Soup's On-Come and Get It!

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Soup's On—Come and Get It

by Louise Peterson

ONLY fifteen days left — fifteen whole days still to be crossed off the calendar before we unearth our suitcases from the mound of trunks and boxes in the storeroom and make them the center of activity for two exciting hours of packing. Whatever else flies into the mixture of formals and flimsies, we mustn't forget to leave room for the crimson and black snow suit and those cozy gay mittens.

Two weeks packed to capacity — dances . . . sleigh rides . . . skating . . . tobogganing . . . Can't you fairly feel those snow crystals whipping up in piercing sprays and enveloping you in a sheath of white? Laughter vibrating and echoing in the valley . . . In anticipation, even the long trudge up the hill takes on those gigantic dimensions of fun!

When the gang back home begins planning for the coating parties, and suggestions are in order, here's an idea that could be included in the plans—and successfully, too.

Let's make it a "Souping Party." After an hour or two of coating in the late afternoon when everyone has come up with glowing cheeks, hoary eye-lashes, breathless, and oh! "just starved," from the last whizzing descent into a downy snow drift there's nothing quite like a bowl of steaming soup to add to the joviality.

First of all we'll have to locate a big caldron—one of those huge black kettles with a base of four rather small legs.

Before the actual coating begins, the carrots, beans, celery, peas, beef or ham cuts, soup bones, noodles, or whatever has been donated, can be all stirred into a general concoction while the fellows build a huge fire—one that will serve a double purpose—to brew the soup and to warm numbed toes and fingers. When hungry-time comes around, and the lady in the moon has lighted her lamp, the steaming caldron with its appetizing aromas and the glowing logs will be more than welcome. Crackers or hot dogs and toasted marshmallows will bring applause from those who have spent several hours in the chill December air.

When the last of the food is gone and each one is warm and in that singing mood that invariably accompanies a bonfire, let's start home to the tune of "Jingle Bells." Incidentally, it would be a grand opportunity for some real old-fashioned Christmas carolling. It'll be so much fun, and so in tune with Christmas time. Let's do it!