



Clarence Harold Fogle

September 22, 1950 - June 8, 2026

Clarence Harold Fogle was born September 22, 1950, at Bartlesville, Oklahoma to Harold H. and Norma Gean Fogle.

He lived in the Matoaka area and received his education in Ochelata School System.

Joined the U.S. Army in November 1973 and served to November 1978 where he served six years in Germany and Panama.

Harold is survived by his daughter, Clara Patterson and son, Christopher D. Fogle, two grandchildren, Janet and Preston Patterson, his sister Kathy Fogle Sagel, nephew Mike Stokes, niece Crystal Hopson, as well as several great nieces and nephews.

He was preceded in death by his parents, Harold and Norma Fogle, sister Anna Williams, and niece Georgianna Sagel.

Previous Events

Visitation

JUN **16**. 1:00 PM - 3:00 PM (CT)

Stumpff Funeral Home & Crematory

1600 SE Washington Blvd.

Bartlesville, OK 74006

(918) 333-4300

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<https://www.stumpff.org>

Tribute Wall

SE

“ I remember one time when I was younger in school I would not get up out of bed and Harold came in the room and flipped the mattress out from me to get up. But there were good times he taught me how to drive a stick .

Steffanie Edwards - June 10 at 08:32 PM

RE

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall

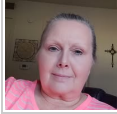


Red - June 10 at 06:30 PM

RE

Probably the happiest day ever. Been a long time since I've seen him that happy.

Red - June 10 at 06:32 PM



Oh my gosh, I am SOOOO happy you posted this photo! I've been trying desperately to find the pix I took the day he drove up in it at our apartments. You are absolutely right! HAPPIEST DAY EVER, and his PROUDEST, too, I think. Our little quad of senior apartments definitely lost a good man. He was one of the kindest people I was ever blessed to know. He started giving me cookies when I cleaned out his flower bed a couple of years ago, and after I'd given him a cheap Walmart apple fritter he showed up at my door with a fancy box and 2 bakery apple fritters. I think he even said something like, "Now THESE are FRITTERS!" He's brought me fritters at least once a month ever since for my "fritter fix." I will always wish the day I stole a slice of pizza and ran I'd sat down & eaten with him like he wanted. It's been a heartfelt comfort just knowing he was there, calling to check on me if my porch light's on all day or I have a package at my door. I sure was hoping when we called to have HIM checked on Monday he was going to ride up with a friend or family member and laugh at us for worrying about him. Rest in peace, my dear Harold. You will be so very missed.

Anita Hazlewood - June 11 at 06:38 PM