

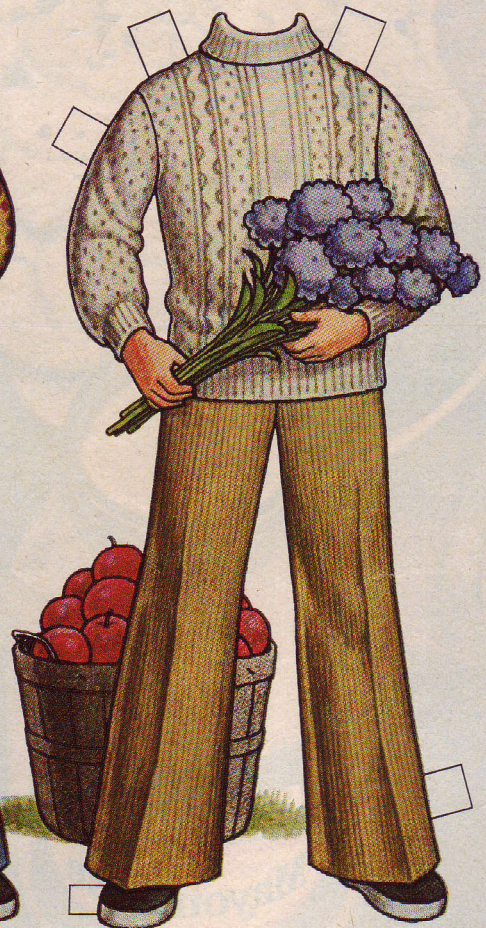
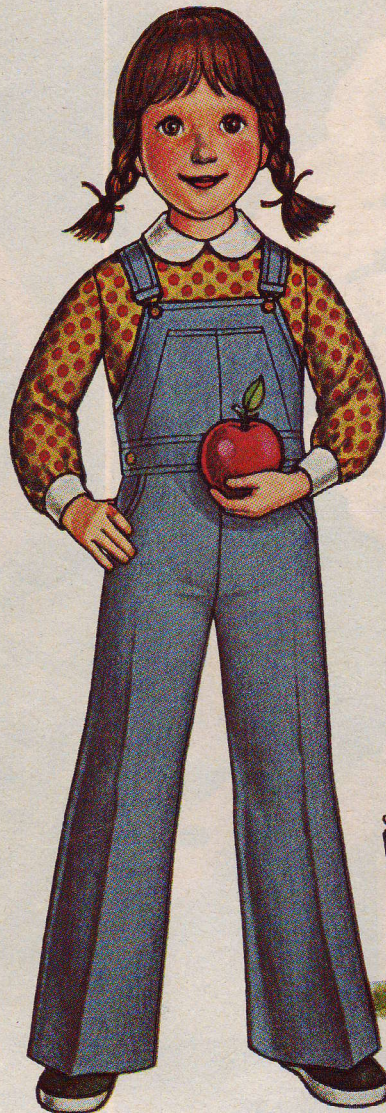
"The leaves are turning early this year," Mommy said—and we all agreed that it would be fun to drive north and see the beautiful scenery. So Mommy, Daddy, Merry, Kerry and I piled into the car and drove—almost as far as Canada! Along the way Daddy spotted a little sign that said FRESH APPLE CIDER. "This is the right time of year for it," he said. "Would anybody like some?" Well, *everybody* did, so we followed the signs until we came to an old wooden mill. It was so tiny—tucked in between two big cornfields—and looked just as cozy as a bird's nest. There were rows of bottles of cider, some strange-looking machinery and more apples than I'd ever seen. The owner said that he made cider the same

BETSY McCALL VISITS A CIDER MILL

way it was made over 50 years ago. He showed us how the apples get mashed up. Then he laid a big piece of cloth on the apple press and spread some of the pulp over it, then another cloth over

that, and then more fruit. . . . It was like a giant, squishy layer cake. Then he switched on the machine, and the press rumbled down and squeezed all the juice out of the apples.

By this time I couldn't wait to taste that cool, sweet cider—and the owner must have read my mind. "Would you like to try some now?" he asked. Would we ever! He led us over to a row of shiny taps—it was just like turning on a faucet at home, except that you got cider instead of water. It was *delicious*, and we bought a gallon to take home. "Remember," the man said as we were saying good-bye, "there are no preservatives in that, so you'll have to finish it up in a week or two." We laughed—we knew it wasn't going to last that long!



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