



**BEAUTIFUL
UPON THE
MOUNTAINS**

A Portrait of

CYRUS EATON

By M. Allen Gibson

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DEDICATED TO

Anne Eaton

who shares with her husband a prophet's
zeal and with all of us the inspiration of a
magnificent spirit.

REQUEST

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Cyrus Eaton

CHAPTER 1

LOVE OF NATURE

It was such a day as summer brings to Nova Scotia, the warmth tempered by gentle winds from the sea and the air sweet with the scents and sounds of unspoiled nature. Cropped short by grazing animals, the pasture grasses swept upward with the slope of the hill until they reached the clumps of wild roses at the edge of the field. In the background, dark spruces stood against the sky.

Leaving behind the weathered gray house with its green shutters and sheltering elms, we walked up the hill, Mr. Eaton striding ahead and pausing only when a curious calf, bolder than the rest, came near enough to receive an affectionate pat on the head.

Emerson, the Jack Russell terrier, trotted along with us, ignoring the cattle warily watching him and eschewing the opened gate to squeeze beneath the bars of the fence.

It was a moment of utter peace and harmony. Even as the number grows of intervening years, the memory of that day grows not dim. The recollection is clear of the tall figure, the shock of white hair, the staff in his hand, and the determined step of a man whose lifetime had been spent climbing in search of summits if, indeed, a summit may be taken to be analagous with achievement. There was about him something suggestive of a prophet of old, a thought which seemed to me to be peculiarly appropriate.

Max Webber, who has been called the "father of the sociology of religion", described the Old Testament prophets as leaders whose first concern was "the destiny of the state and the people". Within such a frame of reference, Cyrus Eaton surely belongs.

It never is easy properly to evaluate contemporary events or the individuals who are responsible for and a part of them. Proximity foreshortens perspective and tempts conclusions which may prove invalid when subjected to the assessments of the future.



The Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, Dr. C.L. Gosse, and Mrs. Gosse are welcomed by Cyrus Eaton upon their arrival at Pugwash — 1974.

I dare say, however, that the judgement of coming generations will be more graciously disposed toward this man than some of those which have been accorded him in his own time. Then, the course of history will have been further run and what lies in secret ahead of us will have been revealed.

Then, the results will be plain of the stewardship of this age and it will be known that Cyrus Eaton had a true vision of what would happen if the nations refused to dwell together as brethren.

Perhaps he is a prophet in our time and many, as filled with folly as were the Israelites long ago, have turned heedless away.

Through the pasture gate he made his way and turned into the lane leading again to the house. His pace was vigorous, firm but unhurried and, as thoughts came, he stopped to share them, all the while looking out across the wooded hills and the sea.

To me, the scene was magnificent, the handiwork of the divine Creator displayed in superlative glory. I wondered what Mr. Eaton saw in it all. Does a businessman look upon forested slopes and calculate the dollar value of the resource? Does an industrialist gaze across the water and estimate the potential tonnage of the

sea-going freighters which might sail there? Does he, indeed, look upon tall straight pine trees and visualize factory chimneys?

Such thoughts were unworthy of the measureless beauty of that pasture hillside but I could not forget that a few days before I had suggested to a young man building his home on rising ground that he had a "million dollar view". Unmoved, he replied, "I suppose so but you can't eat a view!"

What one does see is, of course, determined by the predilection of the viewer. Frederick Langbridge once observed that

Two men look out through the same bars:
One sees the mud, and one sees the stars.

In Thornton Wilder's play, *Our Town*, there is the fanciful but deeply moving story of Emily, permitted by the stage manager to return from beyond the gate of death to her childhood home there to live again her twelfth birthday. It proved to be a tragic experience and, as she bade good-bye to it all, Emily said, "Oh Earth, you're too wonderful for anybody to realize you!"

Then she asked the stage manager, "Do any human beings ever realize life while they live it? Every, every minute?"

"No," he replied but then added, "The saints and poets maybe . . ."

. . . and Cyrus Eaton!



On the wharf at Deep Cove, Dr. Eaton prepares for a sail with his companion on many outings, Cecil Gates — 1967.

