

The
Gordon
Travelogue

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See Susan pg. 7

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¹ Albert Gordon and William W. Gordon (Donald C. Gordon's father) were both grandchildren of William and Jean Gordon.

Preface

It seems that Gordons pop up all over the world in extraordinary places and in the middle of extraordinary events. Being Gordons, they also come up with extraordinary perspectives on their multi-faceted experiences. The following is, we hope, a growing collection of stories, tales, essays, journalings, and even news articles that capture some of the best moments and best insights in the family's corporate history. It is a modest attempt to put some of the oral tradition of the family into written form. Every effort was made to preserve the "manuscript" in its original form. The number and diversity of contributions was plagued by the limitations of time and distance, a problem the editor expects to be remedied by future volumes. Whatever the case, he wishes to thank each contributor for his/her time and energy in submitting their writings. And now, may the reader, be they family member or curious friend, indulge themselves!

TIM in Jerusalem:

Waiting Out Saddam At A Jerusalem Yeshiva

I knew of the Iraqi missile threat when I flew to Israel on January 15. But not until two days later - crouched in a sealed room in Jerusalem in my pajamas, breathing through a gas mask with sirens blaring - did I realize Saddam Hussein meant business.

Nothing I had witnessed to that point had prepared me.

Security had been tight at Ben-Gurion Airport when I arrived Tuesday evening. A police escort accompanied the bus I took all the way to Jerusalem. The streets seemed so quiet that night and the next morning that I assumed all was well.

But the streets were too quiet. Israel was waiting. The United Nations deadline had passed, and Saddam Hussein had sworn he would attack the Jewish state. The question was: Would he attack, and when?

"You have your gas mask already, right?" asked a friend studying at Yeshiva Ohr Somayach, an Orthodox school in the north part of Jerusalem.

"No, I haven't gotten one yet," I replied.

"Well, do you have a place to stay tonight?" he asked.

"No, not yet."

I still had to make a few phone calls. And my friend was not pleased with my lack of urgency.

"You're obviously not keyed in to the whole situation here," he said. "the yeshiva has extra masks and maybe you can stay here."

My inquiries in the yeshiva office about masks and a place to stay were interrupted by a series of loud beeps that caused everyone to crowd around the secretary's small radio for the hourly news update. Nothing had happened in the Middle East - yet.

That night, I was startled at 2:30 a.m. by the yeshiva student in the bunk above me.

"Wake up!" he shouted, as other students - all non-Israelis ages 18 to 22 - banged loudly on doors in the building. "The war's started. Get up. Get dressed. And try on your gas mask to make sure it fits."

I dressed, broke the seal on a cardboard anti-chemical weapons kit and adjusted the strap on my mask. One of the students then gave me a thorough lecture about when and how to use the other items in the kit: an atropine shot, gauze pads, chemical treatment powder, and the air filter for the gas mask.

My roommate already had a hood over his head and was carefully wrapping each foot in plastic bags and slipping them into his shoes. I asked if all that was necessary.

"I'm captain of the [dorm] block," he said.

I lay back on my bed fully clothed, listening to the descriptions of Operation Desert Storm on the radio. Israel had declared a state of emergency. At 4 a.m., I heard President Bush's speech on the BBC. But soon the announcers began to repeat themselves. I asked my roommate to wake me when something happened, and I went to sleep.

The next day in Israel was one of quiet celebration. News reports said Allied Forces had shelled missile launching sites in western Iraq aimed at Israel. And the night had been quiet, despite Saddam's threats.

But at a press conference that evening, Brig. Gen. Nachman Shai, an Israeli Defense Forces (IDF) spokesman, warned that Iraq's mobile missile sites had not been destroyed and that Saddam still had every reason to attack.

"The Iraqi threat to Israel is still on," he said. "The country is still in a state of emergency."

I learned more about Iraq's surface-to-surface Scud missiles that night just after 2 a.m. when air raid sirens suddenly screamed into action.

"Get your mask and go down to the sealed room," my roommate said.

After everyone arrived, a towel soaked in ammonia was stuffed under the door. Three radios were on, each monitoring a different station. Instructions about the use of gas masks and sealed rooms were broadcast in Hebrew, English, French, Russian and a few languages that none of us could understand.

One announcer told us to put on our gas masks, while another broadcaster said in Hebrew specifically not to put the masks on yet. A commentator in English solved the dispute seconds later, announcing that Iraqi missiles had landed in Israel, and that gas masks were to be worn.

Three students in the room grabbed shavers and hastily began removing their beards so their masks would fit properly.

The sealed room belonged to two recent immigrants from the Soviet Union - one of whom, with a mask over his face, looked fast asleep in his bunk bed.

In another corner of the room, Walter, a small puppy, was being forced by its owner into a two-by-three foot plastic anti-chemical tent - a protective box-shaped device designed for toddlers too young for gas masks.

"Eight chemical warhead missiles have been dropped on Israel," a radio announcer said. "And victims in Tel Aviv are being rushed to local hospitals."

"We should just nuke 'em all," said one student, after hearing the report, which later turned out to be false.

The IDF later announced that only conventional missiles had been dropped, "lightly wounding" a handful of people. The announcement cut the tension. Some of us laughed, however inappropriately. We were then advised to remove our gas masks, but remain in the sealed rooms until further notice.

"OK," a mischievously smiling yeshiva student informed his three now mostly beardless colleagues. "You can put your beards back on now."

Until Radio Israel had further information, "elevator" music was played in an attempt to calm listeners.

"We should try to get some sleep," someone suggested.

Each of us looked for a spot on the floor to spread out a blanket. Soon the lights were out. But it was hopeless.

A few of us were monitoring the radios at low volume and felt compelled to report out loud any new information. We were tired. But most of us were too excited to sleep.

Just before 6 a.m., nearly four hours after the wailing sirens, a single-tone "all clear" siren sounded. We then returned to our rooms. It had been a long night, with more than its share of frightening moments.

I admit I've had second thoughts about coming to Israel with the threat of chemical weapons looming so large. But hey, Walter the dog is still barking, none of us were harmed, and even the beards will no doubt one day grow back. (Tim Dole, January, 1991)

SUSAN on Third Culture Kids

One Plus One

There's a lot of talk these days about Third-Culture-Kids (TCK's): kids who have grown up in a culture different from that of their parents and so have acquired experiences from at least two distinct cultures, making them not into one or the other but into a third distinct culture of its own.

Some propose the TCK does not have full ownership of either of the two cultures. This is true in part.

There is a wide range of diversion within each designated culture group. To claim ownership to a culture, one does not need a specified number of years in one place or a universally accepted palette of experiences. However, there is an impediment for the TCK in belonging to a particular culture. It is not his lack of knowledge or a particular experience (though this may also be the case); but rather his additional knowledge and experiences. It is not his breaking of internal laws, but external boundaries.

For a culture is not only a set of beliefs held, patterns of behavior accepted, and language spoken, but also beliefs not entertained, behavior not contemplated, and language not spoken. It is comprised of exclusions as well as inclusions.

The human culture entails certain things such as eating, drinking, working, and sleeping. Should we meet someone who did these things in the same general form as us but had come from the moon with a different gravitational pull - floating above earth's surface or using weights to bring him down to our normal walk - no matter how he conformed to our humanity, doing everything we do, knowing all we know, we would still consider him alien (like Alf or Belke). So he would never be accepted as a full citizen in our culture, though he might participate. And likewise, his time on earth would have estranged him should he return to the moon.

The TCK has experienced at least two cultures. That in itself will alienate, distinguish, make him lonely or appear mature - depending on the circumstances and those around him.

It is possible that in certain areas, culture A's customs may predominate; and in others, culture B's surface. But this is merely an outward manifestation, appearing deceptively schizophrenic as if the TCK alternated between cultures at differing times. In truth, the TCK is always living in the third culture. (Not a combination of the two; but his third.) He cannot for a moment forget skipping stones on the bank of the Jordan, or the smell of the steam of cooking Chinese dumplings, or buying

train tickets at one of the hundreds of machines in Shinjuku station, or the boys in Sao Paulo playing soccer in the streets to a sunset.

. . . the TCK has been exposed to the possibility of change which is much greater than that of two options. Whereas further variations may broaden his perception of the choice-range, this first realization is by far the most drastic and has the greatest ramifications.

The deepest differences will not be on the surface of dress and eating habits. The outside form is fast acquired, adopted, adapted to the most convenient or necessary. But the inside reasons and values and thoughts are permanently changed. The man who has seen death, will always look at life around him with different eyes. So the man who has seen a different way of life.

. . . The TCK has had his culture released. The impact on his values is shattering, breaking into many pieces of which I will mention three.

1. The TCK will judge by a seemingly different standard. More than simply choosing culture A's or B's, he will create a third, his own, which is put together from the breach which the two have conceded and the thinking this has prompted. Because the TCK is not bound to the unquestioned conventions around him, his standard will be more objective. This endows him with better judgement though it is possible that an TCK judge better in individual situations. Living in a fallen world, the principles around us are also broken. People free to vary from them cannot do much worse.

