

Science but he taught me much more. Often as I take to the Floor of the House of Representatives to debate issues of human rights, labor rights, international trade, the environment or U.S. foreign policy, Dan's lessons echo in my mind. Dan's teaching didn't end with my graduation from graduate school. He has continued to counsel and assist me during my political career. He has also constantly challenged me and many other former students by the example he sets as a tireless activist and humanitarian. Congratulations on your formal retirement to emeritus status! I fully expect that freedom from the demands of full time teaching will give Dan even more time and energy to inspire a whole new generation of activists who understand the struggle for sustainability, democracy and equity!

TRIBUTE TO MONTIE MONTANA

HON. HOWARD P. "BUCK" McKEON

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, May 21, 1998

Mr. McKEON. Mr. Speaker, today I wish to pay homage to a gentleman whose storied career in the entertainment field lasted more than 60 years. Anyone familiar with westerns and the people who made westerns a cornerstone of motion pictures would recognize the name Montie Montana. Quite simply, Montie was the best "trick roper" in the business. For me, he was also a friend and someone who people in my district honored and admired.

Montie was born Owen Harlan Mickel on June 21, 1910, to Edgar Owen Mickel and Mary Edna Harlan Mickel. He spent much of his childhood around Wolf Point, Montana, which seemed to always have a special place in Montie's heart. Montie saw his first rodeo in Wolf Point at the age of 6, his first exposure to the talents that would eventually make him famous.

By the mid-1920's Montie was eagerly honing his rope skills, even surviving a serious injury that he sustained while training a horse. Montie's family spend much of the late 1920's and early 1930's touring and performing at rodeos throughout the west. At the age of 21, Montie had become a regular at Hoot Gibson's ranch in Saugus, California, and his roping skills were encouraged by the legendary star Tom Mix.

A few years later Montie married Louise Archer and starred in his first movie, *Circle of Death*, doing his own stunts. He remained a fixture in movies, television, and shows during the next three decades, and was at his peak during Hollywood's Golden Age in the 1940's and 1950's. Western pictures were at their zenith as well, and Montie knew everyone who today represent a "Who's Who" of classic westerns: John Wayne, Gene Autry, Tom Mix, Roy Rogers, and John Ford to name a few.

Most of the stars and stunt performers who worked in westerns in this era lived in the San Fernando or the Santa Clarita Valley. Montie was no exception, living on 20 acres in the town of Northridge (and serving as honorary Mayor), which is in my district. As a child who grew up in the San Fernando Valley, one of my highlights was seeing Montie, who regularly made appearances at Southern California schools. I recall to this day seeing him when I was a student at Plainview Avenue Elemen-

tary School. It is estimated that Montie performed before 8,000,000 kids, often accompanied by his horse Rex.

Montie was also a fixture at the annual Tournament of Roses Parade. It is estimated that he appeared at the parade more often than anyone else. He also rode in the 1949 Inaugural Parade and "roped" President Eisenhower in the 1953 parade. In addition, he was a part of some of the finest movies of this era: *Cheyenne Autumn*, *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valence*, *A Star Is Born*, and *The Will Rogers Story*. The latter of these also featured Montie's daughter Linda.

After living in Northridge for thirty years, Montie moved to Agua Dulce, adjacent to the Vasquez Rocks which were featured as a backdrop in numerous westerns. He continued to be an active part of the community and I often saw him in and around the Santa Clarita Valley. He also was enshrined in the Rodeo Hall of Fame in Oklahoma and the Walk of Western Stars in Newhall, California, ultimate recognitions for one of the greatest cowboys. Although Montie would later move again, I always considered him a part of our community, and was deeply saddened when I learned last night that he had passed away.

I fell blessed to have known Montie and will miss him. Thank you, Montie, for many cherished memories. God Bless You.

