



## JIM HUDSON • BEND, OREGON

Growing up across the street from Westminster let me watch the school grow from its very beginnings in every way. The woods, playground, playing fields, trails, Nancy Creek, was one giant play park for me. I attended Fritz Orr pre-kindergarten and played on the WW2 Glider aircraft frame. I watched Nancy Creek's annual flood of the playing fields. I bicycled and explored every inch of the campus. After I moved away my parents sold our home which was eventually bulldozed and combined with our neighbors' properties to build a new subdivision. I barely recognize the place when I come back to visit now. Only Mr. Wither's Lake still remains, and a few pine trees with BB and pellet holes.

Then on to Westminster for kindergarten and first grade. Birney Elementary grades 2-7, and back to Westminster for grades 8-12. But I never stopped playing in "my" park across the street.

During my days at Westminster, I began two of my lifelong sports passions, skiing, and fast cars. I'll never forget my first ski trip to Sky Valley with Rick Botts' family. I launched off the top of the hill and at the first corner went straight off the man-made snow and did a full-face plant in the red Georgia clay. Then I did it again at the next curve. And again, and again, and again. And I loved every minute of it. Later Cleve Willcoxon and I drove up to Sky Valley for day runs on weekends. And trips to Beech Mtn. I thought Beech Mtn. was fantastic after Sky Valley skiing.

The faculty at Westminster who had an impact? There are too many. Charlie Brake's mom and dad, Paul Koshewa, Mr. McIlhenny – I could go on for paragraphs. But there is one who had an impact

on my best friend, Tim Long. Mr. Jim Patton. Tim was convinced that Mr. Patton had Tim's name on a bullseye. I think Tim was right.

After Westminster I attended GA Tech for two years, left and worked as a welder for a year, then back to school at Florida State to get a BS in Criminology. My professor, George Kirkham, had the greatest impact on the direction of my life. After taking his classes and following his guidance I knew I wanted to be a "local" cop in a bigger city police department. I'd always had a passion for fast cars and dreamed of driving a race car, I figured the best way to fill that need daily and get paid for it was in a police car. I figured right! I took a job way the heck out in the Pacific NW at the Portland Police Bureau. When I flew out to take the oral interview, I rented a car and drove from Portland to the Pacific beaches and back up to Timberline Ski Lodge on Mt. Hood. I was smitten with Oregon and the Northwest. I knew I had to live near snow capped mountains.

At the basic police academy, I was given my nickname, "Gator" which was fightin' words for a FSU Seminole. But much like the military, in law enforcement you get the nickname given to you and you have to live with it.

I worked in uniform patrol, street crimes, narcotics, SERT (SWAT), and detective. In uniform I worked in the roughest most crime ridden section of the city. It may seem counterintuitive, but that's where the best, most motivated, most skilled, cops go to work. I think it's the challenge to succeed in the most trying conditions that attracts them. The best and most rewarding assignment was the SERT team, from rookie to team leader. We had a saying



*Skiing Whistler with my wife*



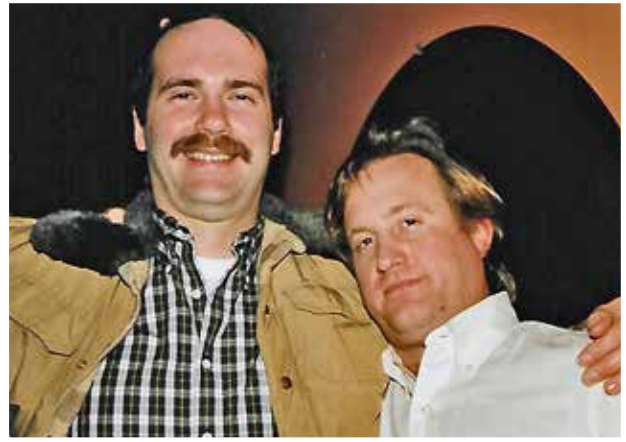
*At the Cascade Enduro 2022*

on the team, we are who they call when there's no one else to call. We were "it". No matter how bad or insane the situation was, we had to handle it. We had to be the best, no one else was coming.

It was a great job. And it was an awful job. In the course of any day, I saw the best and the worst in humanity. Friends and colleagues were murdered, one right in front of me. I'm only glad I was able to bring that situation to a conclusion before more officers died. I'm sure this answers the question: "What is something about you that might surprise your classmates?"

I married my FSU girlfriend, and we have a son, Greg. His mother and I are divorced now. I'm typing this class of 1973 book entry while flying to NYC to visit with him. I'm married again, to Janet Hudson, this time for 30+ years. I met her while engaging in my favorite winter pastime, downhill skiing, at Mt. Bachelor ski resort. We live just 30 minutes from the Mt. Bachelor parking lot and still enjoy skiing the groomers at speed, the trees, and the steeps. We pray we can do it till the last moments of our lives. My stepson has a daughter now, so we are also doing the grandparents program. Only our grandchild is in Switzerland; *oh darn she needs help learning to ski the Alps!*

After 22 years in law enforcement, I retired and became an entrepreneur. I started up a company networking public sector and corporate sector criminal investigators to solve crimes. I'm still at it.



*With Tim Long, 1987*

The best thing about this stage of life? I'm able to fulfill my passion for race car driving. I have four race cars that I race across the Northwest and West Coast in sprint and endurance sports car racing. Why four? Because generally only one of them is operational at any one time.

I'll never forget my first lap around a racetrack, 1973, with David Towles, Bill Josey, and Owens Chapman in my Ford Grand Torino Sport at Road Atlanta. I hope to come back someday to race in the Petit LeMans there.

Words to live by: I still remember the words from Mr. Scott's 10th grade English class, "Tempus Fugit, Ergo, Carpe Diem." *Especially now!*

Rick, Cleve, and Tim, Rest in Peace my friends.