



The Friends of Mountwood Park Newsletter Summer 2020 Issue, Vol. 11, No. 3

Friends of Mountwood Park Officers:

Peggy Squires, President

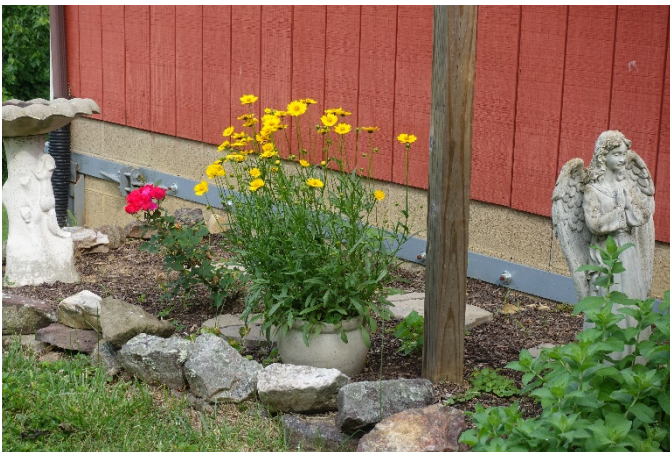
Melody Crawford, Vice President

Carolyn Naylor, Secretary

Mike Naylor, Treasurer

Friends meet the 2nd Thursday of each month at 6:30 pm.

Summer Time at Last!



Message from Peggy Squires Our President

Hello everyone, I hope you are well. This has been a confusing and scary time for everyone. I think we are all getting cabin fever with the precautions we are taking because of COVID-19. With all that is going on, I hope you will have a good summer and get to spend time with your family.

We were able to have our June meeting while following the recommended guidelines. Because of our concern about spreading COVID-19, we decided to cancel Adventure Camp and Woof Fest. We are looking forward to having them next year.

You have probably heard the Park has cancelled the Fishing Derby and Volcano Days. I'm sure you realize it would be next to impossible to keep everyone safe at these popular events.

Mountwood Park has been following the governor's guidelines. This should help you with knowing when things are open. Many people have already been coming to the Park to enjoy fishing, hiking, and biking. I don't know about you, but because I still feel we should be cautious, I am still limiting my shopping and activities and trying to stay healthy and practice social distancing. Hope to see you at the next meeting, at a distance.

**The happiest people
don't have the best
of everything....
they make the best
of everything they
have.**

A Warning not Heeded

Submitted by Mike Naylor

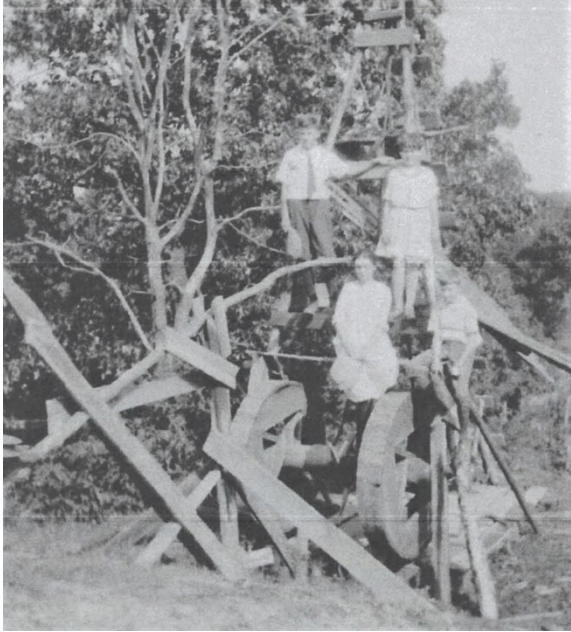
There were many warnings before the disastrous fire of 1879. The following article from the *Volcano Lubricator* (October 7, 1873) reveals the very real threat of fire was recognized as early as 1873.

“FIRE.—On Thursday morning last an alarm of fire was sounded. and it was discovered that the feed store of J. R. Schafer & Co. was in flames; the fire communicated with a small tank of oil owned by the V. O. & C. Co., and Gibson and Chubbuck, which together with the feed store, was entirely destroyed; total loss of \$1,000, no insurance. We think this is a fit occasion to urge upon the people the necessity of purchasing 400 or 500 feet of two-inch hose and having it ready for use. Who will move in the matter?”

We do not like to invest to prevent potential problems; instead, we take the more expensive route of dealing with the aftermath.

Endless Cable Meets Jungle Gym

By Mike Naylor



Picture donated by Linda Mazza

David Kemper Reece used an abandoned oil rig to build a “jungle gym” for the Reece children. I’ll bet they enjoyed it as much as children in Parkersburg given a commercially made set-up from Sears & Roebuck!!

