



TUSCARORA  
LAKE



Erieville, New York

# Tuscarora Lake

History, Pictures  
and  
Memories

*Photo by S. Cunningham*

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I would like to thank those who sent family stories and pictures.  
I could not have done this without your help.

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Many generations before us, struggled to settle this area, and helped to develop it. The common tie is that, we all love this Lake and enjoy sharing it with family and friends. It is our responsibility to protect and preserve the lake for the next generations to enjoy.

**Pam Nieman  
Manlius, New York  
2012**

# Diary of a Small Lake

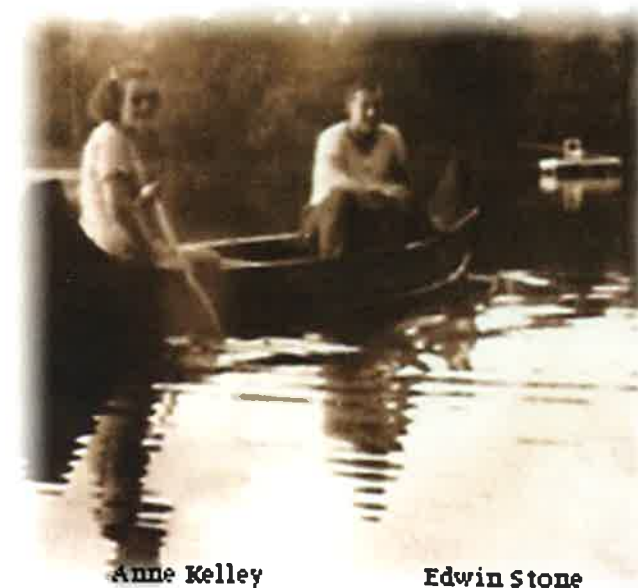
By  
Anne Kelley

I am your lake—beloved vacation home and year round residence to many.

I am an ever-changing panorama of sunrises and sunsets-of winter and summer-ever reflecting nature's moods in my clear sparkling waters.

I am cradled by hills- like a slice of the moon- and I am poised at the highest elevation of any lake in New York State including Lake

George. There were those who wanted to call me Crescent Lake. But, I am Tuscarora named for the Indians who once hunted the hills. My beginning started with Carpenter's Pond located near the present dam. By vacating the surrounding farms, a dam was built and I became an important feeder for the Erie Canal system.



Anne Kelley

Edwin Stone

# Erieville, New York

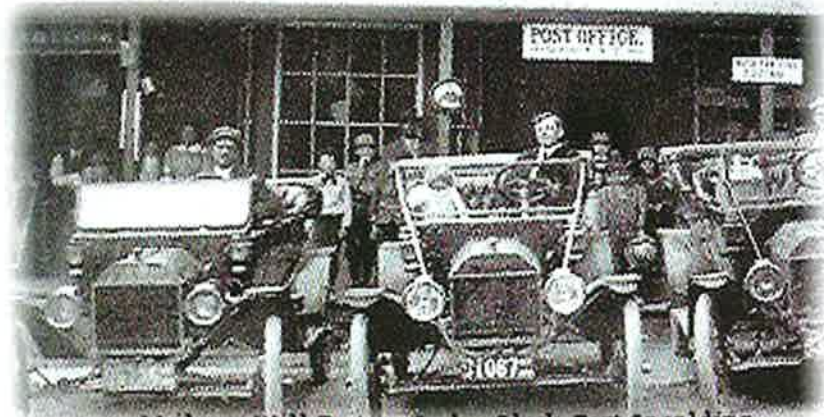
By  
Louise Isabell

There must be something special about Erieville. It continues as a town when there is not and never was any great reason for its existence.

Most villages came into being because of their geographical location. Either they were on an important trade or immigration route or they grew up near a good source of power for their mills. Even though there was no great amount of waterpower for mills, Erieville made some beginning as a town before the building of the Hamilton and Skaneateles Turnpike. This road went from Brookfield, through Hamilton, Eaton, West Eaton, Erieville, Woodstock, and onto Skaneateles. Perhaps some of the travelers, having made the tiring trek over Jackass Hill (known then as Eagle Hill) to the east, were just too tired to begin another climb over the hills to the west, and so settled.

The Town of Nelson was No.1 of the Chenango Twenty Townships, put up for sale by the state in 1791, with deeds given by John Lincklaen beginning in 1793. The land was sold a \$2-3 per acre, \$10 down, payable in 10 years at

7% interest, on the condition that four acres be cleared and sown to grain in four months. Only about three failed to meet these conditions and had to give up the land.



1913 Mailmen Will Burton, Sayles Clark, Bert Spaulding

Settlement was begun in the northern part of the town by 26 families from Pownall, VT and soon many settlers in the southern part, many from New Hampshire. Family groups, sometimes by several brothers coming together, made much of the settlement. One such group was the five Richardson brothers from NH One of these was Erie Richardson from whom Erieville was named. Another brother, Egad, kept a tavern on Eagle Hill. It is said he fathered 33 children, only six of whom lived to maturity.

Joseph Annas built the first mill in the area before the turn of the century. This was located about a mile and a half north of the village, near the outlet of the reservoir. This was sold to Oliver Pool and later his son who operated it until 1848 when the water rights was bought by the state for the construction of the reservoir. Erieville Reservoir was built in 1857 as a feeder for the Erie Canal. It covers an area of 340 acres and cost \$36,837. Although not a true lake, it is called Tuscarora Lake.



1933 Lake photo

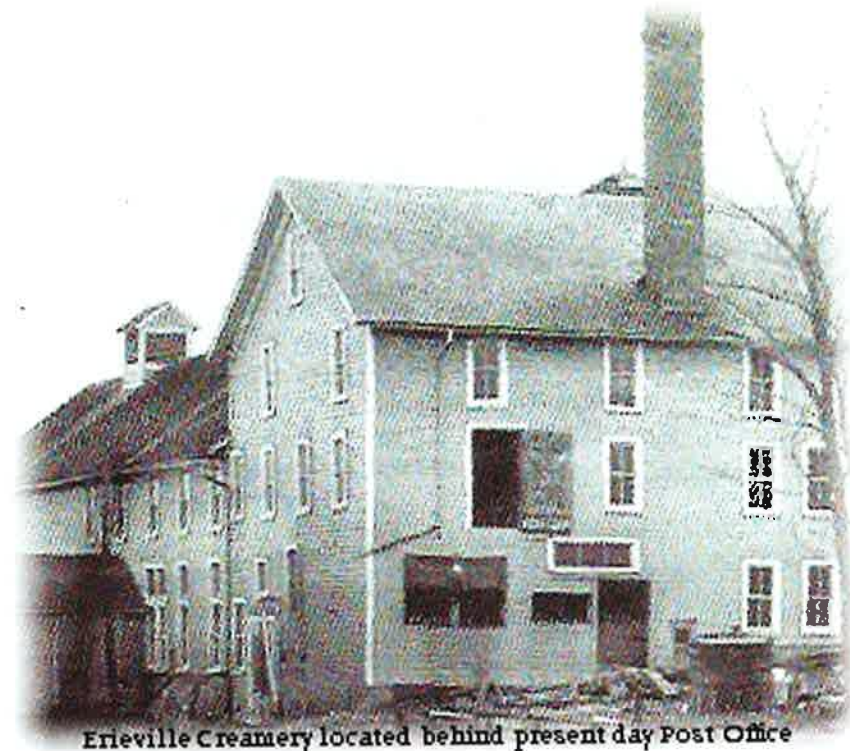
The first merchant in Erieville was Josiah Hayden who built a store in 1807. The first building was later used as a school for a few years and then a gun shop. In its early days the village had two taverns. The lower or "Eldorado House" was built in 1814 by George Salisbury just east of the creek. This was later used as a tin shop.

Nathaniel Hotchkiss and Alpheus Morse carried on an ashery and foundry in 1822 and for three years after. They made the first crude cast iron plows used in the area. Erieville never became a manufacturing town, as did some of

the other small villages in the county probably because it did not have waterpower. There were several small saw and gristmills but only for local use. Most of the industry centered on dairying as it does now. After building of the railroad, it was easier to transport products. In 1897 the milk

business run by C. E. Maynard handled 3,946,065 lbs. of milk, making 324,435 lbs. of cheese, 22,592 lbs. of butter and shipping 4,622 forty-quart cans of milk to the New York market.

