

# Kids Korner

## Snooky And The Homemade Chocolate Milk In Grandma's Summer Kitchen

Every weekday after school, a fourth-grade girl called "Snooky," would go straight to her grandmother's old-fashioned "summer" kitchen and fix herself a tall glass of homemade chocolate milk.

"Yummee!" Snooky would say, downing a tumbler full of the creamy drink and smacking her lips afterward. "That really hits the spot."

A few moments later she would take the glass into the regular kitchen where her grandma cooked meals for her grandfather and two men who needed a home.

"Thank you, Grandma," Snooky would say, rinsing the cloudy, milk-stained glass under the water tap. Then the glass would be set aside until the next time her grandma washed the dishes in hot, soapy water.

Meanwhile, with her tongue, Snooky would continue licking the brown streak of chocolate residue that was still above her lip.

"You're welcome, Snooky," Grandma would say and shoo off her youngest granddaughter across the dirt driveway to her own house.

Snooky thought Grandma always knew how hungry a kid was after walking a mile and a half home from school. That's why Grandma could be counted on to have something tasty stashed away in the summer kitchen.

Maybe kids today never heard of a summer kitchen. It was a pantry, a work area, kitchen, and diningroom all rolled into one. Snooky's grandparents would always eat their meals there in the summer because it was so cool and comfortable. The regular diningroom was used only when company came calling.

This summer kitchen had a modern big electric refrigerator where Snooky's grandma would store the raw cow's milk from the farm. The milk was not pasteurized or homogenized.

Her grandma would skim off most of the thick cream that rose to the top of the milk. She would save it for later to churn into butter. And another thing her grandma did with the cream was to whip it up all light and fluffy with sugar for a luscious topping to slather on desserts like gingerbread.

Anyway, since her grandma didn't always want to stop her work to prepare Snooky's chocolate milk, she showed Snooky how to do it herself.

Snooky would begin by measuring out a heaping teaspoon of powdery cocoa from the Hershey's can to drop into the glass tumbler. A little brown cloud would rise out of the glass and she would swoosh at it with her hand.

She would heap in sugar that was at least double the amount of cocoa.

"Let's see," she would murmur, "I need a dash of salt, too." So she would get the salt shaker on the table and shake some in before blending everything with a spoon.

Next, Snooky would pour a wee bit of hot water from an old teakettle over the cocoa and sugar and stir it to form a soft brown paste.

Snooky would stir the paste until the sugar in it stopped squeaking. If it didn't squeak, she knew it was all dissolved.

That's when it was ready for the bluish-looking milk. The milk didn't appear quite as blue once

she shook the bottle to blend in the remaining cream.

She would add only a little milk to the cocoa paste at first, then little more until the glass was full.

Oh, boy, she would swallow long and hard to quench her thirst for the best drink in the world.

**MILK!**  
"Yummee!" Snooky would say. "Does that ever hit the spot?"

Afterward, she sometimes looked around and tried to understand all the stuff her grandma saved in the summer kitchen.

There was a square table of dark wood where grandma's family sat on unmatched handmade chairs to eat.

After she washed the dishes, Grandma would often take the clean, everyday dishes back to the table and arrange the plates and silverware for the next meal.

Snooky could see her grandma had filled a big heavy corner cupboard in the summer kitchen with all kinds of things. And the dark sideboard buffet that matched the table had compartments for her best silverware, tablecloths, doilies, aprons, and ruffled dust caps.

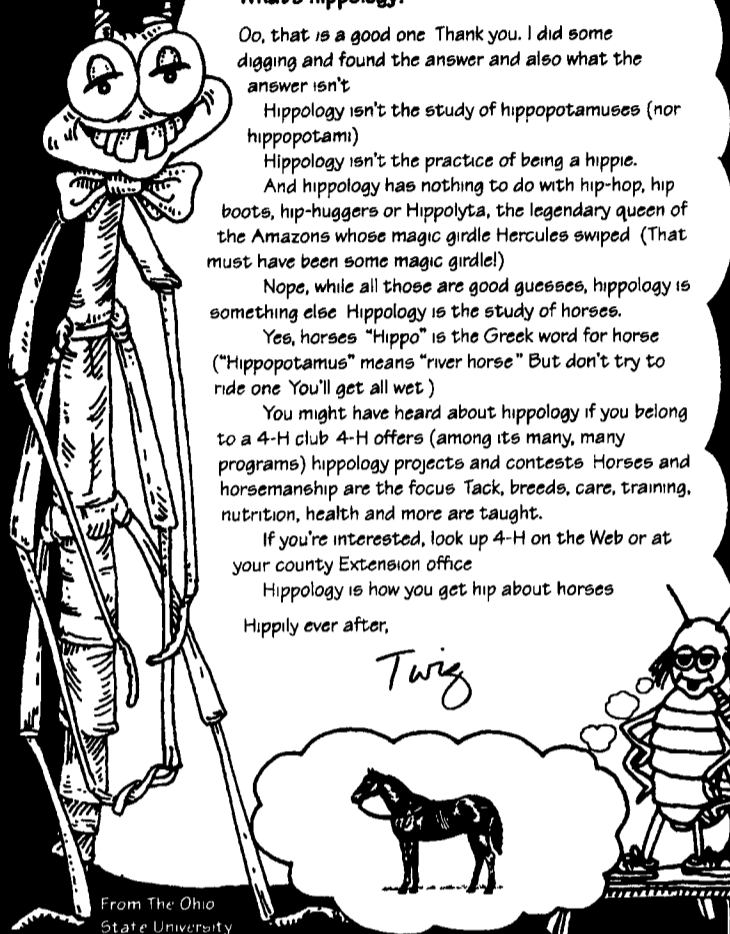
Snooky, however, didn't give a hoot about Grandma's dry sinks, old magazines, newspapers, wilting plants, or an old church pew stacked with odds and ends against the wall.

