

*The Interpreter*

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★ Remember September 11, 2001 ★

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**Our Mission**

*In the Spring of 2000, the Archives continued the original efforts of Captain Roger Pineau and William Hudson, and the Archives first attempts in 1992, to gather the papers, letters, photographs, and records of graduates of the US Navy Japanese/Oriental Language School, University of Colorado at Boulder, 1942-1946. We assemble these papers in recognition of the contributions made by JLS/OLS instructors and graduates to the War effort in the Pacific and the Cold War, to the creation of East Asian language programs across the country, and to the development of Japanese-American cultural reconciliation programs after World War II.*

INTERVIEW  
WITH  
PROFESSOR  
JAMES W. MORLEY  
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY  
(RET.)

(Cont'd)

*Service in the U.S. Embassy,  
Tokyo*

Angel: If you feel comfortable talking about your experience in the U.S. Embassy in Tokyo, how did that assignment come about?

Morley: In the late 'sixties a feeling was growing in the State Department that it needed better liaison with the intellectual communities in the world. In Japan this was of special concern because 1970 was looming—the first year since the great upheaval of 1960 when the US-Japan Security Treaty would be open for reconsideration, either to be allowed to run or to be rejected; and no one in Washington was quite sure whether the country would once again be thrown into turmoil.

So in 1967 when Richard Snyder, a former classmate then on the Japan Desk, called and

asked if I would be interested in taking a 2-year assignment as the Ambassador's assistant in the Embassy in Tokyo, with a principal mission of liaison with the intellectual community, I leapt at the chance. I had always believed that the best Japanese classroom was Japan itself, and my wife and I genuinely enjoyed living there.

But, in addition, I'd always felt a bit fraudulent trying to teach or write about politics without having some practical experience in the making or execution of public policy; and here was a chance, or so I thought, to finally make some practical contribution to building the US-Japan relationship that I had come to value so much.

Angel: And how did you find working at the Embassy?

Morley: I found a very talented group at the Embassy and with a number established life-long friendships, but I was surprised at the almost exclusively representational and reportorial function that the Embassy performed.

The Ambassador, U. Alexis Johnson, was one of the most senior diplomats in the service. He commanded a "taut ship" and was confident in his judgments. What he welcomed was information. Except for asking me to take on speaking engagements or meeting with protest groups, which he found burdensome (This was a time when opposition to the Vietnam War ran high), he gave me complete freedom to pursue my mission as I thought best.

I had a marvelous time—talking with old friends, and meeting many fascinating people in the universities, the arts, political parties, the government, the media, labor unions, and business, as well as specialists and visitors to China, the Soviet Union, and Korea. I arranged for those who wanted to, to come in and talk directly with the Ambassador, and I reported my observations to Washington.

I gave special attention, of course, to my mission of liaison with the intellectual community and reached over months of conversations two basic conclusions: one was that the student upheaval that was bound to come—and did come—was driven as much by the problems the students were facing in their lives in the universities as by their concern for the US-Japan Security Treaty, and that in the broader intellectual community the earlier fears that the Treaty would drag Japan into an unwanted war had eroded. Most Japanese, including most intellectuals, I felt, had come to rely on the security it provided.

What effect those reports may have had, I have no idea. The American government is so huge, has so many sources of information, and has such a top-down decision-making structure. But for all that, I would not swap those years in the Embassy. (to be cont'd)

*Robert Angel  
Japan Considered  
March 21, 2005*

*University of South Carolina  
College of Arts and Sciences  
Department of Political Science*

## Chronicles of My Life in the 20th Century

10. Diaries of dead Japanese soldiers  
Autobiographical essays by Donald Keene

Most of those who graduated from the Navy Language School in February 1943 were sent to Pearl Harbor. The ship that took us to Hawaii from San Francisco had formerly been a passenger liner, but was now old and dirty. It was the worst ship I have ever sailed on and this was the only time I have been seasick. This voyage convinced me that I was not made to be a naval officer. When at last the ship arrived in Hawaii, it took a week before I could walk on dry land without still feeling the motions of the ship.

