



As a part of my duties as the email coordinator for the Golden Eagles, I attempt to share with our members information that is pertinent and meaningful. As is often the case when one of our friends flies West, some of our members feel compelled to submit tributes and comments about the deceased. It falls upon me to exercise my best judgement as to which of these submissions should be shared with our members. Captain Warren Beckman was a very well liked and respected pilot at Continental, and his personality and mannerisms seem to have endeared him to many. It is therefore my judgement that the following note regarding Warren that was submitted by Golden Eagles member Romain Nelsen be shared with our members. Other tributes were thoughtfully submitted by our members, but due to space and time limitations and to preserve the readability of the notice, these have not been included here. Suffice it to say that Ro`s note echos the sentiments of those who provided tributes to Warren.

Dave Newell

Note from Ro Nelsen:

Please pass on my admiration and love for Warren, with whom I shared cockpits that often became stages for his performances of North Dakota history. He brightened those days with a humor so inimical to him as to bring his smile to me today.

But as I join in feeling the vacancy of his leaving, I ask for forgiveness and mercy in stealing from Warren`s repertoire. I confess to having purloined, usually to limited success, several, including this law enforcement matter which Warren noted as having happened to his own version of actuality in Williston.

Warren related the presence of a dark sedan in town there years ago, when he was young, and long before petroleum reclamation.

When the limo-type vehicle appeared again the next day, the Sheriff saw clear his duty to inquire. He pulled the stranger's car over, and asked of the driver, piercingly:

"What you doing here?"

"Looking for investments," the answer came, confirmation.

"Where you from?" The Sheriff asked.

"Chicago," was the driver's answer.

To which the Sheriff now had his case made. Ah-ha, (as I was told) he framed the tell:

"If you're from Chicago, what're you doing with Illinois license plates?"

That's it. The story ends.

Warren told that tale in my presence often enough for even me to get the gist. I confess. I took the story, moved it to my home, Canton, in South Dakota, where my geographic shift recount failed. Didn't work in Sioux Falls either. But I tried again, setting in full Williston, giving Warren appropriate attribution — nothing, even tossing in mention of Ms. Peggy Lee. I can join in honoring Warren, but I can't tell his stories, even this one, my favorite.

Romain Oliver Nelsen



Dave Newell

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