The Syracuse and Chenango R.R. was completed through Erieville in 1872. This line was supposed to go on through Earlville To New Berlin, Oneonta, and Kingston as a shortcut to NYC. Because of many hills on the route it was never continued past Earlville and was discontinued in 1937. The Town of Nelson has the distinction of having passed one of the most unusual acts. The first dog tax in the area if not the state was passed here in 1809, when a tax of 25 cents was imposed on anyone who owned a dog. The money was



Erieville Creamery located behind present day Post Office

supposed to go for the purchase of a Merino ram for the use of those who raised sheep, which was almost everyone. At the same time the town offered

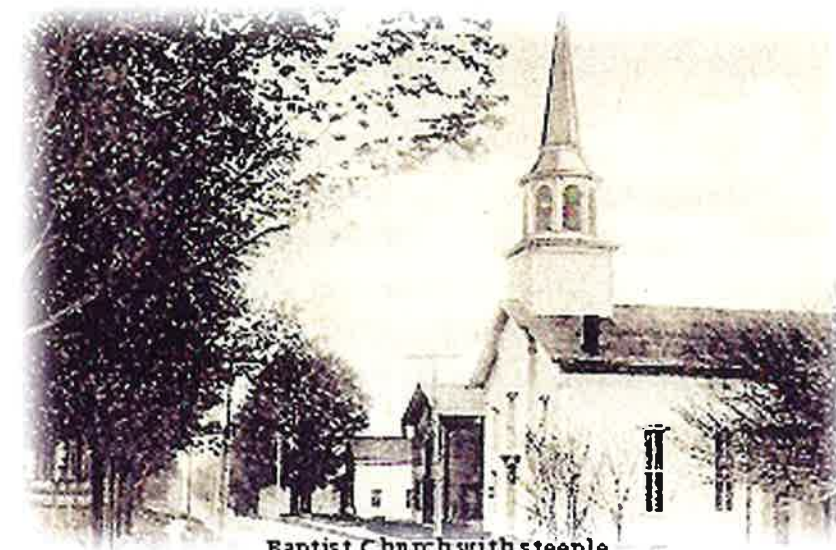
\$20 bounty to be paid by the state for every wolf killed. Thus, they provided for the propagation as well as the protection of their flocks.

In 1807, the total taxes collected in the Town of Nelson were \$281.41. After deducting the salaries for the treasure and the collector, \$195.90 was left to run the town. In that year it cost \$11.50 to help the poor.

The land was gradually cleared and settled. By 1875, there were 20,822 acres of improved land, many more than remain now. In 1811, several families from NJ came and settled in what is known as Jersey Bush, near the Dugway Road. They cleared farms and for a few years prospered until the thin hill-top soil was depleted and the families moved on to more fertile land. The land they worked so hard to clear was taken over eventually taken over by the state and reforested. This also happened in areas northeast of Erieville. Thus, nature reclaims her own.

Erieville had three churches: Baptist, Methodist, and the Universalist. The Baptists held meetings in homes as early as 1809. In 1811, they built their

first church, the Mary English house, east of the present day post office. After a year they then built what was known as the "Temple" about a mile north of the village. This was used as a school after 1821 when they built a larger church



Baptist Church with steeple

in what is now the cemetery.

In 1877, they moved the building about 40 rods to enlarge the cemetery.

The original cost of the church was \$2000 and when it was

moved, another \$4000 was spent to modernize it by removing the old-fashioned high pulpit and box pews. Finally, perhaps discouraged, they deeded the building to the Methodists in 1912. It remains the only church in town. The Methodists held their first meeting in 1826 and for several years they were conducted by circuit preachers in homes and schools. In 1850, they built a church, at a cost of \$800, where Magee's Auction House now stands. After taking over the larger Baptist church building, their old building was sold and used as a town hall and the church sheds used to store road machinery. This burned in 1931. For some time the Universalists had a thriving society. In 1842, they built a church, which is now the Grange Hall.

By 1880 Erieville had a population of about 300 and the following businesses: four stores, a steam saw mill, two cheese factories, a copper shop, two blacksmith shops, harness shop, shoe store, milliner, two doctors, two churches, and a Union school. The Town of Nelson at this time had 15 school districts with 449 children of school age. The cost of running the schools for the year was \$2,181.57, of which \$1,872.62 paid the salaries of the 15 teachers.

Today there is almost no trace of many of the old farms in this part of the town and most of the people living on the remaining ones make their



Welch Church built in 1876

living elsewhere. The population of the village is probably not too much less than it was a hundred years ago, but the style of living has greatly changed. Most of the people in Erieville commute to jobs outside the community and the children go to school in Cazenovia. There is likely as large a population around the lake year round as there is in the village.



Maynam's Island First home on lake in 1910

Still Erieville goes on, looking much as it did years ago. Many of the families have been here for generations but each year some new ones come, like small town living, and stay. These hills and this old town seem timeless and yet ever changing.

*"Kelley and Greg Isbell were married on the property they now call home."*

# HISTORICAL FACTS OF THE TOWN OF NELSON AND ERIEVILLE

WRITTEN AND READ  
BY  
MRS. DAISY FRANCIS  
AT THE ERIEVILLE GRANGE  
DEC. 4, 1936

Nelson was formed from Cazenovia, March 13, 1807 and named for Lord Nelson, the distinguished British Admiral.

It was number one of the Chenango Twenty Townships. It is an interior town, lying southwest of the center of the county, and is bounded on the north by Fenner and Smithfield, on the south by Georgetown, on the east by Eaton and on the west by Cazenovia. Its surface is a hilly upland, having a general north and south direction. It occupies a part of the elevated ridge, which forms the water shed between the streams flowing north to Oneida Lake and south to the Susquehanna. The principle stream is Chittenango creek. The Erieville Reservoir now known as Tuscarora Lake was constructed in 1850, at a cost of \$36,837, as a feeder for the Erie Canal, its supply being 2,526 cubic feet a minute. It covers an area of 340 acres. At one time this body of water was a dense wilderness.

My great-grandfather, Ensign, came here from Connecticut with oxen. He settled on the Ensign hill which is located back and above where the Bastians (Wesley Sternberg Farms) now live, building a log cabin.

They notched trees crossing what is now the reservoir, so that his brother who followed could locate them. They later built the old Ensign homestead, which was the home of four families.

The Eaton Reservoir lies partly in this town. The underlying rocks are the Tully limestone, the Genesee slate, and the Ithaca group, which covers the entire surface of the town. Limestone exists in the form of boulders. There are some quarries. The soil is generally well adapted to the dairy industry.

The Syracuse and Chenango Valley Railroad crosses the southwest portion of the town, and was completed in 1872. Erieville was situated on this line.



Main St. Erieville

In it's early history, Erieville had three churches, Baptist, Methodist-Episcopal, and Universalist, a district school, a hotel, four stores, a steam sawmill, a cheese factory owned by Peter Duffy. South of the village, James Stevenson Cooper shop, two black smiths shops. There was the Whitnall harness shop, Sam Curtis shoe shop, a milliner and Frank Moore's tin shop. Erieville's population was around 300.

The first merchant was Josiah Hayden who built in 1807 a store later known as the George Moore's store. Soon afterward it was used for a schoolhouse as Dr. John Heffron taught school there in 1810. It was later converted to a gun shop by Thomas Medbury. He and his eldest son, Isaac, carried on this business for the next ten years. The building was moved a little south and used as a dwelling. Nelson Richardson built the Moore store in 1834. The Baptist Church and school were built in 1811. About a year later the Baptist trustees having neglected to procure a title were dispossessed by what is known as the Temple. Later, it was used as a schoolhouse.

The Baptists used it until 1821 when they built their church, which is now the only church here and which they deeded over to the Methodists about 24 yrs. ago. This was located on part of what is now the cemetery, when it was removed in the summer of 1877 to its present location. This church is now over 115 years old. It was 1809 that the Baptist church was formed on April 26, 1810. One hundred persons subscribed to the articles of faith at the home of Jesse Braman. The original cost of the present church was \$2,000, and after its' removal \$4000 more was expended in remodeling it. It was dedicated November 4, 1876. I was church clerk, supt. Of Sunday school, church organist, etc. at the time we consolidated with the M.E. church 24 years ago and continued my labors.

The first meeting here of the Methodists was held in 1826. Meetings were held by circuit preachers in schoolhouses and private homes every two weeks. In 1850 they built their church for \$800. It was sold for our town hall and destroyed by fire a few years ago. Chas Spaulding store is on the same site.

Benjamin Wadsworth, George Richardson, Ruel Richardson, and several others built the Universalist church in 1842. They once had a large society. This church is now our Grange Hall.

