

to meet even minimum community health standards. This shortage of providers results from the inability of rural communities to compete with comparatively rich urban markets. The resources of these larger markets are alluring incentives for health care providers to avoid or stray away from their rural practices. By establishing a systematic case management and reimbursement system designed to support the communities' needs, a cooperative will provide an effective framework for negotiating contracts with payers and a framework for assuring a defined level of quality.

Through the combination of medical resources, streamlined managerial and reimbursement responsibilities, and shared liability, rural managed care cooperatives have proven themselves able to attract health care providers, thus improving access to and quality of rural care and enhancing the economic vitality of rural health care systems and, commensurately, the economic vitality of surrounding rural industries.

Of concern to participants in such cooperatives is the threat of antitrust lawsuits. Such a threat serves to undermine the goal of rural managed care cooperatives. While the Capper-Volstead Act of 1922 recognized farmers' rights to form cooperatives without violating antitrust laws, these rights have not transferred to rural health care providers. Therefore, language in my amendment would protect those providers who participate in cooperatives from antitrust laws. This antitrust law exemption is necessary to facilitate the development of rural networks and developments.

More than once, I have expressed my concern for the crisis in rural health care. Between 1989 and 1993, 141 rural community hospitals have closed. In my State alone, five rural hospitals have closed since 1986 and several others face the threat of closure. Rural health care cooperatives are not the panacea to this crisis, but it is a dose potent enough to make a difference. As we consider the health of our Nations' farm industry, I would urge us to remember the health of the rural communities which house it.●

HONORING MILWAUKEE'S SESQUICENTENNIAL

● Mr. FEINGOLD. Mr. President, I rise to pay tribute to a great American city, Milwaukee, WI, on its birthday.

Yesterday, Milwaukee celebrated the 150th anniversary of its incorporation.

The residents of that small trading center of 1846 would be astonished if they walked the streets of the lively, diverse city of more than 625,000 people today.

Milwaukee was born as a city during a very important year in Wisconsin history. Congress passed enabling legislation admitting Wisconsin to the Union in 1846, and delegates gathered that year in Madison for the State's constitutional convention.

Milwaukee sits astride the Milwaukee, Menomonee, and Kinnickinnic Rivers on Lake Michigan at the site of three former settlements—Juneautown, Kilbourntown and Walker's Point—that themselves grew up in the area that had been camping grounds of the indigenous Native American population, including members of the Potawatomi, Ottawa, Chippewa, and Menomonee nations. French explorers, including, notably, Father Jacques Marquette, began visiting the area in the late 1600's, and by the mid-1700's, a trading post had been established.

Mr. President, vigorous commerce has been central to Milwaukee's existence from its beginning. What was to become Milwaukee began as three competing commercial ventures by Byron Kilbourn, a surveyor; George Walker, a trader and land speculator; and a fur trader, Solomon Juneau, who brought along a partner, Morgan Martin. By the late 1830's, each venture had spawned individually incorporated settlements whose inhabitants competed fiercely, even coming to blows during local hostilities that flared up into the Great Bridge War of 1845.

Realizing that conflict was not the handmaiden to progress, all three settlements eventually agreed to form one city, Milwaukee.

Mr. President, Milwaukee, once incorporated, grew quickly; its population soaring from about 20,000 in 1850 to more than 285,000 by the turn of the century and to more than 575,000 by 1930.

Immigrants came in several waves, each group establishing its unique imprimatur on the city. In the early 1800's, they were mostly New Englanders and New Yorkers whose roots reached back to England. The first African-American settler, a man named Joe Oliver, arrived in 1835 and worked for Solomon Juneau. By the middle of the 1840's, German immigrants were arriving at the rate of more than 1,000 per week. Irish immigrants arrived, too, settling largely in the city's third ward, on the southeast side of the downtown. The Polish community grew quickly in the late 19th century, giving the South Side its character. The city was eventually populated with settlers from Italy, Hungary, the Balkans, Mexico, nearly every point on the compass. In terms of the diversity of ethnic backgrounds of its residents, Milwaukee is as cosmopolitan a city as one can find.

By the arrival of the Civil War, Milwaukee had become a busy center for the quintessential Midwestern hog and wheat industries. In 1868, an iron and steel mill was built south of the Milwaukee River, kicking off a vigorous industrialization. By 1890, the leading industry was the one for which Milwaukee is probably best-known throughout the world—brewing.

Nowadays, the city is the home to companies like Harley-Davidson, Miller Brewing, Master Lock and North-

western Mutual Life Insurance. Area firms annually create goods with an aggregate value of approximately \$19 billion.

Mr. President, Milwaukee also has had a lively political history, not just limited to Democrats and Republicans. Israeli Prime Minister Golda Meir grew up and was educated in Milwaukee before leaving to later make her mark in history. From 1910 through 1960, several socialists were elected mayor, running the city for 38 of those 50 years. One of them, Frank Zeidler, was the city's chief executive from 1948 until 1960. Elected to office on a public enterprise program, he doubled the city's size from about 48 square miles to about 96 square miles with an energetic annexation program.

Stability has been one hallmark of Milwaukee government, earning the city a reputation for efficiency, honesty and fiscal responsibility, traits that would serve any government well. Three men—Daniel Webster Hoan, Frank Zeidler, and Henry Maier—served as mayor for a total of 64 years.

Milwaukee is the home of some wonderful architecture, from some of the impressive homes along Lake Drive to city hall. The city boasts an array of cultural opportunities, including its symphony, a zoological park, the Pabst Theatre and big-league basketball and baseball franchises, as well as other sports teams.

Like all modern cities, Milwaukee faces challenges in a rapidly-changing, ever-more-complex world, but, given what I know of the character of the people who live there, I am confident Milwaukee will rise to those challenges.

So, Mr. President, let me say, happy anniversary, Milwaukee, and my best wishes for many more.●

GRACE SOOTHES MOTHER NATURE

● Mr. MOYNIHAN. Mr. President, last month the people of the Catskills region suffered some of the worst floods of their history. The waters swept away homes and property, roadways and bridges, schools, and businesses. There was injury and death. But the people endured with grace and courage and, as a recent editorial by Paul Smart in the Mountain Eagle attests, they have harnessed that same spirit to begin rebuilding their dreams.

Mr. President, I ask that this editorial be printed in the RECORD following my remarks.

The editorial follows:

[From the Mountain Eagle, Tannersville, NY]

THE FORCE OF NATURE

The past week has been a wearying one for us here in the Catskills. Friday saw us all battling against floodwaters. Saturday morning was a time of assessment and reassessment. By Sunday, clean-up had begun.

Driving around our coverage region, which enfolds most of the damaged areas, the largeness of real disaster crept up on us. Snapping

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