

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

Attalla, Alabama
January 2, 1929

Dearest,

I was hoping a letter would come last night and I was not disappointed.

I am glad you reached Mentone all right. If you could just have stayed longer in Attalla—but I so much enjoyed the few minutes you were here.

It is hardly fair for you to get a first impression of Mentone in December. In June it is beautiful beyond description. Maybe Thomas will be living there next June and you can spend the week of the ninth, B.Y.P.U. week, there. I expect you did find it colder up there; there is a noticeable difference between Attalla and Albertville and Mentone is higher than Albertville.

Yesterday afternoon I listened in over a dandy radio and heard the California-Tech game; enjoyed it thoroughly and the score couldn't have been better.

I phoned about your watch today. It will be ready tomorrow and you ought to get it Friday or Saturday.

We spent two busy days Monday and Tuesday on the "Etowahian". The editor-in-chief is sick now, however which will delay us several days.

Did you go to Menlo? I hope you did not take the flu. I started to say, exposed to it but it is so widespread nearly everyone is daily exposed to it.

The 'gang' is back and school opened today. Exams come next week.

It was a good thing you passed through Attalla in the dark. There are only several nice looking buildings in the city.

I have a terrible cold today but if remedies will cure it I ought to be well tomorrow.

Our annual B.Y.P.U. training school begins Jan. 21; we are making plans for a big one.

I love you, dear.

Always yours,

Aubrey

P.S.

Sweetheart, I thought you would like to know

That some one's thoughts go where you go;

That some one can never forget

The hours we've spent since first we met

That life is richer, sweeter far

For such a sweetheart as you are

And now my constant prayer will be

That God may keep you safe for me.

These are my sentiments

C.A.H.

Attalla, Alabama
January 8, 1929

Dearest,

We are in the midst of exams. I have been grading some freshman English papers; it took an hour for six there were so many grammatical errors. The solid geometry papers were not quite so bad.

Did you receive your watch? I hope you liked the engraving. H.S. mailed it for me and wrote "Hello" on the back.

I know I would like the life of Bach. For while I do not know much about music I have a fondness for biography.

I trust that Hughie is well and able to continue her school work. I don't know whether I have told you or not but I admire your choice of friends. It is natural however that you should pick extraordinary girls for your pals, being one yourself.

Saturday I stayed "in" all day and my cold got well. But last night I took another, probably from Ray, with whom I sleep, who has one.

Have you read "Sorrell and Son"? I almost finished it Saturday. The picture is said to be one of the best produced last year.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

Mildred teaches at Oakman, in Walker County. By the way, she told me to tell you hello and I forgot to in the last letter.

Our annual will be in the hands of the printer in two weeks, I hope. We have been working hard on it in the afternoons. It will be a relief to get all the material in.

I guess you have exams either this week or next, do you not? Be sure and do your reviewing by degrees so it won't be cramming. I know you will make A's on everything.

Every day I am expecting a letter from Yale advising me of my grade on the aptitude exam, and as to whether or not I have met the entrance requirements. Surely I will hear this week.

I have two algebra exams to prepare for tomorrow; I wish you were here to help me.

Always your sweetheart,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
January 12, 1929

Dear Sweetheart,

Your letter last night did me lots of good. I had just finished grading papers and was awfully tired. A letter from you always puts me in a cheerful and happy mood no matter how tired I may be.

I have never known you to be so sarcastic as in your letter. How dare you suggest that you might give your watch back to me some day. And that the case would be ruined and you are worried about it. And that I might have to find another girl named Florence. As if there were another like you! No, I had no doubts about it when I had it engraved. If I had, I would have had engraved on it (as Mr. Dowdy said jokingly he did one time): "To my one and only love", so in case it were returned I could use it again.

Today was a tedious day on "The Etowahian". The editor-in-chief was exempted from his exams and had four days in which to work on it; the actual work he did could be done in two hours. So several of us decided to put it out in spite of his laziness, and we spent a whole day on it today. It is a slow job, however, and it looks as if our time limit of Jan. 15 will have to be lengthened.

Your copy of "Character and Conduct" has not come yet although it has been ordered nearly a month.

I have your picture in a frame on the mantle before me and every few minutes I smile at you. By the way, when I was having it framed the other day, the photographer said the picture showed evidence of being hastily done; and that the dark background detracted from the picture. He said the negative was not retouched carefully. I wonder if you would mind writing the photographer in some spare moment and telling him to send me the negative C.O.D.? I want to get Mr. Griffin to retouch it and make a better print. The picture is a good one and I do not want these minor defects to detract from it.

Remember me to your music teacher and to your suitemates. Also to Ethel.

Lovingly,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
January 16, 1929

Florence dear,

It has been a dreary and gloomy day, but a happy night. I went to Gadsden and led a devotional at the First Church for Sauls, and at the Gadsden High School Gym saw our basketball team trounce Gadsden 18-16. And coming back I found your letter at the post office.

I am indeed sorry that I troubled you about the picture. I mailed the one I had to the Atlanta address. I was pleased with the picture; the photographer just did an inferior job.

So someone else has lots to do too. I wonder if you get a sufficient amount of rest. Your philosophy is correct—work does make life happier and time fly. Both are important, n'est-ce pas?

It is sad but true that smoking seems to be a growing fad among girls. I am glad you are strict at Shorter.

Kermit is going back to Alabama next Saturday. Dad may take him in the car to Tuscaloosa and I may accompany them. Should my Yale plans fail to materialize (I hope they don't) I may join him next year. I have not heard yet about my aptitude examination.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

We are in the first week of the second semester and things are about normal again. I am teaching seven classes a day, having added an algebra class. Otherwise, my work is the same; advanced algebra has taken the place of solid geometry, a half-year course.

You remember my writing of Mother Harper? Her husband, who is 83, is now seriously ill. I don't expect he will live much longer; he has been so lonely since his wife left.

How did you come out on your psychology test? Don't worry about any of your schoolwork. Remember that I am thinking of you and sympathizing with you and believe in you, although I can't be there to tell you.

Write when you have time to

Your sweetheart always,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
January 20, 1929

Dearest,

This has been such a beautiful day. I wish we might have gone on a hike this afternoon.

Our annual B.Y.P.U. Training School begins tomorrow night. We have been working on it for several weeks and are hoping to have 125 enrolled. I am inclosing a program.

Did you receive "Character and Conduct"? I am sorry it was so late coming.

I had a letter from Yale last week. It will be spring before I will be notified if I have met the entrance requirements. So the suspense lasts.

I don't exactly agree with your suitemates in their criticism of you. However, all of us have our faults.

Kermit and Dad passed by Saturday on the way to Tuscaloosa. He is overjoyed at getting to go back.

Please tell Ruth that I am sorry to learn of Ralph's illness and hope it is not serious.

Monday night

I was interrupted last night by an unexpected 11:00 o'clock caller, who stayed until 12:00, and I didn't get to finish your letter. It was a pupil who came by to find out a grade from Ray and forgot what time it was.

Today was a hectic day at school—Mondays always are.

Our training school began tonight—the classes are meeting now. We have fifty present, a disappointing number but it will be larger tomorrow night.

Mr. Harper is better. He has a case of the flu and I think will soon be up again.

It is time to ring the bell for the devotional period so I must stop. I wish this letter might reach you tonight so I could get an answer tomorrow night.

Always your sweetheart,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
January 26, 1929

Dearest,

Your letter received last night is one of the sweetest you have ever written. All of them are sweet but this one is unusually so.

I have been mounting pictures for the "Etowahian" all day; the "Who's Who" section has just been finished. Since I am only a novice at photography and art work I have had to go slowly.

The training school closed last night. The attendance was smaller than we expected but there was a spirit of reverence in every meeting. The consecration service last night led by Dr. Maye, a returned missionary from Chile, was very impressive.

Guess what! Allen and I have written to each other. I am ashamed of my tardiness; I had a letter Tuesday and answered it the same day. I was glad to hear from him.

Dear, do not worry about the picture. I shouldn't have mentioned it; I was pleased with it. In fact, I know of no other Christmas present I wanted more than your picture. And now I hope Mr. Hatcher will send one soon; I miss it.

H.S. is coming over to spend the night with me tonight. He is hard at work on Etowah Association's Sunday School Enlargement Campaign which comes the week of February 17. Tomorrow I am going to give some four-minute speeches in several churches, boosting the campaign.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

Elton has me busy writing letters to all the Eastern District Association presidents, asking them to advertise the Convention which comes April 23-24 at Oneonta. I don't mind writing, 'though; my State office calls for visits to the various associational meetings but lack of time and a car prevents, so writing is the necessary substitute.

By Friday we expect to have the last word of our annual in the printer's hands and I will heave a great sigh of relief.

I received the "Periscope" today and enjoyed reading about the recital and Lina Belle.

I like your "business" stationery—and I don't mind if you use it writing to me. I feel honored that you should save it just for me.

It is a pity that you can't help keep the office, or rather ring the 'ten o'clock' bell, some time when I am at Shorter. Maybe we can bribe Lucy to delay it next time.

Your sweetheart always,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
January 30, 1929

Dearest,

The other three of our quartet are making such a noise that I can't concentrate.

When did I get to be a "distraction"? Maybe the above is an evidence.

I hope after writing to me Monday night you had time to study for your two exams! How did you come out on them? The highest or second best as in music, is my guess.

Since Saturday I have been working night and day almost (Sunday excepted) trying to get the Etowahian out by February 1. All pictures have been sent and I think the printed material will be ready tomorrow.

Monday I received a summons to court—to serve as a juror. I do not have to report until next Monday but I think Mr. Copeland will get me excused. I wish I could serve—it would be a novel experience—but the school could not run without me (!).

Some time I hope you will send me the two articles Ida wrote. I won't think you too sentimental; you are much more serious than the average girl; I like you that way.

I am afraid I can not cheer you very much tonight; I am too tired. But you don't need cheering up; your grades will be among the highest anyway. I am proud of your high grade in music.

I have never had a course in Ethics but have studied the subject some; it is interesting.

I think if we finish the annual tomorrow I will celebrate by spending Saturday at home.

Forgive this brief note from one who loves you and will love you

Always,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
February 5, 1929

Dearest,

I have just returned from Gadsden where I spoke at the devotional period of the B.Y.P.U. training school at the Twelfth Street Church on "Bible Reading and Prayer". It was rather a poor effort, I fear, but they paid good attention which made talking to them easy.

What a smart sweetheart I have! Above ninety on everything. I knew you would do it.

I have been asked to be a groomsman in the wedding of Henry Rogers, State rural B.Y.P.U. Field Worker, and Hirsch Childs, which is to take place on Friday evening March 22, in Bessemer. Of course I will go. Both are good friends of mine. Henry is certainly in love with her. Henry and I are both very much in love.

I spent a delightful weekend at home. Dad has sold out his interest in the Albertville Trading Company and is temporarily engaged in the insurance business.

The annual, to my sorrow, has not been finished. In spite of our efforts to get all the material in by the first, we did not finish and it will probably be Saturday before we will do so.

You must certainly know about the rubber plant; it is all the people of Gadsden can talk about. I think I can tell you more about it than I can write, so what about coming over next Saturday night? I will bring H.S. along with me and you might get him a date with Jean if you like. Both of us have engagements Sunday so we would have to return early that morning. Let me know right away. I would like very much to come; it seems an age since I saw you last.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

If you could attend our chapel exercises tomorrow you would hear a treat. A faculty quartet composed of Messrs. Bass, Copeland, Shamblyn and Hearn will render several selections. If we had some one to play for us like you, it would be real music.

I am anxious to know about Saturday night. Write to me when you have time.

Yours always,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
February 10, 1929

My own Sweetheart,

I have been feeling jubilant, jolly (these adjectives only partially express my actual feeling) all day; in fact, since last night. Countless times I have congratulated myself on the Sweetheart I have. After each trip to Rome I feel more than ever that I have the finest in the world.

To say that I enjoyed last evening would be putting it very mildly. You have never been sweeter or prettier than you were last night.

H.S. also had a good time; I think the next time we come he will want another date with her.

We reached the little church where H.S. announced the Sunday School revival, at 10:15 this morning. On the way back, we stopped at Cave Springs and saw Hearn Academy. There is only one building, a wooden structure. It is rather old and is being used now only as a Sunday School building of a nearby church. The grounds are beautiful.

At the church near Gadsden where we stopped, we were met with indifference and almost opposition by the handful who were present. It is a rural church, situated in an almost inaccessible place, and the members were widely scattered. Truly "Ignorance is the greatest sin", for they, failing to see the opportunity at hand, could point out to us why their training school would fail, instead of determining to make it succeed.

Here is my valentine message: (It should have been written on the heart) "Look into the mirror and see the face of which I dream". I am inclosing a page of today's news which you might enjoy reading.

I trust that from the many facts I gave you last night about the Rubber Plant that you can give a good report to your professor. But in case you need a few more, I will be glad to journey over and give them to you. I can always give facts of this kind better orally so therefore I am using that method.

Don't let me become a distraction or a detraction but think once in awhile about

Your sweetheart,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
February 14, 1929

Dearest,

I am writing under a great strain. A boarder next door has taken up saxaphoning and is practicing his first lesson.

Of all the valentines received today, I know mine from My Valentine was the prettiest and its message the sweetest. And I am sure none could be more appreciated. These Sonnets are beautiful; I am reading each one as a letter from you. The sonnet which came in the letter, although a prose one, was the best of all.

Sometimes I will show you some comic valentines received from my pupils and one signed "M.T." (Mischievous Twins). One, from an algebra pupil, had a large head with the explanation "a head full of algebra" on the back.

This morning I sang "In an Old Fashioned Town" and "Sonny Boy" in chapel. I trust that those who asked me are satisfied, and they appear to be, and I will not be bothered again by such requests. I would not mind them if I took voice, and practiced every day.

Today I wrote to Hirsch Childs, Henry Rogers' bride-to-be and accepted the invitation to take part in their wedding.

We are gradually completing the material for the annual and, I believe, will send all of it in this week.

Yesterday I saw the Rubber Plant site. It is a busy place. I am gathering some more facts to take to you. It seems that the reason much water is needed is that the plant will manufacture fabrics and a great deal of water is needed in a fabric plant for the cleaning and cooling processes.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

Tomorrow night the high school teachers of the county are having a banquet in our school. Miller, one of the twins, and I have charge of the fun program.

My valentine wish for us is that each valentine day may be happier. I hope that many happy ones are in store for us.

Your sweetheart always,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
February 19, 1929

Florence dear,

It seems like an age since I wrote you last and your long letter last night was joyfully welcome.

We are in the midst of a great countywide Sunday School campaign. Training schools are being held in 36 Baptist churches, and 58 workers are here conducting them. In our church we have five of them and I am taking a course in junior work. I have been teaching a class of eleven year old boys for six weeks.

Mary Lou Brown, of whom someone said today "She means the same thing to Mr. Sauls as Miss Morrow does to Lindbergh", is here as one of the workers, and H.S. is so happy. The same can be said of her and they make a charming pair. I almost envy him, having an opportunity to see her every day for a week.

I am sure you enjoyed teaching Grace's Sunday School class, and I can appreciate the feeling you had in teaching an older group. Last Sunday I had a similar experience at a small country church to which H.S. sent me.

Dr. Ridgell's refusal of the Rome call was a surprise to me. He considered it seriously and I believed he would accept. Perhaps the church will call Dr. Barton now.

Did you hear Miss Rethbery tonight? I wish I might have heard her too. The Chicago Opera Company is giving three operas in Birmingham this weekend and I would like to go but cannot. They are Carmen, Norma, and Faust.

I received the "Periscope" and recognized Grace's handwriting. The articles were interesting, especially the one about the recital.

I am glad you are going out for basketball. The exercise and the recreation will be a change and a help to you.

Congratulations, Miss Music teacher. May I come over and take lessons from you? I believe even I could learn from you.

I know you are terribly busy, dear. It seems like both of us have plenty to do. But patience, perseverance and prayer will win for us. N'esc-ce pas?

Bass sends his regards, also the M.T.

When you have time write a few lines to

Your sweetheart,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
February 24, 1929

Dearest,

Today the great Sunday School Enlargement Campaign closed. It was truly a wonderful week. I will tell you about it sometime.

Did you notice the moon last night? H.S. and Mary Lou came over and invited me to go to ride with them. We rode to the top of Sand Mountain and back; we could see the valley it was so light. Mary Lou said: "Tell Florence we wished for her". I did, so much.

I hope your plans to come to Gadsden spring holidays are not thwarted. We could have a good time, that is if your hostess would let me come over to see you. I want my friends here to know you; I want to take you to Albertville, and most of all, I want to see you. It would be a good opportunity for a glorious weekend. Can't you come?

When do spring holidays come?

A brief trip home yesterday morning was enjoyed. I spend about as much time at home as I would if I were three times as far away.

It is time to grade monthly test papers and send out report cards again this week. Only three times more this year, I guess; I hope so.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

I told Dr. Rigell [sp Ridgell?—see letter Feb. 19] this afternoon I didn't know whether to congratulate him or not for deciding to remain in Gadsden. He replied that he almost decided to go, but was going to send me instead. He teases me often about traveling to Rome but I don't mind it.

When does the piano contest come? You are working hard on it, I know. Perhaps you will win out in your district and I can hear you over radio!

The rubber plant is making fine progress. Another plant, for reclaiming old tires, is to be built adjacent to the main one. But I forgot.

Are you finding time for reading and resting among your multitudinous tasks? When you can spare the time, write a few lines to

Your sweetheart, Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
March 4, 1929

Dearest,

Your special came Saturday morning and put me in the right frame of mind for a busy day's work.

I am sorry the phone connection was so poor Thursday night; I could hear you plainly—if you could only have heard me.

I fear they are overworking my Sweetheart. You are so capable and so dependable, that they call upon you too often. Be careful to take sufficient time for rest.

The annual is finished, much to my relief. The last part of the copy was sent last week, and we have only to raise a few more dollars before the financial worries are over.

I shall be very much disappointed if Shorter does not have spring holidays, and you can not come to Gadsden. It will be a fine opportunity for you to see the rubber plant (I will show it to you and tell you some more about it). And think of what a joy it would be to be able to have a date and not hear "It's ten o'clock". You simply must come.

A radio was installed in the school auditorium and all of us heard Hoover's inaugural address today. It was our first radio chapel program and the students enjoyed it thoroughly; many of them seldom hear a radio and I expect it was the first time for some of them.

Newton wants me to accompany him on a three months' cruise to the Orient next summer and I am thinking seriously about going. We would work our way on the ship so it wouldn't be so expensive. What do you think about it?

I received a letter from Yale Saturday and breathlessly opened it only to find an advertisement for the summer school.

You must win the music contest. I believe you will although it will take hard work. Remember what I said about doing too much, 'though.

Dr. J.O. Williams is at our church for a ten day meeting. Our church, and the town as well, needs a revival and I hope that our prayers will be answered and many of the over 700 lost will be won to Christ.

I want to come over for Easter Sunday; I don't know just yet but I will surely come if I possibly can.

Once more I am helping build a tennis court in Attalla; we ought to have it in playing condition by Saturday. I can't wait for tennis days to arrive. This year nearly all the faculty play, so I won't have any trouble finding someone to play with.

Tell your suitemates hello and to keep you from working too hard.

Lovingly,
Aubrey

Rome, Georgia
March 7, 1929

Dearest,

Your letter came the first part of this week and I enjoyed it very much. I will try to write a note while Grace and Lucy are carrying on a discussion about Grace's new nephew. Her brother has two children a little girl and the little boy.

I think it will be grand if you will go with Mr. Bass this summer. I really think it will be a wonderful opportunity for you. If you go you must write to me to tell me about everything you see. I probably wouldn't see

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

you all summer anyway and I had much rather not see you and know you are out of the United States than not see you and know that you are in the same state with me. Tell me when you decide what you are going to do.

Miss Ramsey has almost completed my program for my Senior Recital. She says it is a hard job to select the pieces because she has to take into consideration the fact that I am going to study after I finish Shorter, and also she has to consider my character and personality and willingness to work hard this summer. She has given me four of the numbers and, Aubrey, they are perfectly beautiful. I do so hope I will be able to play them as beautifully as they should be. I want you to hear my recital so much, but if you aren't near here I will play it all for you after school is out. I will wear my dress and pretend it is a real recital. (I want a pretty white dress—because it is so pure).

Last night Grace woke me and said there was a fire. We went down to the corridor between the academic building and dining room where nearly everyone in school was and found that the kitchen was burning. The chemical wagons came out and put it out after the plastering had fallen and various pots and pans had been damaged. We had breakfast on time this morning as if nothing had happened—but no ice cream for dinner tonight since the freezer burned. Dr. Furry had several new fire extinguishers installed.
Write soon.

Lovingly,
Florence

Attalla, Alabama
March 9, 1929

Dearest,

After attending a long, dry Teachers' Institute all day I am not in a state of mind to write an interesting letter—but you understand.

I believe from the length of your last letter that you have been quite busy, too, but I understand, and appreciate your writing even though you don't send a nice long one every time.

You will wait until summer to begin your Senior Recital, will you not? With the contest and your regular music practice and classwork, I don't see how you can do it all.

I didn't like to think about my not being present at your recital. But should it be necessary, I will get you to play it all for me, as you suggested, after school is out.

Since you have said it will be all right, I am thinking more seriously than ever about going on the oriental cruise with Newton. If plans work out, I will get back six weeks before time to leave for Yale (should I be fortunate enough to get to go), and during that time I hope I shall get to see you several times.

The tennis court which we are building on the school campus is almost completed and we expect to be able to play on it by Thursday.

I am glad the fire was only slight. Both of us have had narrow escapes from fires and falling trees but let us be thankful they were escapes, and trust that they will be no worse next time.

The meeting continues good. I wish you might hear Dr. Williams.

Tomorrow night is "Parent Night" in our B.Y.P.U. Department. We are trying to enlist the parents to cooperate in our work.

I must study my Sunday School lesson or my twelve year old boys won't learn anything about the lesson (they will not learn much, anyway).

Think once in awhile of

Your sweetheart,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
March 12, 1929

Dearest Florence,

I needed something just like your letter to cheer me up tonight. It has been a hard day in school, but well, I feel like a million dollars now. Who wouldn't with a Sweetheart like you?

It was indeed a joy to learn of Allen's promotion. It is deserved and I am writing him tonight telling him so.

May I come over the weekend of Easter? It seems like an age since I saw you last, and I want to come over, by myself, for a weekend stay.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

I think I shall go on the cruise. I hate to think of being out of the country for three months, where I can only hear from you at intervals of two weeks, much less see you. But you will write often, will you not? (I will) So at each port I will find six or eight letters waiting. I think the experience will be a great help and I may never have another opportunity so good.

Tonight I heard one of the best sermons I have ever heard. It was on "Five Responsibilities of Church Membership", with Acts 2 as the Bible basis and proof of the sermon. Truly church membership is a challenging responsibility as well as a glorious privilege.

