

the legislation and urges Congress to move the process forward.

In our view the most important issue for Congress to resolve is the legal uncertainty affecting OTC derivatives and hybrid instruments involving non-exempt securities. Resolution of that issue should not be postponed. The problems engendered by the CEA are real and are exacerbated by the increasing globalization of financial markets. Markets can migrate quickly, and once established in a new, more hospitable legal environment, may not return. Congress has the power to maintain this country's preeminent leadership position in the global financial markets by moving promptly to correct this long-standing problem.

Rarely is Congress presented with the opportunity to make a material contribution to the mitigation of systemic risk, but H.R. 4541 presents just such an opportunity. SIA is greatly encouraged by the House Committees' action on H.R. 4541, and their efforts to ensure passage of this key legislation this year. We ask that you build on this solid record of progress to ensure that United States capital markets remain competitive and on the cusp of innovation and urge you to vote for H.R. 4541. SIA stands ready to assist you in any way we can to facilitate enactment of legislation this year. We appreciate your consideration of our views.

Sincerely,

MARC E. LACKRITZ,
President.
STEVE JUDGE,
Senior Vice President,
Government Affairs.

INVESTMENT COMPANY INSTITUTE,
Washington, DC, September 19, 2000.

Hon. THOMAS W. EWING,
House of Representatives, Rayburn House Office
Building, Washington, DC.

DEAR CONGRESSMAN EWING: The Investment Company Institute is writing to express our support for the version of H.R. 4541, the "Commodity Futures Modernization Act of 2000" scheduled for floor consideration today. This consensus bill reconciles the legislation reported by the Commerce, Banking and Agriculture Committees.

The Institute supports H.R. 4541 because of the Section 208 provisions in the legislation that apply important consumer and investor protections found in the Investment Company Act of 1940 to pools of single stock futures. Such language ensures that investors in pools of single stock futures will enjoy the same safeguards that have made mutual funds the investment choice for over 83 million Americans.

For this reason, we ask you to support this consensus legislation.

Sincerely,

MATTHEW P. FINK,
President.

HONORING JIM BARBIERI OF
INDIANA

HON. MARK E. SOUDER
OF INDIANA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
Wednesday, October 25, 2000

Mr. SOUDER. Mr. Speaker, Bluffton, Indiana is not a large city. It is a small city nestled in the bluffs above the Wabash River in Indiana. It has grown to serve the surrounding prime agricultural land of Wells County.

Bluffton is renowned throughout Indiana and the country for its extraordinary newspaper. It doesn't have lots of color pictures and fancy

charts. But it is stuffed with real news, in great detail, and topped by the world's most comprehensive headlines.

This is largely the product of Jim Barbieri, a throwback to earlier days of local journalism. An aggressive advocate, and when needed, critic of the local community, Jim is also active in State and National issues. But even in small-town Indiana, he also brings a world perspective.

His writing is thorough and fair. But it is also much more. Jim captures the room, the people in it, and the context of the debate. When one reads the Bluffton News-Banner it is though you had been at each event. Except that often, you learn a lot more from the article about the meeting then you learn at the meeting.

Recently Jim Barbieri celebrated 50 years at the Bluffton News-Banner. That itself is a tremendous and increasingly rare, commitment. Think of the historical perspective provided by such a paper compared to the transient nature of much news today.

I hope that journalism schools in America will use the example of Jim Barbieri to show that even in modern America you still can practice the type of community-based newspapers that anchored our Republic. I submit for the RECORD the following articles.

DEAR JIM: Congratulations on 50 years of journalism in Bluffton.

You are a living example of historic tradition of influential small-town newspaper editors. William Allen White in Emporia, Kansas, was an early Jim. Even the famous Niles Register, chronicle and journal of record of the early American Republic, was not as thorough as you.

I know of no one in the public arena who is not astonished that you can take such complete notes with so few errors. I expect to read something like this:

"Congressman Souder, riding in a black Lexus, was in Bluffton today for the third time this year. He was accompanied by Mary Honegger of Ossian, who has been a senior advisor to Souder since he first experienced his candidacy in 1994. The Honeggers have an animal clinic in Ossian that is well spoken of in the area. Souder was here to discuss trade with China. . ."

