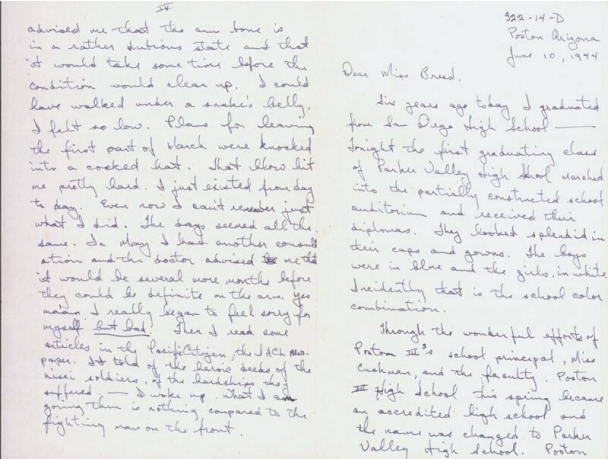


Basic Detail Report



[Letter to Clara Breed from Tetsuzo (Ted) Hirasaki, Poston, Arizona, June 10, 1944]

Date  
1944

Primary Maker  
Hirasaki, Tetsuzo

Medium  
paper, ink

Description  
Transcription: 322-14-D/Poston, Arizona/June 10, 1944/Dear Miss Breed,/Six years ago today I graduated from San Diego High

School--Tonight the first graduating class of Parker Valley High School marched into the partially constructed school auditorium and received their diplomas. They looked splendid in their caps and gowns. The boys were in blue and the girls, in white. Incidentally that is the school color combination./Through the wonderful efforts of Poston III's school principal, Miss Cushman, and the faculty, Poston III High School this spring became an accredited high school and the name was changed to Parker Valley High School. Poston I and II High Schools are as yet unaccredited. If I am not mistaken I believe Parker Valley High School is the only relocation center high school that has been so honored./It is magnificent the way the students have striven for higher education. The first year here found them in make-shift barrack classrooms. When construction of the school began the whole community volunteered in making adobe bricks for the school buildings. Even school children helped so that school could open in time for the fall semester of 1943-1944. Yes, the students can rightfully be proud to say "It's my school" for they built it with sweat and toil during the hot summer days that Poston is noted for./--Just a few rambling comments on the graduation ceremony. The class gift was a beautiful American flag. Instead of a vocal selection there was a piano solo by Elain Hibi a very talented pianist from San Diego. I believe this is the first American high school graduation ceremony to have a Buddhist blessing. The class moot: The past, forever gone; the future still our own. There were nine honor students. I didn't get all their names but I did catch one and the name is Aiko Kubo (remember her?)/-----/I had hoped to be a barber at Camp Savage, Minn. The offer came to me during the last of February. In a routine checking of the arm, the doctor advised me that the arm bone is in a rather dubious state and that it would take some time before the condition would clear up. I could have walked under a snake's belly, I felt so low. Plans for leaving the first part of March were knocked into a cocked hat. That blow hit me pretty hard. I just existed from day to day. Even now I can't remember just what I did. The days seemed all the same. In May I had another consultation and the doctor advised me that it would be several more months before they could be definite on the arm. Yes ma'am I really began to feel sorry for myself but bad. Then I read some articles in the Pacific Citizen, the JACL newspaper. It told of the heroic deeds of the nisei soldiers, of the hardships they suffered.---I woke up. What I am going thru is nothing compared to the fighting man on the front./I am back in training now. I am taking weight-lifting to condition my body. Exercise seems to do my arm more good than resting it all the time. I have started playing golf. The arm is a handicap but after all there are one armed golfers who do all right, besides I have fun. I am trying to learn how to play bridge, too. Just now with all the exercising and music lessons (I am still trying to play a guitar) I am kept pretty busy after work. It certainly helps to keep my mind off the fact that I can't relocate just yet. Time seems to fly right by. I received quite a jolt when I realized that it won't be long before 1944 is half over. /The days are getting very hot now. The winds blow much more this year than last. They help to keep the days bearable./How did San Diego take the news of the invasion? I didn't know about it for two days--at that I thought it was a rumor around camp. You see I hadn't seen a newspaper in weeks and our radio doesn't work until the early hours of the morning at which time I am usually asleep. Most of the people here in camp were like me--we just didn't know about it, and when people told us we took it more as a rumor. The pro-axis elements went about predicting dire prospects for the allied armies. The "loyalists" can't say much because they don't know any more than what is broadcast over the radio, whereas the "pro-axis" could make up any cock-and-bull story. /Yaeko surprised us by suddenly moving to Pasco, Washington. No address has come, as yet. She is going to work in a restaurant over there./Dad is all right. He is not working but he manages to keep busy around the house. /How have you been? How is your mother? Dad and I send our very best regards./Sincerely/Ted;1 letter and envelope from Tetsuzo (Ted) Hirasaki to Clara Breed.

Dimensions  
H: 8 in, W: 10.5625 in (sheet, open) H: 3.5 in, W: 5.3125 in (envelope)