I am inclosing a clipping from the granure (?) section of Sunday's Birmingham News in which you might be interested.

The A.E.A. comes next week and Henry Roger's wedding. I am hoping that I will at least get to attend a meeting or two and can be with Allen some.

Thanks for sending the Andalusia High School paper; I enjoyed reading it. Allen is the most popular teacher too, I believe.

The proofs for the annual are coming in and so far everything is fine.

For the past week I have been almost swamped with invitations to attend B.Y.P.U. meetings and banquets. The year ends with this month and all the associations have their annual conventions around April 1 and elect new officers; I think I have been invited to all in the Eastern District. I wish I could attend them all, but that is impossible.

H.S. came by to see me tonight, happier than usual because he got a letter from Mary Lou today. We know we have two of the sweetest girls in the world.

I must close as it is past bed time. Tell your suitemates hello for me.

Always your

Aubrey

P.S. Please excuse this stationery. I ran completely out before I knew it. C.A.H.

(the following letters from Florence are in poor shape & some words were unreadable)

Rome, Georgia

March 17, 1929

Dearest,

Since I have a Music History test and several chapters in Economics for tomorrow, it is hard to decide which one to study first. To dispense with the worrying it has caused me, I will just write to you instead.

The test tomorrow will be the last we will have in Music History. We will not even have a final examination, but will write a term paper instead. The next subject we take up is Analysis & Form. We will take various compositions by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Mendelssohn and others and analyze them as to general structure. I enjoy that so much, but am afraid it will take lots of my time.

Miss Mell is trying to make it as hard as possible for us. She and Dr. Furry decided that the teachers at Shorter were entirely too easy on the students and they are assigning as much library work as possible. I like Economics, but don't understand half we have had. We are studying Composition now and I have known my lesson for the last two days. But about the rest—I am a blank.

You have no idea how hard it is for me to grasp such things as that. I feel so sorry for you because you are going to have such hard subjects when you go to school. But I would like to know something about what you are going to study, too. It is the same principle as my wanting you to understand and love good music. It has come to mean so much to me and I want it to mean the same to you, too, because I can't spend my life on something you don't love. You don't have to know a note of music to know good music and appreciate it. If you will help me to understand your work I will try in my feeble way to help you understand music. (Some one outside of "we two" might say—"That is a fine speech"—sarcastically—but you understand, don't you, that I am sincere?).

Unless something unusual happens you may come the week-end of Easter. Our examinations will begin Tuesday after Easter, but your coming will not interfere as I have only one Examination and I will review for it before Easter. Will you be able to stay long enough to hear our program Sunday afternoon? I do hope so because the music will be so beautiful.

Mr. Talmadge (our Choral Club director—my Music History teacher, and Hughie's xxxx teacher) is planning to study in Germany next year. It will be wonderful for him, but it is breaking Hughie's heart—and mine because this will be my last year with him—I am so crazy about him. He has a temper, but never lets it get the best of him except on 'special occasions when he has a reason (not that it is ever right to lose one's temper). With one exception he is

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

the sweetest man I know (He and Mr. Rakton, my organ teacher, are in the second class—xxxx are in the first class—alone.)

We are learning a new clog in Physical Education. It is a sailor clog to the tune of “Sailing, Sailing, Over the Bounding Main” and we look like we are on board a tossing ship when we do it.

I am so glad you are going this summer. You ought to spend the rest of the time between now and then reviewing your history and anything else that will make the trip more enjoyable.

But you must promise me that you will take extremely good care of yourself and not fall overboard. And another thing—you are my sailor lad and you cannot have a sweetheart in every port. I will write, though, so you can find your own sweetheart at every port. (In letter form).

I hope you enjoy your trip to Birmingham next week. Tell Allen I am so proud of him I can hardly stand it and that I am expecting him to be a howling success and that I love him.

And enjoy the wedding as much as possible. I know you will be the most handsome man there—I wish I could see you. Remember everything about it, so you can tell me.

We are having our spring elections and are having a hard time coming to terms on Student Body President. You remember the girl I insisted would get it? Well, some of the girls decided they wanted Grace so voted for her. The first ballot tied between Miriam and Grace, so we voted again. I don't know who was ahead then but neither had a two thirds majority, so we voted again. The same thing occurred, so we are in suspense and do not know what will happen. I will be so happy if Grace is President—I think she will be great.

Your sweetheart,

Florence

(over)

I like the picture of Joy so much. Give xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx and Mrs. Hearn my love xxxxxxxxxxxx them—and Mildred xxxxxxxxxxxx to A.E.A. xxxxxxxx must be proud of such a distinguished cousin. I think she is adorable.

FRC

Attalla, Alabama

March 18, 1929

Dearest,

The Boy Scouts are giving a play in our auditorium tonight and I am in the office waiting for it to begin; I would much rather spend the time writing to you.

I spent a most enjoyable day Saturday at home. All the folks are well; Dad is well pleased with the insurance business. I returned early Sunday and found your letter waiting.

I do want to come over Easter weekend but do not want to interfere with your studying. If you can conveniently study for your test before then, I will come. I fear I will have to leave before the program is over on Sunday to catch the 4:50 train. What time does it begin? If I have to miss much of it I might arrange another way to come back.

Did the flood do much damage in Andalusia? Mr. Copeland who parents live at Red Level and Mrs. Copeland whose home is six miles from Andalusia left Saturday for South Alabama, the former having received a message that his father's farm was under water. Several newspaper accounts stated that a dam broke and that the low parts of the city were inundated. I trust no serious damage was done. Did you read of the horrors of the flood at Elba, Geneva and Brewton? Our school is taking up an offering tomorrow to help in the relief fund. We who live on the uplands and mountains have much to be thankful for.

I am interested in music; in fact I have grown to love it much in the last few years. I want to be able to appreciate good music; will you teach me some day?

Law is a seemingly dry subject but some day I hope it will be more interesting to you. Don't judge it all by the part included in economics.

We leave Wednesday afternoon for Birmingham. For two days I will be the guest of Mrs. Kyser, 1901 Fairfax Avenue, Bessemer.

I will tell you about the wedding. Except perhaps what the bride and her attendants wear.

It will be fine for Grace to be President. Give her my hearty congratulations on her nomination and best wishes in the election.

Allen, Mildred, Joy and I will be thinking of you (especially I). I will give them your messages.

Always your sweetheart,

Aubrey

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

Rome, Georgia
March 21, 1929

Dearest,

Today has been a dreary day and I have wished so much to be in Birmingham with you. I shouldn't be so selfish—to wish such hard luck on you, but I really wish it just the same.

The Easter Service will begin about four thirty, so I am afraid you would miss all of it. Unless you find some very convenient way to return to Attalla besides the four fifty train why not wait until the next week-end to come? Now, I will leave it to you and you may write what you decide to do. If you wait a week to come I will be able to see you more since it will be the week-end of our spring holidays. I have decided to stay here to practice and I would love to see you Saturday and Sunday after working the few days before. But, if you want to come Easter—then come.

Did you receive your books that I returned to you last week? I have been worried some for fear they were lost since you didn't mention them.

I wonder if Allen went to the A.E.A.? The last I heard from him seemed to indicate that the trains were not running and that roads were impassable.

Andalusia is high so was not damaged by the high water, but River Falls was completely submerged (River Falls is five miles from home and seven or more from Red Level.) You remember the dam we took you and Mildred to summer before last at Point A? That dam and the one at Gault broke but I think the embankments on either side broke and left the steel structure part. I have had only one letter from home in two or three weeks and Mother said the people all around were suffering.

The river in Rome has been very high, too, and has come up to porches of some of the tiny houses on second avenue. We who are high do have much to be thankful for.

After we had voted six times Miriam finally got a two-thirds majority and is President of our Student Body. She will make a fine one, I know, and with Grace as Vice-President the team will work splendidly.

To Aubrey—My Sweetheart

I have remembered beauty in the night,

Against the black silences I waked to see

A shower of sunlight over Italy

And green Ravello dreaming on her height;

I have remembered music in the dark,

The clean swift brightness of a fuge of Bach's,

And running water singing on the rocks

When once in English woods I heard a lark.

But all remembered beauty is no more

Than a vague prelude to the thought of you—

You are the rarest soul I ever knew,

Lover of beauty, knightliest and best;

My thoughts seek you as waves that seek the shore,

And when I think of you, I am at rest.

You understand, don't you, dear? I shall xxxxxxxx rest in a few minutes as I have been while writing to you because I shall sleep and dream of you.

Your sweetheart,
Florence

Birmingham, Alabama
March 23, 1929

Dearest,

The wedding is over. I am rather tired from attending receptions, dinners and rehearsals—but it was worth it all to see them so happy. The church was beautifully decorated, and—but I will wait until I can tell you about it.

Allen came Wednesday night and we are staying together at Uncle Fletcher's in West End. He is as fine as ever; he asked all about you. He doesn't seem to have any gray hairs as a result of his added responsibilities. We have had

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

a jolly good time (what time I haven't been in Bessemer) going to shows, shaking hands with old friends, and loafing. Last night H.S., who came down to the wedding, spent the night with us.

We met Mildred here a short time ago; she and Allen have gone to a meeting. H.S. is writing a volume to Mary Lou.

I wonder what you are doing; I wish you could be enjoying a vacation too. You need one worse than I do. If you don't have spring holidays, why not take off a weekend and come to Gadsden?

This is one A.E.A. that I have not attended a single meeting. I only had an opportunity to go to one, however, and couldn't go then.

I will give Joy your message when I go out to their home today. Mildred sends her love.

It is almost time to meet Allen and Mildred in the lobby, so I had better go. This is just a note of greetings from Allen and me—and of love, to the sweetest girl in the world.

I can't wait until next Saturday.

Your,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
March 25, 1929

Girl of my Dreams,

You know what the rest of the sentence is and I mean every word of it.

We returned from Birmingham yesterday afternoon. I was happy to find your letter waiting; I half expected one in Bessemer but I know you were busy and I understand.

Allen left Birmingham yesterday at nine. I enjoyed our stay together and was sorry I had to spend two days in Bessemer. He said give you his love but I said I would give you our love.

Yesterday Mildred and I had dinner with Uncle Oscar, Aunt Lizzie and Joy. Allen was invited too but had to leave early for Andalusia. They asked about you and send their love. Joy wants you to spend the night with her when you go home.

I have decided to wait until the weekend of April 6 to come to see you; since I have to speak to a B.Y.P.U. Training School next Friday night it would be Saturday before I could get to Rome and we could have only two or three dates. And I would miss the Easter program too. If I wait a week, I could go to Rome on Friday afternoon and since you have spring holidays that week end, we could see each other more.

I am sending you a clipping of the wedding, from yesterday's paper.

I received the books which you sent several weeks ago and forgot to mention it.

Our tennis court is almost ready; we expect to play on it tomorrow afternoon. It is an excellent court, if Newton and I did build it.

Last week was monthly test week and I have three sets of papers waiting to be graded.

Always yours,
Aubrey

Rome, Georgia
March 29, 1929

Dearest,

It is probably a good thing that you decided not to come this weekend because Mr. Talmadge informed us Wednesday that we had to practice Saturday night from Saturday night from seven thirty until nine. I am glad you are coming next week-end because we can see each other much more.

Mr. Hatches sent the picture Monday, so I sent it on to you. I hope you receive it and like it. You will have to look at it only in the winter time as that coat looks hot. I think that picture is better than the other one.

Miss Ramsey is going to give a tea Friday afternoon and Jean and I are to play all of our contest pieces for them. I will see you Friday evening after that. What time will you arrive in Rome?

It is late so I must not write any more. I have lots to tell you when you come—if I can just remember it. I guess I will have to take notes every time I think of anything.

Write to me again soon.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

Always yours,
Florence

Attalla, Alabama
April 1, 1929

Dearest One,

I received your Easter card and letter Saturday and appreciated both. The message of the card was so sweet—typical of you.

Your picture came last week. I like it immensely. Thanks very much for sending it.

Yesterday was such a beautiful Easter day, and I would like to have seen you, but under the circumstances I guess it was best to postpone the trip. After Sunday School, I rode the bus home and ate Easter dinner at home for the first time in several years.

Friday night I went to Ohatchee to speak to a B.Y.P.U. training school. I had an exciting time getting there, missing a bus, riding six miles on a truck, walking three miles and arriving ten minutes ahead of speaking time.

Last week we played tennis four afternoons on our new court. It is a dandy. Of course I hate to play and don't get any enjoyment out of it!

I think I can come over on Friday afternoon on a bus, which, I believe, gets there about five o'clock. We could have dates that night, Saturday morning and that afternoon, could we not? Unfortunately, I have not been able to find anyone to speak in my place at the St. Clair Association meeting in Ragland Sunday and will have to come back on the train Saturday afternoon unless I find someone in the meantime. I am so disappointed because I can not stay the entire week end; I just must find someone to send in my place.

I hope you were not the victim of as many April fool tricks, and attempts, as I today. In one class, every member refused to say a word for an entire period. I merely gave them all zero (good-naturedly) and read them poetry.

I can hardly wait for Friday night. It seems an age since I last saw you.

I love you, and am forever

Your sweetheart,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
April 9, 1929

Dearest,

In spite of the fact that the bus was late, I got to Attalla in time for closing assembly at B.Y.P.U. The return trip was by a different route and longer, and dusty but my mind was filled with many happy thoughts so I didn't mind.

Those moments spent with you were precious ones. How fortunate I am in having you for my sweetheart. In addition to having the happiest birthday I have ever spent, the whole trip was the best I have made to Rome, because I was privileged to see you more.

Did you enjoy your remaining two holidays? I hope you did not try to make up for lost time in practice.

This morning we sent off the proofs of the "Etowahian"; in a few days we will get them (the annuals).

Commencement plans are foremost in school work now, and I expect they will occupy our attention for six more weeks.

I have selected "On the Road to Mandalay" for my solo Friday night and wish you could accompany me; then at least the music would sound all right.

Tonight we had conferences for the newly elected officers of our B.Y.P.U. Department. After the meeting, we had a short social.

H.S. came to see me last night and I told him all about my good time in Rome. He is a fine old pal, like you.

From retiring rather late last night I can hardly keep my eyes open tonight so I am probably making this letter boring.

I love you.

Always yours,
Aubrey

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

Rome, Georgia
April 14, 1929

Dearest,

Your letter came Thursday morning after I had given up in despair of ever hearing from you again. I am answering immediately so you will not be worried about me.

I can hardly realize that just last week you were here and we were enjoying those beautiful days fully. Have you ever seen such days? It seemed that the sun hid its face the day after you left and has not shone for us since. I know you were right when you said those days were made for us. I know you and I are always going to be happy because God is so good to us.

I have written a note to H.S., but do not know where to send it for him. If I put it in this envelope will you give it to him?

Tell me how you sang Friday night and if everyone liked it. They surely must have—I like to hear you sing.

When Mother wrote last she said that Allen might go to the University for summer school. She also asked about you—if you were still planning to go to Yale. I am so anxious for you to hear from them and for you to be able to go.

She also asked if you told me that Ella Thomas married Christmas. I guess you heard it at A.E.A. since Allen did.

Louise Arnold and I are to play all of our contest pieces on a Students recital Tuesday afternoon. We are getting a great deal of practice playing for people. We shouldn't be at all nervous when we are actually playing in the contest.

We will leave for Atlanta Thursday afternoon and I suppose we will stay until Sunday at least. I hope I receive a letter from you before I go. You will have to write Tuesday night though.

One of our tennis courts has been lined and all have been rolled. Miss Ramsey will not let us play until after the contest, but I am anxious to begin anyway. Practice for the tournament begins Tuesday.

I am so proud of my fountain pen and pencil. I am afraid to use them for fear I will lose them. Grace said there was no danger of my losing them, though, because I watch them like a hawk.

Remember I want a letter from you soon because - - well, I don't exactly dislike you -

Yours always,
Florence

P.S. The pansies are growing beautifully. You must have the charm of making anything you plant grow.

Attalla, Alabama
April 14, 1929

Dearheart,

I have been eagerly looking for a letter since Friday, but I know you must have some good reason for the delay.

It has been a busy week—and there will be five more of them. But we are accustomed to being busy, n'est-ce pas?

One week ago today—what a happy day it was. The trip seems like a beautiful dream. You were so sweet and lovely that I would have fallen head over heels in love with you if I had never met you before. As it was, well, I can't express what's in my heart.

The banquet came off okeh. I attempted to sing "Mandalay", but it was soon over and I enjoyed the rest of the program, especially the eats. I am inclosing a copy.

I am learning my second Masonic degree and hope to have it ready by Tuesday night. There is a lot to be memorized and I know now over half of it.

At school we are having a new stage curtain made and I have been helping solicit ads. We hope to finish them tomorrow.

Remember my telling you about the pictures? I am inclosing them. I believe you know everyone but Margaret Hearn, with Allen, taken at her home in West End where Allen and I were during A.E.A.

This is test week. I guess they will be the last I will give in some time as examinations come next month, and then, I will be through teaching.

Let me know when you leave for Decatur, and the time of your contest. I hope you enjoy the trip and win.

Best wishes, from one who will be thinking of you then as he is now.

Yours, Aubrey

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

[the following letter is incomplete]

Decatur, Georgia

April 20, 1929

Dear "little boy",

Your letter came before I left school and I wanted to answer it, but had to wait until we got here. At the present moment I am resting. I am propped up in bed with a little pink bed lamp at the head and I can write or read or sleep as I like. Can you imagine it? Ten o'clock in the morning with no classes to attend!

There was no room at the hotel so different homes took girls. Jean, Hughie, Louise Arnold and I with Miss Ramsey have rooms with Mrs. Everhart of Decatur. It is so nice here—they have two Steinway pianos and an Orthophonic with some grand symphony orchestra records. Her son is supposed to be a famous musician and he teaches music at Washington Seminary (a school for the "sub-debs" of Atlanta). He played for us last night and had us play for him. Without a doubt he is the most conceited person I've ever soon. If I ever become conceited about anything (except you) and especially about music, I want you to kick me (literally!).

We came down on the bus yesterday and Mr. Talmadge met us at the Henry Grady and brought us out to Decatur. Miss Ramsey and Mr. Putman had already come to judge some little folks so we saw them after we got to Decatur.

Jean and Hughie are playing now down at the Baptist Church where the contests are held. Miss Ramsey would not let me go because I might get excited.

Louise and I will play this afternoon—and I can't wait! Probably I told you that Louise is the only one from the state in her group so she will have to play tomorrow also.

My Aunt Lily talked to me a little while ago. She is coming out this afternoon to hear the contests and will have dinner with us and hear the program tonight.

The girls at school have been so nice to us. When the bus left yesterday they all (not quite all) came out and told us to bring home the "bacon". Then

Attalla, Alabama

April 21, 1929

Dearest,

I believed you would do it. My hearty congratulations to you. Think of being the best musician in the Southern District! It is indeed an honor and one well deserved and won. But you are the best in the United States, as events in Boston in June will prove.

How proud I am of you. How fortunate I am! And now you must turn your attention to the national contest with a still greater determination to win.

Having heard you say in Rome that the contest would be at Decatur, and then reading in your letter that you would be in Atlanta, I was at a loss to know where to send you a telegram. H.S. came by Friday night and informed me that Decatur was a suburb of Atlanta, and I tried to phone you that night but they couldn't find you at Decatur. I received your letter Saturday and phoned you at Mrs. Everhard's that night. You had left at five that afternoon. So please forgive me for my failure, nevertheless I was thinking of you and was with you in spirit.

I am afraid I will be in Oneonta when your letter comes. We leave Tuesday afternoon and will return Wednesday night. Remember the convention in your prayers.

Tonight our B.Y.P.U. Department had charge of the evening preaching service. We gave a program on stewardship.

I am glad you liked the pictures. They are yours.

This week is report card week but only one more month and school will be out.

H.S. is going to Forsyth after the convention, and he and Mary Lou are to complete plans for a very important event in August. I gave him your letter.

I love you more every day.

Always your sweetheart,
Aubrey

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

Rome, Georgia
April 22, 1929

Dearest,

Your letter came and you are just too good to me. I have been so happy since I came back because every one treats me like a hero.

If I wrote everything that happened in Decatur it would take a volume so I will have to wait to tell you about most of it. When Louise and I go to Boston, though, I am going to write a detailed account for you.

I played in the State contest Friday afternoon against three other girls. Then they told me I would have to play again that night in the district meet. I stayed at the church (First Baptist of Decatur where convention was held) from eight until twelve thirty. They called for the four piano student musicians at ten thirty. We drew numbers and I drew 4, so had to play last. The girl from Florida was feeling fine, but the two girls from North and South Carolina and I were so tired we could hardly walk.

I played at eleven o'clock and got through in about twenty minutes. We stayed to see what the judges decided, but the judges couldn't decide. They wanted to hear us all again, so I went home knowing I had to play those same old pieces again the next day.

Saturday morning we played again and the judges decided that I should have it. It was hard for them to decide so I must have been pretty bad.

Louise played Saturday afternoon at five thirty against one girl from Florida. The Florida girl made 97 and Louise made 99. Can you imagine such?

By this time Louise, Jean, Hughie, and I had won first places in state contests, and Louise and I first places in the district and Hughie and Jean second place in the district. Jean had also won first place in a state musicianship contest (writing harmony etc.) and she has not heard from the district contest in that yet.

We saw Dr. Furry at the Henry Grady Hotel Sunday in Atlanta, and he was thrilled beyond expression. He said he would be miserable if Louise and I could not go to Boston and that he would scrub floors and save the money if he could get it no other way. He is going to take it out of the Shorter Advertizing fund if something doesn't happen.

Miss Ramsey, Mr. Talmadge, and Mr. Putman were judges in some of the contests and so they were there to cheer us on. Of course they didn't judge ours. There were contests for all ages in every kind of department. There were piano, violin, voice, flute, trumpet, harp, choral, orchestra and organ contests. In all 400 contestants.

Shorter is thrilled to death because so many from here won—that is why I am so happy.

We are going to Boston around the ninth of June—just after school is out.

By the way they gave me twenty dollars ten for the state and ten for the district. I am going to buy a new dress and hat with it.

I appreciate your confidence in me and I am going to work hard, so I will be a credit to Shorter, my family and you, but there is not the ghost of a chance that I will win. Anyone up to the age of twenty four might enter and I might compete with a genius and a graduate of a conservatory. But I shall do my best—and that is what matters, isn't it?

I have stacks of work to make up so much pitch in.

Write again when you can.

Lovingly yours,
Florence

Attalla, Alabama
April 25, 1929

Dearest,

I have just returned from a freshman class party. The youngsters thoroughly enjoyed themselves and so did their teacher.

Your letter came this morning. I have been in a good humor and a gay mood ever since.

Of course you are treated like a heroine because you are one. To do what you did requires all the bravery, courage and skill of one. Your account of the contest reads like an interesting story. I am thrilled over your success like I am sure Miss Ramsey and all Shorter are.

You will be satisfied with nothing less than the national championship—and deserve nothing less.