It might be argued that those living within a closed group of their own, such as a Christian college, Jewish family, or a proper girls' school are provided with an equally judicious standard. (The actuality of living one's entire life in such a community is very small.) However, there is danger where people are not conscious of their values' source, but are satisfied to accept them from some vague group-origin. That has before resulted in Hitler's and Cultural Revolutions. It is a situation the US government tries hard to avoid by its three-branch government with checks and balances. The TCK has, by nature, this advantage. (It can quickly, however, turn to contempt for those not so endowed.)

2. Because of the change from one culture to another, many things thought permanent, are proved transient. The TCK's attachment to places, things, and touchables may seem weak. This includes the concept of home. It has been irretrievably altered. He can never be persuaded that home is a particular geographical location. And home need not be one of several known places. The concept of permanence has been shaken to its foundations. It is no

longer tied to "location", but anchored elsewhere.

3. An objective arbiter is valued because his judgement is not influenced by involvement in either party. How much more he who is so completely subjective as to be an actual full participant submerged equally in both parties. While both are unbiased, the latter's understanding will be different from that of the removed observer. Who could be better qualified for peacemaking between A and B than he who has reconciled both worlds within himself?

The degree to which these differences are perceived will vary greatly as will the cause to which they are attributed. Some people will be drawn to the TCK by these oddities. He will be looked at as a teacher, a needed balance or at least an entertaining diversion. Others - afraid of things alien will flinch, ignore him or perhaps even outwardly mock, or try to repress the foreign.

But that is a useless battle. What has been given can be taken away (The outward form can be changed either voluntarily or by coercion.) But what has been learned cannot be unlearned. The man living in Boston in 1990 may try to revert in his dress, or diet to 1790, but he can never truly be a man of the 18th century. For he has lived in the 20th, and our present century was one of the experiences that the 18th century excludes. Ours is incompatible with the centuries before.

We say that Christ was a TCK: God and man. Not merely God when he turned water into wine and man when he drank it. But always God and man. At times the church has swung heavily in one or the other direction. But Jesus did not have two distinct sides in a separate sense. They were fused into his "third" person. He - as no TCK ever has - completely owned both cultures: divinity, and humanity.

Is it any wonder that man thought him strange; that he was attractive, a curio, hated, misunderstood, lonely; that his words came as if from a different standard, from one who had been in another world; that his judgement was unreasonable to man; that he called no place his home but was claimed by Nazareth, Bethlehem, Egypt, and the heavens?

Is it any wonder that he reconciled us to God and brought God to man? Immanuel. Not in the holy Godhead but in the person of Jesus Christ. (Susan Walters, April, 1990)

CAROL in Haiti:

My Last Day in Christianville, Haiti

It was another day, rising out of bed with the sun just behind the mountains. I did a few early morning things on the rooftop garden before heading down to the Garden once again. As I opened the Garden gate, Tiuason was already there. So we went in the depot for devotions. Frankie happened to be down there to do some maintenance task by the school so he joined us for Bible reading. I decided spur of the moment to read Psalm 46: "God is our refuge, a very present help in times of trouble . . ." I was glad when Frankie agreed to lead us in prayer. I like hearing him pray. John, John Robert (and Kawol, too) didn't come 'til after, but I didn't scold them. (I did miss having them there for devotions, though). Everyone was cheerful and ready for work and I didn't want to dampen that.

I have been feeding the little puppy (one of Lucy's babies) that Beth had wanted to take home with her. It's the cutest little thing and still so playful. I've been feeding Precious & Spooky, too. I've found out, to my surprise, that none of these dogs are as vicious as they're made out to be. But they are good watchdogs.

I was routinely french-braiding my hair when Rich called me from my door. He said we gotta talk. I thought maybe it was about stuff on the farm that needs to be done. No, it wasn't that at all. He told me straight out, seriously. I need to pack up my things now because he's sending me home. He really felt it best since Rod and Jeanine are planning to leave, that I should go ahead with them. He said they're trying to find out the earliest flight they can leave on. It may be today within the next hour, it may be tomorrow or maybe not 'til next week, but I need to be ready.

I was shocked. My life as it has been here was stopped dead in its tracks. I guess I don't have much choice. I went back to my room, looked around at all my things that were finally settled, and I thought, this is crazy. Why do I have to leave? I'm perfectly safe here. Then I thought, there's no way I can just up and leave today. For the next several hours, I got so frazzled and torn, not so much because of trying to pack, but because I had no idea when I was to be leaving. Rod kept saying "well, we might not get a flight right away;" then, "it's too expensive for that ticket - we may not be able to go 'til tomorrow or Monday." It about drove me crazy. My hopes for not leaving today went up and down like a roller coaster, along with my emotions of being relieved or upset. I couldn't take it much longer. Plus, I had a whole load of clothes sitting in rinse cycle in the machine, and the power was off. I kept thinking, this isn't fair. Just 'cause Rod and Jeanine want to leave so soon - to try to make her brother's

wedding. I had to go whenever they were going? I wanted to cry and rip my hair out. But . . . I quietly ran around packing and putting things in order. I was pretty solemn about it, keeping my frustrations down inside. Before lunch time, I was told that, yes, they were able to get a flight reservation for tomorrow morning which meant we would have to leave this afternoon, spend the night in Port-au-Prince and go to the airport early Saturday morning. I was amazed at how quickly I was able to pack and I even got some shelves of seed and garden stuff organized for the next intern, whoever and whenever that will be. I rushed around so much that my mind hardly had a chance to realize what was happening. The worst part of leaving was yet to come. I knew that at some point that afternoon, I'd have to go back down to the Garden and tell the guys the shocking news of my leaving. I was not looking forward to it. I wasn't sure how I was going to say goodbye. It seems I had just told John Robert yesterday, when he asked when I was leaving, that I would leave mid-November.

I went downstairs for lunch - I'd almost forgotten to eat. A moment of cheer was given me when I found out that Madame Lareesh had made her famous chayote vegetable soup - almost as if she knew I was leaving and wanted to give me a going away gift. It tasted so good. I met Leon at the table. He's the guy who has been calling from Port-au-Prince and keeping us up to date as to the occurrences in town. He's also the one whose house we'll be staying at tonight. He expressed his surprise at our leaving Haiti and said that Americans are far more safe here than the Haitians. I didn't know what to say. I believe he is right. It made me feel guilty for leaving . . . and leaving behind the poor Haitians to suffer. Then Rich came in and he explained that he feels responsible for my safety and if at some time in the future I wanted to leave immediately, I might not be able to and I might be stuck here for a much longer time. He also emphasized the fact that he and Kathy have come to Haiti as missionaries committed to a lifetime of service, whereas I have come just as a temporary intern. I'm glad he spoke out his thoughts because it took away any resentment I had of him from being urged to leave so suddenly.

Kathy came over all dressed up and I gave her a white blouse to give to someone in the Reserve (a village outside of town). She seemed to know exactly what I was thinking because she said to me, with a sweet and gentle voice, "Is there someone special you want me to give it to?" I knew then, that she wasn't going to just hand it out nonchalantly to just anyone. I could see her now, presenting it to some dear young girl telling her that I wanted very much for her to have it. Anyway, I'm glad Kathy will take care of it. (It's a blouse Mom gave me). Then we were in the kitchen with Louisian, so I decided to give her those Haitian sandals I bought in the market. She was so pleased! I'm so glad I got to know her. It was hard saying bye to her and Nanu. They're such sweet girls!

I finally made the last trip down to the Garden. I was stopped by several - Tile, Margio, Nerner and others - and when I told them the sad news they were quite surprised and neither of us knew what to say. Then I walked on and before I got to the Gate, John Robert spotted me from the other side of the fence. I went over to talk to him: "John Robert may aale pou zetazuni jodia (I'm going to the United States today)." I looked down at my feet and right then and there I burst into tears. I was overcome with the awful reality that this was my last few moments in the Garden with these guys. As he told me, "Pa kuye kawol (Don't cry, Carol)" he seemed to me like a brother comforting his sister. I walked around to the Gate while John Robert yelled over to John and Kawol what was going on. We all gathered amidst the tomato plants and malabar spinach in the Shade Cloth. All at once, all the barriers of employer/employee relationship fell and all that was left was the bonds of friendship. I cried some more and Kawol put her arm around me to give me comfort and support. It was a neat feeling to receive something from her as opposed to me giving to her. I was surprised at how well I communicated in Creole to them. God really blessed our time and our ability to communicate well because, if any time, that was definitely a time when I needed to understand them. John was very sensitive, sympathetic, and supportive of me and of course they all expressed how they were going to miss me very much but will pray for me. And John Robert turned into the sweetest guy that I never before came to appreciate. I got out my camera and the comedy of picture taking was a refreshing break from such a somber moment.

