Every fall we would go and pick apples, wild apples.

And we girls all helped.

Then we would take them over to the cider mill.

When he got those barrels of cider home, he would let them down into the cellar.

There was stone steps.

He'd take long ropes, put on each end of the barrel, and a man would each take a rope and they'd let that cider, that barrel roll carefully down the cellar.

He'd pop up a big popper of corn and bring up some of the cold, hard cider, and we'd have popcorn and cider.

and quite often at night
(Then of course one barrel he would doctor, and put in a few raisins and a little sugar when it got just right, and that would be something special that the men drank.

We didn’t have any of that, but just plain hard cider, we kids had that.)

And cider, that’s another thing you don’t see today...

Text from an interview with Katharine Duclos of Braintree, Vermont by Gregory L. Sharrow on June 20, 1990. Courtesy of the Vermont Folklife Center.

And then after he got it into the cellar they put it up onto some beams.

just little low beams,

high enough so you could set a jug underneath the spout.

He put up 5-6 barrels of cider every fall.

Dad would take barrels over.

We loaded the barrels in with the apples.

and we’d make cider.