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Hiroshima International School: A Partial History

W. Enloe, Principal 1980-1988

AUTO-ETHNOGRAPHY: is a reflective process using self-reflection and writing to explore one's personal experiences interfacing autobiographical narrative and memoir to broader cultural, political, and social meanings and understandings.

***Based on Peter McKenzie's manuscript (Principal 2006-2012): *A First 50 Years- A Preliminary Attempt at a School History (found at* www.hiroshima-is.ac.jp Hiroshima International School under topic "About" see "History"*;* Walter Enloe*, HIS 1980-1988 Auto-ethnographic Notes* (2018) and *Being Disinvited from Visiting with President Jimmy Carter in Hiroshima , 1984;* to be completed: Years 1984-1988 (& photographs)**

Like very many international schools, Hiroshima International School (HIS) was founded in the early 1960s by expatriate parents wanting an English language education for their young children. And like others, it has evolved and grown since those early days (1962) into a successful and professional school today (2013) educating children from early childhood up to university entrance.

The parents whose vision and initiative launched what is now HIS were mostly from North America. Their reasons for being in Hiroshima varied. Some came as Christian missionaries. Others worked at the American Cultural Center. Occasionally there were foreign employees of Mitsubishi Heavy Industry, Mazda Motors or the professional baseball team, the Hiroshima Carp. Some taught at local universities and private schools. Still others came to work at the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission (ABCC) (now known as Radiation Effects Research Foundation). Mr. Rappaport, a long time Australian resident and employee of ABCC, indicated that ABCC parents explored on several occasions the idea of hiring an American teacher through their association with the National Academy of Science in Washington. At the time their children were mostly home schooled (using the Calvert correspondence program as many missionary families did, though often their children also attended Japanese schools), and older ABCC students attended the U.S. Marine Air Corps base school, Matthew C. Perry School, at Iwakuni (the ABCC federal government station wagon took 90 minutes each way). It was these families that finally decided that Hiroshima needed its own English-medium school.

A group of parents including Alayne van Dyck, who later taught at the school, recruited Eleanor Baldwin who, with her husband and young daughter, had moved to Kyoto from their native Canada in 1960. Mrs. Baldwin was a qualified teacher from Ontario and it was the curriculum of this Canadian province that the students were to follow into the 1980s. She remained with the school until 1971, but her family's connection to the school was to last far longer.

What was initially known as the Hiroshima American School opened the fall of 1962 in two rooms belonging to the Baptist Church on the Peace Boulevard next to the American Culture Center. It had perhaps a dozen students. Eleanor Baldwin taught a combine class of Grades 1, 2, 3 and Evelyn Keehn taught grades 4 to 6. Eleanor Baldwin recalls, "The whole program came together very quickly. The parents wanted their children to have schooling in English because so many of them were short time in Hiroshima and would be returning for school and didn't want them to be behind."

The Enloe family visited Hiroshima from Kobe in the early spring of 1963. They were to serve the Presbyterian mission in Hiroshima beginning the fall of 1963 (through 1989). There were four children ages 14-6 who attended the Canadian Academy (CA) in Kobe.

The youngest child Mary would attend HIS but the three oldest children would have to attend the school in Iwakuni until they were ready for boarding school at CA. Mr. Enloe, a former US Marine Air Corps sergeant and federal government employee, tried unsuccessfully to get his children seats in the ABCC government station wagon to Iwakuni but his formal request was denied. So riding the public bus, trolley and walking took over two hours each way between their Hiroshima home and the school.

Edith Bradshaw arrived in 1963 and taught the lower grades. Mrs. Olson taught music. Enrolment had risen to 19 and Eleanor Baldwin assumed the title of principal. But the two rooms shared with the Baptist Church Sunday school was no longer a solution to the needs of the young American School, and in 1964, entering its third year, new premises were occupied in what had been the Baptist missionary residence in the Ushita ward of the city. The home looked onto a suburban park, which, although not owned by the school, became an essential, additional facility. HIS would remain at this location, acquiring the property next door in 1984, until it moved to its current facility in Koyo cho in 1986; HIS would keep the Ushita property for its language and culture programs well into 2000.

Walter McKibben succeeded Eleanor Baldwin as principal and it was he who changed the name of the school from 'American' to 'International' in 1965. According to Abe sensei, the art teacher and a good friend of Mr. McKibben, the name was changed for several reasons. Foremost was Hiroshima was designated to become the "International City of Peace," and later, "and Culture," and as an international school it might enhance the city's reputation, garnering social capital for the school. Second, with the school moving from the central part of the City to its north ward, the school could become more independent from the cultural perception that "all things foreign were American." The school began in the Baptist Church (US Southern Baptist), next to the American Culture Center directly below Hijiyama Hill where the American ABCC was located. This landscape was disconcerting to some. There was a significant anti-war, anti-nuke peace movement and anti-American sentiment was growing. There was the anger and resentment of many hibakusha (a-bomb victims) towards the ABCC and American and Japanese governments, because the ABCC researched the effects of radiation on these civilian victims, but it neither diagnosed nor treated the a-bomb victims. There was also a growing suspicion of US nuclear weapons on Japanese soil (in Iwakuni) following the signing of the 1960 Japan-US Treaty of Mutual Security and Cooperation.

Like many of the students at that time, Mr. McKibben subsequently moved to M.C. Perry School at Iwakuni where he remained for 39 years (Who would have thought in the 1960s that forty years later HIS would be playing and beating M.C. Perry at volleyball and basketball?)

One of the school's longest serving and most loved figures was "Abe sensei." In 1962, a young Japanese teacher and artist, Tomio Abe, was hired to teach art. A specialist in traditional Noh painting and the arts and history of Kyoto, Abe sensei had studied art in Paris and over the years befriended a number of ABCC families.

He stayed with the school for more than thirty years, a much loved and highly respected figure who is fondly remembered by those whom he taught and by those he worked with. Jim Paffrath, principal from 1973-1975 describes Abe sensei as "…a dream. He taught (my wife) and I most of what we know about Japanese history and tradition, and did it in an interesting and real way…He had a way with kids that I have never seen before or since." Charles Kite who succeeded Jim as principal (1975-1980) observes, "Abe sensei was as responsible as anyone in bringing Japanese culture into the lives of HIS teachers in that era. Walter Enloe who succeeded Charles from 1980-1988 remembers that, "Abe sensei brought Japanese culture and arts and crafts to the children; opened his family's home (with help from his mother, brothers and sisters-in-law) to teachers and the community with elaborate parties and cultural demonstrations. Teachers learned much from his traditional approach to Japanese art and craft instruction. A hibakusha, I learned much from his dedication to peace and international friendship and understanding. And today our family covets our several Noh paintings from his yearly New Year exhibition at a local, downtown gallery. "

By 1967, with Eleanor Baldwin again principal, the school was increasingly reliant on the support of the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission. However, enrollment, never robust, had sunk to just twelve students; a fascinating (but frustratingly soundless) film from the '67-'68 school year includes a scene, in which, over lunch, Eleanor and members of the ABCC are discussing the future of the school. The film (which is now found on the HIS website) was made by NHK and shot mostly in and around the Ushita School. The pretty teacher who appears to have caught the eye of the cameraman is Anita Combs.

In 1968 HIS was a founding member of EARCOS (East Asia Regional Council of Overseas Schools), sponsored by the United States Department of State's Office of Overseas Schools, receiving a small grant ($3,000 a year from 1980-1988) for "demonstrating the best practices of American education." In the 1990s EARCOS became the East Asia Council of International Schools. In 1972 HIS was a founding member of the Japan Council of Overseas Schools (JCOS) which sponsored regular professional gatherings for teachers and school heads. Walter Enloe was the Treasurer of JCOS from 1986-1988 and initiated the change of the organization's name in 1988 to the Japan Council of International Schools which his assertive, "Overseas from what? Most of our 21 members schools are 'international' in their legal names." From 2009-2012 HIS principal Peter McKenzie served as JCIS president. Both JCIS and ECIS signaled that the growing number of international schools (many British or American oriented) catering largely to expatriate populations (with and a growing national presence), began to identify growing areas of interest and partnership- from legal
matters, accreditation, professional development, and curricula and extra-curricula programs.

Eleanor Baldwin, who played such a formative role in the school' early history left in 1971 and Jacqueline Pell succeeded her as principal. Jim Paffrath and his wife Christine, from northern California, took over in 1973. It was during his tenure that a Kindergarten class was opened for five year olds. Jim remembers, perhaps too modestly, "If I have any claim to history at the school, it was to get (it) on sound financial footing with real accounting so Chuck Kite, my successor, could build a new school."

Indeed, Charles (Chuck) Kite, Principal from 1975-1980, did build a new school on the site of the old. He

recalls, “The deal to buy the property in Ushita was pretty complicated. HIS didn’t have much money in the bank (Y10million or $45,000) if memory serves, and the Church was pushing us hard to buy or move. Ultimately, the property was bought and the new building paid for by a local entrepreneur, and the school rented it back from him.” The local entrepreneur was Mr. Funakoshi, and English teacher at Jogakuin Methodist Girls School who had dual American and Japanese citizenship from Hawaii. He was introduced to Jim Paffrath and Chuck Kite through Molly Enloe and her husband Dan Heiber. Molly, Walter’s younger sister, returned to Hiroshima and taught English at Jogakuin with her husband Dan from 1974-1976.

For the 1978-79 school year, while the old building was demolished and the new one built, premises were rented in Yamane-cho, close to Hiroshima Station. But in the fall of 1979 the school was at last able to occupy its own purpose-built facility. It was also while Chuck Kite was principal that the school obtained kakushu gakko legal status largely through the efforts of Chuck’s wife, Yuri. While this status referred to “miscellaneous” schools, such as private language schools and cooking schools, HIS was formally recognized by the local Japanese government. Thus, HIS began the 1979-80 with official recognition, its own purpose-built premises, some 45 grade K-8 students and four foreign teachers, a teaching principal, two Japanese teachers and an office manager. It was seventeen years old and growing up.

Several years earlier in the fall of 1977, Chuck wrote Molly Enloe’s brother Walter to see if he might be interested in applying with his wife Kitty to be a teaching couple at HIS, with the idea that over the next two years Walter would become the teaching principal. Walter and Kitty were teachers in Atlanta and Walter was also a part-time administrator of programs at the Paideia School, and he anticipated completing his Ph.D. at Emory by the spring of 1978. Kitty had both an International Montessori degree and a masters degree in learning disabilities. Walter had taught multi-age, multi-grade for seven years at Paideia. Walter and Kitty had met their freshmen year at innovative and progressive Eckerd College where they both completed liberal arts programs and were greatly involved in the college community, sparking their interest to be teachers. Chuck anticipated the current teaching couple would be leaving in the next year, and he and Yuri were looking for new positions (they later worked at international schools in Somalia, Kenya, and Chuck retired as Assistant Headmaster of Canadian Academy in Kobe, the school the Enloe children first attended in 1961 and later graduated in the classes of 1967, 1968, 1969, and Mary in 1973). So in the early spring of 1978, Walter, Kitty and their one year old son Isaac drove to Birmingham, Alabama to be interviewed by a current HIS school board member, on leave from his Fulbright teaching position at Hiroshima National University. Several weeks later they were offered teaching positions at HIS.

