

# Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

**Attalla, Alabama**  
**February 26, 1927**

Dear Florence,

Happily our return trip was free from mishap and we reached here on schedule times Sunday evening.

It is impossible to express in words the thoroughly enjoyable time we had while in Rome and especially the Shorter College suburb. (Although using the third person, since Allen and I so heartily concur, I really mean the first). For it was truly one of the most delightful trips I have ever made.

Renewing a most pleasant friendship formed some nine months ago was what I enjoyed most as well as meeting Grace, about whom I had heard so much, and your friends Elanor and Lucy and the others.

I was greatly impressed with the elegance of Shorter, not only of its choice students but the surroundings and location as well.

But isn't it too prison-like for the imposed-upon freshmen? It pays to have a relative at Shorter when one visits there; the next time perhaps I'll profit by the experience.

I am sorry we did not get to see Grace participate in those thrilling basketball games. Hope the juniors win tonight.

It is not at all surprising that the Glee Club played so well before such an audience.

I have eleven more weeks of fight against Attalla ignorance, a fight which threatens to be in vain. The only thing which saves schoolteaching from monotony if not disgust is a few really interested pupils. They keep the spark of hope aglow.

Tuesday afternoon I carried our pastor to Albertville to judge an oratorical contest at the school. It was an annual affair between the Lee and Morgan literary societies. Allan and I saw our side lose by the narrow margin of five points.

I greatly enjoyed your piano selections Saturday afternoon; I have a natural inclination and love for music but no talent. Perhaps when you become a second Paderewski I shall have the pleasure again of hearing you play.

Your brother is a jewel. Dear ole' Allen is one of the best pals that ever was. If you arrange to spend your spring holidays in Gadsden (and I hope you do), we'll go up to see him and I'll show you our little city.

Give my best wishes to Grace, Lucy and Elanor.

Yours sincerely,  
Aubrey Hearn

**Shorter College**  
**Rome, Georgia**  
**March 12, 1927**

Dear Aubrey,

You do not know how glad I am that you and Allen reached your respective homes safely. I was so afraid you would slide into a ditch or get drowned in a river so something equally as disastrous.

My correspondence course (letter writing) has been laid aside for the last three or four weeks because of the many activities at Shorter. In the first place the freshmen and sophomores had a fight, with words as well as looks. We certainly do hate the sophomores because they have accused us falsely of most everything bad in the world. It was all about the feasts but that has about "blown over" now, and the next issue will be the basketball games. The freshmen play the sophomores tonight and we have just "got" to beat them.

Saturday night

We have played the basketball games and the freshmen lost by two points. But the juniors won from the seniors who tied the freshmen last Saturday. The sophomores beat the juniors last Saturday by three points. One of the juniors was in the infirmary that night and another was out of town so the old sophomores should not feel so "stuck up" after all. Tonight one of their guards (if you can remember, it was the real fat one-Joe) got three personal fouls and had to get out but they had no one else to put in. Our tall red headed guard said "Oh, let her come on and play". Believe me I was certainly proud of her and I'm so glad she is such a good sport because Joe is really an awful bad sport and I hope it teaches her a lesson. Another incident of the game was that our Captain (the girl that looks so like Harold Lloyd) almost broke her wrist sliding on the floor and the gym teacher told her she should not try to play any more but she said that she was going to play anyway and that no one could stop her. We all knew that she could not even hit a ball (she was jumping center) so we begged her to get out. She finally did stop and immediately we made about six points. She got in again the last two or three minutes of the game and the sophomores made the two points

## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

that won the game for them. The juniors still have an opportunity to win the cup and I hope they do win it since we have no chance at all now.

Tomorrow Dr. Stuart of Emory University is going to speak to us at Vesper Services and afterwards conduct a discussion group for those that wish to talk about religious beliefs. I do not think it does so much good for us to argue about beliefs but they certainly argue here. The Y.W.C.A. president has a great many modernistic ideas and when we ask her what she believes about certain matters she tells us truly what she believes and it worries me a great deal because her ideas are so different from the ones I have been taught. I wrote to the pastor at home and told him all the things they are talking about here and he sent me a book that I think will help me just lots. If you have never discussed beliefs with a modernist you do not know how strange one feels when they argue their points and when you feel how utterly impossible it must be for those things to be true.

I do hope that "Attalla ignorance" is not quite so ignorant since you wrote last. I am sure that with your patient efforts all of your pupils will soon be highly educated.

After much discussing we have decided that I will not go to Gadsden for spring holidays—I am very sorry, and I do appreciate you offering to take me to Albertville.

Sincerely yours,  
Florence

**305 So. 4<sup>th</sup> St.  
Attalla, Alabama  
March 23, 1927**

Dear Florence,

I was indeed sorry to hear that the freshman team lost but the fact that the score was so close would indicate the game might just as easily have turned out the other way.

Your description of the game was so good I could almost see the contest taking place in a mental picture of it.

Last week end, I attended an Older Boy's Conference at Anniston with several delegates from my Hi-Y Club. It was the first meeting of the kind I had attended and I was agreeably surprised at the worth of such a conference. As a problem discussion leader, I gained some valued experience in dealing with boys. The Hi-Y movement is sponsored by the Y.M.C.A.

Now that the basketball season is over, I guess you are enjoying tennis on those beautiful courts I saw from your studio window. I think I shall have to make some special trips to defeat (?) Allen in our favorite pastime.

You have a commendable attitude with regard to the modernist ideas. I too dislike them. Every time I hear one expounded, it makes me want to cling to the old faith still stronger.

I have applied for a place at the Anniston High School for next year. The location, or rather environment, is much more desirable than Attalla.

Whoever said "Life for the student is one exam after another", (I suppose it was some college cynic), almost told the truth. I have just finished reviewing for an extension course exam tomorrow.

I too was sorry you decided against coming to Gadsden for spring holidays, but hope you have an enjoyable time.

Sincerely yours,  
Aubrey

**Shorter College  
Rome, Georgia  
March 31, 1927**

Dear Aubrey,

I can not tell how this letter will sound until I have finished it but I can predict a few things. You can draw your own conclusion before finishing it when you hear of the various things that are distracting my attention. I am trying to play a victrola (a very difficult task) while writing. Then there are several thoughts that keep chasing through my mind that will tend to add a comic quality to the letter.

The man that takes care of our mail has been dictating to me. The postal cards are for some of the girls away on their vacation and his thoughts run something like this:

The coffin cost \$85 and was the very latest style, cut à la mode and one that lone can be buried in without fear, or fail. The price of breakfast bacon like the moon has changed since you left and we hope that your double chin has not trippled

## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

up. Your room-mate lost the hard-boiled egg that was sent to her before Christmas by an old hen. We slipped up on a four-leaf clover and hope that our luck will stick with us. Be careful what you do as we do not wish to have any scandal in the next issue of the Periscope. Please wear your pretty ear-rings for next Sundays dinner as the chicken will taste better if dress up. We are doing nicely, also the dug mood blossoms. Hurry back and help me chew my gum. Most of all the family sends love. Thanks for the ice cream cone.

Truly your Dooly

How is that for an interesting note? Find the connection between the sentences and I will write you a letter without any connection, what-so-ever, to anything. We all enjoy having Mr. Hull (the composer of the above) around because he is so funny and a very nice old man—about sixty years old. He is an Englishman who was very wild in his youth.

There—I have written two whole pages about nothing and I know you are bored stiff. Really, Aubrey, I tremble when I think of the way you might criticize my letters—since you are a school teacher. But I am sure that is all right because if you are as I am you like letters in any shape or form just so they are letters. I adore letters and am the happiest when the mail comes (all college girls are).

Nearly all of the girls are at home but I decided to stay here and not even go to Atlanta. It has rained every day so we have had to stay inside and we are so disappointed because we want to play tennis so bad. The courts have been rolled and lined and look so inviting.

Is Allen sick or harmed in any way? I have not heard from him in weeks and I fear that he has forgotten he has a sister. Please, if you write to him soon, remind him that he still has a sister and that she still loves him and still loves to hear from him. Thank you, if you will do this for me.

It will be nice if you can teach in Anniston instead of Attalla next year. I have forgotten its exact location on the map but I remember that it is on a direct line of the Southern Railroad from Rome. I went through Anniston on my way home Christmas and it took me only a few hours to get there from here. Mamma used to teach in Anniston and she loved the town dearly.

We finished our mid-semester exams the first two days of this week. I know I did not make good grades because I did not study one minute for any of them.

Write to me soon because it is possible that I might get lonesome before the girls come Monday.

Sincerely yours,  
Florence

**305 So. 4<sup>th</sup> St.  
Attalla, Alabama  
April 2, 1927**

Dear Florence,

I indeed enjoyed the amusing composition of the mail man. He has evidently had some literary experience. The matter of the unity of the sentences was clarified, however, when you stated he was an Englishman; also that he was very wild in his youth.

I modestly repudiate the suggestion that there is anything to criticize about your letters, because there is not. They are the most perfectly styled, and interesting I have ever had the pleasure of receiving and you have doubtless noticed I am far from being a master of the delicate art of letter writing; so please forgive the mistakes of an humble schoolteacher.

Yes, your brother is still alive and happy (I hope). I wrote him and duly delivered your message.

We are going to Birmingham Wednesday to attend the A.E.A. (or rather, that's our excuse for going to the city). What we do while there remains to happen.

I imagine you do feel relieved over finishing exams; it wasn't so long ago when I too was taking the "necessary evils". And as to your grades, I would be willing to wager you didn't make a one below A.

It is definitely decided that I will teach in Attalla again next year. Anniston offered me a place—the day after I had signed a contract with my Principal.

My roommate has been reading me some funny definitions of "The Ideal Home" as given in essays on the topic by one of his lasses. One started: "The ideal home should be a perfect home and there is no such a place."

I chaperoned my class on a hike-picnic to the mountains this morning. We hiked about five miles over several mountains before spreading lunch on a huge rock. The kiddies seemed to enjoy the outing; so did their teacher. The day was an ideal one for the jaunt.

## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

Will take care of your brother next week and also see that he writes you.  
Yours sincerely,  
Aubrey

**Shorter College**  
**Rome, Georgia**  
**April 10, 1927**

Dear Aubrey,

By this time you have probably returned from Birmingham. At least you will have to return to get this letter since I will send it to Attalla. Did you enjoy your trip as much as you expected to? I am sure you must have if you saw Joy and the other Hearn together with the rest of that neighborhood. I certainly would love to see Joy because I think she is the cutest girl I know. She must be terribly busy this year since she does not write often. I am almost sure I wrote to her last. I am likewise sure that Mildred wrote to me last and I am terribly sorry that I am so negligent.

I can never express my thanks to you for delivering my message to Allen. The dear boy called me Monday night and I had a nice long talk with him. He says that he will teach at home next year and I am glad that he can be there but that will leave me so far away—shut out in the cold—so to speak. He can never come to see me then and I do want him to come one time when the trees are green and the flowers blooming. You must come and enjoy it for it is really exquisite here in the springtime. Some one said the whole campus was a solid mass of white daisies in May.

Allen teases me every time he can about getting married but I have almost “caught on to” the joke now. He told me Monday night that he was going to Birmingham to get married, so you can imagine the state of nervous prostration I was in. I will leave him to your care, that is if you think you can manage him, and you must not let him marry anyone without my consent.

It is terrible that the pupils of Attalla High School have such vague ideas of an ideal home. They are probably correct though when they say “there is no such place” in reference to a perfect home. I suppose no home can be perfect when the husband and wife quarrel and most husbands and wives do quarrel, do they not? That seems to be quite the thing to do.

We had a wonderful time during the holidays because we could read, sleep and eat at will. We also played tennis and went swimming. I appreciated you writing so soon because I received the letter Sunday night and that was the time I needed diversion most. Hope you are not insulted when I call your letter “diversion”.

That Englishman, Mr. Hull, invited us to his house one evening and we had a wonderful time. We looked at photograph albums, played dominoes, listened to his son sing and had ice cream and cake. Mr. Hull also read some of his poems to us. One I appreciated very much on account of the number of insects we have around here goes like this:

We mortals have to swat the flies  
From dawn of day ‘til dark,  
Because Noah did not swat the two  
That roosted in the Ark

Do you have two months more of school or just three weeks, as Allen does?

Sincerely yours,  
Florence

**Shorter College**  
**Rome, Georgia**  
**April 23, 1927**

Dear Aubrey,

I was pleasantly surprised last Saturday when I received the candy and the Easter greeting. It certainly is nice to be remembered in that way. The candy helped me to live through last week. I had a perfectly terrible time, because I had so much to do that I acted perfectly horrible. Every time I got mad I would eat some candy to try to make me sweet. Poor candy had a hard job of it too. It was the best I have had in ages and I thank you for it.

The Camerata Club, which is composed of music majors, gave their annual Follies last night. We have been working for it about two weeks. I think it was a success because every body was kept laughing the whole time they were there.

## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

The part I was in was the Bottle Chorus. About thirteen girls dressed up as tramps and each had a bottle with enough water in it to correspond with one note on the piano. We had a leader to point to us when she wanted us to blow. As we had all of the notes in the scale we could play various tunes. Talk about hobos—we certainly looked like them if any body ever did. Our face was blackened to look like a beard and our noses and cheeks painted red as some men's noses are red. The music faculty dressed up and gave a stunt, and it was a scream. It was really worth seeing—even if I am a Camarata member, and I think that every body that went enjoyed it. I do not know yet how much money we made, but I hope it was enough to buy a big Victrola for the Conservatory.

Another big event here will be May Day. I have been practicing with them for the dances, that is playing the piano, and believe me that is strenuous work. They have to go over it so much in order to learn it that it is very tiresome. For various reasons they will not have it the first of May as usual but put it off until the eleventh. I hope that it will be a success.

I suppose your school will soon complete its intentions, and you will be free for the summer. At least free from school-teaching. I think Allen's school will stop this week. I know he will be glad for a change of occupation for a time. I do not know what he will do this summer—don't suppose he does either, though.

It is almost time for tea so I must close.