We returned last night from Oneonta. It was a splendid meeting. Three hundred attended (only half that number registered, however) and everyone on program was present with one minor exception. I am inclosing a copy of the

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

program. The fellowship and inspirational addresses remind one of Mentone. I drove a carload of members from our Department over.

At the Eastern District Convention last year, our Department won a loving cup for efficiency. To keep it we would have had to win it twice more in succession. But this time we lost by a few points to another church in Etowah.

H.S. left this morning for Forsyth to spend several days with Mary Lou. I think they are going to set a very important date for next summer. At Oneonta, he was counting the hours and minutes until he would see her. I envy him. Perhaps you will let us come over there some Saturday soon.

I have my lessons to prepare for tomorrow and some grades to average, so good night.

Always yours,
Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
May 1, 1929

Dear Sweetheart,

Your letter came last night after I had taken my third and final Masonic degree, and was joyfully received, as usual. I can not tell you what happened in the degree but it was exciting, and thrilling at times, and very impressive. I am now a full-fledged Master Mason.

You can imagine our delight when the annuals came Monday. Everybody seems pleased with them. It is a relief to get them out of the way and it will be a further relief when all the bills are paid. I will send you a copy this week.

I wish some of my pupils would have some picnics for their teachers, our invitations to such average about one a year. I hope you enjoyed yours.

It seems unbelievable that we have only two more weeks of school after this one. Next week I'll have to make out seven exams.

Plans for our trip are still incomplete; it looks like I might spend the summer in the U.S. Well, I won't be much disappointed, in a way. If I should go, I would not get to see you for three months and would get letters only once or twice a month.

We are still playing tennis. Our court is a dandy one. I hope you are getting in some tennis or swimming along with your study and practice.

I have written Yale to please let me know when I can expect to hear from my application.

When I mentioned in my last letter about coming over for the weekend I had this in mind: H.S. and I would like to come over for a Saturday night date; we would have to come back to Attalla that night. What about May 10 or is that the week end of your Y.W. retreat?

I spent Saturday at home. They accuse me of spending more time in Rome than I do at home, teasing of course. We have a new radio, a Majestic.

Think sometimes of

Your sweetheart,
Aubrey

Rome, Georgia
May 6, 1929

Aubrey, dear,

Perhaps you don't know how much I have been with you today—in thought if not in reality. I don't know if you thought of me, but I have been happy because I imagined you were thinking too. So many things have pointed to you. The annual and the book came and then a "Sunshine" Magazine too. I can hardly wait to read the book. Ida and Alice went into extacies because R.G. Lee is one of their favorite preachers.

The annual is a remarkable good one, I think. We have all enjoyed it immensely. I like the pictures of you. I know Mr. Dowdy is truly honored and you must have a feeling of satisfaction in having had a large part in this way of expressing your devotion to him. He would surely be pleased, if he knew, so your labors have not been in vain.

I want to keep the annual a while longer if I may because I enjoy looking at it so much—then I will return it.

You don't know how it thrills me to see those pictures of you and to see your name or a sentence about you. Just to know that you love me and that you are mine makes me love you so that my heart hurts.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

It hurts more when I think that I will not be able to see you soon. This week-end is the week-end of the retreat and next week-end is the Junior-Senior tea, but I cannot see you either time since I am restricted. Please don't be alarmed because it isn't half as dreadful as it sounds. Grace has been restricted for one week and has another week to serve now—and mine begins tomorrow. You see I just got fourteen days for little things like failing to file and failing to hand in a practice report. When one gets fourteen days, one has to stay on the hill for fourteen days. That will not be unusual for me since I rarely ever go to town anyway. Of course I can still go to church on Sunday, but I couldn't possibly have a date. Grace and I are both off the council, too, since you can't be restricted and on the council at the same time. They usually reelect restricted council members, though, after they have served their restriction. It is rather inconvenient and I am sorry I was so careless, but it is no disgrace.

Last Wednesday eight of us went to the auditorium in town to sing for the Masons. It was "ladies night" at the seventh district convention and there were about 2,500 people there. We heard all kinds of speeches and enjoyed the program very much. The following night they had a meeting to give the third degree.

I am still hoping that you will be able to take your trip this summer. I am going to be so busy that even if you were in America it might mean the same thing as if you were abroad—that is I might not see you. We could have letters more often though and that is something.

If you decide to come to the tea—just come on. Grace will be delighted to have a date with you and there will be an interesting program for you boys. I might be able to see you for fifteen minutes myself (I had really rather you didn't come if I can't have you all of the time myself—this restriction is beginning to infuriate me.)

Mrs. Barton sent me an angle food cake Saturday and I wished so much for you to have some of it. She sent a little card with it and wrote this on it: "Magna cum laude et amore". She is certainly nice, is she not?

It is late and I must sleep some tonight, so good night, my dear—

Do you think I am so very foolish? I am really not except when you are concerned, so I must be in love. I can't explain it otherwise.

Always, your sweetheart
Florence

Attalla, Alabama
May 8, 1929

Sweetheart of all my dreams,

I would have answered your billet deux last night but got in so late from the lodge. No one can write nicer or sweeter letters than you and I am always happy to get them.

You can imagine my joy on receiving a letter from Yale Sunday night stating that I would be accepted for entrance. I have until June 1 to let them know if I will come. Don't say anything about it because I do not know whether I will go or not. It will be a big undertaking. But I do want to go and will if there is a possible chance. Important decisions have always been hard for me to make; remember me in this one, won't you, in your prayers?

Thanks for the pictures. They are all good. The one in which you hold the daisy is especially cute.

I am glad you like the Etowahian. It does fairly well for being the first in ten years, I guess. Keep the one I sent you as long as you like—always if you want it.

You will enjoy reading "Lord, I Believe". It is the best book I read the past year.

I am very greatly shocked at your getting restricted. And for such a serious misdemeanor too! And it is too bad it had to come at this time because I wanted to come to Rome the day of the tea. Guess I will have to postpone my trip.

I appreciate the invitation to the tea.

H.S. returned from Georgia jubilantly thrilled. They have the date set and everything planned. I don't believe I have ever seen anyone quite so happy as he is. He announced his resignation here Sunday and will assume his duties with the State Sunday School department July 1.

I was supposed to have charge of prayer meeting tonight (Dr. Holmes has gone to the Southern Baptist Convention) but it rained out the meeting.

Things are rapidly drawing to a close. I will have two final exams to make out tomorrow night and five to give next week.

Preceding the salutation of this letter should go the words "I love you, I love you, I love you". I mean them all with all my heart.

Don't wait very long to answer this because I will have lots to do and will need your letter to inspire me.

Your Aubrey

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

Attalla, Alabama
May 15, 1929

Dearest,

I have just returned from a trip home where I decided to go to Yale next year—if nothing happens. I had rather go there than anywhere else and now that I have the opportunity, I am going to take it.

You ask if there is anything you can do for me next year. There is: write me every day. And I will do the same. I will need encouragement and inspiration and a letter every day (or even if it is just a note with three words and a signature) will cheer me up lots.

The seniors and faculty were guests at a banquet given by the Rotary Club today. Such eats as we had; no senior enjoyed it more than I did.

You can imagine how good I felt over a proposition made me last week to return to Etowah at any price I would ask. I appreciated it very much but told them I had made plans to go to school next year. I do regret to leave the school, church and the home in which I stay—but not the town.

I actually had a letter from Allen the other day, the first in several months. He is glad he is going to be at home again next year.

Our last chapel exercises of the year were held this morning. I made my farewell address; Sunday night I will have another in B.Y.P.U.

Thanks for sending “The Periscope”. It did not give enough prominence to the article about the music contests. Your picture and Louise’s should have been in it too.

The family is about as thrilled over my decision to go to Yale as I am. It is a big undertaking but as you said in your letter “if you want anything bad enough you can have it”.

Tomorrow and Friday I give five exams. Tuesday night is the last night of the commencement programs and I hope to go home Wednesday.

I know you are working hard on the contest. I want you to win, dearest, and I believe you will, but don’t work too hard.

I love you—and can’t help telling you even if it is against our rule.

Always your Sweetheart,
Aubrey

Rome, Georgia
May 16, 1929

Aubrey, dearest,

Your letter today made me almost cry—for several reasons. I am so happy that you have definitely decided for next year and I know it will all work out right. And I am so proud of you because you have been a success at Etowah. You have worked hard and it may have been discouraging at times, but it is worth it when you are really appreciated.

As for writing to you every day, I would love to write if you would write to me. We will have to wait until next year and see how much time we have. It ought not take much time if we wrote just a little every day and then a real letter on Sunday. I wish I was next year now so I would get another letter from you in the morning.

Perhaps I haven’t told you that we have had a tennis tournament. In fact we are still having it and are on the third round now. Ijust for the points and I am so glad I have played because I have had unusual luck. In the first round my opponent was a sophomore and from all I had heard she was pretty good. She must have been tired the day we played because I won the first two sets.

In the second round my opponent was a senior (the girl who went to the Finals but was defeated last year). I played her last year in the second round and she won so I was glad I could redeem myself this year. It was a long hard match and she came within an inch of winning, but I just made myself play hard. The sets were 6-2, 6-1, 7-5. I won the first and last sets. I can play better when I am fresh and I was nearly dead during the second set. In the last set I got tired, but would knock the ball over the fence every chance I could so I could rest while the referee went for it. I always won the next game after the ball went over the fence, so got ahead of her. (Don’t believe that because I really didn’t do that, but we did rest some so I played better).

I have to play a freshman in the third round and I don’t think she is a very hard player—not that I am, but everyone says I can win if I will. After that is the semi-finals, but if I win in the third round I will “bye” the semi-finals because there will be three of us instead of four. That means I will play in the finals—if I win third round. The two best players in school (a freshman and the sophomore who won the cup last year) play in the semi-finals and I

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

will have to play the one that wins. That will be an anti-climax because I couldn't possibly win from either of those girls. I wish I could play one of them in the semi-finals and let them play it out in the finals, but the score board isn't arranged like that. It would be terrible if that freshman beat me in the third round, wouldn't it, after all of this raving. I must win, though, even though I don't expect to go any farther.

We had a Camarata Meeting Wednesday evening to elect officers. You remember the Camarata is our club for the music majors. Well the point is they elected me president for next year. I guess it was inevitable—not because I can dignify the position—but because there were just two Juniors to choose from—Louise and I are the two and she lives in town, so as Lucy said they had to have me because they always have a dormitory girl. At any rate, I am thrilled to death because without a doubt this Camarata is the most progressive club of an academic character at Shorter. It has in the last few years bought a Steinway Grand for the chapel, a Duo-Art for Music History classes and an Orthophonic Victrola and many rolls and records. The money from the Follies every year is used in some way to help the college. I want next year to be the most successful year of all and our Follies next year must be marvelous because this years performance was the best of past years and ours must be better. Keep your eyes open for attractive stunts for me, please.

I didn't realize I was raving on so at length. I will try to be more definite next time.

All my love,
Florence

Attalla, Alabama
May 19, 1929

Dearest Florence,

It was my sad duty tonight to give my farewell speech to the B.Y.P.U. Department. There was never a finer group of young people and I can truthfully say I hate to leave them as much as I do the school.

Let me congratulate you on your success thus far in the tennis tournament. I knew you could do it, and furthermore, you are going to win the championship. You can and you will. I wish I could be there to see you do it.

And also upon your election to the presidency of the Camerata Club. I know the club will make a distinctive contribution to the school next year.

Tonight's mail brought a letter from Davis Casper, State Sunday School Secretary, offering me a place as field worker during July and August. The proposition is similar to that of the B.Y.P.U. Department which I accepted the two previous summers. If our trip doesn't materialize (and I ought to know in ten days about it) I will probably accept it. It would mean three weeks at Mentone and spending the two months doing State Sunday School work, which is as interesting as the B.Y.P.U. field. I hope if I do accept it that part of my work will be in South Alabama, so I can come by to see you.

Say, in case I go to Mentone, couldn't you leave several days early for your trip to Boston and stop by Mentone? You could stay at the Etowah hut, or you might want to stop at Fort Payne at Thomas'.

This poem has already become one of my favorites. Thank you for sending it.

H.S. spent the night with me last night and we talked for half the night. We will soon be separated. He is leaving Etowah County July 1 to become State Sunday School worker. He is one of my best and closest friends and my stay in Attalla wouldn't have been as happy without him.

I am inclosing a commencement program. The baccalaureate sermon this morning was splendid. Tomorrow and Tuesday I hand in my final reports to Etowah, and Wednesday morning take my leave.

I will be happy to find a letter from you waiting when I get there.

Always yours,
Aubrey

Rome, Georgia
May 26, 1929

Aubrey, dearest,

Since examinations begin tomorrow, I know I will not have a minute to write to you this week. Although I wrote Friday, I want to write today too because if I wait it will be so long. And if you write to me quite often during exams, I want you to know that I appreciate it and that I am thinking about you some even if I am cramming for exams.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

We played the final tennis game yesterday and it was as I expected. The first set was interesting. Miss Andrews, our physical education teacher, said it was the most thrilling she had seen this season at Shorter. Marion won 6-4. She won the second set easily, 6-1, and by that time I was nearly dead. She was tired too because we both played hard. I had no pep at all in the last set—because I give out so easily. I want to play a lot this summer with the boys, so I will get used to playing a long time without getting tired.

Last Sunday I read a book that is in our Y.W. library that I would like very much for you to read. If our Mothers had read it when they were young they would probably have been horrified at the thought of mentioning it to a boy who was a friend of theirs, but it is different now and I am glad. It is “Sex and Youth” by Sherwood Eddy. You may have read it and if you haven’t I believe you will think it fine when you do read it. I think if every young person—and older folks too—would read it, this world would be a better place.

I wanted to order it to send to you, but the others might not understand. I don’t know if Grace and Lucy realize just how much I love you and in just what way I love you. I think if you will read it that our love will be made richer and finer than ever before because of a certain understanding we will have. You can get it from Doubleday, Doran and Co. Inc., Garden City N.Y. for fifteen cents. It is really not a book, but more of a paper.

I haven’t had time to read “Lord, I believe yet, but am anxious for the time to come when I can. I suppose I will have to wait until I arrive in Andalusia.

I think it would be grand for you to do Sunday School work this summer, but I am still anxious for you to go with Mr. Bass if you can. Of course, I want to see you this summer, but the other would be so marvelous for you. If it does work out so you can go you must remember to “take good care of yourself”. Don’t ever forget to do that, My dear, because you belong to me.

If it takes as long next year for me to write a letter to you as it has for me to write this one, I am afraid I can not write every day. I always want to pick out the most interesting things to tell you and they are always so hard to write down in an interesting way when all of the time there are other things that are shouting for me to write to you about. You understand what I mean, don’t you? My heart insists upon trying to rule my head and it is sometimes more than I can do to control it. I generally fail in my attempt to be somewhat indifferent, don’t I, dear?

It is raining this afternoon and is just the kind of day when one wants to see those one loves the most. I am terribly sleepy, so it is best for me to stop now and sleep some.

I want to see you—Florence

Albertville, Alabama
May 26, 1929

Dearest,

I was so happy to get your letter this morning. I just knew one would come. Yes, I know you have been terribly busy preparing for exams; I know exactly how it is and I understand.

I am anxious to know how the tennis tournament resulted; it will be another report of victory, n’est-ce pas?

Wednesday morning I came home. Today is the first Sunday I have spent at home since Christmas. I have been thoroughly enjoying myself—and expect to continue to do so the two weeks I am here. The past year, I spent very little time at home. Kermit came in last night from the University and Mildred will be here Tuesday.

Bass was to let me know by yesterday if he could secure passages for us on a boat. Since I have received no word from him I have decided to accept the job with the Sunday School Department. That means I will be at home two more weeks, then two at Mentone, followed by two months of travel and Sunday School work. It will mean much to me and ‘though I am slightly disappointed over the cruise, I can maybe take it later and then, I will be in Alabama and hear from you oftener and perhaps (I hope) see you.

I will be thinking of you (as I do constantly) harder than usual as you take your exams. Don’t worry about them. With the preparation you have made in the past months you ought to be able to pass with colors flying (i.e., A’s).

Is it true that you will leave for Boston from Rome? I am so hoping and praying that the trip will be a recreation for you and will result in a glorious victory. National Champion will be your next title. If you don’t write me real often and tell me everything I will be disappointed.

If you return by rail, you would come through Attalla, would you not? If you could stop over Mentone even for a day!

I wish you could be here next week to play tennis, read and listen to radio concerts with us.

If you can find time, write me if it is just a wee note.

Your Sweetheart,
Aubrey

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

Telegram:

17 BM Q 8

ALBERTVILLE ALA MAY 27 1929

MISS FLORENCE CONNER

SHORTER COLLEGE ROME GA

BEST WISHES FOR EXAMS AM THINKING OF YOU

AUBREY

1047AM

Albertville, Alabama

May 29, 1929

Dearest,

H.S. spent the night with me last night. We are listening to the radio now, just finished playing tennis thirty minutes ago.

Your Sunday letter came this morning and I enjoyed it more than usual because I wasn't expecting it.

That's all right about the tennis tournament. You played in the finals and you had to be good to do that.

Yesterday I sent a deposit on my tuition at Yale, which means that I have definitely decided to go.

And I have accepted the place with the Sunday School Department, but I believe I told you about it in my last letter.

Although I resolved to read a dozen books during my two weeks at home, I haven't read one yet. First Kermit came in, and then Mildred and we have just been having a good time together. I'll read half that many yet, however.

I have been invited to go to Rome next Saturday if the man goes. What about coming? I know you are busy but maybe you can write just a note. We will make the dates conditional and if he goes, I will accompany him but if he doesn't I can't come, if that is all right. You may be having commencement and busy in recitals, etc.

I wish you were there. Then we could say "the gang's all here". Mildred starts teaching in summer school in Attalla Monday, and I leave tomorrow week for Mentone. Kermit is going with me there to stay a few days before entering summer school.

I appreciate the suggestion about the book and am ordering it today.

Don't work too hard and write soon to

Your sweetheart,

Aubrey

Albertville, Alabama

June 2, 1929

Dear Sweetheart,

I was sorry I couldn't come yesterday. The man I was going with didn't go. Did you get my telegram?

I got your message of Friday night but wish I could have talked with you. I was across the street sleeping in the room with Grandfather and Papa was afraid he would wake him up.

Whenever you want to call me about anything, or send me a telegram, reverse the call or send the telegram collect, please.

Did you fare well on your exams? If there is such a thing as mental telepathetic encouragement, I know you knew I was with you in spirit.

Last week I had an ideal vacation. I read two books, played tennis every day, and went fishing once. If you have never read any of Christopher Morley's books I recommend him. "The Haunted Bookshop" is deeper than the ordinary novel. Kermit has improved quite a bit in tennis and out of fifteen sets we played last week I am only one set ahead of him. (Reading that, it sounds conceited but I don't mean it that way because both of us are punk.) Papa and four of his sons went fishing yesterday to a lake fifteen miles away, but had no luck.

I heard from Bass today. He is having difficulty getting a place himself but thinks if he waits several weeks he will get to go over.

Sauls is a "bird", isn't he? What did you think of that letter? He wrote an article about me which appeared in the Gadsden Times today. Will send you a copy when I can get one.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

What are you going to do this week? I hope getting some rest is on your program for I know you need it. Don't practice over four hours a day because the rest will be as big a factor as the practice in putting you in the right frame of mind to win at Boston.

Mildred starts teaching in summer school at Attalla in the morning. I am going down with her.

My address after Thursday will be Mentone, in care of Etowah Hut.

Always your
Aubrey

Mentone, Alabama
June 6, 1929

Dearest,

I am hoping this will reach you before you leave. I expected to hear from you yesterday; I left home early this morning so if one came there today I missed it.

Cumbie Garrett and I came up this afternoon to get the hut ready. Sauls was to come but business detained him.

Sweetheart, I will be thinking of you as you leave for your trip, and wishing for you bon voyage, a good time, and glorious success in the contest. You must write me about everything. I am inclosing some special deliveries, so I will get your letters immediately after they reach Mentone. And I hope the special delivery boy keeps busy coming to the Etowah Hut while I am here.

I am glad Eady is to be up. Had a long letter from Allen the first of the week.

If you do your best in the contest, I believe you will win. You are the best, so why shouldn't you? Best wishes.

I love you and will love you

Always,
Aubrey

Mentone, Alabama
June 11, 1929

Dearest,

Congratulations! I believed you would win, but getting fourth place in the United States is a record to be proud of. And I am proud of you. The contestants were undoubtedly among the best musicians in the entire country and think of the honor of standing so near the top!

Your letter came tonight, to my great relief. I have been in agony the past week, not having heard from you and not knowing where you were or anything. Friday night I called you up at Rome and while waiting for the report met Elizabeth Jackson who said she saw you in Knoxville. I fully expected to hear from you by last Saturday. Dear, please don't wait so long to write next time; I have been so worried and have suffered so many disappointments on being the first to the mail box to find no word from you.

I am so glad you are enjoying your trip and are having time for sightseeing trips in New York, Boston and Washington. Because of these you will benefit much in an educational way; I think often of what my trip East meant to me.

Because of what you said at the end of the letter I think it will be perfectly all right to go to the Princeton Prom, if you like. I want you to enjoy your trip to the fullest and it would certainly be something different. Only be very careful and don't become too interested in that "nice looking gentleman".

By all means stop by to see Eleanor in Washington. It would take a month to really see the city, 'though. You will find more historical and interesting places and things there than in either Boston or New York.

We are having a good assembly. The speakers do not quite measure up to those of last year but the other things are as fine. You can imagine my surprise on being elected General Vice President of the State, a new office; the nominating committee knew I would be out of the State most of the year, so I don't understand it.

Eady is here and is inclosing a letter. We are playing in the tennis tournament tomorrow.

I am so lonesome tonight and would give anything to see you. When you come home (you will come through Chattanooga and on to Birmingham, will you not?) can't you stop over for a day at Valley Head, and come up to Mentone. I will be here through Saturday, June 22. If you can't do that let me know when you come through and I will ride a part of the way with you. But I so wish you could stay over a day. There will be plenty of room at the Etowah Hut; next week is Sunday School week and there won't be over twenty at the Hut. Half of this number will be girls.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

H.S. and I are going to Attalla Friday. Ray and his girl (Mabel Richardson) are getting married. Elizabeth and Elton look supremely happy. Folks have been teasing them not a little but they don't seem to mind.

Taps are being played and the lights are to go out in a few minutes so I must close. Will write you again tomorrow.

I love you more than any other girl in the world.

Always your
Aubrey

(Letter from H.S. Sauls to Florence)
Mentone, Alabama
June 12, 1929

Florence dear:

Congratulations! I think its wonderful to get fourth place. You have lots to look forward to next year, for next time you will be first.

We are having a wonderful time on the top of this beautiful Mountain. God is so near and real to us. The Assembly is great. I wish [you] could be here with us. I sure was glad to meet your brother--I like him.

