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Home Front to War Front: The Navy Nurse Corps During World War II

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Abstract

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Keywords

Nurse, Navy, World War II

Disciplines

History of Gender | Military History | United States History

Comments

Written for HIST 421: Seminar: The U.S. and World War II.

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Home Front to War Front: The Navy Nurse Corps During World War II

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History 421
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Abstract: The Navy Nurse Corps was created in 1908, when President Theodore Roosevelt signed the Naval Appropriations Bill. Twenty women were selected to become the corps' first members. These women were referred to as the "The Sacred Twenty." On December 7, 1941, when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, the Navy Nurse Corps, was one of the first groups to respond. These women were important in preventing further deaths following the attack. However the experiences of Navy nurses during World II are often left untold because their story is overshadowed by the Army Nurse Corps, which doubled in size during the war. However, not one person's experience is typical. This paper tells the stories of the women in the Navy Nurse Corps during World War II, through the experiences of Dora Cline Fechtmann, Dorothy Still Danner, Mary Rose "Red" Harrington and other Navy nurses.

I affirm that I have upheld the highest principles of honesty and integrity in my academic work and have not witness a violation of the honor code.

Although World War II brought sacrifice and hardships, for many women it also brought new opportunities outside their traditional roles. World War II gave many women the first real opportunity to expand outside their private spheres of influence, which involved strictly domestic work. With an increase in wartime production and a mass enlistment of men into the armed forces, women were expected to fill in for the departed males. By following their patriotic duty, women entered into the public sphere by working in factories and in the military. Although the military service had been a traditional male dominated role, the increased wartime demand for labor led the federal government to recruit women as nurses, typists, and clerks. Registered nurses, of the Army and the Navy Nurse Corps, were placed on the front lines, treating hundreds of injured soldiers.

When the United States entered World War II in 1941, more than six million women took jobs for the first time during World War II. They worked as “Rosie the Riveters,” working in traditionally male dominated jobs such as working in factories where they manufactured aircraft parts, engines, and munitions. Military leaders soon realized recruiting women for the armed services was necessary. Unlike men, women were not drafted. However, all branches of the military created a women’s corps. Over 275,000 American women served in the Army’s Women's Army Auxiliary Corps (WAAC), the Navy’s Women Accepted for Volunteer Emergency Service (WAVES), the Marine Corps Women’s Reserve, and the Coast Guard’s SPAR.¹ Registered nurses also joined the armed forces by joining the Army or the Nurse Corps.

¹ Laurie Scrivener, “U.S. Military Women in World War II: The SPAR, WAC, WAVES, WASP, and Women Marines in U.S. Government Publications,” *Journal of Government Information* 26 (1999): 361, accessed October 24, 2016, [http://dx.doi.org/10.1016/S1352-0237\(99\)00051-9](http://dx.doi.org/10.1016/S1352-0237(99)00051-9).

At the time of Pearl Harbor, the Army Nurse Corps totaled 5,433 members while the Navy Nurse Corps had 823 members.²

Early in the twentieth century, the United States needed to protect its new territories acquired at the conclusion of the Spanish-American War. As a response, the U.S. Navy expanded. An expanding fleet meant a need for more medical facilities and staff. The Bureau of Medicine and Surgery advocated that the U.S. Navy should include a group of trained female nurses as part of the naval medicine program. In 1908, the Navy Nurse Corps was installed when President Theodore Roosevelt signed the Naval Appropriations Bill. It was modeled after the Army Nurse Corps.³ Nineteen nurses, along with the first Superintendent, Esther Hasson, were selected as the first members of the program. They were referred to as the “Sacred Twenty.” These women were assigned to the Naval Medical School Hospital in Washington for a three-month orientation program and were trained in naval medicine. Nurses were then assigned to naval hospitals in Washington, New York, Norfolk, and Annapolis.⁴

The Navy Nurse Corps held its women to high standards. Female nurses were required to be between the ages of twenty-two and twenty-eight for the regular corps and between the ages of twenty-two and forty five for reserve nurses. Recruits were required to be an unmarried American citizen, a graduate from high school and an approved nursing school, a registered nurse, and be able to pass professional, mental, and physical examinations. Most female nurses

² Judy Barrett Litoff and David C. Smith, “The Wartime History of the WAVES, SPARS, Women Marines, Army and Navy Nurses, and WASPS,” in *A Woman's War Too: U.S. Women in the Military in World War II*, ed. Paula Nassen Poulos (Washington, D.C.: National Archives and Records Administration, 1996), 48.

³ For more information about the creation of the Navy Nurse Corps and its complete history read “In and Out of Harm's Way: A History of the Navy Nurse Corp” by Doris M. Sterner. Sterner's book focuses on the history of Navy Nurse Corps as well as the accomplishments and experiences of women in the Navy Nurse Corp from 1908 to 1996.

⁴ Susan H. Godson, *Serving Proudly: A History of Women in the U.S. Navy* (Annapolis, MD: Naval Institute Press, 2001), 32, 40-43.

were white, middle class women. Although five hundred black nurses served in the Army Nurse Corps, the Navy did not recruit black women until early 1945, when they accepted five qualified black nurses due the increasing demand for nurses.⁵ Propaganda posters during this time period portrayed the ideal women that the Navy Nurse Corps was looking for. The “Join the Navy Nurse Corps--Apply at your Red Cross recruiting station” propaganda poster was published in 1944 to help increase the number of female nurses (Figure 1). In the image is a United States Navy Nurse standing in front of a red and white background. She is a young, white woman with her makeup perfectly done. The poster also stressed a patriotic response, the desire to help their country win the war. The poster stresses patriotism with the red and white background and the navy blue uniform jacket of the U.S. Navy Nurse.⁶

The experiences of Navy nurses during World War II are overshadowed by the Army Nurse Corps, which was doubled its size during the war. Arguments have been made that an Army nurse's experience during World War II can describe the typical war experience and there is no need for other stories. However, not one person's experience is typical. By telling the stories of Dorothy Still Danner, Dora Cline Fechtmann, Mary Rose “Red” Harrington and other Navy nurses, historians can gain a new insight into women in the armed forces during World War II.

Dorothy Still Danner had dreams of becoming a costume designer for Warner Brothers Studio as a child. She watched as actors and actresses gracefully moved across the movie theater screen. They always wore these elaborate, beautiful costumes. She loved the way the actress's dress sparkled in the lights and how it flowed with each step she took. Someday she wanted to be

⁵ Godson, *Serving Proudly*, 139-140.

