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PLAYING THE GAME OF HEALTH

By ELIZABETH STORM

DO YOU know Cho-Cho? You never have seen him? Cho-Cho is the funniest man you ever met. He is just like a clown at the circus only you get to know him very much better and he introduces you to his best friends. You will be glad to meet Sammy Spinach, Tom Turnip and Charlie Carrot and there are Rosie Apple, Mr. Whole-Wheat Bread and Cow-In-the-Meadow, too, who tell the neighborhood and if the girls take prettiest, liveliest girls in their neighborhood.

Hundreds of the children of Iowa will see Cho Cho this spring. Miss Margaret Baker, food specialist for Iowa, has caused Cho-Cho to spend five weeks here. He will be in twenty-one counties and begins his tour April twenty-fifth. The counties fortunate enough to engage Cho-Cho are: Humboldt, Pottawattamie, Franklin, Bremer, Story, Iowa, Des Moines, Jones, Woodbury, Wright, Butler, Black Hawk, Johnson, Clinton, Buena Vista, Webster, Hardin, Poweshiek, Jefferson, Delaware and Scott.

Cho-Cho is the Health Clown who was trained by the Child Health Organization and christened with their initials. He is sent by them to give his performances for the children of any school, club or community that wishes to pay his expenses and a modest fee. Cho-Cho talks to the children until he converts them into enthusiastic supporters and believers in the Health game. Best of all, he is not alone but a part of a nation wide campaign to raise the standard of health of American school children all over the country. He is just one feature of the program of education offered by the Child Health Organization of America. His mission is to "put across" the message of health, to win the child himself, to secure cooperation, public and private, for children's health, to awaken in the child a sense of duty to himself and an interest in the things he can do to develop his own physical sturdiness.

This new adventure in child health is the outcome of startling revelations made by school nurses, lecturers, doctors, dietitians and traveling clinics who were organized by the Child Health Organization and sent broadcast over the country to reach every town and village. These good people discovered that three out of every four children were suffering from physical defects which might be prevented or corrected. This means that 15,000,000 out of the 25,000,000 school children in the land are growing up under handicaps which are responsible for the fact that the brain quite often the physical and intellectual development of which they are capable.

Every one of this group of children is suffering not from one defect but several, all preventable or remediable. Adenoids, enlarged tonsils, poor eyesight and bad teeth are dragging down the general vitality and weakening still further the growth. Worst of all, they are "malnourished" because of the ignorance of their parents. Thirty-three and one-third of all the school children are at least ten percent below the average weight for their age and height. And the total number of those failing to come up to standard, if only by a few pounds, amounts to fifty percent plus.

Parents have been so busy with the other duties of caring for their family that they have neglected these small but mighty demands of their little ones. In many cases it is ignorance, all the more deplorable. Is any wonder that the Child Health Organization has resorted to the method that will reach the children directly and in a manner which they understand and will not readily forget? Cho-Cho solved this problem. He doesn't campaign with "musts" and "don'ts" but entertains the children so keenly that the applause is a chorus of "wills" and "want to's." For Cho-Cho is a clown—a real clown. He has the undivided attention of every child as with charming nonsense and droll antics he teaches the simple facts of health and hygiene.

Cho-Cho's first laugh creates an atmosphere of understanding, of happiness and jollity. For forty minutes he plays with his audience, demonstrating the right way to eat, to bathe, to sleep and brush the teeth. He gains their confidence right on the spot when he tells them that he is personally interested in their health and that they should make close friends of his friends whom he introduces, they follow him as they were the Pied Piper of Hamlin. He has won once an actor but he has merged his identity as well as his former profession in the fascinating creation of the health clown. For good his traveling has changed his make-up and signs himself Cho-Cho in the hotel registers.

It is this confidence that Cho-Cho really is their friend and that no one knows him better than they which makes Cho-Cho content to "find himself by losing himself" in the love of the children. They know that he is sincere and he holds the spell over them for their own good. That is why when they laugh in response to one of his jokes, and he says, "I made you laugh on purpose because I wanted to see which of you have pearls and which have coffee beans," they become thoroughly convinced of the need of having good teeth. "There was no one to warn poor Cho-Cho when he was little about what happens to your teeth if you don't use your tooth brush," he tells them as he shows his own gold-filled teeth and they listen to the rest of his lecture with absorbed interest and make resolutions to take care of their pearls while they have them.

