Mrs. Henry A. Kingsbury Leptenter 28, 1975 Dear Mis Randall-If has taken me a bery long time to anston you letter of October 16 th, 1974 regardens my enswhile tome which is now paid of William Paterson College My reason for procrastinating was really my stamped tack of knowledge of the history of the place we called "ailsa Farms." The original house was owned by a Scotoman whose name I do not recall. has do I remember When it was punchased, or when the house was renovated. aisa was named by this gentleman after a small island "Cilsa Crag"

of the west coast of Scotland frear ho tome) The first floor dining room, party and kitchen were part of the original building, as was , I believe the brief up directly behind the ketchen The old carried house, known to me as the old garage "as distinguished from the new garage which was later brief on top of the hill and Which Comprised as well the laundy and 2 apartments for chaufeur and laundress. I do not know what changes have been made or if the old carriage touse is still in existence) The most helpful suggestion I have received (second-hand) was from an old friend of my mother's who recommended contacting the Passaic Country Histor -Ical Society (Somber Castle, P.O. Box 1729, Poterson) She Mis . Olive Benson Cartysle from Passoic) is a member and felt that the Society would tore to pursue such a project as the one you are undertaking. He sole documents in my posslosion are a great took dated 1902 and a composition book 2 my fathers in which he maytrons a dynamo in The tower which powered the electricity his attention. The contents of the gued took

Que not Too revealing that it applais that my grandwaken (This gamet a Hotart) and my father (gamet a Hotart h.) Then aged 18, first entertained there Christmas 1902.

Hew promunest names are mentioned, aside from the former gorerun and attorney-general John W. griggs, general Tussel a alger / former Sec. of war and of course William P. Trye, my mother's grandfather, former Senator from maine and President pro tempore of the Senate during my grandfather Hobart's frual illness when he was unable to justill his duties as Me-president.

Other prends and bistors include Senator and former Ser. of the havy Tuman H. newberry gov. Watter Edge of h.g., Senetor Wallace White of maine Senator harren Bastom and Su' Millen Barbour of Bolgast (who. I tekevi was former Primo Min -Wellend!) I surmise that also during The early years was used as a sort of week end country retreat. information of historical interest that will at least try to give you a few reminiscences of my the there.

I moved there after the 15 world war (where I was about 5) with my mother, father, trother and sister. We had formerly twid with my grandmother at Carroll Hall, Paterson I cannot remember whether whether whether she came with us at that there or whether she joined the household at some later date.

By this time the renovations had been completed and the house seemed to my 5-year. Old lyes, enormons like thru children and russes twid on the main floor, which of come from the bantage point of the techsoms located on the hillside appeared to the the

second or Third floor. Our parents and grandwother Tweed on the floor above at one Time mother employed a house -Reeper to oversee the domestic problems, but she turned out to to more of a trability than an asset added to which The lady owned a parrot and mother was terriped of any-There feathered. The Usual number of Refs, as I recall included cook , kitchen moud, houseman, 2 Charfeurs tounders and assistant laund. reso, waitiess-parlos-maid, butter, one or 2 charutermaids. all thise people except chauffeurs

and laundresses tived in the main house on the floor below us and on the top floor 2 flights above the Ritchen (I telieve there were 2 tedrooms there.) The farmer was also an nupor-Tout member of the staff. He Tweed with his family in one of the cottages near the barn, Cored for the twestock and supervised the gardeners. at one time or another there were pigo, chickens sheep, a cow, my father's saddle house and several working horses. There were always heartful flowers, fresh vegetables and The house, though large, was a wonderful place to five as childnen, we found all sorts of exciting

heding places one of The favorites taseenent where trunks war stacked to the ceiling on racks and we could climb up and ride behind Them there There was the organ loft or the cu-Cular staincase in The post hall this was particularly ex. citing because we could go there when the family were having parties and we were able to listen to all kinds of passinating contributions. of and I'm sure we could have Hen deafened for tipe . The organ stood in the upstains hall we had muck rolls for this which my father loved to play, adjustlug the barious stops and pedals to create marvelous rescendos tremolos, flute solos, ck. many happy hours of my child-hood were spent in the play-room, a large room on the help's Hori which was tater cut in Kalf, me half being made unto an extra techoon. I was tere that we kept our doll touses and electer trains, a plans, and later a sewery machine. The writers seemed to be colder and snowier in those days than They are now. I remember a wondrous moorlit night after a heavy snow when 'lor were

allowed to go coacting down the road from the house almost to The gates at The main road. It was fast and thrilling and unbelievable teautiful. On the north side of the house down the steep hill, across the fild generally coming to halt in the middle of a brook. One hot summer night I shall never forget. The barn caught fire and many of the sheep lucie trapped and severely turned. The Keat was so intense that we could hardly stand outside the front door. My mother and father were having dinner at