Sincerely yours,

Florence

P.S. The joke of the season is that I have signed up to enter the tennis tournament. I served three games the other day and did not get a single ball in the right court! I will probably loose out in the first game but I do not care very much since if I keep playing I will get points. Those in the tournament have preference of the courts too.

F.R.C.

**305 So. 4<sup>th</sup> St.**

**Attalla, Alabama**

**May 2, 1927**

Dear Florence,

Tonight graduating exercises are being held at home, while I am preparing for the "finale" in my classes, for two weeks from tonight we are to have a similar program.

Allen will be leaving tomorrow, I guess. I am looking for him to pay me a visit while stopping here enroute for Birmingham, where he is to work for the summer, I believe.

I would have greatly enjoyed your Camerata follies after your quaint description of it. Except I disagree with your statement that you looked like hobos; I don't believe you could be made to look like such.

Gadsden has just closed a monster celebration culminating in the dedication of the new Coosa River Bridge. And the Leesburg Bridge was dedicated yesterday, so we won't have to cross the ferry and get stuck in the mud again when we come to Rome.

I hope you fared well in the tennis tournament. I have played little as yet, but expect to get in practice soon, perhaps to enter a tournament at Mentone during B.Y.P.U. Assembly.

I learned yesterday of the sudden death by accident of the brother of Gussie Upchurch, the girl with whom Allen had a date the night they, with you and I, went to the theatre, not quite a year ago. She teaches at Walnut Grove, in Etowah County; Allen still goes with her occasionally, I think. It was certainly a blow to the family.

I am glad you enjoyed the candy and am glad it served the good purpose of keeping you in a pleasant humor when you had so much to do, though I am sure it was not needed for that.

The summer as an insurance salesman---that is to be my lot for three months. And while I may not sell very much, it surely won't be because I haven't tried.

Sincerely yours,

Aubrey

**Mentone, Alabama**

**June 13, 1927**

Dear Florence,

By this time I am sure you have finished making highest grades on exams and are enjoying the thrill of being home again.

## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

I enjoyed that thrill for a brief three weeks. Since June 4 I have been taking a different kind of vacation at Mentone. Last week 750 attended the B.Y.P.U. Assembly. With such men as Dr. John L. Hill and Dr. Carter Helm Jones on program you can imagine what an inspirational assembly it was.

The Sunday School Assembly seems quite small in comparison; only about 250 are attending classes. It is fully as interesting, however, as last week's.

I shall not have the opportunity of trying my "ability" as a "go-getter" as you so flatteringly term me. I am preparing to do B.Y.P.U. and Sunday School field work in Shelby County, beginning next week. Although realizing my incapability for this task, I feel that the experience will be well worth while at least much more so than that acquired as an insurance salesman.

I know you are appreciating the change from exacting study and freedom from responsibilities, to the quiet and rest of home. And I know you are glad too to be with Allen again.

Chester Quarles and I had rather a fortunate time in tennis last week, winning the doubles loving cup for Etowah Association, which we were representing. In the semi-finals, we lost the first set, won the second, and let our opponents gain a 5 game to 1 lead on the deciding set. And 40 love against us on the next game! But luckily we won that and the next five games to win the match.

Do you remember Elizabeth Fenn, who lives next door to Dr. Hearn? She won the girls' singles championship.

Dr. Carter Jones, who I believe is the most fluent speaker I have ever heard, made a great impression on the Assembly Friday night in his masterful sermon on "The Second Mile". It was the consecration service and about 100 volunteered for definite service for Christ.

The Convention keynote for this year is "Living for Jesus". Have you heard the song with that title in the new Baptist Hymnal?

I hope you like my cousin Carl and his wife. I am glad he is working in such a good church as I have heard yours is and among such fine people who live there.

Sincerely,  
Aubrey

**Andalusia, Alabama**  
**June 22, 1927**

Dear Aubrey,

You have certainly started something in this family that I am afraid it will be up to you to finish. You see, Eady said you were responsible for all of the tennis he knew, and he has taught Lewis a great deal about it. I am sure Allen learned all he knows from you, so, first and last, you are responsible for the kind of players they are. Well, what I am "kicking" about is that they are so good now that I do not stand a chance. They ask me to come play a game with them and in five minutes they remark that they are not having such a good time and they wish some body else would come out to play. It does not make me mad exactly, but it is kind of embarrassing to have a kid of thirteen beat me when I am nearly nineteen.

What I am driving at is that if you ever have the opportunity I certainly would appreciate it if you would help me some. I would love to beat all three of those boys just once. Why, they give up in disgust and leave me to play with Walter! I can beat him, although he does get up to thirty or forty sometimes.

I certainly was glad for you that you and your partner won the cup at Mentone. I envy anyone who gets to go to Mentone. I have never had that opportunity, and I know I would enjoy it so much. I am hoping for a trip to Blue Ridge before I finish college, but I do not know whether it will be next summer or not.

You mentioned Dr. Carter Helm Jones, and I agree with you that he is a fine speaker. He is my Grandmother's pastor at the Second Baptist Church in Atlanta. I heard him several times while I was in Atlanta last year, but I attended his brother's church more often. Dr. Ashby Jones is a fine speaker also, but he is more modernistic in his thinking than most Atlanta pastors. He is now pastor of a church in Saint Louis.

I do not think anyone went to Mentone from the B.Y.P.U. here this year, but I hope the girls from the Sunday School Department will bring back their enthusiasm to "Live for Jesus" and instill it into the hearts of the young people here. I am afraid that all the desire most of us have to live for Jesus is lost in the machinery of our organizations, and the machinery at best works with great difficulty. I am sure the trouble lies in the fact that there are not more who have a burning desire to serve their master. You must be happy that you have such a splendid opportunity to work for Him during the summer.

We do like Mr. Hearn (there are so many Mr. Hearn that I was tempted to write just Carl) and his wife. For the past two weeks he was working very hard in order to leave his work in shape to leave it. He is now with his father in

## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

Tuscaloosa helping with a meeting. I think after the meeting that Mrs. Hearn will go on home with her sister for a visit.

You said I ought to be enjoying the quiet of home, but let me remind you that where there are four or five children gathered together there is noise. Daddy threatened to go off to get away from the noise and we all decided to go with him. He then changed his mind and said we could go but he would stay at home with the noise.

Give Mildred my love, and tell her I would love to hear how she is spending her vacation.

Sincerely yours,  
Florence

**Wilton, Alabama**  
**July 1, 1927**

Dear Florence,

I have now begun my official job as Sunday School and B.Y.P.U. field worker for Shelby Association, in a little railroad town two miles from Montevallo. As I have already discovered, I am in for some real experiences in this new work. The two classes I am teaching, the Intermediate B.Y.P.U. Manual and First Division of the Sunday School Manual, are for the first time; I can sympathize with the pupils.

Please let me correct your error in thinking I am responsible for the tennis in your family. Allen taught me how to play and patiently played with me for many months before I was able to offer competition enough to win a game. I am sure that the four of you enjoy playing especially since you have a court of your own.

The resort at Blue Ridge must be a popular one; I have heard so many speak of it. I hope you will have the opportunity to go there before you finish college.

I noticed that your President, Dr. Furry, was on the W.M.U. program last week at Mentone. I had an invitation to remain over as a "pickup" in the dining hall, but was forced to decline in order to make preparations for coming here, at home. Several Howard students are spending the summer there, getting all expenses paid and a small salary in addition, by serving in the dining hall.

Your deduction that most of us lose our desire to live for Jesus in the machinery of our organizations is certainly a true one. And I become more convinced of it as I teach daily the duties of the Group Captain, Treasurer, and other officers in the intricate organization of the B.Y.P.U. I sometimes believe myself that the man who advanced the Eight Point Record System could not make it run right.

It is a pleasure to have this opportunity to serve Him. Work of this kind is badly needed, but I fear sometimes that my inexperience is robbing the people of more intelligent instruction.

I am glad you like my cousin Carl and his wife, whom I have never met. Carl has ability as well as sociability which makes for success in his work, I am sure.

Do you spend much time reading? If so let me recommend Burr's "Russell H. Conwell and His Work", one of the most gripping biographies I have ever read. Allen says he has the book in his library.  
(Note: Russell H. Conwell is the founder of Temple University).

For the next three weeks, I am scheduled to teach B.Y.P.U. study courses. Next week I will be in Helena and the following week in Wilsonville.

I have reproved myself for residing within two miles of Montevallo and not having visited some friends there. I think I shall make the visit tomorrow.

Mildred is again in summer school, enduring, she says, classes four hours a day.

Sincerely,  
Aubrey Hearn

**Siluria, Alabama**  
**July 30, 1927**

Dear Florence,

I am truly sorry that Four Mile Church is not near Montevallo instead of Wilsonville and I missed the pleasure of reading the letter you sent there. Also that my lack of importance (it is sad but true) caused it to be returned.

This is a great life, laborious and exacting but enjoyable nevertheless. Last week at Four Mile, a large country Church, with the assistance of the pastor, five courses were taught and thirty-three awards made; also a B.Y.P.U. Department was organized.

## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

At Calera however I met a reversal of interest. Sick most of the time, I had three classes to keep going and two B.Y.P.U.'s to organize. The after effects of two typhoid vaccination shots, which caused the illness, did not last all the week, and we were able to sum up seventeen awards and two new B.Y.P.U.'s as a result of the week's work.

I appreciate your added good wishes to Allen's invitation and am happily anticipating an acceptance of that invitation in a two day visit, Sunday and Monday, August 14 and 15. Allen has promised to meet me on Saturday night before, at Georgiana. I have not become too high-flown and won't expect a dance. Allen knows that I am unaccustomed to elaborateness and a nice quiet visit will be the one I will love.

I will have some odd experiences to relate when I reach Andalusia. And they are what the new field worker gets plenty of. In addition to many watermelons, a bountiful supply of fried chicken and cake (too much!).

My remaining three week's schedule calls for this week in Siluria, next week at Bethel Church, Columbiana R.F.D., and the last week at Antioch Church, also Columbiana R.F.D.

I will be angry at Uncle Sam's mail service if I am deprived of receiving your next letter on time.

Sincerely yours,  
Aubrey

### **Columbiana, Alabama August 11, 1927**

Dear Florence,

I will be happy when Saturday night arrives. For I too have a preference for talking, to writing. And especially considering the ones with whom I will have the pleasure of talking.

This week we have been trying an experiment. Attempting to reach two churches by concentrating our efforts in a three-day stay at each place. I think it has proved unsuccessful. At least it is unsatisfactory to me. It rushes things too much.

The sufferers the first of the week were the church members at Shelby. From three courses we only made thirteen awards. The town, a picturesque little place, was for almost a century a prosperous community until three years ago the only industry, a pig iron furnace, was closed down. Now it is a notorious bootlegger's den. I dislike working in such places and was glad to get to this peaceful farming section. And the Bethel Church, where we have three courses and hope to make twenty awards.

It was fortunate that the burglary caused nothing but excitement. Unusual happenings are scarce in Shelby County.

I fear you have made a poor choice for speaker as the future of your closing assembly, but I will do my best.

Our B.Y.P.U. Association held a regular meeting last Sunday and following a series of talks on the state keynote "Living for Jesus" and the annual election of officers, a committee recommendation to raise \$100 to buy a Ford for our President's transportation was adopted and the job of raising it politely handed to me. I wrote 100 letters asking for a dollar each and am wondering how many replies I will receive.

I am eagerly awaiting Saturday night and hope to see you in Georgiana if nothing happens.

Sincerely yours,  
Aubrey

### **Andalusia, Alabama August 15, 1927**

Dear Aubrey,

Allen asked me to answer your letter for him since he is very busy today. I am writing for myself also.

We were mighty sorry you couldn't come this past week-end, but for myself I'm glad, now because the time would be nearly up if you were here, and as it is we will be happy for another week looking forward to your coming. We will be just as glad to have you this time as before, and you have not inconvenienced us one bit.

It might have been Providence intervening that kept you away because we have had a bit of trouble since Friday night and I know you wouldn't have enjoyed the visit. Friday night the light and power plant burned leaving us with out electricity or water. They reconnected with the power line Saturday morning so we have had current since then, but we have been without water for two days except for an hour Saturday afternoon. It has been very inconvenient since we have to go several miles for water.

Sunday afternoon Dad and the boys went down to see how much damage the fire had done. In about thirty minutes they came tearing home to put on some work clothes. They were going to move a two or three ton compressor from the Swift Packing Plant, which is not in use, to the light plant. They left home about three o'clock



## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

Sunday afternoon and did not come home until six-thirty this morning for breakfast. Dad and Allen went on back but left Eady and Lewis here. They expect to have it running by one or two o'clock this afternoon. So you see they have been performing their daily good turn and if you were here you would probably be in overalls and covered with grease from head to foot. No, I would have insisted that you stay here and play dominoes with me!

I sincerely hope the hundred people you wrote to will answer your letters because I know it must be a job to think of ways to raise money—especially for somebody else.

We will meet you in Georgiana Saturday night at nine fifty-five unless we have car trouble. We will get there eventually though.

Sincerely yours,  
Florence

### **Columbiana, Alabama**

**August 17, 1927**

Dear Florence,

Please excuse this hasty note. May I bring Mildred along with me? If so we are coming Saturday via Ford; can't tell you just what time we will arrive but will leave Calera about 10:00 A.M.

I received your letter today and will have to defer answering it until next week.

Hoping to see you Saturday.

Sincerely,  
Aubrey

P.S. We will come direct to Andalusia so won't put you to trouble of meeting us in Georgiana. A.H.

### **Albertville, Alabama**

**August 26, 1927**

Dear Sweetheart,

I meant to write sooner but arrived home to find Ches Quarles, a college pal and my tennis partner at Mentone, conducting a B.Y.P.U. training school, so I have been rather busy helping and entertaining him.

Adjectives fail me when I attempt to tell you what a delightful time I had. Every minute is a pleasant memory. I think your home more nearly reaches the ideal than any I have ever known.

Our return trip was speedy and without interruption except for giving out of gas once a block from a filling station. We were at home exactly 24 hours after we left Andalusia, to find everyone well.

