

WALTER CHRISTOPHER HEBBE

by Glendon Hebbe Starr

Walter Christopher Hebbe was born March 23, 1893 to William Christopher and Mattie (Potter) Hebbe. He was very special as he was the first as well as the only boy born in a Hebbe family that we know. There were six sons in my Great-Grandfather's family as well as several daughters. All the sons married and had children but all had daughters except William. William and Mattie had four daughters and one son, Walter. He was the fourth child in the family. Walter married and had two daughters, Eileen and Glendon Jean. He was my father. I'll try to write a little about his early life as told to me and then as I remember him.

A lot was expected of a son in those days. Men were the head of the family and a lot of responsibility came with the position. Walter's parents were farmers as well as his grandparents. His grandfather was a farmer but was also a blacksmith. He even forged a lot of his tools and some of the tools are still in the family today as my Aunt Irene has them. (I hope she has them identified and that they will someday be passed on to some member of the family.)

Walter's father was a farmer as well as a fair-to-good carpenter. A lot of the buildings that he built are in use today. He taught some things of this trade to my father, but what William and Mattie really wanted him to become was a lawyer. They sent him to Capitol City Business College after he completed his education in Dover. Dad loved the soil and all aspects of farming and he did not like some of the things being taught to him in business college. He had a distrust of lawyers which he carried all of his life. After he completed his courses at the college he still wanted to farm the land and asked his parents what they wished for him to become--a crooked lawyer or a farmer! Faced with such a decision, of course, they chose the farming profession!

Dad loved animals and one of my earliest recollections of him was his tending to the needs of the livestock. He was always building sheds for them and in the winter months made sure they had plenty of straw to bed down in. He took good care of the animals but often became so fond of an animal, he couldn't bear to sell it so kept it far past its usefulness. He chose mules instead of horses because he thought they made better workers. My grandfather had horses for he liked them better. There was a strong difference of opinion on this between the two. I don't know if Dad would have made a good lawyer or not, but he was a good farmer.

He was quite inventive and was always constructing something to make life easier. We enjoyed a lot of conveniences that other farmers did not have. He was more inventive than he was mechanical-minded, but had little training or motorized vehicles

