

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

Note: between November 10, 1927 and September 9, 1928 (with one exception), there are no letters from Florence to Aubrey. Perhaps she saved his letters and he did not save hers. Another possibility is that stored letters were destroyed in the basement of the Nashville house (2109 Westwood).

Attalla, Alabama

January 1, 1928

Dearest,

Please excuse me. I did not mean to border on "prissiness" in making the letter suggestion. The fact was, I wanted you to get my letter in time for an answer to reach home before Sunday, since it takes an unpardonably long time for a letter to go from Andalusia to Albertville; otherwise you might send it to Albertville, it reaching there after I had left and I would have had to wait for it to be forwarded. Could I wait that long for a letter from the dearest sweetheart in the world through a fault of Uncle Sam?

The hint was in reality entirely unnecessary and was not justified in the least.

Your New Year blotter is appreciated; also "The Chimes" and "The Periscope". In the latter I read of your sophomore party and the swimming contest in which was Grace's name. I have not read the former yet but am eagerly anticipating the enjoyment of the production of some more of Shorter's talented students.

I know you had a delightful time at home and you felt, I guess, as I did today, somewhat reluctant at leaving. I hope the time spent was also a rest for you and that you will have renewed vigor for the semester ahead.

After the quiet but merry holidays I feel considerably strengthened for the duties forthcoming. What would life be without a vacation now and then? There was only one thing wrong with my vacation—I did not get to see you. I hope during this year we will get to see each other more. I hope to come to see you in several months if you'll let me.

I arrived late this afternoon after waiting in vain for a bus, via train. A light snow and a low temperature had about frozen things up on the mountaintop.

On arrival, I found a belated Christmas package and on opening it discovered a handy sewing box from an anonymous friend. Probably a pupil playing a prank but appreciated nevertheless; to know the rudiments of sewing is necessary to one away from home and unmarried.

You may like to look over the inclosed bulletin, the first ever to be issued from our church and describing the student night program. The B.Y.P.U. Department seeing the need for a weekly bulletin presented it to the church with the hope that it would "take" well and after the first month would be continued by another organization blessed with larger finances or by individuals. The student program was a glorious success with one exception; it was the best of its kind I have ever heard. You can imagine how poorly I dealt with my subject in three minutes, one the introduction of which would take an hour, discussed properly.

I shall inform your brother what I think of his insulting you in regard to the tennis games.

I was very sorry to learn of the sickness of your Mother and I sincerely hope that she was well when you left. She did not have to be sick, however, for you to busy yourself in household duties. I know you would not stop a moment if there was anything to be done for your mother, or the others at home.

It is with a degree of reluctance as aforesaid that tomorrow we begin on a week of review followed by examinations. I will not be sorry much when the papers are graded.

This is one year I have refrained from making resolutions, to save the proverbial breaking of them. Only a few mental ones which come too often to be classed as New Year's ones.

It is the sad truth that I am sadly deficient in the art of letter writing. I express my thoughts and wishes entirely too inadequately and briefly to be a master. I admire your style very much and if the honor of continuing our correspondence for some time is mine I hope to improve upon my present condition.

I learned while at home that Ruth's mother is now out of the hospital after two serious operations. I trust she (Ruth) is able to be back in school.

I have not forgotten a promise to send you a photo and will do so as soon as I can visit a Gadsden photographer.

Your sweetheart,
Aubrey

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Castle Gallant
January 6, 1928

Dear Lady Rebecca,

The fear in my heart for the coming struggle with Sir Allen has vanished with your note of confidence with the thought that you believe my army of Knights and Pawns will win no foe can wound and victory is assured.

With your noble colors to inspire us, draped about my shield and your blank dispatches as messengers and thoughts of you in my heart, the army of Sir Allen will be routed, horrible though the conflict may be.

Fear not, fair Lady; knowing that Sir Allen is a kinsman of yours, I have issued orders to the effect that any knight who mortally wounds him will be shot with bow and arrow at sunrise by the most skillful archer of Castle Gallant.

The laurel wreath I desire greatly and promise faithfully not to cast eyes upon Sir Allen's Queen.

Your admiring, devoted
Sir Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
January 6, 1928

Dearest Florence,

I hope that since Sunday your school has not had the hectic time ours has with frozen pipes and the inconveniences caused thereby.

Your suggested resolutions are appreciated. They were indeed timely for I had about decided to refrain from making any. Since I made mine late, please add these to the ones you have already made: not to overstudy or overwork in general, and devote more time for recreation and pleasure reading.

I prepared tonight a plane geometry exam for tomorrow. We are having school to make up for Monday when the furnace didn't work and school was turned out, and are having the first day of exams. It is hard to strike the medium between the extremes of being too hard and too easy but I decided upon ten representative propositions which I expect seventy percent of the class to pass in two hours.

I am without a roommate this week; Tom and his wife are living in an apartment. It is only for a week however, as William Albert Ray, our new teacher is coming next week. He is a graduate of Birmingham-Southern. I had known him for several weeks, having met him in Birmingham one night when he had a date with Mildred, and secured this place for him. He desired a change of occupation as he intends to study law and thinks teaching is better training. I like him very much.

I am sorry that you have not received "Sunshine" and will see that it is sent at once.

Tell Grace "hello" for me.

Yours,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
January 10, 1928

Dearest Florence,

This time I guarded against making the mistake I made last time, and dated the letter to the present instead of a year past.

I do not blame you at all for taking a rest period preceding examinations, if you are actually doing it. It is certainly beginning early on your resolution.

We finished today a three-day examination period. It seems to be a relief to all concerned, especially the students. And now the task of grading papers is in progress, which brings sighs, disappointments, and a few hopes to we who are instructors. It is on such instances, when on grading a set of plane geometry papers to find to my grief that one-fourth the class had failed, that I reprove myself for being a schoolteacher.

One of our teachers added to the page of exam questions "Read carefully Phillipians 3:13-14 after you have finished all of your examinations". I decided it could have appropriately been added to all of my sense of questions.

Tomorrow our second semester begins, with probably about twenty-five pupils less since the mid-term mortality rate here is high, and one change in the faculty. My schedule will be the same except solid geometry will be exchanged for advanced algebra.

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I think your interpretation of Allen's temperament is correct. I too am subject to periods of brooding, 'though brief, which I sometimes fear are making me cynical. But Allen has such a cheerful and unselfish nature that one would not know if he were blue. And I agree with you that he is surely a rare brother. He worships you; last year when I knew you as friend only, he would tell me often how he loved you, and when we were in college too. And I think he has a wonderful sister.

We have not begun our contest yet, due to my delay in finding a chess board. The one I ordered should be here sometime this week and then beware Allen's knights. We will keep you informed as to the progress of the battle, the laurel wreath will be mine.

Today the much discussed and debated twenty million dollar bond issue was voted upon. I am anxious to learn the outcome for it will mean additional funds for Etowah and thousands of other schools in the State, but not hopeful for it has been predicted to be defeated three to one.

Today also is Mother's birthday. I too have a wonderful mother; she grows dearer to me each day. And Father too, one of whom anyone would be proud. I keep trying not only to honor them now but preparing to do so in a larger way later on.

I appreciated the notes from Grace, Eleanor and Lucy. Tell them hello for me. And Ruth too the next time you see her.

I always look forward to receiving your letters.

Your sweetheart,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
January 15, 1928

Dearest Sweetheart,

I have felt much better since your much enjoyed letter (I enjoy them all but this one especially) came.

Now I know that I have someone who sympathizes and cares, and it matters greatly. So much that I will no longer have feelings of despondency. I may be blue at times but for a good reason. How I admire your philosophy of beauty and joy. Mine has been amended to include them. And because I find in you all that is beautiful and good I hope through the blessed privilege of your friendship to make my philosophy real.

I do not think it best that you get suggestions from your suite mates as to what should be said in writing me. For I trust your judgment above all others and I do not think any are needed to improve either upon what you say or your method of saying it.

Since writing you last, I have a new roommate: Albert W. Ray. He resigned a responsible position with the Alabama Power Company in Birmingham because he wanted teaching experience, to accept the place made vacant by one of our lady teachers who is to be married soon. He is a graduate of Birmingham Southern. He is six feet tall, handsome and an all-round fine fellow. Like me, he is planning to study law; we get along famously. He has made a good impression upon the school and town and I believe is going to make an excellent science teacher.

"Ole Lady" has a Ford coupe which he calls "Tin Cup" and "Breezy Buggy" which comes in handy.

"My" B.Y.P.U. Department was A-1 for four quarters last year, which recent news relieved my fear that we would fail the last quarter and thereby miss our yearly A-1 goal. Some of my officers are I believe among the best and without them we could do nothing.

Tonight, having been invited to install the general officers at Alabama City, I journeyed our Tin Cup expecting to make a ten minute talk to a group of officers in the department assembly. I found to my surprise and near dismay that the evening preaching hour had been allotted for the purpose. They probably thought my installation service odd, I having seen only one conducted, and conducting this one according to my own ideas.

Your suggestion that schools abandon tests because of the trouble the teachers have in grading papers is a clever one. In times like this when the task of marking errors and averaging grades seems a long one, it would be very appropriate. I have only one more section however. Failures have been plentiful as these figures indicate: in algebra, 35 percent failed for the semester and in geometry, 40 percent.

Today the family came by to see me. It is rarely that they can come and of course I was glad to see them all.

I believe you said your exams would come the first part of this week. I hope you find them what you expect; you need not worry in the least because I already know and so do your professors, what you will make.

If I am correct about the time for exams and you will have the week end free, it would give me great delight if you will give me dates Saturday and Sunday. Ray will come with me; get him a date Saturday night and Sunday invite Lina Belle to be our chaperon at lunch.

Hoping to hear from you soon,

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Yours,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
January 21, 1928

Dearest,

I am sorry that I confused the date of your exams. On looking on my calendar, I found I had promised to speak on one of the associational fifth Sunday programs at Gadsden, Sunday week. That would not prevent my coming for next week end, however, as it could easily be cancelled, but Ray, whom I had invited to come with me, had an out of town engagement for Saturday. And so, if satisfactory, what about the week end of February 3-5?

Your suggestions for dates for Ray with Grace and Lina Belle are excellent, I hope nothing will interfere with our plans, provided the time is agreeable, for the week end mentioned.

The semi-annual school teachers' task of averaging grades and recording them, flowing exams, has just been completed at Etowah to our relief. For a brief period we have no papers to grade; when monthly test time rolls around the job will begin again.

As to encouragement for your exams, one of your ability needs none. For, as I have said, your professors and I know already what you will make. When a student's daily work is as steady and superior as yours at the end of the term he is prepared without special effort for as hard an exam as the professor chooses to give.

This quotation from Charles Kingsley, however, might give you some inspiration: "Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance, self control, diligence, strength of will, content, and a hundred virtues which the idle never know."

Having found a checkerboard to suit my fancy, I have mailed my first move on what is going to be a record breaking chess game, to Allen. Also with advice to play very carefully and wisely, as I feared that upon my mastery of the chess book he sent me, the game would be short.

I guess you read of the resignation of Georgine Coley to accept the call as Young People's director at Dr. Truett's church in Dallas. She is surely a consecrated leader and I hate for Alabama to lose the services of one so talented. She had been praying about the call for eight months; in conversation with her at Mentone she said she was praying about it then; she accepted it as the will of God and because it is His will, it is best for her to go.

This afternoon Ray and I motored to Albertville and paid the homefolks a two hour visit. I fear I am spoiling myself going home so often, when I go to college I will realize it. Nevertheless, there is nothing like using an opportunity.

Next week I am to teach "A General B.Y.P.U. Organization" in a training school at Alabama City. I like to teach this book because the class is usually small and selected and part of the teaching period can be used for discussions.

My reorganized schedule of classes for the second term gives me thirty extra pupils, a total of 168 a day, but no extra classes. And the same subjects except advanced algebra supplants solid geometry, both half year courses. This pleases me since algebra is my teaching hobby.

By all means don't worry about my exam.

"Ole Lady" is busy composing one to his lady friend (a letter, not an exam). I wonder if he gets as amused at me as I do at him sometimes.

Lovingly, Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
January 27, 1928

Dearest Florence,

By this time your joy killers are over and you are enjoying, I hope to the fullest extent, a few days of freedom from school routine.

And as for exam results, I believe I could easily predict those. The opinions of your professors would corroborate mine.

Your dissertation on the subject of study was read with interest, as was the remainder of your letter. You illustrate exactly my idea: that consistent preparations leads to thoroughness and promotes scholarship; that daily work is more important than examinations; that the latter is merely a test of the former, and therefore cramming is unnecessary. These conclusions are not deeply, but practically, logical.

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Please pardon me for getting so unpardonably philosophical, as I am in the habit of doing at times.

The training school at Alabama City proved to be a small one, but interesting nevertheless. Of seven enrolled in my "General Organization" class, four tonight took the exam and completed the course.

The serious illness following an operation for appendicitis of one of the officers of our local Department brought sorrow and alarm to our church and association. Miss Florence Brothers is, in my opinion one of the best intermediate leaders in the State. Recent encouraging reports from hospital authorities fill us with hope.

I wish that next weekend were this weekend; I would be preparing to leave for Rome in the morning. Both of us (especially this one) are eagerly looking forward to the trip. May we have dates on Saturday afternoon? A school program on Friday night will prevent our leaving until Saturday morning.

This week has been eventful in Etowah High history. Mr. Dowdy, with his genius for getting at the bottom of difficulties, has analyzed the situation of our school and explained it to the students themselves, whose idleness and general lack of dependability he attributes the low scholarship standing of the school. The criticism brought much discussion. Of course he made it constructive and the results are already noticeable.

The fight is on. I have mailed the first move to Allen of our forthcoming conflict. As yet, I have had no reply.

I wish you were here to give suggestions for a talk I have to prepare tomorrow on "How the Sunday School Teaches Missions." I have not thought very much on the subject but it will take careful preparation.

Ray just came in with the news that he has been elected as leader of the Epworth Leagues for this district. Now we are rivals; I am engaged in two conflicts at the same time.

I trust the delay in answering your letter did not cause you to forget me. It will worry me greatly in that event....

Yours,

Aubrey

P.S. Please excuse these corrections. C.A.H.

Attalla, Alabama

February 1, 1928

Dearest,

The shock and worry caused by your forgetting me caused a day's delay in answering your letter. The reassurance that you remember gave me courage and hope.

I can hardly await Saturday. We will leave here that morning. If we arrive in time, I will call you between one thirty and two. If we are not delayed, we will be out around three thirty. I believe we are going to have a pleasant trip and I know a pleasant time.

Your grades were as I expected, the best and I congratulate you. I would not be ashamed of French; B is a good grade. It is so rarely made in my classes that it is considered to be a high grade.

The study course and talk were both completed and I am glad they are both over. They put me so far behind in paper grading that last night I had to catch up by grading twenty-two sets. (We have daily tests and I teach 168 pupils daily).

I forwarded my next move to Allen tonight. I prophesy a long and hard battle. In a letter from him first of the week he lamented the fact that Short Hill was for me but said I needed all the encouragement I could get, or words to that effect.

The Etowah County graded school of missions is being held in Gadsden this week and I became so interested tonight I think I will attend the remaining two nights. There are several returned missionaries teaching courses. Dr. Ayers gave the inspirational address Monday night and although I had to miss that I heard him in our chapel that morning in an inspiring talk.

Yours lovingly,

Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama

February 6, 1928

Dearest Florence,

After a six hour trip interrupted only by several misfortunes, none serious, we arrived in Attala last night. Part of the road was being worked and we got stuck twice, lost once, and had the odd experience of reaching the river to find the ferryman asleep on the opposite side but these minor delays troubled us none, we had such a pleasant trip to think and talk about.

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I had a most delightful time and enjoyed every minute, especially those spent with you! My Friend also enjoyed as thoroughly our trip as I did. He was as well impressed with Shorter on his first visit as I was on mine. And he talks constantly of the high qualities of two of Shorter's most select students, I concurring in all he says, disagreeing only when his eulogies fail to express their actual merits.

It was with a degree of reluctance mingled with feelings of renewed hope that I began the task of dispensing knowledge, or rather attempting to, this morning. Monday is usually a hectic day in the school calendar but today it did not seem that way.

