

## MY MOTHER'S CHILDHOOD REMINISCENCES

By Adelia Routson Parke, 1930

We lived in Middle Valley, or Midvale, as it was later called. My father, Mr. McRoberts, made trips to the Boise Trading Post once or twice a year, with teams or packstrings to get supplies.

It was a long, tedious journey, requiring ten days or more to make the round trip. We children considered it a rare treat to have him bring us a length of calico for a dress, or brown sugar, (maple) for candy.

In his absence, the Indian squaws would come to our place, and sit for hours on their horses, in silent array, apparently for no reason. An old Indian fighter voiced the opinion that they came to lend a hand to aid the family in case it was needed, in return, perhaps, for some kindness shown them.

Money in those days was scarce. Most of the settlers practiced bartering materials with each other and the Indians. Later the top price for sheep shearing was \$1.50 per day; and for threshing, \$1.00 per day, or a sack of flour.

The pioneers were hospitable folk. It was an event to have strangers stop overnight, for they sometimes brought news from the "outside" world. No one was ever turned away for any reason, until they at least had been offered food and a night's lodging. Visitors were few and far between.

These are only a few of the tales of early history in our state and county. A history full of romance and pathos, joy and sorrow, adventure and hardship. Volumes could be written of these unsung heroes and heroines.