I am continuing my study course work by teaching a class of Intermediates in the Marshall County training school. We finish tonight and hope to make about 60 awards.

Ches and I have been having some exciting times on the tennis court trying to find (foil?) the champion. The first "set" ended 6-6 and the second, 7-7, so we have about decided it is useless.

We have about persuaded Kermit to go to Howard next year and I hope he does so our family won't be so scattered.

I am getting things assembled and preparations made to go to Attalla in the morning—rather reluctantly. After the first busy week of beginning I expect to take things easy—put only the necessary energy in teaching and spend the leisure time left in reading for enjoyment.

Tell Allen he will hear from me soon.

Yours sincerely,  
Aubrey

### **Andalusia, Alabama**

**August 28, 1927**

Dear Aubrey,

I am glad if you enjoyed being in Andalusia and with us. You couldn't possibly have enjoyed being here more than we enjoyed having you, though. As for our home—we are all happy in spite of our occasional arguments. (I use that word in spite of my conscience telling me that it is not the proper one). We ought to be much better children than we are because Mother and Daddy have certainly put their best into making our home what it should be, and if it does not come up to the standard it is because they had such poor material to work with, and because it is such a tremendous task. I sometimes wonder what type of homes the youth of today will make when they are grown. It

## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

certainly frightens me to think that it might be my duty some day to help build an ideal home. And in my mind a Christian home is the only ideal home.

You are in Attalla now, I suppose, and are ready for another year of teaching. I am glad you have decided not to work quite so hard this year and are willing to rest and read during your spare time. Sometimes when you are reading (if it is possible to do two things at one time) think of me as I have to dig away in some old history reference book, or as I tear my hair over some terrible math problem worse than any trigonometry that was ever invented—I know not what it will be.

I am sending you my “head”—for consolation—until there is more of me to send. It may be just my “head” next time, but at least it will be larger and, here’s hoping, a better picture. Had to paste myself on to keep from being lost!

I want you to have part of a letter Allen wrote to me, also. It was written over a year ago just after I was in Birmingham—and written in a hurry, as you will see—I am sure he meant every word of it. You must not be conceited because of what he said—I just want you to know how much he really loves you.

Allen teased me, and consoled himself by saying the reason you did not write to him was because you wanted him to answer, since you did not send me your address and would send it to him. I can’t let a little thing like that worry me, though.

We heard a mighty fine sermon this morning when your uncle, Carl’s father, preached for us. We had special music and that with the sermon made the service delightful. He will preach again tonight, and has to leave tomorrow, I think.

I like to receive letters from you because (one of several reasons) you seem so sincere in every thing you write, and you do not use words carelessly. Some people seem to enjoy slinging words here and there—just for fun, but I can always depend on taking every word you write for its full and true meaning. Please, write on both sides of your paper, as I do, so I won’t feel so bad about doing it, myself.

Lovingly yours,  
Florence

Note written (in pencil) by Allen Conner to Florence (enclosed in letter to Aubrey, dated 8/28/27): “Wonder if you like Aubrey. If there even was a boy I really wanted you to go with it is him. I would trust him with my dearest treasure far far away. He is pure as gold”. (found after letter dated August 15, 1927).

### **Attalla, Alabama August 30, 1927**

Dearest Florence,

Good times must end and with that regret I began Saturday in my second annual drive against ignorance. It seems that when one is busily engaged in a worthwhile task, time flies but when one is enjoying a vacation, especially a visit, it flies quickest of all. Memory of them is comforting, however when the tasks become slightly monotonous, and helps considerably when they are most interesting.

I disagree with you very much when you suggest that your parents have poor material to work with; I think it is rich and rare. It is rich because it embodies all that is fine and beautiful and rare because few attain the noble standard that it does.

We have had a splendid beginning. With almost three hundred we have a record-breaking enrollment. You can image my feeling of relief in learning that my extra class was one in algebra instead of another subject outside of mathematics, which would mean another preparation. Not that I dislike work but that seven classes is enough, one more than is expected, and my Principal, contradictory to his many good qualities, believes in giving his teachers as much as they can stand and then a little more. As it is, I have two classes of plane geometry, one of solid, and three of algebra with one for the extra period “hospital squad”. I have a lovely boarding place; my roommate, the coach, is a likeable chap but has several disagreeable characteristics, profanity for one, which it will be my duty to tactfully smooth out! (I did not mean to infer that such were absent from me; doubtless he sees several or many in me and I hope he will look upon them as his duty to remedy).

This beautiful little “head” occupies a prominent place in my room awaiting the larger photo; I appreciate greatly your sending it; I like it but it doesn’t do you justice.

Also I appreciate the part of Allen’s letter, and what he says about me. I feel proud to think that he considers me eligible to be the sweetheart of his sister, for whom I have always had the greatest admiration; I am glad for his sake but especially for mine. My hope is that I may merit his friendship and yours. I think you have a precious brother and he a wonderful sister.

## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

These dusty books are not at all likely to become so interesting that they will crowd out thoughts of several persons. With even the slightest temptation I would throw them all away.

I am glad you liked my uncle's preaching; he has a reputation for being proficient in the art. And I believe his son will some day make a mark too. (I can afford to brag because you know both).

My address which I failed to give last time because I did not know it, is 302 So. 4th St. And I hope in a few days to receive another letter at that address bearing your handwriting. It is a joy to receive your letters; I love them for themselves and the one who writes them.

Mildred will be at home only two more week ends so I expect I will spend Saturday and Sunday in the Home City. And Kermit too will be gone; he is still debating between Howard and Alabama.

Yours always,  
Aubrey

### **Andalusia, Alabama September 2, 1927**

Dear Aubrey,

Allen is banging away on the piano, so it is hard for me to collect my thoughts. It's a wonder I have time to write at all since the minute I finish my work the boys begin begging me to play for them. Sometimes I slip away from them, but most of the time I make them sit still and suffer.

I am glad you like your work, but it does seem hard that you have to teach every period. Allen says teaching is better than keeping a study hall, though, so that must be a comfort.

You will certainly have a job if you undertake to correct anyone from using profanity. Most of the girls at school use that most degrading part of the English language, slang, freely and even profanity to some extent—much more than would be becoming to a sailor, even. It is beyond my power to correct them except as I refrain from the use of such language myself. It is hard to keep the words from lodging in my mind and hard to keep from using them in an unthoughtful moment since I hear them so much.

Your roommate will have an easy task in helping you to correct your faults, I am sure, since you haven't any that I know of. As I don't believe in faultless personalities, I believe you must have a few faults, but you have certainly kept them hidden, and I don't believe your roommate will find them.

You must tell me what books you read because I would like to know. Allen said you had "Ben Hur" and "The Prince of the House of David". They are my favorites and I hope you like them. After you have read "Ben Hur", if you like Lew Wallace you must read "The Prince of India". The historic and fantastic are woven together in that book, in such an obscure way, that it is entirely fascinating. I read the life of Russel H. Conwell, as you suggested, and also his lecture "Acres of Diamonds" and found them both as interesting as you predicted.

I will leave for Atlanta next Saturday—that is the tenth—and go to Rome the following Tuesday. The actual school work will not begin for several days after that. I will not mind going back to work again as I like to study, usually, but that is not all that makes me go back with a willing heart—I will be happy when I see Grace and the other girls. (Eleanor wrote that she would go to Hollins, which is near her home in Roanoke, instead of Shorter this year. We don't like that at all). Another reason I am glad to go, I don't believe it will take quite as long for a letter to go from Attalla to Rome as it does for one to come from Attalla to Andalusia. (Allen says I answer letters on the Sears Roebuck plan—that is in twenty four hours. If I do that, it is because I know the sooner I write the sooner I will hear again. It is not because I think the other person wants to hear from me so soon, I assure you.)

Mother just brought some sewing for me to do so I must close. Hope I hear from you soon.

Yours Sincerely,  
Florence

P.S. I will tell you a secret, but you must not breathe it to a soul as anyone else might think me forward—you might think that, yourself. The secret is that I like my sweetheart a great deal—more than I can say, and I know I am the happiest person in the world because he asked me to be his sweetheart. Don't you think I have a right to say that—especially since I am telling the truth? F.R.C.

### **Attalla, Alabama September 5, 1927**

Dear Sweetheart,

## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

I wonder how you are spending Labor Day? After having another class added to my growing list of responsibilities, and spending most of the afternoon moving a schoolroom of desks, I feel like it has been a labor day.

The first week ended as orderly as if our Intelligence Dispenser had been running a month. My Principal said everything was going so well that he is afraid something is going to happen.

Enjoy this week well. I can understand your feelings in leaving home but I know you will be anxious to resume duties, see friends again and professors. Andy too you will have the sophomore feeling of importance, which feeling I believe is justified. There is also the anticipated joy of entering new studies.

I too am sorry that Eleanor will not be back and I know you will miss her. Give her my best regards the next time you write.

I like your idea of arriving early; I never like to begin important things in a rush.

Last week end I journeyed to Birmingham for a two-day business trip. It was not very successful for I waited until Saturday afternoon to call at my business houses and found them closed.

I spent Saturday night at my uncle's, near the college. Joy is still a joy. She begins her junior year at Woodlawn Hi soon. Aunt Lizzie is enjoying improved health as a result of much rest. They all asked about you and Allen and your Mother and Father and asked to be remembered kindly to you.

They have in their side apartment an odd pair. A professor of languages at the college, and his 17-year old freshman bride. She is the sister of Una Franklin, the girl to whom Elton Johnson is said to be engaged. In spite of the difference in ages and intelligence or learning I guess it is, they seem to be quite happy.

I received an encouraging letter from Elton last week, commending my summer work and inviting me to join the forces for next summer. I appreciated the letter of course, but feel that if six months from now the results of the work are not evident, if it does not have lasting effects, that they might want another worker, so I am waiting and watching for results.

Here, I feel as if they are able to keep the B.Y.P.U. Department going, judging from the splendid record they made during the summer, and I am merely going to act as advisor, or perhaps devote my entire time to making the Sunday School standard since I have a new interest in that department of the church as a result of this summer.

Mildred and Kermit are also leaving the end of the week and are enjoying a last week of home vacation. Papa is still undecided where to send Kermit but I believe and hope it will be Howard.

Your secret was joyfully received. It will be our secret. For I know I have the best sweetheart in the world and if she likes me as much as I like her, I know no superlative of any adjective that will express it.

Always,  
Aubrey

### **Andalusia, Alabama September 7, 1927**

Dear Aubrey,

I believe that work is necessary to keep a person healthy and happy, but I believe, also, that too much work will ruin both health and happiness. Allen used to tell me that he felt better when he was working all of the time since he could keep the devil away—which he couldn't do when he wasn't working. I want to ask you not to let them give you too much to do. I suppose you have to do everything your Principal tells you to, but you don't have to do so much outside work, do you? Of course I don't know how many duties you have now, but I imagine everyone will be wanting you to do some thing for him (you are so dependable). But you owe it to yourself, as well as many other people to keep yourself fit physically. I know you must need rest for you have worked so hard for so long and this summer has been no vacation for you either. So please, please don't work so hard this winter.

Now, I expect to study and practice hard this year, and it won't hurt me because I haven't done anything for so long. (Mamma did say, though, that she was afraid I was getting skinny—can you imagine me a skeleton?—and I really do weigh just 118 lbs., and I ought to weigh more since I am nineteen and am five feet four inches tall).

You ought not to feel that it is your fault if all of the B.Y.P.U.'s and Sunday Schools you worked with in the summer are not A-1. I know Elton could not find a better worker than yourself and you might make them get someone less efficient if you do not accept his invitation.

I know you will be glad if Kermit goes to Howard. I think Alabama must be a fine school, but I hate to see young boys go there since I have seen so many wild specimens turned out.

Mother has been helping Daddy at the peanut plant for several days and will continue to help during the winter. She will enjoy that work more than cooking and she will have the much needed rest from housekeeping. I am at home with Lewis, Walter and Allen. (Allen is putting shingles on the servants house, so we can use it for a storage

## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

room for old trunks, etc. He has been working on it every since you left). I have to talk to all the salesmen who come. (I hate them with a passion, especially those who ask me my name and then call me Florence in a kind of sarcastic or insulting tone. If I knew them I probably would like them. I do like the college boys that sell Pictorial Reviews, but it is because they are not insulting like these professional salesmen). I just told one man that the "lady of the house was away and that I was the cook, so I expect I had better relieve my guilty conscience by cooking dinner.

Sincerely yours,  
Florence

P.S. I expect you had better write to Rome next time since I will be here Tuesday. F.R.C.

### **Attalla, Alabama September 8, 1927**

Dear Sweetheart,

I am trusting this will reach you in Andalusia. If it doesn't, it will be forwarded and you will get it before Tuesday. If I had sent it to Rome, it would have been Wednesday or Thursday before I could get a reply and I couldn't wait that long.

Your admonitions about work are appreciated. I don't intend to be imposed upon for I believe there is a limit even when one enjoys his work. I am not doing, however, as much now as I did last year; I decided and resolved that this year it would be intermixed with due proportions of recreation and rest.

There is another who needs similar advice. If you overload your curriculum, and practice four hours a day (you don't need to practice that much), your health might be injured. You are so capable, that the tendency is to be over-industrious. Please don't choose too many subjects, or too hard ones, or too much music, but devote enough time to swimming, tennis, basketball and general recreation.

I expect the education board of Etowah County will undergo a reorganization soon. The County Superintendent, the account of whose death I noticed in a newspaper in one of those heavenly days in Andalusia, had not been in his office for almost a year and his secretary had been carrying on the work. About 50 have applied for his place, my Principal among them, and it is believed by many that he will be elected. If so, it means we will have to have a new principal, and adopt his changes and eccentricities.

I have already begun to study law, using several elementary textbooks of my uncle who is a lawyer in Gadsden. Most of it is dry and technical but I expect that at first.

Several days ago I received a dainty box containing the best and most delicious cookies I have ever eaten. The others on second floor at Mrs. McElroy's say the same thing. They were made by an expert; the flavor is irresistibly luscious. It was sweet of you to send them.

