

Clyde & Doris Brummett

My father was James Oscar Brummett. He was born west of Benton, Arkansas, in Saline County just off Highway 5 on what was then Moccasin Creek Road. My dad was an only child. His father died when he was about five years old and his mother about two years later. He was taken in by his Uncle Ike (Isaac) Keene and Aunt Dorcas. He began working in the log woods driving teams by the time he was ten years old. He dropped out of school after the third grade to work full time.

When he was fourteen, his Uncle Ike sat him down and said, "I have too many mouths to feed. You are old enough to make it on your own." My dad left Moccasin Creek and traveled by train to Tulsa, Oklahoma, where he got a job at the Texaco Refinery shoeing horses and mules and driving teams in the refinery. In Tulsa he later met and married my mother, Elsie Mae Crowl, whose mother had died when she was about five. Mother grew up traveling around Southeast Kansas and Northeast Oklahoma in a covered wagon with her father, brothers and sisters. Her father was a horse trader and an oilfield roustabout. He moved the family frequently to ply his trades.

Because my dad was an only child and orphaned at an early age, he wanted a large family. After five older brothers and three sisters preceded me, I was born while my parents were living on a farm south of Jenks, Oklahoma. My mother's brother owned the farm, and my parents rented from him.

When I was about two years old, Andrew, my oldest brother, was drafted into the army during World War II and my parents decided to move to Arkansas where they bought their first farm on Congo Road, which is near the town of Bryant and not far from Benton in the central part of the state. In recent years, the farm has been mostly taken up by housing development, but the house, barn, and smoke house still stand. The plan was that when my brother returned from the war, he and my father would farm in a partnership. My brother faithfully sent most of his paycheck each month to help pay off the farm, but that was not to be. Andrew was killed in Ocken, Germany, in the fall of 1944. My parents sold the farm and moved back to Oklahoma a few miles south of Tulsa at the corner of what is now old Highway 75 and Highway 114, which were both dirt roads at the time. I attended first grade in Jenks in a small red brick building just one block off Main Street and just behind the high school.

Between my first and second grades, my parents sold that farm and moved back to Moccasin Creek Road near Benton, Arkansas, where they bought a farm.

We were one mile outside the Benton school district, but I had to ride a bus 33 miles each way to the school in Paron, Arkansas. That year my father had to drive half that distance in the dark to pick us up when the bus got stuck in the clay. By the next year he made arrangements to transfer us to Benton Schools which meant we walked a mile to catch the bus in the morning and a mile after we got off the bus in the afternoon.

In those years, like many of you, morning and evening I helped with the chores which included feeding and milking each day and on Saturdays sawing firewood with a crosscut saw and splitting the wood with an axe. My summers were spent hoeing cotton and corn, hauling hay, stripping fodder by hand, and harvesting peanuts and putting the peanut vines

in a barn loft to help feed the cattle.

We cleared a lot of new ground to put it into row crops. My father also sharecropped land in the Saline River bottoms along Highway 5. He had a few prosperous years during which time he bought a new 1948 Ford 8N tractor, a new wagon, a new two bottom disc plow, a six foot disc, and a two row cultivator planter, all of which were Dearborn brand. I now own all these pieces of machinery.

In the early 50's, my parents again sold their farm in Arkansas and moved back to

Oklahoma and bought the land where the Old Tibbins Gas plant formerly stood. It was three miles east of Sapulpa, Oklahoma, on a dirt road, which is now a four-lane road known as Highway 117. It was a small farm where we raised cattle and had an egg laying operation with about a thousand white leghorn hens. We also rented land in the Kiefer area where we raised corn, some of which we cut into silage. We used a long, narrow concrete pit, which had been at the base of a cooling tower, for a pit silo to cure the silage. We let some of the corn mature and gathered it by hand. I got a lot of experience with a shucking peg. My job was to gather and shuck the corn in the "down row" behind the wagon. The wagon was a width which required one row to be pushed over while two rows on each side were harvested. Since I was the youngest and smallest child, my dad thought it would be easier for me to bend over to do the work.

