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Hopkins, Russell Oral History Interview: Sesquicentennial of Holland, "150 Stories for 150 Years"

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JP: Well, everything seems to be on. You are Russell Hopkins.

RH: Russell J., if you want a middle initial.

JP: May I ask when you were born?

RH: [date removed], 1938.

JP: Were you born in Holland?

RH: Grand Rapids, Michigan.

JP: When did you come to Holland?

RH: The best I remember it was probably around 1951 or 1952.

JP: So you started school in Grand Rapids?

RH: Yes, I went to several schools there and then started at Holland Junior High on River Avenue. Then of course High School there at Fifteenth and Pine.

JP: What was your first impression of Holland if you remember?

RH: It was a good fishing community! (laughs) Because actually we went fishing, my parents did, and I remember we'd always go to Grand Haven because all the fishing equipment was there. The minnows were there and the long cane poles, and you go right out on the pier and fished. But then we started coming to Holland and fishing in and around Holland, and then I guess they just decided to move here because it was a nice community then.

JP: What did your father or mother do?
RH: My dad worked on the Pere Marquette Railroad, the Detroit to Chicago run and he was a brakeman.

JP: You said the Detroit to Chicago?

RH: That's the run he had, the best I remember it. He lived in Grand Rapids but it went to Detroit and then back to Chicago, whatever train that was. It was a passenger train, I know that. I remember they used to put me on the train in Grand Rapids and my grandma would pick me up at Brighton, Michigan. The porter would take care of me. I was younger then, of course.

JP: I was wondering what you remember of Grand Rapids.

RH: I was born and raised there. I walked all over that town and I remember the nickel bus ride...you could ride the bus when we moved out like to Valley to Bridge, but you could take the bus on Bridge Street, go downtown and transfer and go out...I don't know if you remember but they had Ramona Park? It was an amusement park?

JP: I'm not a native Michigander.

RH: Oh. Okay. Well, it was an amusement park. I don't know what it is now, but it's near Grand Rapids. You could transfer all the way from the west side of Grand Rapids down to downtown and then go to the east side. I think it's East Grand Rapids where Reeds Lake is now. It was just an amusement park and they had a hot air balloon ride there. The guy just had a ring under a big hot air balloon and they had a big fire pit there. And the guy hooked that all up and he had to put that hot air in there by means of fire. Not that LP gas or whatever they use. And then he had this ring and he got on it and he would sit on it once it got all inflated, he'd fly up
over Reeds Lake and then he’d cut himself loose and he had three parachutes. You could see the newspapers in between the chutes come out and then he’d open another one and another one and then he’d land in the water and a boat would pick him up. But they also had a big paddle wheeler. Just like a river boat. You could go on there with your picnic lunch and then take a nice little tour around the lake. They had roller coasters and a skating rink; in fact my dad ended up working out there part-time and once they found that out I got a free ride in the fun house and on the roller coaster so I could take a friend out there and we could spend all evening or Saturday quite a few hours doing the fun house and the roller coaster and whatever else there was. You could walk all over downtown. Our biggest deal was Herpolsheimers Store. When they came. We called them moving stairs and they were the escalators. They advertised that! We got thrown off that more times! (Laughs). I mean that was a big deal to us then. Get on an escalator and ride it up two or three floors and then ride back down. Just moving stairs! The TVs were just coming in. Of course, this was the late forties, early fifties up ’til the time we moved over here. We all gathered down at the local appliance store and they had the TV in the window with a speaker. We never got a television until the late fifties over here that I remember. But anyway, Grand Rapids was a good place, and I still like it. Of course, it’s grown now...lower Monroe went downhill. Wurzburgs was there, you remember, and all the businesses. It was a growing community. Then it went downhill and was abandoned and then it came back up and now it’s thriving again.

JP: So you came here and you started school. I’m just wondering what differences you
noticed in Holland since you came here?

RH: That's come a long ways.

JP: Where did you live when you first came to Holland?

RH: We lived on Fifteenth Street. My mother died at a young age. I think I was only twelve or thirteen and then we moved downtown for a while. Then we used to live right behind the Hitching Post, the old Hitching Post when it was a streetcar. I had the privilege then of washing dishes on weekends. Mornings I washed dishes and pans at the local bakery, the Banner Bakery right next to Reader’s World. I still had to go to school. But I’d get up like at five o’clock and I think it was forty-five cents an hour then. I’d work a couple of hours there washing pots and pans and then I’d come in after school just for an hour or so, and then on Saturdays and Sundays I worked at the Hitching Post under Ralph Foote. Steve the Horse Thief worked there. I don’t know if you ever heard of his legend.

JP: No!

RH: But Steve the Horse Thief, his kind of legend they just had the counter, you know, no tables in the old Hitching Post. The regulars, anyway, you could come in there a couple of times and then after that he would remember your order. And he was fast! But of course, I washed dishes and peeled potatoes. That was the worst part. There was a big bucket, I called it five gallons, but there was a big bucket I had to peel Saturday night and Sunday morning. But when he really got busy, I got to go out in front and I cooked hamburgers with him and made chocolate milk shakes. When my friends came in I filled that sucker right up for them. (Laughs) But he could do it
and they had waitresses there, but every now and then they’d just get so busy for the small restaurant it was. So I had a lot of fun in Holland. The big thing was I could walk down to the old oil dock and fish. Or I’d get a ride in my parents’ car and I had a big sack lunch and I could sit on that oil dock all day long and fish. But we caught a lot of fish off that oil dock!

JP: Where was the oil dock?

RH: Well, it was where the North and South American used to dock. It’s on the other side of Heinz where the marina is now. We called it the oil dock. Of course there was no trespassing. You had to climb around the gate, but they didn’t really say anything. I noticed in those days that we could walk from Fifteenth Street all the way down to Eighth Street and then go to the shows down there through backyards and across country. We’d probably never take the sidewalks. It was just different routes—vacant lots between houses. You found out where there weren’t any fences and you always used to use those short cuts. And you never had a problem then.

JP: Were the streets there paved by that time?

RH: Oh, sure. Of course it was a much smaller community then and fishing was the big thing. Woods...where I lived on Twenty-fifth and Van Raalte there that was all woods and sand dunes. Dunn’s Woods they used to call it, the way I remember. We’d go up there and shoot our bb guns. My friends and I did a lot of camping, so to speak. Day camping. We would get hot dogs and whatever and I don’t know what food we carried and a knapsack. Take a bb gun and we’d walk out to Tunnel Park and stay there. We put our stuff up in the dunes and go down and swim. Go
up on the hill and cook, make a fire and camp out, so to speak. Day camping. Have
our lunch out there and shoot our bb guns. But what I remember then, I mean I had
a bb gun, most of us guys had a bb gun and we could walk around town with that and
go clear to Tunnel Park and go up there to Dunn’s Woods which was about where
Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth Street area and shoot and never had a problem. But we
were responsible. We may have shot at birds. Mainly it was just target practice.