Nope. The chocolate milk that she could make freely in Grandma's summer kitchen was all that mattered to a fourth-grade girl.

And ever after, when Snooky grew up, she never stopped loving chocolate milk.

## Smart Stuff

with Twig Walkingstick



**Dear Twig: OK, here's a good one. What's hippology?**

Oo, that is a good one. Thank you. I did some digging and found the answer and also what the answer isn't.

Hippology isn't the study of hippopotamuses (nor hippopotami).

Hippology isn't the practice of being a hippie.

And hippology has nothing to do with hip-hop, hip boots, hip-huggers or Hippolyta, the legendary queen of the Amazons whose magic girdle Hercules swiped (That must have been some magic girdle!).

Nope, while all those are good guesses, hippology is something else. Hippology is the study of horses.

Yes, horses "Hippo" is the Greek word for horse ("Hippopotamus" means "river horse" But don't try to ride one. You'll get all wet.)

You might have heard about hippology if you belong to a 4-H club. 4-H offers (among its many, many programs) hippology projects and contests. Horses and horsemanship are the focus. Tack, breeds, care, training, nutrition, health and more are taught.

If you're interested, look up 4-H on the Web or at your county Extension office.

Hippology is how you get hip about horses.

Hippily ever after,

Twig

From The Ohio State University (specifically, OARDC and OSU Extension)



## LMHS Junior To Attend Governor's School For Ag Sciences

LANCASTER (Lancaster Co.) — Lancaster Mennonite High School (LMHS) junior Loren Hershey, son of Les and Lois Hershey, Kirkwood, has been selected to attend the 2003 Pennsylvania Governor's School for the Agricultural Sciences this summer. He was also chosen as an alternate for the Pa. Governor's School for Global Entrepreneurship.

In addition, junior Jennifer Wenrich, daughter of Martin and Esther Wenrich, Leola, was chosen as an alternate for the Governor's School for the Agricultural Sciences, and junior Angela Dietzel, daughter of Dan and Joanne Dietzel, Strasburg, was selected as an alternate for the Governor's School for Teaching.

The Governor's Schools of Excellence are a comprehensive set of residential summer programs conducted on college campuses. This year over 3,700 applications were received and only 824 students could be chosen.



## Could This Be A 'Harebrained' Study?

UNIVERSITY PARK (Centre Co.) — Those tired clichés and puns just won't stop coming. When it is suggested that he is trying to pull a rabbit out of a region, Duane Diefenbach just smiles ruefully, shaking his head. "They are not rabbits, they are hares — snowshoe hares," he said. "In Pennsylvania, they exist only in parts of the Northern Tier, and this study will try to determine just where their populations persist."

The adjunct assistant professor of wildlife ecology in Penn State's College of Agricultural Sciences doesn't think it's a "hare-brained" scheme to have researchers survey a 15,000-square-mile region of the sparsely populated, mostly forested northern counties, including the Poconos. They will be armed with hand-held computers and global positioning (GPS) units, looking for what researchers euphemistically refer to as "pellets" — fecal matter.

Because the pellets "deposited" by snowshoe hares (*Lepus americanus*) are indistinguish-

able from those left by Appalachian cottontail rabbits (*Sylvilagus obscurus*) and eastern cottontail rabbits (*Sylvilagus americanus*) that also thrive in the region, DNA testing will be used to determine where the hares are. The GPS units and computers will allow researchers to electronically mark locations of hare droppings and eventually to draw maps showing the range of the hares.

"It's kind of a crap shoot" Diefenbach pauses, catching himself in yet another pun. "This method has not been tried before in Pennsylvania, but we are optimistic that this approach will allow us to determine the range of the snowshoe hare here. Our state is at the southern periphery of the snowshoe hare's range, and habitat use by this species is not well understood."

The research project — intriguing because of its high-tech approach to a rather mundane activity — is titled the "Distribution and Large-Scale Habitat Associations of Snowshoe Hares in Northern Pennsylvania." It is one of 15 approved for funding

by the Pennsylvania Game Commission and the Pennsylvania Fish & Boat Commission to benefit the state's most troubled wildlife and fish species. Using monies allocated to the state from the federal State Wildlife Grant Program, the Game Commission is providing \$80,000 of the \$115,000 project cost, with the university supplying the remainder.

"The snowshoe hare is a species of interest to hunters and nonhunting wildlife enthusiasts," said Diefenbach. "Although hunter harvest data by county provides a gross measure of hare range in Pennsylvania, hares likely are patchily distributed and associated with specific habitat types."

"Presently, hares are hunted in Pennsylvania, but a very conservative one-week season has been established because the effect of hunting on the population, as well as habitat requirements and trends in abundance, are unknown," he said. "Greater hunting opportunities or habitat improvements might be implemented if more was known about the distribution and habitat requirements of hares in Pennsylvania."

Cottontail rabbits and snowshoe hares are a lot alike, but there are some important differences. First and perhaps most obvious, snowshoe hares are adapted to living in northern climates where there is near-constant snow cover in winter. Subsequently, they have larger back feet to help them maneuver on shifting, slippery surfaces — hence the name "snowshoe."

And hares' fur turns white in the winter to help them blend into their surroundings and avoid predators, which accounts for their other common name — "varying hare."

"Another important difference between hares and rabbits is not so noticeable," said Diefenbach. "The young of snowshoe hares emerge from their mother able to run, while cottontail rabbit babies are more or less helpless at first."

One final click about rabbits that is true for hares: They reproduce like, well rabbits. "Hares are very productive, similar to rabbits in that respect," said Diefenbach. "A female hare might have three litters a year."