THANK YOU, MRS. WRIGHT

HON. JAMES A. BARCIA

OF MICHIGAN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, May 21, 1998

Mr. BARCIA. Mr. Speaker, no one doubts the importance of teachers in our lives. Ugly Community Schools has been blessed with an outstanding teacher, Bonnetta Wright, for the past thirty seven years. She is being honored with a retirement event, and the best honor I can think of for her is the memory of one of her students. Lori Shemka, a remarkable young lady who is today an attorney near Detroit, and has served here as the Congressional Page assigned to former Speaker of the House Tom Foley, provided me with the following description of her kindergarten teacher, Bonnetta Wright:

"Before preschool, young five's, and Barney, there was Mrs. Wright. The lady with the perpetual smile and heartfelt chuckle had her kindergartners practicing their letters and numbers with fat red pencils. It was not long before her lessons plans and soothing voice had captivated the students and effectively dried their tears from the traumas of the dreaded First Day. They colored with wide, chunky Crayolas that came in the eight-pack box. The entire school knew when Mrs. Wright's class was walking down the hall because the youngsters would have their lips puckered in silence and would march in single file with their hands on their hips. Some later concluded that this was not a military exercise but an example of walking with purpose. Not many children know where they were going, but Mrs. Wright's always did.

"Mrs. Wright taught her students to 'use inside voices' since the classroom was not a barnyard. Hand washing came before snack time. She subtly chastised the few who dared to cut in line with the reminder. 'Only billy goats butt into a line . . . are you a billy goat?' The student would mumble a re-

morseful "no" and Mrs. Wright would chuckle and say, "Well, I would hope not!" Her lessons instilled the importance of detail: one finger space between words, two finger spaces between sentences. Practicality was her hallmark.

"As Mrs. Wright was dedicated to her profession, her students knew that they were expected to participate in the day's lessons, regardless of how they tried to hide their eyes. Parents also knew that Mrs. Wright expected them to be involved. To this day, few are in short supply of safety pins because Mrs. Wright was always pinning notes into the students' shirts.

"Each day, Mrs. Wright would select a class leader who would start the class with the pledge of allegiance, savor in the thrill of leaving class to take the attendance slip to the office, and would lead the class march to recess, gym and music. Being the leader certainly fed hungry egos but the duty also reminded the student that with responsibility came accountability. For that one day, the eyes of the class were on that student. The consequences of abusing Mrs. Wright's trust was unthinkable! The inherent guilt of disappointing Mrs. Wright was far greater than any possible discipline.

"During her career, Mrs. Wright has commanded a classroom of order and mutual respect. In return, she has been endeared by parents and a community who were assured that their children were instilled with the best fundamentals any program could offer and she is genuinely loved and admired by the students to whom she has dedicated her career. Mrs. Wright never led them wrong."

Mr. Speaker, what a wonderful tribute to a wonderful lady. I urge you and all of our colleagues to join me in saying—Thank you, Mrs. Wright.

IN MEMORY OF REBECCA JO PATTON

HON. KEVIN BRADY

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, May 21, 1998

Mr. BRADY of Texas. Mr. Speaker, I rarely submit remarks to be entered into the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD, but I commend to the nation the following editorial published April 29, 1998 in the Kingwood, Texas Observer. The writer is Cynthia Calvert, who is managing editor of the newspaper, a community leader, a dedicated mother of two and, I am proud to say, a friend.

Given the current tone of debate over capital punishment—in which too often the killer is glorified while the victim and their loved ones are forgotten—this editorial is a poignant reminder of the true, lasting loss when violent crime touches our lives.

[From the Kingwood Observer, Apr. 29, 1998]

ONE MOTHER'S GOOD-BYE

(By Cynthia Calvert)

Last Friday evening, the state of Texas executed another murderer.

Lesley Lee Gosch, 42, was put to death at 6:38 p.m.

At that exact moment, I was watching, with my two children the pink, yellow, golden sunset on the Intercoastal Canal near my family's beach home on the Bolivar Peninsula.

Lesley Lee Gosch had twice asked for clemency, that is being spared, set free—for his crimes. He had two, at least. He committed the murder of a young San Antonio

housewife while trying to gather money to avoid a trial for making and selling illegal gun silencers.

