

PICKARD MILL

Bill Burlingame's Pickard Mill property in rural Orange County consists of 26 essentially landlocked acres—which are situated on a private road off Dairyland Road some 3.3 miles west of Calvander. The Calvander intersection lies at the junction of Homestead Road, Old Highway 86, and Dairyland Road, just west of Chapel Hill and Carrboro, in the Piedmont of North Carolina. The private road (Hugh and Cookie Wilson Lane) exits to the west from Dairyland Road less than a quarter mile southeast of Robert Nutter's Maple View Ice Cream Store. The property is bisected by a township line and lies in both Chapel Hill and Bingham Townships—and has a Hillsborough address even though it is nearer both to Carrboro and Chapel Hill. Triangle Land Conservancy holds a conservation easement executed in 2001 on this historic property which is significant for its 18th or 19th century dam and mill site on Morgan Creek which flows through the Burlingame property. The acreage is also valued for its stands of chestnut oaks and for its position in the chain of properties surrounding and enclosing Pickard's Mountain and the Pickard's Mountain Natural Heritage Site.

The modern history of the Pickard Mill property began in 1941 when Hugh and Cookie Wilson purchased 55 acres on the upper reaches of Morgan Creek from Jessie Garrett, a widow who had owned the property for many years and who, with her husband, built the Wilson house in 1921. All who knew Hugh Wilson would agree that he was a colorful man—six feet six inches tall, exceedingly gregarious, well educated but opinionated, and a passionate Democrat. Hugh was a 1935 graduate of the University of North Carolina (UNC) where he was a member of the boxing and freshman football teams. He attended law school at the University of Florida and was then admitted to UNC's law school before dropping out and purchasing this property which he and his wife then farmed until his death in 1993 at the age of 83. Hugh was the last of a distinguished line of Quaker educators—with his father serving as headmaster of The Haverford School, his uncle Louis Round Wilson as a UNC faculty member, noted historian, and librarian for whom Wilson Library at UNC is named, and a maternal uncle who was president of the University of Virginia. At one point Hugh was quoted as saying that he had an uncle and five cousins teaching at UNC and he counted Frank Porter Graham among them. His mother was of the distinguished Greens of Wilmington and Hugh was a cousin to Paul Green, a renowned UNC playwright for whom a campus theater is named.

Hugh was a fixture in Orange County politics—serving two terms as Chairman of the Orange County Democratic Party and referred to by Governor Jim Hunt as “Mr. Democrat of Orange County.” There were, however, political losses as well—in races for the state senate and for county commissioner. When he placed last in his final pursuit of political office, Hugh commented that he felt his campaign had at least raised important issues. He sometimes observed that most candidates for county office would get lost if they ventured north of Interstate 85 and away from the comfortable neighborhoods of Chapel Hill and Carrboro. One of my enduring memories is the aged, yellowed poster of Franklin Delano Roosevelt thumb tacked to a corridor wall in the Wilson home. Hugh also held some other titles and was even identified in the local papers from time to time as “the squire of Bingham Township” and “the jolly green

giant” (a reference to his characteristic forest green work outfits). His wife, Statira Cook, known as “Cookie,” was a Floridian and a skilled and beloved nurse who developed innovative practices at UNC Hospitals where she worked until her retirement in 1976 after 22 years. She was no less a figure than Hugh, with her gravelly, foghorn-like voice dominating hymn singing in local churches, and her pungent, irreverent observations punctuating conversations at Democratic Party gatherings and local events. Cookie, who will celebrate her 98th birthday in February of this year, lived on the family property until 2003 in the house built by the Garretts in the 1920s.