All of us are proud of Aubrey and of course No One is any prouder than I. He is our state Gen. Vice Pres. And would have been President I think, had he not been going off to school. He is certainly loved and admired by all of Alabama young people. The Etowah young people say they can't get along without us next year. He has been a true devoted friend to me these three year. I love him dearly. You might search the world over and you would never find one who is purer, sweeter in character and a more devoted friend than Aubrey. Florence you just don't know what you have in store. I have been with him so much and yet every day I love him more. He is the finest character in every respect that I have ever been associated with. He loves you truly and is always thinking of you. We get lots of joy talking about our sweethearts.

Now I want to extend to you an invitation to come by Mentone on your return and be our guest at Etowah Cottage. I am anxious for you to come—please do, if its only a day or two we will be thrilled to have you. I am going to be disappointed if you don't stop by to see us.

I hope the rest of your trip will be most pleasant.

I must run along now. Please excuse haste.

I hoping to see you soon.

With love,
H.S.
P.S. We will meet you at Valley Head.

Mentone, Alabama
June 12, 1929

Dearest,

This may be only a short note as supper is almost ready here at the hut and I must leave for sunset services afterward.

President Joe Heacock asked Vice-President Aubrey Hearn to preside over the meetings today so I have been doing so. Hope I have made at least a creditable showing.

I told H.S., Elton and Elizabeth about your success in the contest and they are all glad; we are all very proud of you.

This afternoon Eady and I playing in the doubles tournament won our match in two sets, 7-5 and 6-4. We play tomorrow in the finals. We shall do our best to win 'though we will have some stiff competition.

I hope you get this before you leave Boston, and have sent me your Washington and Knoxville addresses.

Don't forget you are going to stop by Mentone a day or two enroute home. I will be disappointed if you don't.

Had a letter from Allen today. He is already hard at work and liking it, he says.

Write to me, Sweetheart, because I need your letters to keep me from getting so lonesome.

Lots of love from

Your Sweetheart,

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

Aubrey

P.S. Tell Louise and Alice and Ida hello for me. A.H.

Mentone, Alabama

June 16, 1929

Florence dear,

Your second letter was happily received like the first one. Not knowing your Washington address I am sending this to Knoxville and I hope you will not be too long getting it.

B.Y.P.U. week ended Friday night with a wonderful consecration service. I did not know until then that Eady had volunteered for definite Christian work. I know he will be a power for Christ. I fall more and more in love with him the more I know him just as I did (and do) with his family, particularly his sister.

It is a privilege to associate with so many fine young people as were here last week. And staying here with the Etowah group intensified a desire to work with them next year. But it is best, I guess to leave them. My mind is made up to go to Yale anyway.

How providence and fate change our plans! You had planned to be at home and I to travel, and you are travelling and I am still in Alabama. But in a few weeks the tables will be turned and while my travels will be confined to one state I hope they will include a city in south central Alabama where one of the sweetest girls in the world lives. I am trying to persuade John Maguire who is making out my schedule to include several training schools in South Alabama.

Eady and I entered the doubles tournament last week and won our way to the finals only to lose, two sets to one.

Friday H.S. and I made a flying trip to Attalla. Ray, my ex-roommate got married. Mrs. Mabel Richardson, a widow of two years was the lucky bride—lucky because Ray is one of the finest and most unselfish men I have ever known. He, Sauls and Allen are, I guess, my closest friends (of the stronger six, I mean). I served as his best man and Sauls prayed the prayer. We had some fun decorating their car with signs, and a cowbell. They rubbed them off before they left, much to our disgust. The wedding was a quiet affair, there being only seven present. They went to Atlanta for a short honeymoon; they are coming up here this week end. Ray and Mildred are teaching summer school and Ray declared a holiday Friday “to attend to some school business in Montgomery”.

It seems like all my buddies are getting married this year. First, Henry Rogers, then Ray, and Sauls and Elton in August. I wish I might join them, but perhaps it is best to wait. Sauls was remarking only last week that during their four year’s engagement their love had grown dearer and they seemed to grow into each other’s lives.

We have only 20 at the hut this week as compared to 50 last and everything is so quiet it hardly seems like the same place. I expect to enjoy the week as much as I did last getting in a full measure of recreation. Yesterday I spent the entire afternoon fishing with a man at our hut and while he caught six I had no luck. We are going again in the morning early.

Elton has charge of the sunset service tonight and has given me a part on the program. It is an interesting part of an account of the life of Lottie Moon.

I have asked Elizabeth Jackson for Ida and Grace’s address and she was not sure this one is correct; I trust this letter will reach you.

Several are teasing me about writing such a long letter and one just asked if I was writing my thesis for my law degree, but I don’t mind. I hope you enjoy it as much as I am enjoying writing it.

I had a long letter from Allen who is hard and happily at work, he says. If I have next week at home we might make a trip to Tuscaloosa and I will see him. I believe I told you that Kermit is in school there this summer.

In today’s Birmingham News I was pleasantly surprised to find an article about Joy. I am inclosing it. If you can, go home via Birmingham and spend the night with her. She will be glad to have you; I have heard her say so numbers of times.

Don’t think I am trying to interfere with your plans, but if you do go back to Rome and can go via Birmingham, do so and I will join you in Attalla. Or come by Valley Head and H.S. and I will take you in his car to Rome. I do want to see you and to hear all about your trip.

Give my regards to Alice and Ida.

Forever yours,

Aubrey

P.S. Dr. Van Ness of the Sunday School Board preached on the love chapter tonight and I wish you could have heard it. I was thinking during the sermon that I had experienced many of the attributes of love because I met you, and because I love you. C.A.H.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

P.P.S. Elizabeth Jackson leaves in the morning for Knoxville. I told her you would be there and that I hoped she would see you because I want you to know each other as good friends. All of us fell in love with her up here. C.A.H.

Note from H.S. Sauls: Be sure to come by dearest and see us for we are anxious to see you. I hope you are enjoying your trip to the fullest. Remember we are looking for you. Bye bye – H.S.

Mentone, Alabama June 17, 1929

Dearest,

I have been half sick all day from a cold and your letter this morning made me feel much better. (I still have the cold, however, and need a daily dose of medicine like that).

If I were in Washington I would take you around and introduce you to Mr. Hoover. If you should meet him give him my regards. By all means see Mt. Vernon, the zoo and Smithsonian Institute. (Since writing this I remember that I am addressing this to Knoxville, but you probably saw them anyway).

You remember hearing Dr. William Russell Owen, who gave the baccalaureate address when Allen and I graduated from Howard? He is giving the evening address this week. Wednesday night he is going to speak on "Lindbergh and Horsh—Two Extremes of Modern Youth" and I am anxious to hear it.

Ray and his bride are going to be here this week end and H.S. is going to invite Mary Lou up if you can come. I will be glad to meet you in Rome or Menlo and bring you up. We want to have a houseparty in Etowah Camp with Mr. and Mrs. Ray as chaperons. What about it?

Love from

Your sweetheart,
Aubrey

P.S. Sweetheart, if it is possible for you to do this and we are hoping truly that it will be, wire me collect so Sauls can make definite plans with Mary Lou. (She is still in Forsyth, Georgia). C.A.H.

Note from H.S. Sauls:

Florence be sure and do this and we will have heaps of fun. Aubrey and I will carry you & M.L. to Rome Monday morning. H.S.

Andalusia, Alabama June 20, 1929

My own Sweetheart,

You have really begun your work now, and this is the hottest day we have had. I hope it is cooler where you are, although I doubt it—judging from the name of the town. I hope you find the people eager to learn and interested in the work.

I think the pictures are pretty good. I like the one of us, don't you? But you must not let anyone see it, please, because my reputation might be in danger—to say nothing of yours. I showed it to Allen Friday and later on in the evening he gave me a little lecture that I will tell you about. I don't know that the picture prompted it.

Allen surprised us by coming home for the week-end. He came to Red Level with one of the students and they went back this morning. It was good to see him for even that short time.

The lecture he gave was one drawn from his own personal experience, he said. And he wants me to profit by his mistake. He said it concerned this "hugging business" and he said he lost all respect for a girl I know that he was crazy about and she also lost respect for him because of it. He said it was one of the worst things for you unless you meant to be married right away. I didn't say anything to him because I agree with him to some extent. But, Aubrey, I wouldn't give up those days in Mentone for anything. I was literally in "seventh heaven" and I believe you were. I don't know whether you respect me any less or not, but if you do I am going to regain it if I have to never kiss you again. I know that I respect you more since that week-end than ever before. Days like those don't come often so why not enjoy those to the fullest extent? I doubt if you and will ever be together like that again while we are in school, so you won't have another opportunity to lose respect for me. And when I do see you again, I am going to be very dignified and let you kiss me only once a day (How H.S. would laugh!). So there, dear sir, do you not repent for having kissed me so much and for having squeezed me so tight? Aren't you sorry now?

Aubrey, I am going to write you one letter a week during the summer because if I write more my Dad will soon begin his usual lecture about my not having anything to do. Of course if anything comes up I will write more, but I

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

will have to wait until I get to school to write oftener. And you will be busy, so can write like that too. My family is crazy about you now and you must encourage that by not rushing me visably. Mother knows that I am crazy about you but if she thought our intentions were serious she would have a fit. She thinks I am still too young to know who I love and who I do not love.

The kiss came and I am sorry to say that it wasn't half as good as some of the others I ate. Too bad—maybe you will have some for me—much better—when I see you again.

It seems that Allen will be away most of the summer. He will probably get here the first of September and then I will have only a few days to see him before school begins again.

I wrote H.S. a note and addressed it just Gadsden. I want to send his book to him—is that address sufficient?

Don't work too hard, little boy, but eat lots and get fat.

All my love,
Florence

Albertville, Alabama
June 25, 1929

My Sweetheart,

You are home by this time (8:00 o'clock) if you had no mishap and I trust you did not. We reached Gadsden safely last night; it was a lonesome journey though—if our sweethearts could have been along it wouldn't have been so.

The assemblies held a peculiar enjoyment for me this year because of the way they ended. It seems like a dream now, I had such a wonderful time. You were never so charming, pretty, lovely and clever in the history of our courtship. H.S. and I agreed last night that everything had been perfect—we didn't even have a puncture with two bad tires. The moon was in all its splendor (just as you were) two of the three nights, and everything combined to make it a memorable houseparty. I only hope you enjoyed it as much as I did.

H.S. is right—Mentone changes people. I thought I was in love with you before you came, and I was, but nothing like what I am now! Words can't express how much I love you, Sweetheart. And I congratulate myself every time I think about being your sweetheart (which is pretty often). We need to spend more time with each other like that so that we will have a fuller and deeper understanding of each other.

We spent the entire morning paying bills. Then I met Mildred at noon, we had lunch at my aunt's in Gadsden, and I came home. Mildred is staying there the rest of the week because Dad needs the car.

I wish you were here to enjoy this good radio program. It rained today and is cooler, making a good radio night.

When we parted last night I forgot to give you something so I am mailing it to you with this letter. I'll be disappointed if you don't get it.

I carried the films to be developed this afternoon. Can't wait to see them. I ordered several copies each of the good ones so will send yours as soon as I get them.

I expected to find on reaching home today my schedule for next month but was disappointed. I don't even know where I will be next week.

To my regret, we are not going to Tuscaloosa. Dad and Mother can not leave now so they are postponing the trip.

Remember me to the members of your family.

Remember what H.S. said about the ten word telegram that contained only three words? That is my message with this letter.

Always yours,
Aubrey

Albertville, Alabama
June 26, 1929

Darling mine,

I am inclosing prints of the four pictures which were good. Hope you like them. I think they are real good. That million dollar smile of yours is the most attractive thing about them. If you want any more copies let me know.

Your card came this morning; I am looking for a letter tomorrow. Did you receive mine and the package?

I forgot to tell you that the oatmeal swelled up the box of groceries when it got wet but we succeeded in getting the box there nevertheless.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

I finished "Rainbow Gleams" this morning. It is one of the most inspiring books I have ever read. I did not like the solo as well as the duet reading. I am going to send you a copy soon so you can finish it and keep it in your library.

How do you like "my" new stationery. Since Papa has been writing insurance he has done almost \$100,000 worth of business for them so they sent him about a carload of stationery recently. I rather like this method of trying it out. In fact, I may use this method again soon.

I am fixing to make out a financial statement of the Mentone Fund and since it is so large, I had better close this note and get busy.

Remember the song I told you I would be singing this week? I am singing it.

Lovingly yours,
Aubrey

Andalusia, Alabama
June 26, 1929

Sweetheart, dearest,

When I got home Tuesday I found a stack of mail for me and the majority of it was from you. After reading those letters I wanted to shoot myself for not having written you more while I was away. I don't think I deserved the joy of the week-end at Mentone after worrying a wonderful Sweetheart as you are in such a way. I hope I can tell you just half of what is in my heart, at least, to help make up for my neglect in the past.

It is impossible to express all that those days at Mentone meant, isn't it, dear? Besides all of the fun we had together, the friendship of H.S. and Mary Lou and us, and our dear love for each other—besides these I learned more than ever just how priceless you are, dear, and how much I want us to be together always like that. I know now that I can't live without you. I might exist without you, but not really live. I want, more than ever, to be fin—spiritually, mentally, and physically for you. And I am yours, dear,—and you are mine, forever. Oh! What joy!

After our train left, Mary Lou and I had the most delightful trip to Atlanta. The two hours passed like so many minutes. We were so happy we talked about our own sweethearts and each others sweethearts all the way. We are going to be very dear friends, I think, if we can see each other occasionally.

I saw Grace and Lucy in Atlanta and told them all about my trip. They are so sweet to me and I love them dearly. It seems I can never be thankful enough for my friends, my family, and you.

I found all of my family well and glad to have me home. They all work during the day except Lewis and Walter—and I have begun my practice.

It has rained every day so I haven't begun my tennis yet. I do wish the sun would shine so I can see how Rome looks once more in the summer time. I suppose I shall soon be wishing for cool weather.

I read "The Life Beautiful" on the train Tuesday and have begun the book you sent me "Lord, I Believe". You must read a lot and rest some (a lot) before you begin work for the Summer.

My trunk arrived in good condition—thanks to you for getting it off for me. You are too good to me, dear. What shall I do about it? If you were here I would punish you by kissing you several times. I know you wouldn't like that.

Dear, let's both pray always that we will never grow cold to each other, that we will always be as happy as we are now in our love. I think I would die if either of us should stray away and forget our promises. You must bind me fast to your heart dear, so I can't leave you for a minute—you know I don't want to. As far as I am concerned you are already inside my heart and are bound with bands of love that only you can break. And when they break my heart will break, too. So be careful, and remember—sweetheart, although you stray a million miles away, I'll always be in love with you.

Florence

I P.S. Tell me, when do you want me to send you special delivery letters, now? I can hardly look those stamps in the face since I didn't use them when you wanted me to. Florence

II P.S. Your letter just came and I love you more than ever. Florence

Birmingham, Alabama
June 29, 1929

Dearest,

I am on my way to Helena to hold a training school. Just write me general delivery.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

My stay at home seemed so short, I was so busy. In fact my six weeks' vacation seemed short, I had such a pleasant time.

I meant to run out to see the Hearn but accidentally met my boss, Mr. Cooper and have been having a conference with him about my work. They have me dated for five weeks but two of the engagements are pending. I told him I would like to go to South Alabama for important reasons (and after I explained he agreed) and he said he would if he could.

When I took my Yale aptitude examination Mr. Arant (Yale '23) told me to be sure and come by to see him if I passed. I must close now as it is less than an hour until my train leaves.

I love you,
Aubrey

Helena, Alabama
July 1, 1929

Sweetheart, dear,

I went to the post office this morning knowing I would get a letter from you and I did. (I guess I wished so hard it had to come). It was forwarded from home. You don't know how happy it made me; I believe it is the sweetest you have ever written and it is the most priceless next to one you wrote me last year.

How unworthy I am of such a Sweetheart as you! You will never know how much you mean to me. I too am constantly thanking God for my family, my friends and you, who have all inspired me to live a noble and useful life; may I never fail them and you.

Your letter filled me with courage for my study courses here this week. There was a misunderstanding about my coming, so they were not expecting me. After we talked over the situation, they decided that I should stay and they would do the best they could to get a good class for me. We began this morning and I had twenty members of the Junior B.Y.P.U. to enroll in a course "Trailmakers in Other Lands". Tonight I am expecting a dozen to take "Building a Standard Sunday School".

It is quite a coincident that I was here this same week two years ago.

I have a lovely place to stay here, in the home of Mrs. Mullins, a sister of a cousin of mine. She and Mr. Mullins have a pretty home with a large lawn and many shade trees, making it cool even on this hot afternoon; they have no children so it is nice and quiet. In traveling like this, one does not always get a good comfortable place to stay which makes him appreciate one like this.

I knew you would fall in love with Mary Lou. H.S. and I were so anxious for you to know each other because you have so many things in common.

Just use those special deliveries whenever you like. It would be nice to surprise me with one every now and then.

I am going next week to Jackson's Gap, Ala. (!) near Dadeville but will write again before I leave.

Yours forever,
Aubrey
P.S. Thanks for "The Shorter Girls' Creed". C.A.H.

Helena, Alabama
July 4, 1929

Sweetheart dear,

I hope you are having a happy, safe and sane fourth. I am and am celebrating it by writing to you, being the next thing I had rather do to seeing you.

It was a pleasure to write Hughie; I was so sorry to hear of her operation. Please keep me informed as to her condition.

I am enjoying my work this week, staying in the home of one of the most consecrated and capable Sunday School teachers I have ever known; she has worked as hard as I have this week and I don't know what I would have done without her help. She is B.Y.P.U. Director also and I am helping her in her B.Y.P.U. work too. In my junior B.Y.P.U. class, I found out Monday only three of the twenty were Christians so I have been giving them soul winning talks each morning. I was so happy when two of them were converted this morning.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

I am not worried about what Allen said. When he gets in love as much as we are he will I believe agree with us. Of course I am not showing that picture to anybody, but I like it. If it hadn't have been all right we wouldn't have had it made.

Now I do not like your suggestion that we write each other only once a week this summer. Both of us will have more time, much more than we will have next year. Let's make it at least two.

H.S. is now in Montgomery and his address is 127 S. Court Street.

It is hot here too and I think the town does have something to do with it—it's in Shelby County you know.

I am going to Birmingham from here Saturday and thence to Jackson's Gap, Ala.

The last week in July I am scheduled to be in Bessemer and maybe I will get to make a short trip to Tuscaloosa to see Allen and Kermit.

Give my regards to the members of your family.

Your
Aubrey

Andalusia, Alabama
July 7, 1929

My own dear Sweetheart,

Your letter of the "fourth" came yesterday and I am glad you celebrated the day as you did. I always did like the Fourth of July—wish it came every day.

With your letter came one from Hughie. It was the first time she had tried to write so she said it was rather awkward. They were to take her home today so she is probably there now. I do hope it will be all right. It seems rather early to be hauling her around although a lady who lives near us came home from the hospital after a week. You are sweet to write to her. I know she was glad to have your letter and I know that I appreciate it.

They seem to always be finding work for me at the church without the slightest effort on my part. They have not given me a regular Sunday School class, but I have taught both of my Sundays here and the Supt. of the Intermediate Department says she is going to use me every Sunday. I was the leader in Lewis' Intermediate B.Y.P.U. last Sunday too. That is Allen's Union and he left it with Autie Rae Everage. I think she is going to be away most of the summer, so I will probably have to take her place. Besides this I have played for the church services both Sundays and seem to be doomed for the remainder of the time. I like to do all of this. I only wish I could teach a Sunday School class that does not use graded literature. I taught a class of girls about sixteen or seventeen years old today and enjoyed it so much because we studied Ezekiel just like the grown folks did. The only trouble was, I am afraid I didn't even make a tiny wrinkle in the brain of a single one of them. They were too interested in each others hats. They didn't talk a bit, but I don't know if they listened—I know because I used to be their age.

They are all the very modern type and are the rage with boys and have darling clothes—all of which I am not and do not have. I am afraid they think I am a "back number" but I would so much like to give them something I do have that they haven't. I haven't gained it by anything I have done, but I know I have more—much more—than they have. You know what I mean, don't you? You are different from most other boys in this same way. I can't define it, but I know that it brings happiness. I guess I mean ambition and high ideals. We may not reach them, as Ezekiel did not turn many to God, but we will be successful, won't we dear?

I liked some of the quotations in The Teacher from Browning.

"What I aspired to be, And was not, comforts me—"

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp"

Won't you write again soon to one who loves you?

Florence
P.S. Don't forget to give me your address for next week and for Bessemer. F.R.C.

Jackson's Gap, Alabama
July 10, 1929

My only Sweetheart,

I received both your letters, one as I arrived here and the other yesterday; I needed both of them because this is the hardest place I have ever tried to teach in.

The training school at Helena was not disappointing. Seven of the juniors were converted in the B.Y.P.U. class and you can imagine how happy it made me feel. There were twenty-three to stand examinations from both classes.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

I came here via Montgomery and Opelika Saturday, although it was out of the way, stopping at the office for two hours. H.S. was as happy as a lark and is counting the hours. I am to be at Lanette the week of the wedding and go to Forsyth by automobile on Tuesday, August 6.

When I reached Jackson's Gap, not a house was to be seen. Then a man showed me the way to "the Gap" where a few were in evidence. I inquired for mail at the postoffice and your letter was handed to me; I didn't mind then how many difficulties came. I waited at the store for Miss Boone, the backbone of the church, who took me five miles into the interior to Rock Springs, where I was to hold the training school. This is said to be the worst whiskey community in the county and it certainly shows evidence of it. None of the houses have screens. The people are farmers and bootleggers. Most of the boys (and girls too) drop out of school before they reach high school. They marry young and in a few years have a house full of children who follow in their footsteps. Don't misunderstand my telling you these things; I don't mind undergoing a few hardships to help them but their needs are pitiful.

There are many good people here and they mean well but their capacities are so limited. The girl in whose home I am staying wants to do full time religious work; she is 28 and has had only two years of high school.

Forgive me for rambling about the community. They have treated me as fine as they know how and I have had good crowds in my classes.

I am happy to hear that Hughie is better.

You must not let them overload you in church. You are so capable, 'though, I don't blame them for using you as much as they can.

Next week I will have more time at Cook Springs to write you some real letters and tell you how much I love you.

Always,
Aubrey

Andalusia, Alabama
July 11, 1929

My Dearest,

The name, Jackson's Gap, sounds as if it might be as you described it. It reminds me of the wild west stories I used to read, and I wonder if a band of bandits might assault you at any time. Remember to "take good care of yourself" where ever you are (you needn't mind about "buttoning up your overcoat".) I am sending you a list of "don't that you must obey or your health might be in danger.

I hope you will have a good number to take the examination Friday night. The condition there is indeed pitiful and it should make us more thankful that we aren't that ignorant, even though we don't know everything there is to know—yet.