What saw he from the hillside above Deep Cove? With his staff he stirred the grass at his feet and then asked, "How do we make the people of Nova Scotia understand that they have such a beautiful land and such a bountiful heritage?"

It is a favorite theme of his. Sunlight sparkling on the sea, soft sough of the wind in the upper branches, meadow grasses lifting their silvery petticoats to the passing breeze — this is beauty and it is a fortunate people who live in the midst of it.

But how are they who possess so much to be made to realize it?

Mr. Eaton has an undying love affair with his native province. He believes in its people and expects great things of them. Commenting once on the need to inspire the youth of Nova Scotia, he wrote, "Every teacher, editor, radio reporter, and preacher in Nova Scotia ought to speak constantly of the beauty of Nova Scotia's fields, forests, pastures, lakes, and ocean." To love his land should be part of the instruction given each boy or girl born there.

That is one of the reasons why Mr. Eaton is so deeply interested in education. He is far from satisfied with the conventional academic structures which, too often, stifle brilliance. Our ever-widening educational program does not really minister to every type of student and train

for every kind of need. Rather, it tends to dignify mediocrity. Education with excellence as its goal is not enough available.

The difference lies in whether the primary concern is to teach pupils to live or merely to make a living. The former is criticized in that it tempts to sentimentality but that, as Plato discerned a long time ago, actually is a noble feature.

Asked on one occasion what advice he would offer college graduates, Mr. Eaton told Wes Lawrence, The Breakfast Commentator of *The Cleveland Plain Dealer*, "First, I would advise them to select work they are fond of A man must like and be best fitted for a job he does. Then I would urge them to find the recreations best suited to them. If their recreations should happen to be exercise and observation of the out-of-doors and the reading of great literature, I should think them extremely lucky."

Back at the house the telephone was ringing and, in a moment, the spell of the uplands was broken. Even at Deep Cove, the call of business is seldom far away.

Like the prophets, however, strength had been renewed and the perspective sharpened during the time spent apart on the hillside.



With lobster traps in the background, Cyrus Eaton relaxes by the sea — 1967

CHAPTER 2

FAMILY

In an age which does not seem to place a very great premium on family life or upon the integrity of the family unit, Cyrus Eaton stands out as one to whom the family is precious. Committed to his family and concerned for each member, he appears as a patriarch whose very bearing suggests acknowledgement of the fact that upon the progenitor devolves the responsibility of protector.

To a vast pride in his forebears, Mr. Eaton has added a great interest in his relatives of more recent generations. He knows their names and is aware of the relationship which is the bond between them. Their successes, especially when

they are of an academic nature, bubble out of conversations and then the subject is changed lest modesty be betrayed.

Something of a chuckle usually echoes in his voice when he mentions Uncle Charlie. Charles Aubrey Eaton was an United States congressman who had a distinguished career as clergyman and statesman both in the United States and Canada. Among his great achievements was his chairmanship of the Congressional Foreign Affairs Committee and his place as one of the five Americans who drafted the original charter of the United Nations organization in San Francisco in 1945. For his uncle, Mr. Eaton has a warm affection and a broad admiration, perhaps drawing from the same source the world vision which characterizes both men.

Charles Aubrey Eaton was the youngest of the seven children of Stephen and Mary Eaton. Their second child was Joseph Howe Eaton, the father of Cyrus Eaton.

Stephen Eaton and Mary Parker were married in 1842. One hundred and twenty-six years later, on an August Sunday in 1968, about fifty of their descendants, accompanied by a dozen or more wives or husbands, met at the old homestead in Pugwash. It was a day of fun and

song for Mr. Eaton always has managed to make a family gathering a time to be remembered as well as an occasion for fostering the ties and traditions which are ingredients of those qualities of grace admired by many but achieved by only a few.

Mary, the wife of Stephen Eaton, was born in 1825, the daughter of a Baptist parson, Maynard Parker, one of the descendents of Major Nathaniel Parker, a soldier of Great Britain at Quebec who later settled at Nictaux, Nova Scotia. The major and his wife were the first persons in Annapolis County, it is said, to receive baptism by immersion. They had numerous progeny which, by 1899, included about forty Baptist ministers.