I was assigned to an office in Pearl Harbor where captured Japanese documents were translated. Our first day at this office we were addressed by a lieutenant of the Regular Navy.

He had only contempt for us, obviously resenting the fact that we, who knew nothing about the Navy, were allowed to wear the same uniform as himself. (We first wore uniforms after graduating from the language school.) He informed us that the work we were doing was highly secret and that he personally would see to it that anyone who revealed to outsiders the nature of our work would be put to death by hanging.

With these cheerful words echoing in our ears, we set to work translating documents that were given to us. For the first few days we were excited to think that our secret work was going to help end the war, but the documents were so unmistakably without value that the euphoria did not last long. The documents had been picked up on Guadalcanal, an island in the South Pacific where a long battle took place between the Japanese, who had seized the island, and the Americans who eventually succeeded in taking it back. By this time the fighting on Guadalcanal had ended and the Japanese there had been killed, but we went on translating routine reports on platoons that no longer existed or on the number of sheets of paper and bottles of ink in their possession.

Translating such materials was so tedious that we tried making it more interesting by rendering the Japanese documents into old-fashioned English or into the language of popular fiction. The lieutenant, who knew Japanese, sometimes read over our translations. He would then summon us and point out our errors in a rage, translating our English into Navy language.

One day I noticed a large wooden box containing captured documents. The documents gave off a faint, unpleasant odor. I was told that the little notebooks were diaries taken from the bodies of dead Japanese soldiers or found floating in the sea. The odor came from the bloodstains. I felt squeamish about touching the little books but, carefully selecting one that seemed free of bloodstains, I began to translate it. At first I had trouble reading the handwriting, but the diaries, unlike the printed or mimeographed documents I previously had translated, were at times almost unbearably moving, recording the suffering of a soldier in his last days.

Members of the American armed forces were forbidden to keep diaries, lest they reveal strategic

information to whoever found them; but Japanese soldiers and sailors were issued with diaries each New Year and were expected to write down their thoughts each day. They were aware that they might be required to show their diaries to a superior, to make sure the writer's sentiments were correct, so they filled their pages with patriotic slogans as long as they were still in Japan. But when the ship next to the diarist's was sunk by an enemy submarine or when the diarist, somewhere in the South Pacific, was alone and suffering from malaria, there was no element of deceit. He wrote what he really felt.

Sometimes the last page of a Japanese soldier's diary contained a message in English, asking the American who found the diary to return it to his family after the war. I hid such diaries, though it was forbidden, intending to return the diaries to the diarist's family, but my desk was searched and the diaries were confiscated. This was a great disappointment. The first Japanese I ever really knew were the writers of the diaries, though they were all dead by the time I met them.

I had worked in the translation office for several months when one day I was informed I was to be sent out on an operation. I would be going with Otis Cary, who had chosen me. Cary, who had grown up and attended elementary school in Otaru where his father was a missionary, spoke Japanese fluently without a trace of a foreign accent, but his knowledge of written Japanese was probably not as good as mine. We made a good team.

We took off from Hawaii in a flying boat, the kind of airplane that had been used before the war for luxurious flights across the Pacific. It had been stripped of its prewar comfort; instead of reclining chairs we sat on hard metal seats. This was my first experience of a military plane. The plane alighted in San Francisco Bay, from where we went on to San Diego. When we reported for duty we were informed that we would be quartered in a luxurious hotel and that we had no particular duties. There was no indication of where we would be going or when we would leave, but someone dropped a hint to the effect that we should be sure to have an ample supply of white uniforms, worn in hot countries where prewar standards of naval etiquette were maintained.

