

the Hebner

All the faces in that family rhymed. Considering that there were a dozen or so
generally another one
of them and more on the way, this was... (describe similar features)

Twyla

Norma was in school with me. I had the hunch that she was deeper than she, or
any other Hebner looked... But hunches of that sort are too complicated to act on
when you're fourteen, and encountering her here (embarrassment children feel when
thrust together in presence of parents, out of usual school context--a circumstance
you never asked to be in nor had any aptitude for.)

--The two boys on the horse were Roy and Will, or maybe Will and Lester, or maybe
even Lester and Sam; the way they were so frequent through life, it was impossible
to keep track of which size Hebner boy was who.

Good Help Hebner: can talk fast enough to blow a crowbar out of your hand.

Good Help Hebner

So called because (a) he was miraculously saved from some peril and ever since has said, a la Wally, that he had some "Good Help" in that circumstance and (b) the neighbors mean the nickname sardonically, Hebner not really worth a damn as a worker or a neighbor to call on for helping out.

Good Help Hebner: his given name is Garland; part of the joke about him is that it took him ~~to~~ until his 3d or 4th son--the one just older than Twyla--to name one Junior.

His wife's name is Florene; she grew up on ranch next to Reese's, and Beth has known her since they were in school together. She got pregnant by Good Help and thus was married early.

The greeting rattled to us from behind the screen door...

--Twyla Hebner does not make good in life; one or more of the boys does.

--the mother, possibly named Grete, has some of the look of women in Agee's Let Us...
^{Florene}

↑
or Cornelia

I'll Daddy you (Hebner to one of his kids?)

Anyway, those were the Hebners. An exasperating pack, yet they did provide the rest of the English Creek families somebody to feel sorry for, and superior to.

Hebnerized

around and between the brown old buildings. The most teetery structure
of the bunch was the barn, of which it was said that nothing held it up
except the reliability of the west wind. Out front of this barn now
as we rode up stood a defeated-looking bay mare with two of the littler