Last year I got the reputation of going off every week end so I am going to partly redeem myself this year and am beginning by remaining this week end.

I guess Allen is completing his first week. I hope he likes his new field and won't have as many responsibilities as he had last year. Because he needs to have a year of quiet and rest before entering the Seminary and staying at home will afford him the opportunity.

I hope you have a pleasant visit in Atlanta and arrive safely in Rome.

Lovingly yours,  
Aubrey

P.S. I still believe I have the best sweetheart in the world.

### **Atlanta, Georgia September 10, 1927**

Dearest Aubrey,

You certainly deserve a long and prompt answer to that priceless letter I received last night. Eady brought it about seven thirty and before I had finished packing. We all retired at nine o'clock as we had to answer the alarm clock at two thirty, however, I didn't sleep until after twelve. (It's not best for a girl to get a letter from her only sweetheart just before preparing to rest. Don't you worry, though, for I don't know when I have enjoyed three hours more than I did the three from nine to twelve last night). I just had to make myself go to sleep by counting, although that wasn't very successful as I forgot to count.

Dad and Allen took me to Georgiana to catch the five twenty five train. I had planned to get to Montgomery at seven forty and leave on the eight fifteen train, but we arrived about two minutes before seven forty so by hurrying I

## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

was able to catch a fast train leaving Montgomery at seven forty. Because of my good fortune I arrived in Atlanta at twelve thirty instead of two ten. I came out to Grandmothers on the street car alone and was glad I surprised her because she was planning to go to meet me at two ten. It is so far to the station, and she is so old, and besides it had been raining, so I didn't want her to go.

Grace came over for a while this afternoon and, Aubrey, she is perfectly adorable. If you should see her now, I know you would fall in love with her. She has gained some in weight and has her hair cut shorter—almost like mine. She is cuter than ever and I just love her until it hurts.

I will go to Shorter Tuesday afternoon with a girl from River Falls (near Andalusia), who is a freshman this year. Grace and Lucy will go Wednesday.

Lily, my aunt, and I have just completed a lengthy discussion of music and piano playing. We both played for each other and she says I have improved some. I wish I could have practiced before I came so she could know I really did work last year.

You will certainly be a successful lawyer if you are willing to study without being made to. I am glad you are interested in it to that extent and I will just say—keep the good work up.

Be sure to tell me where Kermit is this year and if he is perfectly satisfied.

I am glad you think you have the best sweetheart in the world. I know I am not the best, but I want you to think that, never-the-less. In fact, even if you have the best I have one better.

Please write real soon and my address will be just Shorter College, Rome, Ga. for the present.

Yours,  
Florence

P.S. I am afraid I will be unable to sleep tonight either, but not because I just received a letter from you. A jazz orchestra has just begun playing for a dance across the street at the Piedmont Driving Club (That doesn't mean I won't think about you).

### **Attalla, Alabama September 13, 1927**

Dear Sweetheart,

Glad that you arrived safely in Atlanta and hope you enjoyed your visit there. I have heard so much of your Grandmother, I know she must be loveable.

I guess by this time you are in Rome, getting ready to begin. Hope you have no trouble in getting adjusted again and have a nice and convenient room.

I wonder what you are doing at this moment? If I might be allowed to guess, it would be fixing things in your room, talking to a newly arrived schoolmate over adventures in the summer, or catching up with the sleep I and the dance orchestra caused you to lose two nights in succession. (I apologize for my part for the loss and will try to do better next time.)

Now don't forget my admonitions and start the new year off strenuously. You will need lots of time for rest because going to college is a taxing occupation for some people: those who take it seriously.

Father, Mildred and Kermit stopped by Attalla Sunday en route to Birmingham, all enthusiastic over getting to work again, and Kermit to begin much to my sorrow he went to Alabama—I have just learned that the U. of A. has stopped using student teachers, thereby abolishing one of the said evils of the institution, which relieved part of my sorrow. Mildred is expecting a good year and so am I for her. She is planning to take pipe organ, I believe and specialize in that part of music.

The educational situation in Etowah County is still on a high tension over the county superintendent of education. He will be elected this week; we are all in hopes our Principal will be the lucky one, or rather the chosen one, because he merits the place.

As a pleasant part of my week end stayover, I was invited Saturday to join a tennis quartet on the best court in town. This is the first I have played since I have been here.

Sunday I completed "Borden of Yale, 07" a gripping biography of one of the most perfect men of which I have ever read, and am now engrossed in a treatise on "Science vs. Evolution". I hope you will have opportunity for much outside reading this year, since I believe I heard you say you liked it. Last year I could not find time in my schedule but have set aside an hour each day this year and thus far have observed it.

I know you must love Grace; who wouldn't who knew her? Tell her hello for me.

We have just finished a midnight lunch. My "ole lady" came in with two pounds of grapes and we proceeded to reduce them to seed in short order.

## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

I am to have the pleasure of doing scout work again having accepted the place on the Attalla Code of Honor for the newly organized boy scout troop. I love work with boy's organizations and especially of this type.

Lovingly yours,  
Aubrey

**Rome, Georgia**  
**September 15, 1927**

Dearest Aubrey,

It will probably be a difficult task (a task I love, though) to write to you tonight since there is no such thing as quiet on this hinn. I did manage to slip away from the mob of new girls and may have a few minutes along. I have never been so tired of talking and being nice to people in my life. These freshmen are unusually intelligent but we feel it our duty to entertain them.

Grace and Lucy came last night and Eleanor will arrive tomorrow night (Eleanor decided to come back after all and we are so happy we can hardly stand it). We have been unpacking, hanging curtains, nailing in screens and various other things all day. It will be several days until we will be completely settled and then we will be glad because I have almost broken my neck several times falling over boxes and books.

Rushing week (or season) begins Saturday morning and I can't bear the thoughts of it. I don't intend to rush any girls because I know I would rush them the other way. It is harder than ever since the other girls in the suite are Eunomians and I am the only Polymnian. We will have our party for the new girls Saturday night. The Eunomians have theirs Saturday week. Pledge morning will be Monday morning after Eunomian party. I don't like the spirit some of the girls have about societies and wish every girl would like the other society nearly as much as their own.

I completed my registration this afternoon, but we will wait until Saturday to begin classes. I will tell you what I am to take if you care to know. French! I am not so fond of French because I know so little about it, but I will have to endure it for another year. Then I will continue the course in Harmony that I began last semester. I will like that, but it will take up a great deal of valuable time. Literature at two o'clock completes the list of regular studies. Besides piano I will have Physical Education, Choral and swimming. I have to practice three hours instead of four as you thought. I will tell you as the year advances of the other things I do if you are really interested. Sometimes those things get monotonous when I tell them.

I see you have begun reading pretty deep things, and I know it is helpful, but read something light and interesting occasionally for a change and I am sure you will enjoy it more. I don't know that I will have much time for reading although I love it dearly.

You are sweet to want me not to work so hard and I really am going to get away from studies as much as possible but I really must get as much out of every single thing as possible. It wouldn't be right for me to spend Dad's money and then foolishly throw away my time.

I have waited a long time to thank you for the candy I found when I arrived, and I wanted to thank you at the beginning of the letter. You have no idea how much I have enjoyed it, not to mention the others in the suite and out also. You were thoughtful to send it and I appreciate it.

They have new victrolas in both society halls and someone is continually playing sad music. I wish they would stop because I don't want to appear to be homesick. I have never been homesick, although I have wanted to see the members of the family, but there is another kind of blue feeling. It is not lonesomeness either because it is hard to ever be alone here. I have had that feeling often since I have been here, and I know what it is, but I cannot tell you.

I wish you were here to see the sunsets from the hill-top not to mention the gorgeous moon—with me. You might not like to see beautiful sunsets or a romantic moon, though, as I do.

Please answer soon—you don't know how I love for your letters to come.

Yours always,  
Florence

**Attalla, Alabama**  
**September 18, 1927**

Dearest Florence,

I can sympathize with you in your strenuous tasks of unpacking and getting things in your room fixed, having done the same thing three weeks ago, 'though not with the degree of propriety that characterizes your room. I hope that by this time you are able to rest from such tasks.

## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

The idea to intimate that I might not be interested in your classes! I am interested in anything (everything) you do. I hope they are meeting expectations, and you like them. French proved to be my favorite foreign language, and literature, especially English and the classics, my most fascinating subject. I know that with your exceptional musical talent you are liking Harmony and Choral; I still believe that you don't need to practice three hours a day.

I wish that Physical Education were a required course in every college. So many students, supposed to be above the intellectual average, neglect their own health, to live to suffer and regret.

My Principal is now the Superintendent of Education. His promotion has left us without a capable and conscientious school leader; his place will be hard to fill. The entire faculty was anxious to see him win a deserved post, but now realizes that the county's gain is our loss. I will have the responsibility until a Principal is selected; I hope it won't be long.

I am making plans well in advance but I hope to go to the University of Alabama next year, remain two years and two summers and complete the law course. My roommate has almost completed his work for a law degree and has given me some valued and appreciated data on the school. I am convinced that it is the logical place to go and am working to that end.

At last we are enjoying rain. The patter of the raindrops is good to hear for it breaks up a season of drouth and halts a record breaking heat wave.

I was invited to attend a Sunday School Convention which met in Heflin today with H.S. Sauls, our Etowah field worker. As luck would have it, one of the speakers was absent and they assigned the subject to me after failing to find someone else. We had an enjoyable day 'though the trip was rather dusty and I returned too late to attend B.Y.P.U. and church.

A picture of our Department appeared in the October number of the B.Y.P.U. magazine. I will send the clipping to you in the next letter.

Now that the football season has begun I hope to see a number of good games in the next several months. Alabama and Howard both have several big games scheduled in Birmingham. Our own high school has prospects of being a winning team and I surely hope to see the boys win the district championship.

Mildred is taking pipe organ and harmony this year. I expect both are too much but she wants to take them. I am urging her to try for the music certificate which Prof. de Launay gives, leaving off some student activities to make room for the time but she does not seem over anxious.

I always look forward to the coming of your letters, so please answer as soon as time will permit.

Lovingly yours,

Aubrey

P.S. Please excuse this envelope.

### **Rome, Georgia September 22, 1927**

Dearest Aubrey,

This is the wrong time to write a letter since I have no less than a million (it seems so to me) lessons to prepare, but I am so tired of studying that I will write anyway, even if I might regret it tomorrow.

No one seems to realize that school has begun and that quite means hush—for everyone talks, laughs and nails curtains up as usual. It is certainly hard to concentrate with so much confusion all around.

I am trying to like French, and I really do like to read, but she (the teacher) gives us so much grammar, vocabulary, and oral work (French speeches) until I never have time to prepare a lesson thoroughly.

There were too many students in the Lit. class so the teacher persuaded the four of us to take Bible this semester and Lit. next. The Bible is interesting and I have Dr. Richard Hall for my teacher. Daddy is anxious for me to have as much English as possible, so when I finish all of my required work I will take some more English and Literature.

If you should see some of the Harmony I have to work I don't know what you would do—probably feel sorry for me. I am supposed to know a little about it as I made B+ last semester and as the whole class comes to me to show them how to solve their difficulties, but honestly it nearly drives me insane. The book gives the soprano of some piece and we have to fill in the other three voices going from one key into another at a certain place. (That certain place is very hard to find, too).

I am going to make a chart for you so you can see (a bird's eye view) just what I do and when I do it. That saves time and you will understand it better. (enclosed in this letter is a pencilled grid of Florence's schedule at Shorter).

I don't see why they don't make you Principle of the school. I am sure you are capable enough to fill the place. At least, they are safe in leaving it with you until another man is found.



## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

I am glad you are going to Alabama, but I thought you would have to go four years. It is like you to double up, work hard, and finish in a short time. Be sure you won't have to work too hard before you try it.

I want to see the picture of the Department, so don't forget to send it to me next time you write.

It will be good for you if you can see all of the football games. I certainly do enjoy football but have not seen a game since I graduated from High School. Please don't spend all of your time going to football games and save some to spend in Rome. It's selfish to ask that because I know I couldn't have a football game for you and you would have to just sit still and talk, but I do want to see you.

I know Mildred is enjoying college this year especially since she is taking pipe organ. I will be glad when I can take next year. If she is just beginning harmony it won't be so very hard for her, at least I don't think the first part is hard.

Please write to me sooner than I have written to you.

Lovingly yours,  
Florence

**Attalla, Alabama**  
**September 25, 1927**

Dearest Sweetheart,

I arrived from home this morning to find your letter waiting.

The schedule was examined with much interest. I was amazed to find the number of things you are expected to do. It is like you to be systematic and thorough, but I hope you have not chosen so many things that rest and recreation will be neglected and if harmony seeking students (I admire their taste in selecting one of the best music pupils for advice) continue to pester you, that you will find peace in some cozy nook with your book where they will not find you.

It was a glad surprise to learn yesterday that I have a cousin at Shorter. She had planned to go to Judson but changed to Shorter so she could visit her mother and brother in Bowdoin often. She is Ruth Bean; please give her my best regards. I hope that you will be good friends. She is a very capable girl.

E.H.S. went to Crossville Friday expecting a walkaway at the football game. The boys were overconfident, made too many fumbles and came away with a 6-0 defeat. From thence I journeyed to Albertville and had a pleasant week-end visit.

You would have laughed if you had seen me yesterday afternoon. I decided to be real smart and go out and help the boys pick cotton; for four hours I raced with my brother, he outpicking me two pounds besides giving me an hour's lead. Now I am suffering with an almost broken back.

My Pastor returned last week from Mentone and the Sunday School Training Camp, enthusiastic to make ours a Standard Sunday School. As a result the entire school has been reorganized and I have a new job as Superintendent of the Young People Department. I am glad because it will be an opportunity for some real Sunday School experience; we have not had this department until now and I will have to make it Standard.

I do like football games but not enough to attend all the big games. And there are some things I like better. One is to come to Rome and I hope to do so some week end before long.

I am lonesome this afternoon. My "ole lady" has gone fishing (some people will never learn what not to do on Sunday). I wish very much I could see you.

I am sending the B.Y.P.U. magazine. You will find the ? picture of our department on page eighteen.

