Clair Comish Allen



April 27, 1926 – September 20, 2026

(Photo Credit: Mark Irvine)

Celebration of Life for Clair Comish Allen
September 26, 2026
Cove, Utah

Public Viewing ……9:00 - 11:30 am
Cove Ward Building

Family Prayer ……... Craig Allen

Pall Bearers
Craig Allen
David Bell
Kurt Allen
Chris Allen
Rick Allen
Troy Allen

Honorary Pall Bearer
James Allen

Graveside Service and Internment ……Noon
Richmond Cemetery
Dedication of the Grave…….Kurt Allen

Family Dinner and Celebration ……..1:30 pm
Cove Ward Building
(Thank you to Cove Ward Relief Society)
Opening Prayer/Blessing on Food ……Chris Allen

Special Musical Number …….The Burglar Boy, led by Heather Hansen

Life Sketch Reading……..Kelly Allen
Clair's Testimony…….Troy Allen

Closing Prayer ……Rick Allen

Clair Comish Allen

April 27, 1926 – September 20, 2026



Clair Comish Allen, life-long resident of Cove, passed away peacefully on September 20, 2026, just a stone's throw from the home where he was born a little more than 100 years ago. His final residence was just a block from the home and the big red Allen Seed Grain barn where he and his beloved wife, BeNon, raised their family—BeNon always joked that he "didn't go far in life". A fitting end to a life deeply rooted in the community and valley he loved.

Clair was born on April 27, 1926 to Clarence and Florence Comish Allen in Cove. He had one sister, Jan, who married Jay Griffin. As an accomplished hunter and fisherman, Clair got more than his fair share of wildlife and fish throughout the years. He graduated from North Cache High School in 1944.



On November 22, 1950, Clair married the love of his life, BeNon Staley in the Logan Utah Temple. During this time, it was a common prank to "chiverie" the new couple, meaning they would separate them on their wedding night - literally kidnapping one or both of them. It was a mean thing to do, and when Clair caught wind that friends were planning to do this to him and BeNon, he was having none of it. He outfoxed them! He hid a mattress and necessities in one of the church classrooms, and before the end of the reception, they hid away until the wee hours of the morning when it was safe to come out. Clair's reception was one of the first in the new Cove Ward building, and his funeral is going to be one of the last, if present building demolition plans succeed.



Together, they raised seven children—six sons and one daughter. Clair taught them to work hard and be respectful, and six boys sure kept him on his toes. He tells the following experience: "The maddest I've ever been at the kids was at Jim. He used to chase the chickens and kill them. One time the Sadler kids

came over and I had three settin' hens with eggs under 'em, and they killed those settin' hens and broke their eggs. I was so mad! I couldn't lick the Sadler kids…but I did Jim. The Sadler kids went home a-bawlin' and told their dad. Mel came over and said, 'Clair, what do I owe ya for those settin' hens and those eggs?' 'Well,' I said, 'Not a thing, Mel. We're in the business of raising boys, not chickens!'"



Clair was a farmer, businessman, community leader, and devoted family man. He established Allen Certified Seed in Cove and pioneered the introduction of Brevard fall wheat to the valley. He was also instrumental in securing many local water rights and served on the State Water Board in the 1980s. Through his hard work, he helped shape the agricultural community he loved and left a lasting mark on the valley.



Clair tells the story of when he was running land for Doc Skabelund and "I brought this truck home and was running wheat up to Ritewoods. The hood wouldn't hook down and the fenders were all bent - it was just a wreck! But it had a bed and a hoist and would carry my wheat to Ritewoods. I hauled this load one morning and when I came back, why there was all the Idaho State Police there waiting for me, and Kirk Collier (BeNon's cousin) was one of them. Kirk told the other cops 'You guys go away, I'll handle this.' They all left and he walked around that truck, and around it again. He made about three or four trips around it, and then he said, 'Clair, what are you doing driving an old wreck like this??' And I says, 'Oh, us farmers are poor, Kirk. We just do whatever we can to get our wheat in. It's all I got.'" I was right on the Idaho line, and he says 'You get this across the line into Utah, and don't you EVER bring something like this into Idaho again!' Off I went! He didn't give me a ticket. I guess he had enough pull with his buddies that they let him get away with it." Clair continued "making the haul" until 2014 when he was 88 years old.

