



Robert Raymond Malaby

July 3, 1936 - January 25, 2015

Bob Malaby

July 3, 1936/ January 25, 2015

Robert Raymond "Bob" Malaby, 78, died at 1:20 AM on Sunday, January 25, 2015 in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Private memorial services will be held at a later date. Cremation arrangements were directed by the Stumpff Funeral Home & Crematory.

Memorials have been established and those who wish to make a contribution in memory of Bob may do so to: Family Healthcare Clinic 1820 W. Hensley Blvd. Bartlesville, Oklahoma 74003 or Tulsa Zoo Friends 6421 E. 36th St. N. Tulsa, Oklahoma 74115.

Bob Malaby, our Dad, was born July 3, 1936 in Neosho, Missouri - His father Ray was a construction worker. His mother Leta was a housewife. Grandpa Ray was a Republican; Grandma Leta was a Democrat. They canceled each other's votes for 50 years but never got tired of arguing about politics.

Dad grew up in Kansas City - Given the tales we heard about his formative years and the stunts he pulled with his friends, it remains a wonder that he survived into adulthood.

Dad graduated from Wyandotte High School in 1954 – soon after graduation he enlisted in the Marine Corps. Apparently Dad had been working on construction jobs and told Grandpa Ray he enlisted because he was tired of being told what to do.

Dad served honorably in the Marines as a Radio Technician in the 8th Tank Battalion, eventually rising to the rank of Sergeant. After leaving the military, he used the GI bill to enroll at Pittsburgh State University, graduating in May 1960, with dual degrees in Math and Physics.

Dad was hired by Phillips Petroleum in July 1960 as one of their first computer programmers – his technical and organizational skills served him well as a programmer and later as an IT manager. He eventually rose to the rank of

Operations Manager, a job he enjoyed immensely. Dad remained at Phillips for 25 years.

Dad loved to golf and was the most comedic golfer I ever saw. Even though he loved to play he would often become outraged by his lack of talent. Over the course of hundreds of rounds, I saw him hit a ball into a swimming pool, into an open clubhouse window, between his own legs, and into the golf carts of people playing on holes that were nowhere near where we were supposed to be golfing. He hit a ball into a trashcan. He hit a ball into his own jacket. Once he hit the same tree on three consecutive shots and wound up further away from the hole each time.

When his game really went south he would stop playing, hold up the club that had betrayed him, usually his driver, and tell me he was going to go back to town and give the club to the first child he saw. Then he would describe in exacting detail the child's future, prophesying that the child would undoubtedly grow up to a life of misery and woe solely because of the cursed golf club he had received from my Dad. And then inevitably he would get tickled with himself and start laughing and the process would begin all over again. This might happen three times a round.

Dad was a man of deep emotion and good intent who struggled for many years with social interactions. He cared deeply about the people he loved but was renowned in our family for his lack of conversational skills. Numbers were

a source of great comfort to him, so we all grew used to hearing him recount his travels, golf games, and expenditures in terms of miles, shots and dollars.

He loved activities with friends and family gatherings but had a hard time initiating them. He loved travel, but only with companions. He was happiest in the presence of people he cared about.

He was proud of his friendships his whole life and often told stories of his high school days in Kansas City and of the adventures of his work and golfing buddies in Bartlesville.

Dad was a completely honest man.

Colorado was a magical place for him, and he never lost his desire to return there. We will be scattering his ashes in the Rockies this summer.

Dad is survived by a large number of family and friends. We love him dearly.

Survivors include; two sons Michael Robert Malaby and his wife Michelle of

Bartlesville, Oklahoma and Mark Raymond Malaby and his wife Gail of McPherson, Kansas; one sister Christine June Rose of Carrollton, Texas; four grandchildren and two great-grandchildren and one great-great-grandchild. Friends who wish may sign the online guest book and leave condolences at www.stumpff.org.

PDF Printable Version

Tribute Wall



“ *Robert Raymond Malaby*

October 23, 2023 at 04:40 AM



“ *Robert Raymond Malaby*

October 06, 2023 at 03:15 PM



“ *To Michael, Mark, Pat & the Malaby Family,*

I had many Great times with Bob, and he always had us all in stitches with his wit and sense of humor.

I guess now we will never know for sure who actually was the worst golfer in B'Ville.

Bob will truly be missed by a lot of folks and with bunches of cherished memories. He was unique and a heck of a person, and it was always a delight to be in his presence.

Bob - May You Rest in Peace.

Roger Biggerstaff - March 11, 2015 at 12:00 AM

JE

“ *'Always enjoyed my association with Bob. He had a GREAT sense of humor; a knack for making people laugh. Sincere condolences to Mike and Mark and your family.*

Jim Eppler - February 06, 2015 at 12:00 AM

TN

“ *I remember Bob just bursting into song! All kinds, from fleetwood mac and abba to amazing grace! I'll never forget the night some of the family went on a hay ride and he and i sang most of the way,no one else was singing, im not sure if they enjoyed it or not? Nevertheless, we sang our hearts out!! I have so many memories that are just flooding my mind. I miss u Bob. Always will.*

Terri Stumpff Nichols

Terri Stumpff Nichols - January 31, 2015 at 12:00 AM

CM

“ When I remember my grandpa, I'll remember walking to his house after school to have a snack before going to dance practice.

When I remember my grandpa, I'll remember going to Braum's on weekends (and sometimes after school too) to get mint chocolate chip malts.

I'll remember his laugh, and I'll remember how he told me he would stop rooting against the OU football team when I started living in Norman. (Not rooting for, mind you, but not rooting against.)