Once, while driving to Margaretsville for a picnic on the Bay of Fundy shore, we stopped at Nictaux to visit the church there and to stroll through the cemetery. It was a quiet spot in which, for those few moments, the thoughts turned again to those individuals who once lived upon these sandy plains and from whom had come so much that is a part of our generation.

On August 29, 1967, we went on a pilgrimage to North West and Lunenburg where, in bygone days, Maynard Parker had been the pastor. It is a lovely part of the province and to it, a couple of centuries ago, there came settlers of

Protestant backgrounds from Europe.

The Baptist church at North West was organized in 1809 and, from it, another was established at Lunenburg. In the years since, however, the latter has lost its visibility. To the Lunenburg church, in 1831, came Maynard Parker, described as "a plain, solid preacher of the Gospel". He was ordained at Lunenburg on August 29 of that same year and he continued in that pastorate until 1840. Subsequently, he went to Cumberland County where his daughter, Mary, married Stephen Eaton and where, at the age of 54, he died.

That August day in 1967 took us first to the old church at North West. Built in the meeting house style it beguiles to thoughts of other days. Few of us remained unmoved as we stood within the very walls which once had echoed the voice of Rev. Maynard Parker.

From the church at North West, a plain but attractive structure drawing its beauty from the symmetry of design and the lavish care of the present congregation, we went that day to Lunenburg town where, on Fort Hill, we lunched. The picnic was delightful and, after we had eaten, voices were raised in a song composed for the occasion by Mrs. Eaton. The town's chief-of-police, Hugh Corkum, arrived to investigate the

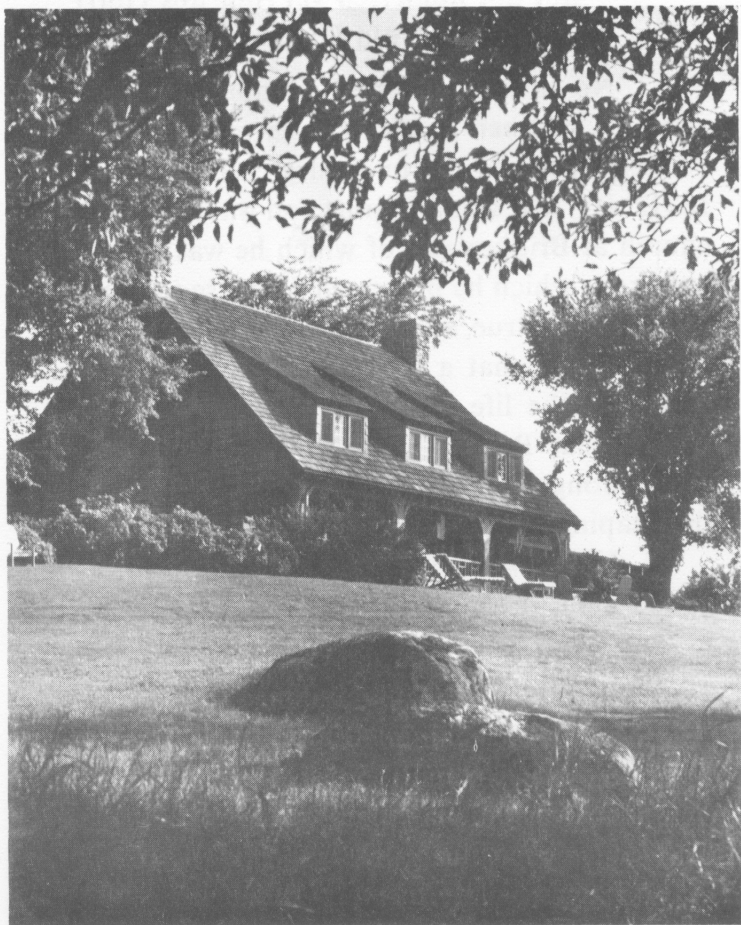
revelry and remained to add his voice to the chorus. There have been times when the lilt of *O Tannenbaum* possessed a more musical quality but never before had it been accompanied by words so fitting to the occasion of the singing,

O Lunenburg of Bluenose fame,
Hanoverian your name,
So German and so Lutheran
To let a British Baptist in!
O Lunenburg of Bluenose fame,
Maynard Parker was his name.