Don't forget to tell me where you will be each week. I would like to have a letter waiting for you at every place. I was afraid you had forgotten in your last letter until I saw "Cook Springs" in the last paragraph.

I wish you could be here to enjoy the radio with us. The popular song now seems to be "Sleepy Valley". Every body is singing it and all the orchestras play it. I saw the Theater in New York in which the "Man" sang this song as his "big hit". It is a very soothing son about—roses 'round the door—and all that.

The other day I was writing to Grace on the typewriter when Mother brought a book to me that she wanted me to study. It was a book on typewriting using the touch system. I have already practiced three lessons and there are about thirty. If I learn one a day I could soon know it and use the rest of the summer to fix it firmly in my mind and fingers. Mother thinks it is something everyone ought to know. I don't know that I would ever need it extensively, but I am glad to learn anything that might be useful.

After you begin to practice law I might condescend to go over to Gadsden to be your stenographer, if you payed me a good salary. I refuse to learn shorthand though, so you would have to dictate slowly.

Some orchestra is playing "Dream Train". I don't need a train to carry my thoughts back, do you? I believe one should take advantage of the present and hope for the future, but I wonder if you find it as difficult as I do to keep from dreaming of the past. The truth is I don't try very hard.

Yesterday I went up to see Ruth Powell and of course talked to Mrs. Powell more than to Ruth. She asked about you—wanted to know if we were ever planning to have a fight (she didn't call it that). I told her we hadn't thought about it. She thinks you are fine and likes the idea of our friendship. She is still wondering if we really have serious intentions. (A rather vague statement—that).

Write when you can. Write to Allen, too, if you have time. I know he gets lonesome sometimes, but don't suggest such a thing to him. I love him and am sorry when he is lonesome, but he must brace up and get over that.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

Devotedly yours,
Florence

Cook Springs, Alabama
July 15, 1929

My Sweetheart,

I found your letter waiting yesterday morning when I arrived. You are mighty sweet to me.

The week at Rock Springs was a very busy and hard one but turned out better than I expected. Besides teaching two classes, I helped take a census, grade the Sunday School, and raise the money for curtains for the S.S. classrooms; we purchased the cloth for the curtains and put up the wires, but had to stop there because we could find no rings.

I had a novel experience there last week. One night I received a note from a good Christian mother who was a teacher in the S.S. and a member of my class, explaining that she could not be there that night because her husband was on a drunken spree, and requested that I lead a special prayer for the drinking men of the community. Several days later I took dinner at her house and talked with her husband who was then sober. I tried to convert, found out that he was already a Christian but had never joined the church, and although he would not promise to join at once he promised to "think seriously about it". He said the influence of the men of the community had led him astray. (In getting the officers and teachers for the S.S. we could not get a single man in the church to accept a place).

Saturday I went to Birmingham, spent a few hours with the Hearn on University Avenue and the night with my Uncle in West End (where Allen and I stay during A.E.A.). They all asked about you, and I gave them no brief report. They are all proud of your showing in Boston.

I came on an early train to Cook Springs Sunday. It is a summer resort, hidden away in the mountains. At the springs, not 50 yards away, there are two kinds of sulphur water and several other kinds of water, mostly iron. The large hotel has only a few guests and most of the people who are attending the training school are farmers living within a radius of two miles. This is not only a good place for a training school (as they have never had a S.S. course and the B.Y.P.U. has been dead several years) but an ideal place for a vacation, being shady, cool, and quiet, so I am going to have both. My two classes in the Senior Manual and Building a Standard S.S. began last night so I will finish Thursday night. If I go to Bessemer next week (my engagement there is pending), I will spend Friday and Saturday with Allen and Kermit.

Thanks for your list of "don'ts". After carefully reading them over, I have decided it will be best to abide by them.

I will hire you to be my stenographer provided you learn the touch system to perfection. Let me suggest that since you practice every day, you write a note to me as part of your practice. That will not only do me good but will give me an opportunity to judge your improvement.

Mildred was 21 yesterday and yesterday was also Fred's birthday. I had never thought until the other day that you and Mildred were so nearly the same age.

Neither do I need a train to carry my thoughts back. I cherish them (you know the ones I am thinking of and speaking of). I find myself making plans for the future, some of them day dreams, which include happiness to a greater degree. And while only One knows what the future actually holds, I firmly believe they are coming to pass. In other words, I believe in "faith and love" as you do.

I am glad you are playing tennis every day with your practice (both piano and typewriting), you need exercise and recreation every day. Keep on beating Eady and next year you will be the Shorter champion.

I am expecting to get some reading done this week. My classes come at 6:30 and 8:00 so I have all day to read, study, drink sulphur water (it's very healthful and I like it), and write letters. I like to do all these things, especially the latter when it's writing to you.

I want this letter to go off on the train which leaves in 30 minutes so maybe I will get another letter from my Sweetheart this week, and I must send in my report to Mr. Cooper, so I reluctantly close this billet doux.

Yours forever,
Aubrey

No day so quickly passes
That I don't think of you;
It may be once or often
But each thought of you rings true.
And oft' I pray in silence

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

Asking God to keep you free
From all life's ills and sorrows
And to let you think of me.

Andalusia, Alabama
July 16, 1929

Dearest,

Your letter today was unusually welcome not only because it was so nice but also because I have been sick all day and needed something like that to cheer me up. A terrible cold with several other ailments have tried to make me miserable today, but I tried to forget them by thinking of you. I think I shall feel better tomorrow and I might have been able to write a nicer letter if I had waited, but I want you to have this before you leave Cooks Springs because I am not sure where you will be after that.

Is it this Friday you are planning to see Allen and Kermit? Give Allen my love and tell Kermit-hello-for me-even though he doesn't know me. (I don't think he remembers me from seeing me at Howard. He wasn't impressed with me at all then, as I remember).

I hope you are finding this week more restful than last. You should relax and forget everything and everybody for several days. It is like you to do more than you are supposed to as you did last week at Rock Creek. I admire you for making the most of that situation and I know those people are better because of your weeks stay with them. Who wouldn't be? Why, I feel better in every way when I even think about you. That may be because I love you so. But even that isn't a trait peculiar to me because I heard two different people say at different times in Mentone, "Who wouldn't love Aubrey Hearn?"

Ida and Alice are going to Louisville this week to spend the remainder of the summer with their Uncle and Aunt, Mr. and Mrs. G.O. Carver. They hate to leave Virginia Jackson, but are glad to get away from summer school.

I like the poem you wrote at the end of your letter. You may be sure that I think of you quite often. I often wonder if you think about me half as much as I do you. When you say not a day passes- - It is "not an hour passes" with me and I almost believe you are just beneath all of my thoughts—not just subconsciously.

I don't know whether you have felt it or not, but you have been so much nearer and dearer to me since—Mentone. It seems to grow, too, and I know it will keep on; and we will truly be one in spirit and then nothing can separate us. I know it now because our faith is strong and our love true and deep.

I feel better now, dear

All my love,
Florence

Birmingham, Alabama
July 19, 1929

Sweetheart dear,

I hope you are well by now. I read your letter at Cook Springs yesterday morning just before leaving there for Albertville. A man at Cook Springs carried me there in his car, we stayed a few hours and returned in time for the training school last night.

Two disappointments have interfered with my plans for this week-end and next week. First, my Bessemer training school was called off and therefore my trip to Tuscaloosa. Then a letter from the office said I might go instead to a church five miles from Andalusia, and I hoped it would work out so I could spend your birthday with you and get to see you lots next week. Then disappointment number two came thirty minutes ago in a telegram for me to go to Cullman tomorrow. But the Andalusia school may be held in August if one of my engagements for that month is cancelled.

Since I started the Cook Springs school Sunday night, it ended last night and I came to Birmingham this morning.

Mildred is here. We went to a show this afternoon. She said tell you hello.

May your birthday be the happiest you've ever spent. Sorry I can't be with you, but I will be thinking of you (as I do constantly) and wishing you many happy returns of the day.

Write me at Cullman, General Delivery.

Lovingly,
Aubrey

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

Cullman, Alabama
July 24, 1929

Dearest,

After a most enjoyable fishing trip to the Warrior River with Uncle Fletcher in Birmingham Saturday, I came to Cullman that night, spent the night at this hotel and on Sunday morning went to the Missionary Grove community.

The study course in "Building a Standard Sunday School" began Monday afternoon. Thus far, it is one of the best classes I have taught this summer. There are thirty-five enrolled and I have never had a class that paid better attention. Cullman Association is very progressive in S.S. work and the Missionary Grove is determined to reach the Standard.

Cullman is an interesting little city. Originally settled by Germans, there are still many Germans here, and such names as Wilhite, Steifelmeyer, Kugler, Ruehl are prominent on store signs. German as much as English, it is said. Yesterday I heard two of them discoursing in German (of course I knew what they said).

Most of the people in Cullman are Catholics. They have a beautiful Cathedral and college. At St. Bernard College there is a rock imitation of the City of Jerusalem, called "Little Jerusalem". I am going to send you a picture of it.

I saw Elton in Pell City last Wednesday and he told me he was going to spend the weekend in Knoxville. Naturally he was thrilled over it and the forthcoming event of August 15.

Was your birthday a happy one? Now I would like so much to have been there but since I couldn't I was wishing hard that it would be.

While in Birmingham last week I talked to the lawyer, a graduate of Yale, who gave me my aptitude examination. He congratulated me upon being admitted and said he had given the examination to several and I was the only one who passed. Of course that made me feel good but he told me so many things about the University that I can hardly wait to get there. I just must see you, though, before I go. When Mary Lou wrote me several weeks ago she mentioned our coming to see them the latter part of August. And Mildred wants you to spend several days with her in September so maybe both or one of these plans will work out.

I too feel that we are nearer and dearer to each other since Mentone. I believe too that it will grow. A love that is sacred like ours always binds and grows deeper with the passing months and years.

My address next week is in care of Rev. J.A. McCreary, Marion.

From one who loves you devotedly,

Your
Aubrey

Calera, Alabama
July 27, 1929

My Sweetheart,

I am enroute from Cullman to Marion and have a three hour stopover here. I have some letters to write and a book to read, so the time will pass quickly. Please excuse my business stationery.

Your letter came Thursday morning. I am glad you liked the small gift. It wasn't as much as I wanted to send you, neither gift was, nor both, but lots of good wishes went with it and the other gift.

It is a coincidence that I also told the man-in-the-moon to deliver a message for me. Did you receive it? I got yours. My only regret is that Mr. Fullmoon does not make his appearance more often. He smiled sympathetically the other night when he told me what you said.

This week at the Missionary Grove Church was the best this summer. I had a large class with an average attendance of more than 40, 16 of which took the examination. This is a large number for a rural class, though I had to give some of them oral tests since they could not write very well. They raised the money for curtains to separate the Sunday School classrooms and I helped them buy the cloth and put them up. We took a census and graded the school with the cards. The people are good people but very illiterate. To watch some of them eat would make you think they were cave men. I got accustomed to eating corn three times a day, and cake too. At one place, at breakfast I was at a loss to understand why a small piece of waxed paper was placed beside my plate (it was too small for a napkin). I found it was to put my cup on while I drank coffee from the saucer, 'though I didn't join with the others in using it for that purpose. There is no better place to study human nature (unless it is the classroom) than in a rural community where the people are absolutely unaffected.

I wanted to send you a picture of the "Little Jerusalem" that I wrote you about but could not find one.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

There is on the Southern tracks here a reproduction of the first engine to make a trip in the United States. The first trip was made on Christmas Day, 1830, in South Carolina. Its maximum speed is twelve miles an hour. It is being put on exhibition in the larger towns of the State; if it comes to Andalusia be sure and see it.

I had a letter from Newton Bass this week, written from Liverpool. He is enjoying his journey very much, he says.

I case any of my August engagements are cancelled there is a probability of my coming to Andalusia.

Is Hughie well?

I wish you were going to Judson this summer. I would get to see you next week.

I love you, Sweetheart, and will love you

Always,
Aubrey

Marion, Alabama
July 28, 1929

Dearest,

Just a note to tell you that my address this week is Augustin, Ala., instead of Marion.

I got here late yesterday and learned that the Ocmulgee Church where I am to be this week is 18 miles from here and not far from Selma.

Last night I went out to Judson and had a date with a girl I met at Mentone who is secretary to the dean. She showed me the buildings; the campus is beautiful. But I didn't enjoy the date much; the moon was so softly mellow and I was thinking of you.

It is almost time for the bus and I must send the office my address.

Always yours,
Aubrey

Augustine, Alabama
July 31, 1929

My dearest,

Your special was forwarded from Marion and I got it yesterday. I enjoyed it like I always do, and also the poscript of Mary Jane.

You are indeed an excellent journalist. Your article would do credit to a professional. When I buy a newspaper I am going to offer you the place as editor, or editress.

When I learned that there was to be a revival at the Ocmulgee Church this week, I didn't expect much of a training school. But thus far it has exceeded my expectations. The services are held at 10:30 and 1:30 with dinner on the ground, and my training course at night. There are 27 enrolled and the class seems to be interested. This is the first S.S. training course ever taught in this church. It is a large country church in a good community, several miles from Selma.

My summer work is exactly half up today. I can hardly realize that July has passed so quickly. And while I am enjoying my work thoroughly I am looking forward to my journey North.

Elton wants me to teach in Birmingham the first week in September but I don't know whether to accept or not. When you come to visit Mildred (you must) if you could come to Birmingham on Friday or Saturday of that week I could meet you there (you could spend the night with Joy if you come on Friday) and we could go to Albertville on Saturday.

I wish you were here to help me eat fried chicken and watermelons. I am following your suggestion that I eat lots but so far I haven't got fat.

Enroute to Lanette Saturday I will have several hours in the office. If you write me before Saturday, send the letter to Montgomery.

Be sure and rest a lot these days because you will have much to do next year.

Love from

Your Sweetheart,
Aubrey

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

Montgomery, Alabama
August 3, 1929

Sweetheart dear,

I found your letter waiting at the office when I reached here today at noon together with an invitation to Elton and Elizabeth's wedding. It was typically sweet of you to have a letter waiting for me.

My week in the Ocmulgee community wasn't very successful, I fear. The revival interfered and kept those who did come from studying. I helped them put up curtains 'though and started them working toward the Standard of Excellence.

I am spending the entire afternoon chatting with the office force, mostly Elton and catching up with my correspondence. There is an electric fan beside me and I am as comfortable as I have been in a month. Please excuse my business stationery again.

Elton is certainly a fine pal. He is undoubtedly one of the finest, best-all-round young men I have ever met. He, H.S. and Allen are among my very closest friends.

I have been invited to teach in the Birmingham Association Training School the first week in September and although I had planned to be at home that week I accepted. Elton needs one more teacher and asked me what you were doing that week. He is sending you an invitation to teach in the school. Do accept. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could get to be together for a week? During the time the school ends and the time you plan to reach Shorter you could visit Mildred. Mildred is counting on your coming anyway. Couldn't you leave a week early and teach in Birmingham? I don't think Allen gets out of school until around September first and he can plan to stay a few days in Birmingham at Uncle Fletcher's and we can both get to see him.

You need not worry about Mary Lou changing her attitude when she gets married, toward you. Your friendship is a Christian friendship and such friendships grow deeper always.

I will leave for Forsyth early Tuesday for the wedding. The rehearsal is at 11:00 and the wedding at 4:00. I will write you all about it.

My address for next week is Lanette, General Delivery.

I love you with all my heart, Sweetheart.

Yours forever,
Aubrey

Atlanta, Georgia
August 7, 1929

Dearest,

To describe the wedding in detail and the events of yesterday I would have to write all day; and even if I did that my description could not do it justice.

I caught an early train from West Point (just a mile from Lanette) and got to Forsyth at 9:30. By noon all of the attendants had arrived and we had the rehearsal. Then followed a dinner given to the wedding party. During the afternoon we had lots of fun painting up the car and sewing us Sauls' clothes. I wish you could see the car. Painted from top to bottom with such signs as "Just Married", "Sweet Papa Sauls and Mama Lou", "Newlyweds", "Under New Management", and with shoes tied to the back and a large cowbell locked to the front it presented a curious and an amusing spectacle. H.S. tried in vain to hide it.

The wedding was at 5:00. It was held in the hall and living room of the girls' dormitory, which were decorated with large palms, ferns and vases of snowballs, and candles. It was beautiful. After two vocal solos, "The Sweetest Story Ever Told", and "at Dawning" by Mrs. Bogle, a lady of Forsyth, Miss Jones, "my" bridesmaid and I marched in under archways from opposite ends of the hall and crossed in the center to stand on each side of Dr. Chamblee, the President, who performed the ceremony. After we had taken our places the other groomsman and bridesmaid marched in likewise; then the maid of honor, Nell Brown, Mary Lou's sister; next came the groom with his best man, Horace Harwell. They were met at the altar by the bride, who was as pretty as I have ever seen her in a white silk dress with white roses as her bouquet, and her father, preceded by the flower girl. The ceremony was simple and impressive; neither the bride or groom seemed to be excited (I was surprised at the latter's calmness). After the prayer of course there was a rush to congratulate them; I was fourth to kiss the bride but the maids were elusive and I didn't get to kiss a one of them. An informal reception was held for the out-of-town guests. There was a good sized crowd present and most of them were from out of town.

One of the maids wore a blue dress, one a pink dress, one a yellow dress and the boys wore tuxedos.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

There were a large number of gifts and an abundance of silverware; I saw yours. I am sure that the room full was not half the gifts because I saw only a few from Etowah County people. Many will be sent to Montgomery. I sent mine (a sterling silver mayonnaise dish and spoon) there.

They appreciated your letter; Mary Lou let me read it. It was sweet just like the ones you write me.

Horace Harwell and I drove the bride and groom to Atlanta last night. They stayed at the Henry Grady; Horace left last night and I catch a bus to Lanette in an hour. The bride and groom are gloriously happy they said and they look it too. I saw H.S. this morning for a moment and bade them bon voyage as they continue their trip to Washington and Ridgecrest. I talked to your cousin Mary Lou over the phone and the last thing she said was that they are expecting us to come to see them in Montgomery before we go off to school.

This is my first trip to Atlanta. I haven't seen much of it but the downtown district. I would call up Grace but don't know which one of these Jackson's is her father's name.

Monday night my class began at Lanette with 36 enrolled. It is the best class I have had this summer.

I can hardly wait to learn if you have accepted the invitation to teach in the Birmingham training school and that is one reason I am so anxious to get back to Lanette.

I must close and check out as it is almost time for the bus.

Love from your own

Aubrey

Lanette, Alabama

August 9, 1929

Dear Sweetheart,

I got back to Lanette Wednesday afternoon and found your letter waiting. While I am sorry you can not teach in Birmingham, you can come by home for a few days and I will get to see you there. Mildred stayed at home this summer and drove to Attalla and she might do the same for the first month of school. School doesn't begin until the ninth anyway. If Shorter begins the tenth you will probably leave the sixth or seventh, will you not?

It seems to me that with your typewriting and piano practice and taking the place of the cook too you have a rather full program. Don't overwork yourself.

I had a long letter from Allen last week. It was his first, he said, to write on the typewriter without looking at the keys and I believe it—there was an average of an error to every word. I'm going to have some fun teasing him about it. The idea of a college graduate making 500 mistakes in one letter! It was a good letter, 'though and I appreciated it.

I am writing Joy today.

There is an excellent tennis court here and Brother Carrin, the pastor and I had planned some sets this afternoon but the rain prevented our playing.

The training school ends tonight and I am expecting 25 to take the examination. Tomorrow I go to Dadeville, to hold a training school in a church near there.

I am planning to leave for New Haven between the fifteenth and the twentieth. That will give me a week or more at home and put me in New Haven several days before school begins.

If Lewis wants to take the Senior Manual, he can do so and receive a senior diploma. He is almost seventeen anyway, isn't he?

The idea of your suggesting that I might forget my Southern Sweetheart when I go North! I wouldn't forget her if I was on another planet. Because I have the finest in the world and I love her with all my heart and will love her

Always,
Aubrey

Dadeville, Alabama

August 13, 1929

The Best of All Sweethearts:

Your typically sweet letter came this morning. I knew it would and I went to Dadeville after it. I would get terribly lonesome if it weren't for these billet doux of yours.

I had a most enjoyable time in Lanette. There were seventeen to receive diplomas and the class was the best I have taught. On Saturday morning one of my pupils took me through the Fairfax Cotton Mill, where over 800 kinds of towels are made. Then another pupil, knowing that I would have several hours between trains in Opelika invited

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

me to visit her house (she lived there). In Opelika also I saw Allegene Edwards with whom I taught two years in Attalla. Gena and I are good friends and I had not seen her since she left Attalla.

I am angry with the bride and groom! They think more of their cousin Florence than their friend Aubrey because they have written to her and haven't to me. It was a surprise to learn that they have had only one battle; imagine it!

As to Mary Lou's remark that I looked pretty (!), well, she would say that. I'll try not to get conceited over her compliment and yours (thanks to you also).

I have not seen a write-up of the wedding. Please send me yours if you have one and I will send it back.

This community is quite a contrast to Rock Springs, just five miles away where I was a month ago. They (the young people here) are above the average. Saturday night I went to an old fashioned ice cream supper. We played games in the yard in the moonlight. I am teaching two classes, one in the Senior Manual and the First Division of the Sunday School Manual, and have a good enrollment in each.

You simply must come via Birmingham, spend Sunday night with Joy, and I will meet you there in Attalla (you could catch a train at the Terminal in B'ham Monday morning that gets to Attalla at 7:30) and take you to Albertville. It will be perfectly all right with everyone; Mother and Mildred want you to come.

With your letter came one from Elton stating that I would be at the Central Church at Tarrant City, his home church. He was sorry that you could not come (so am I). Elton and Elizabeth are to be married Thursday at Knoxville. H.S. and Mary Lou will be there and will take them to Mentone after the ceremony where they will spend their honeymoon.

From one who loves you

Devotedly,
Aubrey

P.S. I am scheduled to go to Tuscumbia next week but am not sure yet. Will write you as soon as I know. C.A.H

Dadeville, Alabama
August 16, 1929

Sweetheart,

My address next week is Tuscumbia, Route 3 and for the following week is Gaylesville.

I had a card from H.S. and Mary Lou yesterday; they were in Washington.

I am enjoying my stay here. Will have to travel all day tomorrow to reach Tuscumbia.

Please excuse this note. The mail man will be here any minute and I had to make it short.

My love

Forever,
Aubrey

Tuscumbia, Alabama
Route 3
August 19, 1929

My Sweetheart,

I have just finished reading "Scaramouche", a novel of the French Revolution. A little light reading sandwiched in among the usual heavy and serious books I read most of the time adds variety. They say one should read according to his mood and yet it would be unwise for me to do so because I would usually read love stories, so much in love am I and so charming are my almost constant thoughts of my Sweetheart.

I hope you did not send me another letter to Dadeville for if you did I didn't get it; or rather, I hope it was immediately forwarded here.

My week at Dadeville met with only fair success. Since it was their first training school I hope the courses will at least give them a vision of the value of training.

