



Emory "E.J." Hanlon

May 21, 1931 - May 26, 2021

Emory J. Hanlon was born in Danbury, CT to Mary V. (Bisack) Hanlon and Emory W. Hanlon because God decided we needed the greatest Papa on Earth! His childhood years were during the depression. He shared stories of rationing and "making do" with what was available. He was never one to waste anything. He played stick ball in the streets and hurried home from school to listen to Howdy Doody on the radio. He and his family to include his younger siblings, Judith and Greg, moved to the west coast when he was in junior high. He left the East Coast after the first half of seventh grade, crossed the international date line to arrive in North Hollywood to complete the eighth grade. Yes, he skipped a full year of school with that move. He spent his high school years as a caddie for numerous celebrities to include Ronald Reagan and Bob Hope and had so many stories to share related to this time.

Emory graduated from North Hollywood High School in 1948. He then enlisted in the Air Force with his high school friend, Harold, during the Korean War but they never deployed. The two of them worked in the morgue. As you can imagine, this fueled a number of stories as well. Soon after being discharged from the Air Force, he married Virginia Clark. They soon welcomed their first daughter, Heather, with Holly to follow three years later. During this time, Emory began his long career in law enforcement, starting on the Berkeley police department where he met his life-long friend, Charlie Plummer. Charlie was well known for the bottles of Johnny Walker Blue Label scotch he would

send to Emory until Charlie passed just a few years ago. Emory left the PD after a few years to become a Highway Patrolman, graduating from the CHP academy in The Governor's Class to begin his CHP career working on a Harley-Davidson in the Bay Area. Once again, the makings of many a bedtime story, from his bike tipping over during a traffic stop as the kickstand sank into the hot asphalt to pulling over a swerving car only to find a live Bengal tiger inside. The driver stated, "Sorry officer, she just ate and tends to get a little playful when her belly is full."

In 1965, Emory became Sergeant and moved to Yreka as a single dad with Heather and Holly. As a new, handsome bachelor in town, he was best known for being able to wear his pants "all the way at his waist". Eventually he married Susan Mathews. Because Emory was a perfectionist, he decided he needed to hone his daughter creating skills and soon welcomed Shannon and Siobhan into this world. He would later refer to his four girls as the "H" series and the "S" series. Poor Emory was always outnumbered by females, even their pets were female. He would embrace his feminine side, telling stories to the girls and their friends about times when "he was a little girl". Moans of, "Oh Papa" could be heard amongst all the giggles.

After retiring from the Highway Patrol due to a disability and eventual neck fusion, Emory continued his education at Chico State University, earning a certification as a paralegal. He served the community as a paralegal for a number of years from Ted Bastain's law office as well as assisting seniors with legal needs at the Senior Center. When he finally retired as a paralegal, he had business cards made signifying his role as "Experienced Retired Guy".

After retiring from the CHP, Emory and Susan eventually divorced and he married JoAnn Michael. He continued raising her daughters, Jamie and Laurie, with her. Emory raised girls for a continuous 42 years! By the time the last of the girls "flew the nest" he could certainly be considered an expert at

raising girls. Perhaps he should have had more business cards made? After becoming "empty nesters", Emory and JoAnn enjoyed spending time at a special place in Trinity County.

Emory was also a proud grandpa to Kelli, Kimi, Drew and Cody and, very recently, little Mia. He has stated he always wanted to be "great at something". This came to fruition when he became GREAT-grandpa to Carson nearly two decades ago now.

Emory was a favorite uncle to nieces, Jill and Karen who spent summers making memories in Siskiyou County at the fair and at the cabin on Kidder Creek. Emory taught all the girls to shoot guns at the cabin, and endless hours were spent playing and fishing in the creek. We were all tall, like Emory, and tended to be self-conscious about it. He taught us all to stand proud, stand tall by shouting "knockers up, ladies" when we were caught slouching. It didn't matter who he was talking to, we all sat just a little straighter. Although maybe less than politically correct, we all stand tall and proud today because of our Papa and favorite Uncle. He served as a loving father figure to nephews, Mark and Brian through their elementary and pre-teen years as well. He had a significant impact on the honorable men and fathers they are today and was very proud of them as well as all the girls.

His greatest claim to fame was as a father. Each of us has the best memories of our Papa. Some are shared, but we all have individual memories. He made sure we all knew we were unique and special that way. As busy as he was and as much as he sacrificed over the years, none of us ever doubted how important we were to him. He bequeathed his unending wit and sarcasm upon each of us daughters. When we would all gather, giggling and refusing to be serious, we would tell him, "You know this is your fault, Papa!" and he would simply grin with pride, knowing his legacy would live on after he is gone.

Over the years, Emory made long lasting friends that remained near and dear to him. He always thought it was sad that loved ones gathered when someone passed and the decedent is the only one who doesn't get to join in the memories. Keeping that in mind, JoAnn and his daughters were able to pull off a surprise birthday party for his 80th birthday. He was so grateful all his friends and loved ones from the many walks of his life were all gathered in one place. Within the year there were several of these guests who had passed. This was one of the greatest days of Emory's life. After this he proclaimed he is ready to go, his bucket list had been checked off. That was a full decade prior to his passing. Emory died 5 days after his 90th birthday. He crossed that finish line and, much like Forrest Gump, decided he was tired and it was time to go home.

Emory was well known around Siskiyou County for his witty, tongue-in-cheek letters to the editor and strong political views. He was a near-professional "boom-bass" player. He also played a banjo and ukulele and sang with a barbershop quartet. He was a city boy but took his role in rural living seriously as he once revived a newborn lamb with mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. He did not hunt because it was "not fair to shoot something that could not shoot back."

This obituary has been written in the essence of his personality and humor in mind. This is what would make him most proud. At his request, there will be no services. In lieu of flowers, pay it forward. Do something kind for someone else to make them smile or tell a joke in his honor. May God bless each of you who knew and loved Emory. His was truly a live well lived.

Tribute Wall

MH

“ Peace be with you family

Maggie Harris - October 09, 2021 at 12:00 AM

AB

“ My deepest condolences to all of EJ's beautiful family. I'm so glad our paths crossed through a very special friendship with Holly in High School. He was a special soul & will be missed by many. 💜

Arlene Berwick - October 09, 2021 at 12:00 AM

AB

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Arlene Berwick - October 08, 2021 at 12:00 AM

LK

“ He was the nicest and also one of the funniest man. He was one of my very favorite customers when I worked retail. He always made you smile! RIP you will be missed.

Linda Keno - October 08, 2021 at 12:00 AM

AH

“ We are deeply sorry for your loss ~ Girdner Funeral Chapel

A Memorial Tree was planted for Emory "E.J." Hanlon - October 08, 2021 at 12:00 AM