Nathanial Hotchkin and Al Morse carried on the foundry business and ashery in 1812 for about three years. They made the first cast iron plow used in this locality.

There were many merchants staying only for a few years until Joseph Maynard took possession of the main part of what is now the Gaige store, Oct. 31, 1866, in partnership with WS Coate. In Feb. 1867, Maynard bought Coate's share in it, known as Maynard & Co. until Sept. 1879.

Russell Bronson also had a jewelry repair shop. Later it was a merchant store owned by Massa Jackson for twenty years.



Looking west across the four corners

Thomas Medbury was the first postmaster and kept his office in the Griffin Hotel in 1822.

The first physician was Dr. James Pratt who lived in Eaton, but ministered to the needs of the people in Erieville. Dr. John Heffron was the first resident doctor and along with that taught school in 1809 until his death in 1861.



Franklin Moore ran the manufacturing of Moore's Empire Milk Pan and Cooler in 1876. A stock company was formed with the capital of \$25,000 for the manufacture of the above article and other dairy utensils. They made about an average of 50 sets a year. Thomas Medbury built the Erieville House or Hotel in 1820. It was kept from 1871 by HL Griffin who was my father. The first tavern on it's site, built by Ephirain Mallory was a frame building and torn down to make room for one built by Medbury. July of

1884 the hay in the barn caught fire at noon from Mr. Kelly's sawmill, it burned in 27 minutes. Our horses were the only things saved because they were taking the children on a picnic. It was thought that the whole town would be wiped out as 57 fires started from this one fire. I was ill with measles. They carried me from one house to another as the places caught fire. One year from the fire my father had a new hotel built and we were again living on the same site. It was a large three-story hotel. My father had two dances a year, 4th and Christmas. Eighty-four couples dancing at once in the square room. Again on December 31, 1938 a fire completely destroyed the building. My parents died there and I ran it alone, a (temperance hotel) for a year than sold out. Not many years ago our depot was destroyed by fire.

I have endeavored to make this as interesting as possible to give you some interesting facts about our little burg of Erieville nestling among the hills.

Grange Meeting on Dec.4, 1936

# REMEMBERING WAY BACK WHEN MOSTLY BEFORE 1910

BY  
LEON HUDSON

I remember when:

The Chenango branch of the West Shore Railroad ran through Erieville.

The community was visited in the summer by gypsies.

There were many one-room schools, gristmills, sawmills, and cheese factories every few miles.

There were watering troughs every mile or so.

There were only one or two cottages on Tuscarora Lake.

When peas were shipped by express to NYC. Hay, cabbage and wood were moved by car-loads out of here, also milk by hundreds of 40 quart cans.

Archie Poier brought wood from Jersey Bush way to town on a two-wheeled cart drawn by oxen.

Wood was traded for groceries and eggs were one cent apiece.

Lights were kerosene or hand-made tallow candles and no telephones.

Corn was planted with a hoe or hand planter or horse-drawn planters.

Every home outside of the village had a cow or two. Milk was cooled by ice or water, if at all for cheese and butter.

When sometimes a drag race, with horses, by farmers bringing milk to the station.

Every farm made maple syrup and sugar. Sap was boiled in large cast iron kettle. Folks raised and cured their own meat and canned vegetables and fruit. Buckwheat flour and corn meal were ground in nearby villages.

There was sleighing from Thanksgiving until mid-April. Roads or sleigh tracks could get to be five feet high with snow drifts (especially at Temple Hill). Sometimes the railroad tracks were blocked. A train was blocked at Hardscrabble for three days. Skiing over, I found three cars buried in snow. The engineer begged me to stay and shovel snow into the tender so he could keep up the steam.

There were many hop kilns, usually called hop kill. They had many hop growers picnics, Sunday school picnics, and baseball was played on Saturday. Neighbors were neighbors with footpaths across fields for short cuts. Many families gathered to raise money for community projects to improve the area.

# JERSEY BUSH

BY  
MIRIAM BARROWS

My first experiences with Erieville were when I was a little girl living in Syracuse, NY. My Grandparents and Father came to this country from Germany in about 1923. They belonged to an International hiking and outdoor club called "The Nature Friend Club". When I was young, they moved the camp to Erieville on Torpy's Pond. It was a wonderful place to enjoy nature for people that lived and worked in a city. We made many friends and had many wonderful times as I was growing up. When my husband, George Barrows and I were married we spent our honeymoon at the camp, never dreaming that we would move to Erieville in 1981. We have 160 acres on Lewis Road on land originally settled by a religious group from New Jersey. The area was named for these settlers and for the Maple Trees in the area - "Jersey Bush".

Jersey Bush was a thickly wooded area and was the last section of Erieville to be settled. Many of the settlers came from New Jersey. It was located on both sides of the Erieville-Sheds Corners road, now known as the "Dugway". Lumbering was the chief occupation until the forests were cut off. Every spring when the frost was going out great difficulty was encountered on what was called "hogback hill". In the winter of 1872, Irish laborers working on building the Syracuse-Earlville railroad, worked with wheelbarrows, picks, and shovels to dig a narrow road up through the rocky gorge, calling it "Dugway".

Hikers can still find remnants of the Jersey Bush community, left behind are old cellars, stonewall, and rose bushes that still bloom.

# EARLY DAYS AT TUSCARORA

BY  
DORIS PERRY BUELL

My father, George Perry, grew up on a farm south of Erieville, after he left home in 1900, relatives ran the farm for years. We often drove down from Syracuse to visit them when I was a child in the late 1920's. We often stopped for a swim off the little island at the south end.

I first set eyes on the north end of the lake in 1931, when my family visited my friend Priscilla Humberstone's family for a picnic. As a boy my father had ridden his bike around the lake. That day my parents scouted out cottages and rented the Processor (now Dow) cottage for our family vacation. The next year, we rented the camp next door owned by the Caulkins. My parents bought it by summer's end. 1932, The Buell family bought the camp next door to the east. That is how Elliot and I met! By 1931, there were 16 cottages on North Lake Rd. The Dow and Coling cottages are still owned by descendants of the original owners.



Outing at Reservoir

Erieville, N.Y.

The cove was still totally wild as was the area back of the Island. We used to catch turtles back there and collect firewood.

On the mainland across from and south of the Island the Clark family (Perry Clark) camped in a tent. There was much excitement when it caught fire in the 1930's. The Stone's had a camp at the water's edge that had a boat-house attached to it. The Montfort and Sayles Clark places were built about the same time. Further along there were a couple of camps in the woods, but the whole of the point was still a farm belonging to the Funk family. The rest of the south end around the dam was sparse—the Tainter farm at the village end and the Ross Wallace farm, across from the dam. The first Slab-sides tavern was built a little later on. It eventually burned and was replaced by a bigger one.

The west shore from the dam to McCarthy's (now the Blue Canoe) had two old cottages between just beyond the dam and the Thayer Brown place. Down a ways was the Beebe and Whiterall cottages followed by the Metzger/Crofoot and the Baumbach cottages at the south end of McCarthy Rd.

In 1930's none of the roads had been named nor did the camps have street numbers. It was just "just the road", narrow and dusty. When cars went by clouds of dust enveloped everything. The Buells used to wet it down with buckets of water carried by hand from the lake. Later the Town of Nelson treated the roads with calcium chloride, which solved the dust problem but killed off the choke cherry bushes that lined the road on the lakeside. We kids missed those bushes. We used to pick and eat the chokecherries as we walked along and see who could spit the pits the farthest.

Across the road was a working dairy farm owned and run by a family named Vallier. Their hayfield bordered the road and beyond it to the top of the hill was the cow pasture.

In those days, others and we frequently bought some of our milk at the Vallier farm. Mother would send me up at milking time with a quart container to get fresh milk. My recollection is we paid 10 cents for a quart. Later, we had door-to-door milk delivery in the evening by Mr. and Mrs. Tainter (Kay Tainter's future in-laws). I can remember Mrs. Tainter sitting in the car with her baby Ted (Kay's future husband) in her lap. I recall Mrs. Tainter was a pretty lady and her baby was adorable.

I remember Mr. Vallier as a big framed man with shaggy eyebrows. He was gruff, but kindly. As a child, I liked him. He did have a violent temper, though. We were often awakened at daybreak by hearing "Ca boss, ca boss, ca boss" as he called his cows to come for milking. If, they didn't come, he would swear at them at the top of his lungs in a tone of his voice that sounded almost as if he were crying. He would even throw stones at them in his anger. Needless to say, this didn't produce the desired results. There would be the same procedure when it was time for the afternoon milking.

