

My name is Ray Schmoie, but I have been known all my life as Smokey. Lyle has asked me to try and recall a few things about the Boat Club. It's funny, I don't feel like an old timer, but I guess I have been around more than most of you. I never joined the club in a conventional way. The first year the boat club had its marathon race I had nothing at all to do with it. The second year when they had their race, Floyd Rader and myself had a little side business; something we just did to earn some extra money. It was a PA business. We had some sound cars and a couple large PA systems. The boat club contacted us to set up our PA systems for their races and we did, and we got paid for it. I've forgotten exactly how much. We also sent sound cars to McMinnville and of course Newberg and a boat club member, ^{GELENE} Juliene Hills, quite an active lady back in those days, and was secretary for many many years; she and Johnny Paola's wife, I believe, took the sound car around to those places and did most of the advertising that way. But anyway, Floyd and I got paid for our services. Oh, and I might also mention that Floyd and I sold commercials on our own. And I do remember we got \$5 a piece, but we would play recorded music before the race and after the race and at any lulls in the race. But, prerecorded in this recorded music were commercials for Darby's restaurant and Kroo's ^{DREY'S} Jewelry and as I recall many of the places around town and as I recall, one of the ice cream parlors; so we picked up a little extra money that way. But, our original connection with the boat club was that we were hired by the boat club for, I don't remember, but probably for four or five years, and during that period Floyd and I both belonged to the Newberg Amature Radio Club and the boat club solicited the Amature Radio Club to help them with their communications. However, because Floyd and I were so involved with the PA part we really never helped out much with the radio club even though we were members of that too. Then finally they made us honorary members. They made us honorary members to get out of paying us, but that's not why they "made" us honorary members. I mean the technical reason. There used to be a little saw mill where the ready-mix concrete plant is now and the saw mill had ceased to function but there was a spar pole there with several cables attached to it and the people who owned the saw mill told the boat club at that time, which we were not members of yet, Floyd and I that is, they could have all the

cable if they would take it down. Well, someone had to climb the spar pole to cut the cables loose at the top so the boat club told Floyd and I that they would make us honorary members if we would go up and cut the cables down. It happened that I did a little climbing back in those days and Floyd did a little too. So that wasn't any big thing to us. I personally used to change the light bulbs on the football field. But, when Floyd and I climbed the spar pole, cut the cable down, and that way they technically made us honorary members. Why they really made us honorary members was so they could get out of paying us because they never paid us after that. And we continued with our PA system. I don't remember now whether they kept on with the commercials or not. But at any rate that's how we got into the boat club.

Now, when we first started working with the boat club the race was pretty much just local. However, there was one racer with some renown and that was Al Christy, who is still alive and in Newberg. And he had a boat called a Phantom, which was a very special racing boat. It was built in Lafayette by Chuck Shirley. I believe he is still there. The place called Shirley's is still there. But his Phantom racing boats received some renown at the time and really were quite good.

The road down to where the ramp is now wasn't really a road at all in those days. It was just still the old wagon trail from the ferry and the boat club maintained it. Eventually the boat club widened it so that two cars could meet which they couldn't do for several years. Even down at the bottom there was kind of a causeway that you had to go across to get to the river. It looked totally different than it does now. Was totally different than it is now. And of course the boat club built the original ramp. The only ramp that was there until the county took over, which served quite well. They did a good job.

Socially, I think the club functioned about the same then as it does now, probably always has. We used to have a Thanksgiving dinner which was quite an event and we also had a Commodores Ball and the same things you do now, maybe a little bit different names. Our Christmas parties back in the early days were held at the Chinese place in McMinnville, the Oriental Gardens, and we exchanged presents back then too, but we did it just a little

bit differently... the presents were all toys which were donated to the fire department immediately after the meeting, or the party I should say. And we had two people back in those days, Johnny Paola, who became Fire Chief later, and Elmer Hills were both firemen.. they were sort of instrumental in that and they took care of the toys.

I really do not remember dates at all, but there was of course John ^{Garrin} ~~Garrin~~ who had the place on the river; a dentist who died a few years back. And the boat club had many parties at his place on the river and tied up floats at his place. John was an honorary member, I'm not sure if he was ever a paid member. He was very very helpful to the club, a very nice person and a very close friend of mine. I went to many private parties also at his river house. A very nice man.

Of course no boat club history could be complete without talking a little about Floyd Rader who was a very good friend of mine. We were friends our entire lives and the boat club called him "Big Daddy". But he was a real prime mover for the boat club. As I mentioned earlier he was involved with me in a little public address business. Our ambition was always to take the St. Paul Rodeo away from Roy Baker, Dick's father, but we never made it. We did, however, take over the High School football from Roy, but Floyd was a real prime mover, a "would get things done" type of person. Sort of held the boat club together for many years.

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