It was very hard saying goodbye. I had just been there early this morning like a regular day and yet had no idea the day was going to end up like this one. There were so many things in the Garden yet to be done. And I was really looking forward to harvesting that cassava with the guys. And it was too late to go visit Kawol's garden. And I'd have to miss going to John Robert's wedding. The guys and Kawol walked all the way back to the house with me, Kawol's arms around me the whole time. I noticed John sort of held back (walked behind us). I don't think he quite knew how to take all this or he didn't know how to express his sorrow. Kawol asked me for a gift of shorts (a pair of shorts I thought she said). I was rather surprised to note that neither John nor John Robert asked for any gift. But I decided to give them each something, anyway. By the time I had gone back to the house it seemed the whole neighborhood (actually only about 8 people) had gathered outside the gate to say goodbye. I remembered when Beth left and everyone expected a little gift from her. So I searched through my stuff to find stuff to give away. I decided since only Kawol asked for something, I shouldn't feel obligated to give something to every single person. I did feel awkward though going back outside the gate with only gifts for my Garden workers. I gave John Robert may Haitian flip-flops and I gave John my bandanna (I was so glad to find what seemed the perfect gift for him).

It was a difficult last few minutes. We kept repeating our feelings of regret and sorrow and then hugging one last time. Will I ever see them again? I kept telling them I might come back, but I knew down inside that the chance of coming back any time soon was pretty slim. I watched them as they walked away down the road, my eyes fixed mostly on John - he has shared so much of himself with me. Three other kids continued to hang around - Tikle, Margio (Jack), and Benal. Some night previously, I was dreaming up some fun things to do with Tikle in particular. I believe God brought to mind the game Dad had once taught me - with 3 piles of stones. I had decided today that if anything there were 3 things I wanted to make sure to do before I left - give flower seeds to Exod (which I actually did do this morning and he was quite pleased), take a slide of Neem fruit for ECHO, and play this game with Tikle and the other boys. Taking the slide of a Neem tree just didn't seem like the appropriate last thing to do as I was saying goodbye to everyone. I still wish I had gotten it. But, I did get to do the last thing (the game). I could hardly believe I managed to fit it in during the last few minutes at Christianville. Fortunately, our original departure time was being delayed more and more as the Kaufmans were running around doing last minute things. And imagine, I who didn't want to leave, was ready to go (physically, that is). So, quickly, I ran and got the bag of stones I had collected at the beach. Then I joined the three boys (my playmates for those last moments) in the jacoon (kiosk) and as they gathered around me, I taught them in Creole how to play the game. (I was glad to have Frankie around to help me with a few key words). At first, they weren't too sure of how to play, but after a couple of times their eyes lit up and I knew they had caught on. I played over and over with them taking turns with each boy. My dream came true - I was able to share a little fun and entertainment in a time of trouble (the government) and sorrow (my leaving). That was to be my gift to them - time spent with them.

Tikle did finally ask me for my work boots again. I decided that since he specifically asked me and since he is my friend (I told him all this) I shall give him my work boots. So I did. He seemed happy. I just hope he uses them for some hard work. Then Benal asked me for my sneakers but I said it was all I had to wear back home. I wish I had had my other sneakers with me. Oh well. He seemed to understand.

At last the time had come. By this time, Rick and Kathy, Pam and Make, Sandy and Shwazimo had all come out to say goodbye. I hadn't seen Pam much today, so it meant a lot to get a hug from her, but oh it was too short. She really has shared a lot of her life with me. Sandy was her dear easy-going self - I told her we better hug "for the record." Saying good-bye to Kathy was, well, put it this way: her organized ways get intimidating sometimes, but when it comes down to it, I love her dearly and am so thankful for her kindness to me. She empathized with me on having to leave so

soon just when I was really getting settled. And then there was Rick. I started to shake his hand but that wasn't near enough for him, so he gave me a great big hug which I surely needed! I thanked him for the wonderful experience I had here. I think he knew quite well that I didn't want to leave. He mentioned how he's going to need to sit down and really make some serious decisions as to how to handle the farm with such limited help. It was right then that I realized that it was perhaps harder for him to send me away than it was for me to be sent. He lost Beth and now he was giving up me. My heart went out to him. He's got such a big responsibility - the Garden, the livestock, the veterinary help . . . dear Lord, help him. I just have to trust the Lord will take care of him. I gave Mike a hug, too. I don't remember exactly what words we exchanged, but I do remember that as we pulled out (in the car), I looked back and focused my eyes on his eyes for what seemed like a long moment. I wanted to let him know I was really going to miss him. I think he was looking at me, too. It had been such a busy tense day that it wasn't 'til then I suddenly realized I would miss Mike's company so much. Underneath all that silly humor is a deep compassionate heart.

I sat in the car squashed between Leon on one side and Auntie on the other. I was handed an open flat carton of eggs to hold on my lap and that served as a neat subject for some comic relief. Anything to bring out a smile and laugh from Auntie was well worth it. She told me to be careful they don't hatch on my lap. Yes, it was nice to have Auntie by my side. We didn't say a whole lot but somehow her mere presence gave me a solid secure feeling. I remember her saying to me, at some point today, when I was questioning whether or not I'd come back to Haiti, "No," she said, "you won't be coming back." She seemed to be the only one who could free up to the reality and say it so confidently that I wasn't coming back. It wasn't that she was trying to be cynical, but she knew full well how these Haiti situations go and the little likelihood that things would clear up soon. I respected her wisdom and honesty. We dropped her off at Carol Heigett's house where she was to stay for a week. One last hug - for Auntie. It was something I had looked forward to for a long time . . . I think it was the only hug I gave to Auntie, which was far too few. I told her I will always remember that sweet smile, and then she was off. Will she ever know how much she has blessed me? (Carol Gordon, October, 1991)

NORMAN in Los Angeles

SUBURBAN EPIPHANY

"Did you hear the news?" my fellow student asked, as I was meandering over to the Fuller campus to do some homework at my desk in the Student Government office. "They announced the verdict as innocent and now the city is in an uproar."

Clutching on to my commitment to get a little work done at the office, I thought I could flip on the TV in the student lounge and catch the latest word before delving into my studies. Little did I suspect that I would keep that TV, or some TV, flipped on for the better part of the next 36 hours to experience as first-hand as possible the frightful episode that was about to take place in our city of Los Angeles.

Crime is not my favorite news topic to follow. Even though this story featured an unprecedented home video of white police officers beating a black man, I hadn't kept up that closely with its development. But everyone in the Los Angeles area, including myself, knew the basics: Rodney King, a black inner-city dweller, was caught drinking and driving one night and ignored police officers' instructions to pull over. When he was finally stopped, he did not immediately surrender to their bidding. What transpired next was the subject of heated courtroom (and living room, news room, bar room, etc.) debate: was the wound-inflicting beating by uniformed police officers with billy clubs, which King endured for several minutes, necessary to subdue him or was there uncalled for, unprofessional - yes, even cruel - racial energy in their blows?

Along with the rest of suburban Southern California, I knew that, just like everyone else, police officers could be prejudiced. We also knew that folks in the inner city did not think much of the justice system. But we were aghast at the sheer rage that would be exhibited that night.

I got to the student lounge about 6:45 p.m. The jury had announced their verdict that afternoon. Within hours of the announcement, a white man, for no apparent reason other than stopping his truck at a stop light, was viciously pulled out of his truck, thrown on to the sidewalk, and mauled by a group of black men physically demonstrating their outrage at what they had heard from the courtroom. Other similar crimes were occurring around the city, many of them directed towards police officers. And now arsonists had lit some local stores on fire. But these incidents alone were not what was scaring the city. Rather, it was the fact that no police were around. They were not responding to the calls! I made a somewhat hasty, but not necessarily inaccurate, conclusion: they were not responding because in this particular

time and place, they were the cause of the disturbance. So much hatred was directed towards them and/or what and who they represented that it was almost better for them not to show up.

My homework having hopelessly lost its edge on my list of priorities that night, I rushed back home to watch with close friends and a better TV the events that were now unfolding. In the time that it took me to return to our apartment and join my roommate in front of the tube, three more fires had been spotted by the panning camera on the news helicopter. Another 20 minutes produced four or five more. There were now stores being looted, cars bashed in, whole shopping centers burned out, and unruly mobs of angry protesters assembling around various municipal buildings.

The city was panicking. Fire engines, having been called to the aid of flaming buildings, were retreating back to their stations! They too were getting beaten up by nearby residents and demanded that police escort them into the city before they would put out any fires.

City officials and civic leaders were assembling at various sites now to address the city and try to calm hearts. Mayor Tom Bradley advised everyone to stay home and make sure your kids did the same. There was a Civil Rights Movement-style meeting at the First AME Church in Los Angeles. Pastor Cecil Murray and others addressed the folks huddling together in the midst of impending anarchy. Newsbroadcasters brought a well-known film personality into the newsroom in hopes that a celebrity could talk sense into the youth-gone-mad.

But whichever leader it was and from whatever podium they were speaking, there was a queer uncertainty about how to frame their advice. Their positions of civil authority demanded that they denounce the violence, call for an end to the looting and the arson, and admonish the city-dwellers to help restore order. At the same time, being familiar with the inner-city racial tension and being Black or Hispanic themselves, they could not help but note the inherent incongruity in such admonitions, namely, if anything was being protested in the wake of the Rodney King trial, it was peace and order themselves. In fact, this was the rallying slogan of those up in arms: "No justice, no peace! No justice, no peace!" That is, 'if we are not administered justice in the courts, we will not allow for peace on the streets.' How, then, could anyone honestly cry for peace and order without denying that there were some serious breaches of justice in the law enforcement and judicial branches of the local government?