Cary and I were free to do what we pleased. One day we travelled to Tia Juana in Mexico where, for the first and last time in my life, I watched horse races. I still have the card of the San Diego Public Library, an indication that I had plenty of time for reading. Our stay in San Diego was certainly agreeable, but it

seemed unreal in the midst of a war. Finally, we received word to proceed to San Pedro and board ship there. The ship was the *Pennsylvania*, a battleship that was commissioned in 1916 and had seen long service. Cary and I were assigned quarters in a tiny room called "The Old Captain's Pantry" which we shared with four other junior officers. Because neither Cary or I knew anything about the Navy until the ship actually sailed, we didn't know which end was front and which back. We also made the mistake of promenading on a stretch of the deck reserved for the captain.

We had assumed, in view of the hint about white uniforms, we would be travelling south, but the weather grew steadily colder. Even then, we were not informed where we were going. Late one night, Cary and I were aroused and told to hurry to the radio room. We made our way in total darkness. The communications officer said, "We've got Jap talk coming over." We listened, but the language was unmistakably Russian. This was the only service we performed aboard ship, but when the war ended the entire crew of the *Pennsylvania*, including ourselves, were decorated because of the ship's outstanding record.

Donald L. Keene  
JLS 1943

Daily Yomiuri Online  
March 18, 2006

## Rekindled Memories & Friendships, Too

I was saddened to read the obituary of Michael H. Jameson in *The Interpreter*, #102. I think you are correct in adding "JLS 1944". He was a very good friend in Pearl Harbor, where we were roommates briefly, and in Japan, where he visited me in Yokosuka, though he was stationed in Tokyo, I think. Thus I believe we had been friends in Boulder, although I cannot remember any specifics.

When Mike was in Yokosuka, where I was stationed my whole time in Japan from August 1945 to June 1946, we often went up to Kamakura to pursue our common passion for Japanese art. Our regular destination was Beniya, in front of Hase Kannon. It was a private gallery in a large (17<sup>th</sup> century) house, where visitors were welcomed with tea. We and our friends were Mr. Yamakami's favorite (and perhaps only) customers – he

once said we were much nicer than Japanese Officers.

Beniya is still there, across the road, but more a large tourist shop; the original house was replaced by a parking lot [*Pave paradise, put up a parking lot – Joni Mitchell*]) Mike sent his [art] acquisitions to my parents' house in Evanston, Illinois (as did I), and retrieved them after he returned.

I was at the U. of Chicago from 1940 to 1943 and from 1946 to 1953, but I don't remember any meeting with him there. Physics and Classics had little interaction, of course [*Not too many opportunities for joint grants there, I suppose*]. I have a book, *Three lectures on Chinese Folklore*, (Peiping: San Yu Press, 1932) by R.D. Jameson, who I believe was Mike's father. I also think I remember that Owen Lattimore was Mike's uncle.

Another frequent JLS visitor to Beniya was James M. Wells [*On our mailing list*], one of my housemates in Yokosuka. He has recently donated some of his acquisitions to the Smart Museum of Art at the University of Chicago – as have I. He is retired from the Newberry Library and living on Chicago's Lake Shore Drive; I had dinner with him in June. One of our Yokosuka JLS friends in common, Willard Elsbree, has visited me in Hanover, occasionally [*Also on the mailing list*].

Among the JLS people I recall from Boulder are those in our little group of jazz fans – Phil Yampolsky [*Passed Away*], Joe Stapleton [*Have info but no address*], and John Jun Satō Sensei. We frequently met to listen to records in the dorm, and went to Denver to buy records. John Satō was a particularly good friend, but I lost touch with him. In my section, I think C. Ferris O. Miller and Paul J. Sherman are deceased, but I recently heard from A. Jerry Downs [*On the Mailing List*]. The other friend (in P.H. also) who comes to mind is Paul Victor Morgan, whom I have visited in San Diego [*Now on our mailing list. Can't find Satō*].

I am grateful to you for *The Interpreter's* rekindling of memories, and even friendships.

