

*At Ease: Stories I Tell to Friends*  
by Dwight D. Eisenhower

pp. 67 - 68

“Almost as a reaction to the violent earlier days, the town usually seemed extraordinarily peaceful and quiet. To be sure, there were, southwest of the Union Pacific depot, two or three surviving establishments where liquor was sold illegally. (Kansas was a dry state in more than one respect.)

At a place north of town called ‘The Herd’, non-churchgoers gathered on a Sunday, having sent to Kansas City for a key of beer, and drank it dry as they shot craps for an afternoon’s sports. We stayed away from there, naturally, by parental directive, and this sharpened our wonder at what wild things might be going on at The Herd.

Despite Abilene’s early reputation, I was nearly fifteen before I saw my first shooting scrape. No one was even slightly wounded. The shooter was standing on a walk, taking pot shots at a man who was setting a new sprint record from a point thirty yards away. The pistol looked very dangerous. Now I know that the little nickel-plated snub-nosed weapon would have been harmful only in the case of a miraculous shot.”