The media found themselves in the same predicament. They were in the embarrassing position of advising city residents to stay home and out of trouble while informing them that the police officers who beat one of their own were pronounced innocent. I

thought to myself how silly it was for them to count the number of fires, calculate the dollar amount of the damage being done, and list the precautions one should take, while city residents were in a state of mourning.

I can't remember which post-midnight hour we finally went to bed, but it was very late.

Going to school the next day didn't seem to fit in with the rest of the world's agenda. The news was still giving live coverage and the city was still in a panic. Business as usual was totally uncalled for. As the interim Student Body Vice-President, I felt somewhat obligated to do something in response to what was happening. But the Student Body President had not spent the night watching the news and did not sense the urgency of the moment. The Peace and Justice Concerns Committee decided to hold an impromptu open-mike in the campus courtyard at noon to allow students to air their feelings. I thought this forum a little tacky and hastily assembled, but unable to engender enthusiasm among my own ranks, I decided to pitch in and help them. We set up a mike stand and posted a sign stating our purpose. As is the case with any protest or rally, there are those who share the cause and those who don't. The latter walked by us with quizzical looks or kept their eyes down. Those involved, though, shared from the heart.

Our little gathering was abruptly cut short by a professor who was making an announcement on behalf of the Seminary.

"I need to let you all know that as of 1:00 p.m. today (Thursday), the Seminary will be closed until Monday. All classes are canceled and all staff and students are asked to return home immediately."

Once again, the cry for peace and order was vying for precedence over the cry to be heard and, once again, peace and order was winning out. We all understood why the Seminary had to close: to stay open would jeopardize students travelling from all over Southern California to attend classes, many in the evenings. It was not safe for anyone to travel anywhere. This was a sensible decision. But what we did not understand was why that was the only response, official or otherwise, that the Seminary gave to its community. The whole city was throwing up its hands in despair, law enforcement was out to lunch, the streets were in anarchy, bitterness filled the air, and the flagship Seminary of the West Coast evangelical community just closes up???

Thursday night and Friday were more of the same piled higher: non-stop monitoring of TV news, more bad news, and more sadness. They were bringing in the National Guard now - rifles, helmets, ammo belts, canteens, everything we were used to seeing in a far-off Pacific Island or some base in Eastern Europe, not next to the

Ralph's Supermarket just down the street. Actually, Pasadena was O. K., for the most part, but just as a precaution all the local merchants closed up for the weekend (sound familiar?), many boarding up their windows in the event that there was rioting here, too. A friend and I went out Friday night in my car just to see what it was like. No one - and I mean no one - was anywhere to be found. No cars, no people, nothing. We finally found a grocery store at the edge of the city limit that was still open. We also found a huge fire in three or four adjacent store fronts which firefighters (feeling a little safer than their L. A. colleagues) were working to contain.

After 40+ hours of being consumed by the events surrounding us, we all felt frustrated, not just because of what our world can come to or any bitterness we may have been harboring towards a particular segment of the city government, but because as suburbanites on the fringes of the action, we felt helpless to do anything about it. That's why a phone call from a friend who worked in the inner city got us so excited. Edwin worked at the First Church of the Nazarene and they were asking for volunteers from the suburbs to come down to the city and help the residents clean up the debris and ashes left from the devastated store fronts. Given the level of widespread compassion that hours of TV monitoring had engendered, rounding up a work team from Fuller was a cinch.

Saturday, from 9:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m., we fully placated our humanitarian urges with brooms and shovels and rakes and gloves. It felt good to finally be doing something about what we'd seen on the news all week. Local residents walked around like zombies not knowing what to make of their wrecked neighborhoods. We watched storeowners walk up to their stores for the first time since the rioting had subsided and wail in despair at their overwhelming financial loss. It was good for us all to see first-hand what had happened and to create solidarity with our inner-city brothers and sisters.

I came home tired but with a good feeling inside. However, I would have felt better if I knew what was going to take place at the Seminary the following week. My responsibilities with the student government, I remembered, had just stepped up a notch. You see, the President was going to be gone all week long at a convention. As Interim Vice President, I was by default put in charge of our student leaders. And we had a Council meeting scheduled for Monday morning. Not only was it up to this Council to coordinate the student response to the riots, but we had to somehow address the lack of response on the part of the Seminary.

Vernon, the head of the African-American caucus on campus, was ready to do battle. His group, struck to the core by the verdict and its wake, had already met as a group three times in the last two days to vent, debate, plan, etc. He wanted the Student Council

to take charge on campus and demand this and that from the Seminary Administration. I saw his frustration and sympathized, but did not want to jeopardize the Council's reputation with compulsive complaining.

Monday morning came and all representatives were in attendance. I decided that, despite a full list of agenda items and concerns needing to be discussed, our response to the crisis at hand had to take top priority; I blocked out the first full hour of our two-hour meeting to talk about it and nothing else.

Vernon was first to speak and laid out his platform of protest. Others, with a little less vehemence, agreed that we needed to take serious action. A solid half-hour of intense discussion managed to produce a consensus-bearing proposal. We would request the following from the Seminary Administration: 1) that all professors allow at least 15 minutes at the beginning of every class period for the next three days to allow students to debrief as a class from the news they had heard and were still hearing (the riots per se were over, but the news sure wasn't); 2) the weekly All-Seminary chapel service be dedicated to the recent crisis; and 3) an administrator, a professor, and a staffperson be assigned by the Administration to participate in a student-led task force which the Council would form to coordinate various forums, information centers, and long-term plans for the Seminary in dealing with the effect that the riots had on our community.

We unanimously approved the proposal. At the end of the meeting, I dashed back to my office, turned on the computer, and whipped out a letter to the Provost containing this proposal as fast as my fingers could type it. It was a somewhat audacious set of requests for the students to demand, but given the Seminary's reticence on the subject and apparent obliviousness to the crisis' impact on students, many of whom were doing internships in inner-city churches, I thought it was quite appropriate.

Apparently, I was right. Within a half hour from the time our Council meeting adjourned, I was sitting in a room with the Provost, 3 Deans (one from each School), and a secretary (President Hubbard was, wouldn't you know it, out of town). As it turns out, they were caught off guard by the riots and had not prepared any crisis action to take. I read our letter and proposal. They took it hook, line, and sinker. What else could they do? We were there with a clear, concrete and timely game plan and merely asked for their assistance in implementing it. The Provost instructed the Deans to carry out these requests and the meeting was over.

By noon that Monday morning, I had just earned my whole week's worth of Vice-President wages. Happy to have completed my part in Fuller's saga, I spent the rest of the day helping the other student leaders organize: forming the task force, getting a booth

set up in the courtyard, letting other offices know what we were up to, etc. This is what a student government was for, I thought.

The All-Seminary chapel service was to be held Tuesday morning at 10:00 a.m. Our 200-seat auditorium was packed with students and staff members all eager to see and hear how Fuller as a community would deal with the crisis in our city. President Hubbard, having returned from out of town, took the stand and, with his usual calm disposition and steady gaze, he diplomatically opened up the floor for students to share their thoughts about the past weeks' events.

I don't think anyone had quite anticipated the change of focus that was about to take place. We had gathered to talk about the riots, about the city of Los Angeles, about the inner-city turmoil and possibly about how the church should address such problems. Discussion on that subject lasted maybe five minutes, ten at the most. Instead, as student after student approached the microphone, tense with adrenalin and using all the energy they could muster just to concisely articulate an ocean of emotions, the focus switched away from the city, from the courtroom, the public arena. All of the sudden, we were talking about Fuller Theological Seminary. We were talking about racism and discrimination in our very own backyard. For the first time, ethnic students, empowered by the magnitude of a crisis felt by all, had a forum in which they could share what they had been feeling for months, years, who knows how long.

Fuller Seminary, according to this impromptu court of student opinion, was guilty of the following charges: a disproportionate number of ethnic professors and trustees to the number of ethnic students; a vacuum of programs that met the need for the ever-growing numbers of Hispanic, African-American, Asian, and Asian-American student populations; curriculum that was closed off to the valuable contributions of ethnic scholars and their alternative methods of research and expression; and random yet consistent discrimination of ethnic students in job placement and business transactions on campus.

It was supposed to be an hour-long chapel. Another class was coming in at 11. A dozen students were still waiting in line at 10:55 to speak their mind. The President apologized for cutting short the discussion but felt obligated to accommodate the next class which "was waiting patiently outside." A staffer in the back of the room picked up on his phrasing and retorted: "Don't you think these students have been waiting long enough to say what's on their mind? Why can't we continue the discussion in the courtyard?" Hubbard sensed the magnitude of the moment. The next thing I remember was a parade of muttering students tramping over to the courtyard to witness Part 2 of this dialogue. Someone from Media Services rushed in a portable microphone and President Hubbard resumed his Master of Ceremonies position in the open air.

A friend leaned over to me and said, "Well, Norman, we missed the Sixties, but we're here for the Nineties!"

The dialogue went on for another hour or so. Students talked about how they had been treated on campus, other students chimed in, staff members tried to defend their practices. For the first time in years, real community was taking place: people being honest about how they felt at the Seminary. It was a time for all the 'dirt' in our little community to be brought out and dealt with.