But disaster struck for the young Enloe family. The current HIS teaching couple’s new positions in Indonesia were cancelled, and in honor of their past service the HIS board offered them new two year contracts. The Enloes, giving up their teaching positions and rented home, spent the next two years “cobbling together work and a new place to live.” However they were committed to moving to Japan. Walter’s parents were on leave for a year because of his father’s illness, and when he recovered they returned to Japan in 1979. They were offered two year legal contracts in the spring of 1980 and arrived in Japan in July.

It was a hot July. The first morning at HIS I noticed that the building was “new” but already in disrepair, and modest at best in both appearance and building materials. There was no air conditioning and the several large fans simply moved hot, humid air from one place to another. Tsuyu (rainy season) had just ended and been particularly severe with rain almost every day all day; the heavy rains had weakened a portion of the ferro-concrete, block structure wall in the back of the building and it had collapsed. We got that repaired though the building had no suitable insurance; fire and earthquake were covered,

incompetency not! Months later as it turned Siberian cold we discovered that the copper spigots poking out of classroom walls for bringing kerosene to our classroom heaters had no internal piping in the walls. In order not to suffocate from the fumes in the middle of winter we had to leave a window open in each room; halls and bathrooms were not heated. And once again servicing the heaters, cleaning and filling them, became individual classroom teachers' responsibility. It turns out with the coming of spring that first year that the concrete block walls were covered with a cheap, thin flammable wallpaper that had begun to peel in places; and the linoleum floor coverings had buckled in one room. And then there was the "special" room the k-2 classroom with the red carpet next to the school office. It was to be the building owner's "showcase." The legal status the school had obtained, kakushu gakko, or miscellaneous school meant that legally we were not a nonprofit international school but a private business in a 'warehouse;' thus the school had no legal obligations to have a second floor emergency fire ladder or a sprinkling system; however the building was in an earthquake zone such that all cabinets and bookcases had to be secured into the walls. Moreover, this legal status stipulated that whomever owned the building itself owned its 'contents,' and for the owner Mr. Funakoshi, that meant the school program itself. He had bought not only a building, he had bought himself an international school. Mr. Funakoshi's brainchild was an after school language program for Japanese kids headquartered in the red carpet room with the "American" children and teachers (teaching in the program would be an added duty) attracting Japanese mothers and their children to English conversation lessons from childhood to adulthood. We knew that these kids and their families as well as other community members would be a key to our becoming a legal, nonprofit, authentic international school and not simply a 'warehouse' for Americans, barbarians, half-breeds and 'other' foreigners (at its zenith in 1988 we had some 500 students K-adult in our kotoba no gakko or language school).

Before going to Japan I had a premonition that I ought to visit with the past principal
Who was visiting his parents in the Dalles, Oregon. So we got the school board to pay for that detour stop and flew out to Portland. What surprised me in retrospect the first month at the school was we didn't talk about anything to do we the curious legal status, the building, or the relationship with Mr. Funakoshi. The talk was about a glorious future for the community: new building, new legal status, new teachers. Nor did he inform me of what he knew about enrollment projections. I had been led to believe that we would have forty K-8 foreign kids in three classrooms with an after school language program for some twenty Japanese children. There would be two part-time teachers in Japanese and art. Kitty would take the K-2 group, John Boyce from England, just completing five years of international school teaching, three in Tanzania and two at Kyoto International School would teach 3-5, and I would take the 6-8 group as a fulltime teacher and part-time principal. A recent admit, a ninth grade "special student, the wonderful Morten Jacobsen from Denmark, in Hiroshima for one year where his father, an engineer, had a one year assignment with Mitsubishi gave us 27 students to begin the year. One reason for the drop in enrollment had to do with parents' reactions to the past year and the uncertainty with new teachers of the immediate future. Two eighth graders, the children of two current board members, the Chairman and the Treasurer, had entered Christian Academy in Japan for boarding school; another eight grader was sent back to Holland for school; another enrolled in a Japanese junior high school; and Mrs. Jim Lyttle moved to Kobe and put her three kids into Canadian Academy. I discovered the apparent reasons for these transfers for my new found informant, Jim Lyttle. Jim had been the most valuable player the past six years for the professional team, the Hiroshima Carp (each Japanese team could have two foreign players). Jim had played for the Yankees and Dodgers; four years older than me he played ball at Florida State while I played down the road in St. Petersburg at Eckerd College. Our first night out over a few beers, he told me that over the past two years the staff began publically bickering, name-calling and back stabbing, turning parents against each as they took sides. The school board, he insinuated, had no skill or interest in

resolving conflicts; they tended to avoid them as the issues became more serious. The teaching couple, an African American/European American couple were at the center of the controversies, threatening several times to leave- they wanted a larger apartment, salary increases and a greater travel allowance. This was the couple who helped keep us in limbo for several years. Finally they were forced out while the principal applied for a job in east Africa without the board's knowledge until he signed a contract two weeks before we signed ours. With all of this turmoil there might well be a correlation between this perceived crisis and the lack of house furnishings. In those days each teacher or couple would be issued a "fully" furnished apartment (fully refers to the listing of material culture: 4 plates, 4 glasses, two light fixtures, etc.). When we arrived there was nothing left by the previous couple.

Once we settled in and school began it was clear that we had a strong staff and wonderful children and families. There was so much enthusiasm that within the month after our first family picnic that almost every family had a parent who would sign up to be class mom or dad. This was the beginning of my thinking of an expatriate club similar to the longstanding athletic and social clubs of Yokohama and Kobe. Since 1979 the school had been publishing a monthly "Calendar of Events" which had recently evolved into the monthly magazine, The Hiroshima Signpost, published by the school and staffed largely by community volunteers with no school association, usually young American or British language teachers and professors who wrote travel articles, cultural pieces, and guides to the best restaurants, bars, and social happenings, including movie reviews. The school, in partnership with the City, had recently published an acclaimed book, sold at cost, titled "Guide to Hiroshima for Foreign Residents," the first collection in English of local guides to banking, the post office, paying local taxes, hospital emergencies, and a guide to generic drugs among many others, all with Japanese translation. So if you didn't speak Japanese you could use the book as a tool to communicate with a druggist, or bank teller. So Mayr-Lee Clifton, the editor of Signpost, whose husband was head of the ABCC (from the medical school at University of Wisconsin), and I dreamed up the idea of a "Hiroshima Community Club." She believed it would be both a challenge and a community asset. I saw it coming- sojourner, idle parents with little to do who want to "help out" at the International School seemingly every day, all day. Here is Ms. Clifton's description of this initial effort that would morph into the Hiroshima International Women's Club from Hiroshima Signpost, March, 1981.

STAFFLINE
Hiroshima International Community Club
The first meeting of the International Community Club was held
The middle of February. Approximately 25 foreigners and their
Teachers plus others involved with the Hiroshima International
School met for lunch. Many suggestions for activities and interest
Groups was received, and committee heads were appointed to plan
Organize. HIS will remain the central clearing house for this group and
An information resource, but the members will take care of details.
The lunch was very good fun to the point that the Ashai Shibun (national Newspaper) reporter present asked, "What are they all laughing about?"
The foreigners were regaling the native residents with stories of the dumb
Things they had done on first arrival, i.e., the lady who kept trying to
Pay her streetcar fare and only succeeded in getting her money back in
Small change. We all look to the good times of doing and learning
Together. See details in this and future issues of SIGNPOST. Members
Of the international community interested in joining the club should

Contact either Terri Sato or Dr. Enloe at the school.

Below is the recent "History of the Hiroshima Women's Club." From its face book page: *A social group for women in Hiroshima, Japan, comprised of both Japanese and Foreign members, focused on the world we share. In the 1980s, a gentleman by the name of Walter Enloe, principal of the Hiroshima International School, and Mayre Lee Clifton, editor of the newsletter, "The Signpost," were looking for a way to provide a service to the international community. Their intent was to bring people together for monthly social and cultural events. In the beginning this "international club" was open to both foreign men and women of Hiroshima. But it was the female members who began to organize cultural and social events, field trips and fundraisers. They even found an orphanage to support. A few Christmas dinners and parties were organized to involve the men folk, but by the spring of 1983, the Hiroshima International Women's Club was formed.*

In the beginning, meetings were held in members' homes, but later moved to the Luis Carol Restaurant. However, as the membership grew beyond 30, the restaurant could no longer accommodate the club, so monthly meetings moved to the Grand Hotel.

Over the next six years, more members joined the Women's Club and by 1989 there were over 80 members meeting together for business and lunch. As a result, the Club moved its meeting venue to the Hotel Granvia Hiroshima. In 2001 the Club moved again to the Mielparque Park Hotel and in 2005 the Club relocated to its present venue, the ANA Crowne Plaza Hotel. In 1990 the Club's mission, constitutional by-laws, standing rules and Club logo were introduced.

Because of the Club's mission, that being English language support group for foreigners, all members needed to be reasonably fluent in conversational English. During this time the by-laws were written so that membership of the Club would consist of approximately 50% foreign and 50% Japanese women. To this day, the 50-50 ratio still remains an ultimate goal of the Club.

By 1991 membership totaled 104 women. Volunteer work continued to be part of the Club's activities which included translating at Hiroshima Castle, the Museum of Contemporary Art, the Children's Science Museum, and the Hiroshima International Relations Organization (HIRO).

Between the years 1990 and 2005 the HIWC had continued growth in both membership numbers and the variety of Club activities offered. In March of 2005 the Club celebrated its 25th anniversary with a gala formal dinner party at the Prince Hotel. Over 220 members of the Club, along with family and friends gathered to celebrate 25 years of international friendship.

Today, the Hiroshima International Women's Club still provides unique opportunities for all members to share information, goodwill, and international friendship. The Club is an important support group for foreign women who have come to live in Hiroshima for a few years or a lifetime. Apart from the General Meetings which cover a wide range of topics, the Club also offers classes, interest groups, gatherings, activities, outings, tours, craft workshops, sports programs, plus much, much more. Volunteer activities are still an important part of the Club's activities. Today, many members enjoy visits to the Shudoin Children's Home and translation work for museums and other facilities. We are very proud to have been able to make charitable donations to organizations within the Hiroshima area.

Walter Enloe became Principal in 1980 and his wife Kitty a teacher. He and his family had come to Kobe, Japan in 1961 when he was twelve years old, moving to Hiroshima in 1963 when Walter was already too old to attend HIS, but his sister Mary had been one of the school's very first students, and Walter's own children (Isaac and Serene) subsequently attended the school in the 1980s. In fact, their story is not unique and at least two families can proudly claim an association with HIS that spans three generations.

