

The Flood... a Feeling

TEXT BY CARMEN V

There was the tragedy of death and destruction; the hopelessness of people uprooted from their homes; the dread which lingered even after huge dams seemed assured of holding; the lonely realization of being cut off from the rest of civilization.

Things took on new meanings; roads became life-lines; ugly "ducks" became shining hopes; the establishment became mayors in hard hats, policemen working around the clock to insure safety and assure people.

And life went on, not exactly as usual, but nonetheless on. For those not marooned in refugee centers, the days were almost like any other. People went to sleep and got up and ate and worked and shopped and kept house. And laughed, perhaps a little too much. The very routine adopted showed people's strength.

PHOTOS BY LAURENCE



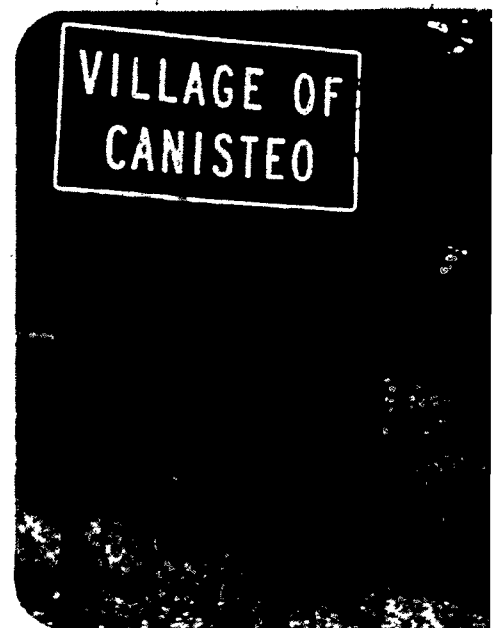
Route 63 north of Dansville presented an almost typical pastoral scene.



Father John Widman talks over Chief Deputy V. Alison of Li



People's jobs took on new dimensions: above, Hornell Mayor Mazzella; right Kevin Doran, who kept Hornell Station WLEA on all night as a communications center.



Village and floo