Robert W. Christy  
JLS 1944

[Ed. Note: regrettably, these obits are many and the backlog long so as not to turn the issues into a dirge.]

## RELOCATION (2)

[*The Kitagawa Family's*]

(Cont'd) The Navy officers completed the intensive Japanese language program in fourteen months. Phi Beta Kappas and brilliant minds qualified and competed in this rigorous program, but soon the drain became apparent, for other sectors of the military forces also absorbed and recruited them. In order to fulfill the shortage of qualified students, the Navy Department decided to tap the women's corp, the WAVES. At last, this was the "calling," a chance for me to give restitution to the war effort, and perhaps, shed the devastating guilt-feeling within me evoked by the sudden attack on Pearl Harbor by Japan.

Mary Louise Hendricks, a student from Bartlesville, Oklahoma, was a music major at the university. Mary Louise and her father, a Philips Petroleum executive, never had the opportunity to encounter an Asian, and therefore were not exposed to any of the Far Eastern cultures. They were solid mid-westerners. Mary Louise and I were very good friends. We both applied to the Language School on the campus to study the Japanese language as WAVES.

Mary Louise was immediately accepted at the Language School and she began the intense Japanese language program as a Navy officer. In the meantime, I daily peered into our mailbox in search of the white envelope from the United States Navy. But every day's hope-against-hope was shattered by its emptiness.

In order to beat this game of "irony," I applied to teach as an instructor at the Language School. My resume included my two years' study at the Soai College in Osaka, Japan. This application to teach Japanese was my way of counteracting the Navy's inaction to fulfill my burning desire to become a WAVE. It was also a realization that racial qualification was the

crux to the dilemma, upheaval, and uncertainties of the time.

The shortage of bilingual teachers put me on the staff of the Navy Language School with Mary Louise, now "Ensign Browning" [*There is a Melvin Clay Browning from Bowling Green, KY. Mary Louise Hendricks later became Mary Louise Hultgen, but we have been unable to locate her*], as a student in one of my beginning conversation classes. Ensign Browning was desperately struggling to comprehend and keep up with the Japanese language program.

*Kaya Sugiyama*  
University of Colorado at Boulder  
in  
From the Rooftop  
The Newsletter of The Fromm  
Institute for Lifelong Learning  
Vol. 84, Issue #4  
September 29, 2003

## Army v. Navy JLOs As Considered by Takejiro Higa, USAMIS

MK: And then who were your instructors?

TH: The nisei.

MK: Nisei.

TH: American, mostly Mainland nisei.

MK: And, in your estimation, what was their knowledge of Japanese.

TH: Oh, they're all Japan university grads. Kibei nisei [Nisei who spent youth in Japan].

MK: And then I was told that there were also many Caucasians who went through the MIS.

TH: Oh, that's the kind, yeah, I think. Officer candidate, ninety-day-wonders.

MK: What did you think of them?

TH: Junk. (Laughs) We had one of them, don't know nothing. Later on, a navy intelligence officer was assigned to us. He was good. Donald Keene [*JLS 1943*]. He became a university professor, Columbia, as well as in Japan. He was real good. See, first we had a Caucasian army officer, ninety-day wonder, assigned to us. In the Philippines, he caught a cold and he got shipped out, back. So, at that time, 96<sup>th</sup> Division, we were

known as 318th Language Special Team [314<sup>th</sup> Headquarters Intelligence Team], see. Needed a language officer. So Donald Keene was assigned to us from that time. So he joined us and went to Okinawa. And he was real good. He and I became very good friends. Yeah, very good friends. And too bad I never got to see him after the war. I understand he passed through here several. . . Oh, I think one time we met, you know, I think, Pagoda [Hotel]. I'm not sure on that. But he passed through Hawaii many times back and forth between Tokyo and Columbia.