Change your thoughts and
you change your world.

Norman Vincent Peale

Life is really simple, but men
insist on making it complicated.

Confucius

When I was 5 years old, my mother always
told me that happiness was the key to life.
When I went to school, they asked me what I
wanted to be when I grew up. I told them “happy”.
They told me I didn’t understand the assignment,
and I told them they didn’t understand life.

John Lennon

Cheselyn Paul Jonas

Born: 7-21-1900 Died: 12-24-1967

By Rosemary (Lee) Merrill

Cheselyn “Chenner” Jonas was the son of William
and Ola (Bunting) Jonas and was born at his



parents’ home in
Volcano about
one mile from
the Volcanic Oil
and Coal
Company on the
road toward
Petroleum. His
father built a
bigger house on
the top of the
hill beside the
smaller house.
The larger house
burned in 1909,
and Mr. Jonas
rebuilt there.

Cheselyn had two brothers, Tom and Bill, and one
sister, Mary. He married my mother’s sister, Mary
Alice Perrin, in 1933, and they moved in to the
O’Brien house where their daughter, Nancy Lou
Jonas, was born. Later they moved in to the house
where Cheselyn had been born and where their son,
Cheselyn Perrin “Chennie” was also born.

Uncle Chenner worked his whole life in the oil
fields of Volcano, as did his father, Will. He
pumped oil on four separate leases belonging to the
O’Briens, as well as his own lease that was near
their house and at Pleasant Hill. He also owned a
gas well on Riser Ridge near Route 50 from which
he ran a gas line and sold gas all the way to
Petroleum. My cousin, Stan Jenkins, recalls going
with Uncle Chenner to start the engine in the engine
house at the Volcanic and “walking the lease.” He
and my brother, Bobby Lee, helped him “pull a
well” once which they found very interesting. They
took pipes out till they found a hole, fixed it and put
it all back together.

I remember Uncle Chenner’s mother, Ola, well.
We all called her “Mom Jonas” which is what her
grandchildren called her. She had beautiful flowers,
and I remember the cut stone steps leading up to the
house. Her father was T. H. Bunting who was a

Baptist preacher. He married my paternal grandparents, Marion and Lottie Lee. Ola's sister, Maggie, was a good friend of my grandmother. Uncle Chenner and my father, Robert Lee, were also good friends and later married sisters.

I remember staying all night at Aunt Mary Alice and Uncle Chenner's house and waking up to the soothing, rhythmic sounds of the oil pumps. Aunt Mary Alice would fix lunch, then go out on the back porch and "halloo" loudly which would echo over the hills or sometimes she would whistle loudly. Then you could hear Uncle Chenner answer back from a distance. A little later he would arrive to eat lunch with us.

Uncle Chenner was a bit of a practical joker. Chennie recalls one time they were walking along the road when they saw their neighbor, Charlie Demoss, driving a horse-drawn wagon. Uncle Chenner told Chennie to go behind a tree, so they hid behind the tree till Charlie, who was a deaf mute, passed by. Uncle Chenner yelled "Whoa!" and the horse stopped. Charlie didn't know why, but got him started again. Uncle Chenner yelled, "Whoa!" again. Not sure how long this went on before he made himself known. Charlie was good natured and took it well. Charlie had three siblings, two of whom were also deaf mutes.

I've also heard other stories about Uncle Chenner taking a wagon apart and carrying it, piece by piece to the top of a neighbor's barn and putting it back together again.

But, on a personal note, he was my beloved uncle. I remember Mom telling me they were coming over, so I ran and set up a board game on the dining room table, and when he came in the front door, I grabbed him by the hand and took him in the dining room before he could even say hello to anyone. Mom said to me, "Cheselyn didn't come just to play with you!" I was shocked and amazed. I always thought that was why he came. I remember him pulling himself up on the top of my swing set and flipping himself over and jumping to the ground. He was in his early 60's then.

Uncle Chenner kept an eye on the O'Brien's summer home while the owners were gone. They had a "zipline" in the early 1960's for their

grandchildren. Uncle Chenner assured me the owners wouldn't mind if I played on it. You had to climb up on a box to get ahold of the handle. It went downhill and at the end was a huge spring so you had to hold on really tight. I remember my legs going up high above the line when I hit that spring, and then it bounced back and that's how you stopped. That was the most fun!

The neighbor kids acted like they loved Uncle Chenner, and he was good to all of them

Uncle Chenner had several mishaps while on the job. Once he fell from an oil derrick, but landed in soft mud. Both arms were broken, but it could have been a lot worse. Shortly before his death, he was in the engine house and his hand got caught in a belt and cut a finger off. He had gone to work on the lease the day he died on Christmas eve, 1967. He had a heart attack and was found in car close to the house.