Plans are being made by my Department for the annual training school to begin the last Monday in February. Seven courses will be taught. The keynote for the week will be "Sharing with God", and devotionals will be held each evening when different phases of the keynote, such as sharing of time, money and talents, will be discussed. I am hoping it will be a success. The school will be the second of two efficiency drives, the result of which, early in March, we hope to use toward making the department average reach one hundred, and be the first in the State to do so.

A number of school projects are being begun this week, one being a minstrel to raise funds to paint session rooms. Each faculty member will be given some part of the minstrel to coach. The features of the event will be the comedies written by our versatile Principal, Mr. Dowdy. Having read some of them, I know the minstrel will be unusually humorous.

I was glad to have seen your suitemates again and appreciate having Lina Belle for chaperon. Tell them all hello for me.

Yours lovingly,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
February 10, 1928

Dearest Florence,

Your letter came today and was enjoyed as usual. I allowed Dowdy to read a page and he was pleased. He laughed at your statement that he might not appreciate your telling him he should be more serious minded; it was to avoid being too dignified that we made the arrangement we did.

This week has passed so quickly. Returning from a weekend trip as delightful as it was, work has seemed more interesting (it is naturally interesting but this week it has been more so); recollections of the happy hours spent on that trip and others of a similar nature doubtless accounted for the growth of interest.

The training school which I mentioned, we are hoping will be the largest and best ever held locally. I am trying to get it advertised; to be the success I want it to be, there must be 150 to attend.

One of our senior girls is seriously ill following an operation for appendicitis. This is the second case that has occurred within the past two months, and our third pupil to undergo an operation this school year.

My good friend Dowdy and I laugh often over the way our scheme worked. We almost placed each other in embarrassing positions several times. My only regret is the fear that we might have offended someone. Of course it was all done in fun and when the motive is understood I believe we will be forgiven. We decided today to let you tell the secret—and then changed our minds, thinking we might bring the real Ray along on our next trip and let him be Dowdy, as the postscript on the inclosed note will explain. I hope our new plan will meet with your approval.

F.D. was disappointed, I believe because Lina Belle did not answer his note. I think he wrote her today.

I enjoyed the completion of your narrative of the adventure of the girls. I agree with you that the girl did wrong in "stringing" the professor.

Ray has invited me to accompany him to Birmingham tomorrow. We will leave early as we have some school business as well as private to attend to. I hope to visit my Alma Mater if time permits. Also the "homefolks" on University Avenue. Ray has a date with Mildred for tomorrow night, and I with a freshman co-ed.

The members of the First Baptist Church of Attalla have a rare treat in store for them for Sunday evening. I am to have charge of the service, the pastor being away, and Dowdy will be the principal speaker.

Have you begun baseball practice yet or do you intend to? In case you need an extra baseball, I will be glad to send an entirely new basketball for that purpose, since we have one not in use.

A tennis court will be built on the Etowah campus soon. This announcement was received with delight by the students and two faculty members. Ray is also a tennis enthusiast. We plan to practice daily when spring comes.

Yours always, Aubrey

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Attalla, Alabama
February 15, 1928

Dearest Florence,

Your letter and card were received yesterday and both enjoyed. The sentiment on the card was so appropriate; I appreciate it very much.

How was your valentine party? I hope you had as good a time as I did at the one I attended. The senior union of our Department had a combined valentine and tacky party; I enjoyed leaving my dignity at home (not very much to leave) and participating in the wholesome entertainment provided.

Tonight at prayer meeting Dr. Holmes linked the valentine idea with Christ's emphasis upon love and understanding as a marriage basis in a striking way. It was a timely message and one that I wish youth everywhere might hear. It is alarming to note that the idea is too often taken too lightly as evidenced by many divorces and such foolish ideas as "companionate marriage".

I gave your message to Mr. Dowdy and he sends thanks. The explanation seemed to satisfy him; his accusation was a bit hasty in my opinion especially since Lina Bell's delay was so well justified.

Our two day's visit in Birmingham was a delightful one. Saturday night we heard the Howard Glee Club on the stage at the Pantages and the performance was a credit to the college. Sunday we had lunch at Dr. Hearn's. All there asked about you. We left that afternoon in plenty of time to arrive in Attalla before church service which I had to lead for the pastor. The unexpected happened and engine trouble delayed us more than an hour and church was almost over when we arrived. Mildred sends regards.

It seems as if test day rolls around more often than once a month. I am preparing monthly tests to give Friday. Which means Saturday will have to be devoted to grading papers. Not an altogether pleasant thought.

I am reading a newspaper serial story of aviation in the World War. It is called "Aces Up", and is a war story of unusual merit.

Last Sunday morning Ray, Mildred and I heard Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, who was introduced as America's most distinguished minister, at the First Methodist Church in a wonderful sermon on "Peace of the Soul", preached from the fourteenth chapter of John verse 27. It was a remarkable sermon by a remarkable man and one of the best I have ever heard.

In offering our extra basketball I thought you might use it for baseball purposes. I was merely jesting.

Are the interclass basketball contests proving as thrilling as I know some were about this time last year?

Your sweetheart, Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
February 21, 1928

Dearest Florence,

I have just returned from Gadsden where a host of young people were forced to listen for fifteen minutes while I bored them with a talk on "Our Speech for Christ". It was at the inspiration period in a B.Y.P.U. training school at the Twelfth Street Church. I enjoyed speaking to a group so attentive.

Please forgive me for neglecting to thank you in my last letter for your valentines and card. Both are greatly appreciated, especially the sentiments each expressed.

The sophomores deserve commendation for winning from the juniors. I guess by this time the final game has been played. I hope the sophs won over the seniors. Congratulate Grace and Eleanor for me for their part of the junior victory.

I know you are elated over the success of the dinner for the Shorter drive. It is a credit to Rome that that amount was raised in a single night. What is the goal of the drive?

Tomorrow night I am hoping to attend the annual oratorical contest between the Lee and Morgan Literary Societies at the high school at home. It is an affair which always arouses much interest throughout Marshall County. I am taking Ray and Dowdy up with me to let them view the contest. The Morgans have won since 1923 so, being a Lee, I am boosting hard for the Lees.

The town of Attalla was visited today by three bandits who calmly walked in the Attalla Bank, tied the cashier and put \$17,000 in suitcases and escaped so quietly that they had ten minutes of distance behind the town before the robbery was discovered and the alarm given. It happened I do not do business with this bank but fortunately for the depositors the loss was fully covered by insurance.

Mr. Dowdy was glad to receive Lina Belle's letter. He will send her an application blank; we are not yet ready, however, for the secret to be divulged.

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It may be that I will teach another year; I have not fully decided but it looks now as if I will. If conditions are favorable and I receive the offer I expect, I will come back to Attalla.

Plans are about complete for our training school which comes next week. We are distributing 300 cards like the one enclosed. I am hoping we will have a large attendance. We are having the annual department social on Friday night after examinations. Desiring to put on one social exactly according to my ideas, as an experiment, I have charge of this one. Planning one for all ages is quite a task but an interesting one.

Yours lovingly,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
February 28, 1928

Dearest,

I was more than glad to get your letter yesterday; I had feared you were sick. But I know responsibilities sometimes crowd one's program, as they occasionally do more, to prevent writing.

The contest at home resulted in a victory for the Lees, the first in five years. I took Messrs. Ray and Dowdy with me to witness the event; the former was one of the judges. Both said the performance reflected credit on the school and Mr. Dowdy invited the speakers to come to Attalla and give their selections in chapel.

I would like to have seen the senior-soph game. I am sorry the sophomores did not win. They must have been playing a superior team; the seniors had of course the advantage by having the most experienced players.

The training school is in progress and while the attendance of 107 tonight lacks by a large margin reaching the goal of 150, there are other things more important than numbers and I am well pleased thus far. I am enjoying teaching a class of 25 the Intermediate Manual. Intermediates are my favorites; they are so responsive, so enthusiastic and so appreciative of one's efforts to teach them. We have had excellent talks on the keynote, "Sharing", expanding it with the subjects, "Sharing Our Time," "Our Talents", and for tomorrow night, "Our Money". Our pastor will talk at the consecration service Thursday night and I am praying that several of our members who are unsaved may be reached and that there may be at least one to volunteer for life service.

The next time I am in Rome I want to hear your Lullaby. I know it is excellent because you wrote it. Music has a peculiar charm when you play.

Last night we were awakened at midnight by the fire siren to find the house three doors from ours enveloped in flames. The fire engine arrived in time to save the surrounding houses; had the night been windy, it would have been difficult to save them.

The A.E.A. will meet in Birmingham this year instead of Montgomery, the latter part of March. I hope Allen can be there and we can have a "reunion" like last year. I will know, probably, within three weeks if I will return to Attalla. It is at the A.E.A. that many teachers find new places so principals usually interview the teachers they wish to invite back before that time. I have been interviewed but have not been given a definite offer.

I would be glad to see Lina Belle teach in Attalla and while I believe she would be disappointed in the town, I think she would like the school, and the place we stay, for Dr. and Mrs. McElroy surely make a home for us. I will speak to the Gadsden superintendent about Frances Reed; she might also write him (Mr. C.A. Donalson) asking for an application blank. Gadsden High School has one of the largest and best equipped buildings in the State and is a good high school.

Your sweetheart always,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
March 4, 1928

Dearest Florence,

I am glad your letter came today. It has been raining most of the day; just the kind of a day to spend in reading, writing and sleeping but I had time only for writing having become behind in all my correspondence with one exception. So this afternoon I took pen in hand and wrote, and saved the best for the last, or rather, answered the best last.

The training school ended Friday night with 92 taking examinations. For the grand finale we had the annual department social. It was quite a task to select games for all ages and for one hundred people, the number who attended. We played active, quiet and group games and intermixed several stunts and contests...In my class, of

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twenty five enrolled, all but two took the test. Now we are lending all energies toward "100% night" next Sunday night when we are hoping to make a record of 100% and be the first Department in the State to reach it.

I know you enjoyed the hike. Mountain climbing and hiking is excellent exercise and I am glad you are having time for recreation of this type, which you need because of the confining nature of your courses and because being naturally studious and capable you have as a result added responsibilities to overcrowd an already full program.

Again my sweetheart triumphs, I have high regard for the musical taste of Mr. Roland. Accept my heartiest congratulations for your accomplishment. I want to hear your song when I come to Rome again, if I may.

What will you do during spring holidays? Won't you be lonely a whole week? I wish the time did not conflict with the A.E.A. which meets in Birmingham March 29-31.

Yesterday the E.H.S. Junior High basketball team played in the county tournament, won the first contest and then lost a thriller to our ancient rivals, Gadsden High, by the score 20-18.

The chess game was progressing nicely until the maid knocked over my players last week. Allen is sending me a chart of the places of all men so we can resume the game.

The next time I come to Rome I may bring H.S. Sauls with me. H.S. is a young minister, a graduate of Mercer, who is the field worker for Etowah Baptist Association, and one of the finest young men I have ever known. Or I may bring my friends Dowdy and Ray, both of whom are anxious to come. Provided, of course, all is satisfactory with you.

Do not worry about Allen; he will not do the "something rash" for he is sensible like me and we are not quite ready for this "rash" act.

Your sweetheart,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
March 10, 1928

Dearest,

For several days I have been slightly ill from a cold. It is one of those lingering kind which gives you a disagreeable feeling. I am feeling much better tonight, however.

The changeableness of the weather this week with its varying degrees of coldness and dampness may have contributed to my disagreeable disposition. And I am ashamed to think that it might. Especially after this incident: Thursday night rain prevented a large number of B.Y.P.U. officers from attending the monthly council at the church, including several on the program. I apologized for the missing program, read a few verses for the devotional and called upon an intermediate girl to lead in prayer. She began thus, "Dear Lord, we thank thee for the rain tonight," and prayed one of the most beautiful prayers I have ever heard.

I appreciate your sending the pictures. I like them very much. They are good, although I wish they included one of you. In one of the landscape views I picked out Shorter Hill. Was I correct?

Did you enjoy the concert? Mr. Stratton had a rare privilege at the reception. I believe I will have my voice trained and come to Shorter to give a concert and have a reception given in my honor, maybe. (The audacious presumptuous conceit of myself).

"My" B.Y.P.U. Department has set March 18 as the Sunday on which we will attempt to be 100 percent in efficiency and set a State if not a southwide record. This, I believe is possible; our department average for February was 76 and since we have had the training school which will boost individual averages.

The campus of Etowah high school will be one of the prettiest in the State when the present projects are completed. A driveway is being made, enclosed by a small rock wall with a circular flower bed, and to the side a tennis court, a volley ball court and basketball court. I will be glad when they are all finished; the campus looks torn up and besides I have already missed two days playing tennis by not having a place to play.

Next week I am to teach the study course "Senior B.Y.P.U. Administration" in a training school at Duck Springs, a rural church five miles from Attalla. Nineteen other training schools will be held also in his county at the same time, a county study course drive the work of H.S. Sauls our invaluable field worker. The county goal is 1000 awards.

I regret very much that the A.E.A. and your spring holidays conflict. Maybe we can come soon thereafter.

Your sweetheart,
Aubrey

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

Attalla, Alabama

March 14, 1928

Dearest Florence,

I have been feeling much better for the past several days and my cold has almost left me. And it was a good thing it did, with a training school on program in addition to regular activities.

Each night this week I go fifteen miles to Duck Springs Church to teach a study course in "Senior Administration" there. It is pleasant traveling, with a party of friends in a Buick sedan driven by a collegemate. The others teach study courses at other churches along the way. There are fifty-four enrolled in the school at Duck Springs and I have thirty in my class. I enjoy teaching them because they are so interested in the work.

For the consecration speakers, H.S. Sauls, who planned all the training schools, has two students from Bessie Tift College, Misses Mary Lou Brown and Marsh. He is engaged to marry her. She is a charming girl, like you, and is the honor graduate at Bessie Tift, having made all A's except one B.

I enjoyed reading "Moonshine", the sequel to Sunshine. It is a clever booklet. Some day we will have to go into the publishing business and make "Moonshine" our chief periodical. It would be the best scheme to make a fortune I know of.

I would like to have seen the Camerata Follies, especially the overall chorus. Perhaps I'll get another opportunity when you show on Broadway.

This weekend an older boy's conference will be held in Gadsden. I attended the one last year at Anniston and was a group discussion leader. The members of the Hi-Y club at the school will attend and I will have charge of the group and am also to act again as group discussion leader. This last task is an interesting one; in a discussion group the boys ask questions and the leader leads them to answer their own questions, without giving to a noticeable degree his personal answers.

This week closes our seventh school month. Which means tests, grading papers and making averages will be on the school program for a week. Time seems to be passing so swiftly; it is only two months until commencement.

I must confess I am at a total loss to know what Mac Hinery spells.

Yours devotedly,

Aubrey

Rome, Georgia

March 16, 1928

Dearest Aubrey,

After working three and a half hours on a Harmony examination, I decided to stop and finish it in the morning. We were allowed four hours in which to analyze three exercises and I have finished the first two, although I am not at all sure they are right, but cannot work the last one at all. Unless some inspiration comes to me in the form of a dream I fear I will make less than 66. This examination will finish this book and we have two others to finish before the end of school.

It is a good thing your cold is better since you have the study course to teach and that ride every night. I hope you will not make it worse with too much work.

It is hard to realize that this school year is nearly gone. There are several things though that constantly call our attention to that fact. Grace has for the past few week been persuading her father to let her finish her remaining two years at Shorter. I feel that he will be willing and if he does finally consent I will be so happy.

We have also been making plans for the coming year by electing officers for the rest of this year and next year. Student Government officers were elected first and I was elected the fourth sophomore Council Member (we had three already from last year—Grace being one). Grace was elected treasurer of the Student Government Association.

Y.W.C.A. officers were elected the following day and although I was already on the Cabinet I was made Undergraduate Representative.

Both of those seem a great deal for me to live up to and I don't feel at all capable of holding these offices. I know you will say you think I am the very one for the places but I wish you wouldn't say that because I know there are others who would be much better than I will be and it would be terrible to become conceited.

Grace is threatening to turn off the light if I don't stop. After the installation of officers next week I will be a Council Member and can have lights until eleven thirty regardless of Grace.

Lovingly yours,
Florence

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

P.S. You need to go to school instead of teach if you don't know what Mac Hinery spells. Ever hear of machinery?

