

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 galleries 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

amid a general feeling of well-being and affection. If the ghosts of Maxwell's friends were somewhere in the sculptured brown lines of the Folger theatre and Great Hall, then they must certainly have been travelling in the company of Bernard Malamud, for the spirit of that marvelous writer of stories was invoked by every facet of the evening.●

FRENCH NUCLEAR TESTING

● Mr. FEINGOLD. Mr. President, I rise today to join my colleagues in welcoming to the United States, the President of France, Jacques Chirac, who will address a joint session of the Congress this morning. I look forward to his remarks and observations, not only on historically close French-American bilateral relations, but on developments on the international scene. The political, economic, and cultural ties which link the French and American people go beyond mere trade of goods and ideas, however important those may be. Our relations with the French are almost as with brothers and sisters; more often than not, France and the United States have stood as allies in the struggle for freedom. The debt we owed France for its assistance during our Revolution, for example, was repaid on the beaches of Normandy.

Though we may be friends, Mr. President, it is a strength and beauty of the relationship that permits us to air our differences over some fundamental questions. One of those issues has been the French program of testing nuclear devices in the South Pacific, a regrettable series of tests which, literally and figuratively, have served only to poison the environment and endangered U.S.-led efforts to conclude a Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty this year.

Since September 5, 1995, Mr. President, the Government of France has exploded six nuclear devices at underground testing sites in the South Pacific. The most recent explosion was made only 4 days ago and came despite French acknowledgement that there had been some leakage of radioactive material into the seabed around the Mururoa Atoll. The French Government ignored, as well, the vociferous protests of various governments of Pacific Rim nations, whose people would be affected by the potentially dangerous effects of leaked radiation.

France justified this somewhat colonial action by claiming that its sovereign interest in assuring its security overrode the health and safety of those affected by these tests. These should never have happened.

But I do believe, Mr. President, that we can take some satisfaction in President Chirac's January 28 announcement that the testing is now finally and forevermore at end. I salute, too, his claim that France will now seek a lead role in working for a comprehensive test ban. I also applaud President Clinton's leadership in seeking a true "zero yield" CTBT. On October 10, 1995, I wrote to the President expressing my concerns about U.S. involvement in the

French nuclear weapons program. President Clinton responded with a statement of regret about France's decision on testing, and a pledge to continue to press for a CTBT. I ask that these letters be printed in the RECORD. The letters follow:

U.S. SENATE,

Washington, DC, October 10, 1995.

President BILL CLINTON,

The White House, Washington, DC.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: We want to draw your attention to recent reports concerning close cooperation between the U.S. and France in developing the French nuclear weapons program.

An article in the Washington Post September 19 suggests that a decades-long period of U.S. support for technical assistance to the French program not only continues, but may soon reach new, unprecedented levels of cooperation. Particularly disturbing are the reports that the U.S. and France are currently negotiating a pact by which the two sides will begin to share sensitive computer codes that describe how nuclear weapons behave when exploded. Further, it is reported that a senior-level American scientist will also help the French government in building and designating a new facility for weapons-related research.

These reports are deeply troubling. They serve to undermine the strong political leadership you consistently exhibited in successfully urging the nations of the world to extend the Nuclear Non-Proliferation treaty (NPT) and in your continuing efforts to secure a comprehensive test ban treaty. It also seems to contradict the Administration's very public criticisms of recent French nuclear testing in the Pacific.

Moreover, we can speculate that once the French government has access to computer code data generated by the U.S., and designs weapons with technical assistance provided by the U.S., it will seek to test the weapons in the Pacific which, it could be said, will have been god-fathered by the U.S. More troubling still is the possibility that the U.S. itself will share in the data generated by French tests.

Cooperation with the French government on matters of mutual security is important. But in order to continue to lead with moral authority on the question of deterring nuclear non-proliferation and on ending unnecessary and harmful nuclear weapons testing, we urge you to carefully review these policies. We believe that taking measures which discourage—rather than facilitate—nuclear weapons testing should remain the lodestar which guides Administration policy.

We thank you for your efforts to date and look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,

RUSSELL D. FEINGOLD.

DANIEL K. AKAKA.

TOM HARKIN.

BYRON DORGAN.

THE WHITE HOUSE

Washington, November 7, 1995.

Hon. RUSSELL FEINGOLD,

U.S. Senate, Washington, DC.

DEAR RUSS: Thank you for your recent letter regarding nuclear cooperation with France.

The United States has had an ongoing cooperative program with France in the nuclear area. My Administration recently conducted a review of this program and I have concluded that such a program of cooperation with France remains in the U.S. national interest. I have also directed that this program focus on stockpile stewardship (i.e., maintenance of existing nuclear stockpiles without nuclear testing) and that it not in-

clude activities that would materially aid the development of new nuclear weapons.

Of course, such a program of cooperation can only take place in the overall context of positive United States-French relations. While I regret France's decision to resume nuclear testing, we must also take note of France's strong commitment to sign a Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty (CTBT) banning all nuclear tests, "regardless of level," no later than the fall of 1996. This position is consistent with my own decision to seek a true "zero yield" CTBT. We will continue to work with France and all other states participating in the CTBT negotiations to ensure that a Treaty is ready for signature as early as possible next year.

Sincerely,

BILL.

Mr. FEINGOLD. Mr. President, only last week the Senate ratified the START II Treaty, putting us firmly back on the road to ending the threat of nuclear annihilation. The next step is to bring to reality the Comprehensive Nuclear Test Ban Treaty, which would serve to put an end to the practice of testing weaponry which—we pray and can increasingly say with confidence—will never be put to use. This effort was seriously undermined by the French tests, and it has caused other nations to question the point and sincerity of the CTBT. While I harbor deep regrets about the effect of France's unwarranted tests, I want to say now to President Chirac, "welcome aboard." We look forward to close cooperation with France in reaching the goal of ridding the world of nuclear weapons, and will work to ensure that its series of tests will be the last ever conducted on the globe.●

ROBERT A. BUDUSKY

● Mr. LIEBERMAN. Mr. President, I rise today to pay my respects to Robert A. Budusky of Meriden, CT, who was the victim of a senseless murder on Tuesday. Mr. Budusky, a letter carrier for the U.S. Postal Service, was delivering mail along his route in Hartford when he was suddenly and fatally shot in the back of his head. His alleged murderer is a man on parole for an earlier weapons conviction.

I did not have the honor of knowing Robert Budusky, but from what I have learned, he was a dedicated public servant and a wonderful human being. "Everybody on his route loved him. They're all telling me so," said Martin Torres, according to an article in today's Hartford Courant. Torres, also a letter carrier, volunteered to take over Mr. Budusky's route "to make sure they get the service today that Bob gave them every day."

Robert Budusky is the first letter carrier to be killed on the job in New England in more than thirty years. But his death is a reminder that all letter carriers brave much more than the elements every day as they deliver our mail. Too often we take for granted their service, and fail to provide them the respect they all richly deserve.

Mr. Budusky reportedly had enough seniority to request mail routes in