However, George Vallier had his gentle side. When he was going to mow his hay, he would tell campers who had cats to keep them confined.

I remember once that a team of horses, at the time hitched to a huge roller, ran away down the road at breakneck gallop until finally one horse somehow got turned in the opposite direction in his harness. It made a tremendous clatter and we all rushed out to look. Another farm incident of note was a time when we had a severe thunderstorm. Three cows huddled under a tree up in the pasture were killed when lightning hit the tree.

From today's perspective many aspects of life at the lake in the 1930's seem primitive. We had no electricity in those days until FDR's rural electrification program came our way. Another evidence of the New Deal was seeing trucks go by carrying CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps) workers headed for a reforestation project up in the hills.

Nobody had propane then so my mother cooked on a kerosene stove. For refrigeration we had an icebox. A local resident named Harvey Smith delivered ice he had cut from the lake in the winter and stored in his icehouse a little way up Chaffee Hill Road. We got our household water from the lake by bucket-full. My family kept a washbasin on a self on the back porch with a bucket of water and a dipper adjacent. We washed our hands there, then opened the screen door and tossed it out onto the lawn.

There was another bucket and dipper by the kitchen sink. The drain fed into a dry well. We and the Prossers and Colings also had dug wells. For a number of years the water tested "no contamination" so we drank it. Later on, we

brought our drinking water from our home in Syracuse.

Off the back porch was a small room with a chemical toilet. For a bath we often took a bar of Ivory soap into the lake with us. However, my mother would insist that "A swim isn't a bath" and we'd get a proper bath when we went home to Syracuse to do laundry.



A potbelly wood stove warmed the cottage on chilly evenings and mornings. We used a kerosene lamp for light.

Mr. Vallier retired and sold his farm to Charles Feiser, a New York City promoter with development plans. He upgraded the farmhouse and lived there. He built and sold four cottages on his property. In 1956, he also built and ran a restaurant he called "Eighty Acres". There was a dining room on one side and an ice cream parlor on the other side. Those of us who lived directly opposite the restaurant took a dim view of this development for it drastically changed the character of our environment. From hayfield to a business establishment was quite a change. Charlie Fieser apparently encouraged customers to come by boat, but he had no water rights. For a while a few would-be diners would tie up at our pier, but before long this problem just vanished.

We kids had a lot of fun roaming the hills in those early days when the farm was still operating. There were no "No Trespassing" signs and we were free to explore fields and woods at will. I was fortunate to have two friends Priscilla Humberstone (Metzger) and Lois Prosser (Dow). In addition to all the water fun, we loved to hike. Two destinations were favorites, places we named "Wee Niagara" and "Ferry Glen". Wee Niagara was a lovely waterfall up the stream that empties into the lake at Green Road and Ferry Glen was up the stream that empties into the lake by Rosie's. We'd take our lunch and be gone for hours.

Another wonderful dividend of freedom to roam anywhere was the opportunity to go strawberry picking. The entire family would go berrying. A family tradition was to have strawberry shortcake on the July 4th.

In the early days, the shoreline was lined with stumps, the campers would gather them, pour oil over them, and set them on fire.

The Tully Bakery and the Oran Bakery, also a truck selling fruit and vegetables, made twice-a-week deliveries. Erieville had a general store run by Mr. Gage. I still have a straw-hat my father bought me for 25 cents.

Our family's experience on Tuscarora Lake has spanned 75yrs., four generations and we expect that this summer -our 76th—a fifth generation will visit. Our affection for this beautiful place goes very deep and our memories are treasured possessions. Our dream is that more generations in our family will have the opportunity to develop equally treasured memories here....

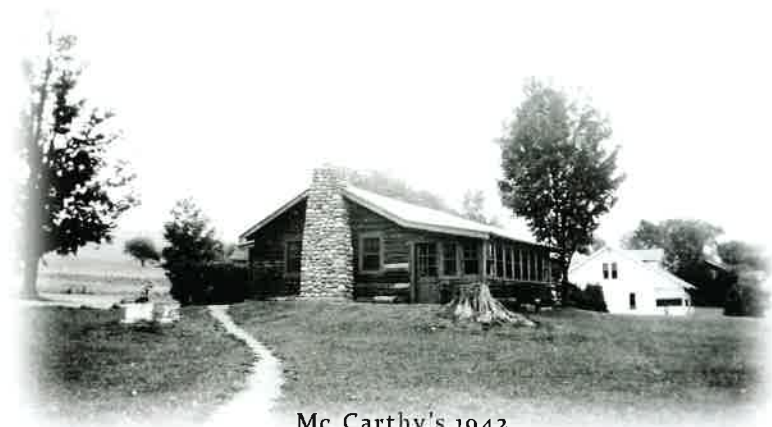
"Elliot and Doris Buell ice-skated across the lake when they were dating."

"Many kids experienced summer romances...do you remember yours?"

# HISTORY OF THE BLUE CANOE

BY  
KAREN GAGE

My great-grandfather, James McCarthy, built his first camp, now the Blue Canoe, around 1927. He started out with a little stand by the road that he sold hot dogs, hamburgers, and cold beer. Around 1937, he built the cabin



McCarthy's 1942

that currently sits in the middle of the three on the Blue Canoe property. He opened McCarthy's restaurant in 1938. In addition to clambakes, the restaurant also sponsored skeet shooting tournaments, speed boat races, and raccoon hunts with blood-

hounds. He also built the home across from the Blue Canoe that Mrs. Barbara McCarthy still owns.

For years, the restaurant was owned by and known as Rosie's. Laurie Omans owned it for three years, before the new owners reopened in 2011. It has always been a meeting place for the Lakers and local residents to relax and enjoy a good meal and conversation. The new owners, Trish and Pete, have once again brought back a vital business to our lake. We look forward to years of great food and conversation!



Verna, Arthur, Tom & Marilyn (Mahar) Behnke 1940

*"Paddling is not allowed at the Blue Canoe."*

# SLABSIDES INN



*"Gary and Laurie Omans met at the Slabsides Inn."*

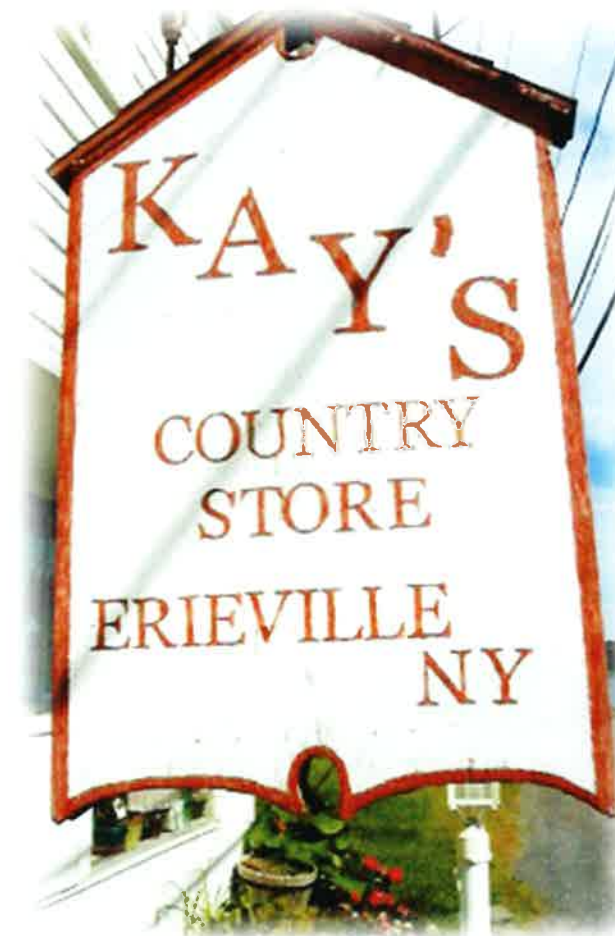
In days gone by, the center of activity on a Saturday night was the Slabsides Inn. Named because the outside was sided with slabs of wood, the first Slabsides restaurant was built in the 1930's. It was destroyed by fire in 1937. They decided to rebuild closer to Tuscarora Road. It was a large building that had an extension over the water that was later removed because it didn't have a proper permit. Slabsides had two guest rooms they rented to out-of-town visitors. It had a huge ballroom and three living rooms with a huge fireplace. A large kitchen in the basement was used for preparing meals.