Attalla, Alabama
March 20, 1928

Dearest,

I have just finished grading a set of monthly test algebra papers. The results—eight passed out of twenty-six—were somewhat discouraging. The averages show about fifty percent failures for the month. This, however, is my worst class, or rather, the class lowest in scholarship in mathematics.

The study course at Duck Springs last week, ended in fifteen completing it. In spite of the rain and the twenty miles to and from, the trips were pleasant and the class attentive and responsive. Around 500 awards were made in the twenty rural churches in this Association holding training schools last week. The efficient plans of our Associational Field worker, H.S. Sauls, and the cooperation of thirty-two volunteer teachers from the city churches, made this possible.

I am proud of you. Again, Congratulations. Some day you will be president of the Student Body at Shorter. I am glad to see you win these honors because they also mean opportunities to train and to serve. They show the confidence your classmates have in your ability and they are also the rewards of merit. Give my congratulations to Grace.

Last weekend I had an interesting time leading a discussion group of older boys at the Older Boys' Conference which met in Gadsden. They discussed such questions as boy and girl relationships, prohibition, companionate marriage, and others. I took little part in the discussions, merely guiding them. I was agreeably surprised at the conclusions they reached. These conferences are supervised by the Y.M.C.A.

I hope the inspiration came to work the exercise in the Harmony examination. And I have no doubt but what it did.

Did Grace succeed in obtaining her father's consent to finish her remaining two years at Shorter? I know that your suite and you especially will be glad if she remains.

Your dictionary must be unique. Mine says that Mac Hinery is a proper name and is two words.

It seems that the earliest weekend I will have free for a visit to Rome is on April 7. I might bring H.S. along but we would have to return Sunday morning probably. Is this time satisfactory?

I am looking forward to the trip to Birmingham for the A.E.A. next week. Allen is coming up and we will have a jolly time together.

Devotedly,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
March 27, 1928

Dearest Florence,

I have another of those troublesome colds today and find it hard to gather my thoughts.

I know you will be glad when exams are over Thursday, although those who are in the habit of preparing daily recitations well need never worry about them, and you are certainly in that group. Best wishes.

School is in session tomorrow for the last day this week. The A.E.A. begins tomorrow night. I am going down in the afternoon and am to meet Allen at 8:30. We will enroll and may attend several of the meetings. The mathematics meeting is practically the only one in which we are interested and we have other plans which are paramount (in our minds) to the A.E.A.

I am considering leaving Attalla and so will have my eyes open for any rumor of a math vacancy.

Your visit to Jean's will I am sure be an enjoyable one. I hope your spring holidays will in every way be pleasant; that you will relax and forget about school and school activities for several days.

I am looking forward to the weekend of April 7. But I am sorry Mr. Sauls and I got the date confused and it will be impossible for him to come. I can get Dowdy or Ray, I think, but don't make dates until I find out for sure.

Did I tell you about the result of 100% night in the B.Y.P.U. department? One union, the junior, was 100%, but the other two fell below 90. The department average, however, was 90, the highest in its history.

Should you answer this letter before Friday, my address will be in care of F.E. Hearn, West End Post Office, Birmingham. We are staying in the home of my uncle while in the city. I am returning Saturday.

I will give Allen your love and also take care of him.

Again hoping you have a restful vacation.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

Yours devotedly,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
April 5, 1928

Dearest Florence,

I believe from your letter your holidays were as pleasantly spent as mine. I am glad you had such a good time; you needed a vacation and a rest. I want to meet Jean while in Rome.

As for me, I thoroughly enjoyed myself. Allen and I were as carefree and happy as if we were college students with no classes to trouble our minds for two days. I actually attended one session of the convention, but Allen wasn't guilty of attending even one.

Among other things, we finished the battle on the chess-board. The colors of white and gold were floating triumphantly at the end, and I pledge you my word of honor I didn't flirt with Sir Allen's Queen.

I have been taking a study course in the "Young People's and Adult Departments" at the church this week, in the Sunday School training school. I had the course last fall but am taking it again with the hope of encouraging others in the young people's department to take the course. As their would-be superintendent, I have the responsible task of making the department standard.

I believe I wrote you about H.S. Sauls getting the time for our trip to Rome confused with a date to conduct an enlargement campaign, so it will be impossible for him to attend. I am coming alone Saturday afternoon to return Sunday afternoon. I am looking forward to seeing you; it has been two long months since I had that privilege.

Eagerly awaiting Saturday night at eight,

Your sweetheart,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
April 9, 1928

Dear Sweetheart,

I can not remember when an Easter day was so delightfully spent as was Easter 1928. Those minutes spent in your presence were enjoyable beyond expression. My only regret was that I could not remain two hours longer.

The cantata was I know beautiful and inspiring, and it was creditable since it was a Shorter performance. I would like to hear the recital, when my sweetheart will not only plan but will hear played and sung an original composition, on the same program.

I appreciated your Easter card, not only because of the thought and the message it brought but because of the one who sent it.

It was a little hard to begin another week's duties this morning. In addition to regular duties, we have two minstrel performances, about which I told you, on the latter part of the week. Rehearsing, advertising, and making final arrangements and plans will make a crowded schedule.

This week is the first in several, however, in which I am free from a training school of some kind. In fact Ray and I were trying to decide tonight while taking an "off-night" (a night free from an engagement of a business or religious, seldom of a social, nature), just how long it has been since we were so privileged. It is not because we are so important that we have so many engagements of the kind described but because our duties and connections demand it. But tonight is adapted to be an off-night; it is raining outside as it has most of the day and this fire makes the room cozy and comfortable.

I was glad to see your friends—and mine—again and to meet others. Jean is as clever as you described her to be. Lina Belle is also a remarkable girl; I appreciate her kindness in acting as our chaperon.

I had a letter from Allen today. We are beginning another chess game; he says he is fighting for revenge. He also advises me to return to Attalla next year even though I do not get a raise.

Consult your little quotation book on "concentration" every now and then; this gentle reminder is unnecessary however. And don't let answering my letters interrupt your study program or your sleep.

Yours lovingly,
Aubrey

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

Attalla, Alabama

April 20, 1928

Dearest Florence,

I was more glad than usual to get your letter Tuesday because I feared you were sick. It was all right; I was glad to see that you were taking my suggestion.

I must tell you of an offer I received the first of this week; it has been occupying my mind and attention most of the week. Through the efforts of my good friend H.S. Sauls, field worker of the Etowah Baptist Association, I was recommended to the Tuscaloosa Association as their full-time field worker and the place was offered to me at a salary above what I am getting now. It came as a surprise to me; it would be work similar to that which I did in Shelby County last summer. It looked like an opportunity to train to broaden and to serve in a type of work which is fast growing. I prayed about the matter considerably, changed my mind several times, and finally decided it would not be best to accept it since I do not intend to give my life to it.

...The above was written on Friday afternoon; I was interrupted to make preparations for another minstrel performance which we gave that night in Alabama City. It was raining and the crowd was small. All day Saturday I helped work on the annual Junior-Senior banquet with continued rain interrupting the preparations and the banquet as well, which was held last night. I am inclosing a program. This was the second school event within so many weeks in which I substituted and sang in a duet; the banqueteers managed to endure it. The occasion was an elaborate one being the premier social event of our school calendar.

I would like to have heard the recital. I know which numbers I would have enjoyed most. Thanks for sending the program; the name of this composer of "Lullaby" was appropriately placed with the names of Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin and other great composers.

How long will you be in Atlanta? I know you are looking forward to attending grand opera. I hope you will have a good time on your trip.

Just three more busy weeks and school will come to an end. I have not decided about whether I will return to Attalla or not; I will have to give my answer by Thursday. If I receive the offer I expect from Gadsden tomorrow, I will probably be there instead of here.

I am sorry because this letter was delayed.

Your sweetheart,

Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama

May 3, 1928

Dearest,

I was more than commonly glad to get your letter Tuesday. I know you enjoyed your visit in Atlanta and the opera.

Last Friday was the last day I had to decide upon an offer made me by Mr. Dowdy and after careful consideration, I decided to return here. Although the raise was not as much as I expected, I believe my work will be arranged so I will enjoy it more, and since I intend to teach only another year, there are several advantages in returning to Attalla.

Attalla is near to several places of interest which was an important factor in the decision.

Last week I had a picture made for you. The proof was satisfactory and I will send it to you sometime this week. The small stamped one inclosed can serve until it comes.

I would like to come to see you on Saturday night, May 12 if I may. The next day is our commencement Sunday and I would have to return early Sunday morning. I may bring H.S. Sauls along for company if you don't mind getting him a date. Is it satisfactory?

I will work for the State Departments of B.Y.P.U. and S.S. this summer, although I have not as yet been informed as to the territory or Association.

Tonight we are having a monthly council of officers and committees for the B.Y.P.U. Department. Proceeding the business session, we are having a luncheon. The luncheon feature was a part of our regular program when the Department did its best work so we are continuing the plan after a departure of several months.

Exams! I hate to hear the thought of making out four sets to give next week. It is so much easier to take one than it is to give one (?).

Tell Grace, Lucy, Eleanor, Jean, and Ruth hello for me.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

Your sweetheart,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
May 10, 1928

Dearest Florence,

Time flies swiftly when one has much to do. I am glad my schedule of activities is crowded this week so Saturday night will arrive more quickly.

The news that we might come was received with glee. Look for us—unless it rains. H.S. came through Rome this week over wet roads and reported that the road had been newly worked and would be in excellent condition if dry but bad if wet. I am sure H.S. would enjoy a data with Lucy.

I have given three exams this week and give another tomorrow. Grading 160 papers is a tedious task but the thought that they will be all for several months gives encouragement. The commencement program is in full swing. Tomorrow night the class night exercises will be held.

I am glad that along with your multitudinous tasks you are having a few ounces of recreation. Now is an ideal time for hikes and picnics.

Last week I had to make two trips home, my Grandfather being in a serious condition with heart trouble. A relapse following an attack of flu made his condition critical but he is slightly improved now.

From now 'till Saturday night I will pray for the rain to stay in the clouds.

Yours lovingly,
Aubrey

Albertville, Alabama
May 16, 1928

Dearest Florence,

Yesterday afternoon I received a call from home stating that my Grandfather was not expected to live through the day. I rushed home to find his condition serious but he has a chance to recover. His heart is in a very weak state but this morning he was slightly better.

It would be impossible to tell you how I enjoyed Saturday night. It is always a joy to be near you and the more I have that privilege the more I am convinced that mine is the best sweetheart in the world.

Sauls liked you very much. I knew he would; in fact, if he hadn't been engaged I wouldn't have brought him along. He also liked Lucy. He fell in love with Shorter and we may be back sometimes.

Returning to Attalla Saturday night we had a novel experience. About 1:30 driving at the rate of 40 per, the lights suddenly went out. To fix them was in vain and the journey to Center in pitch dark was a slow one. We reached there safely, however, and returned to Gadsden the next morning.

Dr. Holmes preached one of the best baccalaureate sermons Sunday morning to our graduating class I have ever heard. His points were simply but forcefully made which appealed to the impressionable students.

It is a very free and lazy feeling I have, at home and nothing to do. But I expect to utilize the time well (that I am not at Grandfather's bedside) reading, playing tennis, and helping Mother around the house during the two weeks before leaving for Mentone.

I had a card from Allen yesterday stating that he intended working on his M.A. at Howard this summer. I am writing him urging him to use his influence in getting you permission to come to Mentone. I wish you could come. It would be a recreation for you.

If Grandfather's condition does not grow more grave, I will go to Birmingham this week-end for Mildred's Commencement. I will give all the University Avenue Hearn's your best regards.

Please do not let the extra duties which accompany Commencement overload you; or, I should have said overloaded because you are already overloaded.

Yours lovingly,
Aubrey
P.S. Please excuse this scratchy pen.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

Albertville, Alabama
May 24, 1928

Dearest Florence,

Our trip to Birmingham materialized and we spent Sunday and Monday there. The commencement exercises were good, especially the sermon. Mildred received her diploma and a student activity honor medal. Kermit joined us and returned with us; Mildred remained at the college to supervise a sorority inspection but will be home tomorrow to spend a few days before going back to summer school to take practice teaching.

While in Birmingham, Mildred and I took an areoplane ride. It was a bit exciting but very interesting.

Grandfather is much improved. While still in a serious condition and not able to sit up, he has not had a heart spell in over a week. The doctor says he is on the road to recovery.

I read with interest of the engagement of Ted Hightower and Ivon Joe Williams because I had known of Ted and Ivon Joe lived here for a number of years. I don't blame him for liking you, and I believe he was right about your influence, but I am glad you didn't like him more than as a friend. I join you in wishing them happiness.

Did I tell you about our Department winning the efficiency loving cup for 1927? The announcement of the award was made in the Alabama Baptist. This was for the Eastern District only. We are among the five in the race for the State efficiency however.

Today I motored down to Attalla to see about a few school records and while there was presented with a pen and pencil set, a gift of the Department, by a group of the young people. It was the first time I have been honored thus and I was reluctant to accept, feeling so unworthy of it. It is a beautiful gift and I appreciate it.

While I was of course sorry to learn that you can not be at Mentone, I realize how you feel about it. And I will endeavor to enjoy it for both of us. While my powers of description are very limited, you may with the concentrated use of your imagination be able to picture some of the mountain-top views.

I will go to Mentone Wednesday with H.S. Sauls. Address: care of Etowah Cottage, Mentone, Alabama.

I am glad you like the picture. It is nothing extra but fairly good when you consider the subject. As to this one of the best sweetheart in the world, I am displeased with it in only one respect: it does not portray her real beauty. It easily shows the following characteristics: intelligence, character of the highest, kindness, beauty, versatility, dependability, and consecration to those ideals and standards which are noblest and best.

Please write again soon to

Your sweetheart,
Aubrey

Albertville, Alabama
May 29, 1928

Dearest Florence,

This will reach you during the midst of examinations, which I hope you are finding interesting and enjoyable. And I have no doubt but that you are finding them easy. Being naturally studious and highly intellectually efficient you will always find them that way.

I would have written this yesterday but Grandfather who had been improving for several days got worse. I sat up with him last night until four this morning. He is better this morning.

The few days of home vacation are almost over. Tomorrow I leave for Mentone, joining H.S. Sauls in Gadsden and motoring up with him. The remainder of this week will be spent in getting the Etowah hut ready and attending some of the B.S.U. meetings. I may have two more weeks at home after Sunday School week, depending upon whether I do State or Associational work.

My last summer's activities were likewise climaxed with something delightful. I too had worked rather strenuously but didn't mind it at all after the happy ending. And I am going to hope (I am hoping) a similar happening will brighten this summer's travels. (I am secretly hoping it will happen in the part of the State this time).

I am glad you are in the last week of school and will soon be at home. Although you will have something to do there, it will be different and will therefore be a rest for you. And you need one.

I am anxious to see your annual.

Kermit is also going to Mentone and he and I have been practicing tennis for several days. We were preparing for the tournament but I have recently learned that no tournament will be held this year because of a scarcity of courts.

Since Sunday I have had one of those out-of-season colds which seems to persist in spite of efforts to cure it.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

Are you having a commencement recital? I wish I could be there to hear it. Sometimes I will come down to one, if you will let me.

Commencement always brings a touch of sadness when farewells must be said to graduating friends. I know you will hate to say goodbye to Lina Belle. She has certainly been nice to us in acting as our chaperon a number of times. She is a splendid girl (almost as splendid as another I know) and I hope she will find abundant happiness and success in the years that follow Shorter.

Yours lovingly,
Aubrey

**Alabama Assemblies
Mentone Springs Hotel
Mentone, Alabama
June 6, 1928**

Dearest Florence,

I guess by now you are at home or will be there this week. Did you enjoy commencement exercises? And examinations? And did you make the trip home by auto as had been planned?

Having not heard from you, I fear you have been sick and I hope the strain of overwork in taking exams, playing and practicing for recitals and packing up did not result thus.

As I wrote you, I joined Sauls in Gadsden last Wednesday and we came to Mentone. We found the hut sadly in need of repair and cleaning and with the assistance of two boys who came up with us, we industriously applied ourselves to the task. We were handicapped by a lack of water and when at last it was cut on, the pipes leaked and we had to put in new ones. By Saturday night in spite of the rain we had the cottage ready. Sixty-four young people are staying there this week and they form a jolly bunch.