In other words, Jim, your stories in the Bluffton News-Banner not only include what I say, when and where, but a context and lots of local color. Your writing makes one "feel" the meeting, not just get the general facts.

And the headlines. Your headlines have more news than a half-hour TV news broadcast.

You are also a tireless advocate for Bluffton and Wells County. While being a local promoter, you also have a world vision. You understand that in education and commerce, the competition is not just Decatur and Huntington.

Hopefully, your tribute will help all of us to ask: Where will the next Jim Barbieri come from? Are we producing the young people with the curiosity and the commitment to debating truth?

Thanks, Jim, for your fundamental belief: By publicizing the words of the debate, people will choose the truth.

Sincerely,

MARK SOUDER,
U.S. Congressman, 4th District, Indiana.

To my Dad. Everyone in town knows you. Or they think they know you. They think you are the man with the pipe in your mouth, hurrying, on his way to cover five meetings on a Tuesday night. Or the man

with his byline all over the paper and the editorial opinions supporting most everything good in this community. Or they think you are the man with possibly the most trashed out car in town (unless they've seen mine) or the man with the ever-present camera at every accident scene or stage production or community awards ceremony. Or they think you are the man they see at all hours of the night, drinking coffee and reading the paper at Pak a Sak or Hardees. Or they see you after you've been up all night writing or hassling with the computers or out covering a fire, sacked out in your chair, seemingly dead to the world. And they think they know you and who you are. And most of them feel lucky to know who you are.

But I know who you really are.

You are the man who was home every night for supper at precisely 6:30 and acted delighted every time and even after the billionth time, Chuck and I would jump out from behind the door and "surprise" you. You are the man who let me hide behind him when I was afraid I'd fall into the press pit at the old brown Banner building.

You are the man who must have pulled Chuck and I "up" the hill at the State Park on a sled a hundred times over the years. And Chuck really should have been walking!

You are the man who made sure that for the "trouble" of stopping to see you at your messy little office on Market St. that I received at least 50 cents to go buy French fries or a Coke at the Snug or at Rexall's. And on a good Saturday, you didn't even mind when I'd stop by about eight or nine times. And if I had anyone hanging out with me, they'd strike it rich too. I wonder if the Snug and the Rexall's knew you were a major source of income for them for years.

You are the fastest two-fingered typist in town. And the only man I know, who knew how to type at all, before the advent of the computer age.

You are the man I never ever heard utter a single swear word until I was 15 and you had an ear operation and they wouldn't let you out of the hospital so you could go back to work. And then after that, even though you don't exactly swear like a trooper or anything, you must have decided I was old enough to hear them. Either that, or this is about when the country commissioners started to aggravate you. :) I'm not sure.

You are the man that wouldn't let me have a paper route, because "girls don't have paper routes," until I lost interest in it and then suddenly it seemed there were girls passing paper routes. And even though I find your former attitude "sexist" in this day and age, I'm still kind of amused by it. You thought I was pretty special. I guess. Too special for a paper route.

You are the man who carried me up the stairs to bed every night until I was nine (or possibly your back gave out) and then went back out to cover who knows what breaking story.

You are the man who cooked us a gourmet supper of hotdogs every Sunday evening so that Mom could have a break. Because Chuck really was a terrible child and Mom would just get sick of him—and she needed that break.

You are the man who was so delighted with the birth of his first grandchild, that even I, her mother got sick of reading about her in the paper. You are the man who is loathe to leave a basketball game or a football game or a baseball game in which his grandson is playing. And ever quick to point out exactly when and where he made the slightest contribution to the game. You are the man who passes up Colts tickets to watch his grandson sit on a bench for most of a Varsity game that he was lucky enough to dress for.

You are the man who has been right there supporting his granddaughter when things

have been tough for her. And ready to argue with me tooth and nail, if you didn't think I had the right idea on parenting her or Stephen. Not everyone will stand up to me, but you will.

