



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

To: **T-5 JOHN HENRY EDMAN 12156654**
Co B 50 Signal Battalion
APO # 307 o/o PM
New York, N.Y.

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 1

From: **Joshua Ledberg AS Vols**
USAR
50 Haven Avenue
New York 25 N.Y.

5 August 1945.
 (Sender's complete address above)

Dear Chuck;

I suppose it would be unethical for me not to mention that this is more or less by way of being a 'ground-robin', or rather that I am sending carbon-copies to the other guys in that ancient and revered society of 'Chuck.....'. I was coming home past 172d St. and Haven Ave, Manhattan, which old and familiar scene reminded me that I owed each of you a letter for longer than I care to remember. Rather than shift the impossible task of writing three letters that would more or less duplicate each other anyhow, I thought to do this. You fellows naturally don't say too much about how and what you're doing, especially Bob Mavis. Arnold writes to me about the spirit of Germany and the soft job he'd pulled for a while as an interpreter. Jack hasn't written anything at all in a long time; I'm afraid he's becoming a GI Joe. He's certainly the veteran among us. And who's the goldbrick? He, of course.

We're well into the second year of Med School now, and it's no cinch to sit, awake, in these hot, unairred, dark rooms while some old geezer talks on and on and on about measles or Tuberculosis. Medicine is spoon fed; if you've been exposed at all, you can't help having quite a bit of it shoved into your system, but it isn't much of a science, not so much that it doesn't use scientific techniques as that it has a very narrow approach: Cure the patient, and as a result, probably less patients are cured in the long run. I don't like it, and probably will not practice very long after I get out. Instead I've finally gotten myself deeply involved in some fundamental research, and ambitious, and people are melting out of my world, which is the way I have always pretended that I wanted it to be. I haven't made any new friends really, since you guys, KKK and I know damn well that even that can never be the same again.... That's my price for having sat out this war. There's no damn sense talking about the research as I have been prone to do; it really doesn't matter; but the laboratory is more than just a dull place where you wash test-tubes. There, and not on the dance-floor, drill field, or battle-ground, Edm I'm at my best, so perhaps you'll forgive me if I can't repeat all the witty jokes I've heard this last week, for I can't entertain you, and even if you still cared, Jack I couldn't argue with you about James Joyce, or about the price of onions and China with Arn or Bob. The sun is setting now, beyond the George Washington Bridge, and I can see my road converging into nothingness in the distance. How about you guys?

Joshua.

Have you filled in complete address at top?



Have you filled in complete address at top?