When I was fourteen or fifteen, my father had a lung removed because of cancer at which time I took a job at an oil well fishing tool rental business in Sapulpa. Fishing tools were used to extract a broken drill bit or drill stem from an oil well. My job was to clean the very oily and dirty tool and paint it red for its next job. I worked afternoons and Saturday to help out with family expenses. A year later my father was diagnosed with inoperable brain cancer. In October of my senior year, my father died. I was seventeen at the time.

After graduating from Keifer High School, I went to work for W. C. Norris, an oil field manufacturing business in Tulsa. I worked in the warehouse pulling orders in the morning and as a swamper on a flatbed semi delivering freight to various freight lines in the afternoon.

I left home and lived in my car on the streets of Tulsa for a while until I rented a room in a boarding house on West 3rd Street or what we called the Sand Springs Line. With the encouragement of my oldest sister, I enrolled in Tulsa Technical College where I studied computer programming. Soon I was promoted at W. C. Norris from the warehouse into the computer department. I later taught computer programming at Tulsa Tech in the evenings while still working in the computer department at W. C. Norris. I was promoted to manager of the keypunch department and later to the position of head of the Computer Programming and Systems Analysts Department.

When I was fifteen years old, I met Doris Jean Rongey, and we dated off and on for the next five years. In 1961 we married and a year later our first child, Cindy, was born. We have two daughters and two sons who have given us ten grandchildren. The youngest grandchild was born in December. Three of our children live in the area. Two sons, a son-in-law, and a daughter-in-law are in management at the Wal-Mart general offices in Bentonville. Our oldest grandson is media coordinator for the Sams Club offices, also in Bentonville.

Sometime in the mid sixties, I quit W. C. Norris. After a brief attempt at selling life insurance, I went to work for Sinclair Oil Co in Tulsa in computer work. In the meantime, I had attended Tulsa University part time working toward a degree in business management. About that time I realized that I was sensing a call on my life to full-time ministry, and I knew I would never be happy until I pursued it. I enrolled in Oral Roberts University part time but carrying a heavy academic load. Soon I found myself in conflict with some of the beliefs of my professors and I resigned my job and moved to Springfield, Missouri, where I worked at the Assemblies of God headquarters while attending Central Bible College full time. I graduated in 1972.

In my first year at CBC, I started a church on Table Rock Lake in the Slane Community south of Kimberling City, Missouri. Next I accepted the pastorate of the Webster Park Assemblies of God Church in Northeast Springfield. After leaving there, I pastored in Wilburton, Pauls Valley, and Duncan, Oklahoma, and then in Lexington, Nebraska. In the fall of 1985, I accepted the pastorate of First Assembly of God in Rogers, Arkansas, where I continued until July of 2004 when I retired. I pastored for approximately thirty-five years. The last nineteen were at Rogers.

Doris and I now live on Malone Road, northwest of Highfill. During our years of pastoring, she worked as my personal secretary much of the time. After my retirement, she worked at the Mercy Heart and Vascular Center. She is now retired also.

I have owned and operated Clyde's Brushhogging since retiring from the pastorate.

I have never lost my love for farming and am happy to be back in the country and on a tractor after living in towns for forty-four years. I have two tractors, which include a Ford New Holland 4-Wheel Drive and my Father's 1948 8N Ford. My latest acquisitions are two Diamond-T trucks: a 1948 model 509 farm truck with an Omaha Standard bed/hoist and a 1949 model 509 Diamond T with a steel flatbed and hoist.

I have been a member of Tired Iron of the Ozarks for about three years. Doris and I greatly enjoy the club shows and our fellowship with our Tired Iron friends. After the untimely loss of Dick Shadduck, our long-time chaplain, I was honored to be asked to serve in that capacity by President Glenn Smith a few weeks ago. Doris and I are looking forward to ministering to the spiritual needs of our members. Please call on us when we can be of help in any way.