When the Wilsons arrived at Pickard Mill in 1941 during World War II, electric power had recently come to this rural enclave. It was the result of the first federal rural electrification project in the nation, with power having been extended to Calvander from Chapel Hill and eventually to Orange Grove. There was, however, no telephone and no running water. Cookie recalls carrying water by the bucket, not from Morgan Creek, but from a spring just across the creek. The spring is now on the Burlingame property and is marked by a rock wall constructed by Michael Godfrey in the early 1970s to protect the water supply from Morgan Creek when it flooded during the early summer rains. This spring was known historically as a certain supply of water for the neighborhood during even the worst of droughts. At the time it was the only source of water on the property other than the creek. Cookie remembers the months of delay during war-time in securing an electric water pump even after their well had been drilled. She and Hugh also recall the re-routing of what is now Dairyland Road from its original track in front of the Wilson house (although this relocation has yet to be verified). The Wilsons raised chickens, Cookie sold eggs in town, and they kept Ayrshire cattle and sold dairy products. At its peak the Wilson herd was comprised of 50 head of cattle and had won over 100 prizes at state fairs between 1955 and 1962. Hugh dubbed the property “Bonnie Brae Farm” in those earlier years.

Among the more memorable items of oral history are those stories related by Hugh of his contracting with the military and having Italian prisoners of war clearing pasture land, and in particular, the fields east of the present Burlingame home. POWs were brought some distance from Camp Butner in Granville County which was simultaneously a POW camp, a basic training site for the US Army, and an army hospital. (Later, the Butner site included John Umstead Hospital, Central Regional Hospital, and an array of other institutions of the NC Division of Health and Human Services, the NC Department of Correction, and the Federal Bureau of Prisons).

Hugh had a multitude of other recollections including an apocryphal tale about Richard Nixon’s days as a Duke University law student, stories of many UNC football and basketball teams, and one about the theft of the UNC mascot (Rameses the ram) who was pastured nearby. And, Cookie has stories of dancing in the outdoor pavilion at Daytona Beach while she was in nursing school. Hugh was an icon of sorts in Chapel Hill and Orange County, loving nothing more than to outtalk the undergraduates in the local watering holes before the legal drinking age in NC was raised to age 21. He closed bars on many nights in Chapel Hill and often relied on the remaining patrons to provide him a ride to his home in the country. Hugh’s capacity for alcohol was formidable. One

Christmas I bought him a bottle of pricey Scotch whiskey, and he proceeded to join me for an evening in which he drank nearly all of it over ice and then walked up the hill home.

Hugh bought and sold smaller pieces of land along the margins of his property, choosing in particular to sell to UNC faculty members who had begun to value the rural Orange Grove and Calvander communities in the 1950s. Over the years he sold parcels to Dougald and Marilyn McMillan (Dougald was a Professor of English at UNC), Stuart and Pat Vandiviere (Stuart taught at Chapel Hill High School), and Tom and Pat Griggs (Tom served on the faculty of the School of Medicine at UNC); and, Hugh brokered the sale of his former property, the Pickard Mill site, from Mary Godfrey to me, Bill Burlingame, a faculty member in UNC's Department of Psychology.

Aside from his home place, Hugh sold the largest piece of land (approximately 26 acres) to Michael and Mary Godfrey in four parcels beginning in the 1960s. The new owner, Mike Godfrey, is the talented son of the late Arthur Godfrey, famed "king of the airwaves" in the 1950s (with a weekly prime time audience of 80 million viewers at its peak). His son Mike acquired a respect for the natural and historic environment together with the values of a conservationist while growing up on his father's farm in Northern Virginia. And, he sought to create a rustic Carolina homestead on the southern half of Hugh's original property. Mike had been a student in Duke University's MBA program and commuted between Washington, DC and North Carolina—while building his home near the Pickard Mill site. He and Mary transported and joined together three old oak log cabins, one or more of which is said to have been moved from the Buckhorn neighborhood. They then built fireplaces with chimneys constructed from the historic stones at the site and from collapsed chimneys in the neighborhood. Some of the interior rock work on the chimneys and fireplaces is said to have been done by the African-American artisan who created stone work for the Chapel Hill Public Library on Franklin Street (now the Chapel Hill Museum). Water for their home was pumped from the spring near Morgan Creek in a supply which was never dependable due to the shallow reservoir and the considerable distance.

