THEY TOP THE FASHION LIST

There are four of the women named as among the best dressed in the world. From left: Princess Sirikit of Thailand; Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, wife of the late president; Princess Lee Radziwill, Mrs. Kennedy's sister; and Mrs. Rose Kennedy, mother of the late president.

(AP Wirephoto)

ELLEN'S DIARY

Snow-Bared Fields Gave Green Promise Of Spring

"I like to walk on grass" Peter remarked with a pleased smile this morning, when along grassy ways we carried a pan of ashes from the kitchen range down to spread on the damp of the front meadow, to lie harmlessly, yet helpfully there.

"No hardware in that, is there Ellen — no nails or the like?" James called after us, from the yard.

"No hardware" we replied.

Peter grinned up at us.

"And" he nodded, "it's right to ask that. We don't want any dead animals about, do we?"

With James, we had stepped on grass and also, in the spell of mildness the winter had accorded us, on bare trails on Christmas Day, when giving in to a whim, we chose to walk rather than drive the (approximate) mile which lies between these homes and those at Rob's, the elder son of this house. We were to join Jamie, Elva and the three children at the festive dinner there... So enjoyable a time that was, the diningroom table prettily spread, the meal delectable, the brightness of the fire in the livingroom, with its lights aglow reflected in the eyes and on the faces of the small ones, who had found that indeed and in some miraculous way Santa had come to fill stockings and leave packages under the tree, while they slept. No great gifts he left either there or at the house across the lane, nevertheless tokens of love. Gordie's seemingly favorite gifts were the small machines — tractors and such. Wendy's new doll was carried with her when she went to her afternoon nap. And Cathy amused herself with bright toys in her playpen, or standing confidently now, looked out from there happily to her world about.

"Let's go by way of the wood-road" we proposed to James when we were on our way up the lane which leads to the fields ... On that wood-road one catches the scent of the woodlands — of fir and spruce, of moss and bracken, glimpses rabbit and squirrel, and maybe feathered creatures of woodland haunts, and from the height there can enjoy an engaging view of the countryside for some miles about.

"I'd say, Ellen" James offered, "since we have little time to spare, we'd better take a more direct route. The next time we'll go that way."

So skirting areas of stumpland that "by rights should be cleared and cropped" we walked thither by way of the fields. We saw as in the spring, the green promise of clovers in a meadow, met the flock of sheep grazing as in summer, on an upland field, looked in on cow-kind wintering cozily in the far barns. And much enjoyed our walk. And returning to join the folks in the house across the lane at supper, saw the twilight shadows dim the valley's hills. So our Christmas Day passed.

Bare then the fields were. Tonight however they are again lightly white-spread.

"But it's not cold" Mack, come by, reminds us.

Not cold. No frost on the panes. Little wind. But Winter's signature in charming white script is to be read on roof and on the yards.

Until tomorrow — Diary — Good - night.....

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Polish chrome pieces with dry baking soda on a dry cloth. They'll sparkle.

Shorten baking time for potatoes by soaking them first in very hot water.

MISSIONARY PRAISED

ROTTERDAM (AP) — Dutch Roman Catholic missionaries who witnessed the killing of Scottish missionary James Rogers by Congo rebels at Wamba said Saturday his death was an "act of brotherhood in Christ." Rev. C. Meeuwese and Rev. P. Schouten said the Scot could have survived, but he wanted to stay with American missionary William McChesney until death.

Congo Is Viewed As Implausible Farce Twisted By Push And Pull Of Politics

By SAUL PETT

LEOPOLDVILLE (AP) — A Congolese woman emerges from a mud hut, a baby wrapped around her back, a pile of laundry balanced on her head, a facial cut covered by an antiseptic patch and a witch doctor's dirty charm.

On the road, a black man in a homburg roars past in a Mercedes. He is a cabinet member, whose only earlier office experience was as a postal clerk.

The car rolls toward the tall, glassy buildings of Leopoldville, rising incongruously from the bank of a muddy river packed with crocodiles. This is the capital of a country torn by civil war and bloodletting.

Outside the city, there is supposed to be an armed roadblock to keep out enemy infiltrators. But it is after five o'clock and there is no roadblock. The sentries have gone home, as they do on Saturdays and Sundays or any day it rains.