accola country Club on the other side of Town. They could see the fre from there and when they Tried to get home the haffic on Pompton Road was so congested That it was almost impossible to get up The Rell. an unusual experience stands out in my mind though I cannot & place a date on it my trother was an electronic buffoud had a faccuating laborator in the old garage. For sometime he had been working on a secret project and one day he asked The to assist in an important experiment. I was to stare at a screen encased in a box which he had sigged up in his bedroom. He would go to the tab and project a picture. I stared, and

suddenly there was garret on The screen in front of me At was incredible my first look at T.V., and long tofore anyone had heard of such a thing. Sunday afternoon at also was always open house. Family several stayed for suffer. We did have some marvelous parties, - spooky Hallowe en ones tancy dress ones, and once we had an orchestre and 2 arthur murray teachers to instruct us as we danced on the roof terrace. Duners in the apstans dining wom were very special. The during table sparkled with the

most lovely Venetian glass of soft pastel shades, and often we used my grandmothers handsome set of Faterge Russian enamel, which pattern had been designed for the Car. noon which was used at one Tune as my fathers office, there stood a stimming little gold mk-well replica of the capital. a gift to my grandfather from, I believe, the members of The Senate, this teautiful piece to now, I believe, at Lambert Castle. set = he 1941 my grandworther aged 92, passed away, and 6 months later my father died suddenly, at Thother later moved to montday, as it is by tall buildings of questionable tractly well, such is progress!? Anyforcy you can unagine my surprise at frieding your litter awaiting me upon my return to Horida.

I am wondering what photographs you already have. In a copy of the Return State Blacon dated may 14, 1956, There are some pictures of interiors, I wonder if Those are still at the college of whether they were just torrowed for the occasion, I have the orighead prints (not the negatives) and could have them copied. when at our cauge in maine This summer I found 2 sterepticon pictures of the original house and had copies made (which I enclose.) If I can be of further help let me know and I promise not to want a year next time. Suiceely, Higheth W. Kuigstany

P.S. - While re-reading this lengther letter I found I had neglected to wiched one paragraph, the following:

* After my brother married and moved away the old garage "lah" was converted to a studio for me. Here I painted portraits and still lifes and battled an army of determined wasps. (B.B.S. - Lifore bug sprays)





Mrs. Virginia R. Randall
He William Paterson College of Tr. J.
300 Pompton Road
Wayne
Thew Jersey
07470

September 28, 1975

Dear Mrs. Randall,

It has taken me a very long time to answer your letter of October 16, 1974 regarding my erstwhile home which is now part of William Paterson College.

My reason for procrastinating was really my shameful lack of knowledge of the history of the place we called "Ailsa Farms."

The original house was owned by a Scotsman whose name I do not recall, nor do I remember when it was purchased, or when the house was renovated. Ailsa was named by this gentleman after a small island "Ailsa Crag" off the coast of Scotland (near his home.)

The first floor dining room, pantry and kitchen were part of the original building, as was, I believe the building directly behind the kitchen, the old carriage house, known to me as "The old garage" as distinguished from the new garage which was later built on top of the hill, and which comprised, as well, the laundry and 2 apartments for chauffeur and laundress. (I do not know what changes have been made or if the old carriage house is still in existence.)

The most helpful suggestion I have received (second-hand) was from an old friend of my mothers who recommended contacting the Passaic County Historical Society (Lambert, Castle, P.O. Box 1729, Paterson)

She (Mrs. Olive Benson Carlyle from Passaic) is a member and felt that the Society would love to pursue such a project as the one you are undertaking. The sole documents in my possession are a guest book dated 1902 and a composition book of my fathers in which he mentions a dynamo in the Tower which powered the electricity and which frequently required his attention.

The contents of the guest book are not too revealing, but it appears that my grandmother (Mrs. Garret A. Hobart) and my father (Garret A. Hobart, Jr.) then aged 18, first entertained there Christmas 1902.

Few prominent names are mentioned aside from the former Governor and Attorney-General John W. Griggs, General Russel A. Alger (former Sec. of Mar) and of course William P.Frye, my mother's grandfather, former Senator from Maine and President pro te pore of the Senate during my grandfather Hobart's final illness when he was unable to fulfill his duties as Vice-President.

Other friends and visitors include Senator and former Secretary of the Navy Truman H. Newberry, Governor Walter Edge of New Jersey, Senator Wallace White of Maine, Senator Warren Barbour, and Sir Millen Barbour, of Belfast (who I believe was former Prime Minister of Ireland.)

I surmise that Ailsa during the early years was used as a sort of week-end country retreat. I am sorry I have so little information of historical interest, but will at least try to give you a few reminiscences of my life there. I moved there after the first world war (when I was about 5) with my mother, father, brother and sister. We had formerly lived with my grandmother at Carroll Hall, Paterson. I cannot remember whether she came with us at that time or whether she joined the household at some 1 ter date.

By this time the renovations had been completed and the house seemed, to my 5 year old eyes, enormous. We three children and nurses lived on the main floor, which of course from the vantage point of the bedrooms located on the hillside appeared to be the second of third floor.