That evening I went home quite satisfied. Sure, there was a lot more forums and debates and networking and social action projects yet to take place at my beloved workplace. Many more chapels would be taken up by dialogues. Many more classrooms would be disrupted with crisis-worn students. Many more task force meetings would be held. Many more prayers would be offered for our campus. But I had played a part in the most crucial step in my own community: people taking a crisis seriously enough to examine themselves and begin to effect the change needed within before critiquing the problems in another community.

We all learned from the L.A. riots. I learned what "No justice, no peace!" meant. I learned that just because a community is carrying on with business as usual does not exclude the possibility of a blaze of anger in the hearts of its oppressed members ready to be sparked by a politically-charged incident. I learned that there is no place for dialogue when sheer rage needs to be vented. And I learned that sometimes it takes a crisis of tragic proportions to get people, like myself, to hear. (Norman Gordon, December, 1993)

DICK'S "ADVENTURE" IN SIERRA LEONE

The year was 1955. I was on Christmas vacation from Fourah Bay College in Freetown, Sierra Leone. I was visiting my parents and sister, who were living in the geographical center of that small country, in the town of Maburika, where my dad had a year-long Fulbright scholarship to teach at the teacher training college there. I had reluctantly accompanied my parents to Africa, only when convinced that I would lose nothing from my regular college course by doing this "junior year abroad."

At Fourah Bay College, I was the only white resident student in the history of that institution, founded in the late 1800's. When asked if I experienced any racial discrimination, I say, "No, because I didn't constitute a significantly threatening group." Those were days when the British West African colonies were agitating for independence. Once, I attended a political rally with some colleagues to hear the then famous Nigerian leader, Azikwe. It was held in a theater that was absolutely packed with people hanging out the windows. There was a white anglican bishop on the stage with other dignitaries. I was standing in the crowd. We were the only two whites present, but Azikwe praised the crowd for their wanting to establish a "multiracial nation." It was amusing to me at the time.

Back to Maburika, and Christmas vacation - I remember walking alone for hours on narrow, one-person-wide, paths, between grass so high that I couldn't see over it. I remember coming to openings where there would be a small collection of grass-roofed, mud huts and seeing the people stare at me. I suppose it was dangerous but it all seemed so peaceful and fun to me at the time.

In any case, I did some very basic thinking on those walks alone. I thought about things that I had never even wondered about before. The monologue went something like this: "Dick, before this year you had never been west of Niagara Falls or south of New York City - why are you all of a sudden in Africa?" "Well, this is so strange that maybe God did it." "You mean God interfered in your life and changed things?" "Yeah, maybe He did." "Why would God do such a thing?" "Maybe, He wants me to see Africa so I'll come back here."

Now that was revolutionary thinking for me at the time and it led to other revolutionary thoughts that ended up changing my whole life. I did go back to Africa - to Angola in 1960 - as a teacher with the oldest North American Missionary Society - The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions of the Congregational Churches. I returned to Africa not only believing that God changes things in this life but, especially, in the life to come as well.

My great-great-grandfather David Gordon is the first of my ancestors in the Gordon line of whom I have any knowledge. He was living in the Parish of Strichatruie near Brechen in Forforshire or Angusshire in the year 1776 according to record of the death of an infant son Peter who died that year and I think we may safely assume that he spent most of his life and reared his family. His wife was Margaret Kerr, daughter of Adam Kerr of Galashiels in the Tweed Valley.

Of his children, a daughter Mary married one John Graham and removed to Brookfield in Upper Canada (Ontario), a son Andrew, who removed to Edinboro and became a well-to-do merchant there and my great-grandfather David Gordon. The latter removed to Glasgow and there married Elizabeth Tait, daughter of James Tait, a blacksmith of the Parish of Colton. On the Tait side we are related to Archbishop Tait remotely, -My grandfather speaking of him as a relative and not as a cousin. He did recall his two uncles who were Congregational clergymen and graduates of the University of Glasgow and spoke of them as "grand preachers".

My great-grandfather also was of the Parish of Colton. Here he reared a family of eight children including four sons, David and James, named after their grandfathers and William and Andrew. Of these four sons, all but David who died in early manhood came to America.

My grandfather William Gordon was born in the Parish of Colton in the year 1813 in January of that year. In 1835 he married Jean Bauchop of Pollackshaw or Pollackshields, born in 1815. Of the Bouchop family I simply know my grandmother's parents William Bauchop and Elizabeth Mills

were natives of Bucklivie in Sterlingshire and after their marriage there removed to Glasgow and besides my grandmother they had one other daughter and two sons Thomas and George, the latter being my father's namesake. After his marriage my grandfather continued to live in Glasgow until the year 1844. Here were born his daughters Elizabeth and Margaret and his sons David, William who died in infancy, and Andrew. Here he practiced the calling of cottage weaver. In that year, he came to America. Talking about it in later years he said he took the advice of his doctor. His health had not been good and the doctor thought a change of climate would be a good thing. His Uncle Andrew offered him a farm in Missouri but as he knew nothing about farming he was not interested. At any rate his heart was in the move. He found in America a land of opportunity and freedom.

And so in the summer of 1844 he left Glasgow with wife and children and sailed on a ship bound for New York. It was a long trip. They were buffeted by head winds. Some days after tacking back and forth they had sailed miles but were no nearer New York. It took them six weeks to make the passage. And no doubt, even though there was no statute of liberty or committee from city hall there to welcome them, they were doubtless very glad to come ashore.

They first went to live in Patterson, New Jersey. Here Grandpa's brother Andrew had been living. They stayed only a few months here, moving to Auburn, New York. They were accompanied thither or later joined by Grandpa's brother, Andrew and his family, his wife and two sons David and Francis. They stayed here between three and four years; long enough for my father and Aunt Jen to arrive and for Uncle Andrew to lose his wife and son Francis.

Sometime in 1848 Grandpa had a letter from his cousin, the son of his Uncle Andrew of Edinboro, Rev. Peter Gordon, minister of the United Presbyterian Church of Thompsonville, Connecticut. In this letter he told of the Scotch colony in that town and suggested to my grandfather that he come on and look the town over. This invitation was accepted and as a result Grandpa found employment in the carpet mill there. Hither Grandma and the children, their Lares and Penates, their baggage and impedimenta followed, over the Erie Canal to Albany and thence by railroad to Thompsonville, where they set up housekeeping in a cottage on the North road. I am not sure just how large this cottage was but I know they spoke in jest when in later years they said as there were only six children it was possible for them to care also for two boarders, the boarders being Grandpa's widowed brother Andrew and young son David G. Gordon.

Next door to them they had for neighbours, an English family by the name of Bridge, who had removed from the village of Milton Regis in the County of Kent. One day soon after their arrival, Grandma Gordon looked out her window and saw her children battling with the children next door so she hastened out to still the strife (no doubt the Bridges were getting the worst of it), and met the mother of the Bridges coming to the rescue of her own. Thus and no otherwise did these two good women meet. Probably it did not occur to them that by the time their great-great grandchildren had arrived, nearly half of Grandma Gordon's descendants and more than three-fourths of Grandma Bridges could claim them both as ancestors.

Soon after their arrival in Thompsonville the question of Infant Baptism became an issue of vital importance between William Gordon and his cousin the Rev. Peter William Gordon having taken the position that it was not necessary. He was told he was flaunting the Westminster Confession of Faith

and that he could not be received into the United Presbyterian Church until he recanted from his position. So he asked, "Where shall I go then", and was told, "Perhaps the Methodists will take you in". So Grandpa went around to the Methodist Church, liked it and became a regular attendant taking his sons with him. Grandma and her daughters, however, attended the Presbyterian Church. I suspect this controversy grew out of the fact that my father had not yet been baptized. At any rate, he was baptized and was old enough to remember clearly incidents of the occasion some time after their arrival in Thompsonville.

A few months after their arrival in Thompsonville, they removed to Scotch Row, a tenement, the site of which is now covered by a warehouse of the Carpet Company near the railroad station in Thompsonville. Here they stayed the remaining time they were to live in town. The Scotch families living here, including such names as Sloan, Morrison, Hildreth, were afterwards prominent in the town and elsewhere. William Gordon continued to work with the Carpet Company until the failure of the proprietor, Mr. Orrin Thompson, somewhere around 1852 or '52. While so employed he worked on carpets for the Whitehouse in Washington. Zachary Taylor was then President.

The failure of the Carpet Works threw many out of work and many left town. William Gordon, however, moved only to Scitico, a village like Thompsonville included within the town of Enfield. He had found work with a stockinet concern located there. Here he stayed about fifteen years, at least ten of which he was foreman. This factory was located on the Scantic River, from which it obtained power for operating the mill. The site of the dam was the next downstream from Gordon Brothers Mill. Somewhere around 1868 he removed to Windsor Locks where he was foreman for the Medlicott

Company, another stockinette concern, and remained there about eight years until approximately 1876 when he returned to Hazardville. Here he was associated with the firm of Gordon Brothers of which all his four sons were at one time partners. Here he continued for more than twenty years, a good part of the time in charge of the store which the firm operated, until he was past eighty years old. He was in a position to retire earlier but preferred to be busy. He died around February, 1900, a few days past his eighty-seventh birthday.