It may be fairly argued that the school changed more under Walter Enloe than at any time before or since. He was Principal for eight years (longer than any other) and he laid both the legal and physical foundations for the school that exists today. A major reason for the developments of the 1980s was the small stake that Ford Motor Company acquired in 1979 in the Hiroshima-based car maker Mazda.
That first week as teaching principal with what seemed would be several fulltime jobs I found myself saying, Well thank God I've just spent nine years teaching at the Paideia School while earning a PhD in a fulltime academic program with some consulting work on the side. As Paul indicated, the head of Paideia, in his letter of recommendation for the HIS position, "Walter has taught at more levels and in more programs than any teacher at Paideia, in a school noted for hard work. If you show up on Sunday afternoon he will be the one teacher in his classroom preparing for the next week." So here I was, a fulltime principal and a fulltime teacher! In fact Paul Bianchi was a good model for me; he was a teacher first and even as a fulltime headmaster he co-taught one high school course each term. He had real credibility with the teachers. But this was a bit different. So many problems, so much up in the air; I liked ambiguity but this was Japan where much was different that it appeared and it was Hiroshima, the a-bomb city, and a place I had called home. So the role seemed to be two fulltime positions of I took it seriously. I was young, 31, a hard-worker, and yet I had a young family who was here in part because I promised it would be interesting, adventurous and fun which meant more than being at school. To begin with the teaching role was with my least favorite group- adolescents with all their emotional, social and parental issues. I had taught multi-age, multi-grade for nine years but worked directly with adolescents only in our summer program and was yet to discover the complexities when the group was also multi-lingual, multi-national, and even multi-class. Paideia was a K-12 school and I had actually taught high school 9th graders who had years before been in my half-day kindergarten class, so I could relate to them; I just didn't like them . Fortunately I had learned much observing and conversing with master teachers like Barbara Dunbar and Robert Falk; but it was the author Pat Conroy's buddy, Bernie Schein, who taught middle school at Paideia who showed me the key to this age group was honoring and cultivating their true emotions rather than focus on their pure reason as the secret to fostering adolescent creativity, belonging, intrinsic motivation and self-identity. You have to nurture their hopefulness that they are good folks and the world generally is a good place. Bernie's masterpiece, If Holden Caulfield Were in My Classroom captures a life-time of teaching and learning with these wonderful kids. This teacher role demanded not only commitment as a self-contained teacher of grades 6-9 but there were also expectations to support our growing after school ESL language program and our Saturday afternoon program for Returnees, Japanese kids who had lived at three years in an English-speaking country and had returned home now attending Japanese schools.

The principal's role was also daunting and a challenge in part because there were political issues I wasn't going to let go of. On the one hand there was the lack of proper legal status, the lack of owning land and a suitable building , and the lack of educational accreditation. On the other hand while I had lived in Japan and spoke Japanese, while I had lived in Hiroshima from 1963-1973 and my parents, still there, who had now lived in Hiroshima for seventeen years, I was still and forever an outsider. I had not managed large sums of money but had prepared budgets. I had advertized my programs at Paideia but had no PR

experience in either selling a school as a brand, or trying to create a brand in a foreign country. But I did have fabulous bi-lingual bookkeeper Mrs. Nobori (born in Hawaii, worked 30 years for ABCC) and a knowledgeable office/program manager Terri Sato (whose husband Miki was a Mazda executive and they lived three years in LA)and a neighborhood liaison Sakae Nakai (whose husband was a surgeon who welcomed our community with whatever emergency or referral needed). But we had little if any political or social capital and we did not own either land or our building.
Over the next several years a cast of characters came together to act a number of scenes and narratives, some intentional, some with unintended consequences.

We had a number of consuming issues, ones that I woke up at 3 am thinking and sweating about; in fact the problems we faced I couldn't give away to those Miyajima monkeys atop their mountain rocks; monkeys that if you started at them would spit and growl or chase you. we faced several Catch-22s. On the one hand we were viewed by the general public, as well by most business and governmental leaders as the rich, entitled Americans who really didn't have an insurmountable problem that with a little Yankee ingenuity and some capital investment could easily solve our problems. It was a matter of will and investment. On the other hand we were a profit-making entity, a business like the local language school, and if our building or funding was inadequate that was as private business matter to be resolved by our owner-landlord. And anyway, the owner is American Japanese and supposedly a Christian. Hands off. Private business, bottom line. Can't help. Good luck. I heard this a hundred times. And as the current Mayor said, "You are the American School, and you can solve your own problems. You don't need us. The status you seek is not a legal status given by the City. It's a Prefectural and federal government granted status." Moreover, the non profit status, gakko hojin, has not been obtained by any international school since before World War II. Be satisfied with your current status. "A nail that raises its head above the board gets knocked down" So be careful. A number of your families are already breaking the law and are fined each year for sending their kids to your school (compulsory law reads that Japanese children must go to Japanese schools, even the mixed race kids they were referring to, as well as the "international" Japanese student who had lived in Europe with her parents for ten years and spoke French and English better than Japanese.) The knock against these kids is they were 'behind' their classmates in Japanese; the meritocracy demanded they catch up on their own; Japanese schools had no specialists for these kinds of kids.. So despite all the odds against me beginning with teaching fulltime and being the school's lead teacher, including teaching Monday, Wednesday nights and Saturday afternoon, I wasn't giving up on this growing vision and therefore mission to have an authentic, contributing to Hiroshima international school. It was a good idea. So here I was trying to resolve our dilemma and over the next several years I came up with a number of schemes and plans and tried a variety of paths- mostly dead ends and knocked on every door possible, most locked or no one was home. The catch-22 was this: in order to obtain nonprofit status the institution had to its own land and building; but in order to receive donations or funding for example, to buy property, you first had to own your own property and building. So we really were caught between a rock and a hard place.

In retrospect, my first and most important advisor throughout this whole time was my father Winton. If he were alive today, he would probably point out that as a minister and JSL speaker (Japanese Second Language), he was foremost an active, tuned-in listener. But he was much more- he was a great participant observer of cultures and peoples; he was naturally inquisitive, curious, clever and he seemed always to think deeply before speaking. For him actions meant more than just words. My family moved to Japan in 1961. We were a relatively "old" family to be missionaries for the

Presbyterian Church, and there were four kids, me being the oldest; four kids ages 12-5 years was the

primary reason we were selected for Japan instead of the Congo or Brazil where schooling was more difficult to obtain. My mother's father was also a Presbyterian minister, a "home missionary" sent from the north to minister seven rural churches across north Mississippi. My parents were active in the First Presbyterian Church, Alexandria Louisiana, and had some point felt "called," and purposefully went to seminary to become missionaries. Several early important mentors for my parents were the Dr. Aiken Taylor family, the minister at First Presbyterian who later became the editor of the conservative Presbyterian Journal, and then a seminary president who strongly supported foreign missions. And then there was the Dr L. Nelson Bell family, former medical missionaries to China, who now retired lived at the Presbyterian retreat center at Montreat, N.C. where we lived for two months before heading for Japan. He was the father-in-law of Billy Graham whose family also lived at Montreat. After the War, fighting in the Pacific with the U.S. Marines, my dad finished college hoping to become a medical doctor but instead became a physical therapy director for the Veterans Administration in central Louisiana. During this time he considered becoming a minister and finally in 1958 the family moved to Atlanta. He was the oldest in his seminary class, graduated first with highest honors and displayed an uncanny ability in mastering languages, first Hebrew and Greek, and later Japanese.

When Kitty and Isaac and I moved to Hiroshima in 1980 we began a weekly tradition that we continued the next eight years. Mondays, being my parents' "day off," we would each dinner together each Monday evening, alternating between our homes (and sometimes meeting up at church on Sundays. These Mondays became a time when I, increasingly angry, tired, frustrated or exhausted, would vent and lets off steam with my Dad concerning school issues, political problems, and personal failures to resolve a problem. He would quietly listen, sometimes counsel, sometimes inquire: "Have you considered….? Have you talked with….? Have you reflected on this issue from another perspective?" These sessions were both helpful and cathartic for me. Gradually I learned to be measured with him, to control my emotions to some degree and to think through an issue in greater detail before sharing it with him. Later I discovered these conversations were often good for him too because they helped him reflect on his own work in Japan.

My parents had now been in Japan twenty years with seventeen in Hiroshima, and were well-connected in the community. If my parents had an uncanny ability to learn languages and adapt to almost any socio-cultural situation, they also understood how to organize. They both had great people skills. They genuinely liked people. They were both respectful and collaborative and empathic of others; they understood the human condition. I know my Dad had been impacted by his engagement in the organizing and demonstrating at the Interdenominational seminary at Atlanta University during the Civil Rights Movement. I know he had studied the social gospel of Reinhold Niebuhr and knew of the work of Myles Horton and Highlander Folk School. But my mother's father, Rev. E.E. Stidham or "brother Stidham" had a great influence. He had for many years seven churches in northern Mississippi (and was Progressive Farmer's minister of the year), preaching at three one Sunday, four the next, with all of the leadership and counseling for the seven congregations. And of course my parents were respectful of their elders and must have learned well "church planting" from older missionaries. In fact they were really good learners and understood deeply gambare or perseverance and commitment. Roughly over 30 years they organized three churches with legal status, a church building and manse, and new Japanese ministers. And with their dear friend Mr. Ihara created the Grace Rehabilitation Center, the national model and first day program and residential center for handicapped adults providing meaningful employment, therapy, and fellowship. But it was towards the end of their career when the fifty family neighborhood association of a new housing development overlooking the Inland Sea chose him first as Vice Chair and years later elected him Chair. It was unheard of that a foreigner would hold such positions. I think it was the result of my parents

personalities, values and approach to their professional work. They developed lasting friendships in their daily lives. They were civil to and respectful of all. They genuinely liked people. They learned the language, oral and written, and were interested in all aspects of Japanese culture. Japanese folks were often surprised to discover their home (which my mom designed) had a Japanese tatami (rice straw floor) room, they possessed a large amount of folk arts, they had a Japanese "zen" garden and pond, had a traditional Japanese bath, and not only ate but cooked Japanese meals. They lived their faith, they did not proselytize.

My mother became close friends, close as possible with monthly coffees or lunches with each wife of the current Governor and Mayor, as well as top executives of Mazda and other companies, people who had travelled, who spoke another language. Both parents became good friends with the Kuramotos, and most refined and cultured couple. Dr. Kuramoto was head of the Hiroshima Red Cross Hospital, whose a-bomb medical wing was 'home' of Sadako Sasaki as she died from leukemia. And so I went to the Kuramotos, the Governor and the current Mayor for advice.
My dad was also close friends with Dr. Hirose, President of Jogakuin, a private Methodist related institution of five thousand-- college with a attached junior/senior high (where my sister and brother-in-law taught for two years; and where building owner Mr. Funakoshi taught) and a progressive kindergarten (which my son Isaac attended as the only "gaijin," one of his first words at age three; he thought it meant "friend" not "outsider"). The college and kindergarten were located within several kilometers of HIS and had substantial land, the college spread through a valley that made its way to the top of flattened hill with sports grounds of perhaps four soccer fields. It was my dream to put an international school building at the corner of that field. Isaac and I played there at least several afternoons a week after school and the only activity seemed to be track meets, an occasional softball game or the annual undokai or "sports day."

So I began my quest for sponsorship with Dr. Hirose, trying to practice what I had learned about organizing, from my parents, from my colleges experiences and from the early founding years of Paideia School: have a clear purpose, an articulate plan limited two pages, translated; understand the local culture, history and politics; develop authentic relationship; be civil with civility, and persist with determination knowing when to stop or back-down.