⁶ “Join the Navy Nurse Corps--Apply at your Red Cross recruiting station,” 1944, *Library of Congress Prints and Photographs*, accessed October 31, 2016, <http://www.loc.gov/pictures/item/92510167/>

part of this magical world, to make clothes for everyone to see on the big screen. During the Depression, Danner's dreams were shattered. She was forced to abandon her dreams in order to find a more practical job. Not knowing where to turn, her mother suggested nursing. Her mother, who dreamed of becoming a nurse when she was younger, hoped she could live vicariously through her daughter. Knowing her husband's salary could not cover the nursing school's tuition, Danner's mother made a deal with the director of nurses at Los Angeles General County Hospital. Danner became a student nurse and the hospital would pay for her room and board along with a stipend of \$4.00 a month plus uniforms. After graduating from nursing school, Danner worked as surgical nurse at Hollywood Hospital, not far from the sets of Warner Brothers Studio that she once dreamed of.⁷

However, Danner's life changed with just a flip of a page. Taking a much needed break, she looked through the recent edition of the *American Journal of Nursing*. She flipped aimlessly, seeing just another medical article about how to care for a patient with a fever. Suddenly when a flash of color caught her eye, her hand stopped. Two women were seen side by side, both beautiful and their makeup done perfectly. One wore a dark green uniform while the other wore a royal blue one. It was an application form for both the Army and Navy Nursing Corps. While she filled out the application, Danner thought she was wasting just her time. She knew that the Navy Nurse Corps only had about four hundred nurses on active duty. Even though she thought the odds of rejection were high, she placed a three-cent stamp on the application and hoped for

⁷ Dorothy Still Danner, *What a Way to Spend a War: Navy Nurse POWS in the Philippines* (Annapolis, MD: Naval Institute Press, 1995), 3.

the best. However, what she did not know was that the program was looking expand due to the critical situation in Europe.⁸

A few weeks later, Danner was reading through her mail when she spotted an envelope from the Navy's Bureau of Medicine and Surgery. Surprised that the Navy would be sending her a letter, she quickly ripped open the envelope. She couldn't hold back her excitement as she read the letter: "You are hereby ordered to appear at the San Diego Navy Hospital for a physical examination on 20 December 1937...." She jumped with joy; the Navy Nurse Corps had accepted her application. After passing her physical examination, she officially joined the program in 1937 (Figure 2).⁹

While Danner was busy pursuing her mother's dreams, Dora Cline Fechtmann was busy trying to figure out how to accomplish her own. When she graduated high school in 1933, the country was in the middle of the Depression. Her father had eleven mouths to feed. He couldn't waste any more money on her education. Lacking the beauty and the material possessions needed to trick a young man into marriage, Fechtmann decided to pursue a career instead. She wanted a career that was both adventurous and promising. She refused to be a typical housewife, forced to stay at home and take care of the children. She wanted more than that.¹⁰

In a large family of eleven, illness was common. Throughout Fechtmann's childhood nurses were frequent, always coming in and out of her house. Two specific nurses always came to the rescue. One was beautiful, the type of beautiful that every girl dreams of becoming. The

⁸ J.K. Herman, "Dorothy Still Danner: Reminiscences of a Nurse POW," *Navy Medicine* 83 (May-June 1992): 36; Danner, *What a Way to Spend a War*, 4.

⁹ Herman, "Dorothy Still Danner," 36; Danner, *What a Way to Spend a War*, 3-4.

¹⁰ Dora Cline Fechtmann, "What Nursing Means to Me," accessed in Dora Cline Fechtmann, *My Scrapbook: An Album of Memories*, 50, University of Virginia: School of Nursing, Center for Nursing Historical Inquiry, Charlottesville, VA.

other was kind and understanding. These women became her role models. She wanted the qualities these women had: “poise, confidence, and assurance.”¹¹ They had the caliber necessary to be somebody. She was then pointed in the direction of a novel where the main character was nurse. As she read chapter by chapter, Fechtmann followed the life of a popular and serious-minded nurse, who understood the moral and professional standards of nursing. Believing that God had pointed her into the direction of nursing, she felt obligated to try nursing. Fechtmann signed up for nursing training at Rockingham County Memorial Hospital. She then worked as a neuro-psychiatric nurse at a Veterans Hospital for two and half years. Following the outbreak of World War II, Fechtmann had the opportunity to join the Navy Nurse Corps. By being a Navy nurse, she hoped to continue her education as well as have an opportunity to travel.¹² On August 25, 1942, she reported to the National Naval Medical Center in Bethesda, Maryland, for orientation (Figure 3).¹³

In the beginning of the Navy Nurse Corps, there was not a formal orientation program for incoming nurses. The main way for a nurse to learn was on the job. In 1942, the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery urged naval hospitals to introduce an orientation course but most hospitals deemed it unnecessary. They favored the philosophy where a nurse could “learn as she goes” and added the indoctrination program onto the nurses’ regular duties. In 1943, the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery regulated the orientation program by sending new recruits to the Naval hospital in Portsmouth, Virginia. Incoming Navy nurses spent two weeks learning about naval

¹¹ Dora Cline Fechtmann, “I Am Clay,” accessed in Dora Cline Fechtmann, *My Scrapbook: An Album of Memories*, 13, University of Virginia: School of Nursing, Center for Nursing Historical Inquiry, Charlottesville, VA.

¹² Dora Cline Fechtmann, “What Nursing Means to Me,” accessed in Dora Cline Fechtmann, *My Scrapbook: An Album of Memories*, 50-53, University of Virginia: School of Nursing, Center for Nursing Historical Inquiry, Charlottesville, VA.; Dora Cline Fechtmann, “I Am Clay,” accessed in Dora Cline Fechtmann, *My Scrapbook: An Album of Memories*, 13, University of Virginia: School of Nursing, Center for Nursing Historical Inquiry, Charlottesville, VA.

¹³ Randall Jacobs to Dora Elizabeth Cline, August 15, 1942, in Dora Cline Fechtmann, *My Scrapbook: An Album of Memories*, 6, University of Virginia: School of Nursing, Center for Nursing Historical Inquiry, Charlottesville, VA.

technology, etiquette, customs, procedures, and medical practices.¹⁴ Each nurse was issued a copy of the *Navy Nurse Guide*. A main theme in the guide was that “a nurse must act like a lady.” The guide also emphasized “honor, justice, truth, patience, charity, and refinement.”¹⁵

Reba Hartley, who was a ward supervisor at National Naval Medical Center, felt lost and very “green” on her first day of training. She questioned if she stood a chance in a program that ran in such an organized manner. In a short amount of time, Hartley had to learn the Naval practices and procedures and become familiarized with the large amounts of paperwork for each patient. She struggled with the “salty lingo” of the Navy. In the Navy, nautical terms were used on both the naval ships and in the naval hospitals. While walking the hallways during her first few days at the Naval hospital, Hartley heard that a corpsman had been assigned to “galley duty.” The charge nurse wanted the “galley deck” spotless. She was intrigued by this order, but hesitated to ask, not wanting to be embarrassed on her first day. She looked down at her own order book and saw the words, “Bedrest with head privileges”, written and signed in a doctor’s cursive handwriting. Underneath was her orders “to square away the bunks on the starboard side of the deck.” She no longer had the option to hesitate and asked the closest charge nurse. Later that night in her dormitory, Harley tried to impress her roommate with her new “salty lingo.”¹⁶

Danner also struggled with the new language required in Naval hospitals. She thought she was prepared for her duty as a Navy nurse. She had graduated from Los Angeles General County Hospital and was certified as a Registered Nurse. She dealt with a wide range of cases including cases contagious diseases that private nursing schools never had. However, her fellow corpsmen and nurses made sure she knew her place. From day one, she was referred to as “swabbie,” a

¹⁴ Godson, *Serving Proudly*, 140-141.

