



## Clarence "Pete" Girton

April 14, 1923 - September 15, 2016

NAME: Clarence David "Pete" Girton AGE: 93

RESIDENT OF: Tulare DATE OF DEATH: September 15, 2016

OCCUPATION: Mechanic PLACE OF DEATH: Tulare

Pete Girton was born in Abilene, Kansas on April 14, 1923. He was one of thirteen children of Clarence Dryden Girton and Ruth Cassler/Girton. He started his schooling in Waukena and ended up in Downey, California graduating from Downey High School. A Veteran of WW2, he was a mechanic at Camp Roberts, California. After leaving the service he came back to Tulare and married Barbara Louise Matheny. She preceded him in death last March. He is survived by their two children Carolyn Louise Burnett, husband Rev. Dr. Ken Burnett and Alan Girton, wife Sharon. He is preceded in death by 9 of his brothers and sisters and one grandchild David Burnett. He still has one brother and two sisters living, he is also survived by Ken & Carolyn's daughter Cyndy Bock, husband Jeff, Alan & Sharon's children Amy Villa-Nelson, husband, Eric. Robert, wife Jill. Michael, wife Lisa. Ashley Delgadillo, husband Carlos. Then there are the great-grandchildren, Kaleb, Hunter, Brenden, Hanna, Tori, Ayden, Aaron, Nick, Kole, Ellie & Jonah. Dad (and Mom) truly loved their family.

A Christian man, he attended Woodville Assembly of God, Tulare First Assembly and Bethel Assembly. He was a Sunday school teacher and played the guitar and Bass Viola at church. He loved the Lord dearly and had been asking for quite some time to be with Him. He now is. He worked for over twenty years at Sturgeon & Beck and he enjoyed doing what he did and was proud of his work ethic. He and Mom both loved the High Sierra Dixieland Jazz Band and club. They also enjoyed the Tulare Historical Society. He was a major photo bug. His children Carolyn and Alan “remember” many places they have been in their life because of his pictures of them being there, since they were actually too young to remember. Pete was also a longtime member of the Antique Phonograph Society and for more years than one can recall if you couldn't find Pete & Barbara at home, they were at Apple Annie's, their “second home”.

Visitation will be Thursday, September 22, 2016, 4-7PM at Salser & Dillard Funeral Chapel. Graveside Service will be Friday, September 23, 2016 at 10:45AM at Tulare District Cemetery on East Kern St. In lieu of flowers donations may be made to the Tulare Historical Museum and or the Tulare County Historical Society.

A memorial tribute may be offered by logging onto [www.salseranddillard.com](http://www.salseranddillard.com)

# Previous Events

## Visitation

SEP **22**. 4:00 PM - 7:00 PM (PT)

Salser & Dillard Funeral Chapel  
127 E. Caldwell Ave  
Visalia, CA 93277  
(559) 635-1144  
info@salseranddillard.com  
<https://www.salseranddillard.com>

## Graveside Service

SEP **23**. 10:45 AM (PT)

Tulare District Cemetery  
900 E. Kern Ave.  
Tulare, CA 93274  
(559) 686-5544

# Tribute Wall

OG

“ I spent more time with my brother when he worked at Sturgeon & Beck than probably all the rest of our lives together. We talked about the good ole days with our mom and dad, he shared Bible scriptures with me and explained some that I fully didn't understand, talked about life in general, he was the only person I ever knew that you could visit him for an extended period of time and while he was talking to me he never stopped working. Many people (when you visit with them when they are working) will stop while they are talking. Not Pete, he could talk and do his job at the same time. We had a lot of good visits while he was on the job  
Another time when I was down there I told Don Beck I was going over to Pete's house for dinner. He said "oh yeah, I hear his wife is a great cook, if you keep eating over there you are going to end up looking like Pete" at the same time he patted my stomach. And I patted his stomach and said "oh yeah Don, your wife must be a great cook too" Then he laughed and said "well I guess I walked right into that one"

Omar Girton - September 20, 2016 at 12:54 AM



My Grandpa instilled a love for music in me at a young age. I grew up listening to many different genre's of music, and appreciating them all. My grandpa would play the button accordion or the guitar and harmonica when my brother and I were little and we would march around the room playing other instruments pretending to be in a marching band. It's no wonder then that both my brother and I grew up playing instruments, and were in marching bands! When my grandpa could still see well enough to ride a bike, he'd put me in a basket he made to attach to the bike and ride us around the neighborhood. I had a very special relationship with my papa Pete. I'm going to miss him dearly.

Cyndy Bock - September 21, 2016 at 01:05 PM