Slabsides was the place to go on Saturday nights for good old-fashioned dancing; round and square, polka, etc. After many years the structure started to sink, from lack of rebar being used when building it. As years went by, the character of the establishment changed. It became a place of rowdiness and known for underage drinking.

In 1980, Joan and Lowell Foland bought the Slabsides. They salvaged beams and other materials from the old building and have built a beautiful home on the site.



Road across causeway looking toward Slabsides



Every lake should be so lucky to have a country store with creaky floorboards and "penny candy" for sale. It was a store to pick up last minute grocery items, a newspaper, or hang up an ad to sell something. Kay's was also a place that locals stopped by for coffee and a good dose of local gossip and many laughs. She always greeted you by your name and asked about your family. Kay and husband, Ted Tainter, ran the store for many decades. Due to her untimely death in 2010, the store has remained closed.

The lakers long for someone to reopen it, and once again provide a meeting place for locals to stop in and share a laugh and pick up some groceries.

*"Penny candy at Kay's really cost 10 cents/ea."*



Town Of Nelson Citizen of the Year  
Award Winner Kay Tainter

## The Erieville Fire Dept.



Prior to 1935, the area surrounding Erieville, had only volunteers to rely on, if a fire broke out. This happened frequently with the use of kerosene lanterns and candles. Bucket brigades were the only way to fight the fires.

In 1936, the Erieville Fire Dept. was formed. Water buckets and a siren were ordered. For years, large milk trucks would come to the firehouse, unload all milk cans, load two empty fuel tanks and head to the nearest water and set up pumps. They filled the tanks and headed to the fire.

Equipment has been continually updated since then and has become a very modern department. They are very active in the community, holding chicken barbeques to raise funds and hosting events for celebratory and memorial causes. They recently constructed a pavilion at the Erieville ball field for everyone to use.



The First Rescue Truck in 1972, a converted house to house milk truck.

## Tuscarora Lake Association



The first recorded minutes of the Tuscarora Lake Association (TLA) were on August 9, 1944. The meetings were held at the Slabsides.

From the minutes of 1944, Mary Porter, the secretary, noted that the dues were set at \$1.00 per member. Popular discussion topics were garbage collection (25 cents per household), ice delivery (the Cards, behind the island, operated an icehouse), and speeding boats. A few motorboats had arrived on the lake and the operating speed was a deep concern. As a result of the concern over speed, the Association conferred with the New York State Police, who recommended a limit of five horsepower engines. In 1949 an ordinance was passed in the Town of Nelson limiting speeds to five miles per hour within 200 feet of shore and requiring all boats to display the necessary lights.

The TLA promoted socialization by having at least two dinners a year organized by the women of the church as fundraisers. There were occasional clambakes put on by McCarthy's Bar and Grill (Jim McCarthy was the owner of what is now the Blue Canoe) or Slabsides. The Tuscarora Lake Association was incorporated on August 29, 1981.

Currently, the TLA is comprised of nearly 200 households that surround the lake. Purposes of the organization include the following: To promote the betterment of conditions, both sanitary and social, of life on and around the lake; to protect the rights of property owners; to promote good relations with appropriate governmental agencies, especially relating to the quality and level of the lake water, the population of fish and other water life, and the proper policing and law enforcement on and around the lake; and to promote a spirit of cooperation and good fellowship in the surrounding community; to promote the proper and safe enjoyment of Tuscarora Lake and recreational, social, and community activities and events normally associated with residents on or near the lake.

The activities and events could not take place without the ongoing help of many volunteers. It takes many hours of sacrifice to maintain the quality, which we all enjoy on this Lake. A huge Thank You to All...

## STONEY POND STATE FOREST



Many of the Lakers enjoy visiting Stoney pond for a nature hike or cross-country skiing in the winter. The 1,469 acres offer visitors an opportunity to view a range of different flora and fauna. Purchased with Hewitt Amendment funds in the 1930's, the State Forest is a blend of red pine, white pine, Scotch pine and Norway spruce plantations with natural hardwoods consisting of red oak, American beech, sugar maple, red maple, black cherry, white ash and eastern hemlock. Various forest products, such as spruce pulpwood and hardwood saw timber have been removed over the years.





Photo By M. Zlomek

The 44-acre Stoney Pond was constructed in the late 1950's to provide a wildlife habitat. Populated with largemouth bass and panfish, it is home to blue herons, Canada geese, mallard ducks and other waterfowl. A parking area and boat-launching site is located at the pond. No gas-powered motors are permitted



Photo By M. Zlomek

## Ice Fishing Derby



On an average day, fishermen enjoy a few quiet hours of peaceful fishing. The lake is known for its small and large mouth bass, walleye pike, perch, and pan fish. Stocking is done yearly to insure the ever-popular sport maintains its supply of different fish.

The Ice Fishing Derby held in February is one of the main fundraising events on the lake in the winter. Many of the local fishermen look forward every year to the challenge of catching that trophy fish, giving them the grand prize and bragging rights for the year.





The Blue Canoe Grill (formerly Rosie's) has graciously hosted this event for years. Their doors open at 5am for a tasty breakfast to fuel up the hardy fishermen for a cold fun day of competition. Later, they return to thaw out and hopefully receive a prize. Over 130 people registered for the 21st Derby, including several youths. Over \$1000 was raised to



Jason Clark, Longest Walleye 19 1/2 in.

contribute to the Fish Fund for stocking Tuscarora Lake. Through the support of businesses and individuals in the community, there were numerous wonderful door prizes. The Grand Prize is donated by the Tuscarora Lake Association.



1993 caught 7lb Walleye

Bob Kirchoff, Sherman Turner, Dwight Turner

*"Fishing is always better on the other side of the lake."*



A Great Day of Fishing

# TUSCARORA JR. BOAT CLUB

Told by  
Dick Steinbach



In 1954, can you imagine what it must have meant to the kids on the lake to have something to share and look forward to every weekend? A world without technology interfering with the adventures of childhood, one can only dream.



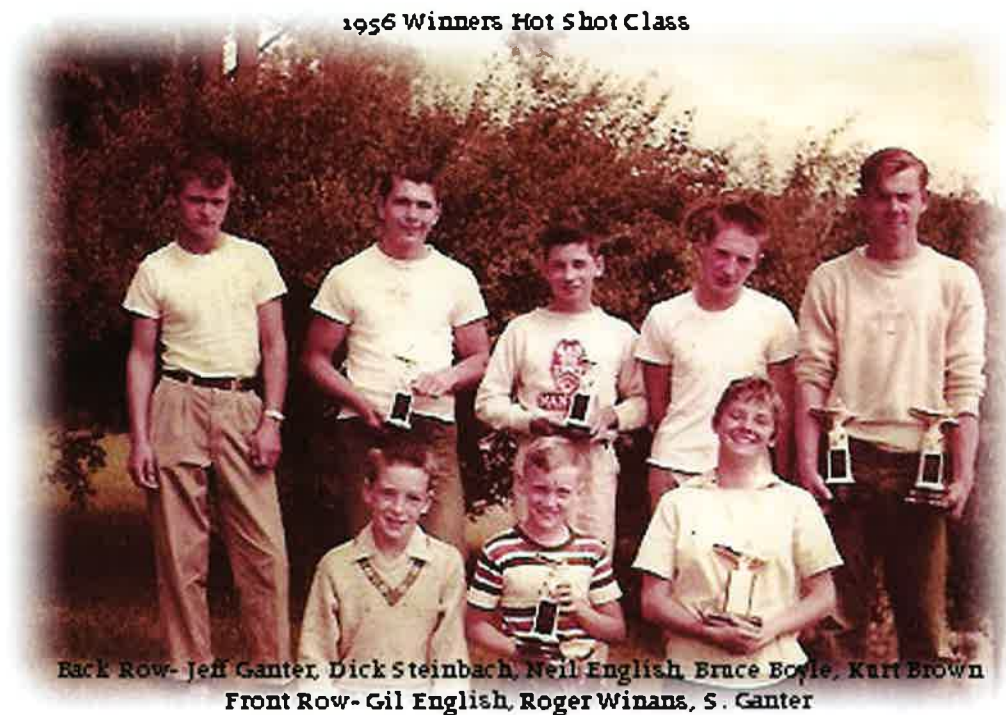
The Junior Boat Club was formed and organized by Bob Paul. The first three years the meetings were held on the steps north of Clint Tankersley's camp. They had club membership badges made out of a felted material, that they wore proudly. Bob ran the club the first year. Official rules were written and agreed upon for race days. Neil English headed the club the 2nd year, Kurt Brown the 3rd, and Dick Steinbach in the fourth year. Jeff Ganter started a fifth season, but it began to slowly dissolve. Every Saturday, they would gather for racing. Numbers were assigned such as T-11, T-2, T-7, and the ever-infamous T-14 held by Steinbach for one year (later assigned to Bill Pendleberry) until receiving his official APBA number of 145-N.

