

# New Accounting

## Sourland Mountains Linked With Many Weird Stories

### Old Residents Recall Tales of Ghosts and Mysterious Figures Who Once Roamed Hills—Section Formerly Noted for Its Lumber and Whiskey

HOPEWELL, Sept. 29.—Sourland Mountain—put on the map by virtue of the publicity attendant to the Lindbergh case—is the centre of many weird, legendary tales.

And because of its interesting background, it is the mecca for Summer vacationists, many of them from New York City. Residents in that area, north of the town, a genial, hospitable group, never fail to extend a welcoming hand to "those city folk."

Pioneers who settled on Sourland Mountain found the soil unfit for cultivation and the necessity of gaining a livelihood forced them into the lumber trade.

A number of odd ways of earning a living from the business are recorded in the annals of the mountain folks' history. Some made fruit baskets from the white oak trees; others occupied their time making hickory spokes and white oak sledge runners.

Parts of the pin oak trees were used to bale hay, while dye, was manufactured from the leaves of the sumac and from the bark of other trees.

Old lumberjacks received high prices for ship timber obtained from the roots of the white oak.

The whiskey business likewise thrived. Take, for instance, the giant still of the Riley family at Rileyville. Their product was known far and wide for its quality.

Old Charley Sutphen, probably one of the best known residents of the mountain, said one day before his death two years ago: "One drink of dat dere apple whiskey and your soul went places."

Charley's father was the Sourland Mountain fiddler. He attended every known party in the region, and Charley went with him. Things always went well until the wee hours of the morning, and then the gay party waxed into a free-for-all. Charley related many times the two murders he witnessed at parties.

#### Had Early School

Despite reports to the contrary, there was a free school house erected atop Sourland Mountain some 115 years ago. It was only a few years ago that the one-room building was deserted and the mountain pupils sent into Hopewell for their schooling.

This building still may be seen away up "thar" in the mountain, about a half-mile beyond the lane that leads into the Lindbergh estate.

For many years, the school was known as the Boozer School, deriving its name from the schoolmaster, Isaac Boozer. Edgar Durling, now a storekeeper and the postmaster at Zion, on the other side of the mountain, taught the mountain children their three R's at Boozer School for more than 25 years.

Charley Sutphen is the source of many a weird legend concerning the wild life that abounded in the hills north of Hopewell.

Take it from him, Sourland Mountain was the devil's stamping ground. He is responsible for the yarn that the devil started to build a great stone wall, separating the East from the West, and while carrying a huge number of boulders he received a call for dinner. He dropped the stones, which today are known as Roaring Rocks, located near Belle Mead.

The Devil's Doorway, popular to the mountain residents, is located near the Lindbergh estate.

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