IS TRAGIC FARCE

The Congo is an implausible farce gone berserk with blood and tears, an overwhelming tangle of compressed time, internal chaos, riotous ineptitude and shocking genocide. And all of it is twisted into further shapelessness by the push and pull of world politics, by clashing ideologies in a country where people couldn't care less about any ideology. China is aiding the Congo's rebels and Western countries the central government.

The tragedy of The Congo is that of a people who became independent without any preparation in a world which gave it no time to learn to govern itself. Independence came four years ago, suddenly. It was like leaving a big house to untamed children, without a baby-sitter, with all the burners going in the oven, and the meat knives on the table and the car keys within easy reach. Chaos was inevitable.

The problems of 1960 remain the problems of 1964. A country one-quarter the size of Canada, with a population of 15,000,000, still has no sense of being a nation, no urge toward unity, no central government or army which can function without foreign help. It is plagued by ancient tribalism, with dozens of different languages, dialects and feuds. On one 300-mile stretch of railway, the train crew must be changed seven times. Crews of alien tribes would be butchered.

The Congo became independent after 80 years of frequently harsh and always profitable rule by the Belgians. When it became independent it had not a single Congolese college graduate, not one Congolese doctor or lawyer, engineer or military officer or any individual trained for government.

Four years later, it has only a handful of each, and the results are frequently incredible slapstick.

PAY OR ELSE

Moise Tshombe, a relatively-well-educated Congolese, is premier. Because of bureaucratic confusion and red tape Tshombe and his whole government were in office four months before they got paid. They were paid only after the premier gave the finance minister an ultimatum to issue cheques by noon or be fired.

Like primitive art, graft in The Congo avoids subtle abstractions. Last spring, the whole cabinet of the province of which Stanleyville is the capital casually voted themselves and drew in advance two years "severance pay" of 19,000,000 francs (about $126,000). Before they were fired, the 12 ministers also pocketed 56,000,000 francs (about $360,000) intended for police and teachers, who went unpaid for months.

From May to October, there was a Congo-wide strike of teachers. Many had not been paid for two years, although the central government had sent the money. Estimates of this embezzlement range from $40,000,000 to $50,000,000.

No one, not even its commander - in - chief, can tell the size of the National Congolese Army within 10 per cent, says a United States military expert. A local garrison force may exist only on paper while its commander pockets the payroll.

TURN AND RUN

The fighting qualities of the Congolese army, says the American officer, ranges from "poor to impossible." Early in the rebellion, the rebels were fighting only with spears, machetes and arrows. Against such opposition, an army column armed with rifles turned and ran so fast it left its commander to be killed while trying to catch the last truck.

When Stanleyville, the second city of The Congo with a population of 300,000, fell to the rebels last August, the total attacking force was 100 men in six trucks. Other towns have fallen as the result of a telephone call. The rebels simply phoned ahead and said they were coming.

Students of The Congo agree that four years of independence have meant only grim irony to the average Congolese. Patrice Lumumba and other demagogic politicians had told them they would inherit the white man's world—his car, his home, his shop. They haven't.

Only the 50,000 Congolese who have replaced the Belgians on the government payrolls are doing better. In The Congo, as elsewhere in black Africa, they form the new African aristocracy. They moved into the big colonial houses on the river. They drive the big cars. They eat in the few good restaurants.

HITS THEM HARD

For the rest, independence has meant fewer jobs, fewer goods, fewer medical facilities, galloping inflation, a Congolese franc that is worthless outside the country, public services and roads ruined by neglect, ineptitude and revolution.

In four years, the non-Congolese population has dropped to 40,000 from about 200,000. Those who remain, still control the economy. The shops and small businesses are still owned by the Portuguese, the Greeks and Indians. The giant copper-mining combines like Union Miniere, the big palm oil, rubber and coffee plantations, are still profitable, still in the hands of Belgians and other Europeans.

The Congolese who works in the city as a manual laborer or houseboy earns about 4,000 francs a month, which at the official rate of exchange is about $26 but in the more realistic black market, is only $16. At 4,000 francs a month, he is earning twice what he did before independence. In the bush, the small Congolese farmer now gets six francs, instead of three, for a kilo of peanuts. But the bush farmer and the city worker now have to pay 500 francs for the same shirt that used to cost 50.

CITY DEGENERATES

In Leopoldville where there used to be flowers and grass, there now are weeds. The streets reek with the stench of uncollected garbage and worse. The unemployed stand idle and sullen on street corners while black members of the Salvation Army sing stout songs of hope. There is little hope in The Congo.

