

Richard Jr.<sup>3</sup> Skinner (Richard Sr.<sup>2</sup>, John<sup>1</sup>):

**RICHARD SKINNER, JR.**

Son of Rev. Richard Skinner and 1st w. Mary Swope\*

(\*Bible records, pub. 12/2/1921, Glassboro Enterprise, Glassboro, NJ by J.R.D.)

Company A, 115 Regiment, Pa. Vol., Civil War

b. Sep 27, 1823 Greenwich Twp, Glou. Co., NJ (per tombstone records)

d. Mar 20, 1908 at home of son-in-law Louis N. Shreve, Glassboro, NJ, of pneumonia

Buried old Glassboro Methodist Cem., next to old high school, Delsea Dr., Glassboro, NJ

Tombstone surveyed in 1980 has disappeared as of 1990 [KDS note – per files of VEM]

m. 1846 [KDS note - 1845 per his obituary and per 1/17/1975/VEM.]

w. **ELIZABETH ANN CORSON**, dau. of Mizeal Corson and 1st w. Mary Stanger

b. Jul 3, 1828 probably at Glassboro, NJ

d. Jan 9, 1896 at Glassboro, NJ, Thursday, buried Monday 1/13/1896 Glassboro

Methodist Cem., L. N. Shreve, F.D. (pub. Wood. Const. 1/15/1896, Woodbury, NJ; card file room 202 Woodbury Court House)

Tombstone surveyed in 1980 has disappeared as of 1990 [Glou. Co. Hist. Soc. files per VEM]

**CHILDREN:**

**1. WILLIAM HARRISON SKINNER ('Harry')**

Civil War [KDS note - I have seen no evidence he served in the Civil War.]

b. Aug 16, 1846 Harrison Twp, Glou. Co., NJ

d. Apr 5, 1935 age 88, at home of dau. Elizabeth Ungerbuehler, Wilmington, DE, buried Manahath Cem., (pub. Wood. Const. 4/10/1935)

m. Dec 21, 1871 Gloucester City, NJ, by Rev. Henry Reeves (pub. Wood. Const. 1/17/1872)

**w. MARY ELIZABETH SPARKS ("Lizzie")**

b. Jul 29, 1851

d. Oct 19, 1926 at home, Main St., Glassboro, NJ

Buried 10/25/1926, Manahath Cem. (pub. Wood Const. 10/27/1926)

**2. MARY SWOPE SKINNER**

b. Apr 24, 1848 Harrison Twp, Glou. Co., NJ

d. Sep 14, 1868 age 20, at Morrestown, NJ

She and infant son buried in one coffin, 9/16/1868 (Vol. IV, Sec. III, Old Gloucester County, by Archut., p260)

Buried Glassboro Methodist Cem.

m. July 13, 1867 Glassboro Methodist Church.

**h. ISAAC KING**

b. Apr 21, 1848 (no proof to date this birth is the same Isaac King who married Mary S. Skinner, but quite probable - VEM)

d. 1872 (Will of Isaac King, Burlington Co., 11875 C Inv. 1872. Had a son - Charles King)

Record of Mary S. King on back of tombstone of Richard Skinner, Jr., Methodist Cem., Glassboro, NJ, though dates are not all correct - VEM.

**3. ANNA FRANCES SKINNER ("Fannie")**

[KDS note - descendant George Stevens also called her "Aunt Fannie"]

b. Dec 18, 1849 Glassboro, NJ

d. Feb 11, 1937 buried Manahath Cem.

m. Aug 7, 1869 (Sep 7 per 1/17/1975 VEM; Aug 7 per un-dated VEM) by Rev. W.E. Perry (pub. Wood. Const. Sep 10, 1869)

Per records of the Glassboro Methodist Episcopal Church – Richard Henry of Millville, age 23, and Fanny Skinner of Glassboro, age 20, married at his father's residence. [KDS]

**h. ARTHUR RICHARD HENRY**

Son of William Henry and 2nd w. Rebecca Sharp of Millville, NJ (her 2nd h. \_\_\_\_ Jones), reference "300 Years with Corson Families in America", by Orville Corson, Middleton, Ohio, 1939, Vol. II, p. 176.

Descendants living in Pitman, NJ

[HES note - railroad baggage-master]

b. Aug 20, 1846 Millville, NJ

d. Feb 25, 1899 buried Manahath Cem, Glassboro

Bodies of Fanny and Arthur relocated from Manahath Cem. to Berlin Cem., Berlin, NJ

**Children: Melvin, Estelle (Lizzie), Forrest, Vernon, Elizabeth, Curtis, Ethyl**

**4. ELLA CORSON SKINNER**

b. Apr 13, 1851 probably Harrison Twp, Glou. Co., NJ

d. Jan 12, 1919 Saturday, Camden, NJ (pub Wood. Const. 1/22/1919), buried Harleigh Cem., Camden Co., NJ

m. Dec 25, 1882 Glassboro, NJ by Rev. S.S. Weatherby at residence of bride's father (pub. Wood. Const. 1/3/1883)

Per records of the Glassboro Methodist Episcopal Church, Millard Lloyd of Clarksboro married Ella Skinner of Glassboro. [KDS]

**h. MILLARD F\_\_\_ LLOYD**, of Clarksboro, NJ

b.

d.

Ella Skinner is mentioned in the will of Mary Skinner, her grandmother [wife of Richard Skinner Sr.]

**5. MIZEAL CORSON SKINNER ("Mila")**

b. Jan 6, 1855 Glassboro, NJ (probably Harrison Twp. Per VEM 1/17/1975)

d. Mar 6, 1856 age 14 months, Glassboro, NJ, buried Glassboro Methodist Cem. (pub. 4/1/1856, also ref. Mizeal Corson, Wills, Index p282, Vol. I, Cumberland Co. 5553 F Inv. 1896)

Record of Mila C. Skinner on back of tombstone of Richard Skinner, Jr., Methodist Cem., Glassboro, NJ, though dates are not all correct - VEM

**6. IDA MAY SKINNER**

"Della", "Ida Missouri" and "Della Missouri" [KDS]

b. Jul 3, 1856 Glassboro, NJ

d. 1934, buried Manahath Cemetery

m. Apr 1, 1876 at residence of bride's parents by [her father] Rev Richard Skinner, Glassboro, NJ (pub. Wood. Const., and Glou. Co. Marriages, by H. Stanley Craig, 1930, p126)

Per records of the Glassboro Methodist Episcopal Church – Charles Locke, farmer, married Della Missouri Skinner, both of Glassboro, at his father's residence. Attending minister was Rev. Richard Skinner (Jr.) [KDS]

**h. CHARLES HENRY LOCKE**, farmer, son of James Locke and 1st w. Rebecca Stanger

b. Feb 22, 1851

d. Sep 7, 1922 buried Manahath Cem., Glassboro, NJ

**Sons - Otto and Raymond Locke**

James Locke was the son of Ananias Locke and Elizabeth Adams, both buried Old Swedes Cemetery, Swedesboro, NJ. James Locke had three wives: 1. Rebecca Stanger, 2. Matilda Focer, 3. Rebecca Swope. One of the Rebecca's was b. Sep 10, 1813, d. Nov 6, 1873, buried Glassboro Methodist Cem.

**7. FLORINDA MAY SKINNER ("Rennie")**

b. Aug 29, 1862 ("300 Years with the Corson Families in America", by Orville Corson, 1939, Vol. II. p176; available Glou. Co. Historical Society)

Per records of the Glassboro Methodist Episcopal Church, baptized January, 1863, born Aug 29, 1861. [KDS]

d. Oct 2, 1938 at home, Glassboro, NJ, buried Manahath Cem. (pub. Wood. Const. 10/5/1938)

m. June 2, 1882 (pub. "First Congressional District," p.347)

h. **LOUIS NAPOLEAN SHREVE**, son of Mahlon Shreve and Harriet Chew

b. July 27, 1861 Barnsboro, Mantua Twp., Glou. Co., NJ

d. 19\_\_ at home, S. Main St., Glassboro, NJ, buried Manahath Cem.

Louis Shreve was a Glassboro mortician, later joined by his son.

**Children: Blande, Bessie and Beatrice**

[HES note - Blande died at Ocean City, NJ]

Lorendo Skinner is mentioned in the will of Mary Skinner, her grandmother. Florinda May and Louis Shreve have no tombstones in Manahath Cemetery. Mahlon Shreve and Harriet Chew are buried in Mt. Zion Cemetery, Barnsboro, NJ.

-----  
KDS note - all of the above taken from files of VEM dated 2/18/1980, except as noted otherwise within brackets [ ].



**[blank]**

## Background

Richard Skinner Jr. (1823-1908) lived into the twentieth century but had roots far back in time – his grandfather John Skinner had served as a Loyalist in the West Jersey Volunteers during the Revolutionary War.

Grandfather John Skinner of the Revolutionary War era lived and raised his family on 200+ acres of land at Pitman Grove, NJ, near Alcyon Lake. He also owned an additional 100 acres of land a short distance away at Richwood, NJ. In 1821, John Skinner died and his lands were auctioned off to pay debts that he owed. His lands ended up staying in the family as son Richard Skinner Sr. placed the winning bid on his properties.

Son Richard Skinner Sr. lived on the Richwood portion of his father's lands and also ran a tavern there as well. The tavern gave the community the name 'Helltown'. In a dramatic religious conversion in 1827, Richard swore off alcohol, sold his tavern and became a devout Christian. During the 1800's, Richard went on to become a Methodist minister and church Elder, serving rural churches in Gloucester County where there was not a permanent minister. In his older years, Richard lived at the town of Glassboro, NJ, and was a member of the Glassboro Methodist Church. Richard was involved in numerous land transactions during his life and sold off much of his father's former lands, providing each of his children with land for small farms, except for one daughter who received a paid education at the Pennington Seminary.

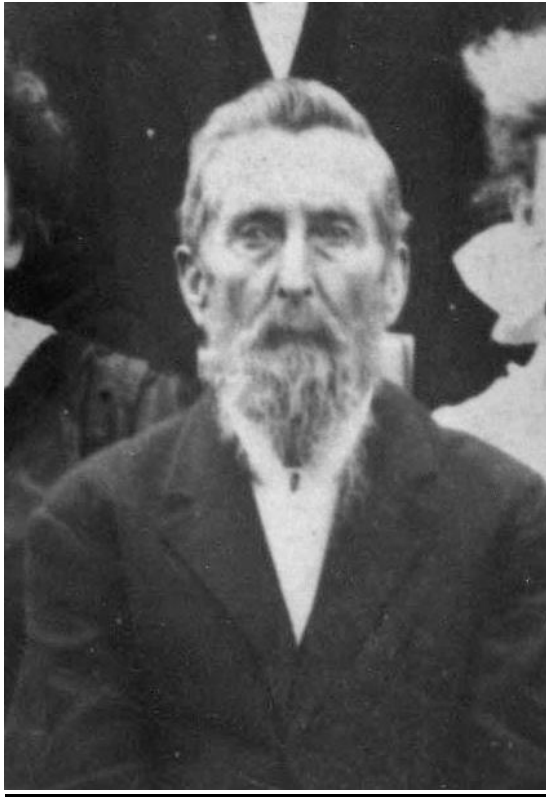
**Richard Skinner Jr.**

Grandson Richard Skinner Jr. was born in 1823 at Richwood. He was an active Methodist like his father. He joined the Glassboro Methodist Church at age 14, circa 1837. After completing public school, Richard attended the Methodist Episcopal seminary at Pennington, NJ where the guiding principles were - "the education of the physical, the training of the mental, and the grounding of the soul in character" [<http://www.pennington.org>]. The Pennington school still operates today. Richard Jr. graduated from the seminary at age 17.

Following the seminary, Richard tried his hand at bookkeeping in Philadelphia, but came home to Richwood to be a school teacher. He was the first teacher of the Clems Run School at Richwood and also taught at Aura, Clayton, Knights Run, Monroeville, Richwood, Williamstown and Zion. As a teacher, he was a stern disciplinarian, especially with the boys who came off of the farms during the winter sessions. Following the outlawing of corporal punishment, Richard remarked – "*I cannot teach without the hickory [rod].*" His students included his younger brother Franklin Skinner.