*Tape #s. 44-30-1-05 and 44-31-1-05*  
**ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW**

with  
*Takejiro Higa (TH)*  
[US Army MIS Japanese Linguist]  
*Mānoa, O'ahu*  
*April 12, 2005*

BY: Warren Nishimoto (WN) and  
Michi Kodama-Nishimoto (MK)

[Ed. Note: Higa's, view, not mine.]

## Russell W. McDonald Memorialized (BDR R-1090)

ASSEMBLY CONCURRENT  
RESOLUTION--Memorializing  
former Legislative Counsel Russell  
W. McDonald.

WHEREAS, The members of this session note with sadness the passing of Russell West McDonald, who served our legislature and the people of this state for so long as Legislative Counsel and in other public offices; and

WHEREAS, Russ McDonald was a native Nevadan, born October 8, 1917, in Reno to Thomas M. and Juanita West McDonald; and

WHEREAS, After beginning his education at the University of Nevada and spending 2 years at Oxford University as a Rhodes Scholar, he entered the United States Navy to serve during World War II and attained the rank of Lieutenant Commander [attending OLS in 1/45]; and

WHEREAS, He completed his education at Stanford University School of Law after the war and was admitted to the State Bar of Nevada; and

WHEREAS, He served as Assistant City Attorney of Reno and codified the ordinances of Washoe County and the cities of Reno, Sparks, Winnemucca and Lovelock; and

WHEREAS, He was appointed in 1951 as Director of the Statute Revision Commission which was composed of the Justices of the

Supreme Court and charged with revising the statutes of the state; and

WHEREAS, Under the supervision of the justices, he took the mass of statutes which had accumulated over 90 years without being authoritatively harmonized and weeded out the inconsistencies, producing for enactment by the legislature in 1957 the Nevada Revised Statutes, which comprised "all laws of a general, public and permanent nature" as of January 21, 1957; and

WHEREAS, During the progress of that work and after its completion, he drafted, with the aid of a small staff of lawyers, all bills and resolutions and any amendments thereto introduced in the Nevada Legislature, so the coherence of the Nevada Revised Statutes could be preserved; and

WHEREAS, In 1963, when the responsibility for this latter work was transferred from the judicial to the legislative department and the Legislative Counsel Bureau was created, he became the Legislative Counsel and the Director of the Legislative Counsel Bureau; and

WHEREAS, Upon completion of the revision of the statutes, he and his staff began digesting all of the opinions of the Supreme Court to prepare annotations to the Nevada Revised Statutes and a topical digest of the Nevada Reports, a task initially completed around 1965 and continuing in the annotations now integrated with the statutes as a responsibility of the Legislative Counsel; and WHEREAS, He served in these capacities until 1971, when he retired at the end of the legislative session from state service and returned to local governmental service, serving as Washoe County Manager until 1976; and

WHEREAS, Throughout and after this long career, he made time for voluntary public service as a member of the State Welfare Board and the Board of Bar Examiners, a trustee of the Nevada Historical Society and a member of the successor board of museums and history; and

WHEREAS, He had a strong social side as well, attested by his many friends and his affiliation with the Free and Accepted Masons, the Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, and the Independent Order of Odd Fellows; now, therefore, be it

RESOLVED BY THE  
ASSEMBLY OF THE STATE OF  
NEVADA, THE SENATE  
CONCURRING, That the members of the 68th session of the Nevada Legislature offer their condolences to the family and friends of Russell W. McDonald; and be it further

RESOLVED, That his true monument is before us every day in

the form of the Nevada Revised Statutes that he shaped and that we amend in every bill for a general law; and be it further

RESOLVED, That the Chief Clerk of the Assembly prepare and transmit a copy of this resolution to his widow, Betty, his son Michael, and his daughters Stephanie Merchant and Kitty Downs.