He was as I remember about five foot ten inches in height, white hair, probably dark in youth, light brown or hazel eyes, sparely built, not fat. He was supposed to be not very robust in health so that, aside from working twelve hours a day, six days a week, and attending church twice a day every Sunday, he had to be rather careful of himself. My personal recollections are of a serene, benign, gentle personality, plus, puritanical, fervently and sincerely religious, both a mystic and a Methodist. Every Saturday I appeared before him and received my Saturday penny and dispensation of a red peppermint candy, which we received well spiced with Scotch humor. He always spoke of Sunday as the Sabbath day and must have otherwise lapsed into the broad Scotch dialect tho I know I was not conscious of it at the time. He was active in his church and in the early days of the Republican party in politics serving in the legislature of Connecticut as Representative from the town of Enfield.

Grandma, Jean Bauchop Gordon, did not leave as sharp an impression on my memory. She died when I was fifteen years old. I well remember her funeral and marching with the grandsons, fourteen in all, that walked beside the hearse (not motor-driven in those days) from the church to the cemetery. She was a large woman, with light brown hair and soft grey or light blue eyes,

rather a gentle, soft-spoken person but with a mind of her own. I remember learning the 24th Psalm to earn a silver dime, - she was not quite satisfied with my rendition of the Psalm but finally gave me the dime. She must have been a good manager for in spite of the size of the family and the modesty of the income they lived within their means and got ahead.

My father, George E. Gordon, was born in Auburn, New York, August 25, 1845. He came to Thompsonville with his parents in 1848 and thence to Hazardville around 1852. In October, 1867, he married Caroline N. Smith, the wedding taking place in Somers, Conn. In Hazardville he spent the remainder of his life. Here his three children, Arthur G., Edith M., and Albert S. were born and reared. Here was spent his business life and here he died April, 1923, at the age of 77 years and eight months.

Physically, he stood about five feet ten inches, black hair and moustache, a deep blue eye, the curved or "Gordon" nose. He was spare, not fleshy, moved with a quick step, was quick in thought and motion. He was neat, and orderly in his person and in arrangement of his office and possessions. Always looked as though he had just stepped out of a bandbox, was habitually courteous in expression and urbane in deportment. He gave every appearance of being what he was, a shrewd, able, reliable business man and a Christian gentleman.

He frequently or rather occasionally spoke of his boyhood in Scitico. It was marked by plain living and frugal fare. In summer this was varied by apples and plums, peaches and berries. He habitually went barefoot as soon as the weather made it possible and during the winter months was shod in high cowhide boots with brass tips and in these could find protection from snow and mud and other unclemencies of the weather. He prepared the stove wood for his mother's fire. The raw material was four foot wood. He took

a buck saw and an axe by which it was sawed and split. He attended the Scitico district school until he was thirteen years old. Here he thoroughly mastered the three "R"'s and was always quick at figures and good at mental arithmetic, wrote an excellent business hand and was a reader not only of the daily newspapers and trade periodicals but of literature, history, fiction and biography. Except for one term at Wilbraham Academy, his schooldays were over.

His first employment was with the stockinette concern in Scitico. He ran errands for Mr. Tansley, the agent in charge of the property and ran the little store run by the company. The company did quite a business in hand-knit goods done by housewives and others who took out material and brought back the completed goods. For these people and those who worked in the mill, the store was run. He weighted out sugar and molasses and other groceries. Here he continued about three years until in 1861 he went to work for the Hazard Powder Company. His work for the latter concern was in the office. He started out with a salary of \$4. per week. His work was here during the Civil War when the plant worked to capacity, making not only powder but cartridges for the government and for several years afterwards. He found the associations congenial and the pay good but the future limited. He had been thrifty and had saved a little and finally decided to look around for a business opening.

While in this mood, he heard that because of the retirement of Mr. Franklin Smith, there would be an opening in his firm. This firm started some thirty years before operated a tin shop and rag room together with a retail hardware store. In the tin shop they made tinware, which was distributed by tin peddlers in the country round about and from whom they received rags and junk of various kinds. His brother, David Gordon, had

been connected with this concern for a long time and a partner for about eight years. After conference and consideration, he purchased an interest in this business. This was around 1869. A year or two later, he and his brother, David, having bought out the remaining partners, established the firm under the name of Gordon Brothers, in which they were soon joined by their brothers Andrew and Peter, both as partners. The firm continued as a partnership until incorporated soon after the turn of the century.

In this firm David Gordon was the leading member. He had entered the business in his teens learning the trade of tinsmith and sorting and stripping rags in the ragroom. For a short time during the Civil War he worked as a cooper, making powder kegs, but an offer of a partnership brought him back into the business. He was a large man, six foot tall but so deep-chested and so broadly built that he did not look his height nor his weight which was 220 lbs. He had light brown hair and soft grey or light blue eyes with a straight peaked nose and in facial appearance greatly resembled his mother. He had great physical strength and vigor. He walked with a quick light tread, remarkable for a man of his size. He was quick in his motions, and in his thinking. He did the travelling for the firm, covering great distances, considering the horse and buggy days in which he lived, and did most of the selling as well as most of the buying. The success of the business owed much to his ability as a trader.

He was active in the Methodist church, taught a Sunday school class and for nearly if not quite fifty years sang in the choir. He had a clear strong tenor voice. While still in his teens he was made leader of the choir and continued as such for at least forty years. He also sang in concert chorus, solo and quartets, a good voice and a good singer.

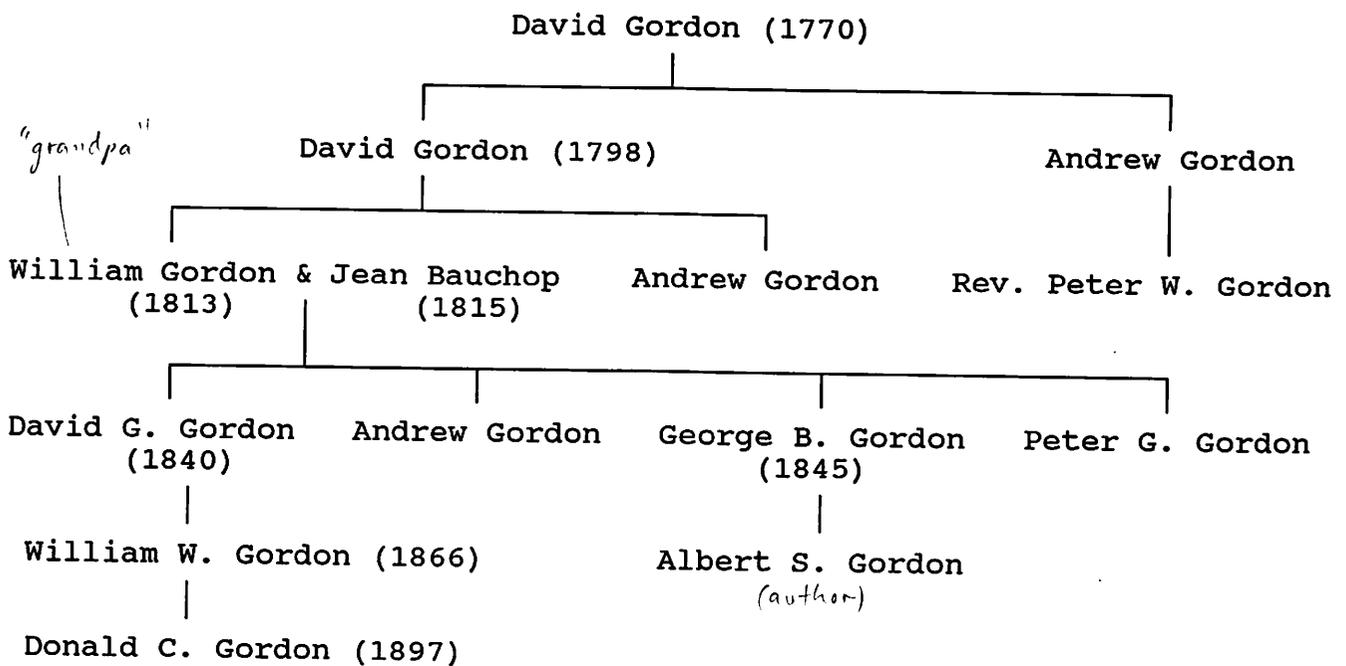
George B. Gordon was also musical and while still a boy sang alto and after his voice changed, baritone. He also sang nearly fifty years in the choir. He also played in the Hazardville Band ? performed on the horn, - not in my time, however. He also played on the baseball team as pitcher and third baseman.

Andrew Gordon was another brother in the firm. He was Superintendent looking after the ragrooms and in charge of the shipping. He had served as a soldier in the Union Army. He enlisted several months before he was eighteen years old and served throughout the war, being wounded twice, once at the Battle of Antietam, a bullet wound through the body and the second, a burst of scrapnel scarred his left arm in one of the Battles of the Wilderness. He stood about six feet tall, strongly built, not fleshy, Gordon nose, dark hair, active, aggressive, quick-moving. He was active in politics, a Republican, in his younger days was Grand Juror. The latter office took care of the prosecution of minor criminal cases, issued the writ of arrest and presented the case to the Justice of Peace. In his later days, he was in the Connecticut Legislature, representing the Town of Enfield in the lower house and ¹ serving one term in the State Senate. He acquitted himself well there, gaining the reputation for integrity and ability, and had not ill-health compelled his retirement from both politics and business might have been Governor of the State.