When I first returned "home" to Hiroshima in 1980 I had been gone for fourteen years though I had returned to Japan several times. The first weeks home I met with the Mayor and his staff and was welcomed, told that if I stayed longer than past principals I might accomplish something, and reminded that although an outsider I was to uphold the sacred values of the community; I was a role model for children and adults. I was also interviewed by the local newspaper and a short article appeared in the Chugoku Shinbun about the school's new principal and his (my) connection to the city. Within a week I heard from two old high school friends I hadn't been in touch with. Watanabe, with whom I rode the streets on his cycle now ran his family's plumbing business. Keiko my next door neighbor and a year older, whose hibakusha father despised me, had become a flight attendant for Japan Airlines (thanks, she said, to my English conversations) and now was the wife of a Mazda executive and mother of two small children. They welcomed me back. Watanabe and I made plans to get together; I was never to meet Keiko again. Both were interested in how at age 31 I had a doctorate (more rarer degree than US) and was a principal (the average Japanese principal had 25 years of teaching experience." Watanabe thought it must be "the gaijin way."

Mr. Funakoshi, the building owner, was also impressed with my credentials. Having a principal young and with a Ph.D. with roots in Hiroshima (and the older brother of Molly who had taught at Jogakuin)

could only help him with status for "his " school and would definitely help his business plan. But from the beginning of this relationship it was pretty obvious that he seemed to think I was either a pushover or that I understood the ways things were down in Japan, or perhaps both were true. He was 55 years, at the end of his undistinguished teaching career (Molly said he was the old grammar translation didactic teacher who could not hold an English conversation with a four year old native speaker)., and ready for his new "international school" business. He had a senior- junior boss mentality based upon the traditional Japanese relationship found throughout the culture. Roughly senpai means mentor and kohai roughly translates as protégé. However the relationship is more than simple seniority with obligatory respect for the place of elders. It was a relationship based upon reciprocal obligations. Essentially the kohai respects and obeys his or her senpai, and the senpai is obligated to guide, teach, and respect the kohai as best he/she can. But Mr. Funakoshi was mistaken. I was highly civil, respectful of elders and culture, but I wasn't anybody's "boy." This was not a senpai-kohai relationship you found on the Hiroshima Carp baseball team where the younger or new members (kohai) did menial tasks like carrying water and cleaning shoes of the senpai. No this was gong to be a mutually respectful, equitable relationship based upon reciprocity, but the young Dr. Enloe wasn't a pushover; I was more of a character actor, changing roles with nuance and style as the scenes dictated.

I made it clear why I was taking this job both in my application and interview, and with the Mayor's staff, the newspaper and my parents (I had yet to have a staff meeting or write a school brochure on my educational philosophy). First, I wanted to help establish an authentic, legal, non-profit international school of the highest standard, much like I had been part of in the first nine years of the Paideia School I was leaving. I wanted students (and parents and staff) to experience the richness and diversity of both Japanese and "international culture," leaving Hiroshima, Japan appreciative of its people and culture, and reciprocally, I wanted us to become recognized for helping Hiroshima realize itself as the "city of peace and culture." Second, I wanted my wife and young son to experience deeply a culture and people I had come to deeply love and respect by being actively engaged in exploring the landscape and culturescape. (And over the welcome friends to visit/ or live with us in Japan: Jennifer Swift, Mickie Hearth Holmes, Phil Lewin, Randy & Evy & Anna Morris, Don Nilson, Bart Aronoff, Frank Chew, Bill Heiber, Molly & Dan Heiber, Steve Leeper and Elizabeth Baldwin with Dean and Yoshio, John & Leigh Healy among others. Finally I wanted my family to be here to support my father and mother as my dad battled prostate cancer; in retrospect, though my Dad was in remission ,I was in search of a deeper and more open relationship with him. We had become estranged in part because of my rejection of arguments for intervention in Vietnam, and my refusal, under threat of imprisonment, to even take the military induction physical. By the time I was a spring freshman (after meeting Senator Eugene McCarthy) I was an active anti-war activist becoming Student Association President the week of the riots and deaths at Kent State, May, 1970 and my publication of the editorial "We Love America But…" on the Sunday editorial page of the Saint Petersburg Times. While he was appreciative of my engagement in the southern Civil Rights movement ("Walter was always for the underdog") including being jailed several times, he was dumbfounded by my rejection at the time of organized religion even I had read in 1968 Martin Luther King Jr.'s Letter from a Birmingham Jail.

With the advice of my father, my next political act after meeting the Mayor was to hire a lawyer. Lawyers are rare in Japan with most legal issues, at least between folks, resolved through alternative dispute resolution. But our situation was more serious and more complex, so I retained a bi-lingual law professor who advised us pro bono, and after the requisite dining out and bar hopping, he gave me three or four meshi (business cards) to hand out at the appropriate time. Then I made a formal appointment to meet Mr. Funakoshi at the school with a simultaneous translator. We met for an hour, neither of us showing our 'trump' cards. He was waiting to hear from the Board Chair on his request to be an ex officio member.

I had learned quickly that people expected me to speak fluent Japanese, that is, as "fluent" as a barbarian could learn Japanese. So I would from then on in these formal situations, e.g. with government official, school leaders, Mazda executives, introduce myself in flawless Japanese with all the appropriate formalities, and after their usual response that my Japanese was so good, I would say in Hiroshima-ban or dialect, "Oh no, Japanese is so difficult, I don't understand a thing." Following laughter and smiles, I introduced my translator, Terri Sato or Mayumi Yingling.

Several weeks later I invited Mr. Funakoshi out for dinner and drinks and to a Hiroshima Carp game where I introduced him before the game to Jim Lyttle and he in turn introduced us to the great Yamamoto Koji and the "Iron Man," Japanese-African American Kinugasa Sachio. Soon afterwards, he invited Kitty and I to his home for dinner where his gracious wife prepared a traditional, full course banquet. After dinner we set out in his garden and he gave me a seven page document he labeled his "dream school" (written as a non-legal memo dated February 1979, he had given to the current principal, though he never shared it with me or even mentioned its contents when I met him in Oregon). His "dream" I had already sensed: an international school for foreigners, an "American" kindergarten for Japanese and foreign kids (though this was to change to "progressive" and "Montessori" after meeting Kitty and I), and an afterschool Language School for local children that later would be expanded to adults including conversational English and professional English. Somehow this all was to occur in a small building built for no more than fifty children at any give time.

It was obvious Mr. Funakoshi the owner had little understanding of the current school programs and services or empathy with its staff. The school had a small 1 teacher (Miyagi sensei) after school English program for some twenty neighborhood children that could easily be expanded. Terri Sato, the office manager, and hr husband Miki had recently returned to Hiroshima from LA where he was an executive for Mazda; their two wonderful girls Remi and Yumi were bi-lingual and Terri was organizing a "Returnee" program for these kids and other families, Mazda and university connected families who had similar overseas experiences. I planned to grow both of these programs before ever reading Mr. Funakoshi's nonstrategic memo, "dream school." Even though we were owned by Funakoshi as a profit-making school, in spirit and practice I viewed us as a non-profit institution governed by a Board of Directors of which I was a member.

Several days after Mr. Funakoshi wined and dined us, he called and invited me to go on a trip to his country club. I agreed and he picked me up with one his friends whose nickname was "Samu" (Sam) and who was driving a "Sign of the Cat," a brand new Ford Mercury Cougar. He was definitely counter-cultured. For one thing he had a mustache, a short burr haircut, with several rings and missing index pinkie. Slacks and a madras patterned shirt. All he needed was a hat; besides he had the Cougar and he had all the signs of a hipster or gangster though that had to be verified. I didn't see any tattoos but I sensed he was a gokudo or yakuza (Japanese crime syndicate though the organization liked to portray itself as a ninkyo dantai (chivalrous organization). It turned out he was a member of yamaguchi-guni, Japan's largest crime family with some fifty thousand members in 850 clans. Its headquarters was Kobe but its largest groups were in Hiroshima; it was its largest playground largely because the syndicate had bought up cheap 'atomic wasteland' and then created Japan's largest per capita "night water trade" entertainment district, composed of thousands of bars, salons, restaurants, brothels and pachinko parlors.

We drove out into the countryside into the Chugoku mountains north of the city where we had lunch in the new club with its 18-hole golf course. During lunch Mr. Funakoshi spoke of his expanding "dream

school." He wanted me to move the school to a new location in the western part of the city. Mr. Samu would help us relocate, in fact he had identified a building we could lease. And he owned a trucking company that would move us for free. When did he want this to happen? Next week. It was already August and school opened in three weeks. "As soon as possible," he intoned. He seems to be directing me. "But first we must have the permission of the school's board of directors," I said. "You can just tell them what to do," he said. We both knew they were a weak board. And I knew that the leadership was in the last year of their tenure and were more interested in avoiding conflict or controversy than solving problems. But we have a problem or two. First, nobody bosses me around or tries to manipulate me and gets away with it. Mr. Funakoshi had lost with me and I had no respect for him or his ways of doing business. Second all of us new teachers had new rentals and three months key monies had been paid in advance and contracts signed. All of us lived within a five minute walk to the school; Mr. Samu was not offering his automobile and I couldn't see any of us travelling 30-45 minutes each way.

But more importantly and Mr. Funakoshi knew this. The school's land and location were valuable. An upper middle class neighborhood with a large park/play ground across the street, there was nothing like it in this area of Hiroshima. These were the families that would pay tuition for English and tutoring classes but he needed a willing partner or to be done with us at all cost, bringing in his own hires for a kotoba no gakko (language culture school). Finally, irrespective now of who was teaching or going to the school, HIS had been at this location for fifteen years and had an excellent relationship with families and citizens in the local area.

So I was surprised but not shocked when he proposed that if I could move the school he would give me a special gift. He offered me membership in the country club. An entrance fee equivalent to $25,000 and yearly fees were to be paid until I left the school. He had made a terribly stupid move. My father had been a great amateur golfer when young, and today, on his days off, le loved to play at area clubs and was in fact better than most folks he played with. Mr. Funakoshi and Samu had assumed I played golf perhaps because my Dad and I have the same name (he Junior, me the Third) and his reputation preceded me. I too had been a above average collegiate athlete, soccer and baseball, but I hated golf. In fact I had never played nine holes! Then there was the bribe. I wasn't crossing that line. Over the next weeks I was in a classic samurai Akido battle. It was an apt metaphor not because the martial art Akido is my favorite (though I studied kendo) but its captured our little "tango" as "a way of the harmonious spirit" where you take the motions (power) of your opponent (attacker) and redirect his force rather than take him on headfirst. Phone calls, unannounced visits, an Andersen cake for Kitty's birthday. And then Mr. Samu shows up with two moving vans parks in front of the school for the weekend and the message spreads through the local neighborhood that the HIS is moving. It was time to involve directly my Board. They were not really interested in my vision or Mr. Funakoshi's dream. The chairman, Mr. Kropp argued we had a new facility, a sound legal agreement and that Mr. Funakoshi's bluster and threats were silly and futile "Don't make much out of this Walter. Don't make a mouse seem like an elephant." So at our next Board meeting I invited my lawyer friend who was both a professor of law, a practicing lawyer and a licensed mediator and life-balance specialist (nakadachinin) who taught both litigation and alternative dispute resolution. And in his words he had an "international heart and mind" (kokusaijin). The Board meeting was as I suspected. The Board didn't want to be either proactive or direct; avoid conflict, achieve harmonious relations; don't rock the boat.. Or even better forget your anthropological studies of cultural conflict (inside-outside, individualistic-collectivist) and assume this political stance: don't ask, don't tell; and if I don't ask there's neither a question nor an answer. Focus on your teaching and teacher leadership duties. So that's what I did, or so it appeared.