JP: Did your father teach you to shoot or friends?

RH: No, I think my grandparents did. I had a Red Rider Daisy bb gun on the farm, and I
think I just picked it from then. I shot lots and lots of bbs. But anyway, you know
the late forties or early fifties there was nobody around. I think that’s what I notice
now. In fact, we started using .22 rifles, and they used to have a dump at North
River Avenue just across the bridge and the city dump at Seventh and College. There
were two of them. But the rats! We got our .22 rifles which, of course, we had to
have a lot of responsibility then, but we’d tape flashlights under those rifles and go
down mainly to the dump across the bridge. We could sit there all evening in the
dark and shoot rats. But again, we’d have to carry that down there on our bikes and
no case or nothing and we’d have about fifty or a hundred rounds of ammo. We
never got bothered, but we never done anything with them anyway but drive down
there and shoot rats. The police didn’t bother us; we didn’t get into any trouble.
We’d go to the city dump there at Seventh and College, but that was flatter and you
could get on the garbage piles and shoot at them in the dark with that taped flashlight
on your barrel. You could see them and then you could sight in on them. We shot a
lot and never hit too much but... On north River there, that dump, it was kind of like a horseshoe and it was kind of a hill and you had a better view of a bigger area and we had more luck there. But we'd go to the city dump, we'd go to that dump across the bridge. And oh, we played on the railroad cars. I think that's the first time we ever got stopped by the police. We were on a tank car down there and we were on top of the box cars and they were parked on the siding. And somebody, whether they saw us on patrol or just saw up there they just flashed the spotlights--"Get out of there, you'll get hurt." So we left. I mean in them days you left. Not to say we didn't go back now and then. But you know they were looking out for us I suppose, you know, tell the kids to be careful. Again, we walked all over this town for years until of course we grew older but we never had any trouble. And you talk about, you know, like gangs, yeah, sure there were groups of kids. We hung around four, five or six kids. Some times two of us, but we never had any trouble that I remember.

JP: I was just wondering about what happened when you finished high school?

RH: Well, that's a strange story because I didn't finish here.

JP: Oh, you didn't?

RH: It was the summer I was in the tenth grade, and it wasn't that hot, but anyway my dad at time was a retired, disabled from the railroad then. I don't know what all his medical problems were. It doesn't matter. But he had a job as the watchman on the North American, South American, and Alabama. I spent hours just going through all those boats while he worked four to midnight or whatever and I had the run of the place and go on his rounds with him. As time went on that summer I was seventeen
May 2nd, still going to school but I got a job from a captain at one of the ships. Of course they had their headquarters here in Holland, and when they got ready to sail in the early spring, they needed a crew. Well, I could be a cabin boy and my job was to go on one of the ships and they said silverware you'd have to lug that to the kitchen, the dirty silverware and dishes and set up tables and take off the old bed linen and get that down to the laundry. In all the cabins. It was a good job, and I said, "I'll take it!" The captain said, "Well, you had to have seaman's papers." So we went up, I think it was Grand Haven, to the post office to talk to the Coast Guard, my dad and I, to get seaman's papers. I walked in and I says, "Hey, I got a job this summer and I need seaman's papers. I want to apply." I didn't know what the procedure was. The first thing the guy says was, "How old are you?" I said, "Well, I'm seventeen." "You can't get them until you're eighteen and then you have to have a letter from the captain that you got a job to start the process." I said, "I can get the letter, but you know, I got a job just for the summer and I'll go back to school in September," and thought, "Man, I want that job so bad!" You can travel all summer long on the boat, see the country. I thought that was the "hobbs"! "I don't care," he says, "you've got to be eighteen." So I said, "But I got the job now! If I turn it down someone else will get it." I remember walking down those steps and I got mad and I says, "Let's go down and join the Army!" I went right down to Holland Post Office and at seventeen I joined the Army with dad signing for me. So I was seventeen May 2nd and I was sworn in June 30th. That's how fast it went. So I walked right out of
school. Then I wanted to go to Germany because two of my brothers had been to Germany during the war. This was peace time. This was, well, it was '55 because I joined the Army then. So, that was not problem! I could join the Army but I couldn’t get a job for the summer on a boat. So I said, "To heck with it. I'm going to Germany and I want to drive a truck," because my brother drove a semi-truck and I thought I'm going to see this country when I got out. That was my plan. Well, somehow I wound up an armorer as a tank driver and they didn't have much call for that (after getting out) and I joined up for three years. I got one year at Ft. Knox. Of course, it was right after June 30th and they said, "You'll never see a tank for months." Well, that next day we were on tanks and they were putting the Third Armor Division together. Of course, it's peace time, but they wanted to see how fast they could get a division together and ship it overseas to Germany. That's where I wanted to go and that's how I ended up there. The recruiter talked me into that, he said they got trucks in armored division. Well, they give me a tank. I got over in Germany in May that next year. I was the youngest guy in the outfit. The average age was I think about nineteen, and I was seventeen; our oldest guy in our outfit there was twenty-three. A lot of them were volunteering draft and a lot of them signed up. I wasn't over there more than two months than they come around and the government decided, "You will have an education and you will have a high school diploma or its equivalent before you remain in this army. You got a choice. Go home or go back to school. So here I am, in the Army..."Well, I'm not going back!" I mean, they’d give you a good discharge and they’d ship you right home. But they wanted a high
school graduate or its equivalent. So here I am. Going down to formation with all my books and I went to school I don’t know how many days a week, from four to five days and three or four evenings a week. This was a very good move not knowing it at that time. Because I got my four years of high school in. I was discharged in June of 1958. But I got my education. I did a couple of years of college over at Grand Rapids Junior College. That was after I got on the Holland Police department. I got out in '58, came back to Holland again. My first job was at Hubbells, and I had applications all over this town. I had at least fifteen of them.

JP: What was Hubbells?