Peter G. Gordon the remaining brother, after a few years in the firm, retired and removing to Norwich, Conn. entered a similar business. I was so young when he left that I do not clearly remember what he did in the business. He resembled in personal appearance his brother, George. He stood about five foot ten inches tall, strongly built, not fleshy, black hair, Gordon nose, grey eyes.

George B. Gordon was the office man, the bookkeeper, kept the accounts by triple entry in Day Book, Journal and Ledger, did the correspondence with pen and ink, entering a copy in the letter press of all important letters, looked after the tin peddlers when they came in with junk and rags and took away a new supply of tinware, brooms, etc. That alone meant quite a stir and bustle, getting out the necessary articles and making proper entries with the credits and debits. A visit from a tinpeddler took some time and if the noon hour coincided dinner was postponed. Sometimes he would get out his apparatus for analyzing the wool content of rags. He first dipped them in an acid which ate out vegetable fiber and then after washing and drying he would weigh it and by comparing the original weight would determine the percentage of wool.

**Some Individuals Mentioned in
Story of the Gordon Family**



GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Dr. & Mrs. Donald C. Gordon

It was Monday evening, October 28, 1974, and a small car was gravelling along a road, headed towards Rio Verde, Goiás, Brazil. The sunset was providing a magnificent, golden painting in the sky, and from inside the car came the sounds of "Day is Dying in the West." Don and Helen Gordon were heading home, to the town where they had lived from 1936 to 1961, to the town that was most grateful for a hospital, a nursing school, and a church. In the car with them was their son Gary, and Don's brother Carl, both of whom had come from the United States to join in the occasion.

The road was an excellent paved 2-lane highway. The car had left Campinas Monday morning, and we stayed overnight at Prata, about 400 miles distance. The hotel was clean, with some rooms with private bath (called "apartamentos." The next day we still had almost 300 miles to go, but we left bright and early, so as to arrive at 3:30 pm. From other parts of Brazil, other cars were setting out for the same journey. From São Paulo Hope's family, the João Silvas, started their journey on Tuesday morning. And almost 1000 miles to the west, two cars with the Alan Gordons and the Alma Doles started a caravan to Rio Verde on the same day. Other friends were also heading for Rio Verde, including four from the state of Minas Geraes, and eleven from the state of São Paulo.

Since the town had inquired specifically what time we planned to arrive, we were careful not to arrive too early. So we had a leisurely lunch at Itumbiara before starting our final lap. Still about 10 miles out of town we noticed a couple of cars on each side of the road, with a few people standing around. We were going to whiz on through, but slowed down to take a look; when we recognized some friends, we stopped. We were informed that a few more cars were waiting down the road; so after greetings all around, we drove a little further. A larger group of cars, and more greetings. But the official welcoming point was still down the road a piece. Finally at the "4 Km" post we found the official welcome, with firecrackers and an open 1929 Ford, all decked out in red for the official entry into the town. After more greetings and photographs, the procession of ~~about~~ 40 cars (maybe 50) drove into town, led by the 1929 Ford with the anniversary celebrants in the back seat.

The procession drove into town, with blaring horns, and ignoring traffic lights (yes, Rio Verde now has them). It went by the Gordon's home, the hospital, then down by the First Presbyterian Church (yes, Rio Verde now has more than one), and then down to the main street, where we saw the building that used to be a hotel, where we stayed our first night in 1936. On through to the cemetery, on the other side of town, and then back through town to end ~~up~~ at a local square, near the hospital. There it ended, and we got out of our cars and the mayor made a fine welcoming speech, followed by speeches by the Gordons. We had showers earlier in the day, but the rain stayed away ~~not~~ during all the ceremonies. Finally the official welcome was over, and the folks went to ~~Eugenia's~~ Eugenia's (one of their Brazilian daughters) where they were to stay for the week.

For the rest of the Gordon family, the Hospital and Nursing School did a wonderful thing. They emptied out the entire nursing school building, with nurses living at their homes, if close, or with friends. So instead of being scattered all over town, with difficulties in getting together, we were able to live together and eat together. The hospital kitchen, after serving their regular staff, put on a special meal for the guests. (The first evening the kitchen didn't get the word on how many had arrived, so Uncle Carl and I had food enough for twenty people). Upstairs in the Nursing School, Uncle Carl and I had a room, with other rooms for: Donald and Jonatas, Mark and David, Helen and Silvia, Sonia Sandra Suzie and Selma, and finally Marcia Simone and Susan. Downstairs were rooms for ~~the~~: Hope and John, Alan and Alma, and Dick and Alma. The room assignments had all been laid out, so that was one less item the parents had to deal with. A few other out of town guests were also taken care of by the hospital.

Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning were fairly relaxed, with time for letter writing and shopping. We found that the Banco do Brasil, in spite of their 70 employees or so, could not cash an American Travelers Cheque in less than a week (it had to go to Brasilia and back). The Silvas arrived fairly early on Wednesday, and the Dourados caravan arrived in the late afternoon. After that events seemed to come thick and fast. Wednesday evening was talent night, and the program was pulled together with Alan the master of ceremonies. Several numbers were by town people, and well done, but the Gordon family contributed a large part of the program. Dick did a skit of a telephone calls to save a woman hanging from a ledge; Mark played the piano for his grandmother, and the Alan Gordon girls did their dance "Oh for the life of a wife of a sailor". Dr. Carlos, who had worked with Father many years, has a talented family that contributed a few numbers. Mother and Alan played a piano duet, and one of the high points was when Mother and Father sang: "~~XXXX~~ Eu nasci só p'ra te amar." (I was born just to love you).

The official meeting at the Town Hall was scheduled for Thursday night, but the day was fairly full. After breakfast we attended hospital prayers at 8 AM, a custom that Father started and I was glad to see still going on. The older girls (Gordons, Silvas, and Patricios) led the music, and Alan led the service. There were about 50 or so in attendance, almost three times the number present on Wednesday morning. Later in the morning Dona Nelci (a doctor's wife and our main hostess) and I took most of the children (about twenty) swimming at the Club Campestre. This private club out of town has a beautiful swimming pool, with two smaller ones for younger children. Susan and Marcia spent a good part of their time at the playground, so I didn't have to do much "life-guarding". I think it was Thursday that we visited the first of two "chacaras", a farm outside of town. We ate a few cashews, that is, we ate the fruit and threw the nuts away: the nuts grow on the outside of the fruit, so they form a nice handle while you eat. I also found a few "jambos", a fruit that many of us had not tasted for years. We also found a couple of owls, and Uncle Carl took some photographs of them.

The official meeting at the Town Hall was a number of speeches. There was a place of honor for Father and Mother, and reserved seats for the Gordon children. But the Gordon grandchildren, along with most of the audience, had to stand; the room was small, and there were one or two hundred in attendance. Unlike many Brazilian meetings, the speakers tended to be brief and to the point; rather than elegant, flowery speeches, some of them seemed to be saying exactly how they felt. There were many warm words of welcome, and of thanks to all that the town owes to the Gordons. With a microphone, portable tape recorder, and earphone, I was able to translate most of the speeches for Uncle Carl. He also made a speech with the two Portuguese words he had learned: "Muito Obrigado" (many thanks).

After the speeches, we went to the Club Rio Verdense, nearby, for a reception presented by the town. The reception was "by invitation only", which kept away a lot of people looking for free food and drinks. But those that went to the formal part of the evening at the town hall, heard the "invitation" given to everyone in attendance. In deference to Mother and Father's well known wishes, there were only soft drinks served, notably Guaraná which is a widely distributed Brazilian soft drink. Unlike most receptions I've attended, everyone sat down and was served; for about 20 or 30 minutes everyone had a chance to relax and enjoy the food and refreshments. Then people began to get up and go and talk at some table, greet some friends, etc. A special unveiling (which I think was Thursday, but maybe Wednesday night) was of two photographs showing the past ~~and the future~~ and the future. The first was a picture of João Eduardo's home, where we lived and had the first clinic ('36-'37); the second picture was a architect's sketch of possible future additions to the hospital. It shows the hospital being extended back down the side street the full length of the block, to the corner where the clinic was run for many years (the old consultorio). It was heartwarming to see not only the hospital work going on, but plans for enlarging the already great facilities. Father took great satisfaction in the fact that he had acquired enough land (when it was at the edge of town) so that now such expansion is possible.

Sometime during the week we had time for a tour of the hospital and also of our former home. I have never ~~like~~ seen the grounds looking as well as they did. It appeared to me that everything, inside and out, had been painted this year in honor of the occasion. The hospital had had one more expansion since Father's retirement in 1962. There is a new pediatrics section. There is room for parking outside the clinic, something we hardly needed when the hospital was first opened. The laboratory has impressive equipment, but still headed by Lucas, who used to play with Alan when he was a boy. Our home ~~is~~ has been divided for two families. But it has been well kept, and was polished spic and span; the family living in the front part graciously let us look all through it, even opening cabinets, and served us a delicious desert.

