



Earl F. Melton

December 11, 1946 - August 29, 2025

Earl is gone but not forgotten. Folks that knew him will remember him whether they want to or not. Earl was, at different times in his life, a bouncer, an artist, a contract engineer, a gambler, a cook, an importer of Latin American herbs, a comic, a husband, a father, a serial womanizer and one of the best friends a person could have. He lived life as hard as he could and tried to help people who were worse off than himself.

Earl was conceived in New Orleans, a fact he never overcame. It imbued in him a love of big parties, artistry, joy, and hope for the future. Not to mention an inability to care about racial differences.

He invaded his home planet in Turley, Oklahoma in 1946. Surprisingly, this did not deter his parents, who wanted a daughter, so he was followed by three brothers, Jim, Don and John. Mom and Pop then gave up. His parents were huge influences on the man he turned out to be. They moved often until they settled in Texas when Earl was eight. Earl grew up loving causing mischief, books, travel, good food, Texas and girls. Not in that order.

Earl managed to be the first person in the family to graduate from high school. He married a time or few and had two sons, Earl Lusk Melton and Bryan Mark Edward Melton, limiting it to one per wife. Wives, he was not very good at, and fatherhood, where he was slightly better, led Earl to a long time familiarity with

fine bourbon and some not so fine women. A fairly good artist and very good illustrator, he worked in the Dallas/Ft Worth area until his youngest son was a teenager, then left home to become an Aero Bracero, an engineering migrant worker, a contract engineer. He helped in the design of aircraft, ships, automobiles, military vehicles and spacecraft. The work took him from the East Coast to the West Coast and from the Gulf Coast to Canada. Earl managed to work in or visit almost every state in the contiguous United States leaving friends and enemies scattered throughout the country. His lifelong love of the ladies led to both some of his best friends and worst enemies. Some people just can't take a joke. Earl's Pop had always told him to leave women smiling. He followed that advice, sometimes by showing up and sometimes by leaving. Earl sometimes left those ladies laughing and pointing.

Earl's birthdays were the stuff of legends. After a period of intense searching Earl would find a bar suitable for his birthday party. That generally meant one within walking distance of a discrete hotel. He would then arrange to have the bartenders and waitresses briefed on the upcoming festivities. On party night Earl would buy the first drink for every person who showed up. Most would in turn buy one for the birthday boy. A drunken soiree was had by almost everyone. And the next year he would have to find a new bar. Darn restraining orders.

Even in his older years Earl loved a weekly poker game where he would cook up something spectacular, have a drink or twelve and try to skin everyone at the table. But, win, lose or draw, the next week he was ready to start up and try again.

However, the best part of his later years was his last wife Pamela Rae, Pammie to Earl. He found her in Oklahoma, wooed her in Kansas and married her on a beach in the Virgin Islands. That was just wrong on so many levels.

Through lost jobs, lost homes, failing health and fading hope they had each other. Earl and Pammie ended up living happily in a tiny house just right for two. Located in a small town inhabited by his beloved in-laws, the Redneck Circus. That, my friend, is a fairy tale ending for a very colorful life.

Earl would like to apologize to anyone who feels they need one. He would like to thank all the people who made his life such a rich and varied tapestry. And he would like to let everyone know that his later years were some of the best in his life. Hopefully so will be yours.

Earl was preceded in death by his parents Ralph and Virginia (Jenny) Melton, his youngest brother John Clay Melton, nephews James Daniel and Nicholas along with far too many friends and acquaintances. Goodbye and good luck.

Private family service will be at a later time. Cremation arrangements by Anderson-Burris Funeral Home and Crematory, Enid.

Tribute Wall

HA

“ He was a great friend to our family. His love of his dogs was so sweet. He knew how to give attention to a dog. Our fur babies will be counted in those who will miss Mr. Earl. Our lives will be less fun without him.

Hartwick's - August 29, 2025 at 07:08 PM

KJ

*To Whom It May Concern (and even those it doesn't):
Though I never had the pleasure (or the probable hangover) of meeting Earl, I feel like I owe him a drink, a restraining order, and a heartfelt thank-you for living a life so gloriously unfiltered that even strangers feel compelled to raise a glass in his honor.
Toast to Earl!*

K. Jones - August 30, 2025 at 09:43 AM



....and the world is a much duller place in his absence! The world is bereft of a certifiable lunatic. How Pam resisted strangling him in his sleep I will never know

Pete Moore - September 01, 2025 at 07:27 PM

KK

I just wish he had known Jesus as his personal Savior. He was married to my sister Carmen for about 33 years..a professed athiest

Kittie Koukalik - September 03, 2025 at 05:35 PM