RH: Hubbells was a furniture manufacturer in Zeeland. But that only lasted a few weeks. Like I say I had applications but I got to go to Colonial in Zeeland which was a maker of grandfather clocks. They made all kinds of furniture, but their main thing was clocks that I remember, Colonial Clock Company or Colonial Manufacturing I guess it was. I worked there a good year. I was driving back and forth from Holland to Zeeland all the time and I had to be there at seven in the morning and I had to shovel off the driveway. Nineteen years old, that was no problem. But then I got a job in Holland what they called (it was over at the old sugar beet factory) Modern Partitions. And by gosh, Chris Craft called me! And I got a better job there but I says, "Hey, I just started with Modern Partitions and I don’t want to be known as quitting jobs because I already had a couple there in Zeeland. I don’t know how they decided they wanted me but...well, I had my application there and they called. They needed help. I think that was it. I put in another thirty days and all I was
doing was sweeping floors and putting the wheels on partitions they made. Well, then I kind of got on the partition line where I had to put fiberglass in the partitions, four by eight wide, and then put wheels on them and take that down to the paint booth. I thought, "Gosh, I'm not going anywhere here." So I went back to Chris Craft and they said, "Well, of course, the production line isn't open now, but we have a job in the pattern shop. That was another good break because I got the run of the whole Chris Craft plant and went out and repaired patterns for the boats and they had like the biggest one was thirty-two feet and I think the smallest one was a thirty foot Cavalier. I had to make patterns, repair patterns, measure for patterns, get the patterns down to the mill room. Collect them, file them, and you're talking little pieces of wood like 1 x 2" pattern to pieces 30' long that covered the whole side of the boat thirty foot long, thirty-two foot. But the patterns, from there they made all the parts of the boat, put it together. That was a good job! But somehow in that year I decided I wanted to get outside work. My brother, he also of course lived in Holland, and he went to work for Consumers Power then. Also I knew somebody in the telephone company and in the Police Department. So I applied for three outside jobs: the Police Department, Consumers Power, and Michigan Bell Telephone Company. Well, that was in 1960, early in the summer. The Police Department was a little tricky because the other ones...all the manufacturers and Michigan Bell and Consumers you could go in and say, "Is there anything going on my application? I applied last week and then a week later you could go in. The Police Department, you know, didn’t have that big a turnover and I didn’t want to goof it up, so I think I
started going like twice a month and then I dropped it down to once a month because I got near the holidays, Thanksgiving, and I sure didn’t want to start out to be working nights on holidays so I backed off towards the last and only went in like maybe once a month. Well, then in early January I started stepping up the speed, and I don’t know what happened but in January of ‘61 they said, "Well, we might have an opening. We’ll see." In February I got hired, and February 20th I started on the Police Department, 1961. And, of course, the job lasted until July of 1993. That was my longest job other than the three years in the Army.

JP: You must have liked it!

RH: Well, there were times I wrote a couple of resignations. I was going to quit. It was up and down. But it was a good job and it was interesting. At Chris Craft I started at $1.70, and if you worked on the production line like if every thirty days if you do good you get a ten cent raise or something. Well, in that year and a month that I worked at Chris Craft I went from $1.70 up to $2.00. That was on merit and how you did your job et cetera. I asked them a couple of times for a raise and each time I got a raise, so I was making $2.00 an hour at Chris Craft in 1959 and ’60 and I started at the Police Department at $2.00 an hour. So that was an easy decision you know. I got married June 24, 1960, and I think that helped and I was only twenty-two years old now, but they hired me. I got stopped by radar a few times before getting hired. But I knew them guys. Jack Van Hoff was chief then and he hired me.

RH: How big was the department when you went with it?
JP: Well, my badge was 23 so that was 23 patrolmen. I’m just guessing, around thirty totally all sworn personnel.

JP: What did you enjoy most about your job and what did you like the least?

RH: Well, getting outside. Of course, that changes. When you’re twenty-two years old, you want the job, you do what you’re told and you’re happy to be there. Meeting people, I didn’t have any trouble with that. In fact, when I took my wife in (they wanted to talk to my wife) and Van Hoff said, "Well, he’s going to work all nights and he could get shot. He said this in front of my wife, you know. "Well," she says, "I don’t want him to get shot and I’m not too great about him working nights, but I understand." I started with four and a half days of training. They didn’t have any written procedure so to speak, I’m sure they have something down, but they taught you how to fill out a traffic ticket. In the mean time during that four and a half days they put a uniform together, gave you a badge and a gun and that was your training. My big thing again went back to my schooling, I didn’t know how to type. Well, in them days they had what they called a state accident report which was a twopager. One page on each side and a minor accident report which was one page. If somebody was hurt it had to be a state report, or a lot of damage (over $200) would get a state report. But if it was a minor fender bender or nobody hurt, you could do a minor accident report. It took me a long time to do that state report. An accident situation was placed on the blackboard. And then you had to type it. After the four and a half days of training, all I was told was that I had to learn how to type.

(Laughs) Well, I never did but I got faster, but I did spend a little overtime and
never charged them for typing them reports because sometimes you get a serious incident and it takes a lot of typing. But, I liked working on the road. They put me on radar, and I worked days and a couple of evenings. I liked that quite a bit. And radar, you stop quite a bit of people and tell them what they did and smile and say, "Good morning," and I really didn't have any trouble. There was always someone...you know, they're in a hurry and most were good people. But sometimes they speed. And I did accidents so I started right out on patrol, and I liked that. That was fun going to work. I guess what I disliked would be the evenings. They changed so many shifts, you go in at midnight and work midnight to eight and in them days usually by 10:30 p.m. the town was tied down. You could drive in the city, of course it expanded quite a bit, but in eight hours of driving around it got awful small and no calls. In fact, when I started, the sheriff's department didn't even have people on at night. Sometimes you made outside runs into the county. We'd run out there if it was nearby, but they'd have to call them up and get them out of bed. We would take a minor accident or something. But if it was like a serious and it was nearby, we worked Allegan County on the northern end and southern end of Ottawa County until the deputies got up and came to work. Well, things started picking up as time went on and they started putting on a patrol car. And we had, in the early sixties, three or four cars. I have worked the city with one guy on the radio and one guy on the road. We worked a two-man car and then they got rid of that because they didn't think that was good and they tried to put an extra car on. But we survived. We were close and when county got on the road, they come into the city if
we needed manpower. You always relied on calling those people up to get them in. They know they really have something going. Yeah, I guess nights. You'd work thirty days midnight to eight then you'd go thirty days four to twelve and then you'd go on days. I liked the variety. In them days when I started, you had a guy like working with what they called the safeman. His job from eight p.m. til four in the morning was driving a plain car and do nothing but check safes in the city. It wasn't a requirement, but they recommended you had a light on somewhere in the building and have your safe so you could see it. So that was called the safeman. Then you had a couple of guys just work from eleven to seven, well, midnight to eight I guess it was. It changed over during the year, but it was midnight to eight. All they did was work midnight to eight all the time. That's what they liked. Nice and quiet and they didn't have any trouble sleeping apparently. But I liked the variety. I liked the accidents. I liked to do any complaints, and it was different. When I walked in with a clean uniform, shining shoes and you'd end up out in a corn field chasing a guy!...Up in Holland Heights it was all corn there on East Eighth Street past the bypass and farms! You never knew what was going to happen. You chase the guy out into the corn and you'd be wet up to the belt and your uniform would be all muddy. We did a lot of chasing. So that part being in my early twenties was okay.

