

My name is Maryan Dahmer I was born in February 1, 1919. Down on Cline road and still live in the house where I was born. My forbears were from Germany, Ireland, Scotland, and England I think, England I'm not sure but I know we are Scot Irish and German, most of us especially my family are still living on the acreage where I was born and the land came to us from the Gov. of Virginia captain John Skidmore who was a revolutionary officer there was no money to pay to the solders of the revolutionary war so they were rewarded huge tracks of land so captain John Skidmore was given 2,000 acres. From Germany he's featured in the Lutheran church he was a minister in the colony. Many of our ancestors left Ireland because of persecution or at least dr. Daniel Black came from Ireland joints cosway Ireland and he left because the birtish treated them so badly. He came to the United States and his son dr. Daniel Black is my great grandfather who lived on some of the skidmore land. The other ancestors came from Hidelburgh that was the Hinkle's. the reverend Anthony hinkle, and my great grandfather john george hinkle came from bodon don Germany, he is buried behind the barn where I live. John George is said that he liked his schnapps' what ever that is and also he's spent some time as a Lutheran minister as well. His first wife was merry Hartman when she died he married Nancy skidmore who was descended form captain John and it's through her that he acquired the land because in those days the wives did not own land the husband owned the land. So he had great aunt Juliana and great aunt phoebe and my great grand mother I think her name was not Nancy but John Georges but John George Domers wife Nancy Skidmore and oh Polly was my great grandmother. So she had grandfather major Miles Dahmer and we really never knew who his father was because in those days it was not talked about anyway great grandmother had my grandfather major Miles. And later on she married Adam smith and had 13 more children, she had a sturdy germen stalk because when those people occupied Virginia it wasn't Virginia then it was all wilderness and hardly any roads and had to go horse back every place they went and so in order to survive just to raise enough food which would be groundhogs, not to many deer back then. Wild meat is what they ate back then like turkey, wild turkeys and so on. Then they cleared enough land to raise enough vegetables, picked berries and found bee's nest for honey and that is what they used for sweetening. Um groundhogs not to many deer back then what we ate were wild turkeys, the land was richer since there was no overuse then in later years when you plowed the same field it had to be fertilized. And of course I still have some old molds from when they made candles and some hand woven rugs made by old looms by my grandmother Hanna Black and Hanna black was the wife of dr. Danielle who was my great grandfather on my mothers side and she was a smith descended from John Skidmore and that is how I am part of the daughters of the American Revolution. Later on when war broke out between the states my grandfather miles dohmer went to Kansas and he was going home stead there for ever. Letters that he wrote to his aunt Julieta and Phoebe about what he had seen, what he could see on the river boats, Indians, and the fancy ladies, and the other settlers and he lived in sort of dough out but then when the war broke out between the states he decided that being a loyal Virginian and an admirer of General Robert E. Lee that he would come back and fight for states rights he did not own any slaves but they did not want those Yankees telling them what to do so he

joined the Virginia militia he was inducted in Stanton Virginia and he served general stone wall Jackson then when they immigrated this is the militia remember then they took away his rank and he became a soldier. In the olden times they had the militia in the colonies to fight you know anybody who would invade and there is a book written in Stanton Virginia about his regiment. now I decided to save his papers and his letters and his hardware such as his red sash, pistol and his sword and I gave that material to West Virginia university archives and there in a special case a display case and is only used when they have seminars at the university about the civil war. The good reason for me to give this to West Virginia university was that they have a new wing there at the library which is state of the art and it is climate controlled which you need for old papers and so they have assembled all these old pieces of papers and artifacts and as I said Dr. Cuthbert who is curator out there only gets these things out in the showcase once in a while because he does not want that red sash to fall apart. the other thing is that um the university reproduced all of grandfathers papers and everything he owned that was ever written and they made books for all members of this family, they made me 25 books to hand out so that we could reread what our grandfather had gotten in the form of letters or any of his papers.

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When I was in college the first year or so at Shepard College I was taking a course in Literature and I fell in love with the poetry of Stuart who later became very famous as a short story author and a poet and a novelist and he wrote a biography as well.

He was the poet of Kentucky and his characters are all appellations. I've always been interested in who fought with in the appellation Mountains. So he was born and raised right across the boarder in Kentucky from the lower part of West Virginia. So when I was working in Puerto Rico at an air force base he learned I was a collector.