Richard was active in the Glassboro Methodist Church. For a time, he was a church class leader at Richwood and led the choir at Glassboro. His children and grandchildren sang for decades at the Glassboro Methodist Church. Following military service during the Civil War, Richard returned to teaching. He also did surveying for a time and taught singing lessons at night in neighboring towns.

Richard Skinner Jr. was an impressive person and photos show him to be very striking – tall and handsome.

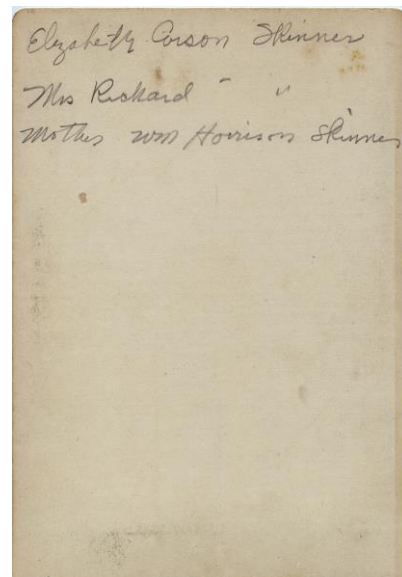


Richard Skinner Jr., circa 1907  
(1823-1908).



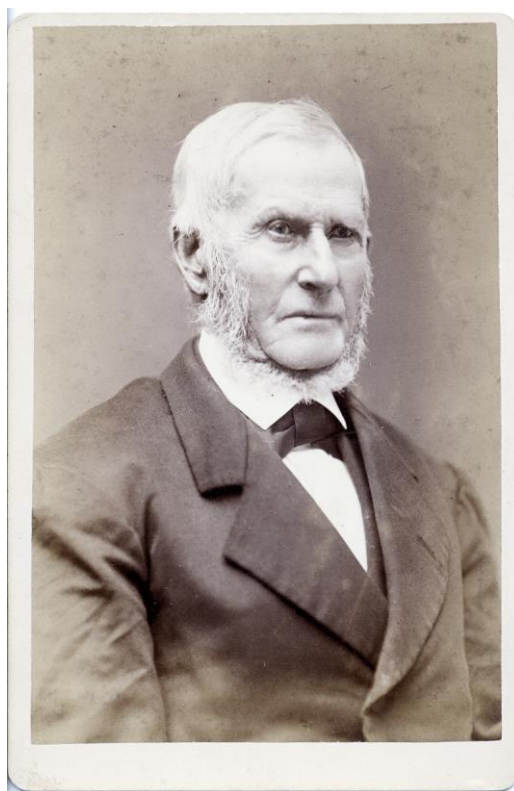
Elizabeth Ann (Corson) Skinner  
(1828 – 1896)

[J. P. Silver photographer, Phila.]

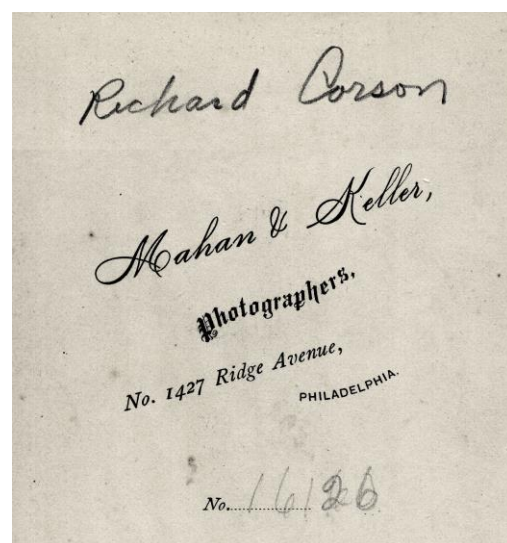
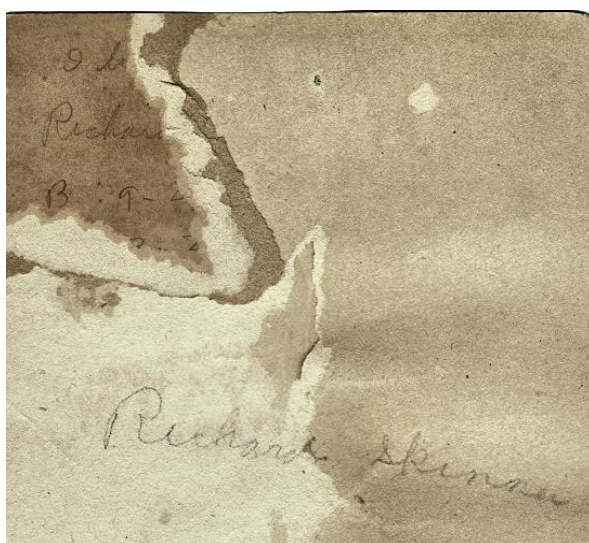


Probably writing of Elizabeth Ungerbuehler

Photos from estate of Elizabeth Ungerbuehler



Richard Skinner Jr. (1823-1908)



Three copies of this photo are in existence. The copy at left is from the estate of Ursula Thoman. The rear of the photo is in poor condition, but is labeled 'Richard Skinner' and includes birth and death dates that correspond to those of Richard Jr. A second copy, from the estate of Elizabeth Ungerbuehler (Ursula's sister), at right, is incorrectly labeled 'Richard Corson', Corson being the maiden name of Richard Jr.'s wife. There is no Richard Corson in the family. This photo appears to have been labeled by Elizabeth Ungerbuehler at the same time as she labeled the photo of Elizabeth Corson Skinner on the previous page, and she carried the Corson middle name over to this photo. A third copy of this photo is in the hands of the descendants of a sibling of Richard Skinner Jr. (per cousin Laurel Steffes) and is unlabeled.

**Marriage, 1845**

Richard married Elizabeth Ann Corson, the daughter of Mizeal and Mary Corson, in 1845. Elizabeth was born in 1828 and had two younger siblings – Charles and William.

Their father, Mizeal Corson, was a glassblower at Glassboro. Mizeal's wife was Mary Stanger, whose family owned the large Stanger Glass Works (later Whitney Glass Works) in town. Mizeal later remarried and had additional children with a second wife.

The Corsons, like the Skinners, were early members of the Glassboro Methodist Church. The church records of the 1860's show that the members included Mizeal and Mary Corson as well as their three children – Elizabeth with husband Richard Skinner, Charles Corson with wife Roda and William Corson with wife Parnella (Sickler of Sicklerville).

**Farmer**

Richard Skinner lived on the land given to him by his father on Barnsboro Road (Rt. 609), just a short walk south of the intersection with Rt. 322 at Richwood . While his primary occupation was that of a school teacher, he and his family also farmed the land.

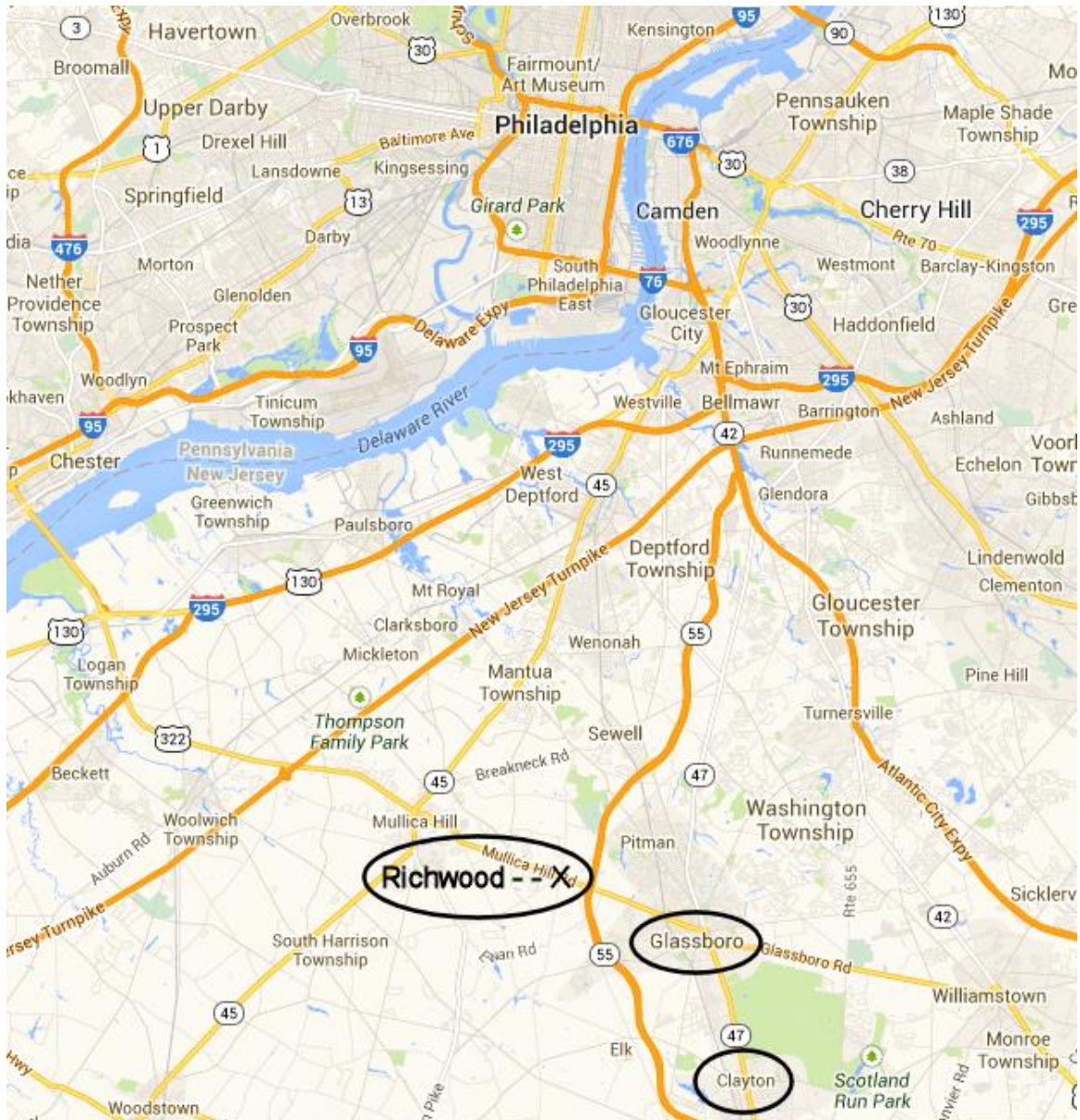
**1850 Census**

The census shows Richard as a farmer residing at Harrison Township (Richwood), Gloucester Co.

