

...to do it. I've been in the kitchen for an hour, but I haven't had a chance to have my company. You know, I'm a woman who works, having guests more trouble than it's worth. Yet the easy grace of not trying to be "special" for company, most of the tension that goes into making parties on the hostess is relieved. Don't be too much when you're having company. One good dish superlatively done is better than several courses with a tired cook who can mostly be done ahead of

...prime, remove the bones, and roll each prime with the chestnut stuffing from the chicken. Roll each prime in a strip of bacon. Reasonably soon before your company arrives, broil these bacon-rolled primes until the bacon is crisp and brown. In a casserole put alternate layers of the slices of chicken, peas which have been previously cooked, and the primes. Pour over enough of the chicken gravy to be a binder, and half an hour before you are ready to eat, put the casserole in a moderate oven, 350° F., to heat and blend. If you prefer, you can add the primes as a top layer to the casserole of chicken and peas just a little while before it is done. The bacon stays crisper this way. A green salad is all you need with this dish, with cake and coffee for dessert.

**GEORDIE**  
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...over and smaller than she was, but a year older, that made them good pals, growing up together in a place where folk were scarce. He walked fast up the path between the birch trees and out on to the open rock grouse were calling all round. They were tame like always in the nesting half dopey, hardly paying heed to and Jean. "Go back, go back," he said, and the wattles were swollen and they were their eyes. Geordie and Jean did not heed them as they were going to the eagles' nest at the end of the glen. Geordie's dad got paid for the eagles safe, which was why he hadn't told him.

There was a steep bed of scree and above that a broken cliff. The eyrie was on a ledge up there. They could see part of the tangled pile of sticks, but there was no sign of either of the eagles. "We'll sit," Geordie stated. So they sat down against a rock and waited for developments. They sat for a long time and nothing happened and the warmth died out of them. Jean gave a shiver. She had on her old kilt and a jersey, and she had thin bare legs. She looked hardy, more like a boy than a girl except for the long pig-tails and the softer face she had. But there was nothing soft about her. Geordie was wearing the shorts made out of dad's old tweed, and he was beginning to feel cold, too, even through his jersey.

...they be hatched yet, Geordie?" "I don't know. It takes an awful long time for them to hatch." "I walked for another hour before they came out of the golden eagles soaring high in the hill. "It'd be a buzzard," said Jean doubt-

The eagle came very fast. He just came from nowhere, and they both saw him swoop low across the rocks with a blue hare in his claws; and he spread all the feathers of his wings against the air so they stood out like broad fingers, and he landed at the nest. "The eggs must be hatched," said Geordie. He stood up. There wasn't any use sitting there getting chilled now that the eagle had come.

...it couldn't," said Geordie. "The eagle won't let a buzzard fly near his nest. Would you be an eagle?" "I was silent, not chattering on his own for Geordie's dad. "I'm a gamekeeper and Jean's dad was a gamekeeper."

Then the eagle flew again and his mate, too, and they both flew round above the nest, showing first against the rock and then against the sky, calling all the time. "Come on," said Geordie. "We'll just take a peek and come away."

...Just the same way, Geordie didn't have a right knowledge of flowers and vegetables, not like the knowledge Jean inherited from her dad. "The burn was much smaller now. It ran up the glen in front of them, and the tumbling water was always in the same place. It was brown clear water, playing round the gray stones and between the banks; peaceful today, but it could be fierce when it carried the torrents of a spring plout.

So he began to climb up the loose slithery scree with Jean struggling along behind him. The two eagles went on swinging above them. They looked terrible big and dark and fierce, but Geordie was going to see the young ones in the nest. That was what he'd come for, and even an eagle has a worse bark than a bite, or that was what dad said. Dad said a missel thrush was fiercer at the nest than an eagle. Still, Geordie couldn't help knowing that a missel thrush didn't have beak and claws strong enough to tear the head off you. But he went on. Dad said, "Even if you're a snippet of a lad, Geordie, I'll grant you leave the determination."

...I passed the hill bothy, a gray stone with a stall where the pony could wait for home in the stalking season. Beyond the hills closed in tight around them. Geordie had been up many times with his father, but he still felt a lonely feeling there. It was a thing you would say about; you could just feel it round about you and in between the back of your neck. "It's a kind of a scary place," said Jean in a small voice. Being a girl, she could say that a boy wouldn't want to be saying. "I know just what you're used to," Geordie said. "I was used to it and she wasn't. "When they reached the very head of the glen where the sun didn't shine. The eagle was out of sight above the hill. "There's the nest," said Geordie, pointing up the hill face in front of them.

Soon he reached the top of the scree, and he stopped a minute to see what was the best way to go. The nest wasn't far above, thirty feet maybe, and most of that was broken rock. There was just the last bit below the ledge looked more difficult. One of the eagles dived down so it passed below Geordie. It wasn't close, but he could hear the swish of the wings and he could see that fierce head turned to watch him all the way. Geordie waved his stick at it. Now he was right in below the ledge and Jean was still close behind him. He could hear the young ones mewling and thrashing

# RICE

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**New Uncle Ben's Rice Recipe  
RICE and CHEESE CASSEROLE**

- 2 cups medium white sauce
- 4 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 4 tablespoons flour
- 2 cups milk
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- dash cayenne
- 1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 3 cups hot cooked Uncle Ben's Rice
- 2 cups grated American cheese
- 1/2 cup well-buttered bread crumbs

Add Worcestershire sauce to white sauce. Alternate layers of rice, cheese, and white sauce in well-greased 2-quart casserole. Sprinkle each layer lightly with paprika. Top with buttered crumbs. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until cheese is melted, 15 or 20 minutes. Garnish with parsley and serve piping hot. Serves six.

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## Uncle Ben's *CONVERTED* RICE

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