



James “Jamie” C. Allen

February 17, 1935 – July 19, 2007

Sadly, we must announce the passing of James “Jamie” C. Allen, who passed away on July 19, 2007 after a two and a half year battle with esophageal cancer.

Jamie was born February 17, 1935 in Ardmore, OK. He graduated from The University of Tulsa with a degree in Petroleum Engineering in 1959. While at TU, Jamie was a member of the Kappa Alpha Order. After serving 3 years in the U.S. Air Force, he went to work for Amoco Production Company. During the 32 years with Amoco, he made many friends and worked in Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Canada. In 1996, Jamie retired to Tyler, TX.

In addition to a 50-year member of the Society of Petroleum Engineers (SPE), and chairmanship of the Railroad Commission Regulatory Practices Committee (1988-1994), Jamie was an active member at Marvin United Methodist Church in Tyler where he served on the administrative board and volunteered with Meals on Wheels.

Jamie is survived by the love of his life, Sandra Alline Stinson Allen, his loving wife of 47 years; three daughters, Michelle Vinson and husband, Tony, of Clear Lake, Kristi Schneider and husband, Steve, of Austin, and Melissa Hatch and husband, Michael, of Wylie; and 8 grandchildren; as well as his siblings, Marilyn Bell of Larned, KS, Roger Caldwell of Tallahassee, FL, and Margie Maxwell and Bob Allen of Visalia, CA.

Roy Koerner's fond recollections of Jamie:

I met Jamie in the 7th grade at Roosevelt Jr. High in Tulsa. We both played Clarinet and became fierce competitors in band. But we were best of friends and after graduating from T.U. I asked

him to be my Best Man at our wedding. Two years later, he asked me to be his Best Man. During High School, we continued in the Marching Band, Orchestra and Concert Band. However, we decided together to major in Petroleum Engineering at T.U. In those days, Tulsa was known as the "Oil Capital of the World" and we could afford to attend this prestigious and private institution by living at our respective homes, so it was an easy decision. We both joined the same fraternity (KA) and usually double dated. So, you might say we were close "Buddies." We took a lot of courses together and again, in those days, Physical Chemistry was a required course for Petroleum Engineering. Dr. Gardner was the infamous Professor of P-Chem and it was, without doubt, the hardest course in our curriculum. So, Jamie and I vowed to study our notes EVERY night immediately after classes in order to insure we stayed abreast of each lecture and knew every nuance that Doc expected us to know. Doc was especially fond of requiring us to be able to derive various equations, some of which were very long. He lectured and wrote so fast that one barely had time to glance at the blackboard which covered two full walls and write at the same time. This particular day, we had a very lengthy derivation to learn so Jamie and I sat down that evening and started through the derivation line by line. We were doing fine until we both got stumped at the same point. I told Jamie I didn't understand this particular step and he replied..."I don't either." We both expressed frustration that the step made no logical sense from the previous line and we could not understand how the good Doctor had arrived there. After scratching our heads for several minutes, we decided to compare our notes and we both had exactly the same thing written. So, back to scratching our heads. At that point Jamie said something like..."Didn't Doc fill all the black Boards and had to come back to the front of the room to finish?" I replied that he was absolutely right. We finally deduced that Doc had indeed come back to a filled blackboard about midway through the derivation, erased a patch and inserted the final lines. What he inserted lined up with the previous lines such that when we feverishly reached that point all we had time to do was copy what he had written whether it made sense or not. So, we carefully removed the "inserted" lines and reconstructed the "erased" portions by going back to the previous lines and mathematically reconstructing the true lines. As I recall, we both "Nailed" that derivation on the next Quiz! If guys can love each other, we did. I miss him and always will. MaryAnn and I attended the funeral and I was honored by Sandy, his wife, and his daughters when they agreed that I could play "Amazing Grace" on Jamie's Saxophone as the "Special Music" during the funeral.

P.S. Jamie and I had many "amusing" incidents. But, I think it would be best to keep those as private memories!