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11:03 Through the school secretary who aunt and he were neighbors so he wrote me a letter and that started a correspondence I became good friends with Jessie and Stewart and I had many first additions which were signed by the author plus all the letter and pictures I have had from that family I donated that special collection at West Virginia University and it was appraised at thirty thousand dollars.

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Can I talk about the old ladies, my great grandmothers. One old grandma lived to be ninety one she grew her own tobacco and smoked a pipe. Hanna Smith black they lived in a log cabin and all the heat they had came from fireplaces and he lived to be ninety something and she lived to be ninety something and they didn't have the kind of medicines me had to day and stuff. It was said that Dr. Black knew so much about herbs and roots and things that are now used in modern medicine and that is apparently how he treated his patients. I don't remember them saying how he treated broken bones but he did have a scalpel that we still have. My mother didn't doctor with herbs by the time I was born they went to a doctor. My mother was a school teacher and she was twenty three years younger than my father who was widowed eight years before me married my mother, she worked very hard to raise her own children and the older ones, girls could marry they all left home to do something so dad had farm help but mom didn't have very much help at all just us kids her name was Eva Black. They were all in the same community and I guess I mean everybody went to church or everybody went to school and it was just a community thing the old things I was told back in my grandmothers day ladies had a day when they went visiting she would not be home. She visited in the neighbor hood then another old lady would have her day when she went to visit all the

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other people and everybody stayed home that day because that old lady was going visiting and was said that when one old lady I think she said Mrs. Van meter walked up an down the road because they walked every where they went and she would be knitting as she walked I think that's what her name is I can't remember. If someone came to see my great grandmother Hanna they stayed all day. They ate and smoked their pipes and did there knitting or pieced there quilts or what ever and when they made a quilt every body in the neighbor hood the ladies that is would come and put the pieces on the quilting rack and they all would do the needle work the stitching to put the quilts together. I have a quilt from my great grandmother Hanna Black that they say is about two hundred years old and it's called the flight of the wild geese and it's all shades of brown and yellow and sort of orange and I gave it to my sister to spread out on her bead on an old antique bed it's really a beautiful thing but she keeps the shades down so that it doesn't fade it. Along with that old quilt we inherited a great big old chest from great grandmother hanna and the top is all one piece off of a great huge tree it's not joined by any smaller boards and during the civil war you put the hams and the other things that you didn't want the Yankees to steal and they dug a hole and put that big old chest in that hole to keep the Yankees from getting it, the chest is up stairs in the bedroom the Yankees never found it because I've got it, they never found it, it was buried so they couldn't find it. They buried it up in the meadow. They would drive the cattle and the horses into the wood lands until they thought that the danger had passed. The Yankees were dangerous during the civil war. The union solders see this was confederate territory through here because it still was the state of Virginia here. during the civil war this part of the west Virginia across the Shenandoah mountain we felt like we were not being represented or the ancestors felt that down in Richmond they decided to segregate which they did and I think the surveyors got tired when they got to the top of Shenandoah mountain so they quit and that is why the state is in such a shape it is. If you look at your map and see that it's the most peculiarly shaped state in the whole union and that's because of the this division during the time West Virginia separated from the rest of Virginia during the civil war. Now the folks here in Pendleton county primarily were southern in their thinking and they were confederates mountaineers further on in the mountains decided they were more union and the strange thing is that general stonewall Jackson who was born out here between Weston and Morgantown. He was a famous officer in the confederacy who as I've said my grandfather served him and I still have well we did have it's in the university copy's of his reports to General Jackson when he was the officer of the day. He told who did what and how many solders had deserted for one thing and there was a whole list of bad ones. In this county they interviewed Dewayne boor he knows a lot about who the solders were what there family's names were he really knows the civil war history. In fact he'd like to write a book about it about this regiment anyway well the regiment has been written about but I don't know what the material is but I told him if he got started on it I'd help him in it with material.

He traveled up an down the Shenandoah valley mostly and he was captured by the union solders and he was imprisoned and that's how I found out what color his eyes were because I ask the author who wrote about this twenty-fifth or twenty-seventh regiment of Virginia, I said how did you find out what color my grandfathers eyes were, they were blue isn't that strange and he said from the prison records. I don't know anything about his imprisonment, it wasn't vary long but I don't know much of that history there. He

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came back and because he was against the union then he couldn't inherit that land so his sons, my father and my uncle Charles and the rest of those five children from his union with great grandmother phoebe hammer. I think my father Howard Jennings Dahmer is the one who paid off the land, he lived to be ninety one years old.