His father, Congregationalist,
Thought salvation would be missed
Without complete immersion, so
He waded in at Gaspereaux
And, siring 16 Baptists, he
Spread the Word effectively.

The 15th was this Reverend Son
Here from 1831
To 1840, when he went
To baptize Pugwash penitent
And marry off his daughter to
Stephen Eaton (Baptist true).

O Lunenburg of Bluenose fame,
You remained the very same —
Still German and still Lutheran,
With just a touch of Anglican



The Eaton home at Deep Cove — “Far from the madding crowd’s ignoble strife”.

But not immersed yet (mit uns Gott)
Hail to thee, old Huguenot!

No stranger to the Lunenburg scene was another member of the Parker clan, Obediah Parker, who died at Lunenburg on December 19, 1871. He, too, was a Baptist and was active in the church at Bridgewater of which he was a deacon and from which he possessed a license to preach.

If it be true, as psychologists have sought to demonstrate, that a man's beliefs determine the nature of the life which he lives, then it would appear that Baptist heritage and training have been among the factors which have contributed to the shaping of Cyrus Eaton.

He grew up in a Baptist home and, as a young man, shared in the activities of the church in Pugwash. In a day when a community's only library might be the small collection of books housed in a local church, he was, for a while, the Sunday school librarian of the Pugwash church.

Early student days were designed with a pastoral career in mind and the number might have been increased by one of the descendants of Nathaniel Parker in the ministry had it not have been for an association with John D. Rockefeller, Jr., with whom Mr. Eaton "served a business apprenticeship that has stood me in good stead throughout my life".

Nevertheless, the impact was made and certain of the classic Baptist principles have frequently surfaced in the life and work of Cyrus Eaton. It is, for example, an historical Baptist position that there shall be separation of church and state. A declaration of faith published in Amsterdam in 1611 included the clause, "the magistrate is not to meddle with religion, or matters of conscience nor compel men to this or that form of religion". The Encyclopedia Britannica asserts that the total statement is "the first known expression of absolute liberty of conscience in any confession of faith".

So the state is acknowledged but when its objects run counter to the convictions of conscience, it is the latter which prevails.

Some of his critics have suggested that Cyrus Eaton has been less than loyal to the nation of which he is a citizen. It is my view that the United States has had few more loyal supporters. That does not mean, however, a willingness blindly to accept whatever point-of-view may currently be fashionable in Washington. It does mean an intense devotion to the great historic and basic principles.

The most recent member of the family to enter the ministry was MacPherson, Mr. Eaton's younger son. Following studies at Acadia

University, MacPherson Eaton was ordained in the United Baptist church at Chester on October 6, 1967. The father's great interest in the family and in education was revealed many times during the son's years at Acadia. Few calls or letters from Mr. Eaton neglected to ask, "How's Mac getting on?"

His concern for education embraces more than family members. It is desirable for everyone and Mr. Eaton possesses appreciation for the efforts of all who seek academic achievement. A grandson studying Chinese brought him pleasure. No less did he delight in the lad from the neighborhood who was seeking higher education.

Even when the children were small, their studies interested him. It always surprised me that he never forgot a child's name but soon would have a juvenile visitor sitting on his knee or gathered in his arms while he asked how well they were getting on at school.

His sometimes biting humor appeared one day when mention had been made of a university student who had attained the high academic honor of being on the "Dean's List.". The Watergate hearings were then in the news and Mr. Eaton smilingly quipped, "That's a dubious distinction in Washington circles these days."