The official celebration, November 1, 1974, finally arrived. It started at 5:00 AM with a dawn concert by the town band. Surprising as it may seem, the director of the band is the same man that was directing the band when we arrived in 1936. There was a slight mix-up, since Father and Mother came early to the nursing home where the band was scheduled, but the band knowing they were sleeping at Eugenia's, went there first. After the concert the band was invited in to a breakfast of coffee and buns. Alan played the accordion for them, while everyone chatted and had a good time.

During the day we were quite busy with various errands. Uncle Carl and I went around to several homes where the cakes and sweets had been gathered. There were two wedding cakes, each about four feet long and almost three feet wide. I heard it took two ladies six hours just to decorate one of them. The recipe starts off with: "200 eggs...". Someone told me the town's supply of confectionary sugar was all used up. The trays of sweets and candies covered the floor of two rooms at Dona Natalicia's home. She had headed up the committee that had canvassed the entire town for donations of money and sweets for the occasion. (The following Tuesday she told us how she had just received a contribution of \$100 that just covered the last remaining debt.) She had worked for months on this, and told me how on Thursday evening she had been unable to sleep; every once in a while she would get up and just look at all the goodies contributed by the town. She told us how she had kept going from door to door, even when she was exhausted and the day was hot. Now she has the memories of this effort, and a glow of satisfaction that will last the rest of her life.

During the day we also had a rehearsal for the wedding processional. This was mainly for the grandchildren, and they learned their part quite well. It was also an opportunity to see many hard working people bringing things to the club and decorating it with many flowers. We also took time to visit the town orphanage. It was about the only request made of the family, so most of the Gordon family went there, saw the whole orphanage, and also entertained the children with various songs.

The main event of the evening was a re-enactment of the wedding ceremony. Since there was no organ there, Alan had gone to the catholic church, and taped the necessary music earlier in the day; this was then played over the loud-speaker system. Leading the processional was Mark Dole and Susan Gordon, followed by the rest of the grandchildren in increasing height. Then came the children, including the adopted Brazilian children: Luci, ~~Suzie~~ Maria Bueno, Geraldo, Lucas, Eudoxio, Alcita, Aurora, Eunice, Eugenia, and Lulu (I'm not sure if those were all in the processional; they may have had other duties). Mother wore the same wedding gown she wore 50 years ago. Right after the ceremony she changed into a lovely golden gown made by Suzie Silva (or maybe Helen).

I came in with Mother, while Marcie carried the train. Father came in ~~from the back~~ with Alan as best man through the side door near the platform. For the actual ceremony Hope, Alan, Alma, and I stood in back of our parents. The ceremony was conducted by Severino, whom Father and Mother helped through school and seminary, and who is now pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church. The ceremony included the question: "If you had this to do over again, would you still take this woman for your wedded wife?" After the formal religious part, there were numbers from the church choir, and the four of us sang a Brazilian hymn to the tune of "Elest be the Tie that Binds". Alan invited the grandchildren and adopted children up on stage, introducing them all, and we all sang "Wonderful Grade of Jesus." Then came the recessional.

There were seats for at least 600, and several hundred others stood. The rest of the evening was informal, and the large number of people made it a little difficult to get around, or to see the people you really wanted to see. But there were refreshments for everyone, and Father and Mother cut the wedding cakes. Dick circulated with a golden book for people to sign. The rest of us kept meeting people with the usual comment: "Do you remember me?" A very few thoughtful individuals would come right up and say: "I'm so and so." In most cases I would say that the face was familiar, but I couldn't remember the name. I didn't feel so bad when someone said: Do you remember me? Let's see, are you Gary or Alan?" All during the week when Uncle Carl was introduced as Father's brother, the standard remark was: "They do look alike." The Friday evening was the climax of the official program; with almost a thousand people in attendance, it was quite an end to the four day program.

The next three days were still quite busy, but somewhat more relaxing. Saturday morning the Silvas departed, as they wanted to be home by Sunday evening. The rest of the family, plus a number of close friends, were invited to a "churrasco", a barbecue at another fazenda (farm) out of town. It was a lovely setting and a lovely relaxing time. Most of the folks' adopted children were there. I enjoyed seeing an operating "mijolo", a water powered device to take the husks off of rice. There was plenty of guaraná, meat, rice, manioc, etc. We sat out under the blue skies and sang songs and talked.

Later in the day we visited the place where Grandfather Gary had been buried. This was Memorial Day in Brazil, and there were many people at the cemetery. There were only a few of us there, but Mother asked us to sing a hymn, and then Father said a prayer. A lady came up and asked us to sing a hymn at the grave of her husband, so we did. In this small way, my parents continued to witness and serve the people of Rio Verde, as they did so much in the 25 years they were there.

We got a few more talks and doings in with the Dourados Gordons before they left on Sunday morning. The large number of Alan Gordons (augmented by Donald) took turns riding with the Doles. As usual, Alan had a large amount of baggage mounted on top of their VW Microbus (Kombi). The Doles had brought Pudgie, their little dog. Later on Sunday we attended Sunday School at the First Presbyterian Church, and in the evening the church service at the Second Presbyterian Church. In the afternoon Uncle Carl and I moved out of the nurses' home, and into a small guest house in the back of one of the doctor's homes (Dr. Benjamin) for our last two nights in Rio Verde.

When I had received the invitation from the committee, they asked for suggestions. So I said I would be willing to talk about satellites, but didn't know when it could be worked in. It was scheduled for Monday evening, and was sponsored by the local "Faculdade de Filosofia", which corresponds to a college (maybe a junior college). Monday morning when we were eating breakfast, I was invited to speak to a local ginasio class (jr hi). I had twenty minutes to decide, to get to the school, and to think up a talk that would not duplicate what I had planned to say in the evening. They actually combined two classes, and I spoke to them about my early satellite work with the TIROS weather satellite built by RCA. They were a good audience and quite attentive. Someone told me that the word spread among the students that this was a good speaker.

For the evening I told Father that I would be satisfied if 50 people showed up. The man at the club told me he had set up seats for 200; actually Monday evening about 400 showed up. The audience was younger than at the other festivities, and it was delightful to see so many students that were really eager to learn. A number sat on the front row with tape recorders. I hope the numbers I gave were correct; I was doing a lot of conversion to the metric system during the talk. We managed to get a vugraph projector, although I don't know if I'd had time to assemble it, if it wasn't for Uncle Carl's help. I talked for an hour and a half, and received quite a few good questions. The talk, about COMSAT and international communications by satellite, seemed to be well received, and I enjoyed having this chance to speak in Rio Verde.

In addition to the ceremonies Father and Mother were showered with gifts, both in Rio Verde and back home in Campinas. Tuesday morning the Rio Verde doctors presented their gift -- a photo album containing 100 8" x 10" photographs of the week's events, from the Tuesday entry into the town until the wedding ceremony on Friday. Someone must have worked hard on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday to have it ready!

The rest of the week had a few high spots, and quite a bit of mileage covered. Tuesday we had lunch at Goiania, and that night we spent in Brasilia; we saw some of Brazil's new capital Wednesday morning. Wednesday and Thursday we did lots of driving. Thursday afternoon we left Father and Mother in Campinas, and Uncle Carl and I went on to visit the Silvas. Friday afternoon we returned to Campinas, Saturday we returned to New York City on Varig's new DC-10, and Sunday morning we flew home.

We have kept many memories, and many photos, of Father and Mother's Golden Wedding Anniversary.

Gary

The Gordon Travelogue
Norman G. Gordon, Ed.

Contents

- TIM in Jerusalem (Jan, 1991)
Waiting out Saddam at a Jerusalem Yeshiva
- SUSAN on Third Culture Kids (Apr, 1990)
One Plus One
- CAROL in Haiti (Oct, 1991)
My Last Day in Christianville, Haiti
- NORMAN in Los Angeles (Dec, 1993)
Suburban Epiphany
- U. DICK in Sierra Leone (Dec, 1955)

Suggestions

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|-------|-----------|--|
| 1936 | GDG & DCG | Uberlandia to Rio Verde, the Gordons arrive |
| 1943 | ? | São Paulo to Wash. DC (first plane trip to US) |
| 1958 | Several | Dewey Beach vacation (transcribed from tape) |
| 1961 | ? | Christmas in Rio Verde (requested by Sylvia) |
| 1974 | Norman | Trip to Brazil (condensed from diary) |
| 1975 | Donald | A trip to Estreito |
| 1980 | A.Alma | Cambodia refugees in Thailand |
| | | Fenwick Island Doings (condensed from letters) |
| 1987 | A.Doris | 2 weeks in Thailand |
| 1988 | Davi | Touring with the Light Singers |
| 1988 | Sandra | Trans-Siberian Railroad (condensed?) |
| 1990? | Sandra | Quito to São Paulo, by bus via Santiago |
| 1991 | Simone | Australia |
| 1992? | Sonia | A Travel Survey in Nigeria |
| 1993 | Sandra | Slow boat to Brazil |
| 1994 | Joy | Grand Canyon trip |