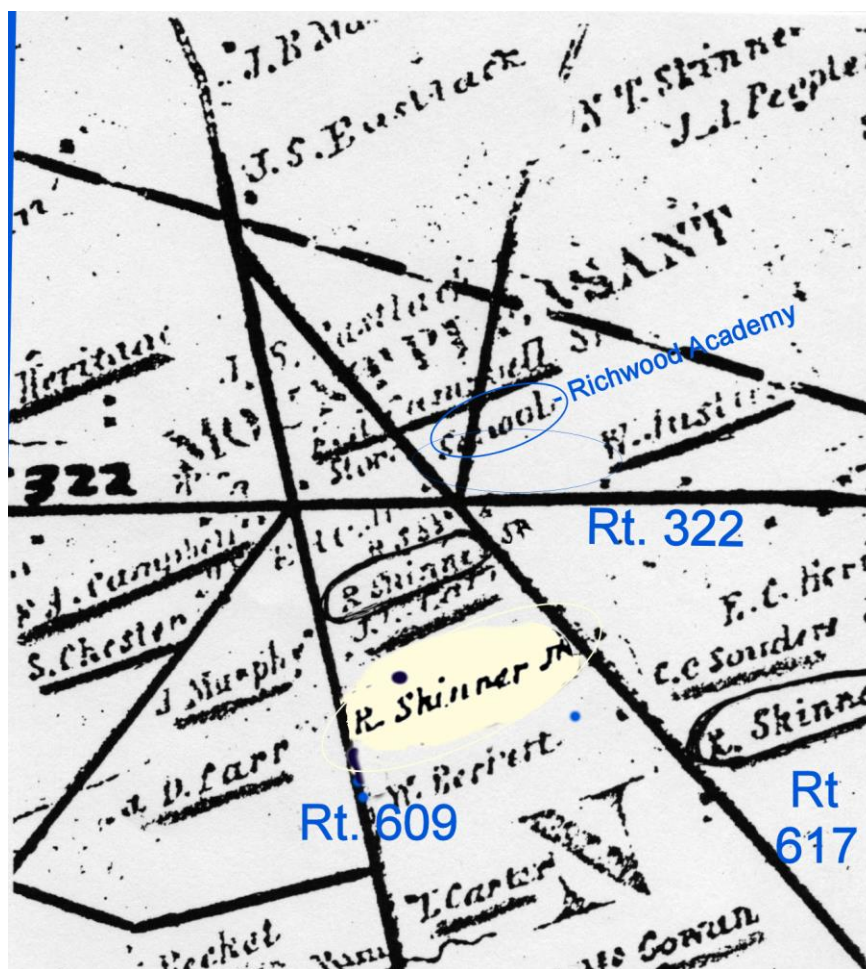
**1860 Census**

Richard, age 37, was a farmer residing at Harrison Township. Wife Elizabeth was age 32. Eldest child William 'Harry' Skinner, my ancestor, was age 13. This would be the last census in which Harry would be living at home with his parents.





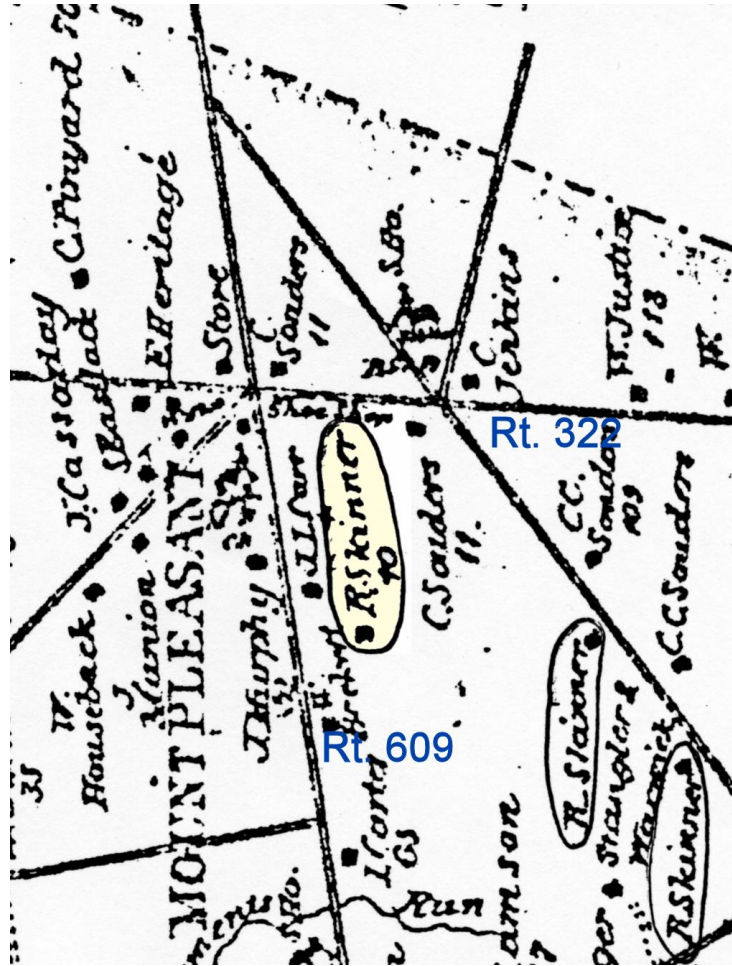
Richwood and vicinity



Mount Pleasant (Richwood), 1861  
[1861 Map courtesy of cousin Bill Skinner]

Richard Jr. lived on Barnsboro Rd. (Rt. 609) just south of Rt. 322;  
Richard Sr. had a residence on Richwood-Aura Road (Rt. 667), but had additional landholdings.





Mount Pleasant (Richwood), 1876  
[1876 Map courtesy of cousin Bill Skinner]

Shows Richard's land, 40 acres, in same location as in 1861.

## Civil War

Richard Jr. enlisted in the 115<sup>th</sup> Pennsylvania Regiment of the army in March of 1864 and served until the end of the war. His younger brother Franklin enlisted as well. Franklin saw battle in the famous engagement at Gettysburg.

Though the two brothers were part of differing units, they came together in the battle of Sayler's Creek, Virginia, in the final hours of the Civil War. Richard was age 41 at the time while brother Franklin was age 22. Franklin wrote a poem in 1907 recalling their war service.

Sayler's Creek was a part of a series of battles in the final days of the Civil War in which the Army of Northern Virginia, under Robert Lee, was repeatedly hounded by Union forces (Army of the Potomac) while attempting to retreat south to North Carolina. At Sayler's Creek (misnamed Sailor's Creek today), the Union Army cut-off one-fourth of Lee's forces.

The battle at Saylor Creek occurred on April 6, 1865 and involved about 27,000 men. The battle resulted in 8800 casualties, most of them Confederate. A large number of Confederate prisoners were taken as well, including numerous senior commanders.

Upon seeing the survivors streaming along the road, Lee exclaimed "My God, has the army dissolved?" [[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Battle\\_of\\_Sayler27s\\_Creek](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Battle_of_Sayler27s_Creek)]

Sayler's Creek was the death knell of the Confederate Army. The next day, Lee was talking surrender with Grant, though Lee still hoped he had a chance if he could get his troops to supply trains waiting about 25 miles away at Appomattox Station. Unfortunately for Lee, General George Custer of the Union Cavalry got to the trains first, setting up the final skirmish of the Civil War on April 8.

On April 9, Lee and Grant met at Appomattox Court House to end the war. Richard Skinner Jr. and Franklin were likely within a 20 mile radius of that historic event.

## VOLUNTEER ENLISTMENT.

STATE OF

TOWN OF

PennaPhilada

I, Richard Skinner born in Gloucester Co  
 in the State of New Jersey aged forty one years,  
 and by occupation a Marriage Do HEREBY ACKNOWLEDGE to have  
 volunteered this twenty eighth day of March 1864  
 to serve as a **Soldier** in the Army of the United States of America, for  
 the period of **THREE YEARS**, unless sooner discharged by proper authority;  
 Do also agree to accept such bounty, pay, rations, and clothing, as are, or may be,  
 established by law for volunteers. And I, Richard Skinner do  
 solemnly swear, that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the **United States**  
**of America**, and that I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all  
 their enemies or opposers whomsoever; and that I will observe and obey the  
 orders of the President of the United States, and the orders of the officers  
 appointed over me, according to the Rules and Articles of War.

Sworn and subscribed to, at

this 25 day of March 1864

BEFORE

I CERTIFY, ON HONOR, That I have carefully examined the above-named Volunteer, agreeably  
 to the General Regulations of the Army, and that, in my opinion, he is free from all bodily defects and  
 mental infirmity, which would in any way disqualify him from performing the duties of a soldier.



EXAMINING SURGEON.

I CERTIFY, ON HONOR, That I have minutely inspected the Volunteer, Rich Skinner  
 previously to his enlistment, and that he was entirely sober when enlisted; that, to the best of my  
 judgment and belief, he is of lawful age; and that, in accepting him as duly qualified to perform the  
 duties of an able-bodied soldier, I have strictly observed the Regulations which govern the recruiting  
 service. This soldier has Blue eyes, Dark hair, Light complexion, is 5  
 feet 8 inches high.

John Blair  
1st Regiment of Penna Volunteers,  
 RECRUITING OFFICER.

[Estate of Marion Smith, courtesy of Vicki Snyder]



"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world  
to save sinners; of whom I am chief."

June 3<sup>d</sup> 1865

Dear daughter (Mary I embrace this opportunity  
to write a few lines to you. You <sup>mother</sup> stated that  
I had not answered your letter. I don't rem-  
ember that I got a letter from you and did  
not answer it, although I might have  
received one. It must have been when  
I was busy and had forgotten it. I am  
looking for the time to come when I shall  
have no more occasion to write, but  
that I shall throw off my equipments  
and go to my home. I have seen and ex-  
perience enough of military life to last  
me my life time. I hope when that time  
come that I shall find you all in the  
enjoyment of good health, everything going  
on right, that I may rejoice with my chil-  
dren with great joy. To hear that they  
have been good children to their mother  
will in a great measure reward me

Letter home to daughter Mary during the war  
[Estate of Rennie Shreve thru daughter Beatrice Shreve courtesy of Linda Adams]

## Post War

After the war, Richard sold his farm at Richwood and moved to neighboring Clayton, and later Glassboro.

## 1870 Census

Richard, age 46, was a schoolteacher living at Clayton Township, Gloucester Co. Charles Corson, the younger brother of Richard's wife, Elizabeth, was living with the Skinner family as a laborer.

<b>NAME OF SOLDIER:</b>		Skinner, Richard			(B-22-5)
<b>NAME OF DEPENDENT:</b>		Widow,			
		Minor,			
<b>SERVICE:</b>		F 110 4nd A.S. F 115 Pa. Inf			
<b>DATE OF FILING.</b>	<b>CLASS.</b>	<b>APPLICATION NO.</b>	<b>CERTIFICATE NO.</b>	<b>STATE FROM WHICH FILED.</b>	
18th July 20	Invalid,	490 425	415 713	NJ	
	Widow,				
	Minor,				
<b>ATTORNEY:</b>					
<b>REMARKS:</b>					

Pension Request, 1883



Page		Special Schedule.—Surviving Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines, and Widows, etc.									
1		S. D.: <u>6</u> ; E. D.: <u>78</u> ; Minor Civil Division:									
From Schedule No. 1.	House No.	Family No.	NAME OF SURVIVING SOLDIER, SAILOR, AND MARINE, AND WIDOW.	Rank.	Company.	Name of Regiment or Vessel.	Date of Enlistment.	Date of Discharge.	Length of Service.		
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9			
								Yrs.	Mon.	Days.	
357	365		Hunger Henry ✓	Private A	4	N.Y. Inf	9 Aug 1862	17 Aug 1864	3	0	8
367	375		Hunt William ✓	Private A	9	N.Y. Inf	23 Feb 1865	13 July 1865	4	21	
410	420		Hunt James M. ✓	Private H	38	N.Y. Inf	26 Sep 1864	26 June 1865	9	0	
412	422		Hunt Isaac H. ✓	Private F	12	N.Y. Inf	14 Aug 1862	19 June 1865	2	10	
389	398		Hunter Anna ✓	Private	6	N.Y. Inf	16 Sept 1864	30 June 1865	9	14	
391	400		Hunter Joseph ✓	Private E	28	Penn	25 Dec 1861	9 Sep 1862	8	14	
424	435		Maynard DeLoore S. ✓	Private G	18	N.Y. Inf	5 Sep 1864	30 May 1865	8	25	
431	442		Sturges William ✓	Private F	22	Penn	23 Feb 1864	14 Aug 1864	6		
438	439		Skinner Richard ✓	Private A	18	Penn	23 Mar 1864	3 July 1865	1	4	
444	455		Storck Joseph B. ✓	Private E	28	N.Y. Inf	30 Aug 1862	6 July 1863	10	6	
POST-OFFICE ADDRESS.			DISABILITY INCURRED.			REMARKS.					
10			11			12					
Glassboro Gloucester Co. N.J.			Hemiplegia and Rheumatism			Can't use shoulder					
Glassboro Gloucester Co. N.J.			With leg sick with the			arm useless					
Glassboro Gloucester Co. N.J.			x			x					
Glassboro Gloucester Co. N.J.			Wounded in left shoulder			He recovered but not					
Glassboro Gloucester Co. N.J.			x			x					
Glassboro Gloucester Co. N.J.			Rheumatism			Caused his death					
Glassboro Gloucester Co. N.J.			Heart trouble (from the effects of exposure in the war)			Had several very severe spells of backache					
Glassboro Gloucester Co. N.J.			Was promoted			never well afterward, eventually caused death					
Glassboro Gloucester Co. N.J.			Rheumatism			x					
Glassboro Gloucester Co. N.J.			Wounded in shoulder			affected him until death					