A family gathering at Pugwash — 1960

Mr. and Mrs. Eaton made a special trip to Nova Scotia to attend the ordination of MacPherson Eaton. After the service, they mingled with the guests who were present captivating all with their friendliness and charm. Mr. Eaton moves graciously among world leaders; he was no less gracious with his son's friends and well-wishers.

It was MacPherson's evening, beautifully shared with his wife, Cynthia. His father took nothing from it. How easily it might have happened that he whose name is known around the world would become the centre of attention. It is an impressive insight into the calibre of the man that he did not permit such to occur. Rather, he lost himself amidst the company. Still do I cherish my last glimpse of him that evening, engrossed in conversation with Daniel Levy of Little Tancook Island with whom, I learned later, the subject of their respective ages was discussed.

It was yet another evidence of his pride of family and of his desire that their accomplishments be meaningful to them and that their joys be full.

CHAPTER 3

IN SEARCH OF PEACE

Modern travel is swift, comfortable and convenient. While he was Moderator of the United Church of Canada, Dr. Robert B. McClure pointed out that the world is a neighborhood because any airport in the world is within 24 hours flying time of any other. Oceans are swiftly bridged and man cannot but marvel at the conquest of time and space.

For all his technological accomplishments, however, time and space still master man. He spans the continents in hours but tumbles from his aircraft dishevelled and fatigued. His rest schedule is shattered. His digestive processes are impaired. Business executives travelling from North America to Europe prefer to arrive on a week-end that there may be time in which to recover strength before settling down to their work.

It is called jet-lag and it is a very real

medical and psychological problem. Tourists soon discover that the much vaunted pleasures of air travel are a myth. It is tiring in the extreme and no amount of food or movies shown in flight have proven to be an antidote. Even the young have been known to return from a trip vowing never to undertake such an experience again.

Picture, then, an octogenarian winging his way over land and sea. Often his journeys were not with organized tours where most of the hard work has been done. Rather, his flights have been to remote and almost inaccessible places. There were times when the passports issued by the United States of America contained a restriction prohibiting travel to North Viet Nam, Cuba, North Korea, Albania, and Communist China. Such a restriction, however, could not deter a man with the missionary zeal of Cyrus Eaton and he made his way to revolution-torn Chile, to Hanoi and to Havana.

His trips were never a flagrant or deliberate disregard for authority whatever contempt he may have felt for the policies which were illustrated. Always, his journeys were those of a pilgrim with a purpose.

Seldom in the long history of mankind have there been individuals who, at personal cost and sacrifice, would give up comfort and eschew



Accompanied by the Honorable Robert H. Winters, Canada's Minister of Resources and Development, Dr. Eaton visited the Ungava mining area in 1953.

praise in order to promote a cause. While others chattered idly about peace, Cyrus Eaton sought to do something about it. National leaders had much to say about achieving the goal of peace in our time. While others talked, Mr. Eaton, disregarding the risks and the deprecation, would be off on another trip to seek to maintain whatever little bit of love and understanding might still remain.

I should not be surprised to awake one morning to the news that he had journeyed to the very gates of Hades in an effort to cultivate a little peace for a war-worn and weary world. We would do well to remember that perhaps as much as five years before the United States withdrew its forces from Viet Nam, Mr. Eaton not only was campaigning for such an act but was proposing the terms under which it could be accomplished. Those terms were remarkably similar to the ones which finally enabled the withdrawal.

Reaction to his journeys always has surprised me. Official Washington, as one would expect, usually chose to disclaim all association with his enterprise. It was embarrassing, in those jaundiced eyes, for any individual to seek friendly contact with an enemy — real or imagined. The media generally adopted the official line rather than run the risk of inviting the disapproval of

those in power.

Rarely did his trips abroad receive objective coverage. More often, the stories that were written were brief and tended to convey the impression that this was an elderly man in his dotage.

Age, of course, is a relative thing and Mr. Eaton displays a youthful vigor which greatly belies the number of birthdays he has observed. Whatever dotage may have been involved surely is on the part of those who, like the jungle lords of old, consider peace and co-existence to be possible only when its proponents are armed with a big stick.

