

October 25, 1939

Mr. Marvin H. McIntyre
102 Macon Avenue
Asheville, North Carolina

Dear Mac:

When a fellow is laid up for as long a time as you have been, there are probably times when he thinks his friends, or some of them at least, have forgotten him. A little evidence to the contrary now and then should be welcome and this is what we have in mind in sending you this greeting. We are glad to know you are coming along steadily and hope we shall see you up this way before long. From time to time we have had reports from the Admiral and thus have kept informed of your progress.

While we have missed you greatly at your official quarters, it is at the Burning Tree that we are most frequently reminded of your absence. Singers Alley in the locker room "ain't what she used to be." It is only rarely that a little close harmony is attempted. We need the spark of your suggestion and leadership to kindle the musical flame. And when we do break forth, we miss your mellow tenor. It was the finishing touch even though you found it necessary at times to pitch it an octave lower. John Brooks and Harry Eaton fall miles short of compensating for your absence even though Roger Whiteford still lays a solid foundation with his low ones. And although there is still a good supply of fifteen year old bourbon in some of the lockers, it doesn't seem to generate the urge for song as it did with you.

On Sunday morning, the brethern do not go forth from the locker room in the same religious spirit that prevailed when you were there. Not once in your absence have the sweet strains of "Rock of Ages" or "Nearer My God to Thee" accompanied the departure of the hopefuls to the first tee. Nevertheless, on the course the heavenly powers are invoked as fervently and powerfully as of yore. This is particularly true on the eighteenth tee when some swinging pilgrim looks heavenward and plops his ball into McIntyre Lake. But after the cards have been matched, the arguments settled and the pot duly divided, all with the assistance of several rounds of ambrosia, the shouting and the tumult dies, the captains and the kings depart, but the wounds of battle are not assuaged by the sweet strains of harmony issuing from the choir of which you were the leading light. So hurry back and like a good shepherd lead your flock along its ancient and righteous path.

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This coming Saturday the boys will foregather for the annual harvest party of which you have no doubt received notice. We shall miss you again and with good old bourbon we two shall manifest it by toasting your early return.

With all good wishes, we are

Sincerely,

and

P.S. Please do not reply as we know you have no staff there and would prefer hearing from you in person later on.

LC/fg

LC