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I never knew my grandfather Dahmer at all he died many years before my mother met my father because there is a generation gap there you see.

The stories my father would tell about grandfather was that he loved reference books as I do and he admired napoleon and he read everything he could about him. After the war he came back and ran the farm which is diversified in these mountains you have to have a lot of river bottom land and where I live is vary hilly and sloppy and at one time my father owned five pieces of land that is in order to raise enough livestock that would be cattle and sheep so he sold the sheep, wool, and livestock during the depression he lost it all except the three hundred acres or almost three hundred where I still live you know. So a lot depended on how many pigs they could sell, how many sheep for there wool, and cattle. In some parts of the south for example you will see that the land owners there owned huge plantations where they raised tobacco, cotton or a big cash crop. In these mountains here you can't do that so you had to be diversified because you could not raise, you had to have so much property in order to raise enough cattle you know to make it profitable so you had to rely on some other things like eggs from the chickens, cream from the cows, and calves when you sold them, sheep when you sold them and also wool from the sheep and sometimes some of the pigs.

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You always had to have some help because sometimes during the harvesting times there would be workers on other farms that would come and help to get the thrashing done that separates the wheat from the chafe or cut the corn and sometimes I think in the past they had a hired hand who lived there but it was seasonal mostly that I remember when I grew up.

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Father had a big old engine that had a thrashing machine and you had to put wood in the engine and fire it up and put water in the horn and my brothers like to scare us to death with that horn and I really can't remember how that machine worked that cut down the wheat and how they separated the wheat or the cornels from the straw I don't quite remember that exactly how it was but I know that we have a granary and there was big patricians in it where we would but the cornels and dad would bag a lot of it up and we'd go over to the mill which was run with a great big old water wheel and we'd take the bags of cornels and they had a machine that was run by water power and that would give us the white flower so we could have some that was whole wheat. As well the machine would do that I remember riding over there in the wagon with my father and no wonder we lived a long time because our food was uncontaminated with any preservatives or anything and we had all these vitamins. There was nothing I can remember when I was a little girl that had a preservative of any kind in the food. The vitamins were from the grains and from the vegetables and from the apple trees and when ever we had a chicken or something someone went out and chopped off the chickens head then we scalded it and picked the feathers out and butchered it up and that was a vary healthy chicken so if it was a big old rooster we put it on the stove and boiled it down and then they would simmer off the fat and take the rest of the broth and make I think the best gravy I've ever had tasted I've never had good chicken since. When ever they thrashed or they had corn cutting or anything like that there was always a huge crew that would come from the

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neighboring farms to help so the women would hurry up and make a huge big feast and my goodness there was fresh bread, three or four kinds pies, cake, there were chicken, ham, mashed potatoes and you name it, it was on that table. There might have been 3 kinds of jelly who knows. There was never one kind of pie there was always 3 kinds of pie I'm sure. Apple pie, berry pie, and we had black berry vines all over the mountains and the women and we kids would go out and pick black berries and cherries, we had a cherry seeder and momma would can the cherries and the berries. They would put them up in great big jars and put them on the stove fire it up an let them boil a while and reserve it. Today you use a pressure canner if you want to preserve anything like peaches, apples, green beans, but the women in my family were always keeping food on the table and there were a lot of mouth's to feed. There was always a big family and a lot of help around that sat down at the table and daddy would come in and set down at his place and everybody else would get his or her chair and set where they were to sit. You better be there on time because when dad bowed his head for thanks you better be there, when he said amen you said amen and you ate. Around the table there would be my brother's and sisters and maybe some of the older half brothers would be there, hired help, aunts, my mother, I don't know there would be at least eight or nine.

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The older one was in would war II his name was eartherd and he was the first of dads children, oleina was the second of his children and the third one was William hammer and the fourth one was Catherine the fifth one was Samuel and the sixth was glenora, but there all dead, I was number one of momma's children, I'd been 7<sup>th</sup> of fathers children. Sue came after me Hanna came after her and lowl was the last child and he was killed during the Korean war and if he were living I wouldn't be living on that farm he would be there and I'd be somewhere else. I wanted to break the family ties so far in as my family structure I always felt like there was one of females who the victim of tribal conspiracy so to say, because there was always an unmarried female who was designated as the family nurse, house keeper, or what ever. I was the one who went out and got a lot of education and I decided that I would no longer going to be that victim of tribal conspiracy, the unmarried part of the family, I was married of course but that was long ago.

