



Mr. John Douglas Allen

November 1, 1943 - December 10, 2011

John D. Allen, 68, a lifelong resident of the Cortland-Dryden area passed away, Saturday, December 10, 2011 after a lengthy illness. Born, November 1, 1943 in Cortland, John was the son of William and Rose Fenton Allen.

John completed a four year tool and die maker apprenticeship program at Morse Chain in Ithaca, N.Y., and was employed for many years as a tool and die maker with Smith-Corona and I.B.M. in Endicott, where he had retired after 17 years of service. An avid snowmobiler, John was a lifetime member of the Dryden-Caroline Drifters Snowmobile Club.

Family meant so much to John and he is survived by his devoted wife of 45 years, Patti A. Allen, his son, Paul W. (Betsy) Allen of Cortland and his daughter, Jonnell (Dominic) Robinson of Syracuse, 2 sisters, Genevieve R. Horton of Cortland and Joyce Youngs of Columbia, Kentucky, a sister in law, June Allen of St. Petersburg, Florida and a brother in law, Dey Armitage of Dryden and 3 grandchildren, Blake Allen, Abby Boyden and Ila Rose Robinson. John was preceded in death by a brother, Leyton Allen and a sister, Shirley Armitage.

A Celebration of his Life will be held at the V.F.W. Post 2354, 76 Main St., Cortland, NY on Saturday at 2 p.m., friends and family are invited to attend. There are no calling hours or services scheduled. Burial will be private and at the convenience of family in Virgil Rural Cemetery.

In lieu of flowers contributions may be made to the Dryden-Caroline Drifters Snowmobile Club P.O. Box 31 Dryden, N.Y. 13053

Arrangements are under the direction of Riccardi Funeral Home 69 N. Main St., Cortland, N.Y. www.riccardifuneralhome.com

Tribute Wall

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“ I grew up with Johnny. He was like a big brother to me. One of my earliest memories of him was watching the Rose Bowl football game, sitting his lap some of the time. How many 15 year olds would do that today?

Every time the song, "Johnny Wait For Me" came on the radio, I reminded him that I was going to marry him some day...well, what can I say? I was only 5 years old.

Johnny taught me basics of horse back riding, which I never did get right; and he was so patient with me when I drove his snowmobile into the house..

I will always remember our heart-to-heart chat before I left my senior year in high school about the "facts of life"....and how hard it was for me leave because I had been taking care of my infant cousin Paul...and I was so afraid they would forget me.

I hope and pray that somewhere along the way, he knew how much I loved him.

Diane (Annie) - May 18, 2018 at 11:30 AM

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“ will never be forgotten

tom stowell - May 18, 2018 at 11:30 AM