JP: As the time went along, did you see a change in Holland?

RH: Oh, definitely! The department went from a scrap piece of paper for reports, without dating it, to computers. One thing that was important—the change—I worked nine months before I had any formal training at all. It was all hands-on experience. We
had a real close relationship with the Grand Rapids Police Department, and they had a recruit training school. It was excellent because the people who were the instructors were actual police officers that were in their own specific field or specialty. They taught their own recruits. That was like twelve or thirteen weeks, but the first couple weeks or so was their city ordinances and their city policy so we didn’t have to go. But we went ten weeks when they had a recruit school and when they had openings. Now, if they had a very large class, our guys might not go. But it depended...like I started in February, and it wasn’t until ’62 in the early spring or winter of late ’61 that they had an opening. So two of us from Holland went to that recruit school in Grand Rapids taught by Grand Rapids police. That was your formal training. Here we are with our class of thirteen. The two of us and eleven Grand Rapids police officers. You went for ten weeks--accident investigation, criminal investigation, and first aid--a lot of first aid. It was an excellent school because not only did we do the book part and the law part, but you had officers that had been there on the road and most of them, you know, had been there quite a while because otherwise they wouldn’t be instructors. So that change was good. Well, now you have to have a college degree or something and become a police officer. And I don’t know whether...I guess some police officers do teach, but we liked that school. This was our graduation (shows picture) and the wives came. That was a list of our people and the program and my letter and dated February 13, 1962, that I successfully passed it. Now here’s what you did in ’61 (showing sign-in sheet), and this is the first thing I signed, and my trainer signed it for me, but eight a.m. to four p.m. training--and that
was February 20. That was the report I got out of archives. I made a copy of it. And this is a report the detectives made out. They didn’t even put the dates on it. Here, Radar 14 and 14R or you just typed up the tickets you issued and then the next guy would start right under your report. This was an early picture (showing photo) and it looks like it’s dated 1960. So here’s the whole crew--Holland Police Department--that had been there for the last well thirty years. I remember applying and walking into the lobby to check my application and finding a person sitting there reading a paper. He turned to me, "No! We don’t have any openings." That was the end of your interview! Other times he’d be up and he’d talk to you. Then he’d say, "Well, you want to talk with the chief?" This was Jack Van Hoff, and we called him "Fleetfoot." He could run like a deer.

JP: I think I remember meeting him. A very good looking man...

RH: Oh yeah. He’s tall. But we were at the old station.

JP: And where was the old station?

RH: Right where the present one is. And the fire department was right next to it on West Eighth. One day I came out the side door and I had my car parked in back and there was a call of a rollover on River Avenue near Sixteenth. So I run out there and I got in the car. As I was moving around the building to come out on the west side, here’s Jack Van Hoff trying to get into the moving car. Of course, I had that door locked and he’s running trying to get that door open and I’m just getting her in high gear. I was lucky I didn’t get into high gear. When I saw him, I jammed on the brakes and he jumped in. My first major case, I don’t know whether you remember the
Chamber girls, but they were killed out in the sand dunes southwest of Holland.
Some kid out there was shooting a .22 and shot both of them dead. A lot of us worked quite a long time searching for them. They couldn’t find him; the kid took off riding a bike--leaving Michigan. Everybody was looking south, but he went up north across the Straits and headed west. But they caught him out in Wisconsin somewhere on a bike. We searched up and down those sand hills--and I’m like 22-23 years old--and Chief Van Hoff was right beside me. Up those sand hills, down them and walking the woods--I think I worked thirteen to twenty hours straight. Then we had to go home, clean up and get in our uniforms, and then we were knocking on doors to see if anybody had any information. Later the bodies were found. I remember I went in to the chief for overtime hours. He said, "How much time did you get to sleep?" I said, "I didn’t sleep. You called me in and I worked all night climbing those hills, and in the morning you send me home to get my uniform on."
"Well, you’re only half an officer. You’re not in very good shape if you didn’t get any sleep. We’re only going to pay you for eight hours." Well, okay, it was a job. Tight budget I guess! I thought, "Now that don’t make any sense because I didn’t get any sleep." I was doing ‘half the job’ and yeah I was tired, but again you’re young and you can do that. But, anyway, we called him "Fleetfoot."

JP: I was asking you about the difference in the community. I’m wondering...It mentions the fact that we were named that we were named one of ten All-America Cities.
What qualities do you think enabled Holland to earn this honor and what do you think we still have to work on?
RH: Well, I think that was a lot of hard work and I have to give credit to the City of Holland, its people--it was a great place to work. They took care of you. Like that thing I mentioned, you work thirteen or eighteen hours, whatever it was, and you only got paid for eight because I didn’t get any sleep. You know (laughs) I disagree with that, of course. I figure I was out there doing my job. But overall, I think the city of Holland is one of the best places to work, and I think it took a lot of hard work to get to where we are today and I got to give credit to the people at City Hall. Of course, when we didn’t get a raise or as much a raise as we wanted we disagreed with that. We knew they had the money. But I guess I would sum it up--they were very smart businessmen and they took care of the public’s interest. I think that was first and foremost. I think we’ve come a long ways. You just have to drive around Holland and look at it.

JP: Yeah! The Protestant work ethic is alive and well here!

RH: Yeah, and I think a lot of corporations had a lot to do with that downtown. There’s been a lot of bickering about Prince, but it’s his money! If it was my money I’d do with it what I want. "Oh, he’s going to own the whole town!" Well, that’s not true

JP: (Laughs) I don’t think so!

EH: Hey, I’d rather have him put that stuff in and change some buildings and fix them up, than have the money go somewhere else. I’ve seen Grand Rapids, lower Monroe, or take a look at Benton Harbor! I mean, that’s a poor example but...the downtown, I think they made the right move at the right time and planned ahead.

JP: I have to say I agree with you.
RH: You can summarize some of this stuff. I'm just giving you short sentences of what I think but...I'm sure somebody will write that up in a proper manner.

JP: That's exactly what we're getting at though.