At last we have a new Principal, a Mr. Dowdy. I had met him after he had spoken to the student body at Howard. We are fortunate in securing him. Although the teachers will have to bear the burden of responsibility until he gets accustomed to things, I am hopeful of a good year still; one month has passed.

A long letter from Allen came Thursday. He is liking greatly his new teaching location and I am indeed glad for him. He deserves a good place and this year spent at home will mean much to him.

Please write soon if time permits. (If it does, don't, because I would feel badly if writing me interfered with your study).

Always,  
Aubrey

**Rome, Georgia**  
**September 27, 1927**

Dearest Aubrey,

## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

Since I had to study last night, I decided to get up a little earlier this morning, so I could write to you before I practice. The sun is just rising and all of it is so beautiful I can hardly write for looking out over Rome and for thinking of the song "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise". You remember the words, do you not? I love the words and the music, too.

It certainly is hard to have to obey the summons of an alarm clock every morning. I only hope that I won't let my desire to sleep rule me and make me forget what I should do. But I shouldn't be quarreling about hard things because there is always some compensation.

I am glad that Ruth is your cousin because I like her very much. I have not seen her since I received your letter yesterday because she was in town (yesterday was pledge day for the new girls), but I mean to see her soon. She pledged Polymnian yesterday, and I am glad we are in the same society.

We have had the most exciting "rushing season" I have ever experienced although the Juniors and Seniors say that the spirit was much better between the societies than it was last year. I dislike "rushing" very much because it is so deceptive. Some girls "rush" new girls, make them join their society, and then never speak to them again after pledge morning. I do hope that the antagonistic spirit between the two societies will die out by next year.

Did you know that my Bible teacher is Dr. Richard Hall who came to Shorter from Judson? He writes the Sunday School lessons for the Adult quarterly, so you know he is fine. I like him very much and am enjoying my Bible course very much—even if he does nearly work me to death. I have never known anything about Old Testament history and am glad of this opportunity to learn. We are studying the last division of the Sunday School Manual (in another Bible class) and so far it has been just a repetition of my Bible assignment. They will give us a diploma when we finish the Manual and a seal for the Bible course, I think. I will be so glad to get my diploma since I am anxious to put the seals I already have on it.

It is nearly six-thirty and I must go to the Conservatory to practice. I had much rather write, but must stop anyway.

Please write soon. Mother and Daddy do not have much time to write, so I get pretty lonesome to hear something of the world outside Rome. I had rather hear about Attalla than about any other place (or all other places) in the world.

Love,  
Florence

**Attalla, Alabama  
September 29, 1927**

Dearest Florence,

I discovered to my regret that my stationery box was empty, and dug out from my trunk some I had used in college, since I couldn't let a little thing like that worry me. Please excuse.

Now I know that in addition to being the sweetest in the world you are the smartest. (I had thought so already but now I know.) For one who can rise early to write a letter before early study surely deserves the superlative. I appreciate all of your letters but especially that one.

I too will get an alarm clock if my responsibilities increase, although I will, I guess, have to have a special one made; I am immune to alarm clocks and as many as two have failed to wake me.

Our new Principal is a man who knows you. He is F. D. Dowdy and was Principal of Andalusia High in 1920. Allen was in school to him and paid him a visit last year in Jasper. He is an efficient leader and we are fortunate in securing him. Since he has been to Andalusia, I know he is okeh.

Since Monday, when he took charge, I have more fully appreciated the duties of the principal's assistant. Reorganization, not extensive but laborious, has been our objective.

I am sure you are enjoying your course from Dr. Hall. I heard him at Mentone, and was impressed by his scholarly speech.

E.H.S. and Gadsden High, ancient rivals, are primed for their first football game in three years, tomorrow. Their team has our outweighed considerably but I am expecting the fighting spirit of our boys to bring us victory.

I am glad Ruth is a member of your society; she will be in safe hands. Also that is a worthy organization because of your membership.

The monthly council of officers of my Department was held tonight. We now have four unions, having divided our junior union like the way you used, one for boys and one for girls.

Tomorrow is Friday and test day for we give weekly tests. The new pedagogical test plan, called objective tests, in which the teacher prepares from an original, on a hektograph, copies for each pupil in each class is used. While this necessitates much test preparation, grading papers is made much easier.

## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

Please write soon (if time permits).

Lovingly,  
Aubrey

**Shorter College\**  
**Rome, Georgia**  
**October 3, 1927**

Dear Aubrey,

Your letter came Saturday, and I enjoyed it very much. I always look forward to the letters and expect one on every mail after I have answered even though I know you have not had time to write.

After Vespers last night we had the first meeting of our B.Y.P.U. About fifty girls said they were interested in the work, and I certainly hope they remain so. We have decided not to organize just as other B.Y.P.U.'s since we tried that last year and it did not work. We are to be divided into discussion groups and use the topics in the B.Y.P.U. Quarterly for discussion. There is to be a leader of each group so that there will be some system about it.

I appreciate the B.Y.P.U. Magazine, and I enjoyed reading it. I like the picture of the Attalla department and I know you must be proud of the B.Y.P.U.'s there.

Last night in Cabinet Meeting one of the girls gave us sample copies of "The Baptist Student", and she wanted us to subscribe to it. It seems to be a good magazine and very helpful to students. I want our suite to subscribe to it all together because I think we will enjoy it. At any rate it will mean a little more mail.

I remember Mr. Dowdy and am sure he will prove to be a good Principal.

Lewis is still practicing football at home and I hope he will continue because I think it will help him. The team won their first game last Saturday, but I do not expect them to be so lucky when they play against Red Level.

If you have time, please write soon.

Sincerely yours,  
Florence

**Attalla, Alabama**  
**October 4, 1927**

Dearest Florence,

Your letter came to brighten the day.

Since the advent of our new Principal we have been reorganizing. He is anxious that I get some actual experience in school management, but I am not quite as anxious as he is.

We have had a hectic time in Attalla since Friday. On that date our team won from the larger and overconfident Gadsden Hi team, 13-0, in a thrilling game. Several over-enthusiastic students painted the score in large letters in conspicuous places on the Gadsden building. Regretting the incident, we, after much rubbing removed the paint. That night they retaliated on our building to a worse degree. This called for a Sunday job in removing it from our walls. All of which has led to suggestions that the schools discontinue athletic relations.

Your plan for the B.Y.P.U.'s is interesting. I know it will succeed because of its leaders. The discussion group idea is a splendid one; I have used it in my Hi-Y club.

You will like "The Baptist Student". I believe it is one of the best of the Board publications.

Our Young People's Department in the Sunday School had its first meeting last Sunday. This department has been neglected and there is a rich opportunity for developing it.

I wish I had your photo. This nice picture is highly prized but not quite large enough. I hope to bring another back with me when I go to Rome. (I don't think that will be so far away and I hope not.)

I am sure Lewis is enjoying football and the "builder of brain and brawn" will help him. I hope he makes the team.

My Alma Mater team upset predictions Saturday in tying Loyola. Howard has the best team in its history.

Have interclass athletic contests begun at Shorter? Or do you have contests in basketball only?

I look forward to the coming of your letters.

Lovingly yours,  
Aubrey

## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

**Rome, Georgia**

**October 6, 1927**

Dearest Aubrey,

Today has been very eventful for several reasons. The event I enjoyed most was the reading of your letter. I spend most of my time looking forward to the day when your letter will arrive.

Another important event was the building or rather decorating of the Shorter float for the parade. The Floyd County Fair is in session at the foot of Shorter Hill and half the Shorter girls are on their way to it now. (Grace and Eleanor went. Lucy is visiting—which is permitted for tonight.) In the parade this afternoon Shorter was represented by several girls who were dressed to symbolize art, music, science, athletics, the Bible, etc., with one girl on a throne as Miss Shorter. Our colors gold and white were used.

We began practicing for volley-ball this week, and I think the games will be played the last week in October. I do not expect to make the team since I have time to go to only two practices a week. (If I keep training and practice twice a week I will get seventy-five points. When I have five hundred I will get an S.) Our class won the volley ball cup last year, but the Freshmen seem to have a good team, so we might not be able to keep it. We have interclass contests in basketball, base-ball, swimming, tennis (more individual than class), volley ball and track.

I am taking swimming again this year—more for points than anything else. Of course it is a form of recreation, but the teacher works us to death, nearly.

I am sorry the “painting up” incident happened, because it was so useless. I suppose the boys enjoyed the fun while it lasted, but it was certainly unfair to those who had to undo what they had done. I think the Gadsden boys were poor sports to ruin the Attalla buildings after their buildings had been restored to their proper shape. It reminds me of the foolish quarrels our boys used to have with the Enterprise team.

The Y.W. cabinet is planning to retreat to Radio Springs this week-end, but I am not sure that I will go. Mother hasn't written permission yet, and I may not go even if she does since I have so much to do over week-ends to make up for lost time during the week. If I do go I will write to you while there even if you haven't answered this letter. It is so quiet and peaceful there it is easy to think and I feel so near to God.

Do not get impatient, for I will send you a picture. We had ours taken for the Argo Monday and I got the proofs before dinner tonight. Mine proved to be pretty good (I mean, they flatter me), so I will be willing to let you have one. I must have one made for Grace, and give it to her on her birthday (October 19th). If I can ever decide which one I like the best, I will have them made and give you one.

My course in Bible is growing more interesting every day. When I have completed my note book, I want you to see it. It will not be neat, but the outlines are good and Dr. Hall dictates some fine lectures about the different divisions of the Bible—for instance, the Pentateuch.

I just must stop writing and study.

Always your sweetheart,

Florence

**Rome, Georgia**

**October 7, 1927**

Dear Aubrey,

I just can't decide which picture you will like the best. You will have to decide for yourself, so I am sending the proofs to you. Please put a cross-mark on the back of the one you like best. I don't know which one to have put in the annual either. Send all of the proofs back as I will have to return them—I don't see why the man will not let me have them.

Sincerely yours,

Florence

P.S. I do not think I will go to Radio Springs with the Y.W. Cabinet. I haven't heard from Mother and tomorrow will be too late to prepare for the week-end. I need to study anyway.

F.R.C.

**Radio Springs, Georgia**

**October 8, 1927**

Dearest Aubrey,

## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

This may not be such a nice letter after all, since I am keeping the Victrola winded and playing over and over “I Could Waltz on Forever With You”, but since I promised to write if I came out here I will write in spite of the difficulties.

Nearly all of the girls are playing bridge (isn't that some way to spend extra time on a Y.W. retreat?), but the rest of us find more pleasure in writing letters. I think one of the reasons they want to play bridge out is here is that they can have regular playing cards here while they have to play with Rook cards at school.

Our chaperone happens to be my French teacher and she brought all of the French papers out here to grade. (She gives us a written lesson every day and I never get over D+). She just remarked that some one had spelled hat—chapeaux, and I feel sure she had my paper. Well it is a great life—if you don't weaken.

You should have seen the way I had Grace and my suite mates rushing around this afternoon around three o'clock. I didn't know until the mail came after lunch that Mother had sent permission, so I was not ready. I don't even know what I have in my hat box because as I was dressing I would issue vague orders to the others about various things I wanted, and I didn't have time to see if I had everything. They did put my pen in though—for which I am thankful.

I told you that this was such a fine place to concentrate, but it is raining and we are all together in one cottage so it is hard to think. It is especially hard for me since I can not keep from thinking of the million and one things I had planned to do this week-end and really need to do. It seems that I can never keep up with my work or ever catch up after I lose out.

Some men in town brought us out here this afternoon and they will come for us Monday afternoon. There are ten of us besides Miss Woodruff, our chaperone. We are divided into groups to prepare the meals. We have good food, too, for a camp. We have an oil stove (smokes) a refrigerator (no ice). We had our first meeting tonight and will have about three or four tomorrow and one Monday. We have a devotional, of course, then some girl talks after which we discuss campus problems. I hope we will gain something by discussion—that is, I hope we are able to carry out our plans.

One of the girls, Lina Bell Richardson, (I want you to meet her when you come. She is president of the Student Body and one of the cutest and sweetest girls here. She is Penelope's roommate so is connected indirectly to our suite) is writing a backward letter to Penelope. She has spent at least two hours on it and hasn't finished yet. She certainly is crazy about Penelope or she wouldn't spend so much time on the letter. Penn will have to read it before a mirror and I hope she knows how much time Lina Belle spent on it. When I fall real hard in love with some one I will write them a backward letter.

I realize that I haven't described this beautiful valley yet, but I knew I couldn't all of the time as I am not good at that, at all. You will think I just wanted an excuse to write, since I haven't told any news, and if you think that you will be thinking the truth because I like to write to you.

Lovingly yours,  
Florence

**Attalla, Alabama**  
**October 9, 1927**

Dearest Florence,

This is the close of a rainy and uneventful week end—except for your letters and pictures which came last night.

It is hard for me to decide which I like best. First it is this one and then it is that. None of them flatter you. However, I like the one with the large cross mark on the back best and the one with the small cross mark second. Wish I could keep all of them. Please autograph the one you send.

Did you attend the Y.W. retreat? I hope you did for I know you would enjoy an outing; the recreation would be a good rest from your study and practice.

I am glad you are going out for volley-ball and hope you make the team so you can help your class keep the championship. I do not know much about the game but from the few I have seen it is as exercising as basketball. The swimming and volley-ball will keep you in good physical trim for your strenuous work. And the “S” is well worth working for.

I was assigned the task of raising a hundred dollars to replenish our library, so went “begging” in Gadsden yesterday. We hope to add several hundred volumes by the time our drive is finished. The State Department is peculiarly particular in their library standard. For instance, they call a set of books one book, and we must have 450 books.

Our Sunday School Association is holding its annual training school in Gadsden this week. I am to take the course “The Young People's and Adult Departments” from Mr. Macquire, who has recently come to assist Mr.

## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

Moore in State Sunday School work. He spent last week at home and from what I hear gave them some real Sunday School inspiration. I know the course will mean much to me, coming just at the time I need it, after being elected superintendent of the Young People's department at our church.