All along in The Congo, there were genuine seeds of rebellion spawned by the political confusion, the disillusion of independence, the official graft and disorder. The revolts began as small scattered movements with recruits armed only with spears, machetes and arrows. They were hopped up on hemp and emboldened by a "magic" their leaders told them would make them immune to bullets. The national army caved in and the rebellion spread with the capture of government rifles and automatic weapons.

Europe and North America were shocked to learn that about 100 whites were killed. Little attention was given the fact that thousands of Congolese have died during rebel-government warfare. The minimum estimate on tears is 20,000.

MAY BE 100,000

Others think the rebels have slaughtered more than 100,000 fellow-Congolese, many bodies yet to be found in the thick bush and muddy rivers. For obscure reasons, the rebels relished killing Congolese "intellectuals," those with anything more than a rudimentary education — the people without whom The Congo cannot survive regardless of who runs it.

The revolution became heavy with Communist slogans after Chinese weapons and money showed up. But few people think any real ideology is involved. In black Africa, civil wars are fought between those on the government payroll and those not. Politically, the rebels were always ready to swing in any direction.

The United Nations still has here a technical assistance force of 2,000 hurrying to teach the Congolese government mechanical skills. More Congolese are receiving a university education here and abroad. Army officers are being trained in Belgium and Israel. The one hope of The Congo, in the minds of Western diplomats, is that it can learn to govern itself before revolt splits it into irreparable parts.

Meanwhile, the confused black man asks pathetically: "When will this Independence end?"

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Women

HAPPENINGS

Audrey Jenkins, Women's Editor. Phone 4 8506

Mrs Vincent McGrath of Morell had as Christmas day guests her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Chaisson and their 11 children; her daughter, Mrs. Charlie Doiron and Mr. Doiron of St. Charles and their six children, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Chaisson and six children from Carleton Siding.

Mr. McGrath, their step-father, who is in his 94th year, claims it was the best Christmas he has ever spent.

Vera Gallant left Monday for Ottawa, Ont. after spending the Christmas week-end visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gallant, St. Charles.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Glover, Mt. Stewart spent Christmas and the week-end with their son, Stanley and his wife and family in Dartmouth, N.S.

Blanche Frizzell, Charlottetown spent Christmas and the holiday weekend with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Frizzell, Eldon.

Sterling Baker, Toronto spent a week with his parents, Mr and Mrs. Percy Baker, Bristol. He accompanied Elayne MacDonald from Toronto to attend the funeral of her grandmother, Mrs. Alex H. MacDonald. Elayne spent Christmas with her pareats, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd MacDonald, Lorne Valley. She returns to Toronto, where she is employed with Imperial Life Assurance, on Jan. 3.

The interior of the Eastern Kings rink in Souris is receiving a coat of paint as part of face-lifting renovations being carried out. It's expected the rink will be in operation shortly.

P.W.C. student Lola Anne Shaw is spending the holiday season with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Shaw, Lorne Valley.

Mr. and Mrs James Allaby have returned to their home in Saint John, N.B., after visiting with Mrs Allaby's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fulton Warren, North River.

The Millcove School Concert was presented in Corran Ban Hall to a packed audience of parents and friends. The programme of these youthful performers, which was well carried out, was under the direction of their teachers Sister Mary Austin, Maureen MacDonald and music teacher, Mrs. Joseph McQuaid.

Holiday visitors in the Covehead - Corran Ban area included Gerald Mitchell of Montreal visiting with his parents, Mr and Mrs Harold Mitchell; Mary MacDougall of Boston with parents Mr. and Mrs. Aeneas MacDougall; Edward McQuaid of the RCAF who holidayed with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bazil McQuaid; Joseph MacDougall with parents Mr. and Mrs. Aeneas MacDougall; Patrick Hughes from Ont. to vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hughes.

Betty Ching RN, of the P.E.I. Hospital was a holiday visitor at her home, Black Pond.

Mr. and Mrs. Edison Hardy, Dartmouth, spent Christmas with Mr. Hardy's mother, Mrs. Elby Hardy, York.

IDA BAILEY ALLEN

Gingerbread From Mix Squares Away Dessert

WINTER, particularly, is the time of year when colds plague the land.

One of the safest and surest precautions against "catching cold" is an adequate intake of Vitamin C daily. Citrus fruits are the best natural source of this vitamin, and they represent the most economical and pleasant food - asset for good health yet discovered.