¹⁵ *Navy Nurse Guide*, n.d., accessed in Godson, *Serving Proudly*, 141.

¹⁶ Reba Hartley, “A Nurse Looks at the Navy” *The American Journal of Nursing* 45 (April 1945): 294, accessed November 5, 2016, <http://www.jstor.org/stable/3417094>.

nickname for lowest ranking member of the Navy. They would yell just loud enough for her to hear: “Batten down the hatches on the double! Her comes a nor’easter.” Even though their “seagoing jargon” went right over her head, she was happy to be part of the Navy with its traditional military rituals.¹⁷

No matter how much training these Navy nurses had, nothing could prepare them for December 7, 1941. When the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, Navy nurses rushed to care for the injured. Lieutenant Ruth Erickson, stationed at the Naval Hospital at Pearl Harbor, was one of these nurses. On the morning of the attack, Erickson and a few of her friends were enjoying their day off by having a late breakfast. Suddenly strange plane noises were heard. She rushed to the closet window, just in time to see an enemy pilot fire on the battleships in the Navy Yard. Erickson’s heart raced, fear and adrenaline meshing into one. She heard a phone ringing, the sound seemed like a hundred of miles away. It was her Chief nurse, Gertrude Arnest, telling her girls to get their uniforms on at once. Quickly, she ran to her room to change into her uniform. Smoke filled the air around her and the sky was dark, almost like it was evening. Shrapnel fell from the sky like a rain shower.¹⁸

At the hospital, Erickson tried to stock up on supplies the doctors would need for the incoming patients. She ran to the orthopedic dressing room only to find it was locked. She called for a corpsmen to run to the OD’s (Officer-of-the-Day) desk for the keys. To Erickson, the wait felt like an entirety. When the room was finally opened, she filled every container she could with water and set up the instrument boiler. She gave thanks that the hospital still had electricity and water. Around 8:25 in the morning, the first patient arrived at the hospital. The man had a large

¹⁷ Danner, *What a Way to Spend a War*, 3-4.

¹⁸ “Lieutenant Ruth Erickson, NC, USN: Oral History of The Pearl Harbor Attack, 7 December 1941,” Naval History and Heritage Command, accessed October 16, 2016, <https://www.history.navy.mil/research/library/oral-histories/wwii/pearl-harbor/pearl-harbor-attack-lt-erickson.html>

opening in his abdomen. Blood poured out quickly in every direction. Doctors and nurses struggled to control the bleeding. They started with intravenous therapy and a transfusion.¹⁹ Erickson looked around the room at the terrified faces of her colleagues. She knew that their faces probably mirrored her own. The leading doctor's hand trembled when he went to pick up a needle. The patient died within an hour.²⁰

There wasn't a moment to pause. More patients flooded the hospital that needed immediate medical attention. During the attack, the USS *Nevada* tried to sail out of the channel and out of harm's way. Enemy pilots shot down the ship before it could leave the harbor. It went down on Hospital Point near the hospital. The men dived off the ship into the heavy oil filled water and swam to the shore. These men were badly burned on their bare arms and faces. Fellow Navy personnel went to the stock room to retrieve a supply of flit guns. Erickson filled the gun with a tannic acid in hopes of silencing the horrifying screams of pain. To the patients that were severely injured, she gave them sedatives.²¹

Erickson worked non-stop in the hospital until midnight. She was then directed to go to the basement of the main hospital building. The dependents (the families of the doctors and other staff officers) were placed in the basement for the night. The room was packed, body to body. There were plenty of blankets and pillows to go around. Erickson grabbed a pillow and blanket in hopes of getting some must need sleep. Her sleep was anything but restful. Children clung their mothers, afraid of loud booms and gunfire. Adults stared at the walls looking tense, not

¹⁹ Intravenous therapy is the infusion of liquids directly into a vein. For more information about intravenous therapy go to Katharina Floss, Mark Borthwick, and Christine Clark, "Intravenous fluids: Principles of Treatment" *Clinical Pharmacist* 3 (October 2011): 274-283, http://www.pharmaceutical-journal.com/files/rps-pjonline/pdf/CPOct_274-283.pdf. For more information about Navy Medicine in World War II go to Jan K Herman, *Battle Station Sick Bay: Navy Medicine in World War II* (Annapolis, MD: Naval Institute Press, 1997).

²⁰ "Lieutenant Ruth Erickson, NC, USN: Oral History of The Pearl Harbor Attack."

²¹ Ibid.

knowing what would happen next. Erickson was relieved to see daylight. At six the next morning, she showered, had breakfast, and reported to the medical ward to take care of more burn patients.²²

In December 1941, Danner was stationed in Philippines. In Philippines's capital of Manila, the local time was 3:30 in the morning when Pearl Harbor was bombed. She was sound asleep in the nurse quarters. Her fellow nurse Joyce Alcott stirred her awake. Confused, she reached for her light. Alcott grabbed her hand to stop her; it was a blackout. She was ordered to get dressed immediately. Danner slowly rose from her bed, wondering whose bright idea it was to have a drill in the middle of the night. She stumbled down the dark hallway, bumping into other nurses and stepping on their toes. At the end of the hallway, she found Alcott frantically searching for a package of cigarettes and her rosary beads. Danner knew then that this wasn't a drill. Alcott informed her that the "Japs" were bombing Pearl Harbor.²³

Danner's first thoughts following the news were about finishing a letter that lay unwritten on her desk. If it was really war, it couldn't last long. Images of World War I flowed through her head, the dead and wound lying across the European battlefields. She forced those images out of her mind. It couldn't be like that again. However, the nurses still had to prepare for the worse. The nurses rushed to discharge patients quickly in order to open beds. While stocking supplies, they waited for further orders.²⁴

Japan's target zone included the Manila hospital where Danner was stationed. On December 10th, the Navy Yard in Manila was bombed. Over the air-raid sirens, Danner could hear the sounds of airplanes flying above. Next came the rapid sequence of Boom! Boom!

²² "Lieutenant Ruth Erickson, NC, USN: Oral History of The Pearl Harbor Attack."

²³ Danner, *What a Way to Spend a War*, 30-31.

²⁴ Danner, *What a Way to Spend a War*, 31; Herman, "Dorothy Still Danner," 36.