I was 14 when he died, and I still find myself thinking of funny things he said or did. He was a larger than life character and is still missed.

Uncle Chenner was like a dad to his grandson, Kevin, who lived with them. He was also crazy about his granddaughter, Jan, who was Chennie and Ella's daughter. Their second daughter, Andrea, was born after his death. He now has four great-grandsons – Daniel, who is a teacher at PHS, Matthew and Adam Jonas, and Tyler Munchmeyer. Kevin and his wife and son Matthew, Jan, Andrea and her husband, Ted, and son, Tyler all reside in Florida.

If you want your children to listen, just whisper softly to someone else.

Ann Landers

The information below was provided by our good friend Steve Parker of Morgantown. Steve is our expert researcher and provides an abundance of information to us about Volcano.

Dr. James Archer Fullerton, Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church

James Archer Fullerton was born at Belfast, Ireland on May 28, 1850, the son of James and Sarah (Archer) Fullerton. At the age of 17, he became a local minister and when he was 20 years old, he entered the ministry. On October 20, 1871, he married Anna J. Barrett and soon set sail for America. He arrived in the United States in 1872.

The articles below are from a series of articles about the life of Dr. Fullerton. The first article is about his life at Volcano where he served as minister of the Methodist Episcopal church.



The Daily Telegram, June 20, 1903 Clarksburg, West Virginia

“Near the close of his second year Mr. Fullerton received a special invitation from a committee of the official board to this first station. It was to an oil town, Volcano, among the hills of Wood county, at that time one of the most flourishing oil regions in the United States. To how the history and possible decline of oil towns it is only necessary to say that there were but two churches in the conference at that time paying larger salaries than Mr. Fullerton received at Volcano. While now the place is nigh isolated, only a small quantity of oil being produced, and the church itself is one of several appointments on a circuit.”

“During the three conference years of Mr. Fullerton’s pastorate, it was a lively place and put on as many city airs as though it were built to endure as long as any other part of the world. What a place it was! People from all parts of this great country, of other nations also, and of other languages; some came and made a fortune and moved away to save it. Others came and made a fortune only to lose it again because they remained too long. There was a splendid congregation made up of every belief and creed or non-creed one can conceive of. There were not only Methodists but Baptists and Presbyterians, Universalists and Unitarians, Deists, Atheists and others too numerous to mention. And yet it was a very delightful charge, greatly enjoyed by the pastor and his family, and a place of usefulness far above many. Whatever may have been their belief the people were of one mind in regard to keeping up a church for themselves and their children. They therefore generally agreed that it should be a Methodist church, more especially as their denomination was first in the field. The variety of belief never caused the slightest friction, and during Mr. Fullerton’s third year in a series of special services which continued for two months, there were more than one hundred conversions, while ninety-three were added to the roll of membership, some of these are now found in many different parts of the world.”

The Daily Telegram Clarksburg, West Virginia June 24, 1903

SKETCHES FROM THE LIFE OF A WEST VIRGINIA METHODIST PREACHER WORTHY OF PERUSAL

Rev. Dr. Fullerton Reviews Through the Columns of the Telegram His Thirty Year’s Work in the West Virginia Ministry. Sketch IX.

“Honor is whom honor is due” is a very old maxim. It may be applied in many ways. It is far too often overlooked. He is a wise preacher who does not forget to give suitable complimentary recognition to his regular church choir. Mr. Fullerton discovered this for himself in his early ministry, and the appreciation of such knowledge was eminently useful.”

“There is probably no better or more talented choir in the state than the town of Volcano and for about ten years, say from 1870 to 1880. It was composed of a double quartette with an occasional third. They were all trained singers. The study of music was their pastime and chief recreation. Some magnificent voices were in that choir. Strangers and visitors came to church on many occasions to hear the music. Rough men who did not usually go to church formed the habit of regular attendance. Never was a preacher helped by better service on the part of a choir. The organist of those three years, a young lady, afterwards became famous in Cincinnati in the highest circles and at public assemblies as one of the best performers. On several instruments of music known in that or any other city tenderly we give this note of appreciation.”