After traveling all day Saturday, with the exception of four hours between trains in Birmingham, I reached Tuscumbia at 9:00 that night, spent the night there and came out Sunday morning to the Colbert Heights community. The small church was built just five years ago; this is their first training school and if the response the other class periods continues as good as it was in the two yesterday, this should be one of my best weeks.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

Having started yesterday afternoon I will finish here Thursday, and since Albertville is on the nearest route to Gaylesville, I will be at home Friday and Saturday.

The moon was full again last night. Did you get my message?

I know you are looking forward to being with Allen. I wish he might come to Albertville with you. He has an invitation to come and although he said in a letter several weeks ago he thought it would be impossible this year, maybe he can still do so; I am writing him to try to arrange to do so.

Last week I saw a postcard folder of some of the Yale buildings—one like I will send you in a few weeks—which increases my desire to be there. But I will not be content to go unless I see you again.

We must certainly plan, too, to be together several times next summer. Let's count on Mentone for one week. The first assembly begins a week later (on June 15 I think) which ought to be about the time Shorter closes.

My love, and

Always yours,
Aubrey

Albertville, Alabama
August 24, 1929

My own Sweetheart,

I received your letter at Tuscumbia and about thirty minutes after reaching here yesterday, the other. Both were typically sweet and inspiring. When did I get to be a scalawag? You can call me anything—just so you write to me.

My week in Tuscumbia was a busy one. A class, an enlargement campaign, a census, a campaign for curtains in the one-room building, and two B.Y.P.U.'s organized kept my time pretty well filled up. I caught an early train yesterday morning and got home by noon.

School started here Monday. Mildred, Kermit and I have several days vacation before ours begin, however.

It is awfully hot here too but I wouldn't advise you to begin wearing pajamas—the man who started it got arrested.

Thanks very much for the clippings. You said on the card I might keep them; do you have another copy of H.S. and Mary Lou's writeup?

I hope Eady will get to go to school and stay with Uncle Oscar. They will be glad to have him and I am sure he will enjoy being there.

I can't wait to see you and your hair short. I know it becomes you; I admire your taste in dressing and I remember how attractive you were when I made my first trip to Shorter. You have grown more attractive and more lovable with each succeeding date, because I have learned to know you better.

As a writer of love letters you are superb (like you are in everything else). If I had such flights of poetic prose, I might hope to equal you. It is not a surprise though for everything you do you do well. Even if I could express my thoughts I couldn't tell you how much I love you because I don't know—it is immeasurable.

I am hoping so much that you will come by Albertville.

In the morning I am going to Gaylesville.

Tell Allen I will write him next week.

Forever yours,
Aubrey

Gaylesville, Alabama
August 29, 1929

Dearest,

I was sure I would hear from you yesterday, but Gaylesville is off the railroad and I am on a route from Gaylesville, so I guess the location is the reason for the delay.

Gaylesville is only thirty miles from Rome. As fate would have it, I am here a few days before Shorter opens.

We started here Sunday so finish today. I am leaving late this afternoon and will get home tonight, spend two days there and go to Birmingham Sunday.

In a way I am glad my summer work is over (for the Sunday School Department). I have enjoyed it thoroughly but I will be glad to have a few days vacation and am looking forward to my trip North. My only regret is that my work did not carry me to South Alabama.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

There are several creeks around here and I have been fishing three times this week. I am not a fisherman—I had no luck at all. But I like to fish about as much as I like to play tennis.

I can not relish the thought of going to New Haven before I see you. I would rather see you in Albertville and I am still counting on your coming in spite of the discouraging tone of your letter. If you can't come home, come via Birmingham and Attalla and I will see you then. Mildred will be in Attalla and you could spend the night with her; there is only one train to Rome from Attalla. It leaves there at 6:30a.m. If you come to Albertville Mildred plans to come home each day after school; it is not far and she can easily do so. But if you can't come to Albertville, come to Birmingham, spend the night with Joy, then to Attalla and spend the day and night with Mildred (Monday) and go to Rome on Tuesday morning.

I am reading Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad". It is a delightful book.

My address next week will be Tarrant City, General Delivery.

My love, to my love.

Always yours,

Aubrey

Andalusia, Alabama

August 30, 1929

Dear Little Boy of Mine,

For the longest time I couldn't decide whether to use that salutation or not, but I decided that I would be thrilled if you called me your little girl, so I used it—you see.

Your letter came this morning and I am sorry that you did not receive the letter I wrote Monday. I hope you finally got it before you left because in it I explained why I could not go by Albertville. I expect that you did get it or it will be sent on to you, so I will not bore you by repeating all of that.

Another thing has come up that makes it still more impossible for me to go by Birmingham. Dad and Mother have decided to go to Atlanta to bring Grandmother to Andalusia. She is too feeble to make the trip alone and they want to take me and bring her back on the same trip. You probably that she spent last winter here and will spend this winter too since it is warmer here than in Atlanta. And Mother can take care of her more easily than Lily can—Lily has to teach every day, so leaves Grandmother alone.

I wrote to Mildred and Joy too to thank them for inviting me. I want to thank you also. I wish I could do as you want—and as I want—too, but you see I can't.

Tonight I am going to the picture show with Thelma Moates. I rarely ever go to a show; it seems to be a good way to use up extra change that I want for other things since I am getting ready for school. I hope the picture tonight, Lady Be Good, is good because I hate to waste a whole evening for nothing.

When I woke up this morning about five (very unusual for me—I am quite lazy usually) I had a dreadful cold, so Allen took me down town after breakfast this morning we got telegrams from Ethel and Esther and the Camarata. It makes us feel terribly funny because I am sure we won't win and they will all be so disappointed. And we did want to make Shorter proud of her daughters.

I don't expect to win because the girl who plays with me is very talented. The thing I want is to do my best so that Miss Ramsey and Mr. Talmadge will be proud of me.

The pictures are good and I appreciate your sending them. Did you mean for me to keep them—I want them if you don't mind. Miss Ramsey thinks Mildred and Joy are darling. I myself nearly lose control when I look at the one of Joy with Dr. and Mrs. Hearn. She is the most adorable child ! I wish I could see her.

Mildred's hair is long, isn't it? She is so pretty, too, You ought to be proud of such handsome relatives as you have.

I must sleep some now because my eyes are beginning to hurt.

Write when you can—as often as you can to a certain young lady who loves you devotedly,

Florence

Tarrant City, Alabama

September 2, 1929

Dear Little Girl,

I knew I had a letter in the postoffice yesterday but it was closed and I had to wait until this morning to get it.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

I did not get your last letter but while I was at home your letter came to Mildred. I am sorry, Sweetheart, that you can't come; maybe you can next summer. I'll come over to Rome to see you; may I?

After spending Friday and Saturday at home, I came here Sunday morning. Tarrant City is about the same distance from Birmingham as East Lake. At a mass meeting that afternoon I spoke on "Faith is the Victory". Inclosed is a program. The training school here has the largest attendance of the eleven. Tonight I am to lead a conference on "Stewardship of Life".

This is Elton's home church. I came out in the car with he and Elizabeth yesterday. They asked about you and to be remembered to you. I guess you knew that Elton resigned September 1 and is going to the seminary at Louisville. I am to have dinner with them Thursday.

I hope your cold is better, Dear. Take good care of yourself.

When are you going to Atlanta and Rome? How many days will you be at Shorter before classes begin? If I come over on one of those days could I see you more?

They are trying to put things over in a big way in the training schools this week. It is a pleasure to work with young people who are so interested. They have a number of dinners and banquets planned for the teachers.

I have not seen Joy yet but I will probably spend the night at her home tomorrow night.

I am going home early Saturday and my address for the next two or three weeks will be Albertville. I am looking forward to those vacation days, and my trips to Rome and New Haven.

Tell Allen that promised letter will certainly arrive next week.

I love you devotedly, Sweetheart and am

Forever yours,

Aubrey

Attalla, Alabama
September 8, 1929

Dear Sweetheart,

I got your second letter at Tarrant City and on reaching home yesterday morning, found the one from Gaylesville waiting.

While I am as sorry as can be that you can not come by Attalla or Albertville, I understand. And while I do not exactly agree with Allen, I hope that both of you can come up and spend a week with us next summer and am going to send him an invitation this week. I want both of you to consider it in making your plans for next summer.

I had a delightful week in Birmingham. They treated us royally all the week. I'll tell you about it when I come over.

I came here with Mildred this morning to visit Sunday School and Church.

I think Papa will let me have the car Wednesday. May I come over to Rome that morning? I can spend the day and return that night. Wire me Tuesday if the time is inconvenient, and I will come some other time.

I will probably get there about 9:30 or 10:00. Will call you up before I come out.

Lovingly,

Aubrey

Albertville, Alabama
September 12, 1929

Dear Little Girl,

In an hour after I left Rome last night I was in Center. This morning I drove the rest of the way without mishap, stopping in Gadsden and Attalla, and was at home by 10:15.

Each visit to Rome surpasses the previous one. You were never so attractively adorable, as you were yesterday. The hours passed as if they were as many minutes.

After every date with you I congratulate myself on my taste in choosing a sweetheart. And after every letter and every thought of you, I do the same. I am indeed lucky.

If the past is any prophecy of the future, our happiness, already so great, will become greater. And although we may not get to see each other much in the next year, we can write and we can plan and some day (we hope) our dreams will come true.

In our plans for next summer we must plan to see each other several times.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

I have decided to go by boat. I stopped at Attalla today and got my schedule. I will leave Thursday at 10:43, get to Savannah the next morning, leave there at 6:00 that afternoon, get to New York Monday at 7:00 a.m., and to New Haven about noon. I will have two days and three nights on the boat and if I don't get seasick I will enjoy the trip.

Friday morning

It was raining when I wrote the above last night so I decided since I couldn't mail it, I would wait until this morning to finish. It rained all the night and is still raining.

Did you get all the practice rooms assigned? I wish I could have helped you put up the curtains.

Cleaning out my trunk yesterday, I found a letter from you which I believe is the first you ever wrote to me. It started "Dear Mr. Hearn". You wrote it for Allen, saying that he had appointed you his secretary to write it for him.

I am taking my chess with me with the hope that I can find someone who likes to play. I must learn to beat Allen.

I am inclosing this caricature of "Professor Hearn" which you can have if you want it.

"It won't be long now"—but in the meantime I'm going to be disappointed if I don't get several letters from Rome.

Your
Aubrey

Huntsville, Alabama
September 18, 1929

Dearest,

Your special came yesterday—and I enjoyed it as usual, or more than usual. It is one of the sweetest you have ever written. It means a great deal to me because I know you mean what you say.

You express yourself much better than I do, but, as I have said, you are teaching me a great deal about letter writing.

Monday I received a call from Mr. Cooper asking me to represent the S.S. department in a young people's meeting at the Madison Association last night. I agreed to come to accommodate him, so came over here yesterday afternoon, was met and taken to the church, and bored a good audience for twenty minutes last night. A friend of mine here who was at the meeting invited me to spend the night with him, and I did, and am now waiting for the bus to go home.

Forgive this unpardonable breach of etiquette but my pen gave out of ink and there is none around here.

Sunday I went to Attalla, visited the B.Y.P.U.'s and spent the night with Bass. Monday morning I visited Etowah. These visits made me somewhat homesick for Attalla—but I am still glad I am bound for Yale.

Address my letters to New Haven, general delivery, until you hear from me from New Haven and know my address. You can keep the book until you know the address, and send it to me there.

I am leaving in the morning. My train leaves Attalla at 10:43. I will have an all day wait in Savannah Friday.

I will be writing to you all along and I hope to find several letters waiting when I get to New Haven.

My love to only you.

Your
Aubrey

Savannah, Georgia
September 20, 1929

Dearest,

I am in Georgia again but a long way from Rome.

I am New York bound. Reached here this morning after riding all night. I left home yesterday morning, caught a train for Sylacauga at 10:43, and after a four hour wait there, took the Savannah train last night at 6:30.

The folks at home hated to see me leave, but not any more than I hated to leave. For I have one of the best mothers and fathers in the world and some of the finest brothers and sisters; when you are well acquainted with them all I believe you will agree with me. Their confidence in me is one of the greatest challenges I have ever had to make good. The heritage they have given me, and the love of a Sweetheart like you, are an impelling inspiration to make good at Yale and I'm going to do it. And out of love and appreciation to them and you and because of my own ambition which I trust is not a selfish one, I am going to try to get the most out of this year and all succeeding ones.

This is not conceit but gratitude.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

I guess you are still in the midst of rushing season. I agree with you in disliking "rushing".

This morning I had ample opportunity to see Savannah but the places of historic interest are so many that I saw only a few of them. The first Sunday School in America was organized here and Savannah is the largest cotton port in the South. The city is not on the ocean as I thought, but is on the Savannah River about sixteen miles from the Atlantic.

I think I will board the "City of Savannah" about 3:00 this afternoon. It leaves at 6:00. I wish you were going too, to enjoy the trip with me.

Your
Aubrey

On board "City of Savannah"
Tuesday a.m., September 24, 1929

Dear Sweetheart,

We are nearing New York, twenty-four hours late. The sea has been rough practically all the way. The steward says this is the first time in a year they have been so late.

It has been a hectic trip. I haven't enjoyed it very much because I have been seasick most of the time. But still I am glad to have had the experience of going by sea. I stayed in bed from Saturday morning until this morning. I was much better Monday, 'though and would have gotten up if it hadn't been so stormy.

I am inclosing a picture of our ship. There are 91 passengers aboard, most of whom are Yankees returning from their vacations. One boy, a senior law student at Columbia, from Newnan, Georgia, and I have been quite friendly.

It seems like an age since I got your last letter (and it has been) and I hope to find one waiting when I get to New Haven today.

If I get there. There is a heavy fog outside and the ship can not dock until it clears away.

It is cold up here and this overcoat which I brought along after Mother's coaxing, will come in handy.

By this time, I guess, you are well into your work and the worries of the first few days getting started, are over. I won't be sorry when I am settled down to work myself.

Think once in awhile of one who thinks often of you,

Your
Aubrey

318 George St.
New Haven, Connecticut
September 25, 1929

Sweetheart Mine,

You know what a relief it is to get fixed and ready for work. I am all ready for classes tomorrow.

I arrived in New York at 10:00 yesterday a.m. The boat was 27 hours late. The only part of the boat trip I really enjoyed was the trip up the Hudson yesterday morning. That experience was worth the whole trip, including seasickness. (The latter caused me to lose five pounds). I rode the subway to the Grand Central Station and reached there in time to catch an 11:00 train for New Haven, reaching here at 12:43.

I registered yesterday afternoon upon arrival and spent the rest of the afternoon looking for a room. The majority of the graduate students and professional students room at private homes and take their meals at cafes and cafeterias. I have a good room about three blocks from Hendrie Hall, the law building. A half dozen other boys stay in the same house, all of whom are law students. I will eat at a cafeteria nearby.

There are over a hundred college buildings and several thousand students so you can imagine how small one feels. Of course I will meet many of the fellows and will learn the buildings in time.

I was mighty glad to find your letter at the post office. It is my first from down South.

I think I am going to like everything fine. The college is so big that a new student feels lost but in a few days I will begin to feel at home.

Calculus and Social Science. You make me wish I could take another A.B. degree. Tomorrow I will have Contracts and Torts. I am sure they will not be as interesting as those I have been accustomed to but I hope that, eventually, I will like them as well. Law is awfully hard. I know practically nothing about it now. A second-year student rooming across the hall said it would begin to dawn on me about Christmas.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

But I'm not worried. Especially as long as I have a Sweetheart like you writing to me. I would tackle Columbia, Harvard and Yale at one time with you cheering me up.

I love you, dear.

Always yours,
Aubrey

New Haven, Connecticut
September 28, 1929

My dear,

I was happier than usual to get your letter yesterday because I was slightly homesick and South-sick, for the first time. It is so different up here—the college, the town and the people.

But before long I will have thoroughly adapted myself, I am sure.

The first week, or rather half-week, is over. The professors did not waste any time with preliminaries but started right off with assignments. I had one 60 page one today. I am inclosing a copy of my schedule. The classes are 50 minutes in length.

You will notice on the map I am inclosing, how large the University is. There are over a hundred buildings. I have drawn rings around Hendrie Hall, the law building, and the place I am staying on George Street.

It took your letter three days by air mail and the first came in four days. Much different and longer than last year, to my regret.

I agree with you that distance lends enchantment. Especially when one has a Sweetheart like you.

I don't like these Yankee girls. Give me Southern girls first, last and all the time. Many of the girls up here smoke, much to my disgust.

There are only a few coeds at Yale. In the freshman law class there is one. There are about 125 in the class.

I have sent you several messages via the moon and am glad to hear that he faithfully delivered them. And I have received several myself so he is a good carrier.

The football season begins next week and I will be glad; I haven't seen a game this season. Yale is said to have bright prospects (they always say that, I guess). Georgia won't have a chance. The law students don't have time to participate in any extracurricular activities, so going to the games and occasionally a theatre will be about the only diversions in the way of amusements I will get. Of course reading is one of my hobbies and I won't lack for things to do if I have leisure time.

Write to me when time permits, which I hope it will do often.

Your sweetheart,
Aubrey

Rome, Georgia
October 1, 1929

Dearest,

Your letter this morning made me want to see you very much. I am selfish enough to be glad you love it down here more than there, but I don't like to think of you as being homesick. You must be as happy as possible and I will do all the homesickness and longing for us both. (The longing for you should be enough for both of us—it tears my heart so.) So please, dear, you must not think of us down here too much—you have so much work to do.

Thank you so much for the map and your schedule and also the folder of pictures. I love to study them and picture you there—and I walk along by your side every morning as you go to your 8:10 class. And my thoughts are with you all through the day.

This morning in chapel Dr. Hull spoke at length about the book "Borden of Yale". You read it last year, I believe you said. I really listened in chapel today.

There is quite a bit of work to do this year as president of the Camerata. I have so many plans I doubt if I can ever carry them all out. We are planning to make the entrance of the Conservatory very attractive by putting a settee and table in the nook under the stairs and good pictures around and busts of Mozart, Apollo (the god of music), up with those of Beethoven and Mendelssohn we already have. We are also planning to have a bulletin board and everyday have some good thought printed on a poster for it, pictures of musicians, current musical events, and other things of interest. Jean is going to keep the things we post on the board in a scrap book. Our first meeting will be a

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

joint program and social at one of the faculty homes. All these things together nearly drive me distracted because I have to be sure that every one is doing his work.

My recital dates are set. My organ will come some time during the first two weeks in April and the piano the ninth of May. I am wondering if I can get my organ recital up by April, but I guess I will have to. I am practicing three hours a week on the organ in the chapel and five hours a week on the practice organ.

If you want me to, I will send you my schedule. It is pretty full now and I am rushed most of the time.

Write again soon.

I love you—always.

Your own,
Florence

New Haven, Connecticut
October 2, 1929

My Sweetheart,

Because of the pressure of work last night I could not answer your letter received yesterday. To my glad surprise another came today.

By this time I am head over heels in school work. At Yale, law is studied and taught by the “case” method; no rules are given us. We study the facts and decisions of cases in English and American courts and form our own rules from these. A professor usually assigns from five to ten cases for a lesson. We “brief” these (summarize them) and take notes when the prof discusses them in class. Most of the cases are interesting. The rules of law are difficult but I am really beginning to enjoy the study of law.

Did you receive the views of New Haven and Yale I sent?

Sunday I went to Sunday School and church at the Calvary Baptist Church. It is a beautiful building on the interior; both services are conducted differently from churches in the South. The latter is more formal. They have no B.Y.P.U.’s but do have some young people’s organizations. These did not meet Sunday night so I do not know what they are like.

This afternoon I started taking some exercises at the gym. The tennis courts are at the Yale Bowl which is a mile and a half out so I will not have time to play until next spring, and am taking the exercises to keep in trim physically. The college gives a complete medical examination to each student each year and I took mine last week. The doctor pronounced me okeh except for defective vision in left eye. I wear glasses for that but could train myself to do without them as the defect is only slight.

You and your suitemates are entirely justified in your strange and humorous appellations and antics. One in college needs some diversions. And it means a lot to have congenial associates. I do not find the fellows up here as congenial as Southerners. Perhaps I will, though, when I get better acquainted with some of them.

By all means go on the retreat. I intend to hike around New Haven and explore it when I have an opportunity.

The law students had a “smoker” Saturday night. I met a good many of the professors and students. There are about 300 in the law school, 120 of whom are freshmen.

Be as sentimental as you like. For I know you well enough to know you are sincere and that means everything in correspondence, n’est-ce pas?

If I could tell you how much I love you I would be a genius.

Yours devotedly,
Aubrey

New Haven, Connecticut
October 6, 1929

Dear Sweetest Girl,

I hope you have had as interesting and enjoyable a Sunday as I have.

When my faithful alarm clock disturbed by slumber, it was slightly later than I get up on school days, but I had time to study my S.S. lesson and get to my class on time. After church I went to the home of a Mr. Monk, a man I met in Albertville this spring while he was visiting his sister who lives there, and had lunch with him. This afternoon we went to ride and I saw New Haven for the first time. From the top of West Rock (a picture of which is in the folder I sent you) one can get a good birdseye view of the city. We passed by the apartment occupied by John Coolidge and his bride. It was an ideal afternoon for a ride. They brought me home and after dinner and a perusal of

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

the N.Y. Herald Tribune, I am writing to you—which is the end of a perfect day. I am using my Sundays for worship, rest and reading and it is working so well that I think I can keep my resolution not to study on Sunday.

My copy of “Borden of Yale” is loaned out to Dr. Holmes. As soon as he returns it, I will send it to you. You will enjoy reading it.

Yesterday afternoon I saw Yale swamp Vermont 89-0 in the gigantic Yale Bowl. The whole athletic field covers many acres; there are 27 tennis courts, clay courts, always kept in perfect condition, a baseball stadium, a soccer field, and several other buildings.

The Camerata club is lucky to have a president like you. I hope all your plans work out. I might be able to help you get clippings for your bulletin board if you will tell me what to look for. The Yale School of Music (why not come here instead of Oberlin?) is sponsoring a series of concerts beginning with Josef Hoffman, pianist, (I think that is his name) and I may attend.

I wish you would send me your schedule. I would like to know what you do each hour of the day. I know it is filled more than mine, since you are a senior and I a freshman, and I fear, too full.

You won't have to be homesick for both of us; I am not going to get homesick. I am beginning to feel at home up here, am looking forward to a pleasant summer in Alabama which will soon be here at the rate weeks are passing—so I don't think about getting homesick.

Devotedly,
Aubrey

New Haven, Connecticut
October 10, 1929

My Inspiration,

Your letter was joyfully received this afternoon. It is one of the sweetest you have ever written and I wouldn't take a million dollars for it.

I have been briefing some cases in torts. Some of them were amusing. One sentence in one of them was: “The common law regarded the husband and wife as one person and the husband was that person”.