I would like to have seen the Shorter floats in the Fair. Representing the high grade institution it did, I am sure they were artistic and picturesque. Fairs were always interesting to me (except once when a group of college boys, I among them, invested some money in one expecting to earn a neat sum, but failed) but this season I did not get to attend a one.

Last week I saw an unusual moving picture, unusual because it was above the ordinary and I think the ordinary picture nowadays is poor. It was "The Big Parade", a story of the war. The plot was not extraordinary but the scenes were well laid, portraying vividly the horror of some of the battles and their results.

I want to see your Bible notebook. With such a subject and a good instructor like Dr. Hall the course must be interesting. I regret that I took only one Bible course in college. Although I continue to read it I do not study it as I should. A complete education must contain a knowledge of the Bible in my opinion.

I am sending the proofs reluctantly and am looking forward to receiving the autographed picture.  
Lovingly your sweetheart,  
Aubrey

**Attalla, Alabama**  
**October 13, 1927**

Dearest Florence,

This letter may have to be shorter than I would like, as I have to catch a street car in about twenty minutes. This week I am making a special drive for our library in the afternoons, and taking a study course at night which rather crowds my schedule.

I am glad you went to the Y.W. retreat and hope you enjoyed it in spite of the rain. From your description, the camp must have been a cozy one. I am sure the change even though a brief one was appreciated.

It is in such a style that the assemblies at Mentone are held, though on a much larger scale of course.

I am attending one of the best training schools that has ever been held in Etowah County. Mr. Moore, who was with us Monday night, pronounced the faculty as being the best for any training school yet held in Alabama. Nearly two hundred are attending. My course is "The Young People's and Adult Departments" from Mr. McGuire, associated with the State Sunday School Department, is a very interesting one. I am getting many vaunted points which I hope to put in practice in my Department.

Please excuse the hastiness of this letter. I am almost ashamed to send it in answer to yours but perhaps next week my schedule will not be so overloaded.

Always yours,  
Aubrey

**Rome, Georgia**  
**October 13, 1927**

Dearest Aubrey,

We certainly have been having a hectic time this week because we have been initiating the Freshmen. We began last night and will continue until Saturday afternoon. We took them up to Senior Den and read the Commandments to them and made them buy their rat caps (they are paper plates turned up side down and tied on with green cheese-cloth). They got them at a low price (.79) because they (the Freshmen) are so cheap (we told them that). They have to wear black gym stockings and tennis shoes all of the time and of course they can use no powder or rouge. They certainly do look terrible. Some of them are cute though.

Each Sophomore has a Freshman to initiate, so I made mine go to Morning Watch then go up to Senior Hall to clean up for a Senior. I was real easy and nice to her all day because she looked so tired. Every Freshman had to guard the campus from two until five-thirty this afternoon. You should have seen them walking slowly around the fishpond, up and down the walks, standing on the sun dial, around the tennis courts, back of the kitchen, everywhere, with brooms on their shoulders for guns.

We had rat court tonight and had more fun making them apologize for their impudence. One girl had called a Sophomore a liar so they told her to call that Sophomore up and apologize to her. She said "Will the Sophomore

## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

who is a liar please come forward.” For her impudence she had to drink about two tablespoons of Coconut Oil shampoo.

I forgot to say that they have to coo-coo once everytime they pass a Soph., and twice for a Senior. I feel like I am coo-coo myself after hearing those Freshmen so much.

We are going to get them up in the morning at six o'clock and make them run down to the lake, take setting-up exercises and run ack. They are nearly dead now—what will they be then? In the afternoon they have to give a parade and have a band.

I am sorry to say that I have been and will be forced to take your cousin down a notch. She has been very “sassy” to me and is continually laughing. She will have a frown on her face before Saturday, believe me. (I am not really as hard-boiled as I try to be. I did make two girls drink coffee for lunch without cream or sugar.)

Aubrey, I can never tell you how much I appreciate the candy. It is so comforting to know that when I am rushing around, studying and trying to put these Freshmen in their places, that someone is thinking of me. I know you must be terribly busy, so I appreciate even a thought of me. It is always nice to receive candy since it makes one more popular, or rather popular, but I like this because you sent it, and because I know you had to think of me to send it.

Always yours,  
Florence

P.S. Remind me to tell you something Allen wrote to Grace next time. I haven't room or time now.  
F.R.C.

**Rome, Georgia**  
**October 15, 1927**

Dearest Aubrey,

Your letter came this morning, and I enjoyed it even if it was not as long as usual—and remember that I always enjoy every word you write and so would enjoy a letter of just two or three lines.

Perhaps you had not received my letter referring to initiation when you wrote but you will know by now how mean we were to the Freshmen. Hope you enjoy the letter Ruth wrote. Don't tell her I told you—but I made her write to you so you would get more mail (you must like to get mail because everybody does).

The Camerata Club is going to one of the faculty homes tonight for the annual Camerata party. Anita and I went down this afternoon and made the sandwiches and I will have to leave again in a few minutes since it is nearly seven-thirty. Mr. Talmadge, who is at the head of the Music Department, married a senior here last year and they live on Shorter Circle. Both Mr. and Mrs. Talmadge are very entertaining and we expect to have a good time. The Camerata Club has for its membership all of the Music Majors and we always have a grand time when we are all together since we have something in common.

My family must be terribly busy this year as I hardly ever hear from any of them. Mother writes us if the house were on fire and most of the letter is taken up with explaining how busy they are. If I every take a moment of my time to breathe I feel hurt because I know I should work every minute of the time to make up for them working so hard at home—for me.

I know you must be terribly busy all of the time, and I do not want you to spend so much time writing to me if it is going to interfere with your work or rest. Of course it will interfere with both your work and your rest and I certainly am sorry if I am so much trouble. But I certainly do enjoy your letters, and I only wish I could write something half as interesting for you—in return.

Three of us in the suite are anxious for Wednesday to come because it is Grace's birthday and we have planned to enjoy it to the fullest extent. Lucy, Eleanor and I are going to give her individual presents then we have one big present from the suite. This big one is an adorable picture of a tiny baby. It is very natural looking, in fact so much so that we three take the picture from its hiding place every day and then literally have fits when we look at it. I cannot wait to see it hanging on the wall because I know Grace will adore it—and I adore her when she is adoring a baby.

You haven't mentioned any books you have been reading lately or anything you have been studying besides the book in the Training School. I hope you still find time to read books you enjoy. It is useless to even try to read here since I am not Father Time and cannot invent hours for such a purpose.

I am afraid that my whole attempt to like French and make good grades has failed for I still dislike it and still make terrible grades. Mother is going to be disappointed in my grade and I will be sorry, but honestly I can't study any more than I do.

## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

With Much love,  
Florence

P.S. In reading over this I find many mistakes. I have done well if there are less than three dozen because I have to stop every two seconds to listen to some tale some one has to tell. You will excuse my poor effort. I know with the hope that I will do better next time.

F.R.C.

**Attalla, Alabama,  
October 16, 1927**

Dearest Florence,

After a day of freedom I feel myself again. I have often wondered what teachers would do if school were held six days a week.

I enjoyed hearing of your clever freshmen antics. Perhaps they liked them as much as those who administered the punishments. Hazing, if it be called that, of this kind is really helpful, I believe; it is fun for all who take it in the right spirit. I hope you were not too severe on the freshies: actually making them drink coffee without sugar and cream!

We closed a wonderful training school Friday night. My instructor had such an interesting personality and so much experience in the Sunday School field, that not of moment of his lectures was dry. Five of the teachers and officers in our Young People's Department attended, so I will have trained leaders to help make a standard department.

I have been suffering with a cold for two days; awoke Saturday morning to discover I had slept in a draught. ("What fools these mortals be.") I believe it is better now and will be well tomorrow.

We are using varied and sundry means to add to our library fund. One class had tag day Saturday and brought in fifteen dollars. Quite a number of books have been contributed. I expect to continue the drive in Gadsden until I finish the territory which will probably take this week.

Please take care of my cousin, and in case she does get "slimy" apply a mild curative.

We hold teacher's institute Thursday and Friday which gives us a slight relief from teaching with no school Friday. I would like to catch the Gadsden Rome bus and spend the week end there. We could have dates Friday and Saturday nights, provided of course it is satisfactory with you. Will the time suit? At what times are you allowed to have dates? Will there be anything special we can go to see? I believe you said something about the class volley ball contests coming the latter part of October. Will they be held the next week end. If so, I might postpone the trip a week if it suits you better.

Shall I come in the person of Aubrey Jackson, your brother, or some other nom de plume?

What did Allen write to Grace that you promised to remind me of?

Yours lovingly,  
Aubrey

**Rome, Georgia  
October 18, 1927**

Dearest Aubrey,

You probably will not be able to read this letter as I am almost asleep and must hurry, too, for I have about ten more chapters to read for my Bible lesson. I want to answer your letter tonight, though, if I don't read my Bible.

I hope you will come Friday because I think it will be a very convenient time for me. I can have a dat Friday night and one Saturday night as you suggested. We are having the volley ball games this week end so you must come out Saturday afternoon for the game and I can see you all afternoon, I suppose (I have a two o'clock class). I hope you can stay over Sunday, too, because I could see you Sunday afternoon. I suppose you will have to return early, though, won't you in order to meet classes Monday? I will expect you this week-end, unless I hear from you otherwise. You can call me if you want to Friday. We have dates from eight until ten on Friday, and sad to say that is the night the town boys come out here. I do hope there will not be a mob of them as there sometimes is.

Please come just as Aubrey Hearn. Miss Mell will probably know you are not my or Grace's brother.

I am glad you enjoyed your Training School, and I am sure your Department will be A-1, as a results.



## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

About the crazy thing Allen wrote Grace—He told her you had invited him to come to Rome with you and that he would like to come, but since he couldn't he wanted Grace not to vamp you because he wanted her for himself. (Of course all of this is without meaning). But, he says, if you should happen to fall in love with Grace then you could have her because you were so fine that you certainly deserved the best and none could be better than Grace. (I wan't supposed to read that letter, I think, but I care not).

Please excuse my many mistakes for I really am nearly dead and its is eleven thirty.

The hours cannot fly too quickly for me until Friday. I do hope they will linger a while then.

Yours,  
Florence

**Attalla, Alabama**  
**October 24, 1927**

Dearest Florence,

I arrived safely last evening and rather reluctantly began teaching again today.

It was a greatly enjoyed trip, especially those brief hours I was with you. They seemed to fly so swiftly. It was a joy be be at Shorter again, to see friends once more, make new acquaintances and see you. What an environment of culture and intellectuality and of beauty you have at picturesque Shorter.

I thought about you this afternoon as you played and hope you won the game. I am anxious to hear of the outcome. I am sure if the championship were given to the most deserving team the sophomores would win by a large majority.

I appreciated meeting your friends and the kindness of Lina Belle in chaperoning our dinner date. The student body has a right to be proud of its President (in two years I believe it will be proud of another).

Your photo autograph and photo are both jewells and I prize them highly.

We are planning a school Hallowe'en carnival for Friday night, benefit library fund. From the elaborate preparations and advertising (from which I am fortunately excused as I am continuing the drive for donations) it should be a howling success. When this is over, we will have exhausted means for raising money, I believe (and hope).

The second school month ended last week and the time for grading papers, averaging grades and making reports has come again. The week may be rushed in completing them but for another month after this we will be free from them.

E.H.S. won Friday's football game, 33-0 which placed them a notch higher in their race for the district loving cup.

The cold I contracted Saturday night is much better today and I believe will be entirely well by tomorrow.

I have been invited to a 'possum hunt Wednesday night, and will make my debut as a 'possum hunter. The animals will, I think, suffer no injuries whatever as a result of my being in the party.

Yours lovingly,  
Aubrey

**Shorter College**  
**Rome, Georgia**  
**October 30, 1927**

Dear Aubrey,

Your letter came Wednesday and I enjoyed it very much even if I have waited until today to answer it. I know you don't mind that though since you asked me not to write so often.

Since I have granted that wish of yours I feel justified in not granting another or rather in not obeying a command you gave me. I have been studying my crazy head off. And I will continue to study until two weeks from today when our mid-semester examinations will be over. We had a test in Bible yesterday and I had to memorize about fifteen pages of outlines. In order to do this I had to begin memorizing early Saturday morning—I won't tell how early as you might fill your next letter with reproofs.

We won the volley ball game last Monday from the freshmen and that entitles us to the cup. The tennis tournament is now in session and I have to play my opponent this week. She is a freshman and I have hopes of winning (not because she is a freshman but because she is not so good). If I win I will have to play Eleanor and then there will be no hopes for she is grand.

## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

We had a students' recital Tuesday and I didn't forget my piece as I did when I played it for you last Sunday. Lina Belle brought me a tiny pot with a plant in it after the recital and I am anxiously waiting for it to bloom (the plant—not the pot). Lina Belle said it wouldn't bloom, she was afraid, but if it didn't she would plant another flower in it.

Since Grace is writing to you and since you don't like long letters I will close now.

Yours sincerely,  
Florence

**Attalla, Alabama**  
**November 2, 1927**

Dearest Florence,

I was glad to get your letter today and appreciated your obeying me, although I was worried for fear you did not get my letter. I know you have been awfully busy, but remember about studying too hard.

Congratulations! I feel proud of the sophomores and their victorious team. And I wish you success in your tennis match; I believe you will be another champion.

Last Wednesday night I had the pleasure of going on my first 'possum hunt. It was interesting during the first hour when roaming the woods, behind two well trained dogs, we got three of the scared animals. The party was then turned into a dance at a house on the outskirts of the woods, but of course I didn't remain for that.

Mildred was elected and christened "Howard's Fairest Co-Ed" last week in a student contest and won a prize of \$10 in gold. She was quite surprised, as were all of us but is taking the honor modestly.

Please don't misunderstand. I do like long letters and I like them often too, from you. And if you have time, I hope you will write as we have been; if you don't, instead of overstudying or overworking, wait until you have time and I will understand.