RH: I think...the good old days, we had a lot more fun then. I notice that the downside in good business is policy and procedure. By the time I got out of there, we had at least two of these books this thick and it was all policy. "You can't do this. You can't do that. You gotta..." More sophisticated training came up. They tried to train you in everything and it all boiled down to liability as far as that's concerned. (Side A ends)

To obtain license plate registrations, well, when you needed a number you had to call, "Car nine to Holland!" and that guy would have to go through all the books (photocopies) and find the name you needed with glasses on or a magnifying glass, and if it was in there, fine, but these registrations didn't come out every week! You may or may not get it. If not via radio, you would call Holland to Rockford and then Rockford to Lansing. You might wait hours! "Holland to Rockford. Stand by, we'll check with headquarters in Lansing." Rockford, they needed to use the telephone; sometimes that was faster. But the radio Rockford to Lansing, Lansing to Rockford, Rockford to Holland--that's how we would communicate. Stolen cars, et cetera.

That was a big change when Chief Van Beveren came. Now we got LEIN, computerized teletype machine. You typed your message into it. It went over the telephone lines but you could write to Lansing direct. Type the license number and within a matter of minutes you got it back. We got one of the first LEINSs within the state. The state police got them but Holland did too. I tell you, Van Beveren
really started the ball rolling and big changes were in store for the department. We could write administrative letters which was like what you call email now. You type out the letter, push the button and tu-tu-tu-tu...you couldn't read this little tape that came out but you could read the hard copy. It was two pieces of paper; hard copy and then a carbon copy. So you could start attaching that to your report. Well, that was a little faster. Now you could call from the road into the station and they could type it and, of course, they had to train guys for that. The breathalyzer was a big change. The training of new officers improved. Well, then along came Charles Lindstrom. He was the chief. I think that was around '70 because he got in on the new building and that was done in '72. So I'm going to say that Lindstrom came in '70 or '71 and was here during the time when the building was being built during which we stayed in the Civic Center for a year. I don't know if you remember that. We were locked in the basement.

JP: No, we weren't here then.

RH: Well, now I've been under Van Hoff, Bear for a little while, then Van Beveren and now I'm under Lindstrom. This guy worked in Oakland, California, for a while and then he was chief of I think it was Albion. He's a year younger than I am and he's already chief for a year. He was old enough, but I was 22 in '61 so '71 and 31 so he must have been thirty or thirty-one, somewhere in there. He was cops, chief.

JP: Where did you say he worked in Michigan?

RH: Albion, I think. Now don't quote me on that. Again I got him in here somewhere too. Of course, in the meantime I become corporal then I became juvenile
officer/detective and then I became a detective/sergeant. I was also a photographer for the Sentinel for a few years. These are all the different pictures I took for the Sentinel. Seeing as we didn’t have a dark room in the new building right away, so I went over to the Sentinel and I said, "Hey, look. You give me a key to your dark room, let me develop the pictures and we’ll give you accident pictures. Then we got all our mug shots and accident pictures developed. So that worked hand in hand.

Now Lindstrom came and with all his experience in grant writing, another guy that was sharp and knew his business took over where you know Van Hoff and Bear, Van Beveren left off. That’s where we really progressed. Now we’re into the computers. They set up different systems. We used to be able to call in from the street into the computer and dictate your report, and that’s where things changed. I took care of the sixties to the nineties. Other guys took care of the department from the twenties to the late fifties. Now a whole new breed is taking over from nineties and it’ll never end. The attitudes change. I found working juveniles, and like I said, back when a police officer talked to you, you stopped and listened. I got into the juvenile work.

Then this is now in the seventies and that changed. The attitude in the community. It was growing, of course, by now, and you get more people from all over and they joined in. I still think our prison south of Holland, they started bringing people in to visit the prisoners and they saw how nice Holland was. I don’t know whether that’s true or not. It’s just an observation. They started moving in and of course we started getting more different attitudes and they wouldn’t even listen to you. I started having juveniles tell me at age thirteen, "I don’t have to talk to you. Give me my lawyer."
Now that’s quite a change. They went through juvenile court. It was a non-criminal type situation. Still they had to answer for their actions, but it was let’s get the family together. Let’s work on probation. Let’s work on the program. Well sure, we locked them up. But then the state started getting into it, and we had runaways and curfew violations, incorrigible stuff like that. Like if you run away a number of times, and say "I’m not going home, period," we’d take them up to the youth home for a night and that really helped to a point. Not saying that we locked them all up, but overnight in the youth home and then if they got caught again it was two days in the youth home. But runaways, we had an awful lot of them and then that would hold them down. Well, then state would say, hey, you got to reduce your lockups for status offenses. Those runaways, incorrigibles. "I’m not going to go to school." Skipping school. So now the state steps in and says to the county, "Quit locking them up or we’re not going to fund your programs, any of them." So then the county comes down and says, "Hey, we got to reduce our lockups for status offenses by x number percent until we get down to zero. We ain’t going to get money!" Well, what are we going to do with them? "You have to make better programs for them." Well, yeah, the kids knew that. We couldn’t say, "Well, look. If we work this out tonight and you just go home and we’ll get somebody... (we had other programs starting in the seventies too and earlier than that). But to work with these families to get the kid to stay home. But your ace in the hole, so to speak, was to lock them for a night. We took them home. Well that kind of caused a problem on the road because here I take a kid home and a few hours later he’d be a runaway again and
you’d take him home and he’d run out the back door...just like a revolving door!

And you could get a case worker out sometimes, but they waited until morning. So that kind of caused us problems. Now I don’t know what they do with them of course. And that’s a big change. We didn’t lock them all up. But you had juvenile, that was a problem with twenty to thirty contacts before they reached seventeen.

Sixteen and under was a juvenile. At seventeen, they could be lodged in a regular jail and were considered an adult. A legal adult was eighteen, but once they reached seventeen they could not be charged as a runaway or with staying out after midnight there was nothing you could do with them. Same way with a sixteen year old, but sixteen and under went to juvenile court. You had to refer them and send up the police report. In them days I think we had eight male rooms and four female rooms and they were always filled with males and the females would get transferred to Kent County or something. Now I think they got (don’t quote me) but I think it was thirty some or forty some rooms and they’re all full. (Looks through papers) Here’s a mirror from the bank robbery. We had that down in the basement. That was in the Holland bank robbery of 1932. The bullet chipped it there. That’s when the chief got shot. Also, WHTC did a story on it.

JP: Fascinating!

