



# PAINT FIGHT

🕒 July 20, 2015    💬 1 Comment    (Edit)



When you are born in a family of farmers, you’re put to work early. As long as I can remember, my brother and I were taught the same traditions our family has lived by here in the Central Valley for 4 generations. Hard work and dedication; early to bed, early to rise. The farming lifestyle isn’t for everybody, but we love it and the delicious almonds we produce.

One afternoon many years ago, I went to pick up my brother, who was about 12 years old at the time, from an orchard he had been working in on a long hot summer day. His job that day was to walk the orchard and paint a purple square on every 3rd row, which we do to help our workers identify **different varieties**. Our long-time foreman’s son Alex was working alongside him that day, painting a pink square every third row.

As I roll up to the orchard, I see Tyler COVERED in pink paint. “Did you jump into the paint bucket,” I asked him, chuckling to myself.

“No...we got into a paint fight...” he said sheepishly. I laughed and told him the paint had to dry before he could get in my truck to go home. There was no way I was having pink paint mess up my interior! So I just sat there for an hour in the air conditioning, waiting for the pink paint slathered over my little brother to dry while he stood outside, regretting his mischief. Despite the circumstances, it was nice to have a moment with my brother. Dad never allowed us work together because he knew Ty wouldn’t work hard under my supervision and we would more than likely distract each other from the job.

These days we split responsibilities for our company. I spend my days working on the business side in the office, while Tyler oversees work in the orchards. And still, we cherish our time together and hold family in the highest regard. We are brothers united in continuing our family tradition and producing responsibly grown, delicious and nutritious almonds. That is why we are proud to call our company “Alldrin Bros. Almonds.”

– Grant

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BYE BYE BEES



DRIVING THE TRACTOR IN THE ORCHARDS





# DRIVING THE TRACTOR IN THE ORCHARDS

March 2, 2016 [Leave a Comment](#) [\(Edit\)](#)



Driving the tractor through the almond trees

There’s so much beauty in an orchard. It was a quintessential place for my brother Tyler and me to grow up. And like generations of our family had before us, we grew up accustomed to hard work; maintaining the health of almond trees is no easy task. Our motto has always been “If you take good care of the trees, they’ll take good care of you.”

One key to maintaining a healthy orchard is mowing it from time to time to keep the rows neat and intact. Part of the challenge of this chore is “threading the needle,” or driving the tractor carefully between trees. To do this, you must skillfully navigate a bumpy and sometimes wet path, avoiding drip irrigation lines on both sides. Get too close, and the mower would chew up the irrigation hoses. My brother has always been calm and collected at the wheel and I have been a total spaz. One incident in particular stands out from the rest when it comes to the reason why I am now happily parked at a desk. It happened one hot summer day when I was 14.

It is 5 degrees hotter behind the wheel of a tractor, but you ALWAYS have to layer yourself with numerous shirts and sweatshirts. It was nearly 105 degrees that day. Since the tractor is so high up, the branches are right at your level and can rip you to shreds. You can try ducking, but sometimes the tree cover is so thick, you just have to memorize where the wheels need to go, block your face, keep your head down, and hope for the best. You have to look ahead as far as you can and then keep the wheel tight or else the branches will catch the steering wheel and turn it. It will make you run into the trees, it’s pretty frustrating. It’s no easy task and I was having particularly bad luck that day.

Normally, when you ran into the irrigation lines, you would mark the row with a flag to remember where you might need repairs. As luck would have it, we were all out of flags on the ranch that day, so I started marking my mistakes with my own articles of clothing.

By the end of the day, I had to leave my socks, a boot, my hat, sweater, another t-shirt, and my belt behind. I was grateful to keep on a shirt and pants. To make matters worse, I had to ride all the way back home with our long time ranch foreman, Chuey. I only had one boot and my pants were falling off cause I had no belt. My shirt was all ripped because I lost my layers of sweaters to the marks. Chuey was laughing hysterically. He said it was the worst driving he had ever seen. I set the standard that day, the low one. A few more mistakes and I would have been stark naked!

I look back on that day from an office, fully clothed. Tyler still works out in the orchards, driving that tractor like a pro. We all laugh from time to time about that hilarious episode, but it also did us some good because it helped cement our roles here. As brothers, we combine our strengths and weaknesses to run this business together. None of the ranch foremen bring up that day because they know it makes me cringe, but Big Poppa will never let me live it down.

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