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My father said one time "thank you vary much that was a fine meal, now I wish I had a dollar for every meal that's ever been put on this table I'd be a rich man"

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We've lost some of the old values that I consider vary valuable.

We've lost respect and manners. For example today somebody watches TV, somebody plays a game they run all over the house with the food instead of setting down and having a nice meal. I see that a lot in modern homes and I don't think its good social training.

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When I was thirteen years old It was during the depth of the depression and I was frightened to death that I would not get to go to school to high school that is. Now today the children have so much stuff and so much information, support to learn something and they don't appreciate it and I was frightened that I'd never get to go to school because how was I going to get there. The school bus didn't go by my house it was three miles away so I walked and I cost three dollars a month to ride that bus. There was so little money that aunt and my mother cracked black walnuts trees and sold for ten cents a pound in order to make the three dollars a month to pay for my transportation on the bus. Many days when it was rely rely raw, and rotten like rain, or snow, or sleet then my

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father would drive me over those three miles to get that bus. They cracked black walnuts which grow all over the property and sold it for ten cents a pound.

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There was no such thing as soccer or volleyball or anything like that during our recess we just made up a game and played it. Children to day in my opinion are over programmed.

We were allowed to invent our own ways, we were good kids we weren't mean to each other or anything like that we played together vary nicely. When recess was over there was a big old bell in the bell tower that would ring and every body would come back inside. We still have that bell and it still rings and it would ring when it was time for us to go to school which was nine o'clock, they would ring the bell and all the kids would go in quickly. Then we had to hear a bible verse every day and of course that would be outlawed today. In our community there was no religious separation even today I don't think they'd be allowed to read the bible or make any comments. No one made any

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comments but when I was a child we did a lot of memorizing so much poetry, the twenty third song, the ten commandments and we got a little book mark if we could do it perfectly but I think today there is not enough exercising of the mind such as we had to we didn't have to but we did. We memorized a lot of stuff we could tell you exactly what is on a page some times. Any child who couldn't read or couldn't spell, or write a sentence, or do arithmetic I don't know why but in those days we never heard of a retarded person if we did they would say he's just not quite rite they would go to school and everyone would try to help them, but they were allowed to go even though they couldn't learn anything. Nobody made anything of it we just thought that's just the way it is so accept it don't carry on so about it.

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Today as an educator I'm not so sure it's doing these disabled children mentally any good to put them in a class room. Who it helps is the mothers and the fathers mostly and the children are fed and do learn some things. Some of them that I have seen are so disabled they might not learn anything to be able to function in school.

For equality sake we have to think that we have to do all we can but sometimes I think it's over done sometimes I think some of the money for those programs would be better spent on the middle learners which are the ones who are going to go out and do the work and pay the tax's. the ones who are going to drive the tractors, big rigs, and dig the ditches, make roads, put roofs on houses, and all of that.

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They deserve a lot of attention because they are not retarded they are pretty good students and I think sometimes that the I.Q. thing is way over rated. My very bright nieces and nephews would succeed no matter what, if you tested them or not.

One time I asked our local physician dr. Eye, how did we survive in the industry and decent colleges once we got out of Pendleton County. He said in the first place we can read and if you can read and interoperate what you read, and remember it that's the key. He said it's a little hard sometimes at first especially with your sciences, we caught on.

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When we got in school we said the pledge of allegiance you never, never started school unless you said the pledge of allegiance and sang the star spangled banner. Then every body got their books out and sat down at their desk. You had to share a desk with somebody there were two at a desk.

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One grade would come up in front of the class and would read the story of the day. One would read one paragraph or two or three. Everybody got a chance to read out loud. The way we knew our story is that every body knew to do homework and read it before they got to school. We made sure we could spell all the words in the spelling book, say it in a