Most of us in Kingwood don't need too many gun silencers. Perhaps only really really had people need to muffle the noise of a gunshot.

Gosch was an Eagle Scout. Yes, all those meetings and badges and camping trips and oaths—well, they just dissolved into an evil nothingness.

Gosch was name in Thursday's and Friday's headlines, albeit second pagers, for a day or two. Now he is dead, along with Karla Faye Tucker and three others so far this year (37 in 1997).

Gosch is notable to me because I knew his victim—Rebecca Jo Patton. Becky was only 42 (ironically the age of Gosch when executed and nearly my age as I write this) when Gosch shot her six times in the head and left her in the hallway of her San Antonio home for her daughters to find. Those girls were 15 and 11. I am 41 and my children are 13 and 9. Just stop for a moment and imagine the desolation and grief you would feel if someone was senselessly taken from you like Becky was from her family. Gosch and a friend delivered flowers as a ruse to Becky and then, at gunpoint, forced her to call her bank-president husband and demand a huge ransom. The pair were then going to use the cash to fly to Belize, spending the rest of their days in the sun-drenched Caribbean.

A nice life if you can get it.

Instead, Gosch got 13 years in Huntsville, two media-frenzied pleas for mercy and then death. His buddy got 45 years and is schedule to be released in June. My friend got murdered. Her husband, for a while, got suspicious looks and doubts. Her daughters got pain and tears, and graduations and boyfriends, and weddings with no mother. Texans got the bill.

But our victims you see, get very little by law. In Texas, victims do not have the right to attend the trial of the accused. You cannot go, without the judge's permission, to the trial of the person who murders your mother.

I was a young mom who joined First Presbyterian Church of San Antonio in 1984. I signed up for everything that had childcare. I joined, one Sunday September morning, the "Uncomfortables" class. The class for those who have deep, unanswered questions about Christianity and religion but who still believe. To my great surprise, she was there.

Becky Patton—the very life of the 2,000-member downtown church. The one who was in every circle, on every youth list, who taught the little kids at Bible School, who performed countless, anonymous unselfish acts, who sustained the church.

She was uncomfortable?

She had question, even doubts? I was thoughtful and then glad.

If God let Becky have questions, then questions weren't so bad.

Then I wasn't so bad.

We both went to Thursday morning Bible study, led by Senior Minister Louis Zbinden. I studied, and hard, especially considering I had an 11-month-old to mother. I researched those three typed pages of questions each week. I studied. I learned.

One Wednesday, two desperate men bought flowers and rang Becky's doorbell. They convined their way in. They put a gun to her head and made her call her husband for money. Something went wrong—many later speculated she saw Gosch's deformed little finger and could identify him. She begged for her life. They shot her six times, in the head. The time between her call for money and the police bursting in her front door was less than an hour.

An angel was taken that day.

The next day was Thursday, the weekly Bible study. Devastation and grief swallowed the sanctuary where several hundred women sat in stunned numbness. The normally unflappable Louis could not choke back his tears.

Gosch went on to live for nearly 13 more years. Becky's daughter's grew up—I had a second child. He asked for and received stays of his execution. His last request was based on the Texas Open Meetings Act. Incredibly callous and disrespectful and contemptuous. Just like his behavior 13 years earlier in that San Antonio home.

Prison just doesn't change them.

The true crime is the delay in this punishment and we are the ones responsible for it. We sit at home and do not call or even write our legislators to demand swift punishments. It is those intervals between the crime and the punishment that is wrong. Time to think, time to beg, time to live. Years and years of hard, hard moments for the families. The mother of any child will tell you that punishment must quickly follow misbehavior or the lesson is lost. Criminals today have no quick consequences. Gosch had 13 years!

The only ones to really serve life sentences are the families.

Louis would often say that the most common words in heaven must surely be "Oh".

Because that is what is said when finally we have perfect understanding. "Oh!" we'll say.

Good-bye Becky. While I'm still uncomfortable, I know you aren't.

