

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