Slowly I realized that I would have to differentiate my roles and work load- teaching kids first, being a good colleague and leader with in-house school matters, working with the Board and honoring my own self-initiative and vision above and beyond traditional school matters and hours. I realized like at Paideia this is not simply a 9-5 job; it is my life and I might ass well let it consume me so I could embody it in the moment, in the present working towards a future. So as an organizer I took advantage of my family connections, both my parents acquaintances and friends as a couple and individually. Behind the public backdrop I met folks at their homes, offices and even a coffee or sweet shop, or if they wanted at the HIS. I would use my organizing mantra: an important component in becoming the international city of peace and culture was to have a legal, nonprofit international school. I never argued that we needed a "new" building. Most Japanese schools either the old wooden variety or the concrete block ones were functional, Spartan- multi-story buildings; they had no elevators or central air, (classrooms and halls had no heat) and the playgrounds had no grass. After first meeting with the Mayor, I then ventured to the local government's "international Relations section," later in the late 1980s to become HIRO (Hiroshima International Relations Organization). The section chief and his junior were befriended, not only with the usual dinner, drinks and more drinks, but inviting to the school and special events, and later to "American" barbeque & picnic at our home. The school had already made contributions to the community, as I indicated, with its Guide for foreign residents, its monthly Signpost magazine, its burgeoning work with Returnees. I was asked to English edit the city's major pr picture book, Hiroshima, and later the book for Mayors for Peace. I began with HIRO's help speaking at various "international" oriented events, including teacher education seminars and lectures at Hiroshima National University. We began school exchanges, both with our closest Japanese schools as well as rural schools and the prefecture's school for "handicapped" children. We made "Peace Wish" cards and visited the local A-bomb hospital and retirement homes. Then I had another idea: visibility. Let's join the Hiroshima Festival held annually during Golden Week from May 3 through May 5. The festival began several years earlier based on a yearly tradition and attracts over a million people each year. Along Peace Boulevard and in Hiroshima Peace Park there are two parades the Flower on May 3 and the Yosakoi parade on May 5, twenty some stages for entertainment with concerts, dancing shows, fashion shows, talk shows and a variety of traditional and contemporary performances featuring both local talent and national stars, as well as candlelight services with peace application identified the festival's three themes (in English):

"1. Make Hiroshima full of flowers, greens, and music; 2. Share the brightness and dignity of life with all people; 3. Appeal for a warm-hearted cultural and personnel interchange from Hiroshima to the world." After some brainstorming with Abe sensei and the teachers, we decided we would march in the inaugural parade, if accepted, with our international school banner and we would construct large puppets , ten feet tall with large heads and hands that could wave to the crowds. Years earlier in the winter of 1971 I was in last months of my senior year, and student association president at Eckerd College in St. Petersburg, Florida when New York's Bread and Puppet Theatre spent a week at the college after their fall residency at Goddard College. They taught a puppet making "teach-in" and I learned to make the large heads and hands out of paper Mache. We were accepted for the parade as well as to perform on the center stage in Peace Park with introductions and two songs. The kids created five puppets, "an international family" of different heights from dad to mom to the kids. Each puppet took three people. The "body" pole and head took one adult to carry. From the neck hung floor length bright cloth (clothes). A student for each arm and hand held a connecting rod and caused the hand and arm to move greeting passersby. It was a unique, wonderful contribution with the several hundred parade acts or groups; only an occasional burst of wind threatened us.

On stage Miyagi san interviewed me and our oldest student, Morten from Denmark, and then I played two

songs on my guitar as we sang. The only audiences I had ever played for were my kindergarten students. It was really hot. I was very nervous so I wore a Santa Claus beard as a "mask" to hide behind as we performed. Those two performances garnered us more media attention than ever received before (other than the NHK television report in 1968. We were so successful that every year after we expanded our involvement. Several years later Mazda donated a tent and tables and chairs and we had a large booth where the PTA sold "International Treats" (cookies, brownies, lemonade) and handed out brochures on the school and its programs. So our participation that Spring, 1981 set a new standard for engagement and participation and within two years people associated with the school had helped organize an annual Hiroshima Peace Jazz Festival (organized by former Emory professor Don Nilson in 1982), the fall PEACELOVE festival (Steve Leeper was an early leader in 1986), and the Intergenerational Families for Peace Picnic on Hijiyama Hill (where ABCC was located & initiated by fellow Paideia teacher Randy Morris teaching grades 6-8 at HIS 1982-1985), as well as our school's annual Undokai (sports day and picnic), Gakugeikai (cultural entertainment performance of traditional Japanese and contemporary dance, music, theater), and HIS Bazaar (where by 1986 teacher David Miller had organized an extravagant arts, crafts and antique furniture silent auction raising thousands of dollars)(yen) for the students' various travel and service projects.

Then there was the teacher's union, the most radical, left of center group in Japan. Like the City and Prefecture's international relations section, the teacher's union claimed leadership in international relations with its emphasis on peace education, read anti-nuke education, and its unwillingness to be anything less than a spokesperson for self-righteous indignation; they sought our involvement in their peace education curriculum as a pilot of their first English version; they also saw as us as "international," at least they understood that the United States and the British Commonwealth countries were not identical- that while the barbarians might all look alike, there were distinguishing political characteristics. And never label an Australian an American, mate! Moreover, they were respectful of us as teachers and were intrigued if not amazed that our senior level class had a two year thematic curriculum focused on the history and cultural of Hiroshima from Paleolithic times to the contemporary, and that our programs emphasized peace education through active civic engagement (tolerance, mutual understanding, mutual respects) base upon the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and the Convention on the Rights of the Child; that as an authentic international school we co-negotiated a curriculum rather than follow American Canadian or British; that we studied Japanese language and cultural forms; that our service orientation not only included school cleaning chores, older younger classroom pairings but our "100%-33%-33%-34%" approach was highly unusual: 33% of our fundraising which to the class or group in charge; 33% went to the whole school's projects; and 34% went to UNICEF and The Children's Defense Fund. Several years later when we started the 1000 Crane Club (1985) the teachers' union commented, "HIS is a leader and model of children leading through local and international service. The teacher's union along with professors at local universities were also interested in dialogue on peace education pedagogy, curriculum and their interface with social studies, conflict resolution and "international," "multicultural," "world", and the growing concept of "global" education.

So building partnerships, fostering and taking part in "international" exchanges between teachers and schools was my antidote to the city's hesitancy to support fully our quest to be legitimate with Japanese authorities and the legal requirements. They city's support or lack thereof had tremendous influence though the legal status we sought was ultimately determined buy the prefecture, but the City and the teachers' union was more influential at the local level. It would take Mazda and Ford Motor companies' clout to move the prefectural government to move, and that would take another three years.

As a family we did our duty and put our three year old son Isaac into a "Christian" half-day kindergarten. In fact we intentionally put Isaac into Jogakuin University's attached kindergarten- three hundred Japanese kids and this blond hair, blue-eyed American kid with a Georgia accent. The University (founded in 1886) had a great reputation and its "Gaines" yochien (kindergarten after Nannie Gaines, the first principal). The kindergarten was excellent, a truly progressive, holistic mind-set; Isaac loved it despite being a center of attention (his first Japanese words included "gaijin", outsider, which he thought was friend. And it was a bit strange to have the teachers leading Christian songs and prayers without any Christian committed folks. Earlier I described my approach to the university President. Dr. Hirose, to either sell us land or incorporate us into the institution's gakko hojin foundation, but to no avail. Several years later when our daughter Serene was born we became even more strategic.

Kitty would teach part-time, both at the school and English conversation classes in the community, we needed a "babysitter." In the end we decided on a Buddhist daycare center kindergarten complex of some four hundred kids, a multistoried building with a large central, courtyard/playground and as a group, the most dedicated, caring teachers I had ever me. Not from the Ushita international school, the man who owned the school and was senior priest of the temple next door, was on the City Council; he was a "good" politician because he supported his constituents and regularly checked in with me for a read on the international community. At the beginning, as with most children, she was reluctant to go and cried as we drove up to the school, but within several months, she was the darling of the teachers and aides, and was speaking Japanese fluently within a year, and now, was reticent to leave. She was so engaged, so cared for, so loved, she cried to stay! Even the long-time foreign residents had ideas.

Bob McWilliams, Canadian, private university professor, born in Japan, graduated Canadian Academy in 1938, I knew from my boyhood summers in Nagano Prefecture, Japan Alps, where we had a cabin as his family did in the Nojiri Lake Association. He was remarried, had a Hippie era Japanese wife, Keiko Doi, and two wonderful children Fri and Thor who attended HIS. He convinced me to meet with administrators at his university which I did numerous times; but in the end K-9 international school was simply an reluctant result of their goal to have an international high school for both foreign exchange students, for foreign kids in Japan who wanted an "authentic international education in a Japanese context," and mixed, bi-racial students like Bob's kids. I had also considered Hiroshima National University for several reasons. First they were in the process of building a new campus (and new international airport) some twenty-five kilometers outside Hiroshima City. While that was too far for our community, the downtown site of the University, where I lived my first years in Hiroshima, was available for new programs so I thought. Professor Peter Goldsbury, England and Martin Millar, Scotland, were both helpful; I even called on the retired Dean of the School of Arts and Sciences whom I had "tutored" in English Conversation several years when I was a teenager was empathetic to our plight, but the land belonged to the Japanese national government, the buildings were to be torn down and several proposals were submitted for its development. And again Abe sensei and his friend and English professor and former Dean at Jogakuin, Kan sensei, were international-minded and far-thinking visionaries and they were helpful in our monthly meetings balancing my skeptical idealism with pragmatic hope and optimism giving me permission top dream. We never developed a plan that had viable traction but I considered them mentors and two creative if not politically savvy gentlemen. Recently I was talking to the chairman of the Peace Culture Foundation. We were childhood friends, college teammates and his wife I went to Canadian Academy. His two kids attended the international school years ago and he had now lived over twenty-five years in Hiroshima. We spoke of a peace project that local Hiroshima citizens, with city official support, wanted me to organize; I had waited two years for official support and was frustrated, and then he reminded me of my years of effort on the school's behalf.

He said, “Stop waiting for the bureaucrats to follow through. Just do what you think will be useful and don’t worry about the local Japanese government. We make mountains out of molehills in government and don’t deserve your help. You could kidnap a hibakusa (bomb victim) and we would spend two years discussing what to do!”