Last year the road up the mountain was being remade and ascent on the detour road was dangerous. This year the road was completed except 200 yards at the top in front of the hotel on which they are working now. It began raining Friday and has rained almost constantly since, making the 200 yard stretch and the roads to the several cottages almost impassable. Sunday morning it took six boys two hours to get a car out of a mud hole on the road to our hut.

The rains decreased the attendance this year. To date there are 593 registered. The meetings are wonderful. The keynote "Open Mine Eyes" around which the programs, devotionals and lectures are based together with the song of the same title is inspiring many a heart to a closer fellowship with Jesus and a life of service. If you have ever heard Dr. John L. Hill and Dr. Ayers you know the kind of speakers we are hearing.

Dr. Hamilton of New Orleans is giving the morning addresses and is a very practical and forceful speaker.

Miss Annie Lorrie Carrol, a this year's graduate of Judson was elected president of the assembly. She is splendid. Imagine my surprise on being elected vice-president of the Eastern district. I feel very incapable of this responsible task but will do my best. It will take much prayer, study and work to lead all the 14 Associations to be A-1. There was only one of them A-1 this past year. You will pray for me, won't you?

I wish you were here, not only because I would like to be with you (that is a selfish reason, but I don't get to do that very often) but so you could enjoy the inspiration of the services, the fellowship, the rest and scenery.

One of the most impressive of the meetings is Sunset Service which is held at Inspiration point on the crest of the mountain each evening at 6:30. This point is at a turn in the mountain and one can see for many miles down the valley and over the other mountains. Trains going to Chattanooga or Attalla can barely be heard and look like toy ones in the valley below. It is a beautiful view, and gives an added thrill to the sunset service.

Today was "college day" at the hotel and I came down from our hut to eat with the Howard group. There are around 50 from Howard here and Judson comes next. Some are graduates but the majority are students. This fellowship feature is one of the joys of Mentone.

The study course I am taking is "The Plan of Salvation". It is very interesting. Dr. White is an excellent teacher. Tomorrow we are having a demonstration of soul-winning. Several are acting as sinners and others as Christians trying to win them. I am one of the latter.

The courts have been wet and I have not had an opportunity to play yet. I may play tomorrow in a recreation tournament between the "Greens" and "Whites" for the Greens we were challenged today and are forming a team to play them.

Kermit came up yesterday, two days late. I had decided he wasn't coming but another severe heart attack which Grandfather had Sunday night had delayed him, he having waited until Grandfather was sufficiently better to enable him to come.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

Elton told me yesterday he had not decided where he would send me. He wants me to attend the Southwide S.S. Training Camp the first two weeks in July and has offered me a job as "pick-up" or waiter in the dining hall. This will leave me six weeks in some Association.

H.S. will be here during the Southwide Camp and Mary Lou Brown. He is eagerly awaiting the time. They are engaged.

Friday afternoon the awards will be made and I am hoping "My" Department will win the department efficiency banner.

Next week there will be a smaller number at Etowah Hut and my job as treasurer will take less time. Mrs. Floyd, manager of the Baptist Book Store is letting me borrow books from her display to read and I expect to read several next week.

I hope you reached home safely and to hear from you soon.

Lovingly yours,
Aubrey

Mentone, Alabama
June 10, 1928

Dearest Florence,

I was overjoyed to get your letter last night; I knew you had been very busy but I was afraid you were sick.

Now I am mighty sorry I was not in Attalla when you had to wait there. Just think, you passed through my town and I wasn't even there to meet you; forgive me.

I am glad you enjoyed your stay in Birmingham and that you stayed at Aunt Lizzie's. I wish I could have been in Birmingham then.

B.Y.P.U. week ended gloriously. Dr. Hill gave an unusual consecration service Friday night on "The Life of Vision". He announced at the beginning that he would not attempt to appeal to the emotions, but to reason only. After a powerful message, stressing service, over fifty volunteered for definite Christian service. Following this service, our Etowah "gang" met in front of the Hut, made a bonfire and had a song and testimony meeting. Several said the week had been a turning point in their lives and many pledged themselves to faithful work in their churches. The testimonies of the young people were beautiful and several said it was "the best service of all".

Has your trunk arrived yet? Perhaps it was just delayed or temporarily misplaced in some depot.

Yesterday was so different, the crowd having left. I spent the afternoon reading "What Christ Means to Me" by Grenfell, to H.S. It is an ideal of Christ by this doctor who spent his life doing medical and missionary work in the Labrador.

At Sunday School this morning I taught a class of ladies in the adult department. Unaccustomed as I am to teaching S.S. classes, I had the added disadvantage of teaching teachers, but I used the question method and let them do most of the talking.

In the study course I took last week, we had some demonstrations in soul winning. I had to convert a sinner who said he was not a sinner. It was very practical and practice that I needed.

I saw Mrs. Gordon Turner this morning, although I don't believe I would have recognized her if she had not come up and asked me if I remembered Allen's old girl.

Ray and his sweetheart, Mabel Richardson, motored up from Attalla and spent the day with us. This afternoon we took them to several scenic points of interest, until rain interrupted our stroll.

Don't mind what Aunt Lizzie said about my journeys to Shorter as it is merely her way of teasing. I was attracted by the beauty of the situation of the College but more especially of the beauty of one of its students, together with her high ideals and high standards, her versatile and superior abilities and her charming personality. She is the gem of the college and the flower of the hill. What an honor and a privilege it is to be her sweetheart.

Indeed I am enjoying Mentone and this week I will enjoy it more. There will be more time for study and rest and recreation. Here at the Hut we will have only 30, less than half the number of last week, and most of them are adults.

I have decided to go home Saturday and spend the two weeks there before the Southwide S.S. Training Camp begins July 1. Directly after this, July 15, my summer duties begin in some Association.

H.S. is sick tonight, 'though able to sit up abed and write to Mary Lou, and I stayed from church to be nurse and doctor.

Lovingly yours,
Aubrey

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

Mentone, Alabama

June 15, 1928

Dearest Florence,

The assembly is almost over and I can hardly realize it, so quickly has the time passed. Although the attendance this week was only 200 the programs were none the less inspirational.

Last night after Dr. Tripp spoke on the contributions of Christianity to civilization in a masterful sermon, the delegates assembled at Inspiration Point, where the sunset services are held, around a big bonfire and an Indian "pow-wow" was held, the six districts each giving a stunt. A pageant, written and directed by one of the teachers, closed the entertaining program.

I wonder if the sunset last night was as beautiful in Andalusia as it was at Inspiration Point. The sky was all colors with the predominant red glare of the sinking sun giving a pink and red tinge to the clouds. A group of young people, I among them, assembled on the rock and sang our favorite hymns. Miss Biby said in all her travels in California, Colorado and the other states she never saw a scene more beautiful.

The study course I took this week was on Intermediate methods taught by Miss Mary Alice Biby who is with the Intermediate Department of the Sunday School Board. She taught entirely by posters and this different method of teaching combined with her consecration and radiant personality made the course very attractive and very interesting.

How I wish you were here or rather, how I wish you could be here in July during the Southwide assembly. Of course I will receive pleasure and profit from it, but I would enjoy it much more if you were here.

I had a letter from Allen this week. He seems to be very busy but liking his work.

I am indeed glad you have taken the Sunday School class and the Junior Girls' B.Y.P.U.. Besides receiving an invaluable training yourself, you will be greatly helping the boys and girls in something in which they need help, in 'most places, badly. You will render real service to them and to the church.

Speaking of letters, I have every one you have written me and I prize them dearly. I marvel at their ease and I appreciate their sincerity. You have taught me much of letter writing. And although I appreciate them greatly for what they are, I appreciate them more because of the one who sent them and my admiration for her.

In the morning I as treasurer of Etowah Hut will pay up our dues for the past two weeks and H.S. and I will leave for Gadsden in his car after dinner. In Gadsden we will pay the rest of them and I will go home on the afternoon train.

A pastor in our association is bringing his family up to spend the summer, for his health, and their furniture arrived yesterday. Included was a large orthophonic Victrola and it has been playing almost every moment any one has been here since. Just now the "Two Black Crows" are arguing for about the eighth consecutive time which accounts for my lack of concentration in this letter.

Yours lovingly,
Aubrey

Albertville, Alabama

June 24, 1928

Dearest Florence,

It seems only a day since last Sunday and yet a week has past. And with another week I will be attending services and classes in the auditorium at Mentone again.

It's a privilege to be at home, isn't it? One doesn't appreciate it as much until he has been away awhile.

Wednesday last Kermit went to Birmingham to have his eyes reexamined and I took his place in the Jitney Jungle self-service grocery department of the store. It had been some years since I played the role of grocery clerk, but I managed to sell a few bananas, asparagus, etc.

I am glad you are getting in some recreation along with your work. The tennis will keep you in trim for the tournament this Fall. I have been playing some with Kermit, 'though he has beaten me about as many sets as I have him, so much out of practice am I.

Mildred came home with Kermit Friday for the weekend. We are taking her back today and are motoring tomorrow to the Isabella Vocational High School near Thorsby, where she is to teach and look the place over. I will probably see Allen tonight; I will give him your love, and Eady too. We will come back Tuesday (Mildred will only be in school the first summer term).

This week will be my last chance to prepare some teaching material and complete plans for my summer work so I expect after returning from the trip to use the time well.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

As we will go as far South as Clanton tomorrow, I wish we were going still farther South. Because I would like very much to see my Sweetheart. Wherever I am this summer I hope you and Allen can spend a weekend as our guests in Albertville and I can possibly arrange to be at home that weekend.

I will mail this in Birmingham so it will get there sooner. I hope I will hear from you again before I leave for Mentone Saturday.

Your sweetheart,
Aubrey

Albertville, Alabama
June 28, 1928

Dearest Florence,

Your letter came today and I enjoyed it immensely. Now all your letters are good but I believe this is the sweetest you have ever written me.

I am glad you did not wait in answering my last one like you did the preceeding. Of course I knew you had a good reason for waiting that time, so I waited impatiently for it. You are entirely forgiven for doubting me.

I shall have to thank Mrs. Holmes for her assistance. It was indeed kind of her. Are you sure that what she said was all praise?

Everyone thinks a great deal of Mrs. Holmes, as well as Dr. Holmes, in Attalla. She is a splendid pastor's wife and takes a part in all the church activities. I believe Dr. Holmes is one of the best pastors I have ever known.

We had a most delightful trip to Birmingham. Reaching there late Sunday afternoon, I located Allen and Eady and we went to B.Y.P.U. at Rubama, that is, I joined them there. Allen & I went to the Lambdin union of which he is an officer. It was the first time I had attended the Rubama Department meeting since I left there two years ago. After the meeting we heard Uncle Oscar preach.

Monday with Mildred, Allen and Eady, we motored to Clanton and thence to the rural community in which is located the Isabella Vocational High School, where Mildred is to teach next year. We found the place rather small (I counted about six houses, one store and the school) but with a splendid new high school building. The community is said to be a good one, however, and the school Principal turned out to be the brother of the Associate director of "my" B.Y.P.U. Department in Attalla. We went back that afternoon after having lunch in Clanton, and Allen and I went to a movie during which he contracted a headache. We returned to Albertville Tuesday morning.

For the past two days I have been adding to my scrapbooks. It takes two books to hold the indexed clippings I have saved in two years.

This morning I read a book against dancing which is one of several I have secured in order to prepare a convincing argument against it.

I want to see your history book. I feel honored that I am the only one who is invited to see it. And why should it be silly if you wrote it?

I would like to hear the Andalusia double quartette; they will have to sing some to excel the music of their pianist.

Saturday morning I will leave for Mentone. For two weeks my address will be Mentone Springs Hotel.

I gave Allen and Eady your love and they send theirs in return.

Your sweetheart,
Aubrey

Alabama Assemblies
Mentone Springs Hotel
Mentone, Alabama
July 3, 1928

Dearest,

Your letter was received today and enjoyed as usual. Realizing that it's a long way to Andalusia and I won't get another until it is answered, I am writing tonight.

Mentone, again. It is very much like it was two weeks ago minus much rain and many people.

While enroute Saturday, at Attalla, I walked right into a job. Ray (the real one) was called out of town the night before and I was invited to teach his summer school classes. This I did and came up that afternoon on a bus.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

There is only a small crowd attending the camp, only about 50. I am surprised that there are more people outside of Alabama than from our State.

The "pickups" are about the only young people here and we are a jolly bunch. There are 14 pickups so you can imagine what an easy job we have. I believe I had rather be a pickup than a regular guest. So far I haven't broken a dish but at noon today I was most embarrassed to be asked after half the meal was over, if we had any bread! I am learning but it is rather hard on those at my table.

The program is wonderful and I count it a privilege to attend a training school, taking four courses from the best teachers in the Southern Baptist Convention, under the direction of Arthur Flake, himself. The four books I am taking are in the Administration course, and I hope to earn a diploma and three seals during these two weeks.

We have classes from 8:00-11:15, followed by a Bible hour. The afternoons are devoted to recreation along; sunset service comes at 6:30, another class at 7:15 and a sermon at 8:00. There are intermissions between the classes and the teachers being excellent, the program is not at all tiresome.

Tennis is my chief afternoon sport and although it is a little warm (hot) I still like to play. This afternoon two of the faculty members, the singer and I engaged in a thrilling set, my side losing 7-5.

Fourth of July greetings. Don't get hurt shooting firecrackers or cannons. Observe the holiday in a safe and sane way. Of course this sage advice is necessary.

I am on a recreation committee and we are planning a party for tomorrow night. We studied an hour this afternoon making plans for it and haven't finished yet.

I will be glad when you send the pictures. My album needs them to make it more attractive.

No, I see no harm in girls dancing with girls so long as they confine it to girls.

Mary Lou and H.S. are here but needless to say they are not getting much from the classes. And there is a full moon, too.

Gee, I wish you were here.

I have been reading a few chapters in Lindbergh's "We". It is an interesting autobiography but I am disappointed, it doesn't describe his feelings and his thoughts while making the famous flight.

Won't you write again soon to your Sweetheart?

Lovingly,
Aubrey

Mentone, Alabama
July 8, 1928

Dear Sweetheart,

Along with your letter yesterday came another which also brought good news. (Yours always do because they are newsy and they are good).

Elton wrote me that my summer schedule is as follows:

July 15 – Beatrice

July 22, 29 – Brewton & Escambia Association

August 5, 12, 19, 26 – Zion Association

I am overjoyed. While the Zion dates are not yet definite, Elton says he thinks they will be. I ought to know in a week if they are definite. While I was beginning to think that I might not get to work at all, I am glad he waited so long, the result being as it was.

Last week we had a busy but enjoyable time. Classes filled up each morning, tennis the afternoons and more classes and sermons at night.

There are several good tennis players here and I have played with them for two hours each afternoon. Mr. Ingraham and Mr. Barnette of the faculty are especially good.

Because of the small number attending, Mr. Flake said the camp would end Thursday instead of Friday. I am glad for it will give me a day longer at home to pack up.

Friday afternoon we had an exciting incident. I was on the tennis court playing singles with my roommate when the call of "fire" was sounded at the hotel. A small blaze had been discovered on the roof. Several of us rushed up there and with the aid of some buckets of water and a fire extinguisher, quickly put out the blaze. Had it been discovered thirty minutes later, it would have gained such a headway that we could not have put it out, as the building is a large, old, wooden one, a regular firetrap.

When I get to Zion I want you to help me in some training schools, if you can. I wrote Allen I wanted his assistance in two, if he got home in time.

I have worked a whole week as a pickup and haven't broken a dish yet!

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

I long for August to come, because I want to see you. Will you let me come out on Saturday nights? It's just a month from today that I begin my work there.

If you receive this in time for its answer to reach here by Thursday, address it here. Otherwise, at home; I expect to be there Friday, and leave Saturday afternoon.

Yours lovingly,
Aubrey

Thanks for the flower, sweetly.

Florence, Alabama
July 14, 1928

Dear,

Yesterday morning, arriving in Attalla on an early train enroute to home, I was astounded by the horrible news of the death of Mr. Dowdy, together with his three-year-old niece, by accident Thursday afternoon about 3:30 at Courtland. It was hard to believe; a spell of gloom was cast over the entire town. I rushed home, packed a handbag and went back to Attalla to join Ray, Mr. Luckie, and Carns, the latter a close personal friend of his. We reached here after some car trouble at 12:00 last night.

