town treasurer until 1977 and agent of town deposit fund until 1982. As if serving in all three elected posts is not impressive enough, consider that for 16 years, she occupied them simultaneously.

But Mary Stefon's schedule was apparently not busy enough, and she participated in many volunteer activities in addition to her other duties. After serving in the U.S. Navy Waves during World War II, her later volunteer activities included speaking to elementary school children as part of the Northeast Utilities Career Motivation Program, working as a volunteer book-keeper for a Youth Employment Program, and volunteering at St. Mary's Church in Baltic.

Fine people like Mary M. Stefon—wife, mother, grandmother, volunteer, mentor, leader, and public official—are indeed the people who create the sense of community in Connecticut's and America's towns. And it is people like her, who always find time to give of themselves to others, who are role models for us all.

Mr. President, this year, sadly, many of the best public servants this country has ever known have made the decision to retire from public life. Mary M. Stefon is without question among them. I wish her well, and join the citizens of Connecticut and the Town of Sprague in thanking her for her dedicated and outstanding public service.●

AUTHOR WILLIAM MAXWELL HONORED WITH PEN-MALAMUD AWARD

● Mr. MOYNIHAN. Mr. President, just over a half century ago, as a young sailor, Harry Hall, also in the Navy at that time, sent me a copy of "The Folded Leaf," a novel by William Maxwell. It may have been the first novel I ever read seriously, or at least the first that seemed seriously addressed to my own experience as a young man. Whatever, it has remained with me ever since, not least the lines from Tennyson,

Lo! In the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud

I am happy to report that William Maxwell has just received the PEN-Malamud Award. It was given to him at the Folger Shakespeare Library, a mere two blocks from the Capitol, and I know the Senate would wish to join in congratulations.

William Maxwell spent nearly 40 years as a staff writer and fiction editor at the New Yorker. "Talk of the Town" celebrated his award. Mr. President, I ask that this article be printed in the RECORD following my remarks.

The article follows:

[From the New Yorker, Dec. 25, 1995 and Jan. 1, 1996]

MAXWELL'S SMARTS

"The lights are so bright I can't see your faces," William Maxwell said, stepping up to the podium at the Folger Shakespeare Library, in Washington, D.C. "Being here makes me think of ghosts," he went on. "I had a dear friend who spent many days and weeks here, researching to write a book on Shakespeare. And I had another who worked in the library for a time. I hope they are both present tonight." He was standing on the stage of the Folger theatre, an antique-feeling space with high galleries, square columns, and a wood-and-plaster Elizabethan stage house, all of which give it a ponderous elegance. The occasion was the eighth annual PEN/Malamud Award reading, and Maxwell was being honored, along with Stuart Dybek, for excellence in the practice of the short story. A large, warmly appreciative audience was present, including Maxwell's wife, Emily; members of Bernard Malamud's family, and the writers Charles Baxter, Nicholas Delbanco, Alan Cheuse, Maxine Clair, Michael Collier, Patricia Browning Griffith, Howard Norman, Susan Richards Shreve, William Warner, and Mary Helen Washington.

A few minutes earlier, Dybek had spoken of how privileged he felt to be on the same stage with William Maxwell. He then honored the elder writer in the best way one writer can honor another: by being terribly good. He read a densely lyrical and dramatic story called "We Didn't." It charmed the house and made everyone glad of the short story, this superior form of entertainment.

And now Maxwell was standing on the podium. Well into his eighties, with the slightest hesitation in his movements, he still seemed wonderfully calm, a man spending a little time with friends. He wore a dark suit and looked very trim; his dark eyes were animated with the same humor and interest one finds in his stories. As a staff writer and fiction editor at The New Yorker for nearly forty years, Maxwell worked with such writers as John Cheever, Eudora Welty, and Mavis Gallant. Meanwhile, he wrote stories and novels that are as good as or better than those of just about anyone else: "Over by the River," for instance, and the short novel "So Long, See You Tomorrow," which is set in his native Illinois and, like so much of his work, evokes the simple grandeur of life in a small Midwestern community in the recent past.

Now, opening the bound galley of his recently published collected stories, "All the Days and Nights," Maxwell looked into the brightness again and said, "I'm going to read a story called 'The French Scarecrow.'" There was a murmur of recognition from the crowd. Very gracefully and somehow confidently, he began to read. He read softly, pausing—without seeming to monitor the sound—for the laughs. His precise, elegant, and quietly humorous study of unease was a perfect complement of the electricity of the Dybek story.

When Maxwell finished and the applause died down, Janna Malamud Smith was introduced. In the name of her father, she presented the award to both writers, and then everyone adjourned to the Great Hall for wine and finger food. The wine tasted as though it had been aged in a stone jar, but nobody seemed to mind. Maxwell and Dybek signed their books and answered questions