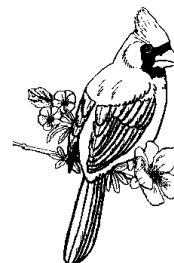


Friends of Historic Vineland

Summer Edition



Founder's Day 2009

Founder's Day again was sunny and successful. Of course, we did have some problems. On Thursday, the wind kicked up while the tents were being put up. Have you every seen a 10 by 10 tent sailing through the air?? Well, you could have seen a lot of them Thursday. We could not put the tops on till Friday morning, and that task was done by Ed Ross who got up at 5:00 in the morning to accomplish the task!! The award of "Founder Man Of The Year" certainly should go to him.

Then on Friday, we had a rainstorm that was unreal. Five tents got crushed by the weight of the rain and water. They too had to be replaced.



Lincoln And His birthday Cake

Friday night was Camp By Candle Light. It worked out great. The theme this year was the 200'th birthday of president Lincoln. And yes, the great guy was there to blow out the candles. The fire department had been notified and they expressed some concern about the fire that 200 candles could make, but it worked out just fine. Good old Abe was able to blow them out.

On Saturday, we had new and interesting people bringing some historical facts to our guests. Sarah



Sarah Snow As Mrs. Gage

women vote and so she got 172 women to present themselves to vote in 1868, 4 of them black. Now the Vineland men, being ever gentlemen, did not want to disappoint the ladies, so they made a separate ballot box and allowed the ladies to cast their vote in that box. Of course, when the vote was over, they did not count the votes, they just dumped them!

We also had Sandy Smith introduce the kids to the fine art of grape stomping. (Yes, they actually had real grapes to stomp on!!) You might think that is a joke, but that is the routine way that grape juice is extracted from the grapes when you make wine (at least it is in Italy!). The juice so obtained is the "first press" and makes the finest wine. The residue is then put in a wine press for the second press. The last step is to add water to the pressed out grapes and with that make "grappa" which is the Italian version of "white lighting!"

If you missed this year's event, make a note to come next year. It should be bigger and better and please consider a donation. We have to pay for those tents (see back page)!!

The Founders' Own Story.

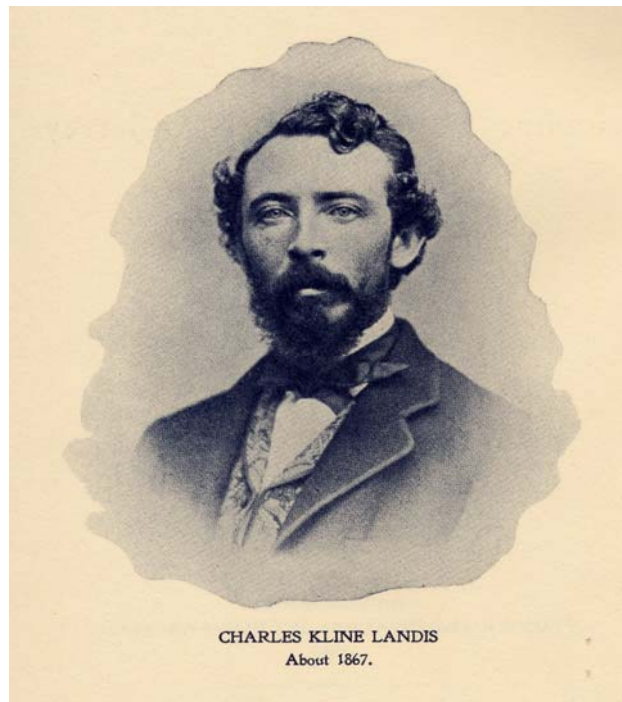
The Autobiography of Charles K. Landis Concerning The Founding Of Vineland

(Continued)

The next day I went out with him and sold him some land on the Boulevard near Oak Road. He wanted his deed at once. I drove him down to Millville and had the deed signed by Mr. Wood and his wife, who were both there. I paid Mr. Wood his portion, and kept the balance. Under my arrangement with him I was to pay him a certain amount per acre for every deed he signed, until I had paid him enough to take a deed myself. I shall never forget his look of astonishment as he received this money. He was astonished at the whole transaction—to think that a man should come down from the state of New York, and purchase a piece of this land for cash! At the close of this transaction he said that he would accompany us to the Sharp farm. When we got there he took Mr. Sharp aside and had a long conversation with him. Sharp came into the house laughing. I wanted to know what about. After enjoining me not to repeat what he would tell me, he said that Mr. Wood told him about the sale just made, and charged him to help and facilitate Mr. Landis in every possible way; for, said he, “He must be a great man.” Such was the effect produced by the first sale.

I now asked the lessees of the railroad to build a platform station at the Landis Avenue crossing, to land my passengers. The lessees refused, as they had not confidence in the enterprise--did not believe that a station would ever be required there, or that it would ever do business enough to get their money back. Finally I had to furnish the few dollars worth of rough lumber to have the platform built. I think I also built it.

I was now very much annoyed by the want of confidence on the part of my surveyor. He evidently



thought it as a chimerical scheme to build such a place as I contemplated in this South Jersey forest. I looked upon this want of faith as an impediment in my way. He was also exceedingly consequential with strangers—a thing I very much dislike. Assumption in my view is not only the concomitant of a small mind, but also of a small heart. It was important for me to have the conditions around me all right, as I was working up to that most difficult point, getting a start. I had a number of people coming down, but after Mr. Colson's purchase it was difficult to make sales. There was such a desolation in the appearance of the place that the idea of locating in such an unattractive locality sickened people.