We stopped at Courtland, about one third of the way between Decatur and Florence, at the scene of the accident. His Ford Coupe was badly wrecked, the car having fallen on its side when struck by another at a crossing, and the top was completely off. His niece was killed instantly and Dowdy died a few minutes after reaching a hospital here, from internal injuries.

It is indeed sad. Such an unexpected loss causes one to pause and think of the brief time between earthly existence and eternity.

The funeral is to be held at 3:00 and we leave in a few minutes for it.

He was one of the best-all-round men I ever knew. He exerted a powerful influence for good, and his principles will be long remembered by those who knew him. His place at the school will indeed be hard, or rather impossible, to fill.

I got your letter about ten minutes before leaving home yesterday. It has enlivened my spirits ever since.

I love the name of this town.

We visited Muscle Shoals this morning. I will tell you about it sometimes.

I don't know yet if this incident will change my summer plans. I may be needed at the school to show the new principal the works—and then I may not; and will take up my summer work as planned. The training school for this next week at Beatrice fell through and if Elton hasn't another place handy, I will be at home. Write me there and in case I do hold a training school it will be forwarded.

We leave for Attalla after the burial; we will go by way of Huntsville and Albertville and probably reach there about midnight.

Your sweetheart,
Aubrey
P.S. Hello, Allen.

Brewton, Alabama
July 22, 1928

Dearest,

Your letter was forwarded here instead of Ashville, where I was last week. I looked for it every day and before leaving for Birmingham yesterday morning I talked to Dad on the phone and learned that my mail had been sent here.

We returned from Florence, leaving there late Saturday afternoon and after some car trouble reached Albertville about twelve o'clock. The next morning I found a letter waiting from Elton directing me to join him at Ashville, a small town about twenty miles out of Gadsden on the Birmingham highway. I did and we arranged a training school there, although against the wishes of a few because it had not been advertised. There were no B.Y.P.U.'s there and about sixty prospects. Claudia Mayo from Attalla came up and assisted me in the training school, Elton having to leave on Monday. On the whole, the week at Ashville was successful, three unions having been organized and thirty-seven received awards. The pastor completed Friday night his first study course.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

I reached Brewton last night after having three hours in Birmingham and an hour in Montgomery to wait.

This morning I ran upon a collegemate. This afternoon the associational B.Y.P.U. President drove me around and showed me the city and surrounding country. I like it very well but I will like Zion and Andalusia better.

I hope your birthday was a happy one. I thought about you (I do every day) and wished you many good and happy wishes. Twenty years young! Did you hate to leave your 'teens?

Tonight I am at North Brewton to begin a three-day training school and teach Senior B.Y.P.U. Administration. I am staying in an old-fashioned country home with two old maids and their two old bachelor brothers and aunt. They are fine people and I know I shall enjoy my stay in their home (even though I will have to get used to lamp light at night).

My address for the next two weeks is Brewton, in care of Miss Irene Koon. The other three churches are in the country around the town.

Mr. Luckie told me to go ahead with my summer work, but that he might have to send for me the middle of August to help the new principal.

These two weeks will pass quickly, I know because I am looking forward to coming to Andalusia so.

Your sweetheart,
Aubrey

Brewton, Alabama
Route C
July 27, 1928

Dear Sweetheart,

I received your letters and was so glad that your birthday was a happy one. Being the finest Sweetheart you deserved the finest gift; I was sorry the shawl was not as fine as I wanted to send but it was accompanied with many good wishes.

While I have not yet heard definitely whether or not I will come to Zion, I too am hoping and praying that I will get to come, for a number of reasons.

I am enjoying my work this summer more than I did last, because it is lighter and more pleasant, and because of what I have to look forward to.

The training school at Point Pleasant, three miles from Brewton, Sunday through Wednesday, was one of the best of any in which I have taken part. Their B.Y.P.U. Department won the loving cup for being the most efficient in the Southwestern District last year. It was among a splendid set of young people in a splendid church in a splendid community. Besides cooperating with me they were unusually considerate and kind to me. We had 39 awards from 42 enrolled.

Tuesday morning I went fishing with the Director there, who is an expert fisherman in addition to an expert B.Y.P.U. Director. We didn't have much luck but we did have a good time. I caught a brim and he three trout.

Since Wednesday night I have been at Roberts, a small backwards community fifteen miles from Brewton. And only thirty miles from Andalusia! (I wish I had an airship or an auto). Of the fifteen or twenty families who live here, the majority are named Parker or Murphy. The village is surrounded for miles around by a forest in which are deer and the farmer huntsmen tell exciting tales and hunting experiences.

I wish I could have gone on the hike with you and your Junior girls. I have hikes out here as I walk a mile to the church and back each day but with no such pleasant company.

I am falling in love with this section of the State. The people seem to be more friendly than those in the Northern part. I have enjoyed the training schools this week much more than the one at Ashville last week. The people have driven me around and shown me quite a bit of the country. I haven't seen any blueberry bushes or orange groves yet, nor have I been to Pensacola yet, but I may do these things before my two weeks' stay in Escambia County is over.

I guess you are liking calculus (?). Since I have never studied it I cannot sympathize with you. I wish I might study it and from your Dad for I know he is a fine teacher.

Sunday I am to organize a chapter of Royal Ambassadors. It will be my first experience in doing this. That night I go to the Canoe Church to begin another three-day training school. Just send your letter to box 336, Brewton, and it will be forwarded and I hope it will be soon.

Yours devotedly,
Aubrey

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

Postal Card (picture of August Evans Wilson's Old Home, Mobile, Ala.)
Mobile, Alabama
July 31, 1928

Dear Florence,

I came down to Mobile today to see the city. This home burned last year but the columns are standing. It is a quaint, historic city—but I guess you have been here. I go back to Canoe this afternoon. Best wishes from Aubrey

Canoe, Alabama
August 1, 1928

Dear Sweetheart,

To my sorrow I learned yesterday that I will not be in Zion. Elton wrote me that Mr. Ray wrote him saying they could not meet one-half my expenses. I was greatly disappointed; I had hoped that in spite of what you and Allen wrote all would work out all right.

Elton suggests that I go to Judson Association, at Newville in Henry County for two weeks and I am to hear from the Associational B.Y.P.U. President soon about it. If I do, it will be across the Southern part of the State and I shall try to come through Andalusia. Newville is an out-of-the-way place but I think the best route is through Andalusia. This will be Saturday or Sunday and I will probably only have a few hours to be there.

The training school here is the largest and one of the best I have held in Escambia. We have 49 enrolled in three classes; I am organizing a B.Y.P.U. department here.

Yesterday I went to Mobile, 50 miles away because I had never been and the train schedule was convenient for me to go. I was there give and one-half hours and visited several places of interest.

This morning downtown I saw a truck with "Ole Andy's Peanuts" printed on it. I went to it expecting to find Pat's brother but met instead Mr. Brewer, who knows all of you. He said Allen was a "mighty fine trig teacher."

Your description of the peaches is interesting. They have some good ones here also but not as large as those you described.

The people in the home in which I am staying have invited me to accompany them on a trip to Mystic Springs, Florida this afternoon. Some are going in bathing and others fishing. I expect I will join the latter group, for although inexperienced both as a swimmer and fisherman, I know a little more about fishing.

I have not heard if a new principal has been elected for my school, nor if I will have to leave the middle of August to help him.

We have helping us in our training school Miss Alma McClendon, a graduate of the music department of the Baptist Bible Institute. She was pianist for a meeting which closed Sunday night and was persuaded to remain over to help us. She is an excellent musician, 'though not as fine as you and her music reminds me so much of yours.

The training school here ends tonight and I go tomorrow to McCullough, Ala., to be there until Saturday.

Yes, I remember our secret. I am happy that you mean still what you said. So do I.

Lovingly your sweetheart,
Aubrey

McCullough, Alabama
August 4, 1928

Dearest,

I hope you will get this Sunday. Elton wrote me to go to Newville in Henry County for two weeks. I can not leave here until after the training school tomorrow. After studying a map and train schedules for two hours this morning I found that the only way I can get there for tomorrow night is to go to Montgomery tonight catching a train at Atmore and going to Dothan from Montgomery in the morning, and thence to Newville. The only schedule I could follow through Andalusia would only give me four minutes between trains. So I will have to disappoint you again; I am very much disappointed.

After two weeks in Judson Association, however, I am to come back to Escambia to hold an associational training school at Brewton, and I can come back via Andalusia and have a whole day and maybe two there.

I was glad to get your letter this morning. I don't know what I would do if it were not for your letters, since I can't be with you.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

Wednesday afternoon while at Canoe, the Farrars with whom I was staying took me to Mystic Springs, Florida where we went in swimming. I enjoyed it but didn't do much swimming since I can't swim very well.

This town is a small one but the young people are interested in young people's work and we are having a good training school.

I am sorry for you if you had to listen to an all-day singing. There was one number on the program which I would have liked to hear, but can't say so much for the others.

A local school principal (in Etowah County) was elected to succeed Mr. Dowdy. I know him and like him very much.

I am sure Allen hated for Mr. Myers to leave for I think he liked to work with him. I wish Allen had had three years experience and could have applied for the place.

I don't know what to expect at Newville but the people will have to cooperate wonderfully well if they do better than those in Escambia County.

When you write Lina Belle tell her hello for me and that next year I will miss her as our chaperon and that I hope we can find another as fine as she is.

The mail leaves here at 1:00 and since it is almost that time I will have to close.

Yours lovingly,
Aubrey

Newville, Alabama
August 7, 1928

Dear Sweetheart,

I was so glad to get your letter yesterday. I enjoyed our conversation over the phone, 'though I couldn't hear you very well, nor Allen either.

While in Headland, five miles from here, yesterday I saw a teacher friend of mine who is holding a summer school there and told him what you wrote me about Mr. Myer's leaving. He was interested in applying for the vacancy and I called Allen to file his application. I hope he is not too late and that he will be chosen, for he is an excellent teacher and school executive as well.

After completing the training school at ten o'clock at McCullough Saturday night, I was rushed to Atmore, fifteen miles away, over a rough and slick road, in time to catch a 10:45 train to Montgomery. We got there in time but it was a wild ride, and one which I do not desire again. (I thought of what Mr. Dowdy so often had said as we were riding in his car: "It's better for them to say, 'he's a few minutes late,' than 'don't he look natural?'") Reaching Montgomery at 2:30 the next morning, I snatched a few hours sleep and caught a 6:40 train to Dothan reaching Newville a little before 12:00, slightly tired and sleepy but otherwise okeh. No preparations had been made nor books ordered for the training school, I found on arrival.

From the train I judged Henry County to be a God-forsaken piece of the universe but I found I was mistaken. Although it is a small town (Newville) it is in the center of a thriving farming area. It is between Headland and Abbeville. (The latter is the town which is so often confused with Albertville). Dothan is not so far away.

Nevermind about the chicken. For the past three weeks I have been having it three times a day and I think by the time the next two weeks is up, I won't want to see another chicken.

Yes, I think Zion Association might possibly use a B.Y.P.U. rally. I hope Allen will get to go and give them a good dose of spizzerintum, together with Elizabeth.

In Newville is being held an arithmetic school by a man who has worked out a cancellation process. Last night in conversation with him he handed me a problem which it took him sever years to work and which he has found only one other who could solve. It looks simple and I promised to mail him my solution in several months (or years).

I have noticed that time always passes quickly when one is busy and I am certainly busy here, teaching two courses in the training school, conducting it, planning a Sunday School census, and other things. But I am glad because the two weeks will pass faster. It looks now like I will get to leave here Saturday week.

Between class periods each night in the training school we have a 'fun period'. I have been selecting games, tricks, stunts and pep songs for the one tonight. It is quite interesting.

If Lawrence goes to Andalusia Wednesday to talk with Mr. Baxley I told him to find Allen and that I hoped he would get to meet you.

Yours lovingly,
Aubrey

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

Newville, Alabama

August 9, 1928

Dearest Florence,

Tonight I made a talk on tithing to fifty young people. I gave out slips and asked them to bring them back tomorrow night filled out if after careful consideration and prayer they decided to do so. I guess about six or eight will respond; I am never satisfied with the number of tithers I enlist—it is always too small. I guess it's because I expect them all to adopt the plan.

I am surprised at you and Allen for staying out as late as 10:30 going to a show! Such habits you are getting into. Are you right sure it was Allen?

Had I been with you on the swimming social I would have had to be one of the waders, since I swim about like a rock (perhaps a wee bit better). I wish I had been one of the lucky ones who went on the party.

I agree with you most heartily on what you said about knocking the church and the pastor. And also that some forget the purpose of the church. I know from what I have heard of Dr. Barton that he is a pastor of high standing and ability. I am anxious to hear him.

Today I took a ride with the pastor of the church here, Rev. Smith, a bachelor about forty years old. We went to Abbeville and on the way back sympathized with each other because we hadn't seen our sweethearts in several months. He is going to see his Sunday and I envy him for it will be a week later until I can see mine.

I hope that if my friend Lawrence came to Andalusia yesterday that he met you. If his application is successful, Allen will have a splendid leader.

Conferences with newly elected officers is about as important as teaching study courses in organizing new unions. Tomorrow I have three; we are organizing two unions and a department. The training school closes tomorrow night.

For three days beginning Saturday I am to be at a rural church near Newville in a training school which will be their first one. I was there for a few minutes last Sunday night and there were almost 100 young people present. I am not sure yet but I think I will be for the next four days at Headland. The post office address of the Union Springs church is Newville.

Your sweetheart,
Aubrey

Headland, Alabama

August 14, 1928

Dearest,

Amid a host of discouragements and disappointments your letter came to cheer me.

I arrived in Headland this morning. The officers here had not carried out the plans I laid last week for the training school, so I found nothing done. And since it was raining, I could do little. So we may not have a very large crowd tonight and the training school may prove a failure. But I will make the best of it.

No matter if it doesn't prove the success I wanted it to, I won't worry about it because of what I have to look forward to for the week end. I will leave here early Saturday morning and catch a bus at Dothan for Opp and then one at Opp for Andalusia. Don't know what time I will arrive because I don't know the bus schedule. But I'll be on the earliest one that I can make connection with. May the hour speedily come.

I was glad to hear of the successful B.Y.P.U. rally, and also that Allen is the new associational president. I know that under his leadership the association will be revived.

Last night we closed the training school at the Union Springs Church, three miles from Newville. It was one of the best I have held, although brief. After spending several days in the country like this and visit in the homes I decide that the worst sin must be ignorance. In spite of the fact that so many of them are ignorant, they are among the best hearted people in the world.

Tuesday morning I went to Abbeville to see the senior B.Y.P.U. president, accepted his invitation to play tennis and enjoyed winning two sets from him. It was the first time I had played since leaving Mentone.

I wonder if you enjoy writing to me like I do to you. I too do not ordinarily like to write, but to you it's different.

I asked Dr. Preston this morning if he knew you. He said he did and that you were "a mighty fine girl". I could have told him a great deal more.

Lawrence, of course, was sorry that he applied too late, but he appreciates what Allen did for him.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

I have been working with the president of Judson B.Y.P.U. Association on the program for the annual meeting of the association to be held here next Friday. We have a varied, all-day meeting mapped out and have sent letters to all the churches so we ought to have a big crowd.

II John 12.

Lovingly yours,
Aubrey

Brewton, Alabama
August 21, 1928

Dearest Love,

I reached here yesterday after a two hour ride. The roads were not rough as I feared, because I had heard several say they would be.

As I think over my visit in Andalusia it seems like a dream, or a brief stay in heaven, such a wonderful time I had. Again the genuine hospitality of your home was demonstrated and I was made to enjoy every minute of my visit.

The hours spent with you were precious ones. And Sunday night! That, too, will be our secret. I love you, dear, with a deep and abiding love and although I know I am not worthy of your love, I am happy because you love me too. I hope and trust and pray that our love will grow stronger and deeper and that "we will never be separated."

The encampment begins tonight. I am moving out to the Fair Grounds this morning to help finish getting things ready. The demonstration building will be used for sleeping quarters. The meetings will be held at the pavilion. There is a good spring, a swimming pool and an excellent place to fish close by. The mornings will be spent in classes and conferences, with a devotional period and a fun period; the afternoons will be given over for recreation, and at night another class period and a sermon will be given. We are hoping 50 will attend.