Motors were worked on and tuned for Saturday racing. All the races were run on a handicap basis since no two boats or motors were alike. Each boat was timed around the course and the times of the boats were divided up into the classes. In any given class, the slower boat would start first and the fastest boat in that class would start several seconds after the first boat

started. It was a flying start, that made it difficult to be at the starting buoy at exactly the correct time for your handicap. If you arrived at the starting buoy too soon, you were disqualified. The big starting clock was located on Neil English's Dock. This system made for many exciting finishes.

Trophies were awarded and great camaraderie was had, along with life long friendships formed.

Several of the members went on to join the APBA and continued racing for a few more years.



*"Gary Omans pulled 12 skiers at once the summer of 1994."*

# SAILING ON TUSCARORA LAKE



It's remarkable how a good and favorable wind can blow away the frustrations that everyday living can bring. The best feeling is when the breeze first strikes your sails, then you are off and sailing, leaving your cares on shore. Many have enjoyed that very feeling, when sailing on Tuscarora Lake. It is such a beautiful sight on Sunday to see several sunfish sailboats out for the morning regatta. Their colorful sails are taut, testing the skilled hands in charge of keeping them upright.

Fleet 102 was formed in 1965/66 by William Baumbach and is officially registered with ISCA (International Sunfish Class Association). Several members met and raced on Sundays. Tournaments were held, awarding trophies and plaques. As the years went on, the sunfish group became less and less.



The summer of 2010 brought a new awareness of sailing. The Sunfish sailors reunited once again and have started meeting at the north end of the lake at 10 am on Sunday mornings for a fun time of competitive sailing. Whether you are a beginner or have been sailing for years, there is someone in the group that is willing to teach and encourage you to hoist your sails. The Fleet #102 flag is again in the hands of the club sailors, after being stored by Nick Rezak for years. The beautiful sails are once again seen on Sunday morning!



Neuburger's Granddaughters Enjoying the Sailboats

For those who enjoy a cold winter day, ice sailing on the lake is the activity to do...

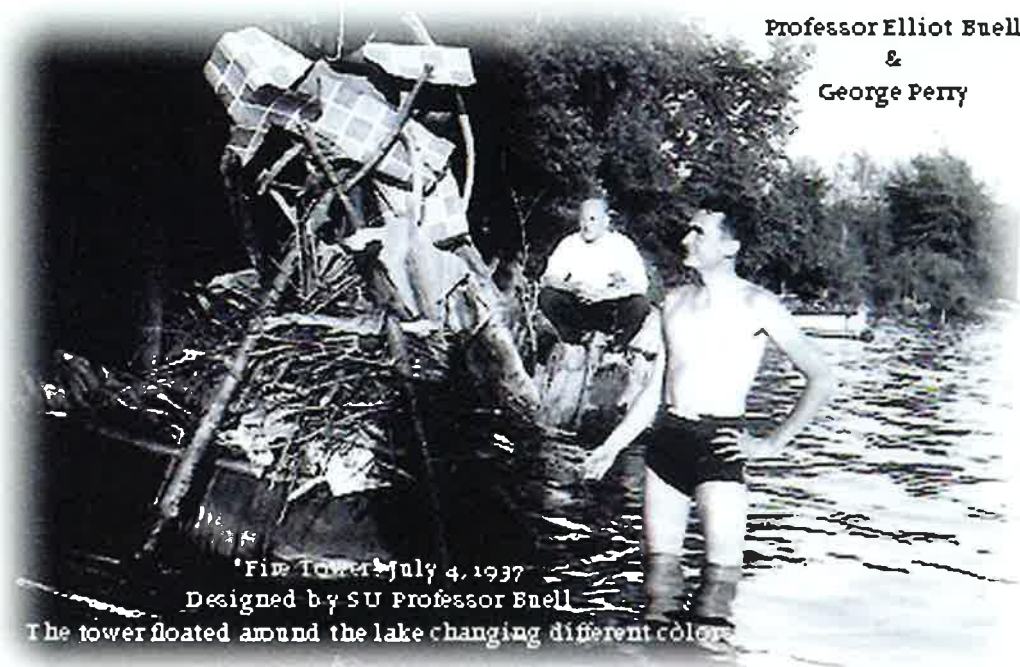


Perry Tooker III Ice Sailing 2012

# Fourth of July 1937

By  
Doris Buell

The "Fire Tower" was built by Elliot, with the help of my father, George Perry. It was quite a creation. The fire was built on a platform over a barrel. We towed it out by rowboat to the middle of the lake after dark and set it a blaze. It was designed to change colors. We did it the following year and that was the end of our efforts on flaming rafts!



Professor Elliot Buell  
&  
George Perry

'Fire Tower' July 4, 1937  
Designed by SU Professor Buell  
The tower floated around the lake changing different colors

Another 4th tradition started by Lois Dow (I don't know what year) was to float candles out onto the lake. She poured hot wax into muffin cups and when it started to solidify stuck a wick into each one. She placed them on paper plates and floated them on the water when it was a still night. They were just lovely twinkling out there on the water for hours. It was her thing and after she died I did it many more times.

# July 4th Celebration



Photo By Scott Cunningham

*"Nothing's more dazzling than fireworks on a clear July 4th night!!"*

The Lake is a hub of activity on the 4th with family and friends sharing a day of fun. Boats are racing across the lake pulling skiers or tubers. Many kayaks, sailboats, wind surfers, along with swimmers are enjoying the water.

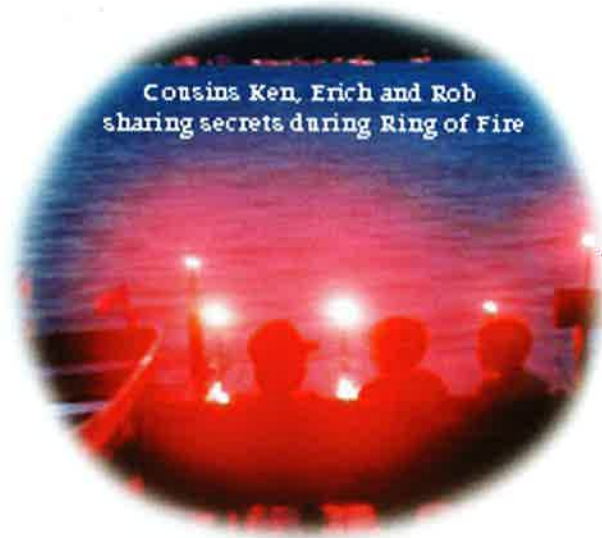
Traditionally, we celebrate the 4th with the boat parade and the lighting of the flares at night to form the "Ring of Fire" around the lake. The first boat parade was spawned by the Jr. Boat Club. In 1955, Dick Steinbach and Kurt

Brown led the first parade by displaying the American flag on their boat. The tradition is one of the most popular events on the lake. Everyone looks forward to seeing the decorated boats and cheering for their favorite while enjoying the fun.



Kate and Ryan holding the Boat Parade Flag

The Zlomek family has organized the parade for many years. Every year a theme is selected and families secretly decorate their boat accordingly. The boats are assigned a number and are voted on for the best boats that reflect the theme as they float around the perimeter. There are an average of 20 boats that compete for prizes collected from local merchants. The grand prize is ownership of the official parade flag and bragging rights. It is yours to fly proudly on your boat until next year's parade.



Cousins Ken, Erich and Rob sharing secrets during Ring of Fire



Crusty Pirates



Tooker's Ghost Boat

*"The Tooker family rules on boat decorating!!"*

Lakers purchase flares to light on their shoreline when darkness comes. Flares in the shape of a "T" are lit on the dam indicating to all to light theirs. A beautiful "Ring of Fire" circles the lake. Many lakers begin to shoot off their fireworks and continue to entertain all of us for hours. The sky becomes brilliant with beautiful sparkles and you can hear the cheering from the spectators!



