

Paul S. from Olmsted Township, Ohio

It was the 1950s when I was a kid in suburban Cleveland, Ohio, My heroes back then were the likes of Davy Crockett, Daniel Boone, Kit Carson and Annie Oakley. My mom was a grown-up tomboy and my father was an engineer. I got my love of the outdoors and sports from Mom, while Dad was more interested in equations. So it didn't surprise me when Mom came home with a Model 25 Daisy BB gun – for herself around 1958 or 59. Turns out, Mom was a crack shot, picking off tin cans and balloons tied to tree branches in the backyard. Being only 7 or 8, I wasn't allowed to shoot it for some time, but boy, did I want to! Eventually, Mom taught me to shoot, and it was one of the most memorable times of my childhood shared with her. But, the story of Mom's Daisy doesn't end here. Both Mom and Dad passed away in the early 80s, shortly before I met my wife, and in cleaning out the family home, I found that old Daisy 25 and brought it home, along with my wife. She too, was a crack s hot, and we spent hours sitting in a new back yard shooting the Model 25.