

***Duane from Odessa, Texas***

'It was the late 1950's, about 1957, and I had my first Model 25 Daisy. I was visiting my grandparents who were cotton farmers 10 miles south of Midland Texas. My grandfather was a crack shot with any gun, but especially with a 22. I had seen him blow the head off of a gray quail on numerous occasions. This particular evening, we were sitting on the front porch of their old farmhouse waiting for the sun to set, and hoping that it would cool off and that a cool breeze would make for a good nights rest. There was a barbed wire fence strung over cedar posts about 50 yards in front of the house. It wasn't unusual for the quail to start moving this time of the day. Sure enough, a young rooster jumped up onto one of the fence posts and began to call for his mate. My grandfather picked up his 22 and was about to take that quail, when he turned to me and said "why don't you take him with that fancy new gun of yours." I didn't think I could have hit him with a 22, much less a BB gun. He said, "go ahead, if you're sure you can hit him." Then he added, "you better hit him in the head." I was really nervous now, but determined to make the shot. I took aim, and then raised the sight to compensate for the drop at that distance, and fired. That quail dropped like a rock. My grandfather stood up, looked for a minute, and said, "well I'll be darned if you didn't nail him good." I went out to fetch the quail and saw that I had hit him in the head. My grandfather recalled that day over and over as I grew up, and I was a little prouder every time.