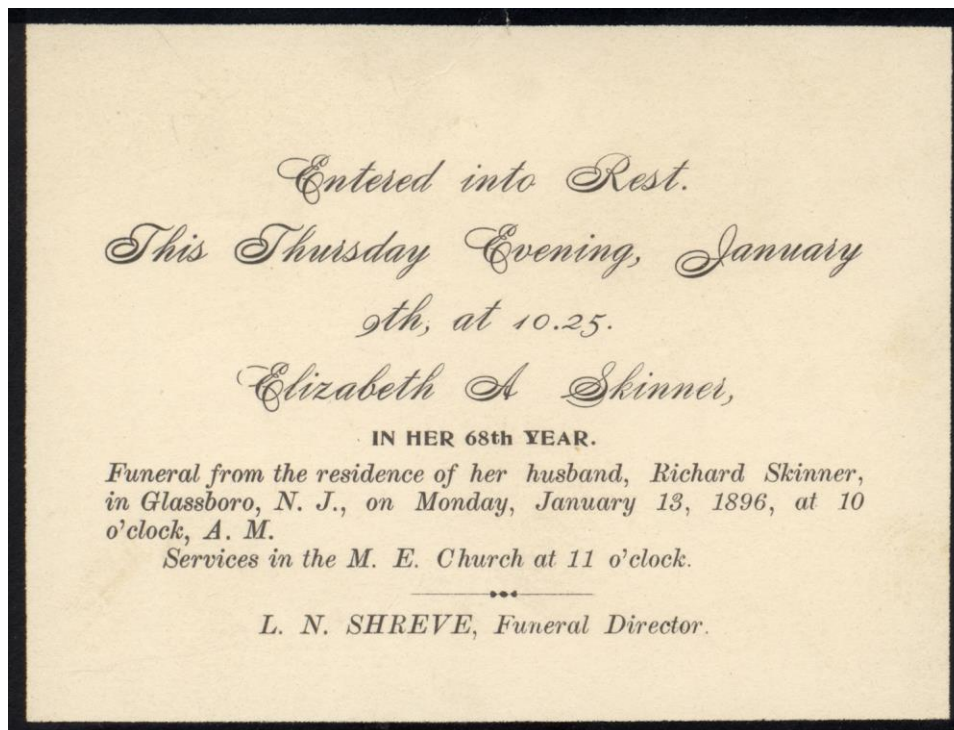
1890 Veterans Schedule [ancestry.com]

Richard Skinner served 1 year, 4 months. In 1890, he was a resident of Glassboro, Gloucester Co., NJ and suffered from a wartime disability of rheumatism.

## 1880 Census

The census shows that Richard and wife Elizabeth were now living in Glassboro, NJ. Builder Robert Sparks lived a few houses away. Skinner's eldest child Harry had married Elizabeth Sparks, daughter of Robert, in 1871. Per the census, Richard Skinner was now involved in the 'hoop pole trade', the first of three generations of Skinners to fabricate straps for barrel hoops.

## Death of Elizabeth Ann (Corson) Skinner



[Estate of Rennie Shreve thru daughter Beatrice Shreve courtesy of Linda Adams]

## THE HOOP-POLE INDUSTRY.

Talk with a Man Who Has Made Money.  
Following It.

"There are many strange ways of getting a living in this world," said a farmer from Ulster County to a reporter of *THE NEW-YORK TIMES*. "What do you suppose I am going to New-York for at this time of the year when farmers should be harvesting their crops?"

He answered the question himself, saying:

"Well, I am a farmer, but not in the general acceptance of the word. I raise potatoes and corn enough for my family use and buckwheat for flapjacks, but my principal crop is hoop poles, and they are now all harvested, split, and shaved into barrel hoops and ready for the market. I am going to New-York to sell my annual crop."

Asked to give a general description of the hoop-pole industry, the farmer said:

"The mountains, swamps, and uplands of Ulster, Sullivan, Greene, and Delaware Counties were formerly covered with a dense growth of hard wood, mainly hickory, white, red, and rock oaks, pignut, and ash. This has been cut off for many years, and in its stead there has sprung up a dense growth of saplings, mostly growing from the old stumps, some stumps producing as many as twenty or thirty lusty straight-grained saplings."

"These furnish what we call the hoop-pole stock. They are cut generally in the months of October and November, after all other farm work is finished, and piled and stacked up in the hoop-pole woods. All saplings from 12 up to 30 feet in length are cut, some often furnishing two poles for hoops of different lengths."

"At the first fall of snow these poles, yet green and full of sap, are hauled on sleds to the barnyards, where they are cut into lengths and split into strips, poles furnishing two hoops and often as many as five. These are then taken under the long sheds which you find in every farmyard where the shavers are at work. A flat bench called a horse, with a clamp worked by a treadle and called a head, and a drawknife furnishes the outfit of each shaver. The rough hoop just as it is split from the pole is laid flat on the horse and shaved while it is held firm under the head. As it is shaved by a drawknife an arm's length, it is shoved further along under the head until its whole length is shaved."

"The shaved hoops are then sorted and bound into bundles of 100, being tied at three parts of their length. They are then ready for the market, but generally do not reach there for some months, as each farmer who shaves hoops keeps his stock for the most favorable prices, or till navigation in the Hudson opens."

"The best hoops are the hickory and pignut. These are used for apple, pork, vinegar, and beef barrels, kegs, and other classes of fine cooperage. The oak hoops, which are generally shaved at full length, are used to strap packing boxes, and are also of good quality. Hoops of mountain ash, which are not only shaved but stripped into what is known as 'strapping,' are mainly used for butter tubs, firkins, and flour and sugar barrels. The seconds of all kinds, or shorts, as they are sometimes called, are mainly used about Kingston and Rosendale in hooping cement and lime barrels."

"Another class of hoops, short and smooth-shaved from chestnut sprouts, are used only to bind powder kegs. They are generally shaved to order, and are sold only to the gunpowder mills and contractors who make kegs for them."

"As to price, the shaved hoops range from 50 cents a bunch for cement and lime barrel hoops to as high as \$3 a bunch for heavy hickory and oak straps for packing boxes. There isn't so much demand now, however, for hoops of the strap class, as band iron has taken their place."

"I have a bargeload of hoops on the way to New-York now which I shall find a ready market for as soon as I arrive. There is something over 3,000 bunches and they will net me nearly or over \$2,000. They represent a portion of my own work last Winter and that of several of my neighbors. As you must know, I am somewhat of a speculator and buy up hoops for the market, and have so far this season sent over 10,000 bunches to the market."

"Where will I sell them? Well, the packing-box trade about Duane, Hudson, Franklin, and other streets in the dry goods district will take all my straps. The barrel, tub, and keg hoops I will sell in Williamaburg among the cooperage establishments there. I may be fortunate enough to sell all my hoops to one party upon my arrival, but it will take me only a few hours to dispose of all, at any rate. Next week I will probably have a couple more canalboats loaded with another shipment."

"Where do most of my hoops come from? Well, I get most of those I buy along the line of the Delaware and Hudson Canal. Then I buy them up through the valleys of the Rondout, the Neversink, and the Beaverskill. Sometimes I take trips up the Erie Railroad into the Mongaup Valley and to Sparrowbush, but I get most of my hoops in Ulster. A great many come from the towns of Rochester, Marbletown, Wawarsing, and Olive, and from the mountains of Woodstock, Denning, and Shandaken. I sell thousands of hoops to the cement and lime companies about Kingston and Rosendale that never see the New-York market."

"Do you know of any one who ever got rich in the hoop trade?" asked the reporter.

"Well!" said the old man, "I'm pretty comfortable myself. Then there was a man in Kingston named Hiram Davis who has been dead for a number of years who left a family of children all well off. Hiram made most of his money out of the hoop and heading trade, and in spite of the fact that he gave large sums to the church and charity, he died well off. Had he been as close a dealer as some men I know of he could have been worth a million, but Hiram was honest, dead honest."

The old man then said: "Young man, it matters little what business a man is in in this country as long as he has a good reputation and attends to his own affairs. If he attends strictly to his business, deals square, is honest and not improvident, he can gain a competence, even in shaving hoops. My boys have both been given good educations, but they are both in the same business that I am. They have nice homes and are not proud."

"They think with their dad, that it is better to be a good judge of hoop poles and have an eye to business than it is to be an unsuccessful lawyer or a savings bank President with a hankering for fast horses and champagne."

*The New York Times*

Published: July 30, 1893

Copyright © The New York Times



## **1900 Census**

Richard, age 76, was a widower living at 433 Main St., Glassboro with the family of his daughter Rennie Shreve. His occupation was 'landlord'. His wife Elizabeth (Corson) Skinner had died 1896. Richard would die 1908.

## **Birthday Parties, 1906 and 1907**

Richard's last birthdays, his 83<sup>th</sup> and 84<sup>th</sup> birthdays in 1906 and 1907, were marked by large family get-togethers. The events were held at the home of his daughter Rennie Shreve on Main Street in Glassboro where Richard lived following the death of his wife. Articles concerning his birthdays appeared in local papers.

## **The Poems of Franklin Skinner**

Franklin Skinner, younger brother to Richard Skinner by 19 years, wrote several poems to honor the occasion of Richard's last several birthdays in 1906 and 1907 (Richard died in 1908). According to newspaper accounts, Franklin read his poems at the birthday events. The poems have survived.

Franklin wrote that their grandmother, Patience (Hanisey) Skinner, had also been a poetess. Patience and husband John Skinner are the Revolutionary War era progenitors of the South Jersey Skinner clan. Richard's daughter Rennie, neice of Franklin Skinner, who cared for him in his later years, also wrote poems.

## **Grant and Lee**

Franklin wrote two poems for Richard's 83<sup>rd</sup> birthday in 1906. One poem describes the service of Franklin and his brother Richard during the final days of the Civil War in Virginia.

Franklin's Civil War poem was provided courtesy of cousin Paul Locke. Paul is a descendant of Richard's daughter Ida Skinner and her husband Charles Locke. Many thanks to Paul.

Franklin also wrote a third poem for Richard's 84<sup>th</sup> birthday in 1907.

The newspaper articles and poems associated with the final birthdays of Richard Skinner Jr. in 1906 and 1907 appear on the following pages.

## Eighty-third Birthday Celebration

Richard Skinner Celebrates Anniversary at the Home of  
Louis N. Shreve on September 27—The Following  
Poem Was Read by Frank Skinner.

On Thursday, September 27, a surprise party was tendered Richard Skinner in honor of the 83rd anniversary of his birth, at the genial home of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Louis N. Shreve at Glassboro.

The occasion was a happy one indeed, to see the relatives and friends of bygone days gather together, pay their respects and congratulate "Father" Skinner upon his longevity and good health. The day was spent in recalling past events and reminiscences of other days. It was a pleasure and of much interest to listen and note the changes that have taken place in the years gone by.

Mr. Skinner was the recipient of a number of gifts, among them a copy of "General Gordon's Memoirs of the Rebellion," which tells of battles in which Mr. Skinner was engaged. In reply to a question by the writer as to

the cause of his long and active life, he said "two things," "I never abused myself in any way and always enjoyed lots of God's grace." A bountiful repast was served which was greatly enjoyed by the entire company.

