

# Betty Eeten, Our Neighbor

by LaVonne Hesebeck, Sexton's Daughter

Life on South Central Avenue in Hartley, Iowa, in the late 1940s was rather quiet for a teenage girl. In our neighborhood the houses were on only one side of the street, all the way to the cemetery.

One day some activity was noticed in an area that had always been farmland.

"What's going on over there?" was the first question asked by our family. Curiosity made us concerned, but we were about to learn that a house was being moved into the marked-off area.

"Who would that be?" was our next question. We were surprised to hear it was Betty and Harry Eeten. I had known Betty when we both played instruments in the Hartley Municipal Band.

It wasn't long before the house was in place. It wasn't a big house but kind of a cute small, dark-colored one that faced to the east. Later a garage was added on the south side. So, we had new neighbors, the Eeten's.

We did not see them often because they both seemed very busy with their jobs. I don't remember where Harry was employed, but Betty would go by dressed in her white uniform on her way to her job at the Hand Hospital. Occasionally, when something good was cooked at either of those houses, food was exchanged. Both of those houses are gone now.

I became a teacher and moved from the neighborhood, no longer keeping in contact with the Eeten's. Sometime later they moved into the big house on First Street Northeast.

In 1980, my father, Eldo Braunschweig was ill in the Hartley Community Hospital. Who should call me one day, but Betty Eeten saying, "LaVonne, I just think you should know your father is not doing very well. You should probably come.

Since we lived in Sheldon, we got there quickly. Father was failing, but because of Betty's concern, I was able to be with him when he passed away. Not every nurse would take such initiative to inform family of a patient's needs, but that was Betty.

She was the kind of person we all admire, and we wish for more people JUST LIKE BETTY EETEN.