Boom! The nurses dropped to the floor and silence filled the room. Danner looked a few feet away over at a pillar, where her friend Olga was mouthing prayers. Her hands silently passed from one rosary bead to the next. Religion had never been a huge part of Danner's life and she didn't believe in praying. However, she envied the Catholic nurses who had their faith to turn to during this terrifying time. The raid lasted about an hour. To Danner, the silence was equally as deafening as the bombs that exploded in the Navy Yard. There was no point in waiting any longer. She could hear the sound of enemy planes getting smaller and smaller as they flew away. Danner, with her fellow nurses, hopped to her feet and headed towards the doors. As she came out from under the building, she saw the horrifying scene in front of her. The Navy Yard was destroyed. Buildings were flattened. Black smoke filled the air as flames ran loose. Danner sprinted to the hospital.²⁵

Men and women from the Navy Yard, including Filipino men, women, and children flooded the hospital. The power of the hospital was out and the elevators were down. Triage was impossible. Danner rushed from patient to patient, trying to get as much information as possibly about their injuries. If the patient was unconscious, she recorded their name, rank, or ratings from their dog tag. The stench of burned flesh flooded her nose each time she she took a breath. Every time, it hit her with a nauseating feeling. She pushed through making sure not to throw up on a patient. However, she couldn't unseen what laid in front of her. Arms and legs were broken, resting at weird angles. One patient only a stump left were a leg once was. Blood covered every inch of the patient's body. Agonizing screams could be heard from every room.²⁶

²⁵ Danner, *What a Way to Spend a War*, 41-43; Herman, "Dorothy Still Danner," 37.

²⁶ Danner, *What a Way to Spend a War*, 45, 47; Herman, "Dorothy Still Danner," 37.

Daylight had begun to fade, when a patient stopped Danner. She asked Peterson if he was having trouble sleeping. He immediately told her not to fuss because he was going to die anyway. Concerned, she checked his vitals. His pulse was slowly fading. Not wanting to alarm him, she told him that we all must die someday but tomorrow will be brighter day. However, Peterson just sadly shook his head. He overheard had a doctor telling a surgery nurse that there was no use trying to sew him up because he would die before the night ended. Danner slowly peeled back the sheet covering his stomach. Underneath was an exposed intestine with not enough skin left to make a closure. At that moment she knew that the doctor was right. Peterson won't make it though the night. She debated whether or not to tell a patient that he is dying. She weighted the pros and cons. The nurse code states to give hope even if there is no hope left to give. However, she feared that her patient wouldn't see past her lie. Danner decided to follow her nurse code and lie. She told Peterson that he must have misunderstood. With other patients to see, she moved on. When she came back to his bed, he wasn't there. The doctor pronounced him dead a few minutes ago. Tears fell from her eyes. She wished there something more she could have done.²⁷

While Danner was comforting the wounded in the Philippines, Fechtmann was just beginning her own journey with the Navy Nurse Corps. In 1942, she was ordered for overseas duty at the U.S. Navy Mobile Hospital No. 4 in Auckland, New Zealand. She was excited about her new orders. She had never been outside the United States before. This would be her chance to travel. Fechtmann and her friend, Sally, crossed the United States by train to San Francisco. One night as the train passed through the Rocky Mountains, she awoke to someone breaking into her compartment. Sally crept inside, every part of her body shivering from the cold. Fechtmann

²⁷ Danner, *What a Way to Spend a War*, 49-51.

was freezing too but called Sally to come closer. She wrapped Sally with another blanket and they clung to one another in hopes of creating some body heat. After a few hours, they both went back to sleep.²⁸

When Fechtmann arrived in San Francisco, she thought she would only be there for a few days. However, her convoy was delayed from leaving San Francisco for four weeks. Sally and her spent the four weeks at the St. Francis Hotel and visited the sites and attractions of San Francisco. Most nights they went to Red Cross Officers' Courtesy Club, where they interacted with other military officers. One night Fechtmann met Air Force officer. After talking some, he offered her an unused plane ticket to Los Angeles. Excited, she ran to the nearest telephone to get approval from the Navy. The Red Cross nurses helped her with her travel plans, making sure she saw all the sights of Los Angeles.²⁹

The next week, about one hundred Navy Nurses sailed out of the San Francisco harbor on the *U.S.S President Polk*. Their final destination would be Auckland, New Zealand. The Mobile Hospital No. 4 was built in a cricket field fenced in with a thicket hedge. Away from the exciting battlefields, patients were always trying to find ways to entertain themselves. One late night, Fechtmann was walking the hallways, making rounds. As she turned the corner, she saw a group of corpsmen and sleepless patients circled around one of the nurses' desks. She pushed through

²⁸ "Dora Cline Fechtmann Collection," University of Virginia School of Nursing, accessed October 2, 2016, <https://www.nursing.virginia.edu/research/cnhi/collection/individual/fechtmann/>; Dora Cline Fechtmann, "What Nursing Means to Me," accessed in Dora Cline Fechtmann, *My Scrapbook: An Album of Memories*, 53, University of Virginia: School of Nursing, Center for Nursing Historical Inquiry, Charlottesville, VA.

²⁹ Dora Cline Fechtmann, "What Nursing Means to Me," accessed in Dora Cline Fechtmann, *My Scrapbook: An Album of Memories*, 53, University of Virginia: School of Nursing, Center for Nursing Historical Inquiry, Charlottesville, VA.

the circle to find a little porcupine rolled up on the desk. Even though having the porcupine in the ward broke hospital rules, she couldn't help but smile.³⁰

To help keep the military personnel and patients occupied, the base hospital provided entertainment. Dinner receptions and dances were common. Officers would also go game hunting. If the hunt was a success, the base hospital would roast the game (Figure 4).³¹ One major event that occurred at the Mobile Hospital No. 4 was an appearance by the famous comedian Joe E. Brown on March 10, 1943. The stop was part of his tour of the South Pacific. His tour consisted of about 180 appearances for Allied forces in the Pacific. The purpose of the tour was to bring excitement to the servicemen and women stationed there. Brown wanted all servicemen and women to have opportunity to have fun despite the seriousness of war. In the crowd, Fechtmann could see Brown dressed in brown khakis. He looked like any other typical American male. He introduced the crowd to Johnny Marvin, a singer and songwriter. The crowd went wild. Fechtmann couldn't help but to scream along as well. Marvin sang "Here We Are," a song dedicated to the Allied troops in World War II. After the concert, Fechtmann pushed through the crowd, to get a better look at Brown. To her amazement, she got face to face with him. After scrambling for a blank piece of paper, Brown gave her his autograph.³²

While waiting to be transferred, Fechtmann had the opportunity once again to travel. She spent a holiday cruising on the *USS Talamanca* through the South Sea Islands. Her captain,

³⁰ Dora Cline Fechtmann, "What Nursing Means to Me," accessed in Dora Cline Fechtmann, *My Scrapbook: An Album of Memories*, 54-55, University of Virginia: School of Nursing, Center for Nursing Historical Inquiry, Charlottesville, VA.

³¹ "Troops Game," n.d., Photograph, accessed in Scrapbook C, 9-16, Box 1 Folder 6, Dora Cline Fechtmann Collection, University of Virginia: School of Nursing, Center for Nursing Historical Inquiry, Charlottesville, VA.