The following were present: John Stratton and wife, of Richwood; Nathan Skinner and wife, of Clayton; Mrs. M. F. Lloyd and daughter, Leona, of Pitman; Blande Shreve, wife and daughter, Thelma, Mrs. Margaret Simmerman, Harry Skinner, wife and daughter, Elizabeth, Mrs. F. R. Stanger and daughter, Mrs. Horace Thoman and daughter, of Woodbury; Vernon Henry and wife, Mrs. Fannie Henry, of Frankford, Pa; Richard Skinner, Mrs. Marshall Campbell and daughter, Frank Skinner, of Overbrook, Pa., Nathan Skinner, of Florida; L. N. Shreve and family, Rev. F. F. Craig.

We meet with joy and gladness on this your natal day,  
With hearty wish and voices we cheer you on the way,  
For many, many, birthdays have passed and come again,  
And found you up and doing your life work like a man;  
And one thing we can vouch for, whate'er you undertook,  
You gave your whole soul to it and back n'eer did look.  
Don't forget the teacher who taught us by the rule,  
Who thought it was his duty when children went to school,  
To give each boy a thrashing if he should miss his cue,  
To fail to learn his lessons as boys are apt to do.

Written by Frank Skinner and Dedicated to Richard Skinner  
On the Anniversary of his Eighty-third Birthday,  
September 27, 1906.

We meet with joy and gladness on this your natal day,  
With hearty wish and voices we cheer you on the way,  
For many, many birthdays have passed and come again,  
And found you up and doing your life work like a man;  
And one thing we can vouch for, whate'er you undertook,  
You gave your whole soul to it and backward ne'er did look.  
We don't forget the teacher who taught us by the rule,  
And thought it was his duty when children went to school,  
To give each boy a thrashing if he should miss his cue,  
And fail to learn his lesson as boys were apt to do.  
And so when you were teacher if we chanced to break a rule,  
Or didn't know our lesson, we got licked after school,  
For flogging was the transom through which we saw the need,  
To read and write and cipher, the three great things indeed;  
And so we made an effort to learn to write and spell,  
And sometimes we got merit marks for doing these things well,  
But if we got caught talking or passing notes around,  
You bet your life our turn had come and we had to stand our ground,  
And take the kind of flogging that you saw fit to give,  
And many I remember and shall long as I live.  
But when school days were over and we could say good-bye,  
And leave the school and teacher we sometimes heaved a sigh,  
For most boys had a sweetheart that he must leave behind,  
And sweethearts at that time of life were rather hard to find.  
But I do well remember a girl whose name was Jane,  
Who came to school all winter through sleet and snow and rain;  
And we were so devoted, with her there was no doubt,  
She kept me fed on apples, nuts, the best there was about;  
But we were torn asunder, and years have passed away,  
But I shall still remember her until my latest day.  
And oft I think of Clemm's Run School where my letters I learned to say,  
Which I learned so well that I can tell them backward to this day.  
And the woods I well remember, back of the schoolhouse bare,  
And the little stream of water which we crossed 'fore we got there,  
And the fun we had a-sliding when the ice was strong and blue;  
But one morning when I tried it, it broke and let me through  
Into the cold, wet water up to my waist and more,  
And I had to face the teacher, for a flogging I felt sure,  
But the teacher gave permission to sit out on the floor  
Beside that dear old cast iron stove and hear the hot fire roar,  
And I kept a hot fire going that forenoon you just bet,  
And my clothes they kept a-steaming, for I got them wringing wet;  
But when the time for recess came the teacher said to me  
"I'd have a game of Corner Ball if I were you," said he.  
And when recess was over and I went back to my seat,  
I felt then that the worst was past, and that I dared to meet  
The teacher, who kept smiling and often cast a look  
Towards me, who all attention kept my face upon my book.  
All day I kept as busy and as good as I could be,  
And I did not miss a lesson -- an unusual thing for me,  
But at last when school was over and we homeward went our way,  
I felt that I had surely passed a very trying day,  
But the teacher never mentioned a word of my disgrace,  
And next morning I got courage up to look him in the face,  
For I saw he'd dropped the matter, which I thought very nice,  
(But after that I didn't dare to slide much on the ice).  
The schoolmaster that winter, the kind teacher I should say,  
Was the friend we meet this day to greet on his eighty-third birthday.



Courtesy of Paul Locke:

Dedicated to Richard Skinner on his Eighty-Third  
Birthday by his brother Frank Skinner.

### REMINISCENCES OF WAR.

Let us pause, as we are passing, while we backward look so far  
Through the forty years that's vanished since we both got back from war,  
And among those who were bravest, who went there to do their share,  
Your name stands among the highest, you fought bravely everywhere.

And I think that you remember the day we captured Lee,  
When Johnnies saw me watching them and fired that shell at me?  
In the front you had been pushing back the rebs through wet and dry, An  
you'd scarcely forded Sailor's Creek when the bullets 'gan to fly,  
And the Johnnies under cover sent their minnies thick and fast,  
And to save you needless slaughter orders came to halt at last;  
But some of your bravest comrades who safe through the war has passed  
Free from harm of shot and fever here gave up their lives at last,  
But the God who had watched over you from birth up to that day,  
Still defended and protected and you lived to get away.

You had been relieved from duty when I rode up to that barn,  
And shook hands with you so thankful you had thus far met no harm,  
Then I climbed on top the building, being in the Signal Corps,  
And was looking at the Johnnies as I scanned the country o'er.

And I saw a rebel battery just beyond us on the hill,  
And our men in line of battle marching onward with a will,  
But the Johnnies when they saw how we were itching for a fight,  
Limbered up their guns and trotted off and soon were out of sight.  
On the roof of that old building I was looking through my glass,  
At the Johnnies in the bushes we were soon to catch at last;  
And I thought we had then surely when they just got up and run,  
But in hopes to stop my watching then, fired a shell at me for fun,  
But the shell though well directed went through the roof just under me  
And I escaped the last shell fired from the rebel Infantry.

Being shot at for a target on the top of that old barn,  
Wasn't just the thing I fancied, for I didn't wish that harm  
Should come to me in that fashion, so I thought it best to be  
Up and going lest the Johnnies shoot their minnie balls at me.

And the Second Corps advancing in three lines across the field,  
 Marching onward towards the Johnnies was enough to make them yield,  
 For ten thousand veteran soldiers - every man a hero true -  
 Were advancing in the battle, firm resolved to die or do.  
 But the days of Lee were numbered and the rebs got up and flew; do.  
 They were scared and just skedaddled - the best thing that they could.  
 And the boys behind the building when that shell came tearing through  
 All supposed that more were coming and so did General Birney too,  
 And I said to General Birney "The woods there upon our right  
 Are full of rebel soldiers" - and I thought they'd show some fight.  
 He ordered a brigade to charge, which was done with a will,  
 Which made the Johnnies scamper out and run back up the hill;  
 But our soldiers kept advancing, shooting at them as they ran,  
 For they lost no time in halting, we had spoiled their little plan.  
 When the charge at last was over I rode out into the wood  
 And I saw some wounded Johnnies and I helped them all I could,  
 And the rebs who were not wounded managed all to get away,  
 But we had the satisfaction of catching them the next day.  
 For the Fifth Corps and the Sixth Corps and the Cavalry made haste  
 To surround the whole Reb Army and were waiting for a taste  
 To go in and do the finish when a white flag sped along  
 And the shout "Lee has surrendered" rose in volume clear and strong,  
 Sweeping onward like a whirlwind as the word was passed along.  
 And the war which had been raging for the last four years and more,  
 Between brethren each devoted to the cause whose flag he bore,  
 Was now ended and disunion settled there forevermore.  
 And among the great commanders who have fought on land and sea,  
 There are none that will rank higher than U.S. Grant and Robert Lee.

September 27, 1906

notes:

Battle at Sailor's Creek, VA (Sayler's Creek)

April 6, 1865

Union: U.S. Grant, G.G. Meade 35,000 men, 166 killed, 1014 wounded  
 Second & Sixth Corps and Sheridan's Cavalry

Confederate: R.S. Ewell, J.B. Gordon 18,000 men, 1000 killed, 1800 wounded, 6000 prisoners

Richard Skinner Sep 27, 1823 - Mar 20, 1908 Co. A, 115 Reg., PA. Vol.

Franklin Skinner Jan 6, 1842 - Apr 8, 1923 Glo. Co., 12th Reg., Co. A

*text transcription from mimeographed page and notes by:*

Paul Charles Locke  
 231 Manor Road  
 Harleysville, PA 19438-1908  
 Dec 29, 1987



# REMINISCENCES OF WAR

Dedicated to Richard Skinner on his  
eighty-third birthday by his brother  
Frank Skinner.

Let us pause, while we are passing, as  
we backward look so far

Through the forty years that's vanish-  
ed since we both got home from  
war,

For among those who were bravest,  
who went there to do their share,  
Your name stands among the proudest,

you fought bravely everywhere,  
And I think that you'll remember, the  
day before we captured Lee,

When the Johnnies saw me watching  
them and fired that shell at me?

I had climbed on top a building being  
in the Signal Corps,

And was looking for the Johnnies as I  
scanned the country o'er.

And the Johnnies didn't fancy letting  
me stay up so high,

And concluded if they missed me they  
would fire a shot and try,

Being shot at for a target on the top  
of that old barn,

Was not just the thing I fancied as I  
didn't wish that harm,

Should come to me in that fashion, so  
I thought it best to be,

Wise and thereby fool the Johnnies be-  
fore they fired again, you see,

For I didn't like the freedom that they  
took in shelling me,

And much sooner than expected I got  
down and out that tree.

And the boys behind the building  
when the shell came tearing  
down,

All supposed that more were coming  
and so did General Birney too.

And I said to General Birney, "that the  
woods there on our right

Are chock full of rebel soldiers and I  
think they wish to fight."

He then ordered a brigade to charge,  
which was done with a will,

Which made the Johnnies scamper out  
and run back up the hill;

But our soldiers kept advancing, shoot-  
ing at them as they ran,

But they lost no time in halting, we  
had spoiled their little plan.

When the charge at last was over, I  
rode out into the wood,

And I saw some wounded Johnnies and  
I helped them all I could,

But the rebs who were not wounded  
managed all to get away,

And we had the satisfaction of catch-  
ing them next day.

In the front you had been pushing  
back the rebs through wet and dry,

And you'd scarcely forded Sailor's  
Creek when the bullets 'gan to fly,

And the Johnnies under cover sent  
their minnies thick and fast,

But to save you needless slaughter or-

ders came to halt at last,  
But some of your bravest comrades  
who safe through the war had  
passed,

Free from harm of shot and danger  
here gave up their lives at last,

But the God who had watched over you  
from birth up to that day,

Still defended and protected and you  
lived to get away.

You had been relieved from duty when  
I rode up to that barn,

And shook hands with you so thankful  
you had thus far met no harm,

And I climbed on top that building  
and was looking through my glass,

At the Johnnies in the bushes we were  
soon to catch at last;

And I thought we had them surely  
when they just got up and run,

But to show that they had seen me,  
fired a shell at me for fun

But the Second Corps advancing in  
three lines across the field,

Marching onward towards the Johnnies  
was enough to make them yield,

For ten thousand veteran soldiers—  
every one a hero true,

Were advancing in the battle, firm re-  
solved to die or do.

But the days of Lee were numbered  
and the rebs got up and flew;

They were scared and just skedaddled  
—the best thing that they could  
do.

But the Fifth Corps and the Sixth  
Corps and the cavalry made haste,

To surround the whole reb army and  
were waiting for a taste,

To go in and do the finish when a  
white flag sped along,

And the shout "Lee has surrendered"  
rose in volume clear and strong,

Sweeping onward like a whirlwind as  
the word was passed along.

And the war which had been raging for  
the last four years and more,

Between brethren each devoted to the  
cause whose flag he bore,

Was now ended and disunion settled  
there for evermore.

But among the brave, tried soldiers all  
were glad that it was o'er,

And now being reunited, we are  
stronger than before;

And among the great commanders who  
have fought on land and sea,

There are none that will rank higher  
than U. S. Grant and Robert L.