MONDAY DINNER

Cole Slaw with
Caraway Cream Dressing
Pot Roast Spanish
Saffron Rice
Spinach with Egg-Viniagrette Sauce
Orange - Gingerbread Squares With Cubed or
Whipped Cream Cheese
Or Sliced Bananas with
Honeyed Orange Juice
Coffee or Tea Milk

Measurements level; recipes for 6 to 8

POT ROAST SPANISH

¼ tsp. powdered marjoram
2 bay leaves, crushed
1 section garlic, crushed
1 cored green pepper, minced
1 small onion, fine - chopped
3 to 4 lbs. boned rump of beef or chuck, rolled
¼ c. Spanish olive oil
1 (lb.) can tomato (mashed)
1 tbsp sugar
¼ tsp. ground cinnamon
⅛ tsp. ground clove
1 c. red wine or unsweetened grape juice
1 tbsp. red wine vinegar
2½ tsp. salt

Mix marjoram, bay leaves and garlic. Add green pepper and rub over meat. Cover; let stand an hr. at room temperature.

Measure olive oil in deep heavy kettle; place meat in it, and brown in oil over high heat.

Add tomato, sugar, cinnamon, clove, wine, vinegar and salt; cover. Simmer-cook 3 to 4 hrs. or until meat is fork - tender.

ORANGE - GINGERBREAD SQUARES

1 pkg. gingerbread mix
1 c. warmed orange juice, not hot
½ tsp. fine - grated orange rind
1 tbsp. cooking oil
1 egg

Generously oil 9" square pan; dust with flour. Turn upside down and tap to remove any loose flour.

Empty contents of pkg. of gingerbread mix into 2-qt. bowl. Stir in orange juice, orange rind and cooking oil. Add egg. Beat 2 min. by mixer, medium speed; 200 strokes by hand. Pour into pan. Bake 30 min. in mod. oven, 350 degrees F.

TIPS FROM THE CHEF

Orange juice is as valuable when added in preparing foods as when enjoyed as a beverage.

One caution: heat, but do not boil it.

Try it in tomato bouillon; in saucing carrots and other vegetables; in making gelatin; in savory or sweet sauces: in custard desserts; chiffon pies; or the orange - gingerbread we column today.

MARY HAWORTH

All Neighbors Rejected Former Mental Patients

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: Perhaps you will recall newspaper stories about the little help that U.S. soldiers gave to one another during the last world war.

Along the same line you might be interested in the type of woman who resides in the average U.S. apartment house.

I have known of two women who, when they returned from confinement in mental institutions, were completely ignored by their neighbors.

The neighbors greeted them hastily and hustled away. This went on for some time. Eventually one of the women committed suicide. The other was sent back to the institution. I believe this was due to the neighbors' "holier - than - thou" attitudes.

Why can't women think for themselves and be friendly and helpful, instead of hating and feeling superior? None acted on their own; they just seemed to band together and act as a group in hatefully rejecting the individual in need.

Please write about the above. Perhaps you could even save lives by doing so. A. B.

DEAR A.B.: Speaking of newspaper accounts of the little help that U.S. soldiers gave to one another during the last war, I'll have to say, in honesty, that I don't recall reading anything to that precise effect.

It seems to me, however, that something of the sort was rumored with respect to certain American soldiers taken captive by the Communist forces and imprisoned indefinitely as a result of the Korean conflict. Or was it only the defecting GI prisoners in that engagement who acquired the inglorious reputation of "looking out for No. 1"?

In any case, I would suppose that such poor souls, incapable of being fully human in their dealings with their countrymen in need (and to be fully human is to show a spark of the divine), were largely the victims of the home background environments that had shaped them before they went into the Army.

I would suppose that they had been conditioned more in ignorance, meanness, fear and distrust, than in understanding, enlightenment, generosity and courage, from the cradle upwards.

And I think we have to face the probability that much the same yardstick applies to assorted apartment house dwellers who would shrink en masse from being friendly with a neighbor who had just come home from a mental hospital.

Thus I feel we should make appropriate symathetic allowance for the apartment dwellers' standoffishness, since their behavior is due (undoubtedly) to "not knowing any better."

It is an instinctive human reflex at the primitive level (of unenlightenment), to draw back in awe or uncertainty from the unknown factor in life or nature. And to most people, mental illness is a great mystery, an unfathomable experience, which sets up a barrier (so the average layman thinks) to communication between the patient and the non - specialist.