Finally, a Capt. Post came from New England, and bought 60 acres of land opposite Sharp's farm, on a new road which I was then opening and which in honor to him I called Post Road. He paid me cash, and this enabled me to make a strike which I had contemplated for some time, to give my settlement a start. I had noted by best workmen, and found out who of them understood farming and gardening, and proposed to them to buy ten acres each, offering at the same time to furnish them lumber and a carpenter to build for each a small house, payable on long time. This proposal astonished them so much that at first they held back, but I had gained their confidence by paying cash, and by the work they saw going on, and they soon fell in with it. This started a

Continued on next page



Memorial Day Parade 1889

number of homes in different places, so that when I drove my visitors around the tract they would here and there see a new improvement going on, which gave the thing a look of reality and business.

Capt. Post decided to build at once, and this also was a great help to me. I sent for a builder at Hammonton, and another at Millville, to make estimates. The talk of the Hammonton man afforded great confidence, as he had seen what I had done at Hammonton, and his faith in me was unbounded. It appeared to place me in the position of an already victorious general. These builders arrived in the afternoon, and after supper went out for a walk together. When they returned I noticed Packard, the Hammonton man, enjoying a hearty laugh by himself. I desired to know what the fun was. Said he, "Mr. Landis, that man was quite overcome with astonishment and fear when we walked along Main Road and came to Landis Avenue. Looking at that avenue 100 feet wide, he said such a road would not be needed for a hundred years, and that you would be stopped. I asked him how you could be stopped from building on your own land. He replied that you must be stopped; that there were plenty fools in Millville, who would be wanting to imitate every improvement, as you call it, that you should make!" It afterwards turned out that there were a good many such fools!

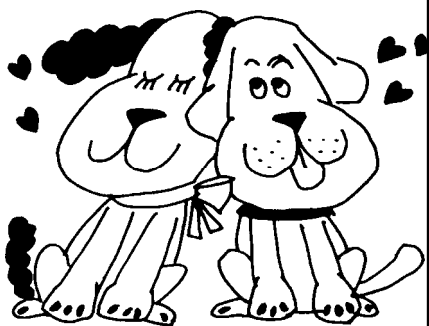
I kept pressing on and pushing my business, and visitors increased in number. Sharp's farmhouse

was crowded, much to his surprise. When there were more ladies than there were beds for, I always gave up my room and slept downstairs upon the floor, rolled up in a buffalo robe. I would have slept out of doors on the sharp edge of a plank if my success required it. Moreover, the example enabled Sharp to fill his floors all over, with people with much less grumbling. My engineer being of no use to me as a salesman, owing to his utter want of faith, I had to shoulder the spade myself, and attend to all the visitors. I think that for some time my daily walk might average twenty miles. I found that I could talk the obstinacy and opposition of a visitor much more easily if I walked him down tired. I soon discharged both assistants, and engaged a young engineer by the name of Jones, whom I had employed at Hammonton after Brown had left on account of ill health. Brown is now chief engineer of the Penn. R. R. Jones was as full of faith as Packard; never talked about his family connections or self-sacrifices in coming to Vine-land, but had a practical idea of his business which he had acquired at Hammonton.

In selling land I had a standard rule, which was, to sell to a visitor the best location I had for the objects he had in view, and to make the sale and improvement of the good locations sell the less valuable. In this way property was certain to rise in value in the hands of the purchasers. They were sure to make good reports, and that would bring a yet more rapid increase of population. I noticed however that many who bought land were not farmers, but I thought they might learn. Still, there were some that I should have refused to sell land to had I known them as well as I have since, by the light of subsequent experience. Yet even these did well. Their property increased in value greatly, and they could sell out to advantage, getting something over and above what they paid me. This was uniformly the case and there was no change until after the speculative rise in the value of improved places, years after. I now sought to make sales of the farm lands only, making no effort to sell town lots. hereafter.

*"The Founder's Own Story."
(To be continued next edition)*

We want to do our dog-gone best to thank all the people that recently contributed money towards our activities in the past year.



Without your donations, we could not continue!

Meet Our Members



Sarah Snow (Alias Portia Gage)

The newest member of the “Friends” is Sara Snow. She was born in Leeds England, started her youthful education in Belgium, then continued in England, and finally Wales. She was trained as an Archeologist, but then switched to teaching English to foreigners. She taught in Egypt using the English language, and there met her future American husband. They were married in England, then proceeded to move about even more, living in the United Arab Emirates, in Vineland, New Zealand, then in North Jersey, and finally back to Vineland, where we have been lucky to stumble upon her and get her to join the “Friends.”

It is not hard to understand why Sara loves history, having started her adult career in Archeology. One should therefore not be surprised to learn that she works for the New Jersey Historical Commission which is basically a grant-giving group. Her work is mainly clerical, interspersed by historical research and writing.

As a member of the “Friends”, she has metamorphosed to become Portia Gage, the Vineland lady that led the voting rebellion of women in Vineland in 1868. The husband of Portia actually formed the suffrage movement (the crazy name used to call the women that fought to be allowed to vote) and was the president of that group.

Sara was able to get a good deal of information about the bold Vineland women from the Historical Society of Vineland. She was able to find the names of the women, and also the pictures of some of them. What she (the “Friends”) are now trying to do is find descendents of some of those original women to show the genealogical link of the present Vinelanders to the past. If you have any further information on the subject, Sara (I mean Portia) would love to hear from you. She would also love to have you make some donations to help pay for her tent used on Founder’s day

DO YOU WANT TO JOIN??
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C/O Frank De Maio, M.D.