



THE OLD SHAW HOMESTEAD WHERE FIGHTING JOE WHEELER HAD BREAKFAST MARCH 9, 1864

This was the most exciting day ever seen in the Sandhills. The bugles of two great armies were sounding through the pines, and the air was full of rumors and the woods full of galloping squadrons. Fast moving Mississippi scouts had brought warning the day before that Sherman was actually upon them—the old cry of '64—"The Yankees are coming." Horses and hogs were driven in panic to the safe keeping of the swamps—silver was buried at dead of night in the flower beds, and the men folks took to the woods.

The Yankees were bad enough. But the prospect which soon developed of being the point of contact between Judson Kilpatrick and Joe Wheeler was more alarming still. It is seldom in the history of that memorable running fight that these two gladiators came so near each other in person as they did that morning—until that evening, when Kilpatrick barely escaped with his nightshirt.

Squire Shaw tells how shortly after dawn the Confederate column filled the road, and Joe Wheeler himself dismounted at the door before the house, which is on the new road from Pinehurst to Highland Pines Inn, and asked his mother and sister for quick coffee. The squire was at Petersburg at the time, just starting home on leave of absence, but he had the story within the week from his people, and it is corroborated, by the rest of the family.

The general was provided with a substantial meal—all done quite casually, although we know, and he must have known that the left wing of the Federal cavary was on the Morgantown road about opposite Pinehurst at the very moment—and Kilpatrick the terror of the valley himself in the neighborhood of Aberdeen, having spent a pleasant night to the music of guns and alarums under the hospitable roof of Evander McLeod, who lives a little below Pine Bluff. Evander has given us the details of how he politely gave up his room to the commander, and how it was he preferred a bunk out in the forest, and how he happened to be caught.

Chances were nothing in those days, and coffee was scarce. It was a close squeak—but Joe Wheeler's time had not come. We shall follow those hostile columns in our own columns until they meet at midnight in the neighborhood of the old Munroe plantation.

A Boy to Be Proud of

(Concluded on page nine)

already as a matter of course subscribed to the OUTLOOK, we urge the cause of a less well known but meritorious publication, and suggest that all citizens who have ever been boys and would have liked to have had a pony, and who have

an inherited fondness for youthful enthusiasm and good sound information upon the conduct of life on the farm will send a dollar to Johnnie Fry, Pinehurst, for a subscription to the *Country Gentleman*.

Here is the letter:

Here is a youngster who's a credit to your community. His enthusiasm and courage are refreshing, and he is going about the problem of getting something he wants in a way that would do credit to a business man. Read what he has done:

This boy has learned that we will give a pedigreed Shetland Pony to the boy agent who sells during the next few months the greatest number of copies of *The Country Gentleman* in cities about the size of yours. He has decided that he wants that pony and now he is working to earn him.

While his present sales of *The Country Gentleman* are pretty good, he realizes that they'll have to be a whole lot better for him to earn the pony. And as a first step toward making them better, he has done the most sensible thing possible by sending us the names of influential citizens.

As one of these, will you help this boy? Whether it's by purchasing your own copies of *The Country Gentleman* from him, or referring him to others, or saying a good word for him, your influence will be extremely valuable and it will be exerted in a good cause.

This boy deserves to win. You can help him and thereby bring considerable publicity and honor to your city. Also, a flourishing *Country Gentleman* circulation indicates prosperity in any community. If you've ever read a copy, you agree.

Very truly yours,
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING CO.

Sing On

O sing, Homeric Lyre, the story of my scores;
Sing of the Pars I've cracked—my run of 'eighty-fours';
Sing of the daring shots I've thumped by trap and ditch,
The story of my drives, my mashie shots, my pitch;
The putts I should have sunk (which wouldn't sink for me),
But would have, had they dropped, returned a Sixty-three;
The mid-iron shots afar, cut with the proper spin,
I swept upon their way six inches from the pin;
Of cleek shots, straight and true, that might have come from Braid,
Of Brassies through the wind at Vardon might have made;
Sing, at the Nineteenth Hole, the song of my desire,
The story of my scores, O sing, Homeric Liar.
Grantland Rice in "The Winning Shot"