

The supreme function of statesmanship is to **provide against preventable evils**. In seeking to do so, it encounters obstacles which are deeply rooted in human nature. [...]

A week or two ago I fell into conversation with **a constituent, a middle-aged, quite ordinary working man** employed in one of our nationalised industries.

After a sentence or two about the weather, he suddenly said: "If I had the money to go, I wouldn't stay in this country." **I made some deprecatory reply** to the effect that even **this government** wouldn't last for ever; but he took no notice, and continued: "I have three children, all of them been **through grammar school** and two of them married now, with family. I shan't be satisfied till I have seen them all settled overseas. In this country in 15 or 20 years' time the black man will **have the whip hand** over the white man."

I can already hear the chorus of execration. **How dare I say such a horrible thing?** How dare I stir up trouble and inflame feelings by repeating such a conversation?

The answer is that I do not have the right not to do so. Here is a decent, ordinary fellow Englishman, who in broad daylight in my own town says to me, his Member of Parliament, that his country will not be worth living in for his children.

I simply do not have the right to shrug my shoulders and think about something else. What he is saying, thousands and hundreds of thousands are saying and thinking - not throughout Great Britain, perhaps, but in the areas that are already undergoing the total transformation to which there is no parallel in a thousand years of English history.

In 15 or 20 years, on present trends, there will be in this country three and a half million Commonwealth immigrants and their descendants. That is not my figure. That is the official figure given to parliament by the spokesman of the Registrar General's Office.