³² "Famous Actor: Mr. Joe E. Brown," 1943, accessed in Scrapbook B, 16-23, Box 1 Folder 4, Dora Cline Fechtmann Collection, University of Virginia: School of Nursing, Center for Nursing Historical Inquiry, Charlottesville, VA.

Nathan Bard, arranged a trip to Viti Levu, part of the Fiji islands. Fechtmann was able to tour the small native villages on the island (Figure 5). As she walked around, women and children emerged from the traditional straw huts. The women and children were friendly and clean. Many tried to make conversation with Fechtmann, but because of a language barrier words could not be exchanged. Fechtmann was making her way to the beach to have lunch, when she heard girls signing. Three Fijian girls carrying woven baskets on their backs emerged. They had just finished catching some octopi and were returning home. Startled, the three girls stopped their singing. Not knowing who these newcomers were, the girls looked away frightened. Several crewmen, including Fechtmann persuaded the girls to sing some more. The girls looked at one another, smiles emerging from their faces. They then sang the beautiful Fijian love song, “Isa Lei”.³³

At the Base Hospital No. 4 in Efate, New Hebrides, Fechtmann dealt with patients from the battles in the Solomon Islands. While stationed in New Hebrides, she learned that critically injured patients complained less. She believed that soldiers were too busy being thankful that they were alive to complain about their injuries.³⁴ Not all critical injured patients survived the night though. In 1943, John Conn died at the Base Hospital No. 4. After Conn died, Fechtmann sat down and wrote a letter of consolation to his family. John’s mother, May Conn Wood, wrote back to say thank you for her sympathy. She wanted Fechtmann to understand how much her son

³³ Dora Cline Fechtmann, “I Am Clay,” accessed in Dora Cline Fechtmann, *My Scrapbook: An Album of Memories*, 14-15, University of Virginia: School of Nursing, Center for Nursing Historical Inquiry, Charlottesville, VA.; Dora Cline Fechtmann, “What Nursing Means to Me,” accessed in Dora Cline Fechtmann, *My Scrapbook: An Album of Memories*, 53, University of Virginia: School of Nursing, Center for Nursing Historical Inquiry, Charlottesville, VA.

³⁴ “Dora Cline Fechtmann Collection,” University of Virginia School of Nursing, accessed October 2, 2016, <https://www.nursing.virginia.edu/research/cnhi/collection/individual/fechtmann/>; Dora Cline Fechtmann, “I Am Clay,” accessed in Dora Cline Fechtmann, *My Scrapbook: An Album of Memories*, 16, University of Virginia: School of Nursing, Center for Nursing Historical Inquiry, Charlottesville, VA.; Dora Cline Fechtmann, “What Nursing Means to Me,” accessed in Dora Cline Fechtmann, *My Scrapbook: An Album of Memories*, 55, University of Virginia: School of Nursing, Center for Nursing Historical Inquiry, Charlottesville, VA.

meant to her, that he wasn't just another soldier that died in her ward. She wrote that John was her only child and "how [she] can't go on, but this is war" (Figure 6). May Conn Wood wrote a second letter to Fechtmann, afraid that the first letter would not make it (Figure 7). She wrote, that she appreciates everything that Cline did for her son and "it is a consolation to know that a good hearted American Nurse was with him."³⁵

While stationed in New Hebrides, the Navy was sending orders for some nurses to return to New Zealand. Fechtmann was one of these nurses. She resented this order, wanting to travel more, but an order was an order. She went back kicking and screaming. However, being sent back to New Zealand would later become a blessing. One day a colonel on the base introduced Fechtmann to his executive officer, Fred. Fred was an army lieutenant from Long Island. During their conversations, she was never bored. His mind fascinated her. Their conversations never included the "silly small talk" that usually happened with other military officers. With each passing day, Fechtmann felt greater feelings for Fred. Knowing that her next orders would be to return to San Francisco, she convinced the chief nurse and the Navy to allow her to marry Fred. On April 18, 1944 at St David's Presbyterian Church in Auckland, New Zealand, Fechtmann married him (Figure 8). Four short weeks later, she sailed out of Auckland harbor on the *USS Orizaba* bound for San Francisco.³⁶

³⁵ May F. Conn Wood to Dora E. Cline, January 7, 1943, in Dora Cline Fechtmann, *My Scrapbook: An Album of Memories*, 28, University of Virginia: School of Nursing, Center for Nursing Historical Inquiry, Charlottesville, VA.; May F. Conn Wood to Dora E. Cline, January 6, 1944, in Dora Cline Fechtmann, *My Scrapbook: An Album of Memories*, 29, University of Virginia: School of Nursing, Center for Nursing Historical Inquiry, Charlottesville, VA.

³⁶ Dora Cline Fechtmann, "I Am Clay," accessed in Dora Cline Fechtmann, *My Scrapbook: An Album of Memories*, 16-17, University of Virginia: School of Nursing, Center for Nursing Historical Inquiry, Charlottesville, VA.; "Fred and Dora Fechtmann Following Marriage Ceremony," April 18, 1944, Photograph, accessed in Scrapbook D, 1-12, Box 1 Folder 10, Dora Cline Fechtmann Collection, University of Virginia: School of Nursing, Center for Nursing Historical Inquiry, Charlottesville, VA.

However, not all Navy nurses had happy wartime experiences like Fechtmann. Following the bombing of Pearl Harbor, the Japanese pressed forward attacking the Philippines. By January 2, General Masaharu Homma and the Imperial Japanese Army entered Manila. Mary Rose “Red” Harrington, a Navy nurse in Manila, waited for orders to evacuate the threatened city. One Navy nurse was able to escape with a navy surgeon and corpsman on their way to Bataan, but eleven other Navy nurses were stranded. One by one, Harrington watched the Army pack up their supplies and move out. She waited patiently for her to orders to evacuate, but the orders never came.³⁷

This wasn’t the first time Harrington felt abandoned. After being born in a home for unwed mothers, she was discarded and sent to St. Monica’s Orphanage in Sioux City, Iowa. However, the next day Petra Harrington walked in. Originally Petra planned on adopting a little boy but every time she tried to pick him up he cried. In the corner, she saw a little infant girl lying quietly holding a bottle. She knew right then and there that this was the infant she wanted to adopt. Harrington hoped that being abandoned in the Manila would be a blessing instead of a curse like when she was younger.³⁸

On January 3, 1942, Japanese officers entered the base hospital at Santa Scholastica and imprisoned twenty-seven physicians and dentists, eleven Navy nurses, a Filipino nurse, a Red Cross director, a Catholic priest and several dozen enlisted men. Danner and Harrington were two of the eleven Navy nurses imprisoned. When Japanese soldiers flooded the hospital, Danner tried to stay calm. Her head doctor promised them they would all be safe according to the Geneva Convention. As prisoners of war all noncombatant staff and patients would be taken

³⁷ Elizabeth M. Norman, *We Band of Angels: The Untold Story of the American Women Trapped on Bataan* (New York: Random House, 2013), 25.