It is strange that, while many talk of peace, so few are prepared to do very much about it. Then, when one appears on the scene who actively promotes peace, his efforts receive not support but foster criticism.

Some have suggested that, in his travels, Mr. Eaton simply is indulging a whim which he happens to be able to afford. He is welcomed by heads of state, it is argued, because of their respect for his wealth and their hope that he may do something for them.

The idea is as ungracious as it is preposterous. Where he goes, he is received graciously because he is a gracious individual. He



**Mrs. Amasp Aroutunian, wife of the Russian
Ambassador to Canada, bestows the Lenin Peace
Award medal upon Cyrus Eaton — 1960.**

is welcomed on his visits abroad because he is an ambassador of good will.

Mr. Krushchev did not give him the gift of a troika because he wanted to steel mill in return nor did Russia bestow its Lenin Peace Prize upon him because something was desired of the man from Cleveland.

Moscow was wise enough to know that to honor Mr. Eaton would be to invite the antagonism of the United States Department. The tribute, then, was a recognition of service to the cause of peace and Mr. Krushchev's gift was that of a man who found in Mr. Eaton a warmth and friendliness which few others in the western world ever had accorded the Russian leader.

On all of his trips, Mrs. Eaton has accompanied her husband for she, too, shares the vision of a new humanity for all people. Great principles are involved which, to the Eatons, are not dogmas to be recited but deeds to be performed regardless of the demands which the performance may exact.

During the summer of 1961, Major Yuri Gagarin, "the first human space traveller", was a guest at the Deep Cove home of the Eatons. On a truly lovely Saturday, he was taken to Pugwash where, under the banner of Ciel Mille Failte, a picnic on a grand scale was held. It was a large

and admiring crowd that greeted the Russian cosmonaut that day.

I was among those whose good fortune it was to be present and, through an interpreter, to congratulate Major Gagarin on his unique and distinguished achievement. Mr. Eaton spoke for peace that day and bestowed upon me the privilege of offering a prayer in the presence of the entire company. It was, perhaps, a little thing but it is through the sum of little things that peace may yet come to mankind.



Cyrus Eaton with Dr. J.M.R. Beveridge (left), the president of Acadia University, and Dr. Harvey Crowell, chairman of Acadia's Board of Governors — 1964.

CHAPTER 4

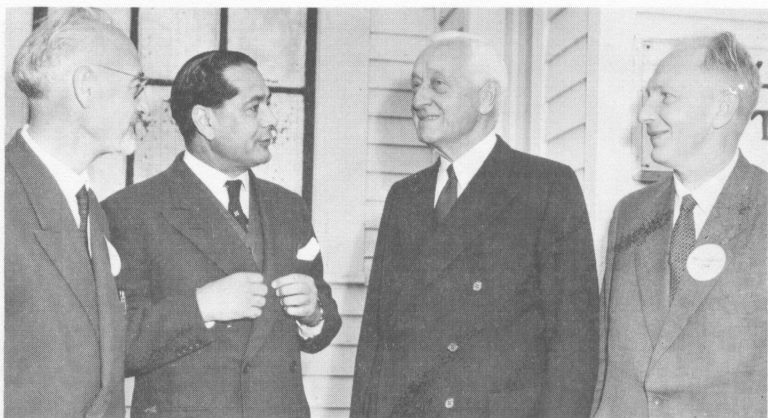
THE PUGWASH CONFERENCES

For generations, Pugwash simply was another of the small communities which are typical of Nova Scotia. On a sheltered harbour, at the mouth of a river or wherever the water-borne traffic of early days made their location practical, the settlements were founded. And there they have remained, seldom growing to be large towns and their existence scarcely known in far places.

Pugwash probably would have remained a quiet and almost forgotten village had it not have been for Cyrus Eaton. For one thing, he was born there — as the Psalmist said of the cities of old, “This man was born there.” Inevitably, something of the distinction of the career of the



“Thinkers’ Lodge” at Pugwash, the Eaton ancestral residence and home of the world-renowned Pugwash Conferences.