Ring of Fire, Photo By Ryan Zlomek

# Ladies of the Lake Brunch



Ladies of the Lake Brunch

*"1999 Joan Foland wrote a book titled "Molly Muskrat", who lived on Tuscarora Lake."*

One of the events that the women of the lake look forward to is the brunch. It is held at a different home on the lake each year. The hostess graciously opens her home for all who want to attend. Everyone brings a dish to share. It is great fun with much laughter.



Helen Bellamy, Anne Kelley, Polly Stone, Joan Gulke Porterfield, Ann Gulke Hirschbein

Many of the women continue to get together every Friday for lunch at a different local restaurant. Always a talkative lunch!



Friday's Lunch Bunch at Cafe Espresso  
Front Row- Alice Medyn, Karen Hotaling and Bonnie Woods  
Back Row- Mary Obriet, Linda Knight, Linda Stolt and Anne Kelley  
Absent- Pam Remick and Helen Bellamy



# Erieville Open Golf Tournament



Danny, Alice, Michael and Ken

In 2008, Alice and Danny Scott organized the first Erieville Open Golf Tournament for the golfers on the lake. This is a growing fundraiser and great fun. The gross contributions are given to the Erieville Fire Dept. to help offset increasing costs.

Starting in 2011, the Erieville Open Cup was introduced. It rivals such honors as the Solheim, Stanley, and Wannamaker cups. Every year, teams will chase a chance to obtain the Cup for one year and retain this coveted trophy with all bragging rights.



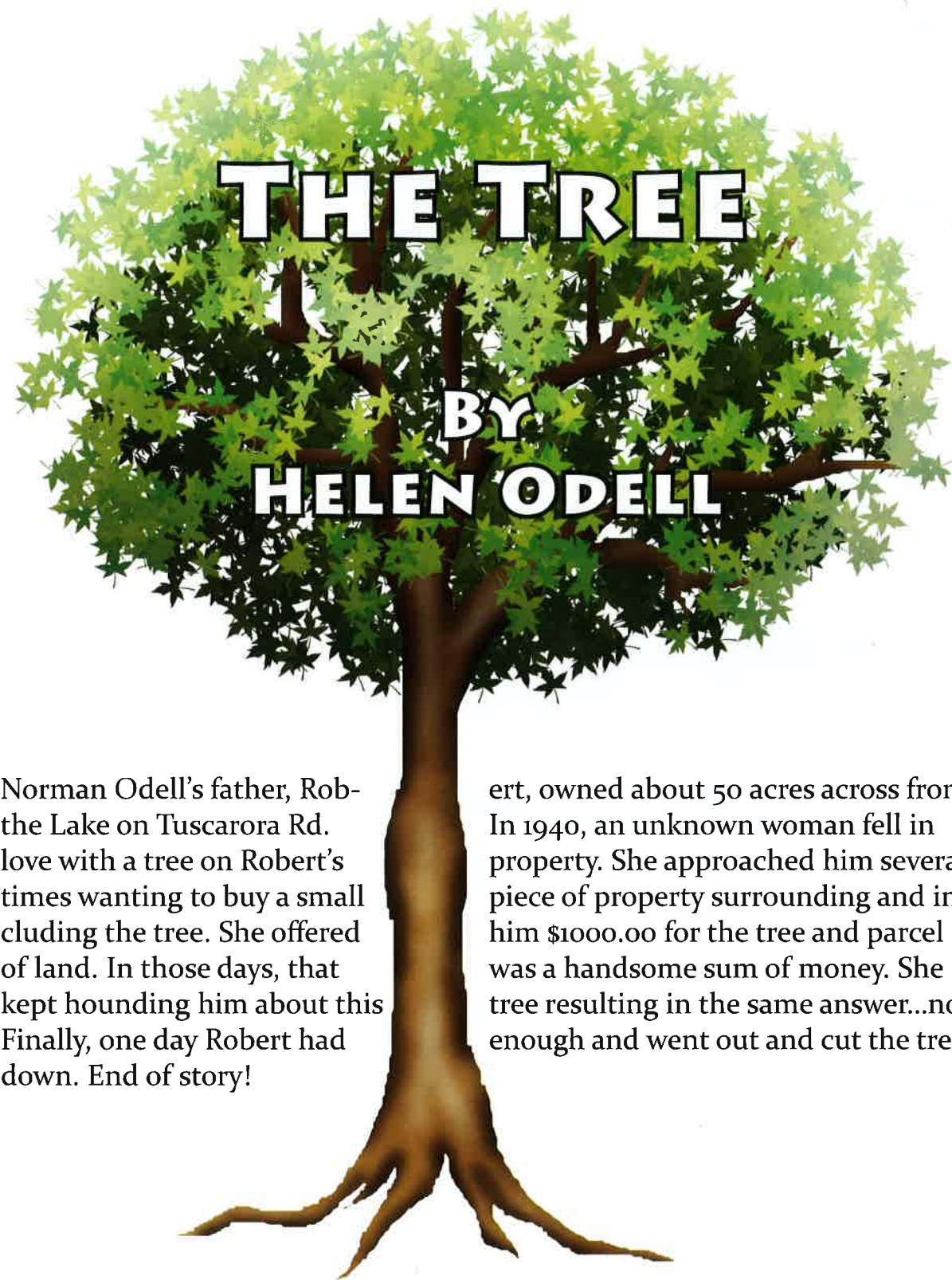
Pairing the Teams



Start the Tournament

This is a day of fun for any level golfer, beginner or expert on a beautiful course-Barker Brook. Competition appears fierce between some teams, often ending in a tie, leading to a scorecard playoff, but competition is really the least of the fun, compared to the camaraderie in this hit and laugh event, followed by a cook-out and continuous bragging. Local merchants donate prizes for this wonderful tournament.

*"Is the Erieville golf tournament really a sport or a reason to party?"*

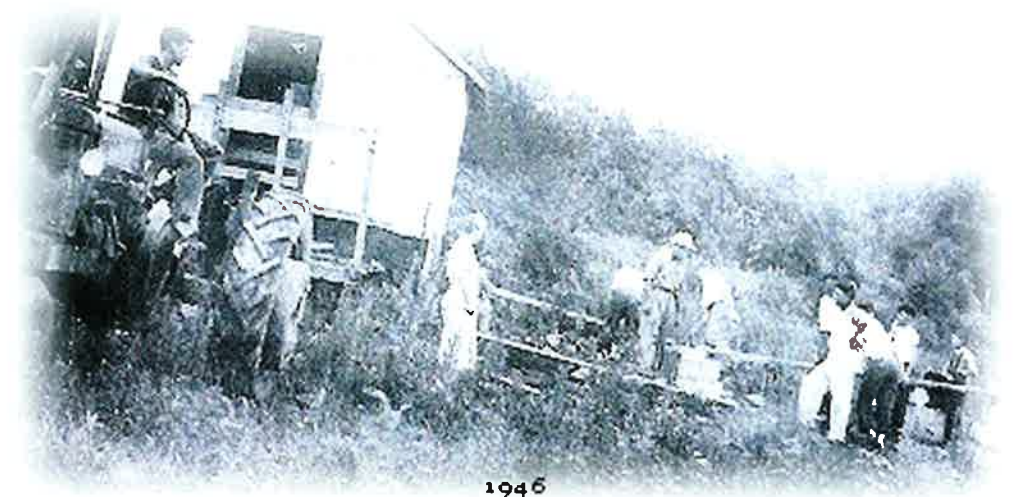


Norman Odell's father, Robert, owned about 50 acres across from the Lake on Tuscarora Rd. In 1940, an unknown woman fell in love with a tree on Robert's property. She approached him several times wanting to buy a small piece of property surrounding and including the tree. She offered him \$1000.00 for the tree and parcel was a handsome sum of money. She tree resulting in the same answer...no. Finally, one day Robert had enough and went out and cut the tree down. End of story!

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# BUILDING OF THE WOODS' CAMP

Many of the camps along the lake were built from left-over building projects or storage sheds.



Bonnie and Pat Woods own one such camp. Before WWII, the camp was used as a chicken coop. During the war, it was relocated to the Morrisville area and used as a Raid Observation Post. In 1946, Mary Woodward purchased the building and moved it to the lake off Tuscarora Road. It has gone through many renovations and was bought in 1994 by the Woods.

# *My Favorite Place on Earth*

*By  
Joan Gulke Porterfield  
2011*



My sister and brother-in-law, Ann and Ken Hirschbein own the camp next to my brother, Bill Gulke and his wife Sue. Our parents rented the camp that Ann and Ken now own from Clarence Stone (Stoney) from 1946 until 1953. That's when they built the camp that Bill owns. We lived in Syracuse, but the day school let out we spent the summer at camp. The memories of those wonderful summers are a big part of my childhood memory bank. Bob Paul in the 1950's owned the camp that is now owned by Jenny Markowski. Bob Paul started the Jr. Boat Club in 1954. We learned a lot about boat safety and learned to tie nautical knots.