The log cabins were assembled on a site on the property which was probably very near the historic miller's residence—as attested by the presence of two magnificent and very old white oak trees said by a forester to have germinated around 1830. The presence of these two trees, by far the oldest on the property, and the pile of chimney stones (all near Morgan Creek and the mill site) strongly suggest that this may have been the historic residence or homestead on the original 55 acres of land.

Mike and Mary Godfrey sought to preserve and restore the property, creating an easement, for example, which would allow for rebuilding the Pickard Mill dam and re-establishing the millpond or lake which would have again flooded a significant expanse of Hugh Wilson's and Robert Nutter's properties. Mike planted shrubs that would attract wildlife and authored *A Closer Look* (Sierra Club, 1975). The latter is a lavishly photographed treatise on "the life forms immediately around us," with an interesting chapter, "The Ecosystem in My House," which describes the interplay of species in what

is now my log home. This was followed by The Sierra Club Naturalist's Guide to the Piedmont (1980), an exhaustive "guide to the geology, climate, and life systems of the Piedmont."

Mike and Mary's marriage ended in the mid 1970s and Mike left the property. Mary, after a short-lived business venture in which she raised dogs on the property, eventually sold the nearly 26 acres to Bill Burlingame—who, she concluded, "would give my house a good home." In their years on the property, Mike and Mary were certainly known in the community and were active in conservation matters. From time to time bits of history emerge, which include for example, Mike's exhibitions of his photography at the home, as related to me by one of Chapel Hill's senior attorneys. His immaculate color images of wildlife appeared in his publications and in at least one short film. During my first year on the property, I recall Mike's camera mounted on a tripod to film the activity on a bull thistle bloom in one of Hugh's pastures.

Over the course of his more than 30 years of stewardship for the Pickard Mill property, Bill has enlarged and modernized the house using classic post-and-beam construction to add to the original log buildings. The post-and-beam work, as well as the extensive interior paneling comprised of weathered wood and aged heart pine, was completed by a gifted Chatham County builder, Robin Garrett, who dealt only in log cabins and in this traditional form of construction. In addition to the weathered wood and heart pine paneling are several "hewn corners," that is, 18th century building corners cut by hand from single pine logs and used originally as corners for an ancient barn. The three log cabins, now joined, are all otherwise comprised of oak logs. The oldest building was originally a one-room log home circa 1800 to 1850, with access by ladder to the loft and sleeping quarters on a second floor. Bill had a well drilled, created a pond which fills with water pumped from Morgan Creek, constructed decks, and has sought to clear underbrush, build trails along the creek, and to conserve and restore elements of the dam and mill site. Morgan Creek itself is celebrated in James Taylor's lyrics in "Copperline" (co-authored with Reynolds Price), and this tune is found on James' album, *New Moon Shine* (1991).

When Hugh Wilson arrived with his bride on the 55 acres comprising the Pickard Mill site, the only buildings were the Garrett house and a log cabin. The latter was on the margin of the property and was said to have been the home of "a free Negro," built presumably before the Civil War. Nothing more is known about this cabin which was incorporated in the home originally created by Dougald and Marilyn McMillan. They, like the Godfreys, merged several buildings (including the log cabin) to create their residence. Hugh indicated that he had seen timbers left from the grist mill on the edge of Morgan Creek, but these have since decayed and have totally disappeared. There are only a few additional fragments of oral history, and little has been found to this point in the form of written or published documentation aside from deeds which acknowledge the presence of the mill site and pond. Hugh related that the dam had been built by slave labor and that the lake behind it had been visited for boating by Chapel Hill residents on Sundays. Supposedly the dam was blown up in 1918 in order to drain the lake because mosquitoes were breeding and transmitting yellow fever. Hugh discounted the yellow

fever story and Cookie has never seen a case of yellow fever at UNC Hospitals. The story of boating by Chapel Hill residents is attributed to a now deceased member of the Andrews family—a family living in the neighborhood on a most historic site which dates to Revolutionary War times.