"Reminiscences Of War"  
As published in a newspaper



## Eighty-fourth Birthday

Richard Skinner celebrated his 84 birthday last Friday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. L. N. Shreve, Glassboro. 47 persons were present, mostly children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. He has five children all living and there are four generations, including Mr. Skinner in each of the five families represented by his children. A very pleasant day was enjoyed, not the least of which was a bounteous dinner and supper. Mr. Skinner enjoys remarkably good health, hasn't taken any medicine for years and never has a physician. The following poem written by his brother, Frank Skinner was read on this occasion.

Your birthday comes but once a year, so welcome it and have no fear  
 That you will live to see the day you wish that you had passed away,  
 Because your steps are getting slow and you are ready now to go  
 To meet the friends passed on before who wait and watch on the farther shore;  
 For all who know you long to see you still among them and to be  
 To you a friend to have you cheer them with your presence year by year.  
 And often I remember when I went to school to you and then  
 (A willing youth on knowledge bent) I looked to you with heart intent,  
 That you would help me as I grew to learn some part of what you knew,  
 For then I thought you held the key to all the knowledge in store for me,  
 And you seemed willing to humor the thought,  
 And flogged me soundly more times than you ought  
 In the storehouse of your knowledge that appealed to us boys then,  
 Was one about the weather, for you could tell us when  
 A change might be expected, and weather it would rain  
 Or snow upon the morrow or be fair or clear again;  
 And the way you went about it was mysterious enough,  
 You'd look up in the heavens, then down upon the earth,  
 Then you'd notice the condition of the spider's web, and true  
 To our faith in your great knowledge you would tell what it would do.  
 You surely were a wonder to the children all about,  
 And how you ever learned so much was more than we found out,  
 For you certainly could tell us when the day was cold and drear,  
 When a change was surely coming or if tomorrow would be clear,  
 And though many years have passed since then  
 And your hair has turned to grey,  
 The memory of those early years will never fade away.  
 And I also well remember when protracted meeting came;  
 And the people all assembled, through the snow and cold and rain,  
 In the school house which was crowded every night for weeks together,  
 While the people came to sing and pray, and cared not for the weather,  
 But thankful they could help along the seeker in distress,  
 By pointing to the Lamb of God who gives his children rest,  
 That all who put their trust in Him should have their sins forgiven,  
 And if they stood fast to the end should finally reach heaven.  
 And as they led these souls to Christ their hearts were strangely blest,  
 The joined the saved in prayer and praise and shouted with the rest.  
 The saving lesson which they learned had not been learned in vain,  
 The greatest gift vouchsafed to man in agony and pain  
 Was Christ our great Redeemer who died for you and me,  
 That by His death and through His blood we are from sin set free,  
 And as we travel on the road that leads us nearer Heaven,  
 We have the witness in our hearts that tells of sins forgiven.  
 And now we clasp again your hand as warmly as of yore,  
 And pledge our love to you anew as you reach eighty-four. (Frank Skinner)

[From the estate of Marion Smith, courtesy of Vicki Snyder]

## DEDICATED TO RICHARD SKINNER.

September 27th, 1907.

Your birthday comes but once a year, So welcome it and have no fear  
 That you will live to see the day You wish that you had passed away,  
 Because your steps are getting slow And you are ready now to go  
 To meet the friends passed on before Who wait and watch on the farther shore;  
 For all who know you long to see You still among them - and to be  
 To you a friend to have you cheer Them with your presence year by year.  
 And often I remember when I went to school to you and then  
 (A willing youth on knowledge bent) I looked to you, with heart intent,  
 That you would help me as I grow To learn some part of what you knew,  
 For then I thought you held the key To all the knowledge in store for me,  
 And you seemed willing to humor the thought,  
 And flogged me soundly more times than you ought.

In the storehouse of your knowledge That appealed to us boys then,  
 Was one about the weather, for you could tell us when  
 A change might be expected, and whether it would rain  
 Or snow upon the morrow or be fair or clear again;  
 And the way you went about it was mysterious enough,-  
 You'd look up in the heavens, then down upon the earth,  
 Then you'd notice the condition of the spider's web, and true  
 To our faith in your great knowledge you would tell what it would do.  
~~You surely were a wonder to the children all about,~~  
 And how you ever learned so much was more than we found out,  
 For you certainly could tell us if the day was cold and drear,  
 When a change was surely coming or if tomorrow would be clear,  
 And though many years have passed since then  
 And your hair has turned to grey,  
 The memory of those early years Will never fade away.

And I also well remember when protracted meeting came,  
 And the people all assembled, through the snow and cold and rain,  
 In the school house which was crowded every night for weeks together,  
 While the people came to sing and pray, and cared not for the weather,  
 But thankful they could help along the seeker in distress,  
 By pointing to the Lamb of God who gives his children rest,  
 That all who put their trust in Him should have their sins forgiven,  
 And if they stood fast to the end should finally reach Heaven.  
 And as they led these souls to Christ their hearts were strangely blest,-  
 They joined the saved in prayer and praise, and shouted with the rest.  
 The saving lesson which they learned had not been learned in vain,  
 That the greatest gift vouchsafed to man in agony and pain  
 Was Christ our great Redeemer who died for you and me,  
 That by his death and through His blood we are from sin set free;  
 And as we travel on the road that leads us nearer Heaven,  
 We have the witness in our hearts that tells of sins forgiven.  
 And now we clasp again your hand as warmly as of yore,  
 And pledge our love to you anew as you reach eighty-four.

Frank Skinner.



### **Richard's 84<sup>th</sup> Birthday Party, 1907**

Cousin Marion Smith (b. 1902) recalled in 1995 that she had attended, as a young child, a large birthday party that was held for Richard Skinner in the backyard of his daughter, Rennie Shreve. She recalled that a photo of the event had appeared in a local paper (Woodbury Constitution or Glassboro Enterprise?). Marion indicated she appears on the right side of Richard in the photograph and that her childhood friend and cousin, Irma Walton (like Marion, a great-granddaughter of Richard), appears on the left side. Marion thought she had a copy of the photograph but could not locate it. Marion died in 2004 at age 101.

Marion's recollections turned out to be that of Richard's 84<sup>th</sup> birthday in 1907, six months before his death.

### **Drew White and Vicki Snyder**

In 2009, an unknown cousin by the name of Drew White surprised me by sending me a copy of the photograph mentioned to me by Marion in 1995. This photograph is a wonderful historic document and contains the image of Richard Skinner Jr.

Drew White resides in the Philadelphia area. He descends from Richard Skinner Jr. thru Richard's daughter Anna Frances Henry and, in turn, her daughter Ethel Henry, her granddaughter Katherine Burgin and her great/granddaughter Lin Steiger. Drew is a great/grandson of Ethel and the same generation as me.

The back of Drew's photo includes the names of most of the persons in the image as recorded by Drew's grandmother, Katherine Burgin, adding incredible value to the image. Many thanks to Drew.

In 2011, I obtained a second copy of the image from the estate of Marion Smith, courtesy of Vicki Snyder. Vicki is the widow of Marion's grandson, Fred Snyder, and was kind enough to share many of the items she had inherited from grandmother Marion. Marion was the person who originally had mentioned the existence of the photo to me.

My guess, based upon the age of children in the photograph, is that the photo is that of Richard Skinner's 84<sup>th</sup> and final birthday in 1907.

## The Birthday Image

The following birthday photo shows Richard Skinner surrounded by his four surviving daughters and their respective families. Richard's wife, Elizabeth Ann Corson, died in the 1896 before this photo was taken. Richard looks healthy in the image though the picture is deceiving – he died six months later in early 1908 at age 84. The poem written by his younger brother Franklin for the occasion makes mention of his health -

“Because your steps are getting slow, And you are ready now to go”.

Per newspaper accounts = Richard ‘enjoys remarkably good health, hasn’t taken any medicine for years and never has a physician’.

There are only a few men in the photo. Louis Shreve, the Glassboro mortician who hosted the party, is the only husband of Richard's four daughters who appears in the photo. Richard was living with the Shreve family at the time, his wife having died in the late 1800's. Most of the other men pictured are unknown persons from the Methodist Church of Glassboro.

Richard's only son, Harry Skinner, does not appear in the photo. Harry's wife appears in the top row, far left. One of Harry's daughters is shown - Ursula Thoman as well as Ursula's young child – Marion Thoman (Marion Smith). Marion is the person who originally told me about the existence of this photo.

Franklin Skinner, a younger brother of Richard, read a poem that he had written to commemorate the event. Franklin [1842-1923] likely appears in the image and may be the person standing directly behind Richard, or at the far right, wearing the Civil War? medals.

Richard had a beard and was apparently the last generation of Skinners who did not shave regularly.



Franklin Skinner, younger brother of Richard Skinner, is likely in this image

## Front Row: Left to Right

1. Might be Ralph Thoman
2. Thelma Shreve
3. Everett Henry

## Second Row:

1. Maybe Alton Lloyd Winner
2. Beatrice Shreve
3. Richard Skinner, Jr. (Grandpa Skinner)
4. Marian Thoman
5. Grandchild of Aunt Ida
6. Raymond Locke

## Third Row:

1. Ella Skinner Lloyd
2. Unknown
3. May Chew Henry
4. Leora Lloyd Disharoon
5. Unknown
6. Anna Frances Skinner Henry
7. Ursula Thoman
8. Ida Skinner Locke

Probably taken at Glassboro, N.J. 1908-1909  
Some persons are from church & are not  
relatives.

## Fourth Row:

1. Florenda May Skinner Shreve (Aunt Rennie)
2. Blande Shreve
3. Louis Napoleon Shreve
4. Flora Long Shreve

5.

6.

7.

8.

9.

10.

11.

12.

13.

## Back Row:

1. Mary Elizabeth Sparks Skinner (Uncle Harry's  
Sister)
2. Daisy Lloyd Winner
3. Bessie Shreve Doughty
4. Catherine Calbaugh Henry
5. William Curtis Henry
6. Forrest Richard Henry
7. Unknown

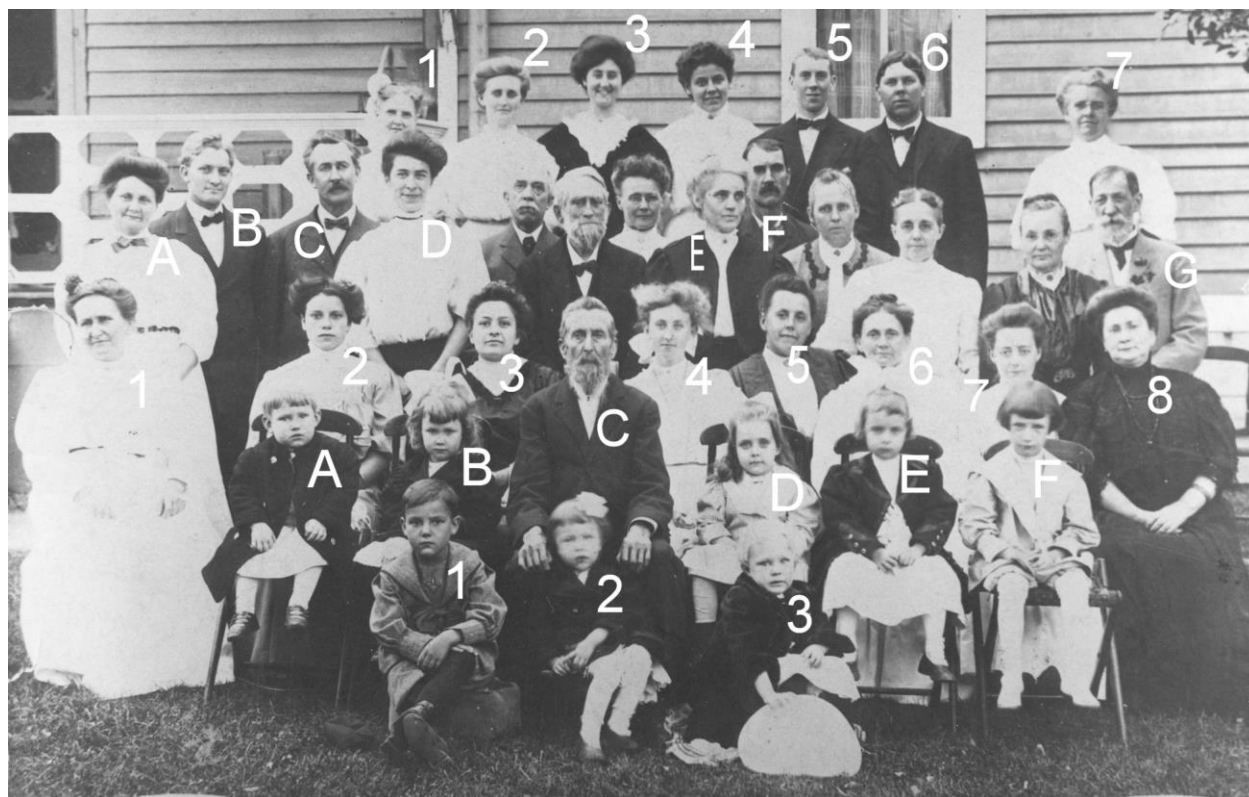
## Great Granddads Birthday Party. abt 1907 or 08.

