

*Bruce G. from Norton, Ohio*

As a 9 year old boy in 1953, my one want in the world was a Daisy pump BB gun for Christmas. Our family was not wealthy and money was always a factor. So the Daisy was no sure thing. Excitement built in the days preceding Christmas and my imagination was filled with the adventures my pump gun and I would have in the woods around my home. The early morning stampede down the steps from my bedroom, found me staring at the gifts arrayed under the tree. There was no long package. As the gifts were passed out and opened I tried my best to not show the huge let down I felt. I could not look at my dad for fear that he would feel bad because we could not afford the gun. With all the gifts opened as I started to leave the room my dad stopped me and said I should take a good look around the living room and make sure nothing had been missed. Sure enough hidden on a valence over the front window was my Daisy. Joy of Joys!!!!