The dam consists of a stunning and largely intact rock face of local stones fit together and rising 15 feet high. It extends for approximately 50 yards, crossing the creek and the Morgan Creek valley from rim to rim. The face of the dam presently constitutes the property line between Tom and Pat Griggs and Bill Burlingame. Immediately upstream from the rock face of the dam are the earthen core and a bank of sandy sediments—which are the result of many years of silting behind the dam. At the southwest end of the dam is a gap or break in the dam, near the exit for the spillway or millrace. It is apparent that a small portion of the dam was dismantled and that the lake was then drained. The millrace, which is as deep as ten feet in places, parallels Morgan Creek on the hillside and ends at the mill site—which is a small rectangular site cut out of the hillside. There are no obvious traces of a mill, that is, no millstones or metal works, and only some stacked rocks that have probably been in place for 150 to 200 years. Beyond the mill site is the tailrace that returned the water downstream to Morgan Creek.

The age of the site is not known with any certainty. The lake was referred to as “the old Pickard Mill pond” in deeds from the 1800s and 1900s. The dam and gristmill were probably constructed in the latter 1700s or early 1800s, possibly about 1830. The rocks, some of which must weigh half a ton or more, and the rock face are mostly intact, with only a few of the boulders having been displaced and having fallen over the past century or so. In building the dam, stone was quarried from the northeast side of the hill paralleling the creek. Conspicuous holes and pits are found as far as 100 yards and more from the dam. Given that such depressions are ideal for trash disposal, these locations may well be promising for archeological exploration. On the southwest bank and hillside leading to the mill are historic wagon roads which are now partially cleared and point toward Hillsborough and Burlington. Presently, and without any research having been undertaken, there are two known references to the mill. In the 1880 Manufacturer’s Index for Orange County, Pickard Mill is listed, with no further information. There is also a brief reference in the diary of James Mason, pastor for Cane Creek Baptist Church (founded in 1789 and now located near the intersection of Dairyland and Orange Grove Roads). In his entry for June 18, 1876, Mason wrote, “Went to Mrs. Snipes to marry John L. Sykes to Callie Snipes. Dinner at Thomas Dodson’s. Came through by Pickard’s Mill” (“Historical Sketches, Cane Creek Baptist Church,” March 2006, by Ed Johnson). James Mason served several local Baptist churches, had married into the Morgan family (Elizabeth Morgan), and he farmed the original Mark Morgan property on Morgan Creek. His widow donated the 800-acre tract, then called Mason Farm, to the University in 1894.

Although nothing is known specifically about Pickard Mill, it was surely a grist mill which ground corn into cornmeal from the wagon loads brought to the mill by local farmers. Since cash and currency were in short supply in those days, the millers at these locations were often paid “in kind,” that is, they would keep a portion of the corn meal in

payment. It is well documented that millers would often brew corn liquor or whiskey on site as a byproduct of mill operation.

On a late September morning in 1984 Bill Burlingame woke to the sound of chain saws just across the creek and then found that a local lumber company was cutting large trees on his land next to the millrace. He subsequently discovered that Walter Vaughan, who grew up with his five siblings in a log cabin on the far side of Morgan Creek in the 1920s and 1930s, had had his property surveyed in the mid-seventies, and had created an incursion into the Burlingame property. This incursion was then identified as a “deed overlap” on tax maps, amounting to approximately four acres. After a careful deed search, which traced the ancestors of the Pickard Mill and the Vaughan properties to the Civil War and before, Bill determined that the property lines had jogged a bit at different points in time. However, both properties described a line running basically northeast to the dam from a very historic corner. These lines differed quite dramatically from the information Walter Vaughan had given to his surveyor. In the ensuing lawsuit, a consent decree was eventually drafted and ordered by the Court. It established a property line consistent with the line which can be found as early as 1859 in a deed among the Vaughan ancestors. And so, the Burlingame and Wilson properties remained intact despite less than ethical surveying.