³⁸ *Ibid.*, 25-26.

safely behind their own front lines. Danner felt anything but safe. With Harrington, she watched as enlisted men lowered the American flag positioned in front of Saint Scholastica.³⁹

Harrington and Danner watched as the Japanese ordered the enlisted men to string barbed wire around the building. The Japanese soldiers were baffled at the sight of women in military uniform, they didn't know how to proceed with the female nurses.⁴⁰ At first, they maintained status quo. They allowed the nurses to take care of the badly wounded patients. Slowly, Harrington and Danner both watched as the soldiers looted the building. First personal effects were taken: radios, knives, and flashlights. The soldiers had little interests in the women's other personal effects. Their dormitory rooms were left untouched. Conditions began to deteriorate when the soldiers took food and medicine from the pantry. No effort was made to feed the prisoners. They also took important medications and malarial drugs like quinine.⁴¹

A nine one night, four Filipino patients were unaccounted during the tenko (roll call). The Japanese became hostile. Danner was walking in the hallway when Japanese guards came around the corner with their bayoneted rifles drawn. The men were wild eyed, ready to pull the trigger at a moments notice. The sergeant threatened Danner: for every patient that turned up missing, two other patients and the nurse on the ward would be shot. Danner was frightened for her life but her head nurse insisted that she should remain calm. The nurses needed to maintain good order

³⁹ Norman, *We Band of Angels*, 27-28; Danner, *What a Way to Spend a War*, 71.

⁴⁰ Japanese women did not join the military. When a Japanese woman wanted to help out with the war effort, she would volunteer for a patriotic society: Joshi Teishen Tai (Women's Benevolent Force), Joshi Hokotu Tai (Women's National Service), or Aikoku Fujin Kai (Women's Patriotic Society). Joshi Teishen Tai encouraged women to volunteer for war work. Joshi Hokotu Tai organized working parties to help rural families. Aikoku Fujin Kai prepared packages soldiers overseas. Referenced in Elizabeth M. Norman, *We Band of Angels: The Untold Story of the American Women Trapped on Bataan* (New York: Random House, 2013), 28.

⁴¹ Norman, *We Band of Angels*, 27-28; Danner, *What a Way to Spend a War*, 71-72.

and military discipline. This went on for weeks until early March when all Allied civilians were sent to an internment camp at the University of Santo Thomas.⁴²

When she first arrived at the Santo Thomas, Danner thought that a civilian internment camp would be the world's worst place to live. In front of her stood a large old building surrounded by an assortment of later additions. To her the Big House, as it was called, was ugly. Positioned on the roof were clusters of religious soldiers in full suits of armor. Dirty mattresses and blankets draped over the tall windows' sills. Danner cringed knowing that this was a sign of lice and bedbugs. As she walked through a wrought-iron fence adorned with spears that pointed to the sky, she never felt more trapped. To find a place of her own, she snuck off to find shade under a tree. This became Danner's personal hide away. While at Santo Thomas, her fellow internees could find her here getting lost in a book (Figure 9).⁴³

However, living conditions worsened with the arrival of more new civilians. In January of 1943, Santo Thomas was home to 3,263 men, women, and children. By May that number increased to 4,200 people. Although there were sixty-six classrooms in the main building, there were still too many people. The toilets couldn't handle the increased pressure, causing them to overflow constantly. Due to the close quarters, sickness also became rampant among the internees. Fearing epidemics and riots, the Japanese decided to set up a new internment camp located in the town of Los Baños, about sixty kilometers south of Manila. The Japanese decided to move eight hundred men and women to the camp. Hoping to be able to run their own hospital "the navy way," the eleven Navy Nurses decided to be transported to the new internment camp.⁴⁴

⁴² Norman, *We Band of Angels*, 28-29; Danner, *What a Way to Spend a War*, 73.

⁴³ Danner, *What a Way to Spend a War*, 80-82; Herman, "Dorothy Still Danner," 37.

⁴⁴ Herman, "Dorothy Still Danner," 37; Norman, *We Band of Angels*, 171-172.

Danner nicknamed Los Baños, “The Country Club,” due to its satisfactory living conditions compared to other camps in the area. The Japanese took a plot of about sixty acres from the University of the Philippines and put a barbed wire fence around it. In the first few weeks, the internees created a water and sanitation system and planted a large vegetable garden along the camp parameter. In December, dependents came to camp and brought “touches of civilization” with them like tablecloths and salt and peppershakers. Civilians were able to exercise, had baseball games, and did community chores. Every evening before curfew, the internees would get together to watch the sunset, listen to music, and hold skits and sing-alongs.⁴⁵

Circumstances changed in late 1943 and 1944, when the Japanese military took over the internment camps. When the Americans invaded the Philippines, the Japanese made life worse for the men and women in the camps. Many more civilians were brought to Los Banos, including the sick and the elderly, who were previously allowed to stay in their homes in Manila. Japanese then cut off the south end of the camp and crowded the internees into the small remaining portion. Meals were reduced to two meals a day, only consisting of pasty, diluted rice. The adults in the camp went from a diet of 1,490 calories a day to 1,180 calories, which is less than half the calories needed for a healthy diet. Internees began losing weight. On average the men in the camp lost 31.4 pounds while the women lost 17.7 pounds. Red Harrington lost around 40 pounds while imprisoned.⁴⁶

After hearing reports that the prisoners were starving at Los Baños, General Douglas MacArthur and other American commanders planned a raid to free them. MacArthur assigned

⁴⁵ Herman, “Dorothy Still Danner,” 38; Norman, *We Band of Angels*, 173-175.

⁴⁶Herman, “Dorothy Still Danner,” 39; Norman, *We Band of Angels*, 186.

the Eleventh Airborne Division to rescue the internees. The plan called for a sneak attack where paratroopers would be dropped behind the guard houses in the camp while the infantry would come ashore in amtracs from a nearby lake. The amtracs would then evacuate the civilians. At about seven in the morning on February 23, 1945, Danner was feeding a newborn baby, whose mother was so malnourished she could not feed her baby herself. She took the baby to a linen closet where it was a bit warmer. The sounds of machine guns filled the air along with the rumbles of aircrafts. Danner feared that this was the moment they would all be killed. She tightened the baby around her body in order to protect her from the encroaching forces.⁴⁷

Danner and a few orderlies peeked outside the door to see complete chaos. She saw Barracks 3 and 4 engulfed in flames. Guerrillas and soldiers were in hand-to-hand combat with the Japanese soldiers near the guardhouses. Bullets were flying in every direction striking the Japanese soldiers to the ground. As the planes flew overhead, one by one, paratroopers dropped from the sky. The swali-covered fence near the main gate came barreling down. The amtracs had crashed through the fence with a large bang. When healthy American soldiers emerged from the amtracs, Danner felt relieved. They were finally being rescued. She rushed back into hospital to help prepare patients for transport. By the time all the patients were transported, all the amtracs were gone. Danner and other hospital personnel walked to the beaches of Mayondon Point where the Eleventh Airborne Division rescued them. The American troops were able to rescue 1,500 people on the amtracs and the rest overland.⁴⁸

During World War II, no members of the Navy Nurse Corps died during combat, but nine died while stationed overseas. Thirty-one died while stationed in the United States. Navy Nurses

⁴⁷Norman, *We Band of Angels*, 212; Herman, "Dorothy Still Danner," 39-40; Danner, *What a Way to Spend a War*, 193-194.