You are a man who finds joy in singing bird clocks and dancing Santas and setting up and running your own railroad every Christmas and doesn't really understand people who don't share your passion for these things. (For instance, Mom.)

You are the man who took a "break", every day from your job (when most people would have already retired anyway) to stop and pack up about 48 newspapers and deliver half of Stephen's route, just so you could hang out with him and Jenni and Barkley and get to know them. And on the days when Stephen had a sports practice or a game you would pass the whole route, whether there was snow, sleet, rain or high winds or water on Elm Dr. up to your waist! And you let him keep all the Christmas tips to boot!

You are the man who Barkley, the paper Beagle, howls like crazy for even when just your car drives up in the driveway—she loves you so!

And you are a lot more.

So, even though I think this community should thank its lucky stars they have been fortunate enough to have you in their midst—and I think they should be honored that you have been working with them and for them for all these 50 years and they should be grateful that they've had the opportunity to "know" you—I count myself and my children far luckier than them even, because I know you as my Dad and the Grandpa to my kids. And I love you!!!

CINDIE.

DEAR JIM: Fourteen years ago, as a 27-year-old young man, you brought me under your wing and showed me what being a real newspaperman was all about. I thought I knew, having a bit of newspapering in my background. But I learned that I had a lot to learn.

You showed me what real dedication is. Time and time again in our first year, we worked long days together, making big changes and setting new directions. Our day typically began at 8 a.m. and finished at 10 p.m. Then after I, droopy-eyed, waved good night to you and walked out the door, I shook my head in amazement. Because I knew that you, once again, was just getting started. Why, you had a newspaper yet to write!

Indeed, you have written the News-Banner for 50 years. No act of journalism is more astonishing or worthy.

You have been courageous. Only a few people know the tough calls you have made with such high integrity. You always have done the best to treat every Wells County citizen the same. I learned that my first month when, coming back from a weekend trip, I slowed down a little late on S.R. 124. An observant officer noticed the infraction. I stopped by the office to tell you about the incident. You nodded, and I thought nothing more of it until you printed a major story the next day about all the speeding tickets issued over the weekend with mine being the lead example!

Your ability to walk down to the Post Office and back and pick up two front page stories is legendary. I used to wonder how you could do this, until I realized that you simply remember everything. My favorite example is when we were interviewing a thirty-something applicant for a computer job. I began the interview process. After deciding she would do the job well, I brought her to you for your approval. You seemed lost in thought as I described her background. Then

you suddenly looked up. "What's your name again?" you asked. She repeated her name. "Did you go to Norwell High School?" you asked. "Yes," she said. "Did you graduate in 1976?" you asked. "Yes," she said. "You did well in school, didn't you?" you asked. "Yes," she said. "That's right," you said. "I remember reading your name on the honor roll." True story, Jim, But only one of many.

Your career at the News-Banner is testimony to the amazing things a single person can accomplish in a life. From meeting with a half a dozen U.S. Presidents, to personally witnessing the transfer of power from the former Soviet Union to the new Russian Government to writing an editorial every weekday the News-Banner has published for five decades, to having the profound respect of every newspaperman who knows you, yours has been a reporter's career in full.

I doubt you could have hoped for anything more when you walked in the News-Banner for the first time 50 years ago.

Jim, I salute you.

GEORGE WITWER.

DEAR JIM: This has turned out to be one of the most difficult notes I've ever written.

I have come to the conclusion that this is because when one tries to address such a remarkable career, there are so many avenues to pursue, so many things that could be said, so many adjectives that fit, that one simply struggles with where to begin, let alone where it might take you.

At last, however, the occasion is made to address just one aspect: your deep love of and commitment to your profession and the company you came to adopt. This commitment is so deep and so complete that you can welcome someone into the fold who you know will make some changes to an operation and a newspaper that you've spent a lifetime building.

While most of things we've done have received your enthusiastic support, I am aware we've made changes you've not agreed with, as you've voiced those concerns. There are perhaps other changes that you've had concerns about of which you haven't spoken, but I'd be surprised.