You can imagine how heartbroken our football team was when, Friday, in playing the strong Marshall County High team, they came from behind in the last four minutes of the game to tie the score 12-12 only to have a third touchdown scored on them in the last fifteen seconds and lose 19-12. It was a thrilling game and although our hopes for the district championship were blighted we will still be contenders if Albertville beats the Marshall team this week, and they should do so.

I have been to two Hallowe'en socials in the past week and both were typical masquerade old-time parties. Hallowe'en itself was exceedingly mild last night and the only damage I saw was a rock placed on our doorstep.

I would like to have heard the recital for I had rather hear you play with your melody and poise than anyone else. It was nice of Lina Belle to give you the plant and I hope it blooms.

I am still soliciting funds for the library. A Hallowe'en Carnival Friday night netted fifty dollars and I believe this week's soliciting, with a tag day for the grand finale Saturday, will put the amount over the three hundred dollar mark, which is our goal.

Four meetings of which I am leader are on program this week filling Monday-Thursday nights. I have an average of three a week. When I ever get my Sunday School and B.Y.P.U. organizations perfected and working according to my plans I will have time to catch up with my reading. I am far behind already.

My professors always advised me not to cram for exams and I will advise my students not to do it. And one who studies as much as you do doesn't need to. So please don't have too serious an attitude about those tests.

I enjoyed Grace's letter and hope to answer hers and Ruth's soon. Tell them all with Eleanor, Lucy and Lina Belle hello for me.

Yours always,  
Aubrey

**Shorter College**  
**November 2, 1927**

Dearest Aubrey,

The candy you sent came yesterday and we are enjoying it very much. I was thoughtful of you to send it and I am especially glad of the thought, and also I am glad you were worried because you hadn't heard from me. Not that I want you ever to be worried about anything, but anyway I am glad you were.

## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

It was mean of me to wait so long and then be so terribly disrespectful, but I just couldn't resist the temptation. I wondered if you would miss the usual prompt answer and the usual lengthy letter. I am glad if you did. I really have been terribly busy—I know you understand that.

My honorable opponent and I played our tournament game this morning before breakfast. We played until five minutes until breakfast and we nearly broke our necks in the rush to get to breakfast. Edith won the first set 6-4 and I won the second 6-3 then I won the last 6-1. It was hard work because she really could play as well as I can. I do not know what luck made me win. Eleanor won her game so we have to play each other. I am sure she will win because I can never return her serve.

I wonder if you have been working hard since you went back to Attalla. Please don't try to do too much because it is really not necessary. I know you think it lots of fun to work all of the time but you must exert will-power and refrain from such hard work because you must gain ten other pounds. (Like the man with five talents).

I have come to the conclusion that the teachers of Shorter College have picked me out of the whole student body to "pick on". If for one minute I fail to do exactly what I am supposed to do I see a sign on the board, "F. Conner please see me. A.S.T" or A.P. or Miss Mell. I have heart failure every time I see that because I know I have done something wrong. A.S.T. called me into his office to bless me out for not filling out my practice report card as I should have. A.P. called me in to see if it was my ear or my brain that had made me make nine mistakes out of a possible fifteen when the other members of the class (all freshmen except me) had made only two or three mistakes. He discovered that the trouble was with my brain. I am glad of that for I might be able to correct it whereas I cannot change my ear.

That is enough of complaining for one time I am sure (It really doesn't worry me I just wanted to tell you so that you would know something—a very small part—of my mistakes). I will tell you some good news (that is—good to me) now. Grace and I made A on the Bible exam we had last Saturday. There were two other A's in the class of thirty. Dr. Hall must like me (I must be his pet—I wonder if I look like some one he knows), I cannot account for my good mark otherwise.

I didn't mean to write so much because I wanted you to be worried some more, but as I have already written it I'll leave it.

I ate some salt Hallowe'en night to see if I would dream about the man I am going to marry, but I dreamed about playing the pipe organ so I suppose I will marry the organ teacher. Tough luck I call it. Please write soon,  
Always yours,  
Florence

**Grace's letter:  
Shorter College  
Oct. 30, 1927**

Dear "Brother Aubrey",

Well, I suppose you think I am some fine "sister"? Here you go and send me a perfectly delicious box of candy and I do not even acknowledge it. I am thoroughly ashamed of myself. Aubrey, I appreciated the candy and the thought thoroughly.

Please do not think that I was ungrateful. I did not think you would leave the college before four-thirty so I didn't even get to tell you good-bye. You will have to come back real soon, so that I can tell you good-bye. Now Aubrey, I am afraid you think that I am very discourteous and ungrateful, but I hope that some day, real soon, I will have the opportunity to change your mind, if you have that opinion.

Penelope has gone to Chattanooga to spend the week-end. I certainly do miss her. I wish you knew her better for she is certainly a wonderful girl.

I am afraid to make this letter very long for my room-mate might get angry—and that would never do. Anyway she is writing you now so I suppose she will tell you all the news.

Sincerely,  
Grace

**Attalla, Alabama  
November 7, 1927**

Dearest Florence,

## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

I was indeed glad to get your letter Friday, more so than the promptness of this answer indicates. The school has almost monopolized my time since then.

Congratulations on your tennis victory (which I expected). I would like very much to have seen the contest; from the score it must have been hard fought. Now you must win from Eleanor, if you haven't yet played. A hard serve is really easy to return if you play in the back court in receiving. Usually a hard serve may be "broken" by noticing the place the balls fall, as most of them fall in one corner or one spot in the serving court, and fixing your position for receiving accordingly.

I was in Birmingham for a few hours Saturday. Miss Susan Brandon, who taught home economics at Albertville for two years and was in our home the last year, and who now holds a responsible place as demonstrator for the Alabama Power Company, and a dear friend to our family, asked me to accompany her to Birmingham in her car. I talked with Mildred a while in the afternoon and with Joy over the 'phone. Both send kind regards.

Our little high school team was swamped by Anniston Friday by the score of 32-0. It was the last out of town game the boys have and I had labored industriously soliciting funds (getting sixty-five dollars) in town to enjoy a rest at a hotel before playing the game the next day. Now some think the trip contributed to their defeat and I am partly to blame.

I am still working hard but it seems to agree with me. Last month I gained twelve pounds. I am still soliciting funds (that is my official outside job it seems; now people hate to see me coming; they know I am after money) for the library. When the fund reaches three hundred dollars and I am hoping it will do that this week, my job will be through.

"The Preiscope" was delightful reading especially the part describing the volley ball game.

I am glad you liked the candy. Really, however, you do not need anything sweet so please don't be offended.

Several professors at Shorter should be prosecuted for "picking on" you, if they do. It is a sure sign that they like you, though, and are interested in your well being and well-doing.

Your making A on Bible is easily accounted for. I rather think it is mental brilliance rather than being the teacher's pet.

I value highly this beautiful likeness of my beautiful sweetheart, and appreciate immensely your giving it to me. It occupies an important place in my room just as it does in my heart.

How many holidays will you have Thanksgiving and how will you spend them? When are you coming to Gadsden to visit your aunt?

You don't really want me to worry, do you? Then answer this soon (Don't forget orders, however, if you're very busy).

Yours lovingly,  
Aubrey

### **Aubrey's letter to Grace:**

**Attalla, Alabama  
November 7, 1927**

Dear Grace,

"Sister", I should have said, presuming that I am worthy of the honor. But I wish it were so, especially when I journey for the week-end to Shorter.

If I really can't change my name, I will have to employ Allen as my private secretary, or otherwise find nearby employment for him, for the purpose of accompanying me to Rome. The inducements I will offer him aside from financial will be great, for I know he is crazy about two girls who live on Shorter Hill, one being his cousin and the other his sister. His reasons are quite justifiable and I sympathize and agree with them most heartily.

I hope college life is still grand and glorious for I know with such a wholesome environment as you have it could be nothing less.

You can imagine how delightful schoolteaching is when one in addition to teaching six hours a day, directs a library drive, five days a week and Saturday, and attends in the remaining time to various civic and religious responsibilities, but it is really going to be delightful when I complete the drive and actually have some leisure time.

In the meantime, I want you to please assist me in keeping your beloved roommate from overworking and overstudying. I like her very much too and I don't want her to become ill of a nervous breakdown.

Are you intending to play basketball again this year? I hope I get to see you play next spring when I come to Rome.

## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

I am glad your birthday was a pleasant one and I wish you many more filled with happiness.

Sincerely yours,  
Aubrey

**Shorter College**  
**Rome, Georgia**  
**November 9, 1927**

Dear Aubrey,

Your letter came this morning and since I am planning to study tonight for a Harmony test I will answer it now. I must hurry though because I must practice two hours before dinner so I will not have to practice tonight. I suppose you have received the letter I wrote Sunday by now. I hope you weren't bored to death with my crazy writing and the things I said and are able to answer it soon for I will need your moral support for the remainder of the week.

Eleanor and I have not played the games yet because it has been raining all of the week. If we have time and the courts are dry we will play it before Sunday. I will try hard to win but don't expect too much—you know how little I know about tennis.

I hope you do reach the goal for the library funds this week. You must have worked hard and deserve lots of credit. I hope you will be able to rest some after that is over. I would never make a good business man because I don't know how to even begin to make money. You ought to be a millionaire some day if experience counts. (I mean experience in raising money).

It is too bad that the football team was defeated. Our boys at home were defeated for the first time this year by the strong Enterprise team. They hadn't ever been scored on by a touchdown before. They have won all games since then and I hope they win the Thanksgiving game.

Allen said he might go to Birmingham Friday week to see the Southern-Howard game. He said he would see you so I suppose you are going also. I certainly envy both of you the privilege of seeing each other. I hope Howard wins.

The Sophomore class is to give their party Thanksgiving day and we are working hard for it now. We have one day holiday and will all remain at Shorter. The lady I thought I might visit last year in Gadsden is not my Aunt but is my Aunt Lucy's sister, Mrs. Faucette. She has a tiny baby now, and I am sure it would be inconvenient for her to have me.

Please do not look at that picture of me too much. I am so tired of seeing the one I gave Grace until I put it away. She discovered the absence and made me put it back on her dresser. It really seems to me that the more I see of it the more I dislike it. I would hate for you to feel like that. Remember I am not always like the picture. I just happened to look like that then.

I wish I could prove to you that I worry when I don't hear from you immediately. It seems to work since I am answering your letter at once. Really, I do love your letters not only because of the letters themselves but because you—well, I do like letters, anyway, so don't forget to write soon.

Sincerely yours,  
Florence

P.S. My music teacher just told me I had to play on students' recital again Tuesday. (I called to Grace in the court and she was talking to them). It seems they haven't enough numbers so I have to play since I have a piece I have nearly finished.

**Attalla, Alabama**  
**November 10, 1927**

Dearest Sweetheart,

I received both of your letters and enjoyed both immensely. The lights just went out, a very unusual thing here, and I am writing this by candle light, so please excuse the errors.

The backwards-written part of the first was quite legible and shows evidence of the perfected stroke of the artist. I do not feel equal to the occasion, not knowing the language, or rather writing combination, of answering according to style and hence am forced to use the forward style.

I wonder if you and Eleanor have played yet; I expect to hear of another victory when you do. And also in the Harmony test, but I believe you took that yesterday.

## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

You spoke of dancing. I believe the harm is in mixed dancing and that the harm of this kind in public dances etc., is too generally underemphasized by persons who claim that it makes one graceful and is a harmless mode of pleasure. It is especially hard to convince young people and older ones too of the harm, those who like that kind of amusement; I had some experience with that the past summer.

Our friend Lina Belle is clever indeed; the notes she sent to you and Penelope were certainly novel and quaintly designed; prepared by one who used in combination unique originality and an extensive vocabulary.

We celebrate Armistice Day tomorrow by teaching as usual, and with a football game an program in the afternoon, E.H.S. vs. Alexandria. Following two consecutive losses, our team should win tomorrow.

And I am still beggin money for the library. It seems as if the drive has no end. Every week I think will be the last but I think this one really is.

I am hoping to go to Birmingham and see the annual football classic, and probably will if Allen goes. I surely hope he can be there. We will have to have our year's reunion at Uncle Oscar's since the A.E.A. meets in Montgomery in the spring and we can't have it then.

I hope your music course is still proving Harmonious. Wish I could hear your play tonight. Shorter ought to have a broadcasting station so you could move your magic fingers over the keys and I could tune in.

Please write as soon as your time permits.

Lovingly yours,  
Aubrey

**Attalla, Alabama**  
**November 16, 1927**

Dearest Florence,

It is raining outside; has been at it all day. I wonder if you are as lonely as I am tonight. Not that this is the first time I have been lonesome lately, but the monotonous pitter-patter of the rain makes me more so than usual.

Has the rain delayed again your tennis match? I hope you will have the opportunity to win another victory before Jack Frost says tennis will be out of style for several months.

Were the results of your tests what you expected? I have an idea what your grades are before you tell them.

Mildred came to Attalla Saturday night and spent Sunday with us. On Sunday afternoon we took an outing and hiked to the top of one of the numerous mountains surrounding Attalla. One redeeming feature about Attalla is its scenic beauty. Situated in the valley between Lookout and Sand Mountains it is bounteously blessed by Mother Nature. It was the first time I had been on a hike since college days, when with Allen and Joy and several others on University Avenue we went to "Rock Quarry Mountain", a mile from Uncle Oscar's. She seemed to enjoy the brief freedom from college confinement and we enjoyed the visit.

Plans were all made to go to Birmingham for the game, and a letter from Allen today informed me of the sad fact that he can not come. So we can not have our reunion as hoped. I will probably go down Saturday for the game. If I miss it will be the first in five years so I go through force of habit (and for other reasons also).

You flatter me by your informing statement that my letters contain big words and are free from mistakes. When my English gets to be as perfect as yours, I will know I have become a master in the art of letter writing.

An unusual discipline case in school, in which four schoolboys stole a football uniform each from a car parked downtown after Guntersville had defeated us 19-12, and reluctantly confessed after some Sherlock Holmes detective work by Mr. Dowdy, has resulted in their having to go before the student body at Guntersville and apologize. To me falls the duty of taking them there and seeing that they make the proper explanations. We are to go in the morning.

