

STORIES of New Jersey

Before his death in 1901 Hal Allaire sold the property to W. J. Harrison of Lakewood, who in 1907 resold more than 5,000 acres to Arthur Brisbane, editor and columnist, for \$68,000. On the estate Brisbane built a large country home and a seven-story tower which contained most of his extensive library. The flat roof of the tower commands a broad view of country and the sea beyond. At his death in 1936 Brisbane was buried in a vault on a knoll close to the tower. Here were also reinterred his father, Albert, and other members of his family.

In 1928 Brisbane leased 200 acres, including the village, to the Monmouth-Ocean Council of Boy Scouts for 20 years at \$1 annually. They repaired buildings, cleared the grounds and built paths, walks and bridges.

Camp Burton at Allaire vividly recalls the past. Magnificent sycamores planted by Allaire still stand near the entrance. Twelve elms on the avenue near the chapel are in excellent condition. Originally there were 13 to commemorate the original States, but one was recently cut down by State authorities to save the remainder from infection. The chapel has been reconstructed and painted. The old bell, its clapper rusted away, hangs silent in the louvered belfry. Nearby are two workmen's houses, whose exterior walls show no signs of deterioration. In the smaller of these, an eight by ten cottage overlooking the brook, Robert Fulton is said to have spent his honeymoon. On the iron lintel over the door is clearly marked "Howell Works, 1827."

The wheelwright and carpenter shop has been remodeled to accommodate the Boy Scout administration offices. Adjoining it is a large brick storehouse, perfectly preserved. The bakery later used as a school, the original 1750 saw-mill, the smithy, in which stand battered vehicles of an earlier day, and the original fire-wagon, all face the wide village green. The furnace stack, reconstructed and bound with new iron bands, stands in a deep, tree-shaded pit. Except when it is in use by the Boy Scouts, the village is silent and lonely. Only an occasional visitor and the caretaker who lives on the premises disturb the quiet that has settled on what was once a busy community where men and women worked, played and raised families under the guardianship of the "master."

It had been the hope of Arthur Brisbane to preserve much of this property for public use. His wife, Phoebe C. Brisbane, and her children have offered more than 700 acres, including the village, with the consent of scout officials, to the State of New Jersey for a public park.



The old fire-wagon still waits in the shed