Our parents and grandmother lived on the floor above. At one time mother employed a housekeeper to oversee the domestic problems, but she turned out to be more of a liability than an asset, added to which the lady owned a parrot and mother was terrified of anything feathered.

The usual number of help, as I recall, included cook, kitchen maid, houseman, 2 chauffeurs, laundress and assitant laundress, waitress-parlor-maid, butler, one or 2 chambermaids. All these people except chauffeurs and laundresses lived in the main house on the floor below us and on the top floor 2 flights above the kitchen. (I believe there were 2 bedrooms there.)

The farmer was also an important member of the staff. He lived with his family in one of the cottages near the barn, cared for the livestock and supervised the gardeners. At one time or another there were pigs, chickens, sheep, a cow, my father's saddle horse and several working horses. There were always beautiful flowers, fresh vegetables and fruits.

The house, though large, was a wonderful place to live. As children, we found all sorts of exciting hiding places, one of the favorites being in the trunk room in the basement where trunks were stacked to the ceiling on racks and we could climb up and hide behind them. Then there was the organ loft over the circular staircase in the front hall. This was particularly exciting because we could go there when the family were having parties and we were able to listen to all kinds of fascinating conversations, of course, one blast of the organ and I'm sure we could have been deafened for life. The organ stood in the upstairs hall. We had music rolls for this, which my father loved to play, adjusting the various stops and pedals to create marvelous crescendos, tremolos, flute solos, etc.

Many happy hours of my childhood were spent in the playroom, a large room on the help's floor which was later cut in half, one half being made into an extra bedroom. It was here that we kept our doll houses and electric trains, a piano, and later a sewing machine.

The winters seemed to be colder and snowier in those days than they are now. I remember a wondrous moonlit night after a heavy snow when we were allowed to go coasting down the road from the house almost to the gates at the main road. It was fast and thrilling and unbelievably beautiful. On the north side of the house we used to go toboganing, down the steep hill, across a field, generally coming to a halt in the middle of a brook.

One hot summer night I shall never forget. The barn caught fire and many of the sheep were trapped and severely burned. The heat was so intense that we could hardly stand outside the front door. My mother and father were having dinner at Arcola Country Club on the other side of town. They could see the fire from there and when they tried to get home the traffic on Pompton doad was so congested that it was almost impossible to get up the hill due to curious spectators.

An unusual experience stands out in my mind though I cannot place a date on it. My brother was an electronic buff and had a fascinating laboratory in the old garage. For sometime he had been working on a secret project, and one day he asked me to assist in an important experiment. I was to stare at a screen encased in a box which he had rig ed up in his bedroom. He would go to the "lab" and project a picture. I stared, and suddenly there was Garret on the screen in front of me. It was incredible! My first look at TV, and long before anyone had heard of such a thing.

Sunday afternoon at Ailsa was always open house. Family friends came for tea and often several stayed for supper.

We did have some marvelous parties, - spooky Halloween ones, fancy dress ones, and once we had an orchestra and 2 Arthur Murray teachers to instruct us as we danced on the roof terrace.

Dinners in the upstairs dining room were very special. The dining table sparkled with the most levely Venetian glass of soft pastel shades, and often we used my grandmother's handsome set of Faberge Russian enamel, which pattern had been designed for the Czar.

In the little room off the dining room which was used at one time as my father's office, there stood a stunning white gold ink-well replica of the Capitol. A gift to my grandfather from, I believe, the Members of the Senate. This beautiful piece is now, I believe, at Lambert Castle.

After my brother married and moved away the old garage "lab" was converted to a studio for me. Here I painted portraits and still lifes and battled an army of determined wasps. (B.B.S. - before bug sprays.)

In 1941 my grandmother, aged 92, passed away, and 6 months later my father died suddenly, at the age of 57. Mother later moved to Montclair, Ailsa was sold and, as you know, became Paterson State Teachers College.

I had always said I would never return and chance spoiling happy memories. However last year (October 16 to be exact - the day that you wrote me, - E.S.P.?) I had a sudden urge to go back. We were in New York and planning to visit our children in Morristown, so I suggested we stop at Ailsa on our way back to the city. We went, but we did not stop (and you were probably there watching us drive around the circle.) I must admit it was all pretty depressing. I could hardly find my beloved home, surrounded as it is by tall buildings of questionable beauty. Well, such is progress! Anyway you can imagine my surprise at finding your letter awaiting me upon my return to Florida.

I am wondering what photographs you already have. In a copy of the "Paterson State Beacon" dated May 14, 1956, there are some pictures of interiors. I wonder if those are still at the college or whether they were just borrowed for the occasion. I have the original prints (not the negatives) and could have them copied. When at our camp in Maine this summer I found 2 stereopticon pictures of the original house and had copies made (which I enclose.)

If I can be of further help let me know and I promise not to wait a year next time.

Sincerely,

Elizabeth H. Kingsbury