Here, at the Grand Junction, six trails converge at the center of the sanctuary. From the south: Shagbark Hickory Trail, Ground Pine Crossing, and Fern Brook Trail. From the north: Old Woods Road and Beaver Pond Trail. From the east and west: Old Colonial Road. These names reflect the Teales’ habit of naming trails for the species with which they associated them. This was true for other sites as well, such as Night Hawk Hill on the northeastern slope of Starfield Pasture and Juniper Hill to the west of the lower pond.

Of this naming, Edwin wrote in 1974, “Before many weeks had passed, we were referring to Juniper Hill, Firefly Meadow, Ground-pine Crossing, Monument Paturce, the Old Woods Road, and Pussy-willow Corner at the end of the Long Lane.” The Old Colonial Road was a name used by Margaret Marcus, from whom the Teales bought Trail Wood in 1959. The name reflects centuries-old wagon ruts that distinctly marked the wide, east-west path that bisects Trail Wood. Local oral history, noted Edwin in 1974, held that “The ground was packed hard from wheels of wagons and carriages and, some say, stagecoaches that once traveled over this long-abandoned way.”

Interestingly, the Teales’ naming of the land often gives insight to the changes that have taken place since their tenancy here. The present-time visitor, for example, will find much more ground pine, Lycopodium, along the Beaver Pond Trail and along the pond edge itself than will be found along Ground Pine Crossing, showing the changes that have taken place in the half century that has unfolded since the Teales’ arrival at Trail Wood.

Edwin was fascinated by the spores of ground pine, particularly their flammability. He wrote in 1978, “When William Shakespeare’s plays were first performed in seventeenth century England, the brilliant stabs of stage lightning were produced by igniting the spore dust of the ground pine.” Edwin and Nellie themselves once “shook forty or fifty of the spore-bearing spikes over a glass jar.” Arriving home, Edwin “threw successive handfuls of the golden dust into the fireplace. Instantaneous bursts of blue-tinged light stabbed across our living room just as three centuries before similar light had flicked across Shakespeare’s stage.”

The Teales’ naming of these trails that converge at Grand Junction reflects both their methodical observations of their beloved land and the extraordinary curiosity that drove them to understand that land and its inhabitants fully.