I remember chicken dinners in August at the Methodist Church and the Fireman's Field Days that were held every year.

My dad worked the evening shift, so he could go bass fishing early in the morning. He and Stoney knew all the good places to catch fish.



My four sons and their families who all live in Chattanooga, TN. along with families of my sister and brother are gathering at the camps this summer for a family reunion. I will celebrate my 70th birthday at my favorite place on earth!

# Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fieser

By  
Donna Yackel  
Granddaughter

Charles Fieser was a teacher who taught at the Automotive Trade School in Brooklyn, NY. During the summer, he was in charge of the Madison County Farm Cadets program that placed students from the Automotive School on farms for the summer. It gave those students an opportunity to get out of the rough neighborhoods of Brooklyn.

Mr. Fieser did build 4 cottages and a restaurant, known as Eighty Acres, once he purchased the Vallier farm. He also owned 3 other lake-front properties, which gave renters and restaurant customers access to the lake. Mr. and Mrs. Fieser did not encourage people to use the Buell property for access to the restaurant.

*"Telephone party lines!"*



# TUSCARORA LAKE MEMORIES

BY  
FRANKIE AND BOB BANQERT

What fond memories the name brings back. In 1952, we bought a small camp on the west side of the Lake and for several years enjoyed our weekends on the Lake. In 1955, we built a year-round home and moved in just



View from Pleasant Point looking towards town

before our youngest daughter, Laurie (now Omans) was born in 1956. What a great place to raise a family. They all learned how to swim at an early age and went to school in Cazenovia. For a short time two of daughters went to school in Erieville. We had wonderful neighbors. For a little excitement or a good meal there was the Slabsides (where we had association meetings) at one end of the lake and McCarthy's at the other end.

We made friends on the Lake with many people who still remained friends, even after we moved to Florida in 1976. I remember the 4th boat parades and the big "T" on the damn and the flares on the front lawns. So pretty. There were sail boat races on Sunday mornings and the fishing for Walleyed Pike was great. We had a boat and the kids (and the old man) loved to go water skiing and even on a plywood saucer.

Having a beautiful sunrise come up in the morning on the east side of the Lake was a gorgeous site, with the rays shining on the water and sometimes during the year we had the Canadian geese honking.



Mabel Montfort 1930

In the wintertime the Lake would freeze over and I would shovel a space on the Lake for the kids to go skating. They also loved to ride their saucers from Beebe Road down the slope next to the house and out on the lake. Great fun!

We had an empty lot on the north side of our property all the while we lived there which was great for partying. Big campfires and cookouts with family and neighbors.



Thayer Brown Aquaplaning 1930

Yes, Tuscarora was a wonderful place to live, raise a family, and created memories that will remain with us all of our lives.

*"The legend of the giant beaver living on the Island is true!"*



Everdina Tooker in 1948 enjoying the lake



Iy (grandson of Lynda Stoltz) in 2010 on the same board!

# Summer Haven

by  
Sylvia Dow

My Grandfather, Floyd Prosser was a contractor in Syracuse, NY. He purchased several lots on North Lake Rd and in the summer of 1927 he and several others, including his wife, built 'Summer Haven'. They had four children, Gertrude Prosser (now known as Gretchen Edgerton, 93), Katherine Prosser (Kitty Reeves, deceased), Floyd Prosser (deceased), and Lois Helen Prosser (Lois Dow, deceased).



Floyd & Gertrude Prosser



Our Favorite Reading Nook  
Lois, Spot & Gretchen

Lois (my mother), my Aunt Gretchen, and Grandpa's favorite hunting dog, Spot are sitting on a 'reading' seat their father built between two trees that were just off the shoreline.

This property is now known as 3612 N Lake Rd and has remained in the family. I have lived here full time since 1993.



Croquet

# Our Piece of Heaven on Earth

By  
Pam Nieman

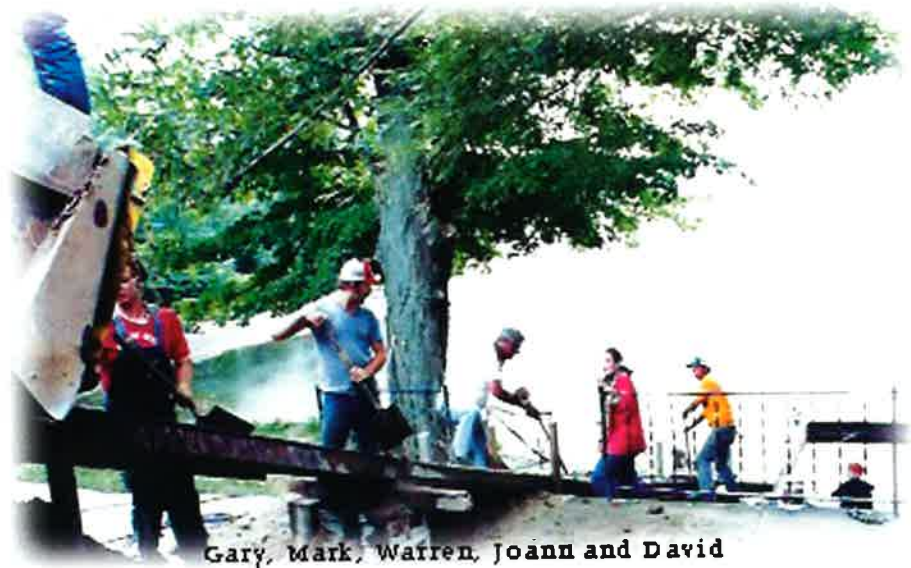
My first glimpse of Tuscarora Lake was after Gary and I were first married in 1974. Gary had fished this lake as a teenager and wanted to share it with me. We put our fishing boat in at the dam and fished all day, dreaming of maybe owning a place on the lake someday.

Building the dock



We bought our place in 1980, when they were lowering the water to fix the dam. My father, Bob Kirchoff, was an international contractor. He thought it was a great time to put in a permanent dock. We ordered up some railroad ties and started to clear the area. My father-in-law, Warren Nieman, had some old coal chutes that we needed to get the fill from the top of the property into the frame of the dock. We pumped water from the lake to make a mixture loose enough for the dirt to flow, along with the help from friends pushing it down with shovels into the frame. It took 17 dump truck loads to fill it and about a year to harden up! Gary topped it off by digging soil from the lake bottom, which took care of the weeds.

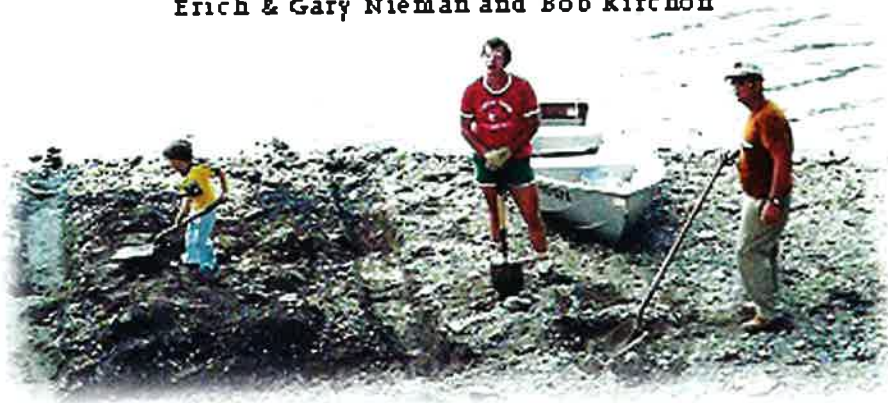
Our son,  
Erich,  
spent sum-  
mers en-  
joying the  
water and  
exploring  
the island.  
We now  
have two  
grandsons,  
who love  
to visit and  
continue to  
add to the



Gary, Mark, Warren, Joann and David

memories. I hope, to have this cottage remain in the family for many gen-  
erations. We love what it has given to us and never take it for granted.

Erich & Gary Nieman and Bob Kirchoff



*"An old boat motor can make you think up new swear words."*



Pam and Gary have made their home in Manlius, NY for the past 32 years, spending every summer at the lake. Pam is a retired RN and an accomplished quilter. Spending time with her family is always a top priority.

Gary and Pam Nieman