This week closes our third month, so I am preparing tests and sighing over the coming papers to be graded.

I agree with you that you have one of the sweetest families in the world. It was certainly sad that your Mother lost her engagement ring. Such a small object will be difficult to find but I am praying with you that she may be directed to search in the right place and may find it. I surely hope our prayer is answered.

Have you received "Sunshine" yet? I hope you enjoy reading it. I think it is a clever magazine.

E.H.S. is playing its county rival team Friday for the county championship. Our little team, although having suffered three consecutive defeats should beat Glencoe.

Watch Howard beat Southern.

Yours lovingly,  
Aubrey

## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

**Attalla, Alabama**  
**November 23, 1927**

Dearest Florence,

In the maze of our trying to crowd in a week's work in three days, in order to have Friday for a holiday, I have had to wait until tonight to answer your much appreciated letter.

The Hi-Y clubs of E.H.S., one of which I am leader, presented their first annual play, "Step on It Stan", this evening, the culmination of three weeks of hard practice under a splendid coach. It was well given and seemed to "make a hit". I am glad for as business manager and Hi-Y leader too, I was anxious for it to be a success.

I know you are enjoying the relaxation and relief after exams. And your grades were what I decided they would be, all A's, practically. French will be A+ before the end of the semester. You are a wonder.

Have you won the other tennis match yet? I hope you get to play before winter, while you are in volley ball and tennis practice. It has been quite warm here for the past several days, tennis inviting, but I could not play.

I spend Saturday in Birmingham, going down for the game. I sure wish you and Allen could have seen it. The first half, following impressive dedication exercises of "Legion Field", was a see-saw and it looked as if it would be another tie. Then Howard came back strong, made a touchdown and kicked a field goal to make the score 9-0. Southern came within close scoring distance twice but failed to put the ball over.

That night I ate dinner at Uncle Oscar's. Joy is still as artistic and as clever as ever. Both Aunt and Uncle are faring nicely. Uncle is assistant pastor at Ruhama, the college church. They all asked about you; I told them you were getting sweeter and smarter every day.

And so another Thanksgiving day rolls around. I too am thankful for the bountiful blessings God has given me, so undeserved. And among them you occupy a prominent place.

I guess you found it boresome reading over my old leltters, I am such a poor artist in letter writing. All of yours are treasures, especially those in which you use the superlative salutation. I hope you meant yours as much as I did.

I hope you enjoy your Thanksgiving day. Don't spend all your time helping with the party; it won't be a holiday if you do that.

I am going home in the morning for a few days rest. Plans are to go hunting if an opportunity presents itself and to make a beginning to catch up with my reading. I will stay until Sunday.

Etowah Association's annual B.Y.P.U. Training School begins next week and I am to teach the Intermediate Manual. It will be held in the new First Baptist Church, Gadsden and four hundred are expected to attend.

I expect I will be at home when you answer this.

Yours lovingly,  
Aubrey

**Attala, Alabama**  
**November 29, 1927**

Dearest Florence,

I was glad to get your letter yesterday and to learn that you enjoyed Thanksgiving. I know your party was interesting, considering those who planned and executed it.

As for me, I had a quiet, restful time at home, sleeping, reading and trying my hand at golf with my Grandfather on the Albertville Golf Course. Sunday morning I came back feeling considerably rested and ready for another busy month.

Congratulations on winning again. I thought it. And I believe you will win again, too. How many more matches do you have to win before you will be champion? I envy those who have the opportunity to play with you.

The Annual Etowah Association B.Y.P.U. Training School is in session. It was begun by a rally Sunday afternoon at the new First Church in Gadsden, said to be the largest in the state. Dr. Frank McDonald of Birmingham was the speaker and gave a forceful sermon. The actual training school began last evening with eight courses and 350 attending. I had an inspiring class of 75 Intermediates. Being too many, the class was divided this evening and I now have only 50. We had 376 tonight and I wish you could have heard Miss Coley at the devotional period speak on "Living For Jesus Through Prayer". It is one of the best training schools I have ever attended.

Last evening, whom should I see but Dr. Richard Hall. We surely said some nice things about you (I already knew them) among them being you were one of his three smartest Bible students. I told him how I enjoyed his sermon at the Presbyterian Church and how much the Shorter girls liked him.

## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

I had heard of the illness of Ruth's mother which I regret very much. I hope she is very much improved by this time.

The school is giving a play, Walter Ben Hare's comedy, "The Hoodoo", and I have the part of Professor Solomon Spiggot, a peculiar character role which I reluctantly took. We are hoping to give the play on Thursday night before the Friday on which we are to be out for Christmas holidays.

One of our faculty members eloped last Wednesday surprising all of us. It is a rule that in such cases the teacher must resign and we were about to be faced with the problem of securing a good English teacher at this time of the year, when Mr. Dowdy decided to allow her to teach the remainder of the year.

I received a box of peanuts from Allen the other day. I appreciate them and am still enjoying them.

Yours lovingly,  
Aubrey

*(Found on the World Wide Web: "Professor Solomon Spiggot, an authority on Egypt")*

**Attalla, Alabama  
December 6, 1927**

Dearest Florence,

I had been wondering if you were sick and the letter arrived yesterday with the news. I am very sorry and hope you are entirely well. If you are not; be careful not to use your reserve strength and think you are well; a relapse might come.

I am sorry also if I indirectly placed you in an embarrassing position. Dr. Hall and I emphatically agreed in some characteristics of you which we discussed, all of them highly complimentary from both sources. I don't believe Dr. Hall will get the wrong impression about what was said after your Bible class.

It is true that the meaning of "sweetheart" is apt to be misunderstood; also that I use it in a serious sense. I will tell you some day what I really mean by it. In the highest sense of the word, I have the best sweetheart in the world.

The training school ended Friday night with an inspiring consecration service led by Dr. May, a returned missionary from Chile. Nineteen volunteered for definite Christian service. My class was the best I have ever taught in any training school. From fifth-three enrolled, forty-eight received awards. Some 310 awards were given in all, which is the record for an associational school in the State. The moving figure back of it all was H. S. Sauls, our field worker, the only one in the State, and few more consecrated and efficient can be found.

If you are wholly over the effects of your illness and the weather permits, I presume you will conclude the tennis tournament this week; you deserve nothing less than to be champion and I believe you will be.

The part in the play was resigned, because of the necessity of other matters more important. For the first time in several weeks I am having a brief breathing spell.

You can imagine with what pride I look upon 300 new books in our library. To make the room worthy of them, it was completely overhauled, repainted and the shelves encased with glass doors. Now it looks like a semblance of a library whereas before it call it such would be to disgrace the word.

There is no danger of my eloping. The habit however seems to be getting contagious as two more of our faculty will set sail on the matrimonial sea Christmas. The exception is Mr. Dowdy who has recently fallen out with his fiancée.

A Shorter girl is teaching at Guntersville, ten miles from home, at the Marshall County High, I learned in conversation with the principal recently. A Miss Thompson. Do you know her?

When are you out for the holidays? I stay until the twenty-third. You should have at least three weeks; most colleges do. The rest will do you good.

Elton approached me on the subject of associational work for next summer last week. I hinted that I had rather do State work but consented to do as he wished. It may or may not be Shelby. I hope it will be near the Southern part of the State.

I learned with regret that Carl has resigned at Andalusia. His Father is preaching in Alabama City tomorrow night. The church wants to call him but I doubt if he would consider it. He was pastor there for several years.

How are Grace, Lucy, Eleanor and Ruth, and Lina Belle?

Your sweetheart,  
Aubrey



## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

**Attalla, Alabama**  
**December 14, 1927**

Dearest Sweetheart,

I was indeed glad to get your letter today. I had been looking for it for several days and feared that you might be sick again.

To be smart like you, however is to be often called upon for responsible tasks; I wonder how you do that which you have planned by schedule, and in addition many other useful things. I realize you are kept terribly busy. College life is not complete without student activities, I think.

I have been very sad for several days; so has the school. One of our students, one of my session room pupils, an apparently strong, robust lad of 17, died following an operation for appendicitis. He was a good boy—cheerful and dependable. We all loved him. His funeral today was one of the saddest I ever attended. How short is life and how brief the opportunities to try to make the world better.

It is good that your holidays are to begin soon. I sincerely hope you enjoy them to the fullest extent; you surely deserve to.

Tonight I led prayer meeting at the request of the pastor several days ago. I formed a program around the subject "The Spirit of Service". It was divided into two parts, Why Serve God, and How Serve God? One talk was given under the first part and five under the last. The talks were followed each one by a song. I thought the subject was appropriate since our pastor has made extensive plans for the church for next year.

Our pastor, Rev. E.W. Holmes, who has a sister living across the street from you, is a man of rare abilities. He is a good mixer, singer, speaker and leader. He is one whom you really enjoy working with.

I haven't heard from Allen yet. Guess he is pushed for time too (another one of those dependable Conners) and finds it hard to keep up will all sources of correspondence. Be sure and win that set of tennis from him. Also some chess for I have never been satisfied with his consistently beating me. Since I can't win from him, it will be up to you to do it.

Will you please send me the home addresses of Grace, Eleanor and Lucy?

I committed an unpardonable act of carelessness in neglecting to thank you for your beautiful Thanksgiving card. I appreciated it very much.

Your suggestion to have our families meet halfway between their native towns for abode is indeed a plausible one. Nothing would suit me better. I could also see you once a (---). If only getting them to do it were as easy as wishing it so!

I hope you had a good time at the party and am sure you did, since Shorter is noted for its elegance.

I trust this will reach you before you leave; and that you have a pleasant, uninterrupted journey homeward and that all the loved ones are well. And that your Christmas holidays are the best ever.

And that I will hear from you real soon.

Lovingly yours,  
Aubrey

**Attalla, Alabama**  
**December 22, 1927**

Dear Sweetheart,

This is the night before the day—our holidays begin. Only a matter of four hours tomorrow, and home, though I would like to be somewhere else.

In addition to this the shortest day, this week has also seemed shortest. They always seem that way when one has much to do, but more so at this time of the year.

Tonight "my" B.Y.P.U. Department gave our Pastor a shower. Unique, wasn't it? I had never heard of a shower for a man but we decided to do the unusual. We took him completely by surprise and the occasion was one of much merriment.

I know you are glad to be at home once more. And with all the members of the family there you will have a happy time together. To go home is always a joy, especially when you have been away for several months, isn't it? I fear I am getting spoiled, living so close, when I go off to school I will miss going so often.

My roommate recently married and is bringing his wife back with him after Christmas. They have rented an apartment. I will miss Tom. For a time it seemed as if I would have to room by myself, but we have secured a man

## Letters of Aubrey Hearn and Florence Conner, 1927

to teach science in the place of one of our lady teachers. My new roommate-to-be, Albert Ray, a chance acquaintance, is a fine fellow from all appearances.

Now if I could order weather I would surely have several warm days of next week saved for you. I am anxious for you to beat that brother of yours in tennis and as the coming Shorter champion, I believe you can do it. Please have mercy on him, however, and win only a few love sets. You certainly have a delightful place to play.

Thanks for sending the addresses.

What do you think is the true Christmas spirit? I agree with the speaker at the school Christmas program who said if Christ were here, he would preach joy, peace, worship and unselfishness since the celebration of the Birthday of the King is a sacred as well as merry occasion.

I hope Santa is a mind reader and that he will bring you everything you desire. And that his visit to the Conner home will be prolonged Saturday night.

No, I didn't think you were getting fresh in the least. I grow more glad each day that "I started it". (It really was not me but we who started it because if it were not for charming you it would not have been started.)

Tell dear Allen that his postscript was enjoyed but that he owes it in the form of a letter which I will expect soon. If he teases too much, let me know.

I hope this reaches you without delay and that you will answer soon.

Lovingly yours,  
Aubrey

**Albertville, Alabama**

**December 28, 1927**

Dearest Florence,

Your letter joyously received this morning. I wish Albertville were not such an out-of-the-way place for receiving mail.

Santa surely treated me royally. If there are two things I am "crazy about", they are ties and books. And especially these two. I appreciate them immensely and prize them highly because you sent them.

"The Christ of the Indian Road" is one of the most inspiring books I have ever read. It certainly challenges one and gives a broad missionary outlook of a dark field. What a man of power and master thinker its author is!

And I too had (or rather am having) a happy Christmas. All of us are at home; we have had a merry and quiet time, insofar as it was possible to have the latter, with the horus and numerous noise making instruments of the children. I guess it would not seem natural however without the youthful outbursts of gladness.

Has our friend the weather man permitted you to triumph in the artful game of tennis over rival Allen? I disagree with you when you say it will be impossible for you to beat him. It is not necessary to be able to run fast; in fact, with skill, running is lessened. (Please pardon me if I speak or seem to as an authority. I am far from it). Your court has an excellent sandy clay surface and if it were larger it would be excellent indeed.

For amusement at home, we play the old game of carroms, flinch, rook, and "42", the enjoyment of which of the latter we attribute to you who taught it to us. We get up lively competitions, and although none of us are expert players we get quite a good deal of fun and diversion from the contests.

Allen sent me an interesting book on "chess" which I am studying. After I have completed it we are to have a game by mail. As he said, we may be until next Christmas finishing but that will merely add to the fun. It is typical of your Brother to make novel and interesting suggestions like that.

I have also read the novel "Beau Geste" since Sunday. The picture with the same title is said to be one of the best ever produced. If it is as fascinating as the book, it must be good. The plot was so well drawn that suspense was held until the very last. The theme of the story is brother love. The adventures of three brothers in a lovely French fort in the Sahara desert, the attack by Arabs, and the narrow escape of the youngest, is well told. The novel is superior to most light fiction books.

Allen has my permission to tease you as much as he chooses if you like to be teased. And I hope that while you are discussing the uninteresting subject of me that neither of you will dwell upon my disagreeable features.

I am leaving for Attala Sunday afternoon. Have to make a talk in church that night on "The Importance of Religious Training in College", in a program honoring Attalla's college students.

If I don't get this to the post office, it won't go off until tomorrow and then I might not get an answer until I get back to Attalla.

Your sweetheart, Aubrey