RH: During the Dutch ambassador’s visit, I got to do the security, and he gave me a book of the windmills and autographed it for me. For three or four days that was great that I didn’t have to work downtown during Tulip Time. All I had to do was pick him up in the morning with Bill Wichers. Great guy. I’d pick up Bill, you’re talking
like seven in the morning. Get out and get him, the ambassador, so they could meet with the Council and go to breakfast. The only good thing is the dinners. I got to take my wife. But I changed shirts three or four times a day! Because, I mean, any breaks, when they had their own little private meetings, I’d go home, showered, changed shirt. But then, you know, you’d go until... Well, dinner would be seven o’clock at night with Council or other meetings, and I had to be right with him for that three or four days. The security was mandatory from the Dutch government that they have somebody with him, not that anyone would bother him, I don’t think. Do you remember Col. Matt Urban?

JP: Um-hm (Affirmative)

RH: Well, the chief had a fishing boat. Matt, some other guys and I went fishing quite a bit. A couple years during the summer--not every time, but maybe two or three times a year, and done that for a couple of years. And his wife got the biggest lunch together. We’d be on the water until late at night. The chief was a great fisherman. All of a sudden the chief said one day, "Do you know that Matt’s going to get the Medal of Honor?" "No!" Well, do you know the story on him?

JP: A little bit.

RH: Charles Conrad and Matt wrote a book.

JP: Yes.

RH: Well, there’s his book. But anyway, here I’ve been fishing with this guy and he never said a word of his war experiences. The nicest guy! He was the director of recreation for Holland at the time.
JP: I was fortunate enough to meet him once and we had him as the speaker at our DAR luncheon.

RH: Well. I got his autographed book. My assignment...The chief came up to me one day and said, "You got to take pictures of these medals." So that's my photograph that I took.

JP: Oh, isn't that lovely.

RH: But I carried that Medal of Honor and other medals for a month and a half because taking slides is very difficult. Well, then I had to find out how to get these medals in order, protocol so to speak. Obviously you didn't want to put the Medal of Honor and the Silver Star in the wrong place. So I spent a good month taking slides of them. The chief would call me, "Got to have that medal back, like now!" He (Matt) was speaking that night and he was in full uniform and he always wore his medals. He had two Medals of Honor, but somehow one disappeared, so that was the original...So I set that all up, took pictures of them and then left it lay in my room there and come back and take another...And I'd have to wait. Slides took seven to fourteen days to come back. Finally I got one that was approved. Just the idea that I had the opportunity to do that. It was great.


RH: The photo of President Bush...I worked security with the Secret Service when President Bush was in Holland. I've got pictures of Bush. The kind of people you have to worry about are from Washington--these people don't know you at all. And they're by the book! You can't get close to the president unless you're properly
identified. The CIA and the Secret Service, some of them are good; some of them are kind of...you know. Anyway this guy I worked with was good. I said, "I'd like to get a picture." He said, "You got a camera with a telephoto lens?" I said, "Yeah, but I left it in the car," which was parked a couple of blocks away because you don't want to be lugging around a big camera when you're protecting the president or assisting. And all the guys worked on it, it wasn't just me, and all secret service, hundreds of them. You got your tax dollars worth. But he was over at Hope College, and I had my wife's little camera in my pocket. Well, they don't tell you anything until you need to know, but he's coming out of that door.


RH: I was behind the people as he comes up there to give a speech. Well, my job was to run behind the crowd as he walked along there to cover the back side of him. There was other agents, of course. I didn't know half of them. But anyway, he come out. I took my wife's camera but I was quite far away and snapped pictures. But he wouldn't let me go right up to that doorway. He says, "Those guys don't know you and you know...That's not protocol." I says, "That's fine!" So I got some pictures in another book from a distance. But then I put my camera away because he was getting up to me and I was running behind the crowd as he was walking. I got close to him. And he stopped and I stopped a couple of feet from him. And he turned. Of course, now I'm standing there looking around and here's other secret service standing nearby. I didn't dare reach into my pocket and pull out that camera because they watched all the movements. I was that far from him and I could get a nice
personal photo of him but I didn't. He turned around and smiled! So I missed it.

When President Ford was here, I was walking with him on the caravan in the parade, and you're supposed to be ahead and looking at the crowd. You see, they like the local cops there along with the secret service so you can pick out the local problems. All of sudden I got too close and I was right in between the guy on the front bumper and the back bumper and Ford had his hand right over my head. I looked up. I was so concentrating on the crowd that the car moved up and the secret service guy in the back he didn't smile or nothing. He knew who I was. There was no problem being that close and you hope you're identifiable. Anyway, they sent me those pictures (Presidents Bush and Ford) and signed them.

JP: I'm wondering if you think there's a generation gap in Holland?

RH: Oh, I would think so. I think that's been around. The old against the young, you mean, or?

JP: Yes. Or however you define it or even with your own family. Do you notice there's a difference? I'm thinking in terms of the retirement community because there are a lot of people now who are senior citizens who have retired here, and one of the reasons they retired here was because this was a nice, quiet "safe" community. And yet, there are younger people...