By an odd coincidence, I too have been suffering from a cold. It was one of the worst ones I have ever had and Monday and Tuesday I suffered terribly with it. I hope yours is as much better as mine; it is practically well today.

I like your Y.W. motto. The majority of people live in a small sphere and a selfish one because they do not emphasize spiritual growth in their lives. To live the Life Beautiful is my ideal as a Christian too. And consecration is the first characteristic of the Life Beautiful I believe. In this respect, as well as in many others, you are far above the average American girl.

I am glad you went on the Y.W. retreat. You must find time for some other hikes and outings all along the year. I am busy too but I realize to neglect a reasonable “indulgence” in such things is really a loss. I have a tennis engagement Saturday afternoon with a collegemate, a friend from Baltimore, I expect to see most of the football games and hope to go ice skating and engage in some other Northern sports in a few weeks.

I mailed you a package today. I should have enclosed a card reading: “Don't forget to put the pipe in. Because of the clumsiness of the animal the pipe was taken out and will be found in the box wrapped separately”.

I reported for gym this afternoon after an absence of two days so consequently I am more fatigued than usual tonight. It is bed time, so good night, dear.

Your Sweetheart,
Aubrey
P.S. I dreamed of you last night. C.A.H.

New Haven, Connecticut
October 13, 1929

Dearest,

Your letter yesterday was most welcome. I had a touch of homesickness, but not after your letter came.

I have been playing Louis' victrola. Have you heard “Was It a Dream?” It is a beautiful song and I played it several times, thinking all the while of several memorable dates with you (all of them are but several especially) and how happy they made me, and how happy I am now because of them, and because of our love.

This afternoon I wrote to Allen. He owes me a letter already so he ought to write me a long one.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

It is too bad about the Georgia game. I'll never predict the outcome of another. After seeing Yale trounce Vermont 89-0 I thought we were invincible.

Yesterday afternoon a trio of freshman law students, I among them went out to one of the city parks and played tennis on one of the clay courts. I enjoyed the games but the courts are so far out that we can't go out often.

Today was rally day at Calvary Baptist for the Sunday School. Mr. Camp, the pastor, preached a typically excellent sermon and I enjoyed it.

Several nights ago I noticed a puzzle in a New Haven newspaper and had some fun working it out. I am inclosing a copy of it; try it sometimes.

Did I tell you about the new law building? It is just being started now. When finished it will be the finest in the United States. It will cover an entire block; the dormitory, library, classrooms and professors' offices being in the one building. It is to be architecturally similar to the Harkness Quadrangle, the most beautiful building at Yale. It will take two years at least to build it. Our class will probably be the first to graduate in it.

A letter from home says we have a new Chevrolet. I wish Dad had bought it two months ago.

Yours forever,

Aubrey

P.S. Give your suitemates my regards. C.A.H.

New Haven, Connecticut

October 18, 1929

My Love,

I have hardly had a breathing spell this week. Some long assignments kept my time pretty well filled up. Work doesn't bother me but there are going to be few times when it interferes with my letters to my Sweetheart, as it did this week.

The newspaper clippings concerning the game were read with interest. Georgia is entirely justified in feeling proud of the victory and making much ado over it. Our team was overconfident, I fear. (One Yale student lost \$3,000 betting on the game). But I know too much about these Southern teams to consider them as light opponents.

Did you get the package?

I am sure you will enjoy teaching the Sunday School class. The girls are fortunate. Thus far I have not taken an active part in any organization of Calvary Baptist Church, and I don't expect I will, for a while at least, until I get my subjects well in hand.

For one has the same feeling in beginning the study of law as on entering a maze. The second and third year men encourage us by saying that by about the beginning of the second term we will begin to understand "what it's all about".

Tell Hughie that I appreciated her note; that I consider her entirely worthy of being your sophomore sister and that she shows extremely good judgment in describing you as a "wonderful girl".

You give me an undeserved high honor when you say that I meet your qualifications for an ideal man. If I were describing you, my ideal girl, the qualifications would be very similar, and the honor for you would be deserved. (Sometimes, perhaps Sunday, I am going to make my list of qualifications though it will differ very slightly, if any from yours).

I wish you were here and we could go on a hike to the East Rock tomorrow, and see the Yale-Brown game. But if wishes were...etc.

I think of you often and love you with all my heart.

Good night,

Your Aubrey

New Haven, Connecticut

October 20, 1929

Sweetheart mine,

It has been a glorious day—ideal fall weather. I had planned to stroll around the campus and see the museums but a cold caused me to change my mind and decide to stay in.

Today was Yale Sunday at the Calvary Baptist Church. The pastor preached this morning on "Christ's Idea of Success", using the parable of the talents. He said that the five and two talent servants were successful because Christ said to them "Well done," and that Christ's requirements of his servants were goodness and faithfulness.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

Tonight, Dr. William Lyon Phelps, Yale professor and foremost authority on English, who is honorary pastor of the church, preached on "The Courage of Ignorance". I wish you could have been here to hear it; it was wonderful; I could have listened all night.

Your letter came yesterday. I am glad you liked the bulldog.

Your solution of the puzzle was correct. Speaking of crossword puzzles, I tried to work one out this afternoon. If I had had you to help me, it might have been finished.

The Yale-Brown game yesterday was interesting, our team making a comeback to win 14-6.

One of my courses, Legal Bibliography, is a one-month course and the final examination comes sometime this week. I will be glad to become relieved of it because the other three are enough to keep me busy.

Tonight I visited the young peoples' organization at Calvary and heard a talk on "My Religion as a Musician." It is conducted on quite a different plan from our BPYU organization. The latter is superior in many ways. They call it a young peoples organization and of the about fifty people present, not a one was below twenty, and the majority were adults.

It is bed time and I must get up early in the morning to brief some cases in contracts.

You are the girl of my dreams and I love you

Devotedly,
Aubrey

New Haven, Connecticut
October 26, 1929

My dear,

This is the first breathing spell I have had this week. Both of your letters came; I hope you will forgive my delay in answering the first.

On Saturday, I am through at ten and Monday is my lightest day in school, so most of Saturday and Sunday I have some time to use as I please. A case problem given in torts early in the week, which took me eleven hours to solve, was what kept me so busy.

Today is the day of the big game. Some 80,000 people will see the Army contest. Secretary of War Good will be among them. The cadets are to have a parade this morning.

It is a sight to see these street urchins selling game novelties. Balloons, feathers with "Y's" and "A's", miniature bulldogs, pennants,--a hundred different kinds. And it seems like there are more boys to sell them than football enthusiasts to buy.

I am now working as a waiter at the Betsy Ross Tea Room, a fancy eating place two blocks away. For working two hours a day, an hour each at lunch and dinner, I get my meals. It does not seriously interfere with my work and it means quite a saving.

I don't find on your schedule any recreation or exercise. It is about the fullest you have had, isn't it? I know you are conscientious about everything but don't neglect a proper amount of rest, recreation and exercise.

The exercises that I take at the gym keep me in fine physical trim. I enjoy taking them, though some of them are pretty hard.

I would tune in on the Atwater-Kent hour tomorrow night if I had a radio handy. A number of the boys at the dormitory have radios, and quite a few victrolas, though none of us here have a radio; among us there is one victrola.

The exam which I thought was to be yesterday does not come until Monday. It will be an hour and a half exam; the term exams are four hours.

Quite a few of the fellows have their sweethearts here for the game. Gee, wouldn't it be great if my sweetheart were here!

All my love,
Aubrey

New Haven, Connecticut
October 31, 1929

My Love,

It is an awfully dreary afternoon. It is drizzling rain and has been doing so all day. It is cold too so you can imagine how it feels on the outside.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

The exam Monday was not as hard as I had expected. It consisted of a hundred true-false questions and about twenty five completion ones.

I said that the course is over, but it is not. The class does not meet any more but I have a case to argue in the Yale Moot Court on December 3. My opponent and I will both have thirty minutes to argue before the chief justice and associate justices, who will decide on the winner. I have the facts of an interesting case and have to look up the law on my side of it and try to convince the court that I am right. It will be my first case.

Beware of the hobgoblins tonight. A year ago today I was busy on the Etowah B.Y.P.U. Association Hallowe'en Carnival; it doesn't seem a month ago.

I might have told you that I might work in the New York Post Office during the holidays. It is rather hard to get a job in the office here, and if I do not get one here I will work in New York. I will have an opportunity to see New York, at night.

The next time you write Allen tell him, or remind him of the fact that he owes me a letter.

Are you planning to spend the night with Mildred in Attalla when you go home for the holidays? Do. I know it is six weeks yet, but put it in your plans.

I miss my trips to Rome greatly. I must make up for them next summer.

The more I compare you with these Yankee girls, the more I decide how fortunate I am.

I love you with all my heart.

Your Sweetheart,
Aubrey

New Haven, Connecticut
November 4, 1929

Dear Little Girl,

Your letter came this morning. I missed your letters last week but know you had a good reason.

I am so sorry about your finger. If I were there I would apply some tulip medicine which might help some.

Gee, I would like to have been present at the hallowe'en social. They don't believe in keeping you busy much, do they? I don't blame them for calling on you but they might be more considerate in the amount they call on you to do.

The celebration of hallowe'en here was mild. I saw no evidence of mischief.

The football game Saturday was one of the best I have ever seen. Dartmouth had the leading team in the East until we defeated them Saturday 16-12. They were ahead 12-10 until four minutes before the game ended when one of our men intercepted a pass and ran 80 yards for a touchdown. The Yale Bowl was full, almost to capacity.

As the street cars bringing the football enthusiasts from the Bowl came down George Street, children (mostly those of foreigners) line the street and yell "scramble" as the cars pass by. Many of the passengers throw out pennies and sometimes nickels to them and a genuine scramble results.

I am beginning to prepare my brief for my moot court case which comes a month from tomorrow. There is an abundance of material which I am going to read, and then select the best for my brief. The case is one in criminal law and the parallel cases are interesting.

Josef Hoffman is to give a concert here a week from tomorrow night. Would you advise me to go?

I too get lonesome when I see the sweethearts on parade and I can't join in the fun because my Sweetheart is so far away. But our time will come some day. And at the rate time is slipping by, it won't be so long.

I had a long letter from H.S. today. At the end he said he had to stop to court his wife. They sent their love and best wishes to both of us.

And a long letter from home too. Mother is some cook: at a community fair at home she entered eight exhibits and won seven first prizes.

It is bed time and if I am to meet Procedure at 8:10 in the morning I had better retire. Goodnight.

Yours forever,
Aubrey

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

Rome, Georgia
November 7, 1929

Beloved,

It takes me an age to decide how I want to begin a letter to you. When I am writing Rome, Georgia over in the right hand corner there are hundreds of salutations tumbling around in my brain, but when it comes to actually writing one down I just can't decide on the one I want. When I open your letters and read "My dear", or "My love", or "Dear little girl", or anything you say—well my heart just nearly bursts because even the smallest word means so much and makes you so near to me. My trouble is that I want anything I say to mean as much to you and I have the terrible temptation to write lines and lines in the salutation. I believe I shall make a list and go down the line using a different one every time I write—what do you say?

I really do have a list of things to write to you about. I thought of them during social science class this morning—so you see where my thoughts are during lectures—terrible isn't it?

One of the things on my list is to talk with you about something Miss Mell lectured to us about in Social Science. We have had a survey of the Family—using the history of family life, marriage relations, the importance of the family and other things. We spent quite a while on marriage and divorce. We studied some of the causes for divorce and some of the reasons for peace between the husband and wife. Of course I don't think we would ever want a divorce (they are too expensive!), but there was something she said about achieving happiness that was so fine I just have to tell you. You know lots of folks get married in a hurry because they think they love, but all they have in common is a physical attraction and they do not have ideals, interests and other things like that in common. Since the physical attraction is not stable without the rest of life in harmony there is soon "war in the camp". I believe that you and I already have an understanding that will hold us fast because we do have ideals alike and we do dream together, so I know we can remain happy. But I also believe with Miss Mell that happiness is not a gift that is handed around to a select few and that it is something that we have to strive for. The man and woman have to work together for it and I want us to do that. This seems rather foolish to be saying to you when I know that nothing could make me happier than to just be near you. And when I think of being with you constantly—happiness isn't big enough to describe how I feel about that. But even if we feel that nothing can daunt us and that happiness is already ours, we must still strive for it more than ever—we must understand each other more all of the time—and—I say this with all love for you—we must truly be one.

This week has been one round of Council Meetings. We have been informed that over half the girls smoke in Rome (riding, or in the Drug Stores), so we are having to call the girls we suspect before Council to ask them. Seven have admitted it, but we haven't begun to get at the bottom yet. I believe Grace and I are the only ones (No I can't say that because there are Jean, Hughie, and several others) who disapprove of smoking. Even our Student Body President does at home (New York). Something will have to be done about it for it must stop. We can't decide what to do with them yet. I will tell you how it all turns out. Of course they can't be suspended with so many. I wrote to Mother about it all and I am afraid she will be disgusted. I told her not to worry about her darling daughter for I have certain definite views on the subject. There are more reasons than one why I don't like it. I believe if a girl smokes she loses her femininity and also that something that makes men stand when she enters the room and remove their hats in her presence. There are more reasons than that for me. If I am going to be a girl I want to be one sure enough—and I have to be as much a sure enough girl as possible to be your girl too. And I am not forgetting that you wouldn't like to see me with a cigarette between my lips. Anyway, are not my lips yours—and would you love me if I didn't keep them sweet and—all for you? If every girl at Shorter had a Sweetheart like mine no one would do the things a lot of them do. But that remedy is impossible since there are not any more in the world like you—you know precious things like diamonds and my Sweetheart are rare.

You said you didn't like those Yankee girls—How do you know that you don't? How have you learned so much about them? Come across now—tell the truth—Have you been smoking? (I didn't mean that—we have to ask the girls who are brought up before Council—that.) Have you been flirting, though?

There were other things I had to say—Do hear Hoffman if you can. I hope you win the case in December—work hard on it. My fingers are better thanks; they might have healed sooner if---! I have to play the hymns and everything in Vespers Sunday evening on the organ---(Some paragraph).

Dear, I have written my heart to you tonight. But you know it is yours already. Put it inside near your heart and keep it safe for me. And love me as hard as you can—Because I am yours always,

Florence

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

New Haven, Connecticut
November 11, 1929

Sweetheart mine,

Your letter came this morning. Every time I get one I congratulate myself again on having such a wonderful sweetheart.

Your interpretation of our love as being based on ideals, interests and other things in common interests me greatly; I agree with you, and also that happiness must be achieved. We must work together to that end, and we will, n'est-ce pas?

The majority of divorces are because of incompatibility due to lack of understanding and, in many cases, lack of love.

While it is surprising that so many of the girls at Shorter are suspected of smoking I think the council is wise in enforcing the restrictions. Your views are exactly in accord with mine. I have discussed it with a number of boys up here, most of whom smoke, and none of them think that a girl who does it is respectable.

This afternoon I am going to indulge (as Aunt Lizzie would say) in a movie. "Disraeli" is said to be one of the best pictures of the year. Tomorrow night I am going to hear Hoffman and Friday night, the combined Yale and Princeton Glee Clubs.

I had a long letter from Allen last week. We are going to play another game of chess.

Yesterday morning I heard Dr. William Lyon Phelps preach a remarkable sermon, during which he said that the music of Beethoven is the most beautiful in the world. Is he correct?

I am now a member of Calvary Baptist. I went before the membership committee last Wednesday night and was voted in. All prospective members go before the membership committee.

Several years ago, a group of men in Australia sent a man to the U.S. to study its prohibition law. He made an eighteen month's study, and travelled all over the country. Last night at Calvary Gifford Gordon gave the results of his study in a stirring address, "Hold Fast, America," the best I have ever heard on prohibition. I have ordered a copy of his book which I will send to you if you would like to read it.

Did you go through the Smithsonian Institute when you were in Washington. The Peabody Museum of Natural History here which I visited yesterday afternoon reminds me very much of it.

Give your suitemates my regards.

Your,
Aubrey

Article from the Yale News, Vol. LIII, No. 44, November 14, 1929:

WOMEN SHOULD EMERGE FROM LIFE OF THE HOME

N. Y. U. Debaters Prove That Such
Freedom Is Not to Be Deplored
In Our Modern Civilization

HOUSE VOTES FOR NEGATIVE

Favors Emancipation of Women By
Show of Hands—Many Speeches
Given from the Audience

It was formally resolved that the emergence of women from the home is not a deplorable feature of our modern civilization in a debate held in the parliamentary manner in Lampson Lyceum last night. A crowd of 250, the largest to attend a forensic struggle in years, filed in a seated themselves on either side of the hall as their views dictated. By the time the debate was scheduled to start, it was plain to see that the negative cohorts were present in full strength, while the affirmative backers had not arrived in such great numbers. The Yale team, composed of J. A. Ripley, 1930, and R. M. Bissell, 1932, took the affirmative, while the New York University team of A. Isler, and De Will C. Baker, chose the negative, and the stage was thus set for the battle.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

Ripley, the first speaker for the affirmative, opened the debate by stating that woman's work was of a far different and superior order than that of emerging, so to speak, into the world and leaving her family and home duties behind; her place is in the home. Taking an entirely different viewpoint of the question, Mr. Isler, the negative's first speaker, divided the women in public life into two types, those who work by necessity, and those who are economically independent. Enlarging upon each of these classes, he showed, that each was economically, socially, and morally beneficial to the nation in that they raised the standard of living, and the standard of self-betterment, and the standard of morals.

To rebut the negative, Bissell, defined the question at issue by stating that to completely emerge from the home, a woman must leave all her home interests behind, and devote herself to some other field of endeavor. Besides, all the things the negative speaker had listed as being woman's activities after she had emerged from the home could be quite easily done in the home. To continue along his line of argument, Bissel contended that a woman's task in the home is one that nobody can be hired to do, and if she fails to live up to her duties, the next generation will suffer, as the best in this generation are bound to emerge from the home and leave the work of child-bearing to those less fitted to do it. In concluding the argument, De Will Baker stated that woman's emergence had been a gradual thing and not a sudden one, that woman has shown man that she is his equal as she was created, and concluded by enumerating some of the women who were representative of the spirit of progress and of the times, and showed wherein they had benefited civilization in so doing.

At this juncture, the debate was thrown open to the house for discussion, which, according to the parliamentary system, calls for speeches from the floor on either side of the question. The first talks were given by members of the two teams, but a woman in the audience finally volunteered to come forward and voice her opinions on the subject. Her address favored the negative, as did the great majority of the speeches, and took up the question of what woman was to do with her spare time and how to employ it most profitably. The recent freedom of woman should do much to banish misery from the poorer classes, and should leave her free to take care of the home and do her bit for the progress of civilization. Following this speech, there were many others, but very few had any direct bearing on the question as argued by the debaters. However some of these threw many different lights upon the subject as did that of A. M. Klufeld who stressed the point that daughters were more than likely to emulate their mothers in their desire to be free, and consequently start in much earlier in life, and soon lose the desire for marriage, except as a means whereby they may get more money than they are already earning.

When Chairman J. I. B. McCulloch, 1930, proposed that a ballot be taken and then all who had changed their minds regarding the merits of the question change sides of the house, many of the more discreet left in hasty retreat rather than to reveal themselves a traitor to their adopted cause. A final show of hands awarded the debate to N. Y. U. by a vote of 90-78, with many present not voting.

New Haven, Connecticut November 17, 1929

Dear Inspiration,

I am angry with the postman. He failed to deliver the mail yesterday afternoon and I am sure, if he had, I would have had a letter from the Sweetest Girl in the World.

I wonder if you are listening in on the Atwater-Kent hour, as I am. It has just begun. Last week the gang here organized and procured a radio, a new Atwater-Kent. All of them spent the weekend out of town so I have had it all to myself today, and listened in all the afternoon while reading and writing letters.

Woolsey Hall was packed at the Hofmann concert Tuesday night, and I, having neglected to get a ticket, had to buy standing space. I enjoyed the program immensely.

I love classical music much more than I used to. And I believe it is mainly because, through hearing you play, I have grown to appreciate it more.

Did you get the copy of the Yale News I sent you telling of the program? I am sending you another copy describing a debate I heard Wednesday on the subject: Resolved, that the emergence of women from the home is a deplorable feature of our modern civilization, between Yale and N.Y.U. Yale upheld the affirmative and lost. All the women present, I think, voted for the negative. The debate was on the English or parliamentary plan and decided by a vote of the audience.

Yesterday we had a holiday. The days of the Princeton and Harvard games are always holidays, but all classes missed have to be made up.

A great many of the fellows had their best girls up for the game and the weekend. Gee, how I envy them. I miss those trips to Rome, and it is a big temptation to make one even from here. I get lonesome every now and then, and a

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

billet doux comes to cheer me up. But these fellows have nothing on me—they may get to see their sweethearts more often but none of them has a finer one than mine. And she loves me!

Just two weeks from Tuesday and my moot court trial will be over. It will be a relief to get my brief, which I have been working on for a month, finished.

Remember me to Miss Ramsey.

Yours always,
Aubrey

Rome, Georgia
November 17, 1929

My dear,

Does it seem to you that letters never will come? It seems to me that I spend all of my time, except about one day a week – waiting for a letter from you. I guess you must be terribly busy all of the time because it seems ages between the days your letters come. I am not proving such a good correspondent lately, am I? It just seems that I never get to writing letters. There are so many things I would love to be doing, but as usual other things interfere that have to be done.

Mid-semester exams are over now so I shall settle down to another six weeks of classes without studying then a week of misery because I will have to cram. That is much easier though because I have to practice all along since my muscles must develop and if I do that I don't have time to study. I have decided that I must begin to practice organ more, so I am going to get up and do it an hour before breakfast. No one hates to do that more than I do, but I have decided that I must do it if I am to give an organ recital.

Another "Sunshine" Magazette came last week and it came—as always before—on a dreary, rainy day when I needed it most. It has rained continually for weeks it seems to me and I have wanted the sun to shine so much. I hate to admit that weather affects my state of mind, but I am afraid I can't be very cheerful after weeks of rain. Your Sunshine always helps me wonderfully. All my friends read it when it comes and enjoy it. Did you know that I sent Hughie a number of them after her operation this summer and Jean said they made life possible for her (Hughie), and for Mrs. Cleckler, who stayed here in Rome—at the hospital—with her. Thank you so much for sending them to me!

Do you remember that I told you about my plan to go to Oberlin next year and study with Mrs. Bennett, who was Miss Ramsey's teacher when she was there? Well, Miss Ramsey had a letter from her the other day and she has been granted a leave of absence for next year and is going to Germany to study and she wants Miss Ramsey to go with her. Of course I am disappointed because I cannot study with her, but Miss Ramsey said I might be able to take from Mr. Shaw, who is the head of the department. Miss Ramsey is going to ask for a leave of absence for next year, but I don't know if Dr. Furry will grant it. If she does go, it will nearly kill Jean because next year is her Senior year. But it will be a marvelous opportunity for Miss Ramsey. She promised me that when she got rich she would take me to Germany with her to study. You can never tell—I may decide on a musical career as my life work yet.