A major reason for the developments of the 1980s was the small stake that the Ford Motor Company acquired in 1979 in the Hiroshima-based car maker Toyo Kyogo or Mazda. In a short time, this investment grew to 33% and significant numbers of Ford personnel and their young families were considering moving to Hiroshima and within a few years seeming hordes would descend upon the school. Although only a few years old, the “new” school was simply too small to accommodate the anticipated (some estimates were up to 150 K-9 students) influx of Americans, Australians, Germans, British, South Africans, Germans, Mexicans, and Argentines (these represented inquiries and visits by prospective Ford employees to Hiroshima and the school), and others being considered to transfer to Japan from Ford locations around the world, and increasingly, by other foreign firms moving into Hiroshima. By 1985 the traditional families of ABCC, US military personnel, missionaries, university professors and the professional baseball player were being supplanted by engineers working with Mitsubishi Heavy Industries and their families from Brazil, Denmark, France, Norway, Sweden, many working on ship and oil rig platform projects (for Brazil’s Amazon region and the North Sea).
In the late spring of 1981 a first Ford family from the United States arrived; the father was a strategic planning engineer. Prospective couples on their “look-see” visit to Hiroshima included a visit to the school. It was an all-expenses, first class visit to determine if they might be interested in moving to Hiroshima for three years. These first couples were also being evaluated by the company’s human resource staff- would they adapt, adjust and live well in a foreign country with few expatriate benefits—the modern school facilities, the foreign social clubs, the spacious ‘western’ apartments- you would find in Tokyo or Osaka. Instead we had no clubs, two apartments converted into one (what does a family of four do with two kitchens?), and a school neither accredited academically nor having non-profit school status, and its new facility was designated a ware-house without a gym, science and music and crafts rooms, or even its own “proper” (as the Aussies would say)”pitch” (playground) much less heating and air.

Our current physical and legal condition coupled with all of this anticipated change and growth from the developing Mazda-Ford partnership convinced me of one thing: a new tactic or approach. Ford would need over time a suitable school to attract and retain (which might well serve as a community center or even expatriate club) families. Ford needed a school. We needed a wealthy patron. So I decided to contact directly the most powerful Ford representative in the Hiroshima area. I tracked down Mr. Gordon Riggs from Dearborn, Michigan who was Ford’s representative on Mazda Motors’ Board of Directors. He was “sojourning” in Hiroshima for two years, spending half of his time in Michigan. Mr. Riggs was a former planning manager for light and midsize car development (which was the cornerstone of the Mazda-Ford operation in Hiroshima and later Mexico).. After leaving Hiroshima Gordon became Ford’s Director of Strategic Studies, a member of Ford’s Corporate Strategy staff in Dearborn. Gordon was in his late 50s, early 60s, a career Ford man, and a protégé of J. Edward Lundy, one of Henry Ford II’s “whiz kids.” Erudite, civil, sophisticated, and plainspoken I was discover that he was a clever strategist and both authoritative and a strong negotiator. I met with him every few weeks for dinner or drinks and while I didn’t know if he thought I was a “whiz kid,” at the very least I was hardworking and persistent (gambarre) if not bull-headed. He was very helpful in helping me think through issues, contexts, situations, players, who appeared to hold the power, and in the case of the Japanese, “who was behind the curtain where all major decisions have been made.” He helped me to think better strategically, to be

aware of what I needed and who had what I needed. He convinced me that I not only needed Plan A but Plan B and Plan C but these plans needed to be as succinct and concrete as possible; there were always unforeseen circumstances and unintended consequences.
"Stuff happens you haven't accounted for, so be prepared." And he helped me temper my natural and sometimes naïve idealism to become more pragmatic and less emotional, tending to blame myself for "stuff" I couldn't control (though even with Gordon and future mentors, I never learned to leave school at school). I learned that sometimes you had neither the social capital nor financial resources to accomplish your goal, yet thoughtful persistence might pay off- that choosing a particular path for implementation might well be a wrong path, but it might give you the insight or connection you need to resolve the issue in a different way unforeseen. People, relationships, and timing were essential components. I learned much from him and believed that he really respected me. I had confidence that my effort and "dream" was worthwhile.

At the end of his tenure Gordon invited me out to dinner before he returned to Michigan. He told me a contingent of Ford personnel would be moving to Hiroshima in the next months, and there would be a few families with school-age children. He said that over time all kinds of Ford Folk would be here- from different divisions of Ford world-wide beginning with Australians from Melbourne & Geelong, Americans and a variety of professional roles from designers, engineers, finance folks, marketing, executive administrators. "Quite a mix. Should be interesting." He told me to get these folks involved in the school, not just as parents but find ways to use their expertise. Ford expects its employees, beginning with its executive corps to be engaged in service leadership within in the community. Get some of these folks with executive skills like strategic planning, finance, legal issues involved, get some of them on your Board of Directors. And he had a few more parting ideas (he gave me his new business card for back at Dearborn headquarters and asked me to stay in touch, call him direct anytime). He recommended that we continue to build essential connections within the larger community, both foreign and domestic. So the International Club project and the community publications were important. So was the expansion of our language programs; he applauded our commitment to Returnee kids since most of them were Mazda kids or children of university professors; those numbers would increase he thought because Mazda was increasing its business ventures overseas and Japan was slowly changing its attitudes towards these kids- they were more often than not viewed as culturally handicapped and "language deficient," though increasingly there were signs that with their international backgrounds they could be "economically useful." He recommended we expand our language programs with not only conversational Japanese for Ford personnel but develop a Business English and Business Japanese program. And he foreshadowed what would happen a few years later when Mazda opened a plant in Michigan; families, wives and husbands may well desire (they would need this he thought) "cultural training" on how to prepare for living in the United States. Contribute to Hiroshima's "image" or brand by spotlighting the school's and its service contributions to the "International City of Peace and Culture." He said nothing about the possibility of Ford's help with potential funding, nonprofit foundation status acquisition or even accreditation. Though issues would be addressed and hopefully resolved the next several years from new parents with Ford and others: John Morley (New Zealand), Barry Ashton (South Africa), David Eagle (Australia), and from outside Ford- Anika Freudendahl (Sweden) and Martin Millar (Scotland).
John and Leslie Morley were from Rotarua, New Zealand but lived in Australia where John was a "Fords" finance executive. I met John on his first business trip to Hiroshima (Leslie and John's 'look see" trip was months later). He came around the school with Miss Sakamoto, a bi-lingual manager at the local Ford office. Over cups of tea we talked of the school situation and Ford's growing involvement with Mazda. From John I learned at the "invasion" was imminent and that he expected his family would move to Hiroshima for three years. Robert would begin kindergarten the coming fall and four year old Becky

would begin a year later. John had met with Mr. Riggs and he had given Mr. Riggs his personal commitment to helping us resolving our legal and business issues; he would begin by joining the school board at the most appropriate time (which was asap). Years later visiting with the Morleys in Malaysia, John said that his leadership of the school board and the development of the school project was his most important and satisfying professional accomplishment.

In 1984 Ford agreed to underwrite the cost of building a new school but sufficient land (and at an affordable price) was unavailable in Ushita or anywhere close to the centre of Hiroshima. Many possible sites were considered but in late 1985 attention turned to a new residential project being developed in Koyo to the north of the city. Early in 1986 a plot of 7,4000 meters squared (nearly two acres) was acquired and in April a groundbreaking ceremony was held. Just six months later, in October, 1986, the new Hiroshima International School was opened.

From the beginning John and I were kindred spirits. We were of similar age as were Kitty and Leslie and our two boys Isaac and Robert. We were both optimistic, hopeful types with a critical dose of cynicism. We were naturally hard working, and problem-solving was a cultivated trait. Our similar dispositions evidenced strong interpersonal skills, and an openness to others- people and cultures. By temperament we were also attracted to novelty, new experiences, and we each saw ourselves as adventurers, creators, and explorers. We both had a sensitive commitment to making the world a better place. We had vision. The idea of an authentic international school in Hiroshima was more about the future of the world than it was about Ford and Mazda selling more "metal boxes on wheels."

We both loved sports. John played basketball in university, I played soccer. He was at the Australian Open every year. He introduced me to Aussie Rules (David Eagle the future Ford Japan president and HIS board chair played professionally) and my first business trip to Australia I watched Geelong play Hamilton at the Melbourne Cricket Grounds. I never followed up on his love of competing in long distance motor racing.

Yes we had vision, we had a dream and we could play the games, whether corporate, political or both. We understood positionality, our place in the order of things, in the borderlands between Fords and Mazda in Japan. John once explained his view to a visiting Ford corporate type: "Look mate, just because I'm a 9-5 suit with polished leather shoes just like you doesn't mean I'm on your team or your water-boy." I look back now thirty years and realize that two young thirty some-things were competitive types who liked a challenge, did not like being told no, and who were convinced they could solve any problem.

So here we sat in Hiroshima with a twenty year old institution, with an established record of high standard (the HIS grad whose parents worked for ABCC had been selected and co-enrolled at the University of Tokyo and Harvard set the bar). Here we sat with two major companies working together in an increasingly multi-national, global economy and seemingly needing our future services by expanding our capacity to serve. On the other hand, Ford, like BP or Aramco in Kuwait or Saudi Arabia or Indonesia could hire International School Services out of Princeton, N.J., who for a generous fee, could hire a school head, teachers, support staff, lease or build a school facility and stock it with every necessary supply. And in the middle of the desert or the jungles of Borneo have a full functioning school in operation in six to nine months. That was an expensive but relatively easy solution. But according to Gordon Riggs Ford and Mazda wanted a long-term partnership and this "problem" was a perfect issue to resolve together for it had economic and social ramifications. Mazda was Hiroshima's number one "home-grown" industry (unlike Hiroshima Mitsubishi and Sumitomo which were subsidiaries of Tokyo

multinationals). And for what turned out to be a modest investment by both companies, supporting (and thus controlling the governance of the school thus protecting their financial investments) was the best, safest bet for success. Mazda wanted to be more international. Ford was global and wanted to reorganize. It had lost $2 billion in 1980 and was beginning a transition to the integrated, world-minded company. Over the next several years we would witness the dramatic transformation as Ford Pacific out of Australia personnel and families gave way to Dearborn, Michigan personnel and their workers drawn from throughout the world, attracting some of their best designers, engineers, and executive staff leading to a more "American" presence.

There was also a growing sensibility that to "service" the families of these top line professionals we needed a school staff of similar stature. I remember one of my political enemies, a British board member, an Oxford grad in engineering, also a poor parent and philanderer, who once said to me, "the best thing about you for this enterprise is you have a doctorate." And I used it to our benefit and it was sometimes used against me. For one thing it helped me with the Japanese community. In Japan a school principal has at least twenty years of teaching experience. I was 31 years old. Folks from Fords and the British Commonwealth judged often with terms such "high standard," "top level," and it was I who had been arguing, and now I had John Morely as an ally, the school needed academic accreditation, both international and either a British or American credential, as well as "proper" (another British term) facilities.

