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7 February 2000

Mr. Rick Connole
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Dear Ricky,

Ingrid just found these as she was looking over some old pictures and beginning to put together some of the scrapbooks she has been threatening for a thousand years. As a matter of fact, she has actually made a couple that we may see some someday. These pictures, which you may never have seen, she handed to me with the comment that I should send them to you, and that we had other copies. So they'll be in our scrapbook and unless I miss my guess, they'll wind up in one of yours too.

You may have heard the story: When I studied navigation at the Naval Academy Roy was my instructor. He was a lieutenant, wearing two broad stripes on both sleeves of his uniform, and as a second class midshipman I had two very thin diagonal stripes on my left sleeve. One of his first salutations, as I remember, was that we both had the same number of stripes (but mine were midshipman stripes) and I'd never catch up to him again. Later on he became my skipper during the war, as a lieutenant commander, and I progressed from ensign to lieutenant commander, but while I was doing that he made it to commander. The joke then was that try as I might the Navy system was in control and I'd never catch up to him again. Then one day in 1956—November—while I was Naval Aide to Eisenhower in the White House, my number came through and I became a Captain, US Navy. I had surreptitiously been watching Uncle Roy and although he had been selected admiral, he hadn't made it yet, so he was still a captain, and I invited him to lunch in the White House. He may have had a sneaking hunch of what was in store because he also showed up in full uniform and when I greeted him there I was resplendent in four shiny new stripes, considerably shinier than his. We had a nice visit, and all of a sudden guess what happened? Into my office walked my White House navy photographer, Paul Begley. Paul always went around with his camera because, he said, you never knew when a picture was going to strike. This time, however, was not accidental. He was really loaded for bear, with extra cameras, lots of film, tripods, and all the paraphernalia. So what you have here is proof that I did at one point catch up to Roy.

Two such handsome Navy Captains you never saw in your life!

Sincerely,