After reading "History" with much interest and wonder I have congratulated myself on being such a successful wooer. One reading it would wonder if the courtship were not that of a prince and a princess. Although I am not a prince, I have wooed and won the heart of a princess.

"Her-story" is not written except with letters of gold on my heart and in my memory.

If I come through Andalusia Saturday I will bring it to you; if I do not, I will mail it.

Yours with love,
Aubrey

Brewton, Alabama
August 23, 1928

Sweetheart dear,

I was hoping I would hear from you this morning and I was not disappointed. Nor was I disappointed in the contents of the letter.

Yes, it is true that I love you. And it is also true that you love me, I know because you said so. That is the reason why we are both so happy.

The training school began Tuesday night. We are enjoying regular camp life, and having fun and work in plenteous and varied portions. Only about twenty-five are attending the day classes but more come at night. Yesterday afternoon I went fishing while the others went swimming but had no luck. The camp breaks tomorrow at noon.

Perhaps it will be best for us not to write love letters when school begins. So we won't. For I too want you to make a high record next year and wouldn't do anything to interfere.

But until school begins, it will be all right to write love letters, n'est-ce pas?

Elton writes me to go to Enterprise so I will catch a morning bus that will reach Andalusia about ten o'clock. Don't know how long I can stay because I don't know the connections to Enterprise. So if nothing happens look for me Saturday morning.

Mildred writes that she resigned at Isabella (near Thorsby) and accepted a place as history and English teacher at Oakman, a small town near Jasper. She was worried because the principal didn't want to accept her resignation. (And I do not blame him. She should not have resigned). She asked about you.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

If you have your junior girls study the Manual and you give them a written examination on it, they can receive seals or diplomas. Just send me the report and I will send it in for you. Let me suggest that the junior leader who will take your place take the course also.

I was quite relieved to find a letter from home here when I arrived Monday. Mother is boarding five teachers. Two others take meals there. I was hoping she wouldn't keep the teachers, and get some rest this year.

I am teaching "The Plan of Salvation" for the first time and am having to study more than usual. It is a very interesting book.

You are a wonderful girl and I love you more than words can express. Think of me a little each day. I hope to see you Saturday.

Always yours,
Aubrey

Enterprise, Alabama
August 28, 1928

Dearest,

I sent to town for the mail today, hoping I would hear from you and it seemed ages before the man returned. But your letter came and I was glad, especially so after I had read it.

Reaching here Saturday afternoon after two disappointments, one at Andalusia and the other missing a train at Elba, I found that they were expecting me. I was brought to Goodman, a country church ten miles from Enterprise, where the training school was to be held. Sunday was spent in planning and announcing it. That night it started and fifty-six enrolled in the three courses. It looks as if my last training school is to be my best.

I might have known that the sweetest girl in the world and the most lovable was also the most unselfish. Well, I'll think over your proposition. It was indeed considerate of you to suggest it.

Yes, I would like very much to go to Yale. And now I shall consider going more seriously than ever. There is much to be considered and it would be expensive, but I might be able to arrange it.

I don't know whether I'll let you be so unselfish or not; I love you too much. The idea of my never sending you anything! Of course I realize that I have caught my fish and a prize one and that it won't be so necessary to send flowers and candy and other things. (The last sentence was sarcasm).

I am sorry that I am not holding a training school in Enterprise because I would like to meet your Aunt and cousins. I know, however, that they must be well known and well thought of like their relatives in Andalusia from what I have heard spoken of them at Goodman.

Thank Mrs. Powell for the nice things she said about me. I wish they were true.

Yesterday I visited a farm nearby which has over thirty tiny pigs, most of them only a few days old, and of all kinds, colors and descriptions. I am purchasing one of them and am going to take it to Jack. He will make a pet of it.

Tomorrow night the training school closes and in order to get home Thursday I will have to catch a 4:30 bus at Enterprise early that morning, and go to Montgomery via Troy. I will spend several hours in Birmingham, catch a train that afternoon that will put me at home about dark.

Have you ever seen the boll weevil statue at Enterprise? It is said to be the only statue in the world erected to an insect and bears an inscription [sic] to the boll weevil "as the herald of prosperity".

I will be at home Friday and part of Saturday, so write me there. I haven't heard from Mr. Copeland as to when he expects his teachers to be there, but I will probably move to Attalla Saturday.

So I will soon bid farewell to South Alabama. It has been a memorable visit, especially that part of it spent in Andalusia. (This community is only thirty miles from there. I wish I could go home via there.) And indeed a happy and enjoyable one. Last summer's activities were climaxed by a great joy, but this summer's by a greater one. I wish I could see you again before going North, but maybe I will see you there soon. And, as you said in your letter, "To have what we want is riches; but to be able to do without is power". That is all right, but I don't want too much power.

Please write soon to one who loves you and will love you

Always,
Aubrey

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

**304 South Forth Street
Attalla, Alabama
September 4, 1928**

Dear,

Your letter seemed ages coming and I was happy when I received it today; I feared that you might not have received mine or something else had happened.

I believe that your letter today was one of the nicest you have written me. Yours are always nice—how could they be otherwise when you wrote them? And original too. Who else would have thought that “Fide et Amore” might mean “Florence and Aubrey”. (I hope it does). I insist, however, that the words of the phrase are in the proper order.

So many things have happened since last Thursday. Completing Wednesday night the best and largest training school of the summer (having 45 to get awards). I left Elba the next morning at 4:30, made good connections at the other places and reached Attalla that night. I had intended going on home but while in Attalla waiting for a bus I learned that I would have to be present at a teachers’ institute Friday so stayed. After the institute I went home, spent the night and came back early Saturday morning for a faculty meeting.

School started yesterday with a larger enrollment than we had at any time last year. Everything seems so different. All the teachers are new except three. Mr. Copeland is a fine man and an excellent principal; he is what Mr. Dowdy would have termed a “good sport”. I already like him very much.

At the opening yesterday resolutions were adopted on Mr. Dowdy’s death and a silent tribute of respect was paid him. I had hoped that a memorial service would be held.

Dr. McElroy, in whose home I stayed the past two years, has a dwelling house next door to his home the front room of which he uses for his office. The other four have been turned into a “bachelors’ apartment”, and Ray, Chamblin (the coach, a graduate of Alabama) and I occupy them. We have things fixed up in collegiate style and are comfortably fixed, having a room apiece and a study room. We take meals at Mrs. McElroy’s and in addition to making a home for us (she objects to our calling her home a boarding house) she gives us the best meals in town.

My schedule is exactly the same as last year—the same courses and books. Because I have my work in hand I ought to have some time for much needed study.

I was glad to see my old friends and pupils again. And in B.Y.P.U. Sunday night I was given a warm welcome; I found that all the unions and the department were A-1 last quarter.

I believe this school year will be the best in several years for Etowah. At least, indications point that way.

Mildred leaves tomorrow for Oakman; Kermit will not get to go to Alabama until the second semester on the account of his eyes.

Enjoy and spend well the last few days of your vacation. For you have nine months of hard work ahead.

But find time to write to me soon.

Yours always,
Aubrey

P.S. Before long, I can’t be saying “I love you”—you said we couldn’t write love letters when school began—so I’ll say it strong now.

**Attalla, Alabama
September 9, 1928**

Florence dear,

Back in school again, and glad, I guess.

I hope it will prove to be a glorious year. And I know it will be because you will make it so. Not everyone appreciates the privilege of going to college as you do and because you are so appreciative, so industrious, it will be a year of profit for you.

The busy first week of school ended quickly. There is a larger enrollment (295) than the highest last year, and we are to have another teacher soon. Never has there been a brighter outlook for a successful year since I have been at Etowah. I believe that the year will mean for me too, development, as well as pleasure for I expect to get both from it.

Your letter is undoubtedly the most priceless you have ever written to me, and I can not tell you how much it means to me. Because I can not tell you how much you mean to me. It is impossible for me to express in words how much I think of you as an all-round, a wonderful, a model girl, one who has the highest ideals of womanhood and

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

who lives true to those ideals, and how much I love you. (I realize that I am not supposed to say this now that school has begun, but then this will get there before it opens. The next time I will try to remember not to forget.)

Tonight Dr. Holmes did his usual best on "Remember Now thy Creator in the days of thy youth". I wish you could have heard it. And could have visited "my" B.Y.P.U. Department as it made the best showing it has ever made to my knowledge, and an average of 85 percent. I appreciate your thoughtfulness in praying for me; I shall need your prayers as I strive to be a successful teacher, B.Y.P.U. Director, State B.Y.P.U. Officer and lover this year.

And I shall continue to pray for you, in all your worthy undertakings (all).

H.S. has been in North Carolina helping in a Sunday School enlargement campaign, but will be back tomorrow and I will be glad to see him. He is a fine pal, like Allen and Ray.

This afternoon I helped in a religious census, the first one I had taken part in some time and enjoyed it very much.

I received the list of names of those finished your Junior Manual class, and will have the diplomas and seals sent out right away. (Sometimes I will retaliate by addressing a letter to "Miss Conner" and signing it "Aubrey Hearn"). (You are very welcome to the help (?) I gave you in your study course). I would like to have been one of the pupils.

Mildred teaches tomorrow her first day and I am sending her a list of rules based on experience. They will arrive a day late, but maybe in time to do some good.

I know you are glad to see your suitemates and friends again. Tell Grace, Lucy, Eleanor, Jean and Ruth hello for me. (I almost included Lina Belle in the list. The next time you write her give her my best regards).

Write soon, dear, to

Your devoted
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
September 14, 1928

Dear,

I am glad we are closer together, and the mail schedule is better for we can write more often even if we can't see each other as often as we would like.

Today was your first day to meet classes, I believe, and I hope you succeeded in getting courses and a schedule that you like and one that will not be too heavy and burdensome for you. And one that included some physical training courses, as swimming, volley ball or basketball so that you can keep in trim physically with your study and practice.

I have just been unpacking my trunk; when I reached here over two weeks ago I started to work on school matters and delayed unpacking my trunk until later when I would have time. It was a job. I didn't mind, however, because I read some of your old letters, among them the first one I received from you. The last one was quite different, and I am happy because of the difference.

We have an unusually fine group of girls at the house (Dr. McElroy's, next door) this year, and we have plenty of fun. Two of them, graduates of last year's class at Birmingham Southern, are very mischievous, we learned this week, and because of an innocent prank pulled on them by the "Three Musketeers" (Ray, Shamblin, and I) they invaded our apartment in our absence, put salt, sugar and pepper between the sheets of our beds, pepper in our hats, greased the bath tub with lard, and kept some of our letters several hours, sending mine back in the envelope inclosed. We decided not to pull any more pranks soon.

These two school weeks have passed swiftly. Only next week we have our first football game of the season, against Altoona.

Sunday Dr. Holmes begins his third year in Attalla. We are hoping to make a big day of it. The church has grown much since his coming.

I am glad you enjoyed the candy. Again, it was not because you were not sweet enough already, that I sent it.

I don't know about the quality of my letters in comparison to those of Grace and Penelope, for I have never been an expert letter writer. But my intentions are good. And during the past year it has grown much easier to write—because of you.

This year, you must not let thinking of me and writing to me interrupt your school work. Write when you have time, and when you don't, don't, as much as I like and want to hear from you.

Always,
Aubrey

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

Attalla, Alabama
September 19, 1928

Dearest Florence,

I have just been working on a social for tomorrow night. I like to plan socials, but this one is for 200 people, following a short business meeting of Etowah B.Y.P.U. Association, and I have been searching long and hard for suitable games and stunts.

Did you find your schedule as difficult as you said it might be? I hope not. For you certainly must have some time for rest the leisure and recreation. If you find it will be too hard, change it now.

I am almost angry with you. You say you will send me a schedule "if I care anything about it!"

I wish you had been to prayer meeting tonight (I wish you were here very often). There were 93 present and Dr. Holmes had his usual good program. Large prayer meetings are the usual thing here.

Your suite is pretty if the dominating color is blue. It is my favorite color. What is yours?

School gets better each day, I believe and I am enjoying my work in proportion. We are to get another teacher, and install a commercial department (shorthand and typewriting). This is to be done in the next two weeks. Everyone is pepped up for the first football game of the season against Altoona Friday.

Tell Ruth I was indeed sorry that I was not at home when she called. I wish I had known that she was coming.

This week end I am going to Birmingham to attend at Camp Cosby, the YMCA camp, a Hi-Y conference. Two of the boys are going with me.

This sudden change of the weather gave me a cold which affected my throat, but I am feeling better today and ought to be well tomorrow.

I hope I will hear from you before I go to Birmingham. (If you have time to write—Remember).

Yours always, Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
September 25, 1928

Dear,

After reading over your schedule I am wondering when you do have time to write, and to take some needed rest. But I hope you will take time for both.

I almost got into trouble today because of your letter. I had looked for it since Friday and this morning accused the girls (the mischievous teachers) of having taken it. It came an hour later and when I was assured of their innocence I apologized. The moral is, don't wait two days next time.

The cold I had when I wrote you last got worse, and in spite of the fact I went to Camp Cosby Saturday to the Hi-Y conference. Sauls was kind enough to take us down (two of the club boys were with me). I got something from the meeting but returned worse for having gone, and stayed in all day Sunday. Yesterday I was much better and able to be at school.

The bachelor's apartment has a new addition to its membership. Our new teacher is Newton Bass, a graduate of Howard, class of '27. After deciding that he would qualify to our exclusive membership we decided to let him join us. He is to teach typewriting and shorthand, two new courses.

I have several books on socials and am sending you the best one. A social for a small group would be different from one for 200, of course. I used mostly a varied program of musical stunts, songs and a debate on the subject, "Resolved, that smiles are of more benefit to humanity than laughs," at the associational social Thursday night. The latter was the feature of the program. Each speaker, two on each side, had three minutes. You will find a variety of the best active and quiet games, contests, stunts and songs in "Handy".

Did your society get the members it wanted? I imagine the rivalry was somewhat like that of the Lees and Morgans at home.

Last Friday our football team won a 20-0 victory over Altoona, making a very creditable showing. I am manager of finances for the team, and will make the trips for them, except seven of the nine games are home games. The next game is with Phillips High and is to be played in Birmingham next Saturday morning. I may go down Friday night and see Howard play Spring Hill in Birmingham's first night game, at 8:00 o'clock. And on Saturday afternoon see the Alabama State Fair.

Our first school month closes this week. The time has passed quickly.

In a few weeks I hope you will let me come to Rome for a week-end. What about it?

I am sure that with the dignity with which you presided over the Junior Girl's B.Y.P.U. you had no trouble in speaking with poise and effectiveness before the Shorter student body.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

You must take some time for reading, too. Try "What an Education Means to Me" in the October issue of the "American".

In your labors and study and cares remember your sweetheart is thinking of you. And write him when you have some spare time.

Yours devotedly, Aubrey

Birmingham, Alabama
September 30, 1928

Dearest Florence,

I received your letter Friday afternoon just before leaving for Birmingham. I fully intended writing yesterday but was busy helping look after our football team 'most of the day.

Poor professor! I am sorry for him but he should make his classes more interesting.

I got here in time for the Howard-Spring Hill game Friday night at 8:00 o'clock. It was Birmingham's first night college game. Howard lacked the old time pep and lost, 12-7.

Coach and eighteen of the players from Etowah came to Birmingham Friday. As most of the boys are just country boys they didn't get enough sleep that night, and that, together with the fact that they were playing a superior team caused their defeat by Phillips Saturday morning, 30-0. They put up a plucky fight, though and we were proud of them.

Last night I spent the night with Newton Bass, our new teacher about whom I wrote you. He lives in East Lake and his father is postmaster of Birmingham. He has a splendid family and I enjoyed very much my visit with them.

At the First Church this morning I heard Dr. Hobbs speak in a challenging sermon on duty, "The Sublimest Word", as Lee called it.

I am going back to Attalla this afternoon, driving Virginia Miller's car. She is one of the 'mischievous teachers'. She is taking the family's car to Attalla for the week. We will leave early for I have to be at the church at 4:00 to direct a drive for subscriptions to the "Alabama Baptist".

Did you receive "Handy"? I hope you find some suitable games and stunts for your party.

Last week I gave monthly tests and will have to grade the papers tomorrow night. Grading papers is not what I like best about teaching so I will be glad when it is finished and grades are averaged.

