

BETTY EETEN CEMETERY WALK

2014 by Kathy Wacker

Oh, hello there, thanks for stopping by. I haven't even had time to change out of my uniform, but come on in. You just don't know how much I love being a nurse.

Let's go back to where the story begins. Back on July 22, 1922 my parents welcomed a little girl into their lives; I was named Betty Doreen Randolph. As I grew up I attended Hartley High School. Yes, it was just Hartley back then, no other towns added to it.

Upon graduation I decided that I wanted to be a nurse. Here was a little girl from Hartley heading to Sioux City to St. Joseph School of Nursing. Well, I learned everything I needed to know to become a nurse.

After completing nurses training I decided to join the military. I joined the Navy Nurse Corp and served as a nurse during World War II. My brother, Joel Randolph was in the Marines. I figured that if I were in the service taking care of somebody else, maybe someone would take care of Joel if he would get hurt.

I was first stationed in Norman, Oklahoma where I was a psychiatric nurse. Later I was transferred to Oakland, California, where I did post-op work for plastic surgery. My heart strings were pulling me back to Hartley when I received orders to head to Okinawa, Japan. Then atomic bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The Japanese surrendered and my orders to go to Japan were cancelled.

I was happy to head back home to Hartley and began working as a surgical nurse at the Spencer Hospital. In 1950 I re-upped as the boys said. The Korean War was going strong and I knew that I could be of assistance as a nurse.

I was stationed at the National Naval Medical Center in Bethesda, Maryland for two years. Did you know that Bethesda is one of the largest hospitals in the world? It was there that I was able to work in the maternity ward. I was fortunate to admit Shirley Temple Black into the hospital. She was just a

peach of a person. I told Shirley how happy my father would have been to know that I admitted her; he was such an avid fan of hers.

Did you know that while I worked there we nurses would wear roller skates to speed up getting up and down the halls? While I was at Bethesda I helped deliver anywhere from 150 to 200 babies a month.

I was discharged in May of 1952 and again those heart strings brought me back to Hartley. I worked at the Hand Hospital, now the site of the Hartley City Hall. I started working at the Hartley Community Hospital in town and retired in 1986. I've always enjoyed helping bring new lives into the world, and I was saddened when friends, who were patients, passed away. That is the Circle of Life my friends. Oh my!

When I retired I had more time to write letters to friends and send thousands of birthday cards as well. I could sit and knit sweaters, make scratchers, dishtowels and watch television all at once. I made many a baby sweater for so many friends and family.

I enjoyed making Afghans too. Harry and I had a good life here in Hartley. I loved it when friends would come to visit. You might have seen me out riding my Snapper mower or even blowing the snow off my sidewalk and driveway. Gosh! I certainly could manage to keep myself busy. Thanks for stopping by and if you're ever in Hartley again; I'd love to have you see what's been done to my house.