

A story about Grandpa Hall:

Around the time I was in middle school, I worked with Grandpa during the summers at the Farm in Payson. Sometimes we would even stay overnight at the house on the farm. My parents probably hoped that I might learn something from a great chemist. In all of that time, the only science I ever learned was that trees should be loaded near the front of a truck bed, because the truck could stop a lot faster than it could take off.

Work at the farm was difficult; but I enjoyed being there for the occasional opportunity to drive a tractor. Grandpa had a couple of newer Kubota tractors (with "H.T. HALL" painted on the scoop). I got to drive the old blue and white Ford tractor. This was a really old tractor, with two little wheels spaced about a foot apart in front. A large part of the farm was overgrown, and Grandpa would have me take the Ford tractor out to mow down the weeds. I got it stuck once in a sandy part near the freeway, and I was grateful when Grandpa came and towed me out. Even though the Ford got bent a bit, as well as his Kubota, Grandpa didn't scold or criticize me. This example of mercy has stuck with me.

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