Top row - L to R - Nan Nan - Daisy Lloyd Wenner, Bessie Shreve  
 Doughly, Catherine Henry - her husband Curtis, Forest Henry - who?  
 Next row - Renni Shreve, Bland Shreve - Lou Shreve - Florrie Shreve.  
 (Bland's wife) rest unknown.  
 Next row - Ella Lloyd - who? May Henry (Forest's wife) Great G. Pop.  
 Skinner - Leona Lloyd - who? - Fannie Henry - Ursula  
 Thoman - Ida Locke -  
 Children - Otton Wenner (Daisy's boy ??) Beatrice Shreve - Marion  
 Thoman - Otto Locke child & Ida's grandchild (believe) Raymond Locke  
 Son of Otto - Aunt Ida raised.  
 Boy? Girl? would Thelma be that old then? Emma's cousin  
 Everett (3 mos older than Emma & died at 45.

Nan Nan	Daisy Lloyd	Bessie	Curtis Henry	Curtis	Forest	Eva
			wife			Planges
Renni	Bland	Lou	Florrie	(2 old men)	woman	the Suzanne Wife
						Man from m. Hill Platton ???
3 women 1 man ??,						
Ella	woman ?	Maie Henry	Grandpa Shinner	Leona Lloyd	woman ?	Fannie Thoman Ida
Curtis	Beatrice	Marion	Marion Planges	Child looks like Otto		
Boy ?	girl ?	child ?				

Names on Birthday  
 picture of Richard  
 Skinner - 91 yrs  
 old.

Two Additional Photo Keys, both from the estate of Ursula Thoman  
 [From estate of Ursula's daughter Marion Smith, courtesy of Vicki Snyder]

**Photo Key:****Rear Row:**

1. Mary Elizabeth (Sparks) Skinner – wife of Richard’s son Harry Skinner.
2. Daisy (Lloyd) Winner
3. Bessie (Shreve) Doughty
4. Catherine Colebaugh Henry
5. William Curtis Henry, husband to (4)
6. Forrest Richard Henry
7. Eva Stanger

4. Leona Lloyd Disharoon

5. unknown

6. **Anna Frances (Skinner) Henry** – Aunt Fannie

7. Ursula (Skinner) Thoman

8. **Ida Skinner Locke**, almost a twin of her sister Rennie Shreve.

**Next Row:**

- A. **Florinda (Skinner) Shreve**, “Rennie”
- B. Blande Shreve, son of Rennie & Louis
- C. Louis Napoleon Shreve
- D. Flora Long Shreve, Blande’s wife
- E. Dr. Iszard’s wife
- F. John Stratton, of Mullica Hill
- G. Likely Frank Homan

**Next Row**

- A. Alton Winner, Daisy’s boy?

- B. Beatrice Shreve

- C. **RICHARD SKINNER JR.**

- D. Marion Thoman, daughter of Ursula

- E. Child of Otto Locke; Could also be Miriam Stanger.

- F. Raymond Locke, son of Otto, raised by grandmother Ida.

**Next Row:**

1. **Ella (Skinner) Lloyd**
2. unknown
3. May Chew Henry, wife of Forrest

**Front Row**

1. Ralph Thoman?

2. Thelma Shreve, dau. of Blande & Flora

3. Everett Henry,

The names of Richard’s four daughters are **highlighted**. Son Harry Skinner is not in image.

## Final Years

In his elder years, Richard was cared for by a daughter, Rennie Shreve, at the Shreve residence on Main St. in Glassboro. Mr. Louis Shreve was an undertaker and ran a funeral operation out of the home.

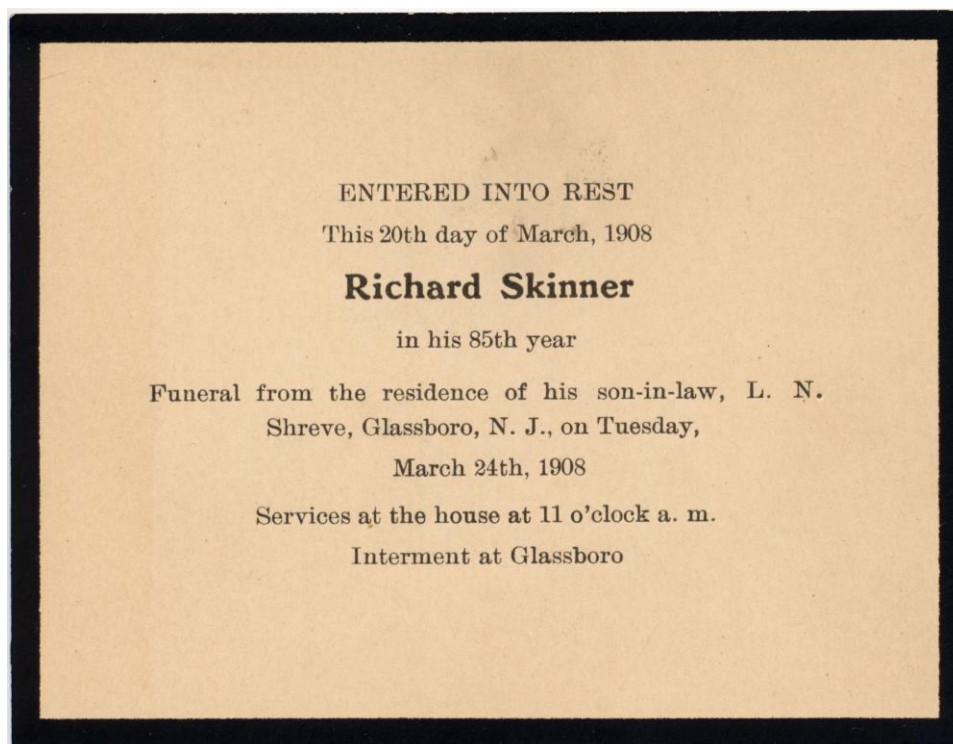
Richard was well known to his grandson, Warren Skinner (my great-grandfather). Warren was about 30 years of age when Richard died in 1908.

Richard Skinner and wife are buried at the old Methodist Cemetery, Glassboro. Their tombstones disappeared sometime between the 1980 and 1990 tombstone surveys. The cemetery is located where Delsea Drive meets Rt. 322.

The cemetery was the location of the first Methodist Church of Glassboro that had existed at the site from 1833 to 1855, known as the Salem Meeting House. The church then relocated to New and Academy Streets in downtown Glassboro, where it remains to this day as the First United Church of Glassboro. The Church maintains control of the old cemetery on Delsea Drive.

## Children

Richard and Elizabeth Skinner had one male son – Harry Skinner, my ancestor. This pattern of having one male son per generation has continued for another four generations, leaving me the last person with the Skinner name to descend from Richard Skinner Jr. The Skinners also had four girls – Anna Frances (‘Fannie’), Ella, Ida and Florinda May (‘Rennie’). A fifth daughter, Mary, died at age 20 during childbirth.



[Estate of Rennie Shreve thru daughter Beatrice Shreve courtesy of Linda Adams]



., MARCH 27, 1908.

## Obituary

### Richard Skinner

Richard Skinner, one of the oldest and best known residents of Glassboro, died early last Friday evening after a week's illness of dropsy of the lungs.

Mr. Skinner was born at Richwood September 27, 1823. He attended the public school at Clems Run and then went to Pennington Seminary from which he graduated before he was 18 years of age. He went to Philadelphia and took a position as bookkeeper but it did not agree with his health and he took up school teaching for a livelihood.

He taught at Clayton, Aura, Clems Run, Richwood, Monroeville, Williamstown, Knights Run and Zion.

He was a good instructor and made free use of the rod among the unruly boys who attended during the winter term in those days. After the abolition of corporal punishment he remarked upon one occasion "I cannot teach without the hickory."

On March 24, 1864, he enlisted in the 115 Pennsylvania Regiment and served until the close of the war. On his return from the war he resumed teaching. He also did surveying and for many years he taught singing school at nights in the surrounding towns. In 1845 he married Miss Elizabeth Carson of Glassboro.

Seven children were born to them, Mary and Mizeal, now deceased, W. H. Skinner and Mrs. L. N. Shreve, of Glassboro, Mrs. Fanny Henry, of Philadelphia, Mrs. Millard Lloyd, of Camden, and Mrs. Ida Locke.

When 14 years of age Mr. Skinner united with the M. E. church and had been a zealous Christian ever since. For many years he led the choir and was a class leader at Richwood.

Mrs. Skinner died about 12 years ago and since that time Mr. Skinner has made his home with his daughter, Mrs. L. N. Shreve.

The funeral was held on Tuesday morning, services at the house. Members of the Grand Army acted as pall bearers.

"I can not teach without the hickory"

[From the estate of Marion Smith, courtesy of Vicki Snyder]



## Photographs

The following pages contain photographs of the children of Richard and Elizabeth Skinner. The photographs show Harry Skinner, their eldest child and only son, as well as their four daughters - Fanny Henry, Ida Locke, Ella Lloyd and Rennie Shreve.



Eldest son 'Harry' Skinner  
(1846-1935)



Fannie (Skinner) Henry  
(1849-1937)



Ella (Skinner) Lloyd  
(1851-1919)



Rennie (Skinner) Shreve  
(1862-1938)



Ida (Skinner) Locke [almost a twin to Rennie]  
(1856-1934)



Rennie Shreve with son Blande, 1907  
Rennie's sister Ella Lloyd is below them.



Sisters "Fannie" Henry, left, and Ida Locke, right,  
Ursula Thoman, daughter of their brother Harry Skinner, sits between them.