A.C.R. 35

Assembly Concurrent Resolution No.  
35--Assemblymen  
Dini, Allard, Anderson, Arberry,  
Bache, Batten,  
Bennett, Braunlin, Brower,  
Buckley, Carpenter,  
Chowning, Close, de Braga,  
Ernaut, Evans, Fetic,  
Freeman, Giunchigliani,  
Goldwater, Harrington,  
Hettrick, Humke, Krenzer,  
Lambert, Manendo,  
Marvel, Monaghan, Neighbors,  
Nolan, Ohrenschall,  
Perkins, Price, Sandoval,  
Schneider, Segerblom,  
Spitler, Steel, Stroth, Tiffany,  
Tripple and  
Williams

May 18, 1995

Read and adopted

INTERVIEW  
WITH  
PROFESSOR  
JAMES W. MORLEY  
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY  
(RET.)

(Cont'd)

*Changes in Japan's Domestic  
Politics and Foreign Relations*

Angel: Some non-Japanese specialists writing today, especially on the internet, suggest that Japan

recently has changed fundamentall y in the area of foreign policy. Do you agree?

Morley: Certainly it is facing foreign policy problems

that it has not had to before, or at least have not been so severe before. What are some of them?

How in this internetted world where tastes and ideas are so rapidly exchanged, how can it integrate its culture into the



evolving world culture and still protect the essence of what it is to be Japanese? How with its mature capitalist economy in prolonged recession can it find again the productive energy that drove it in the earlier post-war years? How without an increasingly more freely deployed Self-Defense Force can it meet the demands for humanitarian assistance and peace-keeping around the globe? What is the best way to cope with the rise of China and the threatening stance of North Korea? Or, more generally, how can Japan take that larger position on the world stage that many of its young people are demanding without incurring dire consequences?

But I am not one who thinks that Japan has changed fundamentally. Unless faced by crisis, Japan seems to me not to make quick decisions. Stability is what it wants in its politics, and as a result, it moves forward incrementally. It prefers not to make decisions so much as to wait for them to evolve, waiting, that is, for a national consensus to emerge from a complex and often time-consuming process of both public and private deliberation.

I think your anonymous specialists are right in believing that the Japanese are now engaged in such a process about its foreign policy problems. But I do not think that a national consensus on any of them has yet been reached, nor can one be sure when it will be or what form it will take.... And that's what should keep us observers on our toes.

Angel: That's a good note on which to end this discussion.. Thank you for your time.

*Robert Angel*  
Japan Considered  
March 21, 2005

*University of South Carolina  
College of Arts and Sciences  
Department of Political Science*

*[Ed. Note: I'm not very good at computer graphics, but I was able to snag this portrait from the magazine, somewhat disembodied though it may be. He appears to be surrounded by a black halo – not sure what to make of that.]*

**Bryan Battey asks, "What became of Walter Nichols of JICPOA?"**

### **In Memoriam Harold W. Stevenson OLS 4/45-**

Harold Stevenson, a retired psychology professor and former Guggenheim fellow who developed the psychology department's relationship with China, died July 8, 2005 in Palo Alto, Calif., after a long illness. He was 80.

In 1973, Stevenson traveled to China as part of the first delegation of foreign researchers to visit the country a year after Richard Nixon's historic trip. He began to conduct significant cross-cultural studies of children's academic achievement in the United States, Asia, Latin America and Eastern Europe.

Richard Gonzalez, chair of the Psychology Department, recalls his first trip to China and how Stevenson sought him out and took him under his wing for an afternoon to explain all the unique aspects of Chinese culture he'd learned over many years.

"He was the one who brought cross-culture interests to developmental psychology," Gonzalez says. "For years, development psychology looked at development in the U.S., but his awareness grew when he made one of the first cross-cultural exchanges to China."

He helped establish exchange programs between Chinese and U.S. scholars and founded a collaborative research center between U-M and the Chinese Academy of Sciences.

Prior to joining the U-M faculty, Stevenson was director of the Institute of Child Development at the University of Minnesota, which achieved international recognition in the area of educational research for children.