The deed search indicated that the basic 55-acre Pickard Mill property had been in existence for at least 150 to 200 years. As documented in the Pickard Mill deeds, the northeast line to the dam had been moved in various fashions, possibly to accommodate wagon roads to the mill. The stands of oak and pine which originally demarcated hardwood forest from cultivated fields generally followed the original property lines, with fields and stands of young pine trees found on the Vaughan property and with hardwood forest found on the Burlingame side. For a period of over a hundred years in the Vaughan deeds, various items along the lakeside were used to separate the properties in deed descriptions. For example, a deed identifies the property line as “where the Pond back [sic] water up a branch South 66 degrees West up said Pond five chains and 50 links to the water fence” and then with “the high water mark” of the pond. This precise language continued in the deeds until Walter Vaughan’s flawed survey of the mid-1970s.

Shortly after the consent decree established a clean property line, Walter Vaughan sold his family’s property to David Schuman whose family had already owned Pickard’s Mountain for some 50 years. Schuman sought to purchase additional land with the fantasy of constructing a golf course—only to have his financing collapse with the advent of the Gulf War. He did, however, sue for an easement across Robert Nutter’s land to secure access to this landlocked property. Matters then remained quiescent for nearly a decade until developers attempted to buy the Schuman land. A Pickard Mountain support group was formed to oppose development. The property was eventually saved from developers and a conservation easement was placed on much of it by Tim Toben in 2000. Toben acquired additional properties, eventually consolidating them as a 500 acre track, and building a fabulous home on a ridge near Pickard’s Mountain. In the meantime, Pickard’s Mountain, of which the Pickard Mill property is one portion, has been

designated as a Primary Conservation Area by the Orange County Planning Department. It is identified as the Pickard's Mountain Natural Heritage Site.

In some respects the land across and beyond Morgan Creek is a bit foreboding and primeval, consisting of many hundreds of acres of largely undeveloped land and forest. Pickard's Mountain itself is a 783-foot knob which is the second highest elevation in Orange County. It contains the largest and oldest stand of chestnut oaks in the county and is the home of wild turkeys, bobcats, and coyotes which are otherwise rare in this region. There are few if any abandoned homesteads in the forest, due quite possibly to a low water table which makes it difficult to dig productive wells. The only other homestead across the creek and south of the Pickard Mill site is that of the Vaughan family. It consists of a now deteriorated log cabin and the remains of outbuildings from the family farm. Cookie Wilson recalls that the Vaughans lived there before the Wilsons came, and that family members crossed the Wilson property to a bridge on Morgan Creek and then hiked a path to their hillside log cabin on their landlocked property. As late as the 1950s, after the children had left, Cookie recalls that Mazie Vaughan (Walter's mother) returned to pick berries in the vicinity. Hugh reminisced that, in the years when the family maintained the farm on the hillside above Morgan Creek, their animals were never well fed. Today all that remains of the Vaughn homestead is a collapsed log cabin and a brick and stone chimney chinked with reddish clay from the creek. A trail begins at the gas line, about a hundred yards from the edge of the Burlingame property, climbs upward in a southerly direction past the collapsed Vaughan cabin, and heads toward Pickard's Mountain. It eventually winds near Tim Toben's home before finally connecting with a private road which eventually intersects with Jo Mac Road. (Easements are held and maintained by NC Natural Gas for a buried pipeline which runs in a southeasterly direction from Greensboro across the Toben, Burlingame, and Cheek properties.)

It is apparent that much remains to be learned about the history of these properties. The origin of the surname "Pickard" is not known to local residents, although it does appear occasionally on old deeds. It is not attributed in The North Carolina Gazetteer (1968), and is not carried except by one family in the area. Aside from a single grave in the historic Cane Creek Baptist Church cemetery, it does not appear on gravestones in local cemeteries. On the other hand, the presence of Mark Morgan, for whom Morgan Creek was named, is quite well documented. He was probably the first resident in southern Orange County, and lived several miles down Morgan Creek (beyond present day Chapel Hill). He was, in fact, the largest slaveholder in the county in 1755, with a total of six slaves. The creek, originally called "Mark Creek," is named for this man who built a log cabin in the 1750s on its south bank (just east of present-day Chapel Hill) after having received a land grant from the Earl Granville in 1747. The Morgan family and its heirs, the Masons, were among those who provided vast acreages for the campus of the University of North Carolina, and whose former lands now comprise much of the North Carolina Botanical Garden.