RH: Yeah, I think so but to what degree...I've seen a lot of people come and go from the Police Department that you know "Here I am. I got my four years of college. I'm here. Now when do I become chief? This month or next month?" That kind of way...There's other guys that never put down...I think I could have been chief if I'd
had my four year degree. That's another thing that changed. But in the forties and fifties...Now it comes down, you didn’t have to be so tough and tall, and it started, the education part really changed with Van Beveren. But then with Lindstrom...you had to have four years of college. They had applications that tall but you had to have four years. But that was like in the Grand Rapids going back in ‘61. We had a college graduate in that recruit school from Grand Rapids Police Department and he aced everything. I mean, you could tell he was...I would say I am street-wise to a point, and then there’s book learning. I’m very short on book learning. Spelling. I couldn’t spell. Well, you know that after you’ve taken a twenty word spelling test. But I’m saying this guy...Now this is 1961, ‘62. Very brilliant! Aced everything. Laws of arrest, search and seizure. Any test...even first aid! He could tell you everything--body parts, bones, I still say this is the fore arm and this is the upper arm. I don’t know what all the finger bones are and all. You got a broken leg below the knee or above the knee, but now they know all the terms and that’s good. But getting back to the point, that’s 1961, ‘62 and I spent ten weeks with him. He lasted less than six months on the road! He never got off probation. Now that’s just one incident. Now I think they’re all college graduates since I left and a lot of them before and it’s nothing to do with it. I think that’s just the trend of the times. Education is very important. But I still think there are guys that could graduate from high school today and do a good job. I think it’s how you...You always treat everybody with respect and don’t look down on them because they made mistakes. The violent death of any newborn or child was the worse type of investigations you
could get. The victims were innocent, the big question why. The reasons given for
the abuse: crying, dropped something, or not doing as told. It was still hard to
understand why. The worst of the worst cases were the sexual abuse cases. The
victims live during the abuse and later some become the abuser. I went to talk to
people that killed babies and I got on a lot of child abuse cases. People called
because I was involved in it, and I’ve seen a lot of dead babies and a lot of young
kids abused. You treated all the people with respect even though they shook their kid
to death or beat him to death. You still had to know what happened. I was interested
to find out why. I talked to them and, yeah, I didn’t like it. But I didn’t hold it
against them either. It wasn’t my job. My job was gather the truth. I know what
happened and why. Sure he went to jail. But I’ve had guys with sexual abuse on
kids and older ones that I’d get their statement, I’d get it on tape, have them sign that
statement, fingerprint them, mug them and let them go. Well, how do you do that?
Some of the younger guys would say, "You’ve got to lock them up! Lock em up!
Throw the key away. Forget them." Well, some of them, I did. Don’t get me
wrong. Some of them I let go. Why? Because we didn’t have warrants and they
weren’t going anywhere. Sexual abuse, that’s a whole new program. Cops,
prosecutors, ministers could be involved. All professions and all types of people.
Educated, non-educated people. Sexually abused people for one reason or another.
My involvement with abuse started in May of 1965 with the death of a six-month old
baby and lasted until January, 1993. A three-year old was thrown down the stairs.
Why? It got up too early that morning and the boyfriend didn’t like it. Could be
boys and girls and wives and...of course, the big thing is spouse abuse now but that’s been going on for years. I mean, that’s what we did on the road, go to family fights. I remember I went to one call on Lincoln Avenue. The guy says, "Stand back!" And the front window was smashed, the door was smashed. Nothing but parts of trophies laying on the front drive. He said, "Stand back!" I said, "What are you talking about?" "Get back!" Pretty soon here come a great big trophy right through the door. This gal went on a rampage over his bowling trophies, threw one right out the door! In fact if I hadn’t got out of the way it would probably have klunked me on the head. And she was beating up on him! We’ve been on cases where the gal was on top of the guy just pounding him! So it works both ways. But the majority the guy was beating on the gal. We’d go in there and one of the guys was drinking, came home and wanted supper at midnight or two in the morning and supper was at six o’clock. All you do is separate them and get one to go stay in a motel, hopefully the guy, and if he wouldn’t go, you got the woman out. With programs...more education...more training became involved in the late seventies and eighties. A lot more training. Video-type training. Computer training. We had ongoing training all the time. First aid you had to renew I think it was every three years. Mouth to mouth and all your basic first aid. Shoot! You’d have to shoot once a week. And the policy procedures were out there for good reason. We had a lot more of them towards the last. There’s more training now, like I say, you have to have four years of college. The state requires now I think you have 240 hours or something, you’d have to talk to a younger guy. I can never think of that...Before you can even
consider filing an application. I was going to show you. I had my application which was just a page on the front and on the back. Now it’s that thick! I filled out a state police application once. It was that thick and I got to the back and they started talking. I was already on the Police Department...twenty-three or twenty-four years old, and you got to broad jump six foot and you had to do so many chin ups and you got to run so far and almost had to jump tall buildings in a single bound, you know! And had to climb a rope. Why, in recruit school you had to climb...I never climbed it. Oh, they’d kick ya and yell if you can’t climb that rope. I says, "Can’t do it!" I just couldn’t do it and pass. But anyway, I got done with that application I threw it away. But now the Holland Police Department came out with one that thick! Page after page and you’ve got to write two hundred words why you want to be a police officer and medical history and then you’re tested. Oh! Man! I’d never made it! So what I’m saying is yes. The change is good. Get more educated officers. The crooks are more educated in their rights, constitutional rights, and that’s fine. I never had a problem with that. We’ve got Miranda. But if you look back on the history of the rulings that tied your arms behind your back well, cops did it. The case like search and seizure. They went in without a search warrant. Well, then they interrogated this guy, questioned him for so long without advising him his rights--cops did that! The crooks didn’t do that. The cops! So somebody out west or down south makes a booboo it’s nation-wide. Everybody will be given their Miranda rights. That’s fine! All I can do is my job so that kind of stuff didn’t bother me. Advise them their rights. Sometimes you had a lot of advice; sometimes you didn’t
have nothing and when they talk...You know I’ve got them all done and I said, "A court appointed attorney for you by the court if needed," which they all did or they hired their own. "You make sure you tell them what you told me!" I rolled with the punches and I think that was a big thing in my favor that I could adapt to the changes over the years. Because I saw it go from that scrap of paper to computers. And it kind of went backwards for me. You remember I told you I had a hard time typing. Well then they got the dictaphones, hand held recorders and stuff and man, if it wasn’t for a secretary, I’d probably been out of business. Because I could dictate better than I could type or write, and it saved me. But now they’re going to laptop computers. They’ve got computers in cars and they’ve got the computer in the station and I could look up records and stuff. You’re back to typing. You type the reports right on the computer. Well, I’d had to get my big dictionary out and started all over again. So I saw it come around and go around. I handled it for thirty years, and I think if the gal or guy is dedicated enough, they’ll handle it for the next thirty years. I think they’re the age that can adapt to the present changes in the community. Does that make sense?

JP: Yes, I think I agree with you. I have complained that they look younger every year, the police officers, but that’s all right...

RH: But they’re a lot smarter now. I mean, they’re still good people. And I picked just a couple...There were some people here with...A four year degree with me doesn’t make it, but that’s beside the point. You will have to have a four year degree before you get on the Police Department. I understand that. But four years of what?
Physical education so that a guy can run faster than a speeding bullet? Does that make him a good cop? I guess the books are very important. I studied police administration and criminal investigation because I like it. I'd go to all these courses, whatever this one was, forensic pathology, the investigation of violent death! My English and math...yuck! This stuff. I could sit there and read these text books and know what they're talking about. Couldn't name the body parts specifically like a doctor can. But I can tell you I'd go out and handle it. I could adapt to the people, I think. And as far as the book learning part, I had a problem in that I done pretty good I think without it but I went two years to get it but once I got all the police part of it, the administration part and again I go back to search and seizure, accident investigation, and whatever. The English and science and math to get my Associates Degree I had to go do that and I just...I didn't...I had too many things going.

JP: I do think that the important thing in a police officer is the attitude with which he approaches his job. I think to be genuinely interested in a good outcome for the community, for the people, that's the important thing.

