ROBERT and RUTH VISIT
HORLICK'S at RACINE, WISCONSIN
to see how

HORLICK'S
The original
Malted Milk
is made

The Piper and Ian, of the Jack and Jill Theater, enjoy glasses of "Horlick's" between acts of a strenuous rehearsal. Everywhere mothers of modern children, with full programs of work and play, recognize the value of Horlick's Malted Milk as an extra "builder."
Robert and Ruth Visit Horlick’s.

ROBERT and Ruth were spending their Easter vacation on Grandad’s farm in Wisconsin. Outside the barn the March wind whistled shrilly, but inside, snug and warm, the children were playing in an old, worn-out buggy. Their peals of laughter scattered the hens who cackled in disgust, and disturbed Buttercup, the cow, who calmly opened one eye and went on chewing her cud.

“You know,” said Robert, “this barn would be a grand place for us to give plays like we saw at the Jack and Jill theater. Why, Aladdin’s Genii could appear by jumping down from the hayloft!”

“Wasn’t that the nicest play?” asked Ruth. “The boys and girls who were in it looked so bright and healthy! Mother says that they have Horlick’s Malted Milk between acts to—”

“Keep them full of pep like I am,” said Robert, hanging by his knees from the buggy seat. “Anyway, I just hope it makes Mickey Green well so she can come over and play with us. The doctor says she is underweight and Horlick’s will build her up.”

“Course it will,” droned a voice which sounded almost like the mooing of a cow. The children looked at each other in astonishment and then cast suspicious eyes at Buttercup, who leisurely ambled out of her stall.

“But cows don’t talk!” gasped Ruth.

“This one does,” said Buttercup, crossing one front foot over the other with a confident air.

“You’re only Buttercup,” scoffed Robert.

“Pardon me, I’m a Horlick’s Malted Milk cow,” and if cows could laugh she would have, for Ruth thought she saw a suspicion of a grin. “You certainly ought to recognize me,” said Buttercup. “Don’t tell me, my dears, that you haven’t seen my picture on all the Horlick’s Malted Milk ads!”
"Of course we have," said Ruth, clapping her hands. "But what are you doing in Grandad's barn?"

"Your grandfather owns so fine a dairy that it is approved by Horlick's veterinarian. Milk is sent from here to their factory daily so—that makes me a Horlick's Malted Milk cow!"

"Congratulations!" said Robert. "But say, couldn't we visit their factory? We'd like to see how they make this magic that will give strength to Pied Pipers and Aladdins, not to mention Mickey Greens and us!"

"Hop on my back," said Buttercup. The children obeyed in glee and with a kick of her heels Buttercup soared out the sky window and into the open air. She made a dash for the ghost moon that hung in the sky,
leaped it lightly, then set out for Racine, Wisconsin, where the Horlick factory is located. Soon the children spied a beautiful, clock-towered building that nestled in trees beside a shining lake. Down Buttercup glided, skimming the tower, and landing before the door. On the steps stood three creatures who looked in turn like a blade of barley, a wheat stalk, and a bottle of milk. Mr. Barley took Ruth's hand, Mr. Milk took Robert's, and after waving good-by to Buttercup, the children entered the spotless factory with their guides.

"We'll start with my department," said Mr. Barley, "because I'm the most important, you know." He didn't see Mr. Wheat and Mr. Milk wink at the children and continued, "First we climb the grain elevators where the barley is stored."

"My!" exclaimed Robert, puffing from the climb to the top of the tall building. "You must have a lot of grain to take up all that space." He kept a tight hold on Ruth's arm as she stood on tiptoe looking through the windows at the dozens of buildings, large and small, which make up the Horlick plant.

"The barley is stored in these grain elevators after it has been cleaned and graded," explained their guide. "The germs of growth that sleep in the grain all winter long come to life when the barley is malted."

"That's what I want to know," interrupted Robert. "What do you mean by 'malted'?

As they descended the spiral stairway of the grain elevator Mr. Barley explained to the children how the barley was spread on the malting floor and carefully watched while it sprouted and the enzymes were growing. "These enzymes have the power to change starch to malt sugar, thus giving rise to the expression 'malted'," he continued. "Then the grain is 'cured' over the hardcoal fires that warm it enough to drive the moisture away and stop the roots from growing, without hurting the enzymes. After this process it is stored away in another large building until it is removed and ground for use in the mash."
Robert, of course, wanted to know what the mash was.

"The mash is a mixture of ground wheat and barley malt," said the smiling Mr. Wheat, and he showed the children the great copper cookers in which the mash is prepared at night, and explained how it is cooked gently with steam until the enzymes of the barley malt have changed the starches to sugar—"thus saving your 'tummies' the trouble. You get delicious taste, food value, (in the carbohydrates, proteins, minerals, and vitamins which the grain and milk contain) and an easy job for your 'tummies'!" He snapped his fingers and made a "that's that" face.

"But how about the milk?" asked Robert, chuckling at his antics.

"That's just what I was going to show you," said Mr. Milk. He took them to a trim, three story brick building in which a number of white uniformed men were at work. Ruth and Robert could see that they were busy receiving and caring for cans of milk from the long line of motor trucks and dairy wagons that came winding in the brickpaved driveway. Some emptied the cans into scales that weighed it and registered the weight on strips of paper. Others were sampling and inspecting the milk. "These samples will go up to the laboratories on the third floor where chemists examine it for purity and measure its butter fat," Mr. Milk explained. "No milk is ever accepted until it has passed a very rigid examination," he said, as he led them to the second floor where the milk is placed in great porcelain-lined vats, awaiting the order for it to go by an underground pipe system to the three plants where production is continued.

"Why do you have red glass windows in this room, Mr. Milk?" asked Ruth.

"They keep out the injurious sun rays," said their guide. "From here the milk goes to join the mash in the cookers and then the material flows into the vacuum pans which we are going to see now. In these pans the mash and the milk are dried. Air is pumped away so
the boiling can go on at low temperature and not hurt the material." From the Pan Room he showed them how the malted milk is prepared for the Bottling Room and how the bottles are cleaned, filled, labeled, and packed by machinery so that nobody ever touches it.

"After being hermetically sealed and packed in cartons, it is sent off to children like you, and others who need building up more than you seem to," he said, pinching Ruth's cheek.

"We have Horlick's every afternoon after school, so that's why we look pretty healthy," said Ruth seriously.

"What makes you look healthy," boomed a loud voice. The children opened their eyes. They were back in the buggy on Grandad's farm and there he was at the window. "Horlick's Malted Milk," said Ruth drowsily, "and I'd like some right now!"

Horlick's Malted Milk Corporation
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