Photographed during a Pugwash Conference (left to right), Professor P. Thibault, Pasteur Institute, Paris, Dr. M.L. Ahuja, chief scientific attache to the High Commissioner of India, Dr. Eaton, and Professor Mikhail Du Binen, Moscow — 1957.

native son would reflect on the place of his birth.

However, it remained for the founding of the Pugwash conferences to give the community the universal recognition which today it possesses. There are people who may never have heard of Nova Scotia, who know little of Canada, but who are familiar with the name of Pugwash.

In 1954, it was announced that the ancestral residence of the Eatons at Pugwash would become the home of the Pugwash conferences. The idea had been born in the mind of Cyrus Eaton and, at a time when ominous political tensions plagued mankind, his was one philosophy which discarded parochialism in favor of universalism.

Basically, the concept was simple. Its implementation, however, promised to be quite another matter. It was Mr. Eaton's idea to bring together the thinkers, the scholars, the scientists — the men and the women who most influence the lives of the people and the conduct of governments. In the exchange of views among representatives of all lands, he envisioned the nurturing of that understanding which is the prelude to peace.

It really was not a new idea. Proponents of the League of Nations and of the United Nations

Organization had enjoyed similar dreams but they were too quickly caught up in the political sphere to realize fully the potential of the vision.

Mr. Eaton was determined that politics should not intrude on the Pugwash conferences. It has not been an easy goal to attain. Not all people possess the liberty of uninhibited travel and immigration barriers have closed borders to some of the finest minds of our time. Nevertheless, the Pugwash conferences have succeeded, in an amazing extent, in bringing together the academics of this generation.

The first of the gatherings, affectionately known as Thinkers' conferences, was held at Pugwash in 1955. Since then, other meetings have been held there and elsewhere in the world, receiving the support of many outstanding individuals. Immeasurable good has derived from them, indeed, it may not be an exaggeration to assert that progress toward the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty stemmed from Pugwash.

The subjects which have claimed the attention of the Pugwash conferees have been those of universal concern. From the threat of nuclear conflict to the desirability of an educational opportunity for people of all ages, the conferences, assembled in an atmosphere of informality, have come to grips with the great



Pugwash conferees, Professor C.D. Leake (left), Columbus, Ohio, and Dr. C.H. Higgins, Cleveland, Ohio, chat with Mrs. Cyrus Eaton.

issues confronting mankind.

It has been the good fortune of Mr. Eaton to have the unqualified interest and support of Mrs. Eaton in this great enterprise. A gracious hostess, a dynamic personality, possessing a delightful sense of humour and a sympathy for all the needy of the world, she shares with her husband the dream of tolerance and good will among men and nations.

It would be a great mistake, however, to write the Eatons off as idle dreamers. They are among the most practical people whom ever I have known. When they espouse a cause, it has able and dedicated champions. The breath of their interests is as wide as the hemispheres. Their concern may embrace the population explosion and the concurrent threat of world hunger, prompting their consideration of ways in which more and better food can be produced and distributed. Just as sincerely, their concern may be turned upon the needs of an individual near at hand.

The first Pugwash gathering was in August, 1955, its participants, for the greater part, coming from the academic world. Mr. Eaton greeted his guests with the words, "The possibilities of fission and fusion are so terrific today it seems to me the thinkers of the world must

get together and find a way of using it for peace and not for war. It is my hope to help in some small way to achieve that through what we are doing here."

At the conclusion of the sessions, those who had taken part presented a scroll to Mr. Eaton which contained the statement, "It was your inspiration to bring together in fruitful communion men and women of the most diverse attainment, men of action and men of thought, writers, businessmen and scholars. We may well have witnessed the birth of one of those ideas destined to open up ever-increasing possibilities of good."

It is that quest which continues. Nor is it the intention that the atomic energy which engaged the attention of those first conferees alone should be developed for peace. The great scientists and humanists are mustering their resources under the Pugwash banner and no area of human knowledge is being neglected in the efforts to achieve a hope-filled future for individuals and nations.

