

with goods. Money floods over it; investments heading south, profits heading north. Canadians and Americans pass through, with only a cursory glance from officials. For Mexicans—at least, for the now 58 percent of Mexicans who live in grinding poverty despite their country's "rapid economic growth"—it's a different story. The fence is there to keep them out.

Earlier this month, I travelled to northern Mexico with other Canadian church leaders to see what has happened to those the fence was built to detain.

In the once densely-forested mountains of the Tarahumara Sierra, we met with the indigenous community of San Alonso who gave us a letter for our government, signed with their thumbprints, that pleads for "an end to the impoverishment of our people". People here once lived from agriculture and from selling small amounts of timber. But changes to forestry controls under free trade have brought multinational companies and clear cutting. Soils for food crops are eroding. "Laws have been imposed that favour companies from other countries," says the local Catholic Church, referring to legislation that paved the way for NAFTA. "These laws have enabled much wealth to be taken from the Sierra, leaving behind growing poverty."

We saw the impact in the ulcerated, sightless corneas of a child whose mother had nothing to feed him but a soup of ground corn. We sat with an indigenous woman who had brought her dying baby to a dispensary run by nuns, and heard that 48 percent of infants in the Sierra die before the age of five because of chronic malnutrition. Other than suicide—a new phenomenon in indigenous communities, the nuns told us—many see only two alternatives: cultivate marijuana or poppies for drug traffickers or migrate north in search of work, abandoning ancestral land, breaking up families, and splintering communities.

In the farmland of Chihuahua, families who used to make a living growing corn and beans have also seen their livelihood destroyed by so-called free trade. Promised that NAFTA would greatly improve their lot, Mexican corn producers saw subsidies eliminated by 1997—12 years ahead of schedule—along with credit for small farmers. Meanwhile, the lifting of tariffs has allowed a flood of cheap corn and beans from the U.S., where farmers can access 5 percent loans and subsidies at 46 percent of the cost of production. Unable to compete, Mexican farming families are struggling to survive. Once again, we heard how people are reduced to eating little other than corn and we witnessed the agony of families torn asunder, communities dispersed, as former farmers are forced north to the squalor of the border or the perils of crossing illegally into the United States, in search of the means to sustain their children.

Our last stop was Juarez, on the border with Texas, a city rapidly expanding with newcomers from the Sierra, from abandoned farms, and other parts of Mexico that have only got poorer under NAFTA. Many have been lured by the promise of a job in one of some 400 maquila factories that assemble car parts or electronics for Fortune 500 companies selling to North American consumers. "The maquila has stolen our dreams of a better future", exhausted women barely out of their teens, told us, explaining the pressures of the assembly line, impossibly high production quotas, repetitive motion injuries and salaries of just US \$4.50 a day.

Others told us about employment conditions that beggar description: forced to work unprotected in the presence of dangerous chemicals, their right to organize unions thwarted by managers who bring in thugs

armed with automatic weapons. Earning in a day the equivalent of a two-litre jug of milk, workers are condemned to slums, without potable water or sanitation, where many live in hovels made of discarded pallets, covered with cardboard.

"Good fences make good neighbors." That's what the poet Robert Frost's neighbour told him one spring day when they were out surveying the winter-ravaged stone wall that ran between their properties. Frost wasn't so sure. He wrote, "Before I built a wall I'd ask to know what I was walling in or walling out, and to whom I was like to give offense."

The work that Messrs. Fox, Bush, Chretien and their colleagues do this weekend will be an offense if it does not address the unconscionable disparity between rich nations, like Canada and the United States, and poor nations, like Mexico. Policies such as those enshrined in NAFTA, which guarantee the free play of market forces, are an offense because they deny that which is the first democratic right—the right not to starve to death. Then they compound the offence by building barriers—steel, chain-linked, three metres high—to wall the hungry out.

The day the fence is no longer necessary will be the day to celebrate the arrival of democracy—true democracy—in the hemisphere.

#### TRIBUTE TO THE LATE JOHN H.P. "HAPPY JACK" CHANDLER

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from New Hampshire (Mr. SUNUNU) is recognized for 5 minutes.

Mr. SUNUNU. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to a great citizen, State Senator, and a former Congressional candidate, Jack Chandler of Warner, New Hampshire.

On May 3, 2001, Jack's family and friends joined together to remember this remarkable man who touched the lives of everyone he met in the 89 years he was blessed to walk this Earth. He was unique and at times even controversial, but all that met Jack Chandler agreed he loved his State and he loved his country, a patriot to the end.

Jack grew up in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and led a storybook life. He was a descendent of Nathan Hale, and his own convictions were rooted in the principles of our Nation's founders. In the tradition of Revolutionaries like Hamilton, he owned and operated his own newspaper, the Kearsarge Independent; and I am certain his editorials still blaze in the minds of many former readers.

Jack was a pioneer in New Hampshire's ski industry with the great idea to fill trains in Boston with skiers and welcome them to the slopes of the Granite State. A half century later, this tradition continues every winter weekend when the roads north are filled with skiers on the move.

As a politician, Jack Chandler was a genuine article. He stood firm in his beliefs and never hesitated to speak his mind. Perhaps he was one of the last in an age of politicians that never needed a poll to see where to stand on an issue. He constantly traveled his district, campaigning town-to-town and person-

to-person, always willing to lend an ear or a helping hand to a constituent. Although Jack did not believe in big government, he had a generous heart that even his critics grew to admire.

It is difficult to say good-bye to "Happy Jack," but I am grateful I had a chance to know him during his wonderful journey throughout New Hampshire. He made a huge difference in the lives of his constituents, his friends, but mostly his family. Godspeed, Jack Chandler.

#### CONCERN OVER ENERGY POLICY IN AMERICA

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under the Speaker's announced policy of January 3, 2001, the very patient gentleman from Tennessee (Mr. DUNCAN) is recognized for 60 minutes as the designee of the majority leader.

Mr. DUNCAN. Mr. Speaker, I rise tonight because people all over this Nation are concerned because they see their utility bills going way up with gas prices possibly heading to \$3 a gallon, according to many articles. All of this is happening at a time that other prices are going up. Our economy has been slowing for almost a year now, the dot.coms have taken a dive, and many major corporations have laid off thousands of people.

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These things are happening. Utility bills are going up; gas prices are going up because of years of environmental extremism and actions by the administration of former President Clinton all coming home to roost.

For years now, we have had groups of environmental extremists all over this country protesting and stopping or delaying for years anytime anyone tried to drill for any oil, dig for any coal, cut any trees, or produce any natural gas. This has helped extremely big business, which has financed many of these groups, because it has driven thousands of small and now even medium-sized businesses out of existence or forced them to merge. In the late 1970s, I am told we had 157 small-coal companies in east Tennessee. Now there are none. Federal mining regulators opened an office in Knoxville, and the regulators and the environmentalists drove all of the coal companies out of business. The same thing has happened to small logging companies all over this country. I have read and heard that many small communities have been devastated.

Today, in the Subcommittee on Water Resources and Environment, we heard testimony about a proposal for 400 pages of new regulations by the EPA on the runoff from animal feeding operations. All of the witnesses told us that this would drive many more small farmers out of business and lead to much more concentration by the big giants in the agriculture industry. Those on the left are always telling us they are for the little guy; but when they create this big government that