The first resident landowner in the immediate vicinity was probably Major General Thomas Lloyd who settled in what is now Calvander in the late 1750s, on a large holding

which is said to have been on present-day Old NC 86. A land grant was entered in his name on Mark Creek (renamed Morgan Creek) in 1755. A thorough deed search may uncover information about the Pickards whose surname does occur in nearby White Cross and in adjoining Alamance County. Most likely, the Pickard Mill property is among those originally granted to Thomas Lloyd and his descendants. There were a number of land grants to the Lloyds from the Lords Proprietors and there is evidence that Thomas Lloyd's son was buried in a grave, now lost, in a field approximately a half mile from Pickard Mill, off Albert Road.

The Andrews family (see p. 5) married into the Lloyds, resulting in industrial collaboration and the development of textile mills in historic Carrboro. Calvander itself was named for Calvin Andrews (a direct descendant of the original Andrews) who founded the Andrews Academy, once located behind the current Calvander BP station. The "schoolhouse" is identified in the 1891 Tate map, as is a "steam saw mill," the "Faucette P.O.," and "W. R. Lloyd's Store." Calvander obviously thrived in these years following the Civil War—and Dairyland Road (then Cane Creek Road) was well established by then.

In the past decade, Tom Magnuson, CEO of the Trading Path Association, has undertaken much original research and field work in his attempts to identify, document, and protect items, artifacts, and routes associated with the "contact era." The latter is that period of history in which the first European explorers, traders, and settlers encountered the Native Americans and the virgin American wilderness. In North Carolina, and Orange County in particular, it began in the late 1600s and continued into the early 1700s, and included the earliest explorers and traders such as John Lederer in 1670, and John Lawson. Lawson, who provided extensive documentation of his trek, walked with his party through what is now Hillsborough in Orange County in 1701. He stayed overnight with the Occaneechi Indians in their village ("Achonechy Town") which was located in the horseshoe of the Eno River no more than 10 or 15 miles from Pickard Mill. Extensive excavations by UNC archeologists have demonstrated that this site on the Eno has witnessed Indian settlement by various groups perhaps dating back nearly 1000 years. Large numbers of artifacts have also been found on Mark Morgan's properties near Morgan Creek.

Tom Magnuson is particularly interested in the Great Indian Trading Path which was a trade artery that originated in the Chesapeake, perhaps as early as the 1500s, headed south, and then veered southwest to Hillsborough. It then turned west, roughly following the course of Interstate 85, and eventually connected with the lands of the Catawba Indians near present-day Charlotte. Suffice it to say, the Native Americans, in this case the Occaneechi, were soon decimated by disease, and had largely vacated Orange County before 1710. Today there are elements of these related tribes which maintain a small presence as the Occaneechi band of the Saponi Nation, with tribal headquarters in Mebane in Alamance County.

The Trading Path and similar routes are quite identifiable by experts when their course has not been disturbed by settlement and extensive cultivation. Tom has taken numbers

of us on tours of the remnants of the trading path in Piedmont North Carolina, and he can point out the transitions from foot paths to pack horse trails and then to wagon roads. He is insistent that the trading path in our region is actually many paths depending on what served local needs. He believes that the Lower Trading Path actually transects my property, forded Morgan Creek below my house, and continued west to Cedar Cliffs on the Haw River. What has been established is that the lower branch of the Great Indian Trading Path probably diverged from the main path in Virginia. The lower branch then crossed the Neuse River at Fish Dam (on land now inundated by Jordan Lake), and continued to Durham where it is said to be mentioned in the earliest property deeds. It continued west, can be identified along Whitfield Road, has been crossed by I-40 in Orange County, and continued west near Eubanks Road. Tom has tracked several of these remnants but then lost the path as it neared my property.

