

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

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“Although two of my uncles, Abraham and another named Ira, were preachers, other men I knew were hardly candidates for the pulpit. Law-abiding though they were, they had their roots in that fascinating period of Abilene history when Wild Bill Hickok, the town marshal, made it famous—or less infamous.

Across the street from our house lived a man named Dudley, who claimed he had served for a time as a young deputy under Wild Bill. His tales of the man’s prowess with a revolver were entrancing. Other men well acquainted with revolvers and their use were the town marshal, Henny Engle, and the Wells Fargo agent, a Mr. Gish.

Sometimes they went out to Mud Creek and would let me accompany them as they held a shooting contest. Occasionally, I was permitted to shoot several rounds. Each man carried his revolver differently. Gish wore his in a shoulder holster under his left arm. Henny Engle used a conventional holster on his right side. Mr. Dudley slipped his revolver inside his belt, the barrel pointing toward his left foot and the grip handy to his right hand. I would watch intently as they would draw and shoot. While none of them had the skill I’ve seen in shooting exhibitions, they were all above average in marksmanship and at least two had personal experience in gunfights.”