I am glad you are going to let me come to Rome. What about the weekend of October 13? I might bring H.S. with me; you could get him a date with Grace or someone else.

How is your Auburn friend? I don't much blame him for writing you.

We are leaving for Attalla in about an hour. McPherson, the other "mischievous teacher" and Bass are going back with us.

Always your sweetheart,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
October 3, 1928

Dearest Florence,

Yes, I think you are indeed sweet to take your quiet hour on Sunday to write to me. And I appreciated and enjoyed last Sunday's, because of what it said, but mainly because of the spirit which prompted it.

I think you are fully qualified to be assistant piano teacher. And furthermore the honor of being chosen as such was fully deserved.

By all means go to Atlanta if you can get off and play the accompaniment for Miss Chamblee. It will help her win. Who couldn't sing with you at the piano? And besides you need a trip like that every month or two to take your mind off your work.

Now I want you to enter the music contest and be national champion. And you can. I mean every word of it. With your training, skill, poise, ease, grace, determination, self confidence, teaching, and personality you can win in the state and national contests.

This afternoon I finished averaging and recording grades. The percentage of failures was slightly high and I am going to work harder and try to lower it this month. Grades are usually lower the first month, however, because teacher and pupil must learn to know each other.

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A change of sleeping quarters from an inside room to the sleeping porch of our apartment resulted in another cold which has made me cross and spiritless for several days. I think after this one is cured that I'll never take another, by carelessness, anyway.

My favorite popular piece is "I Want to Be Where You Are" and I am singing or humming it almost constantly when alone. (I wish I could).

Let me know if the weekend of October 13 is satisfactory. May I bring H.S.?

Tomorrow night is monthly council night for the B.Y.P.U. Department here. We are to have suppers served and hope to make it a big meeting.

Did your schedule prove to be as difficult as you expected it would? I hope you did not take too much. And that you get a sufficient amount of rest and recreation with your work.

Mildred writes that she didn't realize how little she knew until she had taught a day. I replied that I had a similar feeling. She is having to work hard, she says.

I hope that answer to this will reach me in time for you to get its answer by Sunday.

Lovingly yours,
Aubrey

Envelope, addressed as follows (envelope was not mailed):

(upper left)
One Among Many
E Pluribus Unum
Longest way round is the
"Shorter" way home

(center)
Mr. Confucius Alexander Hearn
Bachelors' Quarters
Next door to 302
Attalla Ala
26 miles from Albertville

Attalla, Alabama
October 8, 1928

Dearest,

Saturday night, the mischievous girls and I went to get the mail. The girls captured my letter from Rose; murder was almost committed but peace was finally declared and the letter was given to its rightful owner, who after reading it felt that it was well worth waiting for and the struggle it cost.

I am sorry that my coming caused you to cancel your Atlanta trip; you need it. If you want to go badly let me know and I will postpone my trip until the next weekend. Besides, I want to hear you play over radio.

If we do come this weekend, we will come on Saturday afternoon and will have to come back Sunday morning. H.S. has an engagement that morning and will have to return. When we first planned the trip he did not have the engagement. I am very much disappointed that the trip will have to be cut short.

Yesterday I spoke to the Etowah B.Y.P.U. Association on "Loyalty to Christ," and used a beautiful story of Dr. Van Dyke's, "A Legend of Service". I will tell it to you some time.

I spent a few hours at home Saturday and they were delightful ones. It was the first time I had spent over two hours there in a month. Mother has five teachers who board there and six others who take meals at home; a large number but she has a good cook and maid which doesn't make it so hard on her. Fred is playing on the varsity football team.

I wish I could have attended the Camerata party. I know everyone had a good time.

I hope that your cold is well. A cold can certainly give one a miserable feeling; mine is practically well.

Go in the contest to win and you will, because you can.

When you have your picture made for the annual this year, I want a large one of you. Wish I might get it next Saturday night. This one is pretty but is not large enough.

Last night a new senior union was organized in our Department. The "Hearn" Seniors, they named themselves. Tonight they are having a business meeting so of course I must go up and help "my" union get started right.

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Let me know if you had rather make your Atlanta trip and we will come next weekend instead, if okeh.

Always,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
October 14, 1928

Dearest,

I hated to leave Rome this morning. Wish I could have seen you today. But we got an early start and drove back in an hour and forty-five minutes. I read the Sunday School lesson, prepared a talk and we talked about the good time we had last night, on the way back so the trip seemed short.

This morning I made a decision talk to the intermediate department of the Twelfth Street Baptist Church. They are having a meeting and had decision services in the Sunday School departments. Although unaccustomed to making talks of this kind, I did the best I could and was happy that one accepted Christ.

I thought about you at morning watch and vesper services. Hope they were good ones. I would like to have been there to see you preside with your dignity, poise and reverence. I saw you demonstrate these graces in a junior B.Y.P.U. one time.

Such dumbbells as H.S. and I are! This morning neither of us could think of the name of the girl with whom he had a date. I finally decided it was Meriwether but couldn't get the first name. Please let me know and keep mum.

I have just read a letter from Mildred who states that she has taught a month and is awaiting the thrill of receiving her first check. She asked how you were and sends her love.

Last night you were unusually charming and beautiful. I . . . (I almost forgot). You are a wonderful girl and I think a great deal of you. The two hours spent in your presence passed as if they were so many seconds. It was good to be at Shorter again, to meet your friends, to see Grace and Lucy again, but most of all to see you.

H.S. enjoyed his date too, 'though naturally he was not as thrilled as I was. He is glad you like the idea of having Mary Lou come up for a weekend visit, and hopes it can be arranged before many moons have passed. (That is imitation Indian language, I guess you would call it; I meant, some convenient weekend within the next several months, maybe not until December or January).

Etowah B.Y.P.U. Association is to have a Hallowe'en carnival a week from Friday night and I am in charge of it. We have some task ahead of us. If you know some good ideas for booths, let me know. We intend to charge a small amount for each attraction and begin a Mentone fund.

About playing jazz on Sunday, I agree with you thoroughly. Stick to your side because you have the right side. I want you to read an article in my scrapbook some time which corresponds with my idea about it. Jazz is unclassical, undignified and sensual.

Few can see the spiritual side of a question or an issue. I Corinthians 2:14, 15 tells what I mean.

Tomorrow begins the seventh week of school.

I am hoping to read two books this week. Reading is one of my favorite hobbies but I do not have a great deal of leisure time to devote to it.

When you can find time without sacrifice, write

Your sweetheart,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
October 18, 1928

Dearest,

I have just finished grading a set of English papers. They were "editorials" on such subjects as "Should Students Study Together?" Most of them had good content but poor grammar. I am glad I have only one class of English.

I am still happy over seeing you and being with you Saturday night. The trip was one of the most enjoyable I have ever made to Shorter.

And also I am happy over what your letter said. And if it were not against our rule you know what I would say.

H.S. is going to Macon to help in an enlargement campaign and will have a date with Mary Lou every night for a week. I envy him. He certainly spoke highly of you; I give him credit for having good judgement.

The countywide Hallowe'en Carnival comes a week from tomorrow night. It is some job to prepare a social of any kind when 300 people are expected to attend. I have read every Hallowe'en stunt I can get my hands on.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

Saturday we have another teachers' institute. I am glad we have only two a year.

I had a letter from Elton Johnson yesterday; he said he spent the night with Allen a few nights ago, and that he (Allen) had been visiting some of the churches in Zion. I am going to write to Allen before this week ends.

Tomorrow afternoon Etowah plays Jacksonville Normal High School on the gridiron. Neither team has been defeated by a close-by team so the contest will probably be a thrilling one.

The Attallaians, especially the teachers take delight in teasing me about "Romeing". But I don't mind a bit.

Remember I want a large picture of you. When the photographer comes the next time, have a large one made for me, please.

I hope to spend this weekend at home, that is, Saturday night and Sunday morning. I have spent the night at home only once since returning from South Alabama.

Your sweetheart,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
October 24, 1928

Dear Sweetheart,

Did you have your picture made? And one for me?

The girls have been up to some mischief, what, I do not know. If you have received any strange or silly communication with my signature faked or theirs, ignore it.

Today the state inspector was at school and spent an hour altogether in my classes. After his observations we had a two hour faculty meeting, filled with advice and suggestions. It was a hectic day and I am glad inspectors make rare visits.

The countywide Sunday School training school is being held in our church this week. There are over a hundred attending and I am taking Mrs. Gerald's course "Stories and Story Telling". Besides this, I have been completing the program for the Hallowe'en carnival which comes Friday night at the conclusion of the training school. Most of the program will be the attractions at the booths for which small charges will be made. I want to supplement this with a program containing songs, stunts, and ghost stories.

Congratulations on being a member of Shorter's Glee Club. I think you ought to make several trips. What about coming to Attalla? We need some good music and a high grade entertainment here.

This week closes the second school month and tests are being given. If I can get through this week and get everything done which needs to be done I will never again have too many things to come at once if I can prevent it.

It is like you to love your work. And while many girls keep an eye on the clock when they have only two or three hours a day to practice, you are sorry that you have to stop at the end of four. It is the difference between mere ability and art.

Which reminds me, I did not get to hear you play when I was in Rome.

While at home I had the unexpected pleasure of seeing an uncle who lives in Chicago and who spent a day at home for the first visit in almost two years.

Next week Etowah plays her rival Gadsden High in the biggest game of the season. We are hoping to demonstrate to about 2000 onlookers that ours is a superior team.

I am glad you are still receiving "Sunshine" and hope that you enjoy reading it as much as I enjoy sending it.

I wish you could be here Friday night. I wish often that you were here or I were there.

Always yours,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
October 29, 1928

Dearest Florence,

I was happy when I received your letter yesterday. I think the twins were also. It was all right about the "command". I did not know what they had sent you. You are a good sport.

The Hallowe'en Carnival did not turn out so well. We made only about twenty-five dollars when we had hoped to make four times as much.

How did the volley ball game result? I hope that your team won. With you and Grace on the junior team, it has a decided advantage.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

The second school month closed Friday and I spent the weekend grading papers. The job was finished tonight. Kermit drove down for the carnival and I went home with him but came back early Saturday.

I dread this week in school. Friday we play Gadsden; the spirit is high and after a pep meeting each morning they can hardly be kept quiet the rest of the day. Gadsden has a good team; so do we and the game will be a close one. Naturally I think Etowah's fighting spirit will carry our team to victory.

Etowah lost its best teacher during the weekend past. Inez Edwards, teacher of English and one of the best I have ever seen, got married, and resigned. Her resignation was accepted and we had a new teacher today.

Were the proofs of your pictures good? I hope so for I want one.

Wednesday afternoon Brother Holmes and I are going to Albertville. He is to speak to a B.Y.P.U. meeting of Marshall Association, at a church near there. We will spend the night at home and return early Thursday.

Mr. Copeland and I like Andalusia. His wife was living there when he met her. She was Juanita Battle and her parents live there now.

Elton Johnson persists in writing flattering notices about me in the Alabama Baptist; when I have done nothing unusual. First he writes an article in appreciation of my summer work and then about something I wrote him concerning our Alabama Baptist subscription drive. I wish I had more time to devote to the work of the Eastern District; such as visiting, etc.

It will be a relief when the election is over, for there will be no more political arguments.

I too do not like the "ages" between letters and am taking this to the post office now so the answer will be here a day sooner.

Yours always,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
November 2, 1928

Dearest,

I am tired tonight but never too tired to talk to you—for letters are written conversations, 'though not quite as pleasant as real ones, n'est-ce pas? I appreciated the letter note today, for I always look forward to your letters and enjoy them whether notes or otherwise.

This afternoon the big game came. I was at the gate five hours, selling tickets and then dividing gate receipts. Our team lost 14-6 but it was a good, clean game; hard-fought from beginning to end. Good sportsmanship has been stressed by both schools this week and it was evidenced throughout the entire game.

Congratulations again. I thought your team would do it. And also on being chosen as a member of the all-star team. "Merit wins". Will you go out for the soccer team also?

You surely have a full schedule with recitals, mock weddings, duets, etc. I wish I might have heard the former tonight. When do you practice for them all?

Tomorrow I am going home to visit the community fair and see Fred play football when Albertville plays Oxford. The fair is sponsored by the school and consists mainly of exhibits and athletic contests. It is usually a big affair.

I appreciated your Hallowe'en card. I accompanied Brother Holmes to a young peoples' meeting of Marshall Association Wednesday night and heard such a good program and there was such a good attendance that I almost forgot it was Hallowe'en.

Have I ever told you about "Mother" Harper? She is the mother of Mrs. McElroy, in whose home we stay, and is 82 years old. "Pa" Harper is 83. I have never seen an aged couple who are as cheerful and happy as they are. Ma Harper is a beautiful Christian character and no one has more faith in God than has she. For a number of years she has been in poor health and would probably have died several years ago but for the constant watchcare of Dr. McElroy. Last week she took a cold which developed into pneumonia and day before yesterday, double pneumonia. Doctor says she can not live over two or three days. We are great friends and I will certainly miss her cheery "good morning" and her smile. Great will be her reward in Heaven.

The next time I come to Rome (which I hope will be in two or three weeks) I want to hear Hughie play her violin.

You didn't let me know if the proofs of your pictures were good.

I am taking this to the post office tonight so it will reach you in time to answer it during your Sunday quiet hour, if you haven't something else planned.

Yours, Aubrey

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

Attalla, Alabama
November 8, 1928

Dearest,

Tonight a group of boys from my session room came to my room and we spent two hours planning a freshman party for tomorrow night. I am having the boys to take charge of the games, because they need the experience.

Tuesday night Bass and I were so enthusiastic over the election returns which we heard at the Gadsden Times office that we missed the last street car and decided to walk to Attalla (five miles) for fun. We did, but never again. When I found your letter waiting I forgot about the long tramp—it was worth walking five miles for.

I am glad Hoover was elected. While at home last Saturday night I heard Smith's speech over radio, and decided after his statement of his view on prohibition to vote against him.

The Alabama Glee Club gave its first concert of this school year in our auditorium last night. It wasn't as good as the one at Shorter year before last; not as much variety or as much evidence of careful training.

H.S. returned Tuesday from Macon where he helped in an enlargement campaign and during which he had a number of dates with Mary Lou. We are both quite in love. He and I have been asked to write an article for the B.Y.P.U. Magazine, to appear in the March issue and have decided to write it Saturday.

Did you enjoy your visit to Dr. Porter's home? I wish you could take an outing every week; it would take your mind off too much work, study and practice.

I am hoping too that I will "find an excuse" as you term it to come to Rome soon. Now I would like to come every weekend but I expect it would not be best.

It is all right about the picture; send it whenever it is ready. (I hope that will be soon).

I have not written Allen yet; when you write him tell him I am going to write him soon.

"Mother" Harper is still alive, although Doctor says it is a miracle because she is so weak.

I am sure you had no trouble with examinations, but nevertheless, I imagine it was a relief to finish, n'est-ce pas?

At school today we had a slight argument over an annual. The senior class and faculty members were for one but the principal was opposed. Terms were reached and the class will decide tomorrow if they can meet the conditions to be given them.

Lovingly,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
November 14, 1928

Dearest,

It seems like an age since I wrote you last—so many things have happened.

"Mother" Harper died Friday night. The funeral was held Sunday afternoon and I have never seen more beautiful flowers. She was certainly a noble character and her life will bless all who knew her.

Did you make a good grade on your psychology exam? I hope it was what you expected.

I wish I could have heard the students' recital. Never mind about forgetting the two lines. You were clever enough to make up some in their place so more than likely no one but your music teacher noticed it. It is because you are her best pupil that you are getting the hardest pieces. Your music grade will doubtless be A+. If a higher grade were possible, you would make that.

Last week the seniors decided to put out an annual. It is such a big task that no class since 1916 has attempted it. The Principal gave them two conditions, requiring them to sell 100 copies and get \$150 in advertising contracts, which they decided to meet. I was elected faculty advisor. We now have the staff selected and are at work trying to reach the two requirements, so we can sign contracts for the printing and engraving. The school seems enthusiastic so I believe we will succeed.

H.S. and I have been asked to write an article for the March number of the B.Y.P.U. Magazine. We spent several hours Saturday and completed the outline. Next Saturday we hope to finish it.

Thanks for sending "The Periscope". I enjoyed reading it, especially the wedding, the "All Star—Faculty" volley ball game and the Glee Club.