Cho-Cho's reforms are as magic. Budding chauffeurs and engineers, formerly too busy to wash their hands, disclose a startling interest in the state of their finger nails. Bookworms and butterworms become suddenly devoted to fresh air, night and day. Wholesome dishes once advised by mother or teacher take on a most appetizing aspect and disappear in a surprising manner. It is no task to remember which are bad and which are good foods after Cho-Cho comes in from his visit with the farmer's wife who gave him all kinds of vegetables. He empties his basket so all can see and puts all the good foods such as onions, carrots, spinach, cabbage, tomatoes, milk and sweet chocolate together on the table. Then he puts all the bad foods, cabbages, radishes, pickles and doughnuts to one side. He urges the children to drink more milk, a pint a day of fresh milk for:
THE IOWA HOMEMAKER

M is for milk that makes muscle and bone.

One pint each day would be best until you are grown.

I is for iron in spinach and eggs.

Builds red blood and sinews for strong arms and legs.

There is no doubt that the Health game is the national game of America today. Everybody sees more and more scales and health charts being placed in school rooms, more nutrition classes taught, more emphasis on the mothers and weight and strength contests being waged among the children themselves. Could the Toothbrush Brigade of the United States assemble some morning, what a gratifying sight it would be to the commanding officers of the Child Health Organization!

And the athletes which will one day be in the public eye will rival the old Romans themselves in strength and sturdy robustness.

Iowa children are holding their own but after Cho-Cho's visit the health curves ought to go upwards. Women's clubs, school superintendents, public health nurses and the mothers themselves are inviting Cho-Cho to their town to teach the Health game to all the boys and girls. Perhaps, some time, they may meet the Picture Man, The Health Fairy or the Jolly Jester.

But if real visits from real people are impossible there is the Health Library which contains such pretty stories as "The Health Fairy." "A Diet for School Children" and "Children Health Alphabet." The latter holds such wheeling little rhymes as:

"L is for luncheon, served hot in the school,
We wish all the teachers could follow this rule."

"S is important and therefore I hope?
You'll pardon my specially mentioning soap."

It winds up convincingly:

"Now march for it, children, with drum and with flag.
Z is the Zest which health gives to life."

With special attention called to health habits as they are by the efforts of the Child Health Organization it is not hard to show how clear that the boy who wins at the game of Health will have an excellent chance when he grows up, to win at the game of Life.

The Housewife and Her Working Clothes

By MARGARET KINGERY

Perhaps there is no surer sign of a woman's sense of the beautiful than her own costume when at work in her home. It is surprising how many women can plan and furnish a very artistic and individual house and yet, herself, be a most inharmonious note in the whole color scheme. This is something that the average woman either never thinks of or simply doesn't care about, yet she will spend a great deal of time and expense planning or selecting her street clothes and her afternoon and evening gowns.

Somewhere, she has heard that blue is a fine color for house dresses. Blue is a clean, pretty color that doesn't fade, so blue she has—regardless of effect—of blue on her own coloring, or with the color scheme of her home.

It is true that blue is a most becoming color for a fair-haired, blue-eyed woman with a clear complexion, but when worn near the face, throws the skin's color into a less preferable hue, gray or ash. White brings out the grayness or pallowness of the skin, with disastrous effects. If there must be a collar on the house dress, let it be a solid one, or a cream one, or a lavender or green or yellow—anything but a solid white collar. A collar of thin white material, such as organdie, is permissible because then the color of the dress with which it is worn, shows thru and takes away the curse of the dead white.

There is, too, a psychological effect of the colors one wears. Any one feels in a better frame of mind when she realizes that she is wearing a becoming color and is an addition to the general landscape. In her kitchen she may match her brilliant house dress with the gayest of gingham curtains. Nothing launders as easily as gingham curtains and they stay clean much longer than the usual white ones.

I once knew a woman who had in her home a marvel and a spotless white kitchen—a most excellent, impersonal laboratory. She soon grew a little dissatisfied with the monotony and coldness of the solid white, so she bought a red geranium to put in the window. That was interesting so she decided that a little more red would be better. She bought some lovely red and white checked gingham which the laundress hemmed on or the blanket stitch in black or a contracting colored thread may be used. Figures are sometimes cut from plain material and the designs worked on in outline stitch. Baskets are worked out in outline stitch and the flowers tumbling out of it are cut from gay cretonne and the gingham. The basket or the gingham may form the handle of the basket and also the girdle, with the ends frayed out. Any cross stitch design lends itself admirably to decorating even the plainest housedress of chambray or gingham. Care must be exercised in the choice of colors to see that they blend.

Japanese crepes may be bought in a wide variety of colors that are lovely, and that launder beautifully with little ironing. Gingham in plaids, checks and stripes, and plain chambray gingham may be very good in color and design. English print, which is none other than our so-called checked calico, is long in quality and much better in design—makes quaint dresses. For colder days, we may find a good choice of color and design in chintz, which inexpensive, cheap, muddy materials to gallop up to together, somehow, into a hopelessly homely housedress to be hated by all.