I'll remember Christmas Eves, the family deciding when to give him his almanac, always knowing that once we did we'd be subject to facts and numbers and statistics for the rest of the night.

I'll remember geocaching with him and my parents when I was younger, even if my nose was stuck in a book the whole time.

When I remember my grandpa, I'll remember his happiness and the happiness he brought other people, memorialized in moments of joy. We miss you.

P.S. We'll have to start giving almanacs to your sons so we'll all be properly informed about the world and its numbers from the past

year.

Claire Malaby - January 31, 2015 at 12:00 AM

WM

“ I remember the day in 1980 when I first met Bob. He appeared before me in my teller line at First National Bank and asked if I could help him. I said I'd try, then shuffling his feet and getting very red in the face he said "are you married, engaged, going steady or anything." After I replied that I wasn't "married, engaged, going steady or anything," he asked if I would go out with him. I said "why don't you call me and we'll talk about it." He said "OK," then wheeled around and started out the revolving door. I said "wait a minute don't you want to know my name," he replied "OH, I know your name." However, he forgot to tell me his name. He called me that night.

I will always remember the good times. Love You Bob.

Wanda

Wanda Malaby - January 31, 2015 at 12:00 AM

JC

“ Bob will be missed by everyone that knew him. He was a great and fun guy.

Jane Call - January 30, 2015 at 12:00 AM

DS

“ *May your hearts find comfort within the many memories you have of Bob.*

I have enjoyed reading about his life and the impact he had on many others.

Sincerely,

David Stumpff

David Stumpff - January 30, 2015 at 12:00 AM

SH

“ *Praying for you all. My family always enjoyed being with Bob and Wanda. So sorry for your loss.*

Skarlett Hildabrand - January 30, 2015 at 12:00 AM

GR

“ *Mike, Mark, I enjoyed the obituary you wrote for your dad. Bob was one of my favorite managers and a mentor. He taught me how to deal with difficult people and how to enjoy your job. He really loved you guys and was very proud of you and your families. Rest in peace, my friend.*

Gary Reheis - January 30, 2015 at 12:00 AM

TN

“ I will miss your smile, laughter and loving heart. You were the best Step-Dad a girl could have. I loved our dinners with Mom and the conversations, especially when you would get tickled at yourself and laugh so hard you forgot the rest of the story! I would always go home with a smile on my face, giggling at you.

All my Love forever and a day.

Your Step-Daughter, Terri.

Terri Stumpff Nichols - January 30, 2015 at 12:00 AM

CD

“ Grandpa Bob "Bobba", as I used to call you when I was a little girl. There are so many things I am going to miss about you; your cheery smile, contagious laugh, your love for traveling and the zoo, your great big bear hugs, but most of all, I will miss how supportive you were of me. It didn't matter what kind of lame brained idea I had for my life at the time, you always had my back.

I remember when I was in second grade and I had a "button malfunction" on my overalls, and had an accident. My Mom was out of town so you came and picked me up from school and took me to get a new outfit and Ice cream and reassured me that "those kinds of things happened to everyone". I remember thinking, man, you mean I'm gonna do this when I get old, too! :). I got to run errands with you the rest of that day in your little red Toyota truck and I thought it was the coolest thing ever! Later that evening I got to tell my Mom the events of my day with Bobba, and the explanation of why my new outfit that didn't match! :)

You left us too soon.

I Love You and will miss you dearly Bobba.

Casey Duncan - January 30, 2015 at 12:00 AM

OB

“ We had lots of laughs. I'll miss him.

Orva Lee Brown - January 29, 2015 at 12:00 AM

TE

“ I remember going to the zoo with him. I loved walking around looking at all the animals and talking (best personality ever) He was the funniest guy I know. I love him so much. I loved it when he came to our house and went straight to the back of our house to see if the cat was there. I think that we all miss him so very much.

Ty Estes - January 29, 2015 at 12:00 AM

RS

“ Bob was one of my favorite people. I'll miss him.

Russ Shelton - January 28, 2015 at 12:00 AM

TE

“ Bob, you will be greatly missed. You came into our lives when I was about 10, and as you often said, "claimed me as your daughter." You have been such a big part of my life. Including helping me with my algebra homework(ok that didn't work out so well it ended with your frustrated and me crying), picnics at the zoo with my boys, family trips especially our last to Louisiana, and lunch dates at Jude's with you and mom. You will be remembered and missed. We love you, Bob.

Traci Estes - January 28, 2015 at 12:00 AM

SK

“ Dear Mike and Mark

I was so sorry to hear about your dads passing.

He was a great guy.

Sincerely, Sue Kern

Sue Kern - January 28, 2015 at 12:00 AM

NE

“ *Bob, my grandfather, was a great man. I remember when I was little he would take me out to the middle of nowhere and would let me tell him where to go. We would always get lost, but miraculously would always find a way back to where we started. I had some imaginary friends at the time, and he and I would "find" their houses, yet I have a feeling "BeeBee" did not live there. He and I shared so many great memories, and he would always do what ever he could to make me, and others around us happy. I will miss him. I love you grandpa.*

Noah Estes - January 28, 2015 at 12:00 AM

CR

“ *Bob I will miss your smile everyday. I am so blessed to have gotten to know you. I know that you are still smiling down on us.*

Cathy Roberts - January 27, 2015 at 12:00 AM

RM

“ *I have many fond memories of Bob from my teen years and then later at the mall when he was a mall walker! He was always so kind and I loved his sweet smile! My sympathies go out to Mike and his family! Your dad was very special!*

Rhonda Muzljakovich - January 27, 2015 at 12:00 AM