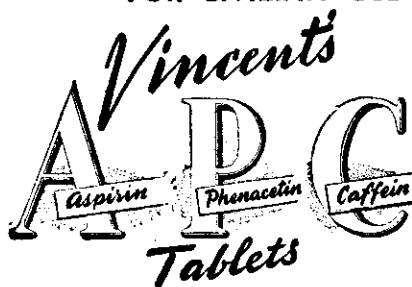


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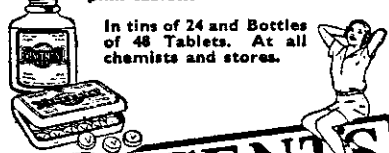
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To relieve the Pain,  
**PHENACETIN—**  
Helps to reduce Temperature,  
**CAFFEIN—**  
To stimulate the Nervous System

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ALEXANDER and the housing shortage. HANNIBAL never went through "the Rehab."

HENRY V. in a cigarette queue?



## AFTER THE LAST WAR—Was It Very Different?

(Written for The Listener by C.T.)

JUST as a matter of curiosity I turned up the files of a New Zealand newspaper the other day for January, 1919. It could have been 1873, 1906, or 1935, but there was a special reason for making it 1919.

About that time we—that is, those of us no longer youthful—had just emerged from the "war to end war." You will, by casting your memory back, be able to recall which war I mean. The one to make the world safe for democracy.

It occurred to me that some of the problems of 1919 were similar to the problems of 1945-46. And as the only problems of 1919 which come to mind were those of attempting to understand quadratic equations, the traditional contrariness of young girls in their 'teens, and how to make 6½d last till Friday, it follows that a refresher course in the events of 26 years ago could do me no harm.

There was confirmation, pages of it, that our post-war worries, handicaps, nuisances, plagues, and headaches were very, very similar to what they are to-day. If the newspaper files had been available I would have checked on condi-

tions after the Hundred Years' War, the War of the Roses, and Caesar's Third Punic War.

Come to think of it, history is rather reticent concerning the aftermath of wars . . . Except to tell us another war started. Henry V., for instance, must have cut a magnificent figure at Agincourt, but did he ever have to wait in a cigarette queue? Hannibal, as a superman of other days, got a lot of publicity, but I'll wager he never "went through the Rehab." Nor would Alexander the Great have felt so great about the housing shortage.

### A Familiar Ring

But to return to January, 1919. To appreciate that there is nothing new under the sun (much) I quote a few items from the news in the uneasy, cynical, turbulent, perplexed, harum-scarum world the Diggers of 1914-18 returned to. Was it greatly different from the world our Kiwis of 1945 have returned to? Judge for yourself.

For a start there was a shipping deadlock in Sydney and a revolution in Argentina. Perhaps there's no coincidence there, as the events and the places are as akin as eggs and bacon, or lamb and green peas.

British warships were shelling, not Sourabaya, but Riga. According to that legendary celebrity, the Riga correspondent of *The Times*, British troops fighting in Russia were "not taking sides, but protecting British subjects and financial interests."

Atrocity stories were the vogue. In those days the Bolsheviks, the Turks and "the unspeakable Hun" were devils incarnate. Bolsheviks all wore thick, black beards, bared their teeth, and waved blood-stained daggers.

International jurists were trying to pin responsibility for the war on the Kaiser . . . France would demand heavy reparations at the Peace Conference . . . Hundreds of New Zealanders were stranded in London . . . Shipping scarcity . . . Reference in a Wellington message to "the perennial trouble of the coal shortage" . . . complaints about overcrowded and insanitary housing . . .

Yes, there's a familiar ring. And what of this one? "The position of imported fruit is the worst for 20 years in Auckland. A leading fruit auctioneer blames Government muddling and interference."

Or this: "The Government is introducing standardisation of boot manufacture and fixed retail prices."

Towards the end of the second decade of this century the idea of preparing in advance for re-absorption of returned men into industry was more or less novel. Consequently, two months after the Armistice we read this: "With the return of each successive draft of soldiers from overseas problems of repatriation, and especially the difficulty of finding suitable employment, become more acute. Caesar had the same trouble.

Mr. J. T. M. Hornsby, M.P., reported the paper, made some trenchant remarks about the demand of the Auckland L.R.C. that that law which disfranchised military defaulters should be repealed.

So much for analogies. Now for some contrasts. It seems there were only two shortages in the cities worthy of comment—olive oil and bananas. We were out of bananas for a whole fortnight. But we could order a case of Scotch whisky anywhere for—hold your breath—£5! We could take our pick from half a column of furnished flats and apartments with rents averaging 12/- a week. We could buy a five-seater American car, "hardly soiled," for £130, a Grant three-seater for £160, or in a mood of reckless extravagance invest in a Cadillac for £290. We could have seen a land agent about "a modern home in select situation with well-laid-out grounds" for £1,030 or toyed with the idea of buying a six-roomed house (section 99 by 177) with orchard and fowl-run for £800.

We could, if we were young and feminine, with the mothering instinct well developed, have accepted a position as probationer at the Tauranga Hospital at £26 per annum.

### Those Fashion Ads!

Incidentally, I came across an advertisement which would make almost any 1945 motorist moan like a wounded doe. At "greatly reduced rates" £5,000 worth of new tyres were for sale. As to-day, there was a keen demand then for machinists, improvers, finishers and pressers. One firm wanted 50 young girls to learn blouse, costume and dress-making, but it did not offer, with the job, free creches, clinics, cabarets, "perms" and Turkish baths.

What broths of girls they were, peering coyly from the fashion ads. of the newspapers! Clad in high-waisted floral frocks, they smiled coquettishly under the brims of heavily-crowned hats

(continued on next page)

**Here's a family that's  
CLEAR about Health!**

They're bright and energetic because they all occasionally take a glass of sparkling Andrews. Andrews helps to refresh the mouth and tongue; soothes the stomach and relieves acidity, one of the chief causes of indigestion; acts directly on the liver and checks biliousness; gently clears the bowels, correcting constipation. Keep a tin of Andrews handy.

Make yourself CLEAR — say  
**ANDREWS**  
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Scott & Turner Ltd., Andrews House, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England. 19A