Not only was John a brilliant finance guy, not only was he open and transparent, but he had empathy for others- he could of easily been a great HR guy (human resources). John recognized, for example, that most families at HIS (other than private language school teachers) lived a higher standard (much higher for Fords, private companies, and ABCC families). And he knew that in order to attract and retain teachers to create a stable learning place, the school needed a "high standard" of salary & benefits at least comparable to other international schools, particularly the large, well-established schools in Tokyo and Kobe.

So let me present an overview of the "personal" finances and the economic conditions in the early, mid-1980s as it will help situate the school's & Fords' development and evolving dilemmas. Over the next ten years the school established several precedents for the foreign staff. First it gave precedent to teaching couples, not only for stability, but it was cheaper to hire one family and than two- airfares, key money for an apartment, and basic "set-up." Second it began leasing apartments long-term and outfitting them, thus reducing baggage allowances and "set-up" expenses. However, the most dramatic changes affecting the school occurred from "endaka" (literally yen expensive). When we arrived in 1980 the dollar/yen exchange rate was $1.00 for Y240. Five years later it was $1.00 for Y120. This was wonderful for buying dollars but everything Japanese was twice as expensive; thus one result over the years was for Ford to send individual or childless couples thus reducing the child age population. Today with the yen at around 100 yen for $1.00, Ford has severed its financial business with Ford.

Other character traits of John Morely that I identified with were his openness, his transparency, and his notion of fairness. For example, it was John who recognized that the future health of the school depended upon a core staff of qualified, dedicated teachers. All families at HIS, when considering direct compensation and infrastructure support lived at a much higher standard than any of the teachers In fact the teachers had the lowest compensation. bottom line, of any of the twenty one international schools (though nuns and brothers at the Catholic schools were paid a nominal salary their living standards were higher. His goal was to rectify that condition. In our case, I knew the comparisons that could be made to

Presbyterian missionaries' situation, which was much more modest than the Baptists and Methodists. My parents had a rent-free large western style home with Japanese accents (including a Tanami room and carp pond in a Japanese garden overlooking the Inland Sea). We use to compare this new spacious home, with our first place in Hiroshima, located down the street from the entrance to Hiroshima University. Built for visiting university professors, this "western" home included a kitchen sink in the living room and the toilet upstairs had a transparent glass window! My parents had a free car, health and retirement benefits; their taxes were paid by the Mission, and they received free airfare home each summer. School age children's tuition was paid for international school; college students received a monthly stipend, a tuition scholarship and one round trip airfare during their four years in university.

We teachers had no health insurance, no retirement benefits; in our case our salaries were lower than the year before in Atlanta; we did receive airfare, a baggage allowance and free tuition when Isaac matriculated to HIS. The school retained several residences and the key money was paid. Each place was "furnished" with a finite set of furniture and appliances, bedding and cutlery, all used (i.e., the used "material culture" for each home was provided in a Japanese culture which did not value used goods or hand-me-downs).

Ford was to set the bar high and within three years all staff salaries and benefits were equal to or higher than any international school in Asia, including "contract" schools, and became the envy of international schools throughout the region. Again this was the result of John Morley and then David Eagle, President of Ford Motor Company, Japan. In the spring of 1985 I took a "business" class trip to Singapore and Australia to interview prospective teachers, meeting up with David in Melbourne, a trip in his words "well earned and above standard." Finally we were being treated fairly and with great respect, and with a new facility and innovative programs, the word spread fairly quickly- in 1982 we had 30 applications for a teaching position; in 1985 we had over 600!

Another example, in fact a prime example of Ford setting the "high standard" and the teachers benefitting from the new cultural norm, was "the cost of living differential." Few Ford personnel and their families would even consider moving for three years to another country, much less Hiroshima, Japan (one Ford executive said moving to Hiroshima was like being sent to Cleveland, Ohio, versus Los Angeles, Sydney or London). Though there were many enticements and incentives , there were few takers: Ford would sell or manage (rent) your American home; they would provide you an above average western style home or apartment; your taxes would be paid; you would have several out-of-country all expense vacations each year including home leave; your children would go to international schools tuition and fees free; and they would go to or from school by taxi if the school had no transportation. Salaries would be 50-75% higher than your previous home compensation. And then there as he cost of living differential that included utilities, transportation, and food. It worked this way according to Peter Stickler, at the time Ford's human resource director, and was based upon costs in Geelong, Australia. Take the example of beef, expensive in Japan, inexpensive in Australia. Beef was sold in Japan in 100 gram increments. In Australia it was sold in kilograms and fractions thereof. If rib eye steak sold for $10.00 per kilogram in Australia and the equivalent of $100.00 per kilogram in Hiroshima, the cost of living differential was $90.00. Human Resources created the differential for every foodstuff imaginable. In the first years Ford families lived off their cost of living differentials, saving their salaries, creating in many cases a culture of nouveau riche (resulting in either a newfound attitude or newly surfaced for some parents, "I deserve this; it belongs to me," or the school is there to service us- if we want to take a six week home leave in the middle of the school year, the teachers are expected to accept it and in fact need to prepare a study course for the child's

leave, whether back home or the family's vacation to Bali or Tahiti). As often noted by staff when fifteen taxis with their regular drivers are lined up in front of the school it sends messages of affluence and privilege to HIS community and the local Japanese community alike.

By the beginning of school in 1981-1982 we had a number of Ford Families arriving for three year stays. While the building and grounds were not up to standard, the reputation of the staff was outstanding and parents knew that children tended to return home at or above grade level. We were a good place for kids and families, and our success was both the students' achievements back home or at other international school, and their present well-being and happiness. Over and over again we witnessed what I experienced at a great school. Paddies: students were excited to come to school and reluctant to leave. They also knew that Ford had a strong commitment to the educational enterprise and would solve the problem. What made this relatively smooth sailing with the parents at least was that John Morley and Barry Ashton, two finance executives, were parents and were in charge, John becoming Chair of the Board and Barry the financial manager working with our accountant/bookkeeper Nobori san. And both actually believed in my vision of a non-profit school contributing to the community. Some said we worked together well because we were both "contrary" and the type to naturally "go against the grain." There is something in those remarks if one understands the power of tenacious energy to meet a goal; but we found a group of folks who liked a challenge. For John the "project" as he called it was a major but surmountable challenge, but nothing compared to a 24-hour marathon car race across the Australian outback. And John saw this project as a vehicle to meet one of his professional duties- cement a cordial and mutually beneficial partnership with Mazda. He often remarked, "You have a vision other folks with power and money will buy into, the money and power will be there for you," and "There's plenty of money out there. You've just got to have the right problem, mate."
Several years before Ford made a legal and financial commitment to support us I was still shopping around for partners and patrons. The following "Addendum" captures a bit of the drama

ADDENDUM:
ON BEING DISINVITED: NOT MEETING PRESIDENT CARTER IN HIROSHIMA, MAY 1984

Hiroshima Mayor Araki's office, International Section, called inviting me to meet the Jimmy Carter family coming to Hiroshima in a week or two, May 1984. I had been meeting regularly with several members of the International Office for the last couple of years, men around my age who not only wanted opportunities to practice English conversation, but they were keeping tabs on me ("He is a wild cannon" became "He is a wild cowboy" to these folks.) The Mayor knew I was "direct speaking" living in a culture known for indirectness in communication and decision-making in the shadows; I had lived my formative years in Japan (1961-1966, ages 12-17) and had some sensibility about "things Japanese." I was 31 and a teaching principal with nine years of professional experience (the average Japanese principal averaged thirty years of experience before the leadership role; but I was "henna" "gaijin" (strange outsider and that PhD was my ticket). Some of his staff knew I had come to Hiroshima International School from Atlanta ,Georgia and had a doctorate from Emory University, home of the Carter Presidential Library. Perhaps they knew I had met President Carter some years earlier in Atlanta. But several days later my invitation was abruptly rescinded by the Mayor's office.

I was looking forward to President Carter visiting. Several months earlier I had taken my students to hear Pope John Paul II speak at Peace Park and they had a ten minute audience with Cardinal Casaroli, Secretary of State of the Vatican. And around that time a friend at Emory had sent me President Carter's

farewell speech as he left office. One poignant section had really impacted me as I had realized why I had returned to live in Hiroshima after fourteen years. “The great majority of the world’s people,” he wrote, “cannot remember a time when the nuclear shadow did not hang over the earth. Our minds have adjusted to it, as after a time our eyes adjust to the dark. Yet the risk of a nuclear conflagration has not lessened. It has not happened yet, thank God, but that can give us little comfort, for it only has to happen once…It may only be a matter of time before madness, desperation, greed or miscalculation lets loose this terrible force. Nuclear weapons are an expression of one side of our human character. But there is another side. The same rocket technology that delivers nuclear warheads has also taken us peacefully into space. From that perspective, we see our Earth as it really is- a small and fragile and beautiful blue globe, the only home we have. We see no barriers of race or religion or country. We see the essential unity of our species and our planet, and with faith and common sense, that bright vision will ultimately prevail.”

When I moved to Hiroshima from Atlanta in the summer of 1980 to be principal of Hiroshima International School (HIS) I had been hired to “sustain and build a new era for the school and the city.” Two weeks earlier I had stopped in Portland and drove out to the Dalles on the Columbia River to meet the recently retired principal of the School, who after seven years, was on his way to be head of the American School in Mogadishu, Somalia. Charles was excited about what had been accomplished the past several years at HIS and believed I would thrive there expanding the academic and cultural programs. He and the Board had solved the persistent legal and financial issues that had plagued the school since its formation in 1962 first as Hiroshima American School, purposefully situated at one end of Peace Blvd, and then the International School located presently in the northern part of the city in Ushita. The school had found a benefactor who had bought land and built a two story Ferro-concrete building across from Ushita Park (the school’s playground) and had obtained the legal status of kakushu gakko (non-formal, miscellaneous school). While school did not have either the higher legal status of a senshu gakko (specialized training school) and was relegated to the “various schools” category of a profit-making language or culinary school, or the all important status of jun gakko hojin of international schools founded before World War II, it was indeed a significant improvement.

The problems began the week before I arrived as the rainy season ended; the persistent rains and relentless humidity weakened what turned out to be a weakened infrastructure, the building was only six months old, collapsing part of the back retaining wall and flooding the library. The owner of the building and land, and legally the owner not only of the school’s name but the “contents” of the building, that is whatever programs and organizations occurred therein, had a contract clause with the school that stated that all expenses for building maintenance and repair were the responsibility of the school. The school assumed the owner had insurance; the owner assumed the school had legal counsel and had read the contract. But the school didn’t seek legal advice as the owner was an English teacher at local a Methodist girls high school, was a “Christian” and some assumed an “American” (he had been born in Hawaii in the 1930s, so a “gentlemen’s handshake” was all that was needed. Not only was the building poorly constructed (including for example, spigots in every classroom for kerosene heaters, but no internal piping to carry the kerosene from the holding tank), but the most lavishly decorated rooms were for the owner’s office and “special” afterschool classrooms for private English conversation lessons with the assumption that foreign teachers, as part of their normal duties, would teach in the owner’s private English school known as Hiroshima International School. Months of litigation and inter-cultural conflicts and retaining an “internationally minded” Japanese law firm resolved the crisis.

