

Allan Hall's Tribute to His Father, Charlie Hall

January 2, 2018

My father, Charles Thomas Hall, passed away from congestive heart failure and pneumonia tonight in a hospital in Pulaski Virginia. He would have been 82 on January 6.

Charlie, as everyone called him, was always there for Jeff and I growing up. He was a Scout Master in both of the Boy Scout Troops I was in, went on many a camping trip (his favorite thing), took me to swim practice and swim meets, and pushed me hard. He was there for Jeff too, in all of the important ways.

Dad worked for NASA from 1960 until his retirement in 1989, working as an electronics technician before promoting into a supervisor position and then into a position as liaison officer for the in house TV contractor that covered the Shuttle Missions. He met all of the Astronauts (which meant I got to meet a lot of them too) at one time or another between those years, as he was in Landing and Recovery Division for most of the 1960s and was part of the team that tested the Shuttle Glider concepts way back when. He was proud to have worked for NASA and I was even prouder that he did.

My Dad was a sailor. He enjoyed his time on an aircraft carrier in the 1950s, and enjoyed going out to sea later on during the Gemini missions. So much so that in the 1980s he bought a sail boat and taught himself how to sail, how to repair and restore a sail boat that sank during a hurricane in 1983, and making it like new. I learned to sail from him and learned my love of the sea.

Dad was also a small aircraft pilot. Among my favorite memories were the times he managed to get some time in a small plane and he always took me with him from the time I was 4 years old. My love of aviation comes from him.

Charlie loved to read too. He loved war movies, and documentaries and my life long reading of military history comes from him. He was also the one who learned along with me how to play the complicated table top wargames some of you also have fond memories of.

Dad loved the outdoors, he loved to go shooting, boating, canoeing and backpacking. He taught me all of those things and to love them.

He retired at the age I am now. He lived in the Ozarks near Harrison and Flippin Arkansas for a time before moving back to his home town of Hampton Virginia when after one hurricane too many he moved to western Virginia to a little town called Pulaski. I will always treasure the time I got to spend with him in Harrison and in Pulaski.

He lived full life. I am proud to be his son. I will miss him.