

or rather movement control. Yet for any particular country the creation of a world state alone would not alter any of the problems that had been used as a justification for immigration control. There would be no more and no fewer jobs available in Britain; there would still be a housing shortage; there would still be the clash of cultures and customs, the danger of racial tensions. Are we really able to believe that control is justified when there is no international government but unjustified when there is, even though the case for control is exactly the same?

If, then, it be conceded that the rights of a nation state to limit immigration are the same as those of local governments, it is established that the statement in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights is illogical. But in which way? On the one hand it can be argued that since counties have no right to control immigration,

“The Land was Put Here By The Great Spirit”

IN HIS BOOK, *Blackfoot Trails*, E. A. Corbett says that one of the greatest chiefs in the history of the Blackfoot Confederacy was Crowfoot, known personally to hundreds of the old-timers of Southern Alberta from the days when the ranchers began to settle in the country till the time of his death in April, 1890. The following is an extract from chapter XI:

“When the Commissioners first approached Crowfoot they told him that all the tribes to the south and east had signed treaties and were living on reservations and getting on well. They advised Crowfoot and his followers to give up their roaming existence and settle down in the same way.

“This first meeting took place at Milk River in Southern Alberta and the story is told that on that occasion the white men spread a lot of one-dollar bills on the ground and said: ‘This is what the white man trades with, this is his buffalo robe. Just as you trade with skins, we trade with these pieces of paper.’

“Then the old chief picked up one of the dollar bills, which had on it a picture of a man with a bald head, and looking around at his men, Crowfoot said: ‘Stiki Kinkinasi’ — ‘Bald Head.’

“When the white chief had laid all his money on the ground and shown how much he would give if the Indians would sign a treaty, the red man took a handful of clay and made a ball of it, and put it on the fire and cooked it; it did not crack.

“Then he said to the white man: ‘Now put your money on the fire and see if it will last as long as the clay.’

Then the white chief said: ‘No. My money will burn because it is made of paper.’ Then, with an amused gleam in his piercing grey eyes, the old chief said: ‘Oho. Your money is not as good as our land, is it? The wind will

neither have nation states, though in practice they do; and on the other hand that since nation states have the right to control immigration, so have counties, though in practice they do not. The principle of freedom of movement does not help, for, as we have seen earlier, freedom of movement is justifiably qualified in each of its three aspects, and it cannot therefore be said that further qualifications are necessarily bad.

In approaching the fundamental question of whether or not immigration should be controlled, we have gone as far as orthodox thinking can take us, and have reached stalemate. In the next article a completely fresh line of reasoning will be used to put the case for freedom; and in the three articles after that there will be a detailed examination of the various arguments for control. The final article will summarise the conclusion reached.

blow it away; fire will burn it; water will rot it. Nothing can destroy our land. You don't make very good trade.’

“Then, with a smile, the dignified chief of the Blackfoot picked up a handful of sand from the bank of the Milk River; this he handed to the white man and said: ‘You count the grains of sand in that while I count the money you offer for my land.’

“The white chief poured the sand into the palm of his hand and said: ‘I would not live long enough to count this, but you can count that money in a few minutes.’

“‘Very well,’ said the wise Crowfoot, ‘our land is more valuable than your money. It will last for ever. It will not perish as long as the sun shines and the water flows, and through all the years it will give life to men and beasts. We cannot sell the lives of men and animals, and therefore we cannot sell the land. It was put here by the Great Spirit and we cannot sell it because it does not really belong to us. You can count your money and burn it with the nod of a buffalo's head, but only the Great Spirit can count the grains of sand and the blades of grass on these plains. As a present to you we will give you anything we have that you can take with you, but the land we cannot give!’

THE story goes that the King granted “as much land in the New Forest as the Bishop of Winchester, on his hands and knees, could crawl round in a day.” He must have thought, having regard to the normal conformation of bishops, that he was not going to lose much land. But this bishop was an athletic man and a keen sportsman. He chose the best bit of snipe-shooting in the forest, took advantage of a rather foolish slip on the part of His Majesty, who had said “in a day” instead of (as he undoubtedly meant) “in daylight,” and crawled round it in twenty-four hours.

—From *Portrait of The New Forest*, by Brian Vesey-FitzGerald. Robert Hale, 25s.