But still the school faced a similar crisis. It did not have nom-profit legal status characterizing private K-12 schools (gakko hojin) or quasi non-profit status (jun gakko hojin) of non-Japanese schools. It was still

a miscellaneous language school. And since it was not legally an authentic school, there was no need, for example, to have a second floor fire escape. The International School of Hiroshima, the city of peace and culture, did not have the legal status and standards of your typical barber's school. The resolution, however, was a catch-22. In order to have that non-profit foundation status, you had to own your own land and building; but in order to fundraise for land and building you had to have the non-profit status. Though the school was not yet accredited academically (1985) the most important status was the non-profit foundation to sponsor a school. "All-important is the status of gakko hojin (educational corporation) that only the government can grant. To obtain this status, institutions are required to meet specific criteria regarding administration and governance, curriculum physical facilities, accounting and finances, and land holdings. The status confers numerous benefits on the institution and its students including eligibility for government grants, tuition subsidies, deferred loans, scholarships and preferential treatment on tax law and social insurance fees" among other benefits including discounted bus and rail passes.

Now there was only one school in western Japan with the jun (quasi) gakko hojin corporation for a foreign institution (i.e. non Japanese) and that was the North Korean School. At the end of World War II there were some 600,000 Koreans in Japan, most conscripted from Japan's Korean colony to work in war-related industries. Following the division of Korea in 1948 into North and South some 150,000 did not register legally as South Korean or Japanese and de facto became North Korean citizens. Organizing businesses, banks, civic association and schools (joseon hakkyo) they were less ideological communist as they were committed to a unified Korean identity.

From the beginning of that confrontation with the owner I began devising different ways to secure proper legal status. My parents, ministers for the Presbyterian Church, long established in Japan since the 1870s had colleagues who provided advice and counsel. My mother, friends with the spouses of both the Mayor and prefectural Governor joined in as did the Rev. Tanimoto, minister of Nagarekawa Methodist Church, and like myself, a graduate of Emory University tried to be helpful. So I began with the President of Jogakuin the Methodist educational institution (my son was the only foreigner on their attached kindergarten). Legally, she could not help; however, she was upset with the behavior of one of her teachers. and he 'retired' within a year. I suggested that perhaps we could buy land from Jogakuin or even join legally her corporation (they also sponsored a junior high and college) but to no avail. I approached the private "internationally-minded" Shudo University, explored buying land (or having it donated) from Hiroshima National University's downtown site as it was moving into the eastern part of the prefecture. Again no luck. At the same time Ford and Mazda were creating joint ventures in automobile design and manufacturing and Ford anticipated within several years as many as a 150 foreign students and their families from Australia, Mexico and the United States moving to Hiroshima for three year contracts.

I had also continued the public relations efforts of the school when I arrived in 1980. The school published an English language monthly Hiroshima Signpost (later expanded to Japanese) of some 600 copies with contemporary happenings, restaurants, travel features and cultural insights. It published A Guide to Hiroshima for Foreign Residents on living in Hiroshima with information on everything from trash collection to utilities and medical services. Taking the vision seriously, Hiroshima: International City of Peace and Culture (how can you be an international city without an international school ?), we expanded our English conversation school for children and adults alike, added Business English for Mazda, Japanese for Ford, initiated the Hiroshima International Women's Club, and developed a language program for Returnees children of business and university personnel who had lived at least three years in an English speaking country or had attended an international school. We joined the PEACE

LOVE FESTIVAL and the highly popular annual Flower Festival and May Day parade. We created sister schools with the prefecture's school for handicapped children as well as internationally minded rural schools and the local elementary school. We began folding cranes for hibakusha (a-bomb victims), the precursor to the 1000 Cranes Club and made every effort to garner attention through TV, radio and the print media. (Some seven years later I noted a dramatic change. The international school's Ushita campus was only two miles from Hiroshima rail station. When I first directed a taxi driver to take me to the International School no one understood until I said "American School." Years later the chances were 50/50 I would get there either way.

Mayor Araki was hibakusha, and a popular politician having served on the City Council, and Hiroshima Prefectural Assembly before becoming mayor in 1975 (1975-1991). He became a vocal peace activist and advocate for nuclear disarmament, addressing the United Nations General Assembly on the topic in 1978. In 1982 he initiated Mayors For Peace and we edited and proofread the English version of Hiroshima, the official gift to participants to the first Mayors' conference (today over 7000 cities in 161 countries and territories are members). I met the Mayor that first summer in 1980 advising me to stay longer than the last principal (seven years), reminding me of the importance of the "American School" for Mazda, and of my responsibilities to uphold a strict moral standard for the children and community despite being the school for "outsider" children (including the impure or mixed ones). I told him that we would work to be a great "International School" to support Hiroshima's vision. However, we did not have the proper status of gakko hojin. He didn't tell me that only the prefecture government could provide that non-profit status but noted that "the rich American School" with its support from American Companies like Ford and the US government's Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission "would do just fine."

But I persisted over the next years trying to build a political base of support (while teaching full-time) from putting my daughter in a Buddhist daycare center whose owner, the head priest, sat on the City Council as did a representative of the Socialist party who cultivated foreign relationships, and various newspaper reporters and university professors best described as politically left of center. And I kept badgering Ford and Mazda to do something concrete to support, even suggesting closing the school to all prospective students until we has proper status and an adequate school building and playground. With our sister schools and language programs we began participating in undokai (sports day) and gakkugaekai (culture days). I convinced our creative and politically astute Japanese culture teacher, Mayumi Yingling, that perhaps we should join up with the North Korean School at least for some sports and cultural exchanges; maybe it would lead to a partnership!

After my first year and into the second it was obvious to some that I was or had become a pain in the butt, an upstart who didn't know his place, as much as I was a fervent passionate obsessed 31 year old. That PhD seemed to help. Having lived in Hiroshima and my family had been in Japan and Hiroshima some twenty years I wasn't perceived as totally ill-formed, ignorant "outsider" (gaijin); I was still suspect though I spoke Japanese and had some history with the culture; I was an outsider who could not authentically, deeply, honestly understand Japan and what it meant to be Japanese because I was not Japanese. I could be in a Japanese restaurant in many places, ordering in Japanese from a Japanese menu and the waiter would be disbelieving that I could really be reading and speaking Japanese. Impossible. So it was with "things Japanese" including most poignantly politics and inter-personal relations. Over the years one of cultural tools in negotiations for the school was to use a simultaneous translator but first I would introduce myself in Japanese, banter a bit and have my host invariably say, "Your Japanese is so good." I would explain I grew up in Japan. And I would then in flawless Hiroshima dialect, not proper male Japanese as much street slang say something like, " Nihongo musakashi neh. Nihgongo zen zen

wakarimasen!" ("Oh Japanese is so difficult. I don't understand Japanese at all!") That would get a laugh or two, break the ice, and I would switch to my translator for the rest of the conversation.

My compatriots in the International Section were poor English conversation speakers; but they were dedicated, hardworking (and hard-playing). While I was helpful to them in some matters, for example proof-reading their English publications, I insistent in every public forum that if Hiroshima really waned to be the international city or peace and culture, an international school could contribute to that vision, in fact, it could guarantee such a reputation. I was civil. I was brash. I was mendokusai- bothersome, troublesome, a pain in the ass. But I was also persistent. I went out once a month with several of the International Section staff, first to eat and then to visit of couple of stand bars. Over time my nickname had changed from "Mizu to Mizu-wari" (Mizu was my teenage nickname Water as there are no L sound in Japanese as in Walter; Mizu-wari refers to whiskey and water, a common bar drink I did not indulge in). But after a year spending time with these guys and sharing my dreams, and increasing anger and frustration at not making any significant progress for non profit legal status I became "Ronin" to them or "masterless Samurai," without allegiance or responsibility to any authority though following the Samurai code: bushido way of the warrior of samurai one who serves. Personally, I blamed the hibakusha Mayor whom I believed "hated" or "despised" Americans though the status I sought could only be given by the Prefecture. I still believed he could open doors, provide support that would help us. But I also believed he saw all gaijin (outsiders) as American barbarians (Yaban hito)
"Is it true you have contacted North Korean School?" "And members of City Council?" "Socialist Party?" "Who told you to do so? Does your rijikai (Board of Directors) give you permission?"
Ambassador Mansfield's Political Attaché called. Then the Consul General from Kobe announced he was coming to Hiroshima and wanted to meet me at the Grand Hotel. We received a small grant each year from the U.S. Department of State's Office of Overseas Schools in part "to demonstrate the exemplary practices of American education" (Though we were an International School with an international curriculum). I was a non-remunerated representative of the US government with the authority to register American citizens to vote, or for the raft (though I had been a draft-resister during Vietnam), and to provide counsel for marriages, birth, passports etc. So the Consul seemed to think I worked for him when he asked me, "What the hell do you think you're doing linking up with that communist school?" "Doing my job," I said, "building friendships, building up a pr reputation that the international school was making a difference, contributing to Hiroshima's mission."

Of course I had not only upset a few parents especially the right of center ones as well as some members of the Mayor's conservative Liberal Democratic party. Now the Consul was on my case reminding me the North Koreans were the enemy and that we lived in a time of nuclear proliferation and the Cold War. "Kim II-sung and his agents just want to use you. You miss the deep historical and complex issues." That might be true I thought. But what had motivated me were two points: interpersonal, international friendship are a path to peace (and a ticket to our non-profit status). And something was fundamentally inhumane and wrong when some 20,000 or 1/7 of the a-bomb victims were Korean forced labor. They were victims of the Hiroshima holocaust and yet there was no monument within the Peace Park grounds in their memory. And for years thy were not recognized as a-bomb victims and could not receive the special, a-bomb health benefits.

We had a number of friends in Hiroshima with Georgia connections. Teachers who were peace activists, organizers of such venues as the Peace Jazz Festival ,Family Picnic Generations for Peace and the PeaceLove Festival. For Jimmy Carter and family we could have organized a Georgia Peach Festival picnic. Phil Levin, Don Nilsson, Randy and Evy, Kitty and Walter, Rev. Tanimoto family, Steve Leeper

and family. But who knows what I might have said to the President. I had met him twice at the Paideia School, contributed to both his governor and presidential campaigns and had voted for him. I might have quoted from his Secretary of Education, Ernst Boyer, on the importance of education: a culture gets the schools it has deserved, a culture get the schools it has earned. Hiroshima needed all the help it could get to be that international city of peace and culture. It continues to strive to maintain and sustain such a vision. As long as the eternal flame burns in Peace Park.

In retrospect what began as a project based learning program, an ethos of community both within the school and the greater community, and taking Hiroshima's vision seriously turned into a "club" and peace program known throughout Japan and schools in the world; most importantly "The 1000 Crane Club" secured the school's reputation as an authentic international school contributing to Hiroshima's vision as "the international city of peace and culture."

That tradition continues today as the school has evolved into a K-12 International Baccalaureate (IB) school serving foreign children, and increasingly Japanese families desiring an international education. The continuing emphasis of the Japanese government on democratic education, personalization and international/global perspectives, and opening in 2019 of a prefectural government high school, Hiroshima International Global Academy (based upon the IB), should more opportunities for HIS to evolve and thrive.