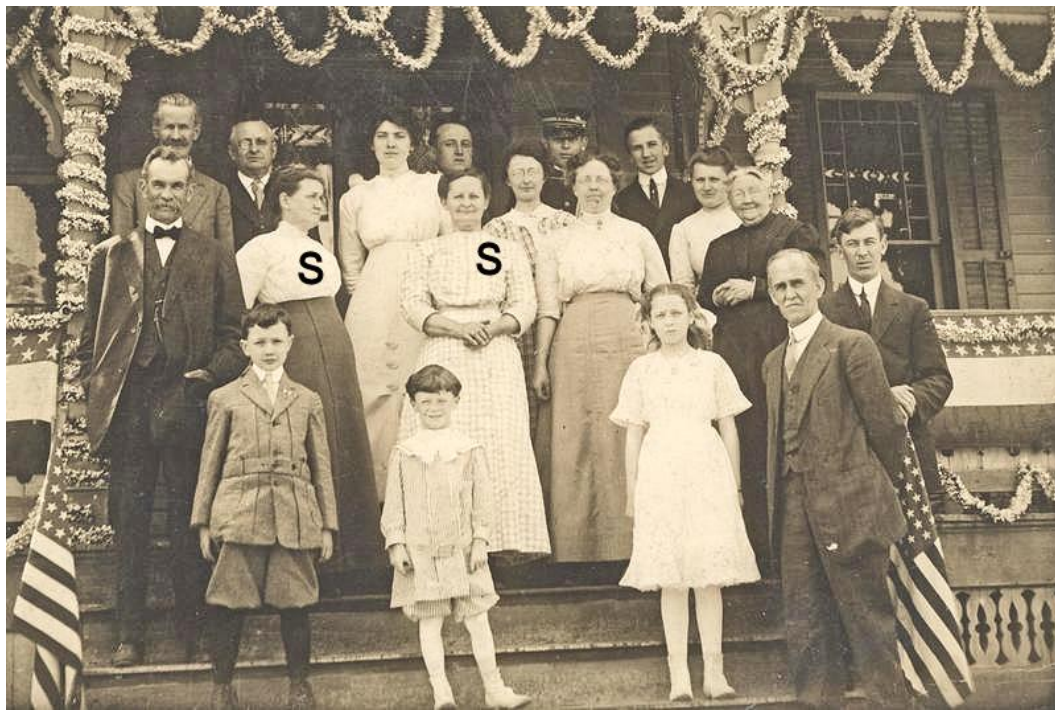


Ella Lloyd



[From estate of Elizabeth Ungerbuehler,  
a daughter of Harry Skinner]

Probable writing of Elizabeth Ungerbuehler



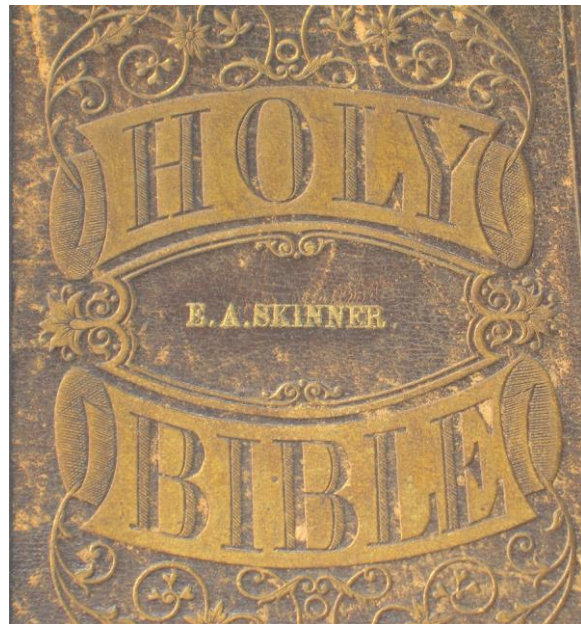
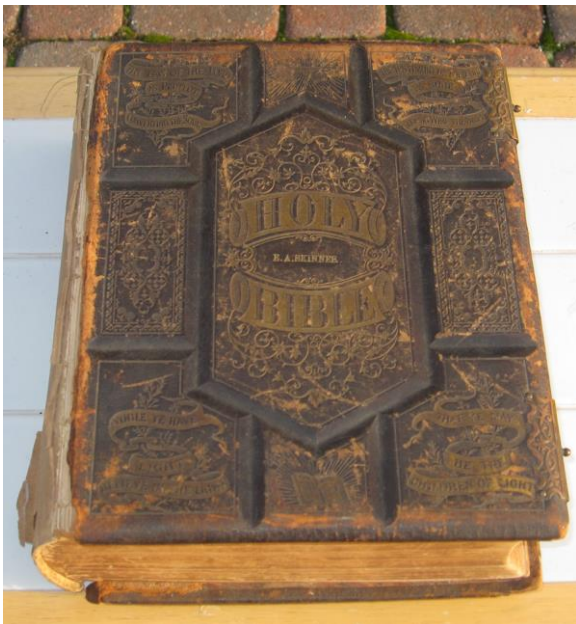
“Group Of People On Porch” courtesy of the Glassboro Historical Society  
[glassborohistoricalsociety.com]

Unnamed Persons, but looks like Skinner siblings [ **S** ]  
.- maybe Ella Lloyd and her sister Fannie Henry,  
both daughters of Richard Skinner Jr.



## Family Bible

In the 1970's, my family visited Cousin Ben Ungerbuehler. Ben retrieved several boxes of personal effects of his mother, Elizabeth Ungerbuehler, from his garage. Elizabeth was a granddaughter of Richard Skinner Jr., and a sister of my great/grandfather Warren Skinner. I offered to take an old photograph album, from which many of the photos presented here have come from, as well as an 1869 Bible labeled E. A. Skinner. The bible would have belonged to Elizabeth Ann Skinner, the wife of Richard Skinner Jr. The Bible must have been passed to the Skinner's eldest child, Harry Skinner. Harry, in turn, lived the last days of his life with his daughter Elizabeth Ungerbuehler - thus the Bible passed to her and then to me.



Bible belonging to Elizabeth Ann [Corson] Skinner

"The Illustrated Polyglot FAMILY BIBLE ...

Published by A. Gorton, Clayton, New Jersey

Entered According to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by William Flint In the Clerk's  
Office of the District Court of the United States, in and of the Eastern District of  
Pennsylvania."

## **Genealogy of Mrs. Skinner (nee Corson)**

Per "300 Years with the Corson Families in America", by Orville Corson, Middletown, Ohio, 1939, Vol. II, p175, from the files of VEM. This publication details the genealogy of Elizabeth Corson, wife of Richard Skinner, Jr:

Mizeal Corson, the oldest son of Joseph and Prudence (English) Corson, was born July 19, 1807, at Maurice River, NJ. While still very young he moved with his parents to Glassboro, NJ where he later became a glassblower. He married, first, Mary Stanger, of Glassboro, NJ. Their marriage license was issued May 29, 1828 (Gloucester Co. Records).

Three children were born to this union:

**Elizabeth Corson, born July 3, 1828**

William S. Corson, born Mar 18, 1831

Charles W. Corson, born Dec 11, 1841

Mizeal Corson married, second, Nov 6, 1866, Deborah (Stewart) Wilkinson, born Oct 2, 1834, died Aug 27, 1903. Five children were born to this union:

Verona S. Corson, b. 1866, died Mar 10, 1921, unmarried

George Hans Corson, b. Jan 1, 1868, died Mar 23, 1919

Emerson Corson, died in infancy

Mary Eva Corson, b. Jan 1873, d. July 21, 1928, married George Bowmen

Herbert S. Corson, b. July 29, 1874, d. Oct 6, 1926

Mizeal Corson died July 31, 1879, Mary (Stanger) Corson, his wife, died Sep 14, 1865.

-----  
Elsewhere, this Corson publication lists children of Elizabeth Corson (b. 1828) and husband Richard Skinner, but fails to mention their first child Harry Skinner.

**Conversation with Marion Smith (1902 – 2004) on 14 May 1995:**

Marion Smith was a great-granddaughter of Richard Skinner Jr. - -  
Marion Smith<sup>4</sup> Ursula Thoman<sup>3</sup>, Harry Skinner<sup>2</sup>, Richard Jr.<sup>1</sup>

Per Marion, Richard Skinner Jr. taught school at Richwood [Richwood Academy]. Marion also mentioned he taught at a school located on a road going from Barnsboro to Richwood [Barnsboro Road], just ahead of the Mt. Zion Church and graveyard, where a grove of trees now stands (on the right side leaving Barnsboro). This would be the Mt. Zion school. Per his obituary, Richard taught at numerous schools including Richwood and Mt. Zion. Per Marion, Richard lived across the street and ahead of the Mt. Zion school in a house situated by itself.

Marion said that Richard, Jr. lived his final years with the family of his daughter Rennie Shreve on South Main St. in Glassboro, where he passed away.

Marion met 'Aunt Ida' and 'Aunt Ella' once (daughters of Richard) - recalls one had a son with the name Hodum, which she thought odd.

### **Misc. files of cousin Virginia Minotty dated 2/18/1980:**

Richard Skinner, Jr. was the first teacher of the Richwood Academy in 1855. The current academy building was built in 1870, so the classes may have been taught at the Clem's Run School on Elmer Rd., Richwood.

### **History of the Academy Street School, Richwood [glassborohistoricalsociety.com]**

The grammar school built on Academy Street was constructed three separate times. The first section of the Academy Street School was dedicated on July 5, 1841, and the building was finished in 1843. The building was structured out of wood and was two stories high. The second story of the building was not in use until fall 1849, when 204 children attended the school. This first section of the school built was created by local contractor William Pierce and it cost \$180.

The North wing of the Academy Street School was added in the fall of 1857. The contractor of this portion of the school was Benjamin Pennypacker and it was constructed for \$2,060. The South wing was added in the summer of 1872 by contractor John Davis for \$2,250. This Academy served as the school for the community until 1893. The School did not have central heat, plumbing, or electricity and all of the water used in the school came from a well. Two outhouses were used as lavatories, any heat in the building came from stoves, and all light was from oil lamps.

The first principles to serve in this school were Robert Hoe, Steven Gilbert, George Gilliard, Thomas Stanger, and **Nathan Skinner**. Almost all of Glassboro's outstanding citizens received their education from this school, from the local postmasters to the local doctors. Most notably, Thomas M. Ferrell received his basic education at this school and went on to serve as a Congressman in the U.S. House of Representatives.

By 1889, the school enrollment reached 350 children, so it became evident that a larger building was needed. By 1893 the building was moved to the rear of the lot and a large stone school was built in the place of the original location. The cornerstone of the new building was laid on July 4, 1893 and the contracts for the building cost \$15,000. The architects were Moses and King and the contractors were E.P. Henry and Ira G. Carter. By 1900 the building had electricity, by 1910 the building had gas, and by 1915 the school received running water and drinking fountains and lavatories were installed.

On February 21, 1917 a disastrous fire struck the Academy Street School and completely ruined everything. This required placement of all of the students at various locations throughout the community. A new building was erected in 1920 and opened for classes again.

Most recently, the building was renovated for nearly \$4.5 million and Rowan University transformed it into Shpeen Hall, named after the former mayor of Glassboro. It is home to Creative Marketing Strategies and Rowan's Management and Education institutes.

[KDS note – The Academy Street school at Richwood was one of the many schools that Richard Skinner Jr. taught at – reference his obituaries for details.



**ARTIFACTS:**

**Family Bible** - labeled 'E. A. Skinner' [wife of Richard Skinner Jr.], from the estate of granddaughter Elizabeth Rice Skinner:

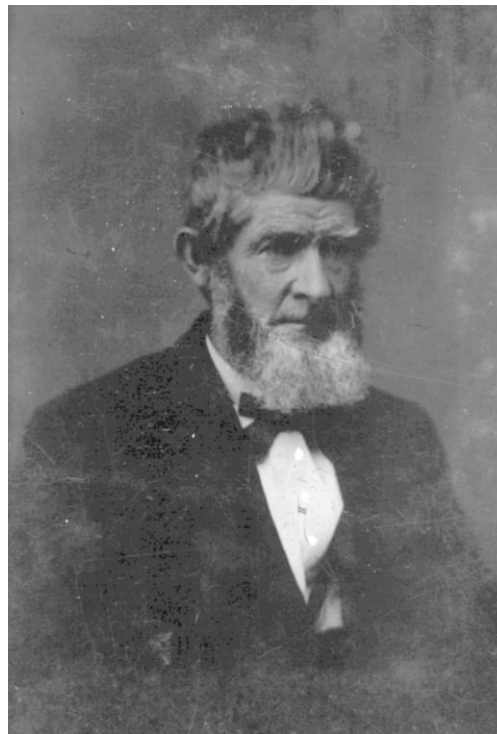
"The Illustrated Polyglot FAMILY BIBLE ...

Published by A. Gorton, Clayton, New Jersey

Entered According to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by William Flint In the Clerk's  
Office of the District Court of the United States, in and of the Eastern District of  
Pennsylvania."

**Poems** - to Richard Skinner Jr. by brother Frank Skinner, in honor of Richard's 1906 and 1907 birthdays (83rd & 84th birthdays).

**Civil War Pistol** - belonged to Richard Skinner Jr.; also a letter he wrote home during the war. In possession of Linda J. Adams of Richmond, VA - great/great/granddaughter of Richard.



Unknown Person

From estate of Elizabeth Ungerbuehler  
[tin-type]