And inasmuch as most people are non - specialists with regard to mental illness (the specialists: analysts, psychiatrists, psychologists, amounting to only a handful of the population), perhaps we shouldn't be too surprised, nor judge too harshly, if and when our uncomprehending, vaguely fearful neighbors turn their backs on the opportunity to lend vital encouragement to a convalescent mental patient whose full recovery may depend upon just such casual helpfulness.

In short, for whatever consolation it may afford, I am suggesting that those tragically unsatisfactory neighbors of yours probably weren't motivated by hate (as you think), so much as by a primitive brand of ignorance and fear, in bypassing the chance you mention, to do good in the world.

Also, of course, there is always the possibility that some fool neighbor, with the best of intentions, rushing in where angles would fear to tread, might do more harm than good, trying to help a former mental patient get reoriented to society, without knowing how. M.H.

Mary Haworth counsels through her column, not by mail or personal interview. Write her in care of The Guardian.

F/O G. R. AND MRS. LAVERS

Residing In Summerside Following Winter Wedding

Immaculate Conception Church, Rivers, was the setting for a wedding, when Patricia Maureen, daughter of Mrs. Rhea Thompson and the late Mr. Basil N. Thompson, was united in marriage with FO Gerald Raymond Lavers, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick R. Lavers of Kensington, P.E.I. Rev. Allan Hall officiated. Mrs. John Gibbons of Oak River played the wedding music.

The bride, given in marriage by George Allen chose a floor length gown of peau de soie. The fitted bodice, with lace appliques, featured a round neckline and lily point sleeves. The controlled skirt swept to a bustle back and was accented with lace appliques. A peau de soie rose, circled with petals of lace and seed pearls, held her bouffant veil. She carried a cascade bouquet of stephanotis and a mauve orchid.

Eveline Fourneaux of St. Boniface, cousin of the bride, was bridesmaid. She wore a floor length sheath gown of French blue nylon chiffon. A matching fabric flower held a short circular veil. She carried a cascade bouquet of white feathered chrysanthemums.

The mother of the bride wore a day length dress of royal blue silk crepe with matching accessories. Her corsage was of red sweetheart roses.

Richard Fourneaux, cousin of the bride, was best man. Denis Delorme, cousin of the bride, ushered the guests.

Father Hall proposed the toast to the bride at the reception held in the Alexandra Hotel.

For travelling the bride chose a two-piece blue velvet ensemble with black velvet hat and black patent accessories. Her corsage was of pink sensation roses.

FO and Mrs. Lavers will reside in Summerside, P.E.I., following a wedding trip to the northern United States and Eastern Canada.

DECRIES CHAMPAGNE

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont. (CP) The serving of champagne at a dance party in Windsor Castle Monday night for Prince Charles and Princess Anne was described as "bloody awful" Tuesday night by an official of the Ontario Temperance Federation. The criticism came at the Ontario youth conference on alcohol problems which is sponsored by the federation.

Tests Determine Youth's Fitness

By JOHN MOSHER

FREDERICTON (CP)—A national random sampling of school children's physical condition is under way for the Canadian Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation.

It has started in Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Eight schools in New Brunswick and one in Prince Edward Island will be selected by mid-January for the testing program. Professor G. B. Thompson, a University of New Brunswick faculty member, is senior investigator for the project in the two Atlantic provinces.

About 11,000 boys and girls aged seven to 17, in 160 elementary and secondary schools across the country, will be tested by a new Canadian physical fitness "battery."

Co-operating in the program to establish national norms of physical fitness are 14 universities, all provincial education departments and the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. The work is to be completed next year.

BEGIN WITH SITUPS

Youngsters taking the tests in two classrooms in each of the nine New Brunswick - Prince Edward Island schools will total about 600.

Testers have been trained here at UNB. From three to six will visit the schools. Preliminary trials indicate the tests require two class periods of about two hours for 30 to 36 pupils.

The test battery, similar to United States usage, has six phases: A minute of speed situps; standing broad jump; the flexed arm hang (supporting one's weight by the hands); a shuttle run (jumping up from a prone position and running to pick up blocks and bring them back to the starting place—to measure agility and co-ordination); a 50-yard run and a 300-yard run.

"These tests will determine Canadian standards for each and give a total picture of Canadian youth pysically," ays Prof. Thompson.

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