⁴⁸ Herman, "Dorothy Still Danner," 39-40; Danner, *What a Way to Spend a War*, 195.

earned over 300 military awards and honors for their valor and dedication during the war. A bronze plaque was placed on the Mount Samat Shrine in the Province of Bataan to honor the American military women, “The Angels of Bataan,” for their service. Even though the eleven Navy Nurses were liberated and praised for their services in the Philippines, many had trouble adjusting back to civilian life. Red Harrington married Thomas Page Nelson, an employee at the Department of the Treasury, who she met at the Los Banos interment camp. However, her marriage felt cold. Nelson went back to work, where he poured over laws and regulations each night. Harrington was no longer a priority like she was in the internment camp. To keep herself busy, she went back to nursing. During the war, she saw enough blood and guts to last a lifetime. She wanted a quiet nursing career where she could hand out pills for headaches and colds. She worked as a nurse at the Federal Map Service.⁴⁹

Like many prisoners of war, Red Harrington feared she wouldn’t be able to carry a baby to full term due to the severe malnutrition she suffered. When she got pregnant in 1946, she stuffed herself with steaks and cheese to help with her protein deficiency. She took in so much protein she became edematous and her legs and arms swelled. She did, however, give birth to a healthy son. After three more children, Harrington and her husband moved to a large farmhouse in suburban Virginia. There was only one rule in her household: no one was allowed to leave anything on their plate during dinner. Harrington and Nelson rarely talked about their experiences in the internment camps. To both of them, the camps were long behind them. They both had a peaceful future to look forward to.⁵⁰

⁴⁹ Godson, *Serving Proudly*, 151; “Angels of Bataan and Corregidor,” *Military Medic*, accessed November 9, 2016, <http://militarymedic.com/angels-of-bataan-and-corregidor/>; Norman, *We Band of Angels*, 253-254.

⁵⁰ Norman, *We Band of Angels*, 254.

While Harrington moved to Washington, D.C to live with Page Nelson, Dorothy Still Danner went home to Long Beach, California. During the years after her release, she suffered from depression. She missed her fellow nurses and close friends she made while at Los Baños. She also felt restless, no longer believing she belonged in her small town. After World War II, she was temporarily assigned to the Treasury Department to help with bond drives. She also traveled and became a guest speaker for the Navy at many public relations events. One day she was asked to represent the Navy Nurse Corps at the *New York Tribune's* Annual Forum. Being among other military women, she felt “insignificant” and “unworthy.” Danner felt that she had sat out the internment camps while these men and women fought on the front lines.⁵¹

In 1946, Danner left the Navy and moved to North Hollywood in California. Danner and her husband, Pete, had three children together. To help become a great wife and mother, she tried every how to book from how to garden and how to cook and clean. To help transition back to civilian life, Danner and her family moved to the countryside. She, however, was miserable. She couldn't escape her memories in the internment camp. To help, she cut ties with everyone she knew from the camps. She wanted to bury the past once and for all. Danner suffered another major adjustment when her husband died unexpectedly of a coronary hemorrhage after ten years of marriage. Feeling lost without any support, she moved closer to Pete's family in San Diego. As a single mother Danner supported her children by working at a local hospital as the central service supervisor.⁵²

While Harrington and Danner had their husbands to help them adjust, Dora Cline Fechtmann was alone. Thirteen days after sailing out of the Auckland harbor on the *USS*

⁵¹ Danner, *What a Way to Spend a War*, 209, 211.

⁵² Danner, *What a Way to Spend a War*, 214-215.

Orizaba, she arrived in San Francisco without her husband. Fred remained enlisted for twenty more months, where he island hopped in the Pacific all the way to the beaches of Japan. When she saw the hills of California and the Golden Gate Bridge, tears fell from her eyes. She was thankful, knowing that so many others would never see those sights again. Everyday, Fechtmann feared for Fred's life, wondering whether he would return home safe to her. He did return back to the United States safely, after his enlistment ended. Fechtmann and her husband moved to Virginia where they had three girls named Betty, Freddie Ann, and Ginny Gray. She continued to practice nursing as a public health, private duty nurse, and a physical therapist. In 1977, she retired as a nurse and moved to Ocala, Florida.⁵³

During World War II, women ventured into areas where women were once prohibited. Women traded in their aprons and their domestic household chores for work in the factories and in the military. Women like Dora Cline Fechtmann, Dorothy Still Danner and Mary Rose "Red" Harrington, headed for the front lines as nurses in the Navy Nurse Corps. Fechtmann cared so deeply for her patients that she wrote consolation letters to the families of the men that died in her war. As a prisoner of war, Danner and Harrington showed the strength and courage needed to survive imprisonment at Los Banos. These women's stories are often forgotten due to being overshadowed by the Army Nurse Corps. These stores cannot be forgotten. As many more Navy nurses become deceased, it is up to historians to share their stories before they are lost forever.

⁵³ "Dora Cline Fechtmann Collection," University of Virginia School of Nursing, accessed October 2, 2016, <https://www.nursing.virginia.edu/research/cnhi/collection/individual/fechtmann/>; Dora Cline Fechtmann, "I Am Clay," accessed in Dora Cline Fechtmann, *My Scrapbook: An Album of Memories*, 17-18, University of Virginia: School of Nursing, Center for Nursing Historical Inquiry, Charlottesville, VA.

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Appendix



Figure 1: “Join the Navy Nurse Corps--Apply at your Red Cross recruiting station” propaganda poster was published in 1944. Illustrator is unknown. Image can be located in The Library Congress Prints and Photographs Online Catalog.



Figure 2: Dorothy Still Danner in 1945. Photograph can be located in *What a Way to Spend a War: Navy Nurse POWS in the Philippines* by Dorothy Still Danner.