His faith was an important part of his life. Clair served faithfully in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and worked for a time as a temple worker in the Logan Utah Temple. He always said there was no better place to raise a family than in the church.



Clair loved his family, gardening, and traveling. He especially enjoyed taking cruises with his family and looked forward each year to planting and tending his garden. His squash and corn were legendary—and, he might have told you, perhaps they were the secret to living past 100.

In his final years, Colleen Hyer of Lewiston became a cherished companion and friend. Her friendship brought Clair comfort and happiness during this chapter of his life.

Clair fiercely valued his independence. His personal mantra was, **"Give it hell to the end,"** and that is exactly what he did. Even in his final weeks, he remained vocal about his gratitude for his family members and caregivers, especially his daughter, Jill. Even before BeNon's health began failing, she was a constant help and gave so much time caring for both of them throughout the years. Clair faced the end of his long life with the same determination and courage that had carried him through over a century of living, working, loving, and serving.

Clair is preceded in death by his sister Jan, his wife, BeNon, and his son, Jim (Dolly), who passed away nearly a year ago from cancer.

He is survived by his children: Craig (Kathy), Jill Bell (Dave), Kurt (Terry), Chris (Denise), Rick (Cammi), and Troy (Kelly); along with his many grandchildren, great-grandchildren, extended family, and friends whose lives were touched by his.

Clair leaves behind much more than a family name. He leaves a legacy rooted deeply in Cove—in the fields he farmed, the water rights he helped secure, the seeds he planted, the garden he tended, the church he served, and, most importantly, the family he loved.



Clair's Testimony

Note: Even though Clair has served as ward clerk for at least three bishoprics and served for a time as a Logan Temple ordinance worker, he will tell you he's not a very religious man. For that reason, he rarely publicly bore his testimony, but the following statements were common when discussing spiritual things with Clair.

"I've always known there is a Holy Ghost. I've come close to making some stupid mistakes in my life, but there was always something that stopped me from doing it. What else could it be? I believe BeNon and I were predestined to be together in this life, because most of my good choices either led me to her or allowed me to keep her. I've never been one to say I know for sure the gospel is true, but I sure hope it is. I like what it's done for my family. BeNon was so devoted to the gospel, I knew if I wanted to be with her, I needed to be too. She made me a better man than I wanted to be! So do I know the gospel is true? I don't know… but I sure hope it is. I've lived all my life hoping it is."



"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief" (Mark 9:24)

The Burglar Boy
(A favorite song Clair loved)

I'll sing you a song of a burglar boy who went to rob a house.
He opened a window and then crept in as quiet as a mouse.
He looked for a place to hide himself in the room where an old maid slept.
He thought of the money and jewels she had, so under the bed he crept.

At nine o'clock the old maid came. She was so tired, she said.
And thinking that all was well that night she never looked under the bed.
She took out her teeth and her big glass eye and the hair all off her head.
The burglar, he had 17 fits as he came from under the bed.

From under the bed the burglar came, he was a total wreck!
The old maid, she was wide awake, and grabbed him by the neck.
She did not faint nor fade away, but calmly as a clam,
Said, "Thank the Lord, my prayers are heard, at last I have a man!"

She pointed a pistol in his face and very calmly said,
"Now if you do not marry me, I'll blow off the top of your head."
The burglar saw that he was cinched and had no place to scoot.
He looked at her teeth and her big glass eye, and said, "For hell's sake, Shoot!"



“You belong to my heart”

Manning Wheatley Funeral Home