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<p>sentence, and know what it meant, and the same for mathematics. They didn't burden us with senseless homework today children are given such dreadful assignments, in my opinion because I have three degrees and I've been in education for forty two years and I disapprove of a lot of this homework. I think it is non productive, some is valuable but a lot is not valuable. I observe some of what my young nieces and nephews are doing. It's repetitious and takes up time when they should have time to them selves. If they're not doing homework they are committed to playing soccer, basketball, or baseball. All the time, it's too much.</p> <p>It took thought, creative spirit and ingenuity to create a game and it was a lot of fun. It was more fun to do it yourself and we didn't have anyone telling us what we had to do. We did it by having a lot of fun.</p> <p>It was vary valuable when I was a young child; I listened to the older people and students. I'd pick out the one I thought was the best reader or the best at arithmetic and I would listen. We have a vary young child in our clan now and her name is Chloe she is four today she's five. Last summer she said that she was four or almost five. Chloe can read vary fluently, we didn't teach her how to read she taught her self by observing and by listening. We tested her by taking isolated words out of the sentence and asking her what that word is. Take a word like saw and turn the letters around to spell was and she knew what it was. I asked her "Chloe when is your birthday" she said "well I'm going to be five on October the fifth.</p> <p>They had a big stove in the middle of the floor with a great long exhaust pipe that went out to a chimney, today it would be a fire hazard I sure. Why it didn't burn down I don't know, but some of the big boys would go out and bring in pieces of wood and stoke the fire so we stayed warm with that old wood storm. It's vary healthy for you too, they oiled the floor with linseed oil before we opined school and the floor was oily and that kept it from getting dusty. The wood stove didn't give off any fumes so I think it was healthy. I never remembered the room being colder in the back than in the front but I can't remember. There was one room for up to fourth grade then fifth grade up to eight grade with two teachers. There was a teacher in the big room and a teacher in the little room. The little room was for the younger children and the bigger room was for the big kids. Mrs. Sara was the teacher in the little room, she's the one we remember the best. Mr. Charlie was in the big room as I remember. We thought it was rely rely rewarding if they asked us to go to the board and solve a problem or write a sentence. Instead of paper and pencil back then we had a slate pencil and a slate, that's what we wrote on we would erase by rubbing our elbow over it. We also had ink bottles and there was a whole in the desk where the ink bottle was. When we learned penmanship we used a quill pen.</p> <p>One of the interesting stories about primary education was a gentleman from the smoke holes he later became dr. Shreve and when he was a youngster he would have to get up at four o'clock and he walked way in the mountains from the smoke holes. He carried his gun and a lantern because he needed protection against mountain lions. When he got out to the high way or close to it he had a rock ledge where he'd put his gun and lantern, then he would get on the bus and ride to the high school. He's younger than I am, I forget his first name. there is a record of his work down in the public library about where he came from, he became an expert in horticulture and earned his doctorate. He was a professor of horticulture and considered an expert and lectured in many country's in the world he died recently. The interesting thing was that this youngster would track all over smoke holes</p>	<p>50 min</p> <p>54 min</p> <p>55 min</p> <p>56 min</p> <p>57 min</p> <p>58 min</p> <p>59 min</p> <p>60 min</p>
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with his gun and lantern, he had to light his lantern again to get home because by the time he got home it would be dark again. So he left in the dark and got home in the dark and that's how devoted we kids were to get an education, it might have been as much as ten miles.

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It was twelve miles from my house to Franklin. The people from the smoke holes had extremely high I.Q.'s. We didn't know any thing about I.Q. back then we just knew who knew how to read and write, who could remember things and who could pass tests. 1:4:18 We were so poor back then and we were far behind in these Appalachian Mountains and especially in West Virginia.

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In the summer time I went to George peapod which is now Vanderbilt University and earned another masters degree in library science, became a media specialist. When I left the Caribbean that was one of those air force schools. It had four thousand students in the base and I went to Montgomery County Maryland at the time was probably the richest county in the world and they were big on media or libraries, so our title was media specialists. I worked in junior high school libraries for a while. In Puerto Reco I built up several collections there and then when I came to Montgomery county Maryland I continued doing this. I went from there to high school. There I stayed until 1985 and then retired and to this vary day I miss those books and those materials. It's so ironic, not ironic but something to rely think about starting in a one room school and starting with a salary of eighty five dollars a month for eight on nine months a year and finally went to the richest county and concentrated on big collections, most of my work was teaching reference, discarding or reading the collection, replenishing it. They had so much money for we media specialists to spend that it was rely hard work to spend it wisely. I do miss those huge collections of beautiful encyclopedias and books of all kinds. Epically those art books and strangely enough, not strangely enough industrial arts had a wonderful collection and they were the ones using the collection mostly. I had a mother there and they owned the troves book shops in Washington D.C. one day I asked her what value she would put on that collection and she said one million. So it's been quite a journey, and I do miss those books. I gave my wonderful collection of Jessie Stuart books to the university.

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So my interests lie in the literature, reference books and biographies.

I do wish that in my training that I knew more about the sciences and particularly the symbols of mathematics I wish I knew that. I know enough but I don't know all I want to know.

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If you still have your sensibilities you should try to keep on learning till the day you die.