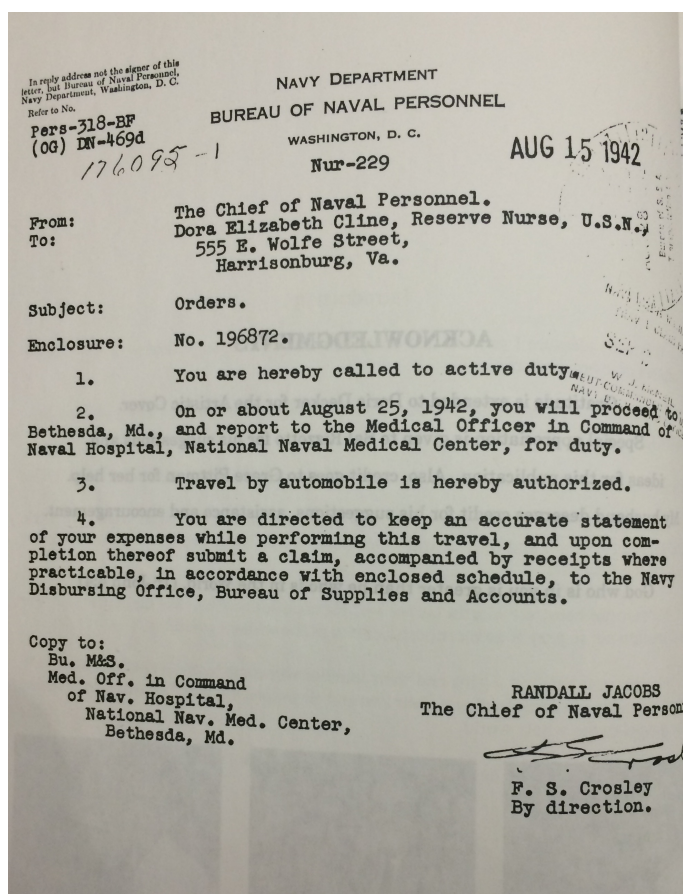


Figure 3: Letter from Randall Jacobs to Dora Elizabeth Cline from August 15, 1942. This letter states that Dora Cline must report for duty to the Naval Hospital in Bethesda, Maryland, on August 25, 1942. Letter can be located in *My Scrapbook: An Album of Memories* by Dora Cline Fechtmann in the Dora Cline Fechtmann Collection at University of Virginia: School of Nursing, Center for Nursing Historical Inquiry, Charlottesville, VA.



Figure 4: Photograph of American and Native troops following a successful game hunt. Photograph can be located in Scrapbook C, Pages 9-16, Box 1 Folder 6 of the Dora Cline Fechtmann Collection at University of Virginia: School of Nursing, Center for Nursing Historical Inquiry, Charlottesville, VA.



Figure 5: Photograph of a native Village in Fiji. This photograph can be located in Scrapbook C, Pages 9-16, Box 1 Folder 6 of the Dora Cline Fechtmann Collection at University of Virginia: School of Nursing, Center for Nursing Historical Inquiry, Charlottesville, VA.

BOX 67

MRS. MAY F. WOOD
SANDERSVILLE, GA.

January 7, 1943. (?)

*Mother of my patient
Conn - died at Base H
on 1/7/43, N.H.*

Ens. Dora E. Cline,
Base Hospital No. 2,
San Francisco, Cal.

My dear friend:

The Mother of John Conn will ever hold in grateful remembrance your kind words of sympathy.

I have been hoping against hope, that after all might be a mistake, and that my dear boy was living, but I guess your message makes it final. As yet, I have only learned that he died from Pulmonary embolism that set in after a kidney operation. Is that right?

You say you were John's friend. I hope you were with him at the last, as I have suffered much over the thoughts of his going away, away out there alone. I do not know of the conditions as to whether there is plenty of nurses and help in these base hospitals or not. Will you please write me at length.

John was my only child, and we were so devoted. I have never had a thought hardly that he was not included in. My life since he came, has been wrapped around him. He was such a precious baby, sweet boy, and gentle, loving man. It is hard for me to see how I can go on, but this is war, and probably, he would have gone the same way, had he been with me. I did want to see him much, and he wanted to come home so much. I know he loved me devotedly.

Forgive me for telling you all this, but maybe some day, you ~~xxxx~~ may understand how my heart is breaking now.

Please write me.

Your friend,
May F. Conn Wood

If it is so you can, please come to see me, or get in touch with me when you get back to the States.

*She visited us in 1951-2 (?) &
reminded us of her old Tex Service*

Figure 6: Letter from May F. Conn Wood to Dora E. Cline on January 7, 1943. This letter can be located in *My Scrapbook: An Album of Memories* by Dora Cline Fechtmann in the Dora Cline Fechtmann Collection at University of Virginia: School of Nursing, Center for Nursing Historical Inquiry, Charlottesville, VA.

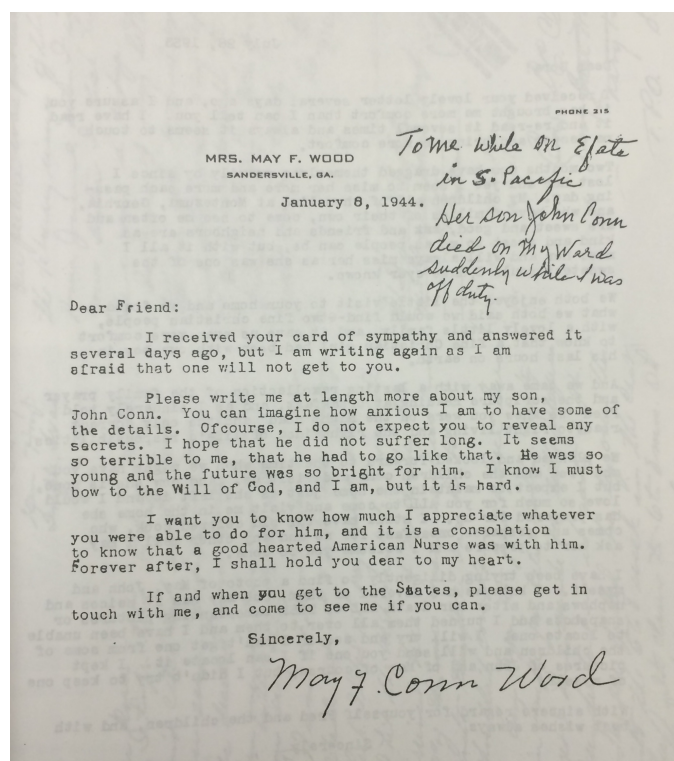


Figure 7: Letter from May F. Conn Wood to Dora E. Cline on January 6, 1944. This letter can be located in *My Scrapbook: An Album of Memories* by Dora Cline Fechtmann in the Dora Cline Fechtmann Collection at University of Virginia: School of Nursing, Center for Nursing Historical Inquiry, Charlottesville, VA.



Figure 8: Dora Cline and Fred Fechtmann following their marriage ceremony on April 18, 1944 at St David's Presbyterian Church in Auckland, New Zealand. Photograph can be located in Scrapbook D, Pages 1-12, Box 11 Folder 1 from the Dora Cline Fechtmann Collection at the Center for Nursing Historical Inquiry, University of Virginia: School of Nursing.



Figure 9: A group of Navy nurses imprisoned at Santo Tomas. Photograph was taken in September of 1942. Dorothy Still Danner is located in the second row on the far right. The photograph was taken by one of the Japanese guards. Photograph can be located in *What a Way to Spend a War: Navy Nurse POWS in the Philippines* by Dorothy Still Danner.