At any rate, the point being of course, whether you've agreed or disagreed, you've been supportive of everything we've done and tried, and as everyone knows, your support is never just a token word, but always 100 percent of your considerable resources.

For your friendship and support, I will be forever grateful.

Sincerely,

MARK MILLER.

WRITTEN BY JIM BARBIERI FOR 50TH FAMILY BANQUET

50 years, they've gone too soon,
Looking back before man walked on the moon,

Addition, subtraction, multiplication, division,

We did them all without computer precision.
Radio or movies our entertainment decision
Or watch the snow on the early television.
The then-modern News-Banner, I must confess

Was cranking 'em out daily on a 1913 press.
From years of sway, both fore and aft,
Alas, it had developed a crooked shaft.

But day by day, we met the test,
Gathering news and ads and doing our best;
We set metal type and remelted lead,
Locked up the big chases and put it to bed.
The old press grunted at its daily chore,
And daily that shaft bent a little bit more,
Until one day we had a Chicago official
Look at the press and he gave a long whistle.
In nationwide travels where he'd been sent,

He had never met a press with its shaft so bent.

He said this calls for a repair first class;
He tried to bend it back but he fell on his knees.

But being a master of the press printing craft,

He wouldn't be defeated by a crooked shaft.
He said they had invented a wonderful machine

That would straighten any shaft that he'd ever seen

It cost us a bundle to do it up right;
To unbend our shaft took most of a night.

But we had to admit that it really felt great
To turn on a press with a shaft that was straight.

Alas, no one figured that day by day
The rest of the press had bent too in a gradual way.

The other parts had learned where to place their trust;

To a straightened out shaft they could not adjust.

As the press started up, straight for the first time in years,

There was a loud eruption as it broke all the gears.

The moral of this story is that we get shaped by our days;

Thus a 50-year reporter also gets set in his ways.

So that the way I work may be out of date,
But don't try to bend me to make me go straight.

Let me go on in my very old fashion,
Covering the news with an old time passion.
The style in which my career has been blest,
To you may be faulty, but I give it my best.
When God takes me home at the end of my years,

He'll not straighten me out and pop all my gears

He'll say "you, reporter, for the sins that you bring,

We'll take you like you are with a bent angelic wing;

For if we rejected all bent with no more care,
You'd never find in Heaven a crooked mayor.
And we all know that Heaven could not run well

Without a journalist to give them all hell.

So in the celestial press room we bid you to trod,

But don't ever misquote Peter or misspell God."

IN HIS OWN WORDS . . .

It seems like forever, and yet it seems like yesterday since that June day, a half-century ago, in 1950 when I began at the News-Banner.

Maybe that is appropriate because while the 50-year period has brought breathtaking changes, the task at hand daily remains remarkably unchanged.

Unlike a number of smarter people, I never formulated a life or career plan. My idea of planning ahead is getting out today's paper. Long range planning is tomorrow's paper.

Working in a small city appealed to me at the start here, partially because of the prior experience I had on the Chicago American. I had enjoyed that Chicago experience immensely and learned a lot, especially from an editor named Bill Becker, who didn't write for the paper but was a terrific critic and restyler of other reporting and writing. I remember that when he summoned me to his desk, it was bad news. He was going to rip apart what I had written and call me "Jimmy," neither of which I relished.

But one great thing about working in Chicago was that between about 10 p.m. and 4 a.m. daily in Chicago, about everything that ever happened in the history of the world happened three or four times. I had a good introduction on a great variety of stories.

But what appealed to me more about going to a small city upon graduation from DePauw University was the opportunity to do more things around the newspaper instead of one specialty.

Particularly I wanted to learn and do advertising and circulation too. While at DePauw, I had been editor of the school newspaper, and we had it printed at the Greencastle Banner, a daily newspaper in that small city of about 5,000 people. Realized then was that small dailies cover the day's news around the world like big urban newspapers do, even if not as intensively. The smaller daily papers also have a hometown touch unmatched in the big cities but are not left out of the big daily events. I also had helped with the production side of our school paper and learned to set headlines into metal type with a Ludlow machine.

