

Fred H. from Suttons Bay, Michigan

In the 1950s I lived in a suburb of Detroit. The auto industry was booming in the post war times and the Detroit area was growing with hundreds of subdivisions. Where I lived there were still areas of "woods". My friends and I spent an untold amount of time shooting our BB guns in our basements, back yards and the wilds of the woods.

I had a plain Daisy. I don't know the model number. I remember that I wanted a Red Ryder but for some reason I just had a plain one. One of our friends had a Model 25. He was the only one that I grew up with that had a Model 25 and we all envied him.

We all had rules to follow from our parents with our BB guns. I remember the one with the Model 25 couldn't get out his rifle without his parents permission. After school one day, a few of us were at his house and his parents weren't home from work yet. He got out his Model 25 and we were shooting it at a range that was set up in his basement. All of a sudden his father came home from work and quickly came down into the basement. When he saw the rifle, he became angry and reminded his son about the rule to not get the gun out without his permission. We were all scared and didn't say anything. His father took the Model 25 and wrapped it around a steel support post in the basement. The Model 25 that we all envied was gone forever. I remember that when he did that, I immediately zoomed up the steps, out the door and ran home. Needless to say, I learned my lesson about rules and remember the lesson vividly to this day.