Stevenson helped found nursery schools in Texas, Minnesota and Michigan designed for the children of graduate students in education and psychology. Stevenson and his wife, Nancy, a clinical psychologist, established one of the first racially integrated preschools in the country in the early 1950s in Austin, Texas.

Stevenson served as president of the Division of Developmental Psychology of the American Psychological Association, and the International Society for the Study of Behavioral Development. He also was director of the Child Development and Social Policy program at U-M.

A fellow at the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences in Palo Alto, he also was a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and chairman of the Council for International

Exchange of Scholars Committee on Psychology.

He chaired or was a member of many national boards and committees, including those advising the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development, the National Institute of Mental Health, the National Academy of Sciences-National Research Council, and the visiting committee for the School of Education at Harvard University.

Stevenson wrote and edited numerous books and manuscripts, including "The Learning Gap: Why Our Schools Are Failing and What We Can Learn from Japanese and Chinese Education," with James Stigler, in 1992.

He received a bachelor's degree from the University of Colorado and master's and doctoral degrees in psychology from Stanford University. Stevenson served in the Navy during World War II, where he studied in the Japanese language program.

Stevenson is survived by his wife, Nancy Guy Stevenson; four children, Peggy Stevenson of Palo Alto; Janet Zimmerman of Plymouth, Mich.; Andy Stevenson of Charlottesville, Va.; and Patricia Stevenson of Chicago; seven grandchildren; a brother, Robert Stevenson of Post Falls, Idaho; and seven nieces and nephews.

A memorial service was held in late August in Ann Arbor. The family established a fund in Stevenson's memory, through the Society for Research in Child Development, to support international study and research in developmental psychology.

*Joe Serwach  
News Service*

*The University Record Online  
The University of Michigan  
July 25, 2005*

### **Zeivel 'Zi' Harris JLS 1944 1920-2006**

Zeivel "Zi" Harris, 85, of Rock Island, passed away Tuesday, Oct. 3, 2006, at Heartland Health Care Center, Moline.

Memorials may be directed to the Zeivel and Shirley Harris Scholarship, which has been established at Augustana College; or to the Tri City Jewish Center, the Rock Island Public Library, the Rock Island Art Guild, the Rock Island Rotary Scholarship Fund or to a favorite charity.

Zeivel was born at the family home, located at 1043 20th St., Rock Island, on Nov. 30, 1920, a

son of Benjamin and Anne Dockterman Harris. He married Shirley Lieberman on May 13, 1945, in Chicago.

Zi was a member of the first class to graduate from the new Rock Island Senior High School. He attended the University of Illinois and graduated cum laude from the University of Iowa, where he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. He attended the U.S. Navy Japanese Language School at the University of Colorado, Boulder, for service in Naval Intelligence during World War II.

He was associated with his father and brother, Stanley Harris, in the family land development business.

Active in various civic organizations, Zi served on the Rock Island Public Library Board for more than 30 years; was a board member of the Rock Island Rotary Club and a Paul Harris Fellow of Rotary International. He was also a member of the board of the Rock Island Art Guild and a member of the Tri City Jewish Center. Art, music and travel held a lifelong interest for him. He enjoyed the Quad-City Symphony and chamber concerts.

Survivors include his beloved wife, Shirley; daughter, Susan Harris, Santa Fe, N.M.; son, Daniel Harris and daughter-in-law, Diane Lease, New Orleans, La.; sister, Ruth Evelyn Katz, Rock Island; brother and sister-in-law, Stanley and Bernice Harris, Rock Island; sister-in-law and brother-in-law, Rosalyn and Albert Friedman, Las Vegas, Nev.; and several nephews and nieces. He was preceded in death by his parents.

*Wheelan Funeral Home*

*[Ed. Note: Mrs. Harris appreciated my note of condolence and made a generous donation to the JLS/OLS Fund. She is still on the mailing list.]*

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