The State Baptist Convention is in session at Dothan and I am very much interested in the report which is to be made concerning a campaign for new buildings for Howard. It is to be given tomorrow.

It is only a week from Saturday until the Howard-Southern game. Since we have two from Howard and three from Southern on our faculty, we have been having a few opinions expressed (sometimes with more spirit than reason) as to who the winner will be.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

I believe your Sunday evening excursions are getting to be regular. I am glad because you are already confined to four walls too much.

Friday we have a half holiday. It was supposed to have been given Monday but was postponed because our team plays Guntersville, there, that afternoon and we want a large crowd to attend the game. Guntersville is just ten miles on the other side of Albertville. In fact, the two towns are great rivals.

The twins have actually been good for several days. I hope they continue thus.

I have a little song book here that we use in our schools Hi-Y (Y.M.C.A. for high school boys) club, and will have to choose some songs for tomorrow. I do not know the tunes for a good many of them; if only you were here to help me select them.

You are not the only one who makes idle wishes and dreams idle dreams. We must hope and pray, and wait for them to come true.

Write soon to

Your sweetheart,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
November 20, 1928

My Love,

Your letter came last night and I was glad for I had begun to fear that you might be sick.

Your grades were splendid; I knew you would do it. The next time the 88 on the History of Music will be in the nineties, too.

Sunday night I had an odd experience. It was raining when we left church, and continued during the night. Near morning a storm came and a large oak tree in the back yard was blown down and it fell on the roof of the sleeping porch in which Ray and I sleep, with a loud crash. You can imagine how quickly we were out of bed and investigated the noise. It did no damage to the house, but only a slight damage to the nerves of two of its occupants. The storm blew several other trees and poles down and unroofed two houses, but no one was injured. I am thankful that the house is strong, or that the oak tree was not of giant size.

Our annual, "The Etowahian" is making good progress, and while I am faculty advisor, I expect to make my part of it advising. We hope to publish one that the class and school will be proud of. I am not going to take more work than I can do because thus far I am enjoying teaching more than I have since I have been here and I don't want it to change.

Did I tell you that I am filling out an application blank to enter the School of Law at Yale next year and am also applying for a scholarship?

I too would like to have heard Dr. Hall's sermon on "Friendship". With "love", two words so closely related, the two if rightly understood and applied will bring happiness, n'est-ce pas? That is what the friendship and love of a girl whose initials are F.R.C. have brought to me.

A State district W.M.U. Convention is in session at the church and a Ruby Anniversary pageant will be presented tonight by our W.M.U. I have the minor role of a needy Jew. Imagine it.

While I was mainly against Smith because he was a "wet" I think religious intolerance played a large part in it. The average person, if he is a Protestant, is prejudiced against Catholics. Few people are "open minded" or tolerant, though Baptists believe in tolerance.

It is time to leave for the pageant and if I mail this tonight you will get it tomorrow and I will get an answer Thursday night.

Your sweetheart,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
November 27, 1928

Dearest,

Your letter came Sunday. It was as sweet as ever—and as welcome as ever.

I journeyed to Birmingham to see the Howard-Southern game Saturday. It was one of the most thrilling I have ever seen. Howard won, 13-12. I am sending a trophy of the game.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

I agree that it would be better if you could study a year after graduating before teaching. Let us hope and trust that both of us get to continue our education in larger schools.

Tonight at the school the annual Hi-Y Club play was presented. I have charge of the Hi-Y and the play is one of the yearly features. It was well given and well received but the crowd was smaller than we expected.

If dreams were suppressed desires, it would be nice if some of them came true, for instance the one you related. For I would like so much to see you tonight. Absence does make the heart grow fonder, for every day I shall never forget what our initials mean.

How would it suit for me to come over next week end? Could I see you more because of the holiday? I teach in a countywide training school next week and it would be Saturday before I could leave. But I could get there Saturday morning.

It seems that Thanksgiving has arrived quickly. School is out Thursday and Friday and I am going to spend the time at home. Mildred will be there too.

Friday closed another school month and I am still grading papers.

The annual, which we decided to call "The Etowahian" is now a certainty. Pupils seem enthusiastic about it and if a few of us can convert that enthusiasm into labor, it ought to be published within a few months.

Best Thanksgiving wishes. I wish you might be at home with me for Thanksgiving dinner.

It is past bed time, so good night.

Always yours, Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
December 3, 1928

Dearest Florence,

You were mistaken; I did miss your letter although I was at home, and very much. It was all right, 'though since you were busy.

I appreciated the beautiful Thanksgiving card. And am glad you liked the roses.

Did you enjoy Thanksgiving? It was quietly spent, for my part. We had a football game that afternoon so I stayed in Attalla all day, going home that night. The vacation, although brief was restful. Mildred was there and the teachers who board at home were gone, so it was a family reunion.

This week the annual training school of Etowah B.Y.P.U. Association is being held in Gadsden. I am inclosing a copy of the program. I have a class of twenty-one secretaries and am trying to teach them something about records. I wish that you might be here to hear Dr. John L. Hill speak.

I am happy that it will be okeh for me to come over Saturday and especially because I will get to see you more on the holiday. Will it be all right for me to bring my friend Newton Bass over? (He is the new teacher of whom I wrote you). He has heard me rave about Shorter and I am sure he would enjoy the trip with me. He might have a date with the chaperone the times we go out. The picture show in the afternoon suits me. And we might go out to dinner Sunday. I appreciate your suggestion because I do not know just what privileges you are allowed.

This week in school we are busy on the annual; reports have to be given out and these, together with the training school keep the time about fixed, so I will be glad for several reasons when Saturday comes.

I hope Miss Mell will be in a good humor Saturday. I am eagerly looking forward to seeing you. Write me a note if you have time and let me know if I may bring Bass with me.

Yours lovingly,
Aubrey

Rome, Georgia
December 6, 1928 (est. date)

Dearest Aubrey,

Your letter came this morning and I enjoyed it, as usual. We will be delighted if you will bring Mr. Bass with you. I think Ethel will chaperone us so he can have a date with her.

The Howard Bull Dog came today, also, and I appreciate your sending it so much. I think it is cute and am going to keep it on my dresser to rival Grace's Tech boy. I think my bull dog will be fierce enough to win over anybody.

Call me when you come to Rome so I can tell you what Miss Mell says we can do.

Lovingly yours, Florence

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

Attalla, Alabama
December 10, 1928

My own Sweetheart,

We hurried to the hotel yesterday afternoon, checked out and reached the station ten minutes ahead of time, probably establishing a world's speed record. And the train was fifteen minutes late in leaving.

I believe I enjoy each trip to Rome better than the one before. Especially was this true of this trip. It seemed unusually short, because I was with you more, and time passes very swiftly when I am with you.

You grow sweeter and dearer and cleverer every day. You are truly a wonderful sweetheart.

Bass also had a good time. He was well impressed with Shorter and especially its students. He discoursed at length in admiration of my taste.

They accused me of having rosier cheeks than usual this morning (and I don't doubt it) and advised a weekly trip to Rome. Which would exactly suit me.

I mailed today my application for admission to Yale; I will have to go to Birmingham for an interview and an aptitude test before it will be complete. I am also applying for a scholarship; it will probably be six weeks before I will know if I get it.

Tomorrow night I am going to Oneonta to speak on "The Privileges and Responsibilities of Church Membership". I wish you could give me some points; I do not have my outline yet.

It was a pleasure to meet your friends. Tell Miss Farrill and Ethel I appreciate very much their acting as our chaperons.

It will soon be bed time and I must get some points for Sauls training school talk tomorrow night.

Think of me a wee bit now and then but not too much.

Lovingly,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
December 16, 1928

Dearest,

Your letter came last night and your card yesterday morning, and the card was mailed after the letter. The mail service Rome-Atlanta is not very good at times; perhaps it will be better between Attalla and Andalusia.

It was a good idea for school to close. The flu epidemic has struck every place but Attalla, I think. I hope that you will not take it.

Did you reach home Saturday night? I wish you had come via Attalla. Remember to come back that way, or meet Thomas here.

Friday night the staff of our annual, "The Etowahian" had a box supper and beauty contest at the school. Several fiddlers made it one of those old-fashioned affairs. The evening netted our treasury one hundred dollars. We had lots of fun. If you had brought a box, I would have paid \$ (my fortune) for it.

It seems hard to realize that Christmas and the end of one half of our school year are so near. Well, I still enjoy a holiday like I did when I was a student and anticipate them as much as any of the "kids".

This afternoon I journeyed to a meeting of St. Clair B.Y.P.U. Association several miles beyond Asheville, and informed and bored them with some facts on "The Results of Missions". After the meeting I spent an hour in Asheville waiting for a bus and was encouraged to learn of the work the B.Y.P.U.'s are doing there; I spent the first week of last summer's work in a training school in Asheville and organized three unions.

I hope you found the family well. Give them all my regards. And Allen especially; I have not written him yet. I hope to find time during the holidays to write him a volume or two, tell him.

Inclosed is one of the stamp pictures I had made the other day.

I am ordering a copy of "Character and Conduct". Of course I hate to do it (!) and the price is a thousand dollars. It will be sent to you and ought to reach you in a month.

Be sure and enjoy every minute of these holidays; you need a restful happy time and deserve it too.

And if I don't hear from you almost immediately—I will be disappointed. You have nothing else to do now but write, n'est-ce pas?

Yours,
Aubrey
P.S. I love you

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

Attalla, Alabama
December 20, 1928

Dearest Florence,

School closed after three periods today for Attalla's famous "Turkey Grab". About twenty-five turkeys were turned aloose from the top of a building, at different times. I didn't catch any but had a lot of fun watching the others.

Thanks for the check. I like it so well that I think I won't ever cash it.

This afternoon we worked on "The Etowahian", our annual. The staff is inexperienced so Miss Miller and I are having plenty of instructions to give. I am afraid we will have to come back before the holiday end to work on it; we want to have all the material in by January 15.

I am glad you liked the picture. Now why don't you send me one?

H.S. was over last night to show me his present for Mary Lou. He was as happy and thrilled as a child. He is going to see her next week.

I know ou are enjoying riding in your new Ford; I almost envy you—we have only an old Chevvy. After next week it will be several weeks older, 'tho; not because of rough treatment but of extra use. Under Allen's tutorship, I am sure you soon learned to drive.

Our holidays begin after tomorrow. I will go home tomorrow night. Next week I expect to have a merry, restful time and read a dozen books, more or less. I am very much behind with my reading.

Ray is president of the Epworth League City Union and the union is giving him a trip to a League Convention at Oklahoma City, next week. He is enthusiastic over it; I am glad because he deserves it.

I will be here the Sunday night you come through Attalla and no matter what time you get here I will meet you. I wish it were next Sunday night.

I am sending two packages to you which I hope will reach you safely. Do not open until Christmas.

Write me in Albertville and I wish there could be one waiting when I get there tomorrow night.

If my next letter doesn't reach you before Tuesday, I hope this will be the happiest Christmas of your life.

Your sweetheart,
Aubrey

(the ink on parts of the following letter is very faint, so a certain amount of guessing is taking place!)

Andalusia, Alabama
December 22, 1928

Dearest Aubrey,

Your letter came at noon today and although I am answering right away I think I have chosen an inopportune time because Allen is singing from his book "Paradology". I don't think I should be held altogether responsible for all that I say. I can't ask him to stop because he is already "sore" because I am writing a letter.

The beautiful Christmas card you sent came yesterday and I surely do like it. I can assure you that this will be the happiest Christmas I have ever had—you see I have never been quite so much in love before.

You certainly are a determined person. Next time I write Thomas I will ask him what time we go through Attalla. We will be there only a few minutes, I'm afraid—unless I can persuade him---don't be too disappointed, though, if it doesn't work out alright.

Does your school begin Monday the thirty-first? We have to be in Rome on the third, I think, so after I visit Thomas and Clara in Mentone I will go on to Menlo and go down to Rome with Hughie and Jean.

The annual is bound to be a success since all of you are working on it so hard. It will be a pity to love some of your holiday because of it.

This morning I read a number of old "Alabama Baptists"—especially the B.Y.P.U. page. I found the paragraph about your summer work and think it is fine. Every thing they said about you is true, but I think I could have written one to cover the whole page—all true.

In another issue I was informed that "Mr. Hearn practiced what he preached". That is true, too, you are a man of your word.

I always wait until Christmas to open my packages, but it will be hard to wait if your packages come now. I promise to wait, though, in spite of the strong temptation. You are sweet to send them. I know I shall like what ever it is.

I am going to send you something, but you may not get it until the day after Christmas because it hasn't arrived here yet. I am so sorry if it is late—I will send it special, but I don't know that it will have much effect on Christmas.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

It isn't a hundredth as much as I would like to give you. Not to repay you for your kindness—I could never repay that if I gave all I have or hope to have. But because I love you so much. Remember—I give all my love with the gift and it will be valuable to you—as you love me.

If all wishes came true, this would be the happiest Christmas you have ever had. I know you will be happy, too, because wishes that are wished hard to come true—and I have wished this one hard—for you.

Your own sweetheart,

Florence

P.S. The rhyme in the last sentence was unintentional

Christmas card (1928?)

Picture of a snowy town

With dearest love and best wishes for a happy, happy Christmas and for all success during the coming year to the dearest, sweetest, and finest boy in the whole wide world from one who is your own Sweetheart
Florence

Albertville, Alabama

Christmas Day, 1928

Florence dear,

Another Christmas day—and if everybody is as happy as I am, this world is Utopia. Your letter last night just put me in the right mood for it. It is lacking only in one thing—I can not see you.

I wish you could have seen our Christmas tree this morning. At seven thirty we all were in the living room and Mary Nell was Santa Claus. Old Santa was generous to each of us. I have hose, ties and handkerchiefs enough to last until next Christmas.

Isn't it fun to watch children play with toys? Jack and Joe Ed received a variety, especially of noise making and winding ones. And they have been tirelessly using them; it would hardly seem like Christmas, 'though without a few horns and firecrackers.

I hope the wrist watch reached you in time. It was ordered a month before it came; I intended having your name engraved on it. Will you be kind enough to let me have it for a few days next month to do so? It isn't near as much as I wanted to give you, but along with it went my love and best wishes. The candy was thrown in for good measure and I hope that school training rules were off and you could eat some of it.

Perhaps another rule is off and I can tell you that I love you with all my heart. You grow sweeter and dearer to my life each day and were all the power of words at my command I could not tell you how much I love you.

For a few hours this morning I enjoyed "The Mine With the Iron Door", one of Allen's books which I have had borrowed from him for nearly two years. I have two others which I want to read before Friday and send to him.

You must persuade Thomas to stop awhile in Attalla. At about what time do you expect to reach there?

I am going back to Attalla Friday morning. Friday, Monday, and Tuesday will be spent on the annual. I will probably go to Birmingham Saturday to take an aptitude examination which together with my grades at Howard, will determine if I will be admitted to Yale.

Always yours,

Aubrey

Albertville, Alabama

December 27, 1928

Dearest Florence,

This morning I was fixing to answer your letter of yesterday when another came. As usual, I enjoyed them both. This will have to be a two-in-one answer.

I am glad you liked my small gift. If you get half as much pleasure out of using it as I did of sending it, you will enjoy yourself thoroughly. Don't forget what I said about having your name engraved on it.

Yesterday I was sick with a cold. It was not enough to put me to bed, but I had a slight fever. Your letter improved me considerably and some medicine also helped, and today I am feeling much better.

Have you ever read any of Bruce Barton's books? "The Man Nobody Knows", which I read yesterday, is very inspiring and gives a different view of Jesus from any I have read.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1928

I am so sorry to hear of Mrs. Hall's death.

I did not think of it when you wrote, but the route to Mentone through Gadsden goes over the mountain and misses Attalla. It would delay Thomas to come through Attalla, so I will come to Gadsden to meet you. It will take you about three hours to come from Calera to Gadsden; I will be waiting at Vance Drug Store, on the left as you enter the city and in the heart of the business district. I expect you will get there between four and five o'clock. I hope you do not have any car trouble.

I know you will enjoy your visit with Thomas and also with Jean and Hughie. Tell them hello for me.

This is the last day of my vacation—at home. I won't have to start teaching until Wednesday and working on the annual will be fun. And I have Sunday afternoon to look forward to.

Until Sunday—goodbye.

Your sweetheart,
Aubrey