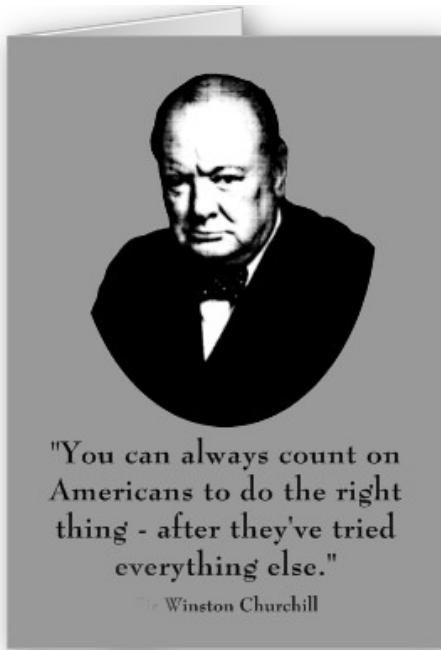
“Mr. Fullerton had as presiding elder the first year at Volcano, Rev. Ashford Hall. This really able minister, who afterwards went to Ohio, was never estimated at his full worth. A fine preacher always with a splendid sermon to offer but hampered and hindered by a nervous twitching manner and an almost painful timidity. He could not at times forget himself and was discouraged so easily as to suffer mental depression. Many of the readers of these sketches will remember very kindly the name of Mr. Hall. It is a good thing to be modest, even for a preacher, but it is well enough to forget one’s self in great themes.”

“The second and third years the presiding elder was the well-known James L. Clark, honored and known throughout the entire state of West Virginia and now at a ripe old age, far beyond four score years, resting until the time of his departure with intellect unclouded and rare physical health for one so advanced in life at Tarentum, Pa. Mrs. Clark died some years ago and Dr. Clark is cared for by his only living child, a daughter, Mrs. Schofield. Dr. Clark was the very opposite of Mr. Hall in those peculiar features mentioned. He was neither timid nor nervous, preached mostly with his eyes shut, was afraid of no man, could preach for an hour or two if necessary or quit in thirty minutes. He never used a manuscript in the pulpit, was modest as a child in his home, where he was entertained, never was sick in his life and could walk fifty miles a day and not complain of feeling

tired. He was built for pioneer work, spare, wiry, elastic, energetic; a fine scholar, an able conversationalist, a genial companion.”

“It may be well to say here that no minister could remain on one charge at this time longer than three years. Presiding elders on districts were allowed four years. Afterwards the pastoral term was lengthened to five years and the presiding elder’s term to six years. This was done in 1888. Appointments, however, are always made from year to year, or for one year at a time. This was the law and is the law of the church today. With this exception that the last general conference removed the time altogether, leaving the matter of the years of service to be determined by pastor and people, subject to the authority of the bishop, who presides in annual conference. Whether the latter change is for the best, cannot yet be clearly decided.”

“In the month of August 1879, or shortly before the close of this pastoral term, occurred what was for a long time known as the great fire. One Monday morning at 3 o’clock, when all the people were asleep, an alarm of fire was heard. It came from the chief hotel and was taken up over the hills and valleys for miles around, and what a fire it was! In less than one hour the Main street, containing nearly all the business houses, stores, offices and halls, together with great oil tanks, full of oil, were all on fire. Indeed, for nearly half a mile along the chief thoroughfare and down the railroad track there was nothing but a sheet of flames. The first house at one end of this fiery highway to be spared was the Methodist parsonage. While at the other end of the line was saved the Episcopal church. The Methodist church was built upon the hill above the valley of fire and escaped injury. The awfulness of that early morning, following the quietness of the preceding Sunday, can never be forgotten by the persons who were eye witnesses of the sight. Many millions of dollars in buildings, oil and other property were in a few hours consumed. One firm, whose insurance had just expired the day before and had not been renewed, lost all they had except a few household goods. The good wife of the principal member of that firm was observed to be picking her way carefully to the burning house, from which she soon appeared again bearing aloft the family Bible.”



Hairstyles of the 1800s



The Volcano Lubricator, April 12, 1873

“We heard a good story the other day from an old citizen, about a young man whom we will call B. B. has a fashionable wife, who dresses her hair according to “code”, with “rats” and “braids” &c. Mrs. B. retired one-night last week, and in undressing her hair let a long braid stay on the bed. Sometime after B. retired, and after settling down for a snooze, felt something wind around his foot and ankle. He immediately aroused his wife; told her a snake was in bed; told her not to move until he had made his will, and warned her not to marry again until he had been dead at least one year. He kissed her and told her to jump and light a lamp. Mrs. B. heard all he said, and when the word “jump” came, she did jump and run to the door and called the neighbors. They rushed in by platoons, a light was procured, and poor B. was in the last agonies of death. Hastily but cautiously turning down the covers, the long braid was found round poor B.’s leg. Mrs. B. wears her hair without braids now.”

All my life I thought air was free. That is, until I purchased a bag of potato chips.

***Park Contact Information
Administration Building
Lake House Reservations
Shelter & Building Rentals
304-679-3611***

***Campground Information
304-679-3610***

***EDITOR: CAROLYN NAYLOR
CONTRIBUTORS: ROSEMARY MERRILL,
CAROLYN NAYLOR, MIKE NAYLOR, STEVE
PARKER, & PEGGY SQUIRES.***