

JOE LINDSAY'S PHILOSOPHY: ALWAYS EAT THE BEST FIRST

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The subject of this week's column needs no introduction to most of the locals and the older woodsmen in the area.

Joe Lindsay was a man of many talents, but was best known for his expertise as a logger. He was CJ Strife's right-hand-man and knew the business from the ground up.

I first came to know Joe in the winter of 1958 while he was doing a timber harvest in the Limekiln Creek area on Gould Paper Company lands. For the most part, the logging business was waning for Joe and he was beginning to become more active in the excavating and contracting business. He, like many other loggers of the era, was learning it was a more stable alternative to an often times difficult business.

In 1959, Joe became a partner with his son-in-law Willie Hall and much of the development in this area was credited to them.

The development and construction of golf courses soon became their specialty and they began to expand and further out of the area and eventually out of the state. Willie continued on with the business after Joe's retirement.

Joe was knowledgeable in many areas outside of his particular line of work and it would be difficult to stump him on a subject he was interested in. A pragmatist with a sense of humor, he had simple solutions to many complex problems. He would dismiss a particularly obnoxious, over-bearing, under-qualified person he had to work with by saying he was to be pitied.

I never got to know Joe until after he retired. His work was his life and he lived a full life. As one guy put it, "He goes to work too early and comes home too late."

Daughter Myrna Hall recalls him as a loving father who, if you wanted to spend much time with him, you had to accompany him to work. This she and her sister did on occasion, even getting to eat in some of the logging camps as long as they were able to observe the no-talking rule.

When Joe did take any time off from work it was to spend a weekend in camp hunting or fishing with some of his friends.

I never missed an opportunity to visit with Joe and many a time I pulled in to a coffee shop because I saw his black Ford pickup parked outside.

One homespun observation in particular sticks in my mind. We were on the subject of hard times, doing without, etc., when Joe told me about his mother and the apples.

They would lay away a bunch of apples for the winter, but his mother always made them eat the ones that had started to go bad. Joe never agreed with that premise; you are always eating the worst, he said. He maintained that you should always eat the best first and that way you will always be eating the best.

To make a long story short, that's not a bad way to live our lives either.