He and I valiantly attempted to find the path near Union Grove Church Road and Albert Road, and Tom projects that it coursed down what is now Albert Road, and crossed into Brad Lessler's property (adjacent to mine), traversing the Lessler pond. He believes that the path then entered what is now my property. We have found various suggestive berms, depressions, and hollows which do not seem to be explained by erosion or cultivation. My land has been so worked over and transformed by cultivation and the mill operation that the path's course and the ford across Morgan Creek cannot be precisely located. Tom was tentatively able to find the lower path again several hundred yards beyond the creek (just off the gas line on Tim Toben's property), at which point it appears to head west toward Dodson's Crossroads. According to Tom, it probably follows what is now Dairyland Road to Orange Grove where he found it again behind an auto repair shop at the intersection of Dairyland Road with Orange Grove Road. He believes that it follows a property line and hedgerow west (behind the shop), just below the present Cane Creek Baptist Church, until it eventually fords the Haw River at Cedar Cliffs.

On a spring day in April of 2006, I was standing in my driveway when an SUV with UNC decals rolled up. Two students got out, indicating that they were looking for the McCauley whetstone quarry. It seems that one of their fathers is a collector of antique tools and had a copy of a 1983 article in *Mother Earth News* which described an amazing whetstone quarry outside of Chapel Hill. They had a fragment of the 1891 Tate map of Orange County which indicated that the quarry was nearby, most likely on the hillside above Dairyland Road near my private road. I sent the students on to my best guess at the location. I knew nothing about a quarry but eventually found the article which contained the reproduction of the map, and discovered that it was an excerpt from a book written by Roy Underhill. He is the famous craftsman with red suspenders who shows weekly on PBS as the host of the "The Woodwright's Shop." Roy spoke of a "tattered map" on the wall of his shop, his attempt to find locals who might know of it, and his locating a report published in the *American Journal of Science* for 1828. That report on the geology of North Carolina by a UNC professor spoke of this quarry as "the most valuable bed that I have met with," and provided specific landmarks. Roy eventually found the quarry, and wrote that it produced "as good a stone as I had ever used" for sharpening and honing tools and blades.

I contacted Tom Magnuson who became interested, and with his cartographic skills, pinpointed the probable location of the quarry on a topographic map. He and I stumbled around on the overgrown ridges, eventually finding the greasy blue stone likely to be excellent for honing, as well as a worked “core” or arrowhead, and probable deposits of rhyolite. The latter is a stone favored by Native Americans for points and tools. Tom noted the coincidence of rhyolite in the near vicinity (one-half mile) of the Lower Trading Path (on my property), a pattern which has been noted elsewhere and suggests the historic presence of Native Americans. Matthew McCauley, presumably associated with the quarry, was one of the very early settlers in the area (1750s), became a prominent citizen, and was an officer in the local militia during the Revolutionary War. He “established a large holding on Morgan’s Creek, where he had a mill and a blacksmith shop” (*Orange County—1752-1952* by Lefler and Wager). One suspects that McCauley’s mill was actually considerably further downstream on the creek.

In 2001, Bill Burlingame placed a conservation easement with Triangle Land Conservancy on these 26 acres. The easement protects the property in perpetuity from subdivision and development and ensures that most of the acreage will remain “forever wild.” Over the past few years a number of properties in the Pickard’s Mountain Natural Heritage Site have been protected with conservation easements. The mountain is now essentially ringed with protected properties—although there are several critical pieces which are not yet conserved. The current conservators include Tim Toben (Pickard’s Mountain itself), Bob and Chris Nutter of Maple View Farm (extensive adjacent forests and Morgan Creek), Everett and Lewis Cheek (a lengthy portion of Morgan Creek), Bill Burlingame (Morgan Creek), Nicholo and Carolyn Sartor (property adjoining Pickard’s Mountain), and Dr. Charles Keith (an arboretum and the southern approaches to Pickard’s Mountain). It was to accompany the documentation of my conservation easement that this brief and incomplete history was originally drafted.

