



J. Clayton Allen

May 29, 1917 - November 5, 2010

Obituary for J. Clayton Allen

Clayton Allen was born May 29 1917 in Buhl Idaho (in a tent during a raging storm,) died Nov 5, 2010. His wife Vila Thygeson Allen of 67 years preceded him in death. He is survived by his daughter Barbara Allen Huston, two grandsons Todd and Jeff Huston, and 4 great grand children Carly, Susannah, Joe, and Dylan.

Clayton first lived in Rickreall and later in Salem, Oregon. As a teenager he would work at what farm labor he could find till he saved up some money to hop a train to San Francisco, out to discover the wonders of the world. When he ran out of money he would again hop a train home, only to repeat his adventures. From Salem he moved to Portland, Oregon to drive a bakery sales route. He married Vila Thygeson in Vancouver, Washington on Christmas Eve 1941. His daughter Barbara was born during WW2 while he was repairing Navy war-ships at the Bremerton shipyards. They moved to Wenatchee when the war ended. He was very successful in Real Estate. After “retiring” he invested in many properties, built several homes, subdivided properties and rentable houses, always having a project in the works. He loved the difficult or impossible, purposely seeking out properties that others thought unworkable. He built a home on many acres on what is now known as Skyline Drive. The City proposed “Allen Drive” but he insisted on Skyline Drive.

Clayton lived an adventurous outdoor life. After retiring, he canoed in the Wilderness areas, 1000 miles on the Yukon River, as well as 500 miles in a 10 day Mackenzie river canoe trip. And then a very exciting dirt bike trip with Ken Olson from the California border down the entire Baja peninsula, camping all the way. He also kayaked in the Ridge- to- River race several times, into his 80's. He truly enjoyed "roughing it", being with horses, camping, fishing, hiking, or anything else he could concoct. For 73 years he was very active in the Seventh-Day Adventist church and in the support also of the Worldwide SDA Church Missions.

This summer he was working 10 hours a day on his latest building project and only backed off because he had to. After never being ill a day in his 93 ½ years, Mesothelioma was the one foe he could not conquer.

Funeral arrangements are for Monday, Nov 15, 2010, 2:00 PM, at the Wenatchee Seventh-day Adventist Church on 5th and Western Ave.

Internment will be at the Evergreen Memorial Park in East Wenatchee following the service. In lieu of flowers, gifts to Dr. Ron Fleck's Second Hope Ministries www.secondhopeministries.org (509-240-5054) are encouraged.

Please express your thoughts and memories on the online guest book at jonesjonesbetts.com. Arrangements have been entrusted to Jones & Jones ~ Betts Funeral Home.

Previous Events

Visitation

NOV **14.** 4:00 PM - 8:00 PM (PT)

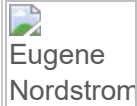
Jones & Jones ~ Betts Funeral Home
302 9thStreet
Wenatchee, WA 98801
(509) 662-1561
dante@jonesjonesbetts.com

Service

NOV **15.** 2:00 PM (PT)

Seventh Day Adventist
508 N. Western
Wenatchee, WA 98801

Tribute Wall



“ When I was 12 years old Clayton took me on my first camping backpack trip up the Icicle. This is my Diary in Rhyme.. Gene Nordstrom

*Tis a tale of a Camping trip, gone slightly awry,
Clayton and I pack miles to sleep under the sky.
We found us that perfect and most desolate spot,
But sleeping that night was not part of our lot.*

*Clayton built us a fire, and we chatted till dark,
No worries, with the spark of embers and coyotes that bark.
With Cougars, and grizzly Bears, and even some Snakes,
And conjured up Monsters nestled deep in the lake.*

*My eyes filled with webs, crawling deep in my bag,
Feeling quite comfy, with my lids in a sag,
A crunch and some movement snapped open my eyes.
Sleep slipped away, as a sound did arise*

*Sitting up with a start, peering into the trees,
Then quiet descends, Clayton says "go to sleep please"
"Lay down will you Geno, There's nothing around".
O! Clayton he says "I ain't heard a Darn sound".*

*I snuggled on down, and was almost asleepen',
Oh, It's coming again, I fear It's a creepen'
Vertical goes my body, rod straight in my sack,
Can't ye hear it Clayton?, are ya dead on yer back?*

*So it goes though the night, With Clayton not amused,
"Lay down will ya Geno, So I can get me some snooze"
My eyes open wide through a long dreary night,
So worried was I of what crawls and might bite.*

Dawn finally arrives and the camp in a frump,

*With Ol Clayton without sleep and beginning to grump,
Just under the pad where my head lay all night,
Lay a pile of ants, what's this? That ain't right?*

*And out streaked an ant trail to find a new home,
Where I wanted to be --where the Buffalo roam.
Crunch and movement close to my ear did it sound,
A house for an ant hill where my head I laid down.*

*I turned to Ol Clayton as he let out a roar,
And could see from the grin, there's a lot more in store
He could not hear them, neath my ear, I guess,
But ants in my pants was payback-- if he would fess.*

Eugene Nordstrom - November 18, 2010 at 12:49 PM



“ *The Nine senses of J Clayton Allen. He helped me appreciate them all, especially the ninth one.....*

If I had never been able to hear Would an old love song still ring in my ear Memories of young love with the hint of a tear? Had I never been able to hear?

If I had never been able to see Would the Northern Lights flicker and flee? Would sunsets appear in my reverie Had I never been able to see?

If I had never been able to smell Would essence of roses and lilacs tell The world is at Springtime - all is well? Had I never been able to smell.

If I had never been able to taste Would fresh Cherries picked in haste Release divine flavor - their savor unlaced Had I never been able to taste?

If I had never been able to feel Would coldness of ice cubes help injuries heal? Would softness of babies' skin make tenderness real Had I never been able to feel?

If I had never been able to speak Would I have helped the poor as well as the meek A more fulfilling life for them to seek? Had I never been able to speak.

If I had never felt any need Would I have offered the hungry to feed Or prayed for the skill the downtrodden to lead? If I had never felt any need.

If I had never on a sick bed lain And experienced the debilitating effect of pain Could I have understood there is much to gain? If I had never suffered pain.

If I had never been able to love I never would have known Clayton,

or his Friend up above Or known his touch upon my soul Or the witness of his faith to make me whole Had I never had Clayton to love

Eugene Nordstrom - November 18, 2010 at 12:30 PM

AS

“ *Arlene Sandhop lit a candle in memory of J. Clayton Allen*



Arlene Sandhop - November 11, 2010 at 06:45 PM

AS

“ *Barbara and family, I am so very sorry to hear of Clayton's passing. He was always such a gentleman and always brightened my Sabbath morning when he would come up to me at church and give me a huge hug. He often said my smile was like a bouquet of roses to him. He would go out of his way to help someone in need even if it was just a handshake and friendly greeting. I look forward to seeing him again in heaven for he will surely be there with Vila who was also a very sweet lady. Clayton and Vila were good friends of my parents, Ruth and Russell Edwards who are gone now too. Memories of them all are now a treasure to me. Thanks for sharing your Mom and Dad/Gamma and Grampa with me. They were such a pleasure to know and will be missed. I pray God will grant you strength and comfort in the coming days...*

Arlene Sandhop - November 11, 2010 at 06:44 PM