RH: Believe it or not, I thought I was done but on May 20, 1992, I come up on this boy that was hit by a car on Southshore Drive. It just happened! And that poor kid, he was in pain and his leg I could tell you was the wrong way. It was broke just below the knee. Oh, he was in pain and he wanted to get up. I picked up the radio. The first thing you do is call for help. Just as soon as I got there, in fact, I'm holding his head down, a paramedic off duty came by from the Grafschaap Fire Department. Talk about luck! He was just screaming! You talk about waiting for an ambulance.
But luckily that paramedic came along and I told him what I had found and saw right away and then he started working on him and I thought, "How are they going to get that leg..." Of course, the ambulance came and I found out he was in so much pain they just took it and straightened it right out. I knew the leg had to come back. But that was in '92 and I thought I was all done with that but that was my last road case, I guess, so to speak. There were so many stories. I mean, we just talked about that with a crew from Dykstra's. The Seaway Bar was right on the corner and by the old station, and we get a call of a guy is having a heart attack. We run right down there to the bar, didn't even carry our gun belts or nothing, I mean...We were going to work at midnight and got to work a little early so we decided to take it. So anyway, we run down and here's this guy laying on the floor having a heart attack. The ambulance come and we got him in and the ambulance took him to the hospital. Later we were heading for the hospital, and we called to see if he was all right and we were told, "He ain't here!" "What do you mean 'he ain't here'?" "He left ten minutes ago!" Then we got a call to head west for Eighth Street about two blocks away down near the Vets, there's that guy! What happened? Well, we got him in the ambulance and he jumped out. And here he is at home sitting in a chair and he had a heart attack! He was told, "Well, you got to go to the hospital!" He had been drinking all day I guess. So we said, "Well, look. If you're having a heart attack you're going to the hospital, or you're going to bed, or if you keep this up you might go to jail!" But he wasn't because he was in his house and he wasn't doing anything wrong. "Well, okay, I'll go to the hospital." "Well, we're going to follow you up
there." So they load him back on the stretcher, got him in the ambulance, we went Eighth Street up to Pine and about Thirteenth or Fourteenth the red lights come on the ambulance. All we saw was the ambulance attendant and that guy going around. They had foot prints right across the ceiling of the ambulance. You got to remember that on that first run that when they got up to 22nd and Pine and he went right through that little front window right across the passenger seat, out the door. They were on the move! I mean he escaped! He took off running across the ballpark!

Well, he wasn't going to the hospital. Well, now they got home and "We're going to take you to the hospital," and he started fighting. So we turned on our red lights and the ambulance of course took off for the hospital. We called for another car. There was two of us plus two ambulance crew and three other officers when we arrived. It took at least five of us to get him out of the ambulance and we cuffed him, got him in a wheelchair (and this is a heart attack). Well, we wheeled him in there and he started calling the doctors names and all that stuff. "Look, doc," I said, "we've been working on this guy for a good hour and he escaped once from the ambulance. What we want you to do is check him over and tell us whether it's a heart attack or is he drunk or under the influence of drugs." He told the doctor, "Get away from me. You ain't touching me. I'm having a heart attack." He (doc) says, "I think he's drunk." "That's good enough. Buddy, you're going to jail." And he did. He went to jail for the night charged with drunk and disorderly. One more story about the secret service. One Sunday morning I was the detective on call. I was getting ready for church, and the HPD dispatcher called me and told me that a guy had called the
operator and said they were going to bomb the White House. They were going to fly over and bomb it. Well, of course that was after Ford had been shot. Well, eight o’clock in the morning on Sunday--I didn’t think the secret service would be coming out on this. "Well, see what the operator can do. If they learn anything more."

"Could we get the number?" "No, we didn’t have that" but they were going to bomb the White House. Well, I hung up and started getting ready again. I thought, you know, what if somebody does bomb the White House? I can just see that, thinking way ahead. I called back to the station and told the dispatcher, "You get a hold of the Secret Service." They said, "It’s Sunday!" "You get a hold of the Secret Service! I don’t care how and tell them what you’ve got." We covered our butt. So what if I don’t have a 24-hour number. I don’t care whether you have got to call Washington but notify the Secret Service of that complaint. Somebody called the operator and they’re going to blow up the White House by airplane. Okay. Fine. Now, I’m getting all ready to go and the phone rings about quarter to nine. I’m advised that the Secret Service will be down here in twenty minutes. "You’ve got to be kidding me. They’re coming over?" "Yep!" Secret Service came down and they got the number from the operator where this guy called from. Sunday morning now. Nine o’clock. "Yup!" I am advised by the on-call Secret Service agent that we’ve got a red alert on the White House. Anybody flies over there they’ll shoot them down! We don’t turn down anything. Everything is investigated right now!" "Glad to have you! Let’s go!" We went on the north side, found the address, banged on the door, got this guy out of bed and really kind of talked like we knew everything.
He stated that he called and "we were drinking last night and we called up the
operator, and told them we're going to blow up the...we didn't know." They were
air plane pilots which we asked them and took an interview and everything. Well, we
charged them with filing a false report or something. Because they called the
telephone company which was in the city so somehow we ended up with it. Well, of
course, now its ten o'clock...we decided to have breakfast. I said, "I think there's
one place open. We'll go down to breakfast." And we'd just started eating breakfast
and the Secret Service agent says, "Oh-h-h! I forgot to call Washington and cancel
that alert!" I said, "Really? We got to do that?" "Oh, gosh," he says, "if an
airplane strays off course they'll shoot them down because they're on high alert." I
thought that was in the movies. As soon as we finished, the first thing he did when
we got into the station he picked up that phone and he called Washington, D.C., and
cancelled the red alert.

(End of tape)
PERSONAL INFORMATION

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PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCE

Police Officer, Holland Police Department, February 20, 1961 through July 14, 1993. Retired as a Detective Sergeant. During my service, I regularly investigated serious and complex criminal incidents, specializing in cases of physically and sexually abused children.

SPECIALIZED EXPERIENCE

Supervisor, Photographer, Class Room Instructor, Safety Education Officer, Liaison Officer, Director of K-9 and Breathalyzer programs. K-9 Handler. Coordinated and directed cases for criminal court presentation. Taught in local schools and community education programs.

EDUCATION

Four years of high school, two years of college, three years of military service with the US Army including two years of foreign service and Honorable discharge.

PERSONAL

Residing in Holland with wife of 37 years. My family includes two adult children and one grandson. Interests and hobbies include family, photography, videotaping, genealogy, camping, hunting, fishing, history, people watching, eating, vacations, and my retirement. Presently, I am in good health.

EMPLOYMENT (During Retirement)

Owner/Operator small business, delivery person, security work (armed and unarmed) salesperson, photographer, laborer, created and implemented a presentation on Street Safety Prevention for a local business.

REFERENCES

Available upon request.