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ADDENDUM: Since 2009, Tom Magnuson has returned to track the course of the lower Trading Path and now believes that it came south to Fish Dam on the Neuse and proceeded westward as noted, with an overlay occurring when Cheek Road was superimposed on the roadbed. I drew a map adapted from one Tom provided me which traces the line of the Path in the immediate area. Tom said that he was going to prepare a larger map to put it in context for a group he is leading on a private hike. I also wrote a brief narrative of his recent discoveries.

When I was mowing my field on 10/15/11, I encountered Tom who was out again looking at the landscape. He walked me over to the course of the Path where it re-entered the woods from my field. The roadbed is definite and is evident just into the woods from

my deer stand. It appears to proceed directly to Morgan Creek where there must have been a ford near the small rock dam I constructed. Tom added that if it wasn't the lower Trading Path it must have been a road to the mill—or it could have been both.

He mentioned the presence of a log cabin with a still-standing chimney nearby. I suggested that this must be the Vaughan cabin. I don't know its origins, but it was a two-story log home which I presume dates from the 19th century. It was still standing in the 70s when I moved here, as were some lean-to sheds and remnants of fences. The upstairs bedrooms were cramped and attic-like but I don't recall anything else about the building. I'm sure there was no power and that water was probably brought from Morgan Creek—although there could have been a well on site. Today, only the chimney remains, which as I recall has a few bricks as well as field stones which were chinked by clay as well as mortar. In its latter days the Vaughans accessed their home by crossing below Cookie Wilson's house in a path or road which ran to the creek where there was a bridge of sorts in the 1940s. I assume that this is the same path and ford that Tom Magnuson has seen below the Winslow's home. I did find the Vaughan family, presumably at that cabin, in the 1930 census. Most of the Vaughans are now buried in a near-by church cemetery. There is at least one female of the sibling group who lives nearby in a gated property which advertises for Griffin Carpets and is located off Union Grove Church Road.

I have made another recent discovery. In my deed searches during the property line dispute with the Vaughans, I noted some rectangular pieces of property, each about 35 acres in size and adjoining one another near the summit of Pickard Mountain. Someone told me that an old man had given these two land-locked pieces to his daughters. It turns out that the father, Eulie (or E. E. Vaughan) had indeed deeded these pieces to two of his daughters while the rest of his land went to his wife, Mazie, and then to all the children upon her death. The Triangle Land Conservancy had been interested in securing conservation easements on these properties due to their proximity to the mountain. One of the daughters has apparently sold her track to the Sartor family who did, in fact, place an easement with the TLC about two years ago. TLC then contacted the other Vaughan daughter (in Tennessee or Kentucky) and she is not interested. There is an ancient trail which led from Morgan Creek past the Vaughan cabin and eventually forked off to the right to the top of the mountain which is marked by a hard-to-find U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey marker. The trail snakes its way from the creek through Tim Toben's properties, crosses through one of the two Vaughan daughters' land, and once ran near Tim's home and then connected with Tim's private road and then Jo-Mac Road. Presently, the old trail is forever blocked as Tim has sold off five-acre parcels around the mountain. The homes are majestic although it is sad to see the trail closed and homes in close proximity to the summit. One home is owned by the former aide to Senator John Edwards; it was this aide who contrived the cover story for Edwards' paramour and even claimed paternity for his child by her at the time of his ill-fated run for the Democratic Party presidential nomination.

At one time the Vaughan farm apparently represented a major homestead and residence. It apparently had been farmed extensively in the 1800s and early 1900s. When I first moved here in the 70s there were magnificent black walnut trees, some of which

measured more than four feet in diameter, surrounding the cabin. Much to my chagrin, I discovered that they had been cut neatly at the base and hauled away. This coincided with the discovery that Tim Toben's mansion on the hill now had splendid black walnut doors and trim. I found one chunk of surviving black walnut left to rot; it now serves as a polished foot stool on a side porch at my home. As of my last visit to the remains of the cabin, one can still find the stumps of those splendid trees.

Another item of recent interest was a visit from Marolyn McMillan who with her husband Dugald had recreated an old home on the eastern edges of Hugh Wilson's property.