

Extracts from a recent commentary
on the International News, broadcast
from the Main National Stations of
the NZBS

waged in their midst, right as we talked. Occasionally one ran into active agents of one side or the other, but that was rare. Yet there was not the slightest dearth of devoted political workers—on one side, anyway. The struggle interested me, in one particular aspect. Many of my American friends later asked me to account for the one in three voters in France and Italy who votes the Communist line. It was difficult for me to explain once I'd left Europe that a vote for Communism is often really a vote against something else, something quite different—the local rates, the state of the drains, the bad season for the grapes. In sum this vote looks formidable but it isn't really so. It is more statistically impressive than significant. The struggle for men's minds is not won—nor is it, even, a one-sided struggle. And that is where we come in.

The evils of democracy misused are the weapons of Russian Imperialism. (And, by the way, do let us use words that really mean something. Russian Imperialism is not Communism any more than Formosa is China.) Now the protest against these abuses is usually led by good and earnest men—frequently brave ones, too. They vote Communism. It is their gesture of protest. That is as true in Indo-China as it is in the town council elections of Ferrara. And of course they're used for Communist ends. If the people could see democracy really work, clear of the back-room bargains between political parties and the pious attempts at election rigging, they'd be on our side. And they are the natural leaders, too. Now, how is this to be done? That is where New Zealand comes in.

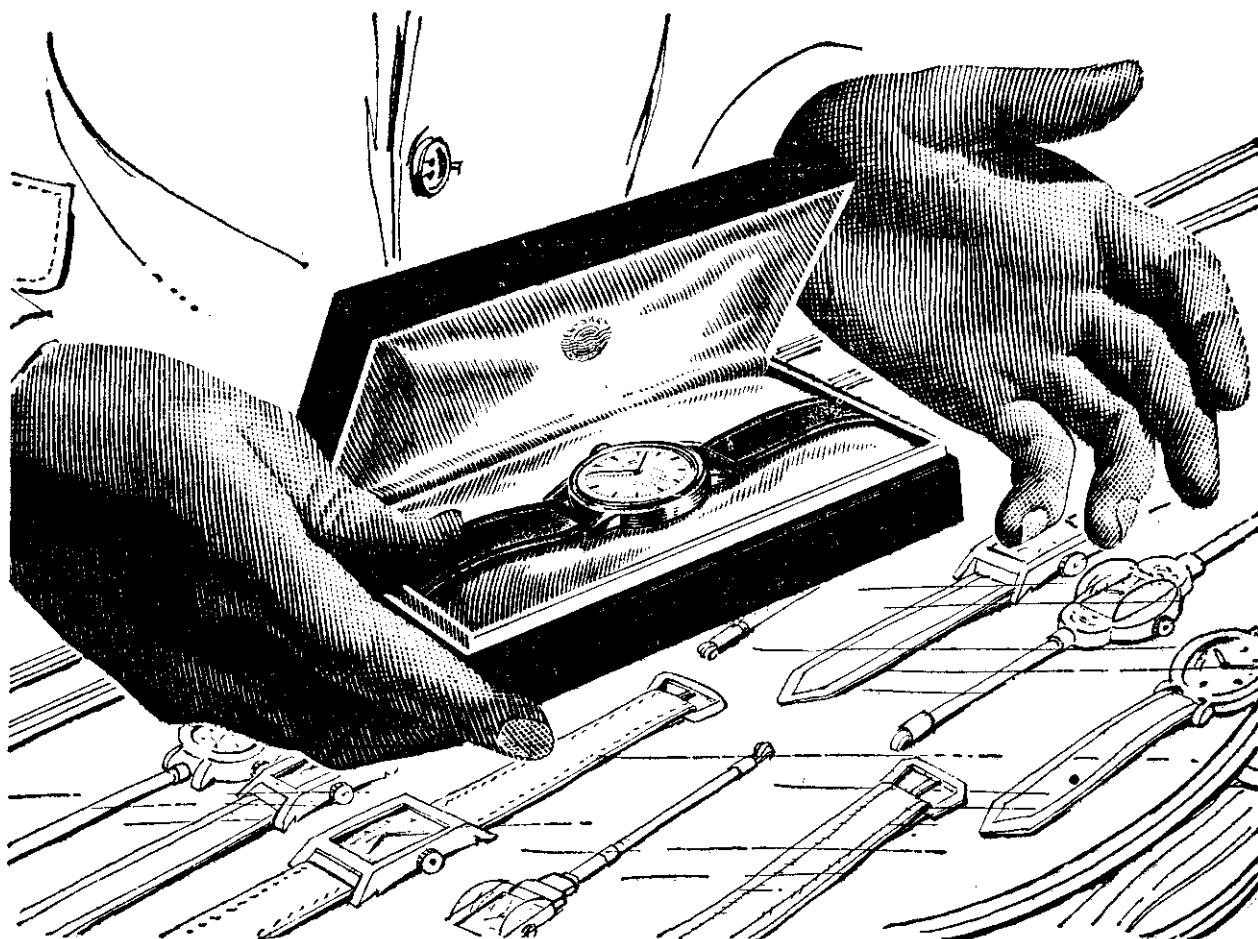
Recently in Europe I've been looking, not at how governments work but how the governed feel they work. I've been passed from hand to hand through some of the poorest homes I'd ever bear to see again. And everywhere, under the shadow of the imminent war, people told me indignantly of the breakdown of justice, the whittling away of freedoms; they spoke with contempt, or rage, of their governments. I could always secure an audience when I spoke of how we managed our affairs. Our role in the great struggle is a small one, but it is important. We are a laboratory demonstration. Our immense advantages in our high level of general education, our high standard of living and the like, are lost at the distance of European or Asiatic observation. If they see us at all, we appear as a folk who manage their affairs most extraordinarily well. However smug that may sound, it has the virtue of truth . . .

We in New Zealand, a little detached by reason of distance, see clearly that time is on our side, for us and for all the world's folk. If only some military-minded fool doesn't provoke a crisis. In time, if we are allowed time, politics will catch up with science. It isn't beyond man's wit to handle this problem—he just hasn't applied his wits to it . . .

—J. D. McDONALD,
March 13, 1954.

N.Z. LISTENER, APRIL 2, 1954.

TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS



More than two hands

SOME DEALINGS over a counter are impersonal. Hands hand out soap, sugar, cigarettes. Hands take your money. But choose a watch—and your jeweller is much more than two hands.

He knows about watches. He likes talking about watches. He's a specialist. The Swiss watchmakers who spent years learning their craft—the inventors, research workers, precision-tool-makers who keep Switzerland a jump ahead of world competitors—all want you to buy a fine Swiss jewelled-lever watch only from a qualified jeweller. Because they want expert work to reach you through an expert.

Only the jeweller can tell you how to know a watch that will last from one that won't. Only the jeweller can tell you just what you're getting for your money. Only the jeweller can guarantee that a new watch is in the perfect order in which it left the maker. Only from the jeweller can you be sure of skilled servicing. Why not use him?



Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

The WATCHMAKERS



OF SWITZERLAND