

November 2, 1944

Lt. Commander Harry W. Riley  
Naval Unit 913  
c/o Postmaster  
New York, N. Y.

Dear Windy:

I was delighted to get the card giving your new address. It was a bit delayed for some reason unknown to me.

I rather imagine you may be on convoy duty, but can't tell for sure from the address. However, it must be pleasant to be getting the sea breezes now. It certainly is preferable to sitting behind the desk as you have so often said.

I was back in New York a couple of weeks ago and had a pleasant visit with a number of people. New York is filled with transients now and there are practically no people living there who are at all permanent. I suppose this atmosphere of restlessness is a by-product of the war, at least let's hope so because it certainly is an unnatural way to live.

The recent naval victory in the Pacific ought to have hastened the end of the war with the Japanese and let's hope we will all get out of uniform by 1950 at least.

I am very pessimistic about the trend in this country and feel that we are moving rapidly toward a situation where the old adage "only those who work" is being altered to read "only those who obey the state, work." Government is rapidly becoming the master of the people rather than the servant. However, as I have said many times, if people prefer this, they certainly are entitled to it, and you and I have no right to complain. Nevertheless, I still hope for a bit of privacy and a little bit of freedom for my declining years. Perhaps you and I can get together on that little farm in Vermont and raise enough potatoes to keep away the tax collector.

With all good wishes,

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM M. MARTIN, JR.,  
Lt. Colonel, Infantry, A. U. S.