Here in Bluffton I had excellent teachers in Roger Swaim and Orin Craven, both of whom were sticklers for doing things right. Although there are many improvements in newspapers today over 50 years ago, and a substantially greater quantity of both news/editorial and advertising copy now being handled—essential to handle—it is also true that copy flows into the paper today from a lot of sources without nearly the stringency that was given to copy Eugene McCord and I would write back in the period around and after 1950.

In those days, we didn't have the blessing of computers and the ability to tab in corrections, new information or second thoughts.

We did so with pencil on double-spaced copy, and sometimes this could make for messy looking sheets of copy—hence tracks, we called them.

Believe me, when my copy had too many of these, I would rush to retype so that Roger wouldn't see sloppy looking stuff heading to the Linotypes, and so that Orin wouldn't find any errors. They sure would let you know.

We had four Linotypes setting news copy and a Ludlow for ads and headlines display type. Most people at the News-Banner today have no idea of the long era in which we cast the lines of news type out of lead in a factory-type situation, assembling the type into page forms called chases and then the husky guys lifting the chases full of type onto the 1913 flatbed press. We had great craftsmen, led by Charlie Anderson when I started. Charlie's brother, Earl, made up our pages artfully. When President Kennedy was assassinated, Earl changed the front page and reversed the column rules or lines between columns that we used in those days. The effect was to print thick black lines between columns to carry the mourning effect. For the headline atop that story, we used wood type, putting it together letter by letter.

Anyhow, although Earl passed on long ago, just the other day, Earl Anderson's grandson, Brian Anderson, stopped to see me at the News-Banner, and I met Earl's great-granddaughter, Bethany.

Lee Mattax in time became our superintendent, and we had other great people in our production shop.

One such person is still alive and well. You know him as Joe Smekens, who came on board in the early 1960s as a Linotype operator.

Of the four Linotypes we had, three were usually on straight news and one on ads. That one was the most complex and Joe became very good on it.

But to give you an idea of the vast change, when we went to our new building and to photo composition in 1975, one of the two photo-setters we had would produce four times as much type as all four of our Linotypes put together. And today's laser-printing is much faster than the photocomposers.

In the old days, when one of our Linotypes went on the blink, it was a real struggle to

get the paper out. You just couldn't make up for lost time like you can today.

Also, our 1913 flatbed press was much slower than the new offset rotary press we acquired in 1975 with the new building.

It used to take us the good part of two hours to run eight pages. Now we can run 14,000 per hour on 16 pages at a time or turn out 16 pages in a half-hour or less. We also can do color.

It's hard to start mentioning names without leaving out people, but Mary Coffield was a star for a lot of years and so was the late Marlene Holloway in our office. Kaye Ivins did a lot to get us into photography in a modern way. Of course, Joe Smekens has been a special hero for years, and Glen Werling is a real professional in this opinion and a high quality newspaperman.

After Roger Swaim was stricken with a heart attack in 1964, I had increasing duties in the management of the company and this led subsequently to becoming general manager and guiding the building project with the change of printing methods and more.

It is impossible to review all the countless stories worked on over the years, everything from heart-tugging human interest events to grizzly murders.

I've been able to cover and question or interview six U.S. Presidents, and I was in the Kremlin when the Soviet Union came to an end—seeing Gorbachev go out and Yeltsin take over. I was among the earliest Americans to meet with Boris Yeltsin. Thus, the small city field has not lacked for big coverage opportunities.

In the course of things, I worked alongside many fine persons in police and fire and EMS roles. We had our ups and downs in staff situations. I was reminded just the other day about an episode in the 1960s when police pursued a man they were seeking eastward on Ind. 124 into the heart of Bluffton and the northward on Ind. 1 at speeds up to 100 miles per hour and more. When the fleeing man raced into Ossian, the town was very busy with a golf dinner going on at Eve's Place in the Ossian downtown. This guy hit five cars parked along the street, and the impacts forced him to a stop.