AMBROSINO HONORED

HON. PAUL E. KANJORSKI

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, May 21, 1998

Mr. KANJORSKI. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to congratulate Mr. Carmen Ambrosino on his 25 outstanding years as Director of Wyoming Valley Drug and Alcohol Services.

A certified Addictions Counselor and Certified Preventions Specialist in Pennsylvania, Mr. Ambrosino founded the first Pennsylvania chapter of the National Association of Alcoholism and Drug Abuse Counselors and sat on that organization's national board for two years. He has developed college and graduate courses on dependency for area universities.

Carmen Ambrosino is nationally recognized in the field of drug and alcohol patient counseling and prevention education services. From being recognized in 1979 as an Outstanding Young Pennsylvanian to being recognized recently by the Four Chaplains of Philadelphia, Mr. Ambrosino's work has been acclaimed throughout his career. He has authored six nationally-released publications for young people and served as a consultant on a drug education film. In 1996, he was nominated by the Governor of Pennsylvania for the Prevention Professional of the Year Award. In 1997, he was a delegate to the Presidential Summit on volunteerism in Philadelphia.

Mr. Speaker, these are but a few accomplishments in Carmen Ambrosino's long career. Carmen Ambrosino saw the problem of drug and alcohol abuse in Northeastern Pennsylvania and undertook the challenge. He has served his community with dedication and commitment. He and his organization have touched the lives of countless thousands of school children through education and preven-

tion. He is the uncontested leader in his field in Northeastern Pennsylvania.

I am extremely pleased to have had the opportunity to bring just a few of his many accomplishments to the attention of my colleagues. I send my sincere best wishes as the community gathers on May 29 to pay tribute to the outstanding career of this fine community leader.

IN TRIBUTE TO TORREY PINES HIGH SCHOOL: A NATIONAL BLUE RIBBON SCHOOL

HON. RANDY "DUKE" CUNNINGHAM

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, May 21, 1998

Mr. CUNNINGHAM. Mr. Speaker, I am pleased to announce that Torrey Pines High School, located in my 51st Congressional District, part of the San Dieguito Union School District, is named a National Blue Ribbon School.

My congratulations go to Principal Marie Grey, and Superintendent William Berrier, and to the many parents, students, teachers and community leaders that make Torrey Pines High School the national leader that it is.

So that every American may learn about what has made Torrey Pines High School such a success, I am honored to insert into the permanent RECORD of the Congress of the United States the attached essay describing its work and its history. In addition, I encourage Members and citizens to visit Torrey Pines High School on the Internet, at <http://www.sduhsd.k12.ca.us/sites/tp/welcome.html>.

TORREY PINES HIGH SCHOOL

Torrey Pines High School is one of three high schools in the San Dieguito Union High School District. The 2,230 students in grades nine through twelve represent the communities of Del Mar, Solana Beach, Rancho Santa Fe, Fairbanks Ranch and Carmel Valley, all in Northern San Diego County. The campus is a modern facility constructed in 1974. Phase II construction, completed in 1986, added 23 classrooms, a theater, auditorium, stadium and a state-of-the-art library/media center. The campus is used seven days a week, day and night, by adult education classes, ROP, athletic teams and community groups.

Our commitment to student learning has resulted in recognition at the state and national levels. Torrey Pines High School is a twice-honored Nationally Distinguished School (1987 and 1993), three-time California Distinguished School (1986, 1993 and 1996) and chosen by Redbook Magazine as the "Best High School in California" in 1993 and recognized for "Overall Excellence" in 1995. 97% of our graduates attend college and our test scores are consistently among the highest in the state. In 1996 our students had the highest SAT scores in San Diego County. Torrey Pines athletic teams, likewise, have a tradition of achievement, winning 66 CIF Championships, with 44 since 1990.

To maximize in-depth student learning and facilitate project-oriented instruction, we use a rotating two-hour block schedule. Several noteworthy programs help us address the needs of our diverse population. The Peer-Tutoring Center and Math Assistance Program log over 1,000 hours of tutoring each year. The Center offers tutoring after school and evenings in all subject areas. The Advancement Via Individual Determination