I wonder if you heard Hoffman and enjoyed him. You are dear because I am not so sure that you really enjoy hearing all those things, but you may go because you want to learn to appreciate them for my sake. I dare to say that because I have studied music and I know you can not enjoy it to the fullest extent with out study. I do not mean the study of notes, time and all that but the history of music and the fundamental structure of the compositions.

I am afraid I will be a very dumb sort of friend for you after you leave Yale because you will know so much about law you will think I am very ignorant. But I will willingly pour over any books you might suggest in order not to be at a total loss as to what to talk about when with you. I really do want to read the book on prohibition when you get it. You know I am interested in Social Science—and whiskey is one of the causes of poverty and crime in the world. I am also interested in international questions and if that is one I want all the information I can get on it because I have to make a talk on some international question at the International Relations Club in December.

I like your new stationery very much. I really am going to get some pretty Shorter stationery to use when I write to you—some day.

I am trying to learn how to "Life Save", but I nearly drowned Grace last night when I tried to "cross-chest" carry her across the pool. When I learn how I will save your life—what do you say? All love to you, dear,

Florence

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

New Haven, Connecticut
November 21, 1929

Dearest,

I was quite relieved on getting your letter Tuesday afternoon to find that you had not been sick. And that you had not quit me (!).

When I woke up this morning, it was snowing. But it didn't last but two or three hours and the ground was damp so it all melted.

While you are disappointed that you will not get to study from Miss Ramsey's teacher at Oberlin, perhaps there are others as good. Certainly in a music school of Oberlin's quality.

I had a letter from Mildred this morning containing about twenty-five clippings about the football teams of Albertville, Etowah and Howard. All three play their rivals this week.

I am going to hear Roland Hayes, brilliant Negro tenor, tonight. His concert is the second in the series of the Yale Music Club.

Since most of our themes, papers and briefs have to be typewritten, I have purchased a typewriter, a Yale "Y" Corona. The Yale Coronas are made especially for Yale students.

I am now a member of the Yale Masonic Club. Last night I visited one of the largest lodges in the city with the president. The oldest Masonic lodge in the United States is located here and I am going to visit it soon.

We continue to enjoy our radio. Night before last, one of the fellows having received a chocolate cake, we had a midnight feast (I think that is what they are called, although it wasn't midnight); the landlady made us some tea and we thoroughly enjoyed our repast and tea. Did you listen in on the Atwater Kent program Sunday night.

We have another holiday Saturday. The student body is going to Cambridge almost en masse, I think, but I am remaining here and am going to hear the Howard-Southern game.

It is time to go to the Betsy Ross, so I must close my billet doux.

I love you

Devotedly,
Aubrey

New Haven, Connecticut
November 25, 1929

My dear,

Do you ever feel that, when work gets piled up, everything seems to come at one time? That is just the way I feel today.

I wish you could have seen my mail today—21 pieces in all. Last week, a B.Y.P.U. training school was held in Attalla and some of my former study course pupils gave me a card shower. Some of them were sent by "my" juniors, of the Attalla Department. It was nice of them to think of me, wasn't it? I appreciate every one of them very much.

But the mail wasn't complete—it didn't contain a letter from my Sweetheart.

Last week I heard Roland Hayes, famous Negro tenor. It was his fifth appearance in New Haven to packed houses and after hearing him, I could understand why. I have never heard a more beautiful song than "The Angels Dear" which he sang. As an encore to the Negro spirituals, he sang "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot".

A letter from Mildred today informs me that Etowah was defeated 40-0 by Gadsden last week. I guess you noticed that Howard won again over Southern. I was sorry, though; Southern has not won now in nearly two years and it is getting too one-sided.

It has been pretty cold for the past week and one morning we had a touch of snow, but it didn't last long.

Are you going to have a Thanksgiving holiday too? My celebration, if it can be so called, will be working on the brief of my case which comes the following Tuesday. I am now putting the finishing touches on it but will have to type it Thursday.

I would hate to count the fellows I heard grumbling today about the money they lost on the Yale-Harvard game. What fun they get out of betting, even winning, I cannot see.

It is bed time.

With this letter goes a reassurance of my love and devotion.

Your
Aubrey

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

Telegram, December 3, 1929 [they call this a 'night letter']

Miss Florence Conner

Shorter College Rome GA

Just finished my case this afternoon have been working hard on it for a week which accounts for my not having written hope you had a happy Thanksgiving your letter was an inspiration I am indeed thankful for having such a wonderful sweetheart as you I love you devotedly

Aubrey

New Haven, Connecticut

December 6, 1929

Dear Little Girl,

Please forgive me. If it ever happens again I won't blame you for thinking that I am a careless correspondent. But for the past week, I have been busier than I have been since I have been in New Haven. Today is the first breathing spell I have had in three weeks. I decided to celebrate it by taking in a movie in the afternoon and writing my Sweetheart and a few others in the evening. So I saw "Sunny Side Up". I guess you have heard "If I Had a Talking Picture of You" (I wish I did) and "I'm a Dreamer—Aren't We All", over the radio. They are feature songs, as is also "Keep Your Sunny Side Up"; from Sunny Side Up. It is now showing its third week in New Haven; see it if it comes to Rome.

Did you get my night letter?

I think I won my case, but won't know until the decisions of the associate justices are all in. Two days before, my opponent and I exchanged briefs. I spent 100 hours gathering material for a writing my brief. At the trial, each of us had thirty minutes of oral argument. Either the chief justice (a senior) or the six associate justices (fellow students) were permitted to interrupt us to ask questions. The chief justice used the opportunity rather frequently. I enjoyed the argument; it was just like a debate—he had the affirmative and I the negative. The case was an interesting one and I will send my brief to you to read if you would like to read it.

The chief justice commended my brief and said I made "a high grade" on it. The grades will not be announced until after Christmas.

I am glad you enjoyed the nuts and hope they reached you in time for Thanksgiving. I spent the day laboring on my brief, but had a turkey dinner at one of the best restaurants in town.

Monday we had our first real snow. After snowing incessantly and hard for two hours it was six inches deep. I got a big kick out of it but to these Easterners it is as commonplace as rain. Most of it is still on the ground. But the city and individuals have facilities for quick removal of it from the sidewalks and the main streets. (Some of them didn't do a good job for I have been unlucky twice already in slipping down.) Galoshes have to be used or one's feet would soon be wet. Children and sleds are in evidence after school hours, and this afternoon a snowball battle among some 100 or more students on the campus resulted in several dozen broken dormitory window panes. (Some of the students in the upper floors threw hot water down on the battlers and to retaliate, the latter threw snowballs at their windows until one was broken, the student in whose room the pane is broken having to pay for it.) It is not as cold as you would imagine, now, though several nights ago it was several below.

Yesterday I received a delicious box of candy from home. And today another came, from an aunt in Birmingham. And I have a supply for the whole house for a week.

By the way, are you in training this year?

Went on a hike with two fellow students Sunday afternoon, to a stretch of woods five miles out of town. We had steak, a gallon of cider, cookies, apples, buns and butter, and cooked our steak boy scout style and enjoyed a feast de luxe. Next summer, we must take a hike like that. What do you say?

My love for you is as immeasurable as space, and as great but unlike it, full. You are my daily inspiration and I love you with all my heart, and will love you

Always,
Aubrey

Rome, Georgia

December 8, 1929

Aubrey, dear,

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

I received the night letter you sent and I guess I ought to be satisfied without another letter for several weeks because that one was as sweet. But I don't believe I want to wait several weeks before I hear from you again. I hope I get one tomorrow because it seems like ages since Wednesday when the night letter came.

Roland Hayes is to sing in Rome the seventeenth of this month and Miss Ramsey said she thought all of the music majors ought to be required to go. I can hardly wait to hear him—I hope he sings the same program he did for you in New Haven.

Our school is out the twentieth and we have to be back on the hill the coming of January first. That will be such a short time to be at home. I will be glad to be back after the holidays, though, for several reasons.

There are always two conflicting feelings in my heart when I think of this year being over. It hurts so to know that I will have to leave Shorter and that it will never be the same again to me, and it nearly breaks my heart to think about leaving the girls here—and my dear Sophomore. But then there is the other feeling of wishing the time would fly because it brings you nearer to me. I do miss you so and it seems so long until I will see you again. I feel so strange when I think of leaving school—it seems as if I were burying my girlhood and that I will be grown after this.

I am sending you a copy of the "Chimes" of which Ida is the Editor. Perhaps you will like to read the stories and other articles if you have time. In the back on the extra leaf is the copy of a Hymn-Prayer written by an English Servant girl that I thought you might like to have.

We are going to have several parties before we go home and also a students recital on which I have to play. I have a talk to make in International Relations Club next Thursday night on "The Americanization of Europe" and am having to study a lot to get enough material for the subject. So you see I have quite a bit to do. I don't see when I will do any Christmas shopping. I just will not have time for it, so I can't send you anything. I will try to send you a card, though.

What day in June does your school close and when will you come home? I do wish you could come by June 3rd so you could be here for my graduating day. I saw you graduate—you remember—I wish you could be here.

Write soon to one who loves you with all of her heart.

Yours alone,
Florence

**New Haven, Connecticut
December 11, 1929**

My dear,

Your letter came this afternoon. As usual on the days your letters come, I have been in high spirits since reading it.

The night letter wasn't half as sweet as I wanted to make it. Do you remember my telling you about the one which had fifty words, but only three different words?

I am sure you will enjoy hearing Hayes. I hope he has the same program; or, anyway, will sing "The Angels Dear". I don't believe I sent you a copy of the words of his songs so I am inclosing one.

I wish I could hear your talk tomorrow night. Might not the Club be induced to broadcast the program?

Your holidays are short this year, are they not? We have from the twentieth until January 7.

I am going to New York Monday and will return to New Haven Christmas eve. My address will be Bristol Hotel, 129 W. 48 St. My schedule at the Grand Central Terminal is from 3:00-11:30 p.m. so I will have the major part of the day to see New York. And I expect to take advantage of the opportunity, although the time of the year is a poor one to see the city.

I can understand how you feel about finishing Shorter. But as graduation draws near, I believe the thrill of commencement, of really starting out in life to apply what you have learned, will overcome the regret at leaving your classmates.

Much to my sorrow, school does not close next June until the middle of the month. I do not like to think that I will have to miss both your recital and your graduation.

I am sure I will enjoy reading "The Chimes". Thank you for sending it.

It is bed time, so I must bid my Sweetheart good night.

Yours with love,
Aubrey

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

Charles Aubrey Hearn
318 George Street
New Haven, Connecticut
December 13, 1929

Miss Florence Conner
Shorter College
Rome, Georgia
Box 683

Dear Miss Conner:

Yours of the 10th received and contents noted.

Your suggestion that we send H. S. and Mary Lou a gift together is an excellent one. You may not like this little book I had picked out for them; I happen to know that H. S. is very fond of it and hasn't a copy. I am sending it to you at Rome to autograph and wrap and mail; hope it reaches you before you leave. If you think it should be augmented add something to it.

(Here ends the business part; please excuse the typewriter for the rest.)

Hurrah for the snow! It snowed three inches of snow in two hours yesterday. And it has been raining all day, so to get anywhere you have to swim, slide and walk at a snail-like pace.

How I envy those men from Gadsden. I know Mr. Herzburg and Mr. Reich well, though they probably don't know me.

Time has passed so quickly this week that I have hardly kept track of it. It can't pass too quickly to suit me.

I will send you my brief when I get it. One of the associate justices is using it to write his opinion.

I hope there will be no delay in the mails between Rome, Andalusia and New York; I will get awfully lonesome down there.

Forever yours,
Aubrey

Hotel Bristol
129-135 West 48th Street
New York, New York
December 17, 1929

Dearest,

Well, here I am in little ole New York. And what a time to see the city when the sidewalks are so thronged with Christmas shoppers that one can hardly move.

Of course, seeing the city is not the main objective in coming but it is one of the main ones.

I hope you reached home safely and found everyone well there. Remember me to them.

I came down yesterday morning, signed a bond and an oath at the city post office, and started to work at the Grand Central Terminal at 3:00 o'clock. My job is slinging mail bags, from the platform down the proper chute. It is not a difficult job as we only have to work when the trucks come in, about two thirds of the time. Three other Yale students and four men from Columbia are working at the same job, on the same schedule.

I have about fifty places on my list to see this week and expect to see most of them. In the morning I am going to the Columbia law school and visit some of the classes.

I received a large fruit cake from Mother and Dad Saturday and brought the rest of it with me. It is one of the best I have ever tasted.

An article about Howard appeared on the front page of the New York Times Saturday. I am sorry the incident at the college happened because these Easterners take advantage of such to criticize the South for being narrow minded, etc. Of course, however, I think Dr. Dawson was wise in firing Dr. Day.

[beginning of article states: "BIRMINGHAM, Ala. Dec. 13—Failure to accept literally the biblical account of Jonah being swallowed by a whale and Noah leading two of each animal species into the Ark has cost Dr. Horace Calvin Day his position as biology instructor at Howard College, a Baptist institution here."]

Did you stop by to see cousin Mary Lou and H. S.? If you didn't do so if you can conveniently on your way back to Shorter.

You must enjoy your holidays fully because you deserve to and you need the rest.

I'll be awfully lonesome if I don't hear often from my Sweetheart.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

I love you.

Adoringly,
Aubrey

Picture post card of New York Stock Exchange:

129 W. 48 St.
New York, New York
December 20, 1929

Dear Florence,

I spent an interesting hour here this morning. Also went up the Statue of Liberty.
Aubrey

**Rome, Georgia
December 19, 1929**

My dear,

You probably think I have forgotten you—shall I say again? Not that I have ever forgotten you at all to forget you again, but because it might seem as if I do not love you any more—what foolishness!

By the way, since you are going to be in New Haven on Christmas, I hope you will save my gift until then to open. Don't forget to tell me what it is, since I haven't seen it!

The Christmas spirit is stronger at Shorter this year than ever before. It is meaning more to me every year and I love the feeling I have. I wish so much that I could be with you just one Christmas—at least. I hope I shall never let the Christmas Season become a time for celebrating as (like) some folks do. It is such a joy to worship in a quiet meaningful way and to give to those I love because I love them.

The book came and I have mailed it to Mary Lou and H. S. I think they will like it because I know I would. I put our names and theirs in it. You must tell me how much you paid for it so I can feel like I am giving it too!

I got a letter from H. S. the other day which he wrote on the Crescent Limited—and he put at the top—enroute for N.Y. I nearly had heart failure and although I didn't believe he was going to New York, I knew that if he was going, by any chance, I would be furious. That is a selfish attitude, isn't it? But I couldn't bear to think that he would see you and I couldn't. I will see you soon though, just about six more months.

Hughie and I went to the picture show this afternoon and saw Disraeli. It is the best picture I have seen in a long time—true I haven't seen many, but I enjoy that type so much.

Tomorrow, we will have classes from eight until one, not having chapel. Thomas is going to come to Rome for me and I will spend the night in Lineville with them. Then we will all go on the Andalusia Saturday. I can hardly wait to see my family.

I hope you enjoy being in New York. Write and tell me how foolish all the folks act on Christmas eve. Tell me also all that you see and everything.

Your sweetheart,
Florence

**Hotel Bristol
New York, New York
December 22, 1929**

My dear Sweetheart,

When you get this, Christmas will be over. I hope that it was a merry, cheery happy one for you.

I was ashamed to send so small a gift, but along with it went all good wishes and my love. If the band does not fit, send it to me and I will exchange it for one of the correct size.

I am glad I do not live in New York. It is a nice place to visit but I would much rather live in Andalusia or Albertville.

The weather has been terrible ever since I arrived but in spite of it and a sprained ankle I received Monday at work, I have seen a little of the City. George Kunkle, a fellow student, and I have been making tours together. One day we succeeded after several requests in gaining admittance to the Stock Exchange, a picture of which I sent you. In action, it bears a close resemblance to a madhouse. A guide explained many things about it to us and gave us a

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

booklet about it. The same day, we took a boat trip to the Statue of Liberty, Bedloe's Island. While climbing up the ten flights of steps into the head of the Statue, the boat left us, we had to wait an hour for the next (during which time we explored the Island) and I was an hour late for work. Yesterday we saw Greenwich Village, and had lots of fun browsing around Chinatown and seeing the shops and stores there. We also walked across Brooklyn Bridge and strolled around Brooklyn. This morning I heard Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick preach on "The Essence of Christmas". The large church on 76th and 5th Avenue was packed. I was disappointed in the sermon, but the music was wonderful.

I had a long letter from H. S. yesterday telling me all about the changes in the organization of the Board. It is a shame that such radical changes are being made when the departments of the Board, especially B.Y.P.U. and Sunday School, are doing such splendid work.

Tell Allen I will have to wait until I get back in New Haven Wednesday to send my chess move. And that I hope his Christmas was indeed a jolly one. Remember me also to the other members of the family.

My love sincere from

Your own

Aubrey

P.S. Please overlook my spelling of chute "shute", in my last letter. CAH

Hotel Bristol
New York, New York
December 23, 1929

Dearest,

Your letter came last night and while I knew you had some good reason for the delay, I was relieved and happy to get it.

It is bitterly cold today and has been snowing since early morning. But I had some fun strolling down Broadway, visiting some of the stores, and eating lunch at a genuine "automat" cafeteria. I also saw the birthplace of Roosevelt at 28 East 20 Street, and spent a couple of hours perusing the bookshelves to the numerous book stores on Broadway around fourteenth street.

I was sure you would enjoy "Disraeli". I have seen several pictures here, the best of which was an adaptation of "Taming of the Shrew". I regret that I am having to miss the operas because of my schedule.

Our work was light yesterday and we amused ourselves by working cross word puzzles. If it is not heavy tonight our work may end tonight and I will go back to New Haven in the morning.

You must get a thorough rest while you are at home for the next five months will be strenuous ones.

I have received a number of Christmas cards the past few days and appreciate them very much. It's the thought of one's friends at Christmastide which means most, isn't it?

It is time to go to work.

I love you with all my heart.

Your sweetheart,

Aubrey

New Haven, Connecticut
December 26, 1929

Dear little girl,

I am sorry about your cold and hope it is well by now. I can certainly sympathize with you as I am recovering now from the worst one I have ever had, contracted from working in the open Monday while it was snowing and sleeting.

After finishing work at 11:30 Tuesday night I caught an 11:45 train and reached here at two o'clock.

It was a most unusual Christmas day for me. Though hardly able to be up, I didn't like the idea of remaining in bed, so got up rather late. My friend and fellow student, George Kunkle, phoned and invited me to join him in a Christmas feast at his room. George and I are rather close friends because we are both Protestants, we both believe in prohibition (it is unusual here to find one who believes in it) and we are both in love. His landlady was out and had turned the house and kitchen over to him. And George being a good cook, we had a genuine feast. We talked about our girls and speculated as to what they and our families were doing. George entertained with this cornet.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

Then early last night I almost had a chill so had to come back to the house, take a lot of medicine and go to bed early.

These book ends are without doubt the most magnificent I have ever seen. Since I believe you said you hadn't seen them I will describe them. They are bronze and statues of knights clad in armor, with shield and spear in hand, on prancing steeds. How did you know I didn't have any book ends?

The knight is symbolic of myself, fighting to win the heart of a fair maiden whose name is Florence.

Santa was more generous to me than I deserved. From home came a box full of small gifts, and a check, and George gave me a subscription to the "Readers' Digest", and H. S. sent a little volume entitled "The Book of Love", which I read in one sitting this afternoon. Every definition given therein confirms my belief that I am in love.

I am sending to Rome a few curios I purchased in Chinatown for you.

I appreciate these Christmas cards very much. There must be fifty of them; a number of them are from former pupils.

I am glad of my New York experience even if it did cost me four days of school, a severe cold, and half of what the post office will pay me for my labor.

Please give the inclosed card to Allen.

The proprietress of the Betsy Ross Tea Room, which is an inn as well as a tea room, renting rooms to students and transients, has left me in charge of the establishment while she is away for a week. I will have very little to do as most of the roomers are away.

Your letter came this morning bring cheer with it as usual.

I'll be loving you

Always,

Aubrey

P.S. I was shocked to hear of Ruth's lover and hope that it was a false report. CAH

New Haven, Connecticut

December 28, 1929

My dear,

Today I have actually felt like myself for the first time since Sunday. I hope I never have another cold like that one.

I think what helped as much as anything to make me feel so much better was that delicious box of fudge and salted pecans I received from you day before yesterday, and the letter the same day. I am sure I have never tasted any better fudge or salted nuts, and George last night said the same. And the letter was as sweet and fine as the candy, 'though of course in a different sense.

The card itself is worth a million dollars and the sentiment is typically sweet and clever of you.

I neglected to say in my last letter that the card in your Christmas gift is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. Your message on the back means everything to me.

This week I have been "lonesome but happy in a sea of memory", and the loneliness has been partly dispelled by thinking over some good times we have had together. The radio is now playing "I'm a Dreamer"; it isn't true because I have found my ideal girl. I love her with all my heart, and the thought that she loves me keeps me singing.

This evening I had dinner with some friends who live in New Haven. Mr. Monk, in whose home I was entertained, has a sister in Albertville and this is the second time I have had dinner with them.

I am now busy making up the three days of school I missed. After that, I have two papers to write.

George and I may go to Boston next week. We want to visit the city some time before school ends, but may wait until spring holidays.

Good night, dear.

Devotedly,

Aubrey

New Haven, Connecticut

December 31, 1929

Sweetest and Dearest,

I am indeed sorry that the watch band did not fit. It and the watch came this afternoon. It will be Thursday before I can exchange the former; I might not be able to get one just like this one.

Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1929

I am happy that you liked the small gifts. And that your Christmas was a happy one. If I could have seen you mine would have been perfect.

I have been briefing cases all day long. Being sick last week put me behind my schedule. For one paper I will have to read parts of 76 volumes which will require at least that many hours. George will have to go to Boston Friday without me, I fear.

"The Periscope" was read with interest, especially the article entitled "What Kind of a Husband Will a Shorter Girl Choose". Shorter girls are to be highly commended on their ideals for their husbands. After some careful thought I have concluded that my ideal wife will have the following qualities, arranged in order of importance: character, intelligence, health, personality, affection, agreeableness, good looks, good manners. And of all the girls I have ever know, my girl comes closest to meeting my ideal for my wife.

I am rather relieved to learn that you do not care for Jake Moates. With such an inducement, he might try to beat my time.

Mr. Moates, Sr. shows excellent judgment. But if he knew as many girls as I do he would extend his praise much further than the bounds of Andalusia.

As I will not have another opportunity this year to tell you I love you, I must say again in words that come from my heart, I love you. You are the sunshine of my life, the source of my inspiration for the future. How bright it looks, and how happy, with you.

During 1930, may we be together more and become even more devoted to each other.

Always your lover,
Aubrey