



Everett Joel Collord

September 19, 1924 - October 9, 2012

Best known as Happy Camp's resident California Highway Patrol officer, badge #1377, in the 50's, 60's, and 70's, Everett Joel Collord left this earth on October 9, 2012, to reunite with the light of his life, Alice Laverne Collord who had gone on ahead in 2010. Everett passed away at his home in Mount Shasta, California, after wrestling with failing health for several years. He was born at home September 19, 1924, in San Gabriel, California.

Everett moved at the age of three to Idaho, where he lived on a farm with his parents and three siblings. The country life took a hold on his heart. He would have preferred to stay in Idaho but the Great Depression forced his family back to San Gabriel where he finished high school just in time for World War II. He joined the Army Air Corps and was assigned to a unit intercepting Japanese radio codes. His base of operation was in the sweltering heat of India. He developed a lifelong affection for India and her people. A man with an adventurous spirit, he spent his free time in India exploring where he could, even venturing on horseback into the rough and perilous, bandit ridden Northwest Frontier. Just in case, he kept his rifle and 300 rounds of ammunition handy.

After WWII, Everett returned to America and apprenticed with an uncle as a jeweler/watchmaker. Eventually, he scraped together enough money to buy his own jewelry store, E.J. Collord Jewelers on San Gabriel Boulevard in San Gabriel, California. At the same time, he found the nerve to romance a lovely young lady, Alice Laverne Ellison. Their marriage lasted over 60 years. He

was heartbroken in 2010 when Laverne passed away.

While the jewelry business was profitable, it meant that Everett was stuck in LA. His taste of the rural Idaho life had instilled in him an urge to get away from the madding crowd. His opportunity came when another uncle, an LAPD officer, suggested he join the LAPD, and get out from behind the counter. Everett had never considered a career in public safety, but his uncle's words had turned on a light bulb. Still, working for the LAPD meant staying in LA. That was just unacceptable. By chance, soon after, a California Highway Patrol officer stopped by the jewelry store intent on buying a watch. In conversation, Everett learned that a CHP officer could transfer anywhere in the state. It was settled. It would be his ticket north. He took the requisite tests, graduated from the academy, and immediately found himself working a beat---right back in East L.A.

A year and a half later, a terrible tragedy, and a once in a lifetime opportunity, struck with the same fateful blow. It was 1954. The lone CHP officer in Happy Camp was killed in a gunfight. Everett didn't hesitate. If the opening was there, he wanted it. He moved his growing family to Happy Camp in 1954. He learned to love the people of the close knit Happy Camp community and those along his remote 250 mile beat. He operated alone, often with no radio contact, on California's longest beat, one that consisted mostly of dirt roads. He considered himself the luckiest man alive to go to work every day in western Siskiyou County.

Everett's philosophy on law enforcement was simple: treat everyone with respect and understanding, and you will be treated the same in kind. The job was not without its danger, but he embraced it regardless. He was nationally recognized for his work with the people on the Klamath River. In Philadelphia, in 1966, Vice-President Hubert H. Humphrey handed him an award after his selection by Parade Magazine and the International Association of Chiefs of Police as one of the top ten law enforcement officers in the country. Illustrative of the mutual respect between Everett and the people of the Klamath River was that he officiated, often in uniform, over fifty funeral services, offering

words of encouragement and comfort to those who needed it in an hour of darkness. In addition, he served for ten years as Happy Camp's representative on the Siskiyou Union High School District school board. After retirement in 1977, Everett took a much needed rest.... by going to Vladivostok, Russia. He and Laverne rode the Trans-Siberian Railway all the way across the Soviet Union, to see the countryside, try out his Russian language skills, and see what all the fuss was about. He experienced Russia at a time when the Cold War was still raging, and was ecstatic when, later, the Berlin Wall finally fell.

Upon his return to Happy Camp, he took a five year position as the local bank manager for Scott Valley Bank. After that work stint, he could have peacefully lived out his days on his small ranch situated along the banks of the Klamath, where he could tend to his cattle, hay, and bees. However, the travel bug had bitten him. He journeyed to Europe, specifically France, the land of his ancestors. Near Lake Annecy, in the foothills of the French Alps, he built a chalet where he and Laverne lived for 15 years, using it as a base of operations to investigate the whole of Europe.

In 2005, due to the deteriorating health of Laverne, he returned with her to Siskiyou County, taking up residence in Mount Shasta. When his heart finally gave out he began one more journey, to find and spend eternity with Laverne. Everett Collord leaves a saddened family behind, including his children: Beverly Dowling (Bernard) of Etna, California; Sally Johansson (Christer), George Collord (Valerie), and Larry Collord (Elizabeth), all of Mount Shasta, California. In addition he leaves behind 12 grandchildren, five great grandchildren, and a host of friends who will miss his sage words, deep voice, and extraordinary presence.

A gathering of family and friends has been scheduled for 1:00 pm on Saturday, November 3rd, 2012, at the Weed Sons Memorial Hall (Sons of Italy), 155 Clay Street, Weed, California. Everett's family asks that any donations be sent to CAHP Widows and Orphans Trust Fund. PO box

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