One of those whose parked car had been hit was very upset at the wild driving and ran up to the suspect's auto, pulling open the driver seat door.

Up in his face came a gun, which he managed to push aside. Fortunately, Trooper Boomershine had been close behind and jumped into the back seat of the auto, reaching forward then in subduing the suspect.

The car had been stolen and was readily traced to a Huntington County location. Police going there found the owner shot to death.

Thus, we had a murder case along with the wild episode here. We had a questionable reporter at the time, and I sent him to Huntington County to get the story—in fact I sent a kid in our mailing department to drive him there so he would find it.

Soon the reporter came back to tell me he had no story because the sheriff was too busy to talk with him. I decided that when you send a reporter to a murder scene and he practically trips over the body on the way back to tell you there's no story, you have a problem. I sent him home and finished the murder coverage myself.

In my 50 years, I have missed only one day for health. That was in 1971 when I had an ear operation for which they sent me to Lutheran Hospital in Fort Wayne. The day after the operation I was recuperating there, and I saw out the window some police and ambulance vehicles heading into the emergency area. Soon I saw a couple of Wells County cars.

I went out into the hall and buzzed down in the elevator to the emergency area, where I

found out about an accident in Allen County injuring severely a Wells County resident. Someone down there saw me in my hospital robe and asked who I was. I said "I'm a patient on the fourth floor."

"You don't belong down here," I was told.

"I'll never do it again," I promised and I zoomed back to my room and called the story in to Roger Swaim. Thus, I counted that as a work day. The next day I was out of the hospital and back to the office.

In the modern era, I've been very thankful that young George Witwer, with the help of his Dad, George O. Witwer, and I were able to buy the New-Banner in 1986, keeping it under home ownership.

Since we had kept going, publishing despite the Palm Sunday Tornado of 1965 and the Great Blizzard of 1978, the News-Banner and predecessors have published every publishing day without failure since the Evening News was launched in 1892.

When we went into the new building with the new press and the switch to offset printing, we closed up in the old shop on West Market Street after getting out the Saturday paper on Sept. 5, 1975, and opened on Monday, Sept. 7, 1975 in the new operation and building.

No one on our staff had ever worked a single day in an operation like the new one. I likened it to jumping out of an airplane with a do-it-yourself parachute kit, but we made it.

We did have and do have a lot of good friends in the newspaper field—in our neighboring cities and elsewhere. Fred Isch, now the mayor of Decatur and doing a tremendous job, was and is a tremendous friend.

In the period since we bought the News-Banner, soon afterwards adding the Ossian Journal, we have made a lot more progress.

Greatly involved in a lot of this was Michelle Moore, who did a terrific job for us and is a wonderful friend. Tom Hullinger was a big factor in progress we made. Jim Kroemer has been a special friend in our progress.

We managed by 1997 to pay off about a million dollars in debt for the purchase of the News-Banner, the Ossian Journal and the modern equipment we added—the switch into laser-printing and into pagination. Howard "Bub" Jones is another exceptional production artist.

Just three years ago, we took a huge step forward by gaining the services of Mark Miller, who started at Decatur in 1975 and is the kind of younger era, dynamic leader most needed for the present and future.

He is also an excellent person, and I feel a very fine journalist along with his super business ability.

I consider the steadfast determination by which we have kept our own press, rather than succumbing to the central printing trend so many other small dailies went to, plus the gaining of Mark Miller to head our company into the future as the biggest pluses for the company's future.

There are so many names unnamed in this review—great names also in our progress and in my life over the past half-century. There isn't space to give them all, and some here now might ask for raises.

Best to say, therefore, that a lot of thanks for a great half-century ride are owed to many, named and unnamed, and since I'm too young to retire, it's best to look ahead, not back.

The News-Banner and life in Wells County have been and are the best. I like to hope that when the time comes, I'll end up working on the Celestial New-Banner, which I imagine is a lot like the one here on earth.

JIM BARBIERI.