

Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt,
The White House,
Washington, D.C.

My dear Mr. President, From our evening paper, I have just learned that the Navy Cross has been awarded posthumously to our son, Ensign William R. Evans for a pilot from that gallant group Torpedo Squadron 8 - lost at Midway just a year ago. In his behalf and for all the other men who so bravely did their duty that day against such great odds, I wish to express my very sincere thanks for this honor. To take these supreme sacrifices for granted would indeed be cruel.

But before this announcement was made I had promised myself to keep faith with his memory today by writing to you - just one more Mother, pleading that nothing be allowed to interfere with finishing this cruel war in the shortest time possible so that other lives may not needlessly be sacrificed.

I know little of the inner workings of politics and the devious methods of settling labor problems. However I can guess what would have happened on that fateful morning a year ago when all the Japanese Navy was bearing down on Midway, if our American boys not raised to be soldiers but loving freedom more than their own lives had refused

to leave their ships and sail out into the blue in that suicidal effort to stop the enemy -

Blue possibly to later situations at home, those boys had never received the planes ordered when the Hornet was built and went to their great task in planes several years old -

A mere bundle of spare parts they jocosely called them.

If the new planes had come in time, would the loss of life have been so complete? That is the question that Mothers and Wives will always ask. Don't let it happen again.

Our sons at the front face the hardships of war. If war we must have, how can we at home do less. Hours and wages seem petty questions beside the vital question of safety, and

life itself.

Forgive me for taking your time when so many problems are crushing in on you, but for the sake of my son and all those other boys whose time was oh so short, I had to speak. These boys are giving so much for a heritage that they have held precious. We can't be true to them and allow our freedom at home brought low by class tyrants.

May I enclose a poem written by Bill while in training at Jacksonville and returned to us in his effects last summer. It is startlingly prophetic.

A letter written to us also by the has been entered into the Congressional Record by Mr. Louis Rudlow.

Very sincerely,
Luis Brown.