In August, 1956, scholars from nine countries met at Pugwash to discuss the problems of the Middle East, an area then in turmoil because of Egypt's nationalization of the Suez



With Dr. Eaton at a Pugwash luncheon are Mrs. Gerald Regan (left), wife of the Premier of Nova Scotia, and Mrs. James Beveridge, wife of the President of Acadia University.

Canal. Dr. H.N. Fieldhouse, dean of arts and sciences at McGill University, served as moderator and subsequently commented, "Nobody who has taken part, however briefly, in Mr. Eaton's experiment can have any doubts about its value. None of us can talk today about Middle Eastern affairs in quite the same way we would have done before we met."

Physicists, geneticists and chemists were among those who, in the early summer of 1957, took part in the First Pugwash Conference of Nuclear Scientists. During the following year, the second such conference was held at Lac Beauport, Quebec, to consider "The Dangers of the Present Situation in the Atomic Arms Race, and Ways and Means to Diminish Them". There were 22 scientists in attendance, among them the vice-rector of Peking University in the People's Republic of China, Professor Chou Pei-Yuan.

In 1957, the emphasis had been on a consideration of nuclear problems viewed from a scientific standpoint. Those participating in the 1958 gathering at Lac Beauport were seeking "agreement on practical suggestions to offer statesmen of their nations for ending the nuclear arms race."

Earl Bertrand Russell, addressing the

group at Lac Beauport, reflected the imperative nature of the discussions when he warned of the catastrophe facing mankind unless "we succeed in bringing to bear on common problems an important part of the best creative intelligence of mankind."

There were four Pugwash conferences in 1958, one of which was held in Vienna, Austria. A report in *The Chronicle Herald* of Halifax noted that "The spirit of Pugwash prevailed in Vienna Saturday (September 20) as an all-time record indoor crowd of 15,000, including Austria's President Adolf Schaerf, jammed the city hall auditorium to hear 11 of the world's leading scientists report the findings of the third Pugwash conference of nuclear scientists . . . The bomb-scarred city of Vienna has opened its arms to Mr. Eaton and the Pugwash conferees as harbingers of peace."

A few weeks earlier, another group of thinkers had met at Pugwash to devote attention to the subject of Anglo-American relations. On that occasion, an editorial in the *Chronicle — Herald* anticipated that "the exchange of views that takes place at Pugwash on this topic over the next several days will, indirectly if not directly, result in closer trans-Atlantic harmony, just as his (Mr. Eaton's) influences directed to other subjects



Escorted by his aide, Raymond Szabo, Dr. Eaton is welcomed to the Government House garden party by His Honor, Lieutenant-Governor C.L. Gosse and Mrs. Gosse — 1976.

in the past have had their good effects.”

Perhaps the key-word in the editorial comment is “harmony”. It is a motif which has flowed through all the Pugwash conferences. The fostering of harmony is an undying Eaton theme reminiscent of Tolstoi’s words, “The most important thing in life is for man to unite with man, and the worst thing in life is for man to go apart from one another.”

There have been more than 30 Pugwash conferences over the years since the inception of the movement. The meetings have been held in several lands and more than a hundred countries have Pugwash committees. It is deeply moving to see nations seeking refuge beneath the sheltering branches of the stalwart tree that has grown from the seed of a magnificent idea.

Of the Pugwash movement, Sir Julian Huxley described Mr. Eaton as “the man who, above all others, kept Pugwash alive and kicking.”

CHAPTER 5

AVOCATIONS

The extent of Mr. Eaton's knowledge never ceases to amaze me. He is widely read, cognizant of many subjects and the variety of his interests is surprising. A businessman, he has suggested, must have some forms of recreation to provide the relaxation which delivers one from the weariness and pressures of occupational demands. So he reads and farms and engages in many activities. He is able to give his undivided attention to matters of the moment with the result that, at work or at play, whatever he is doing is done thoroughly and well.

When asked how he came to enter upon the career in which he has achieved such



Enjoying outdoor relaxation, Cyrus Eaton on his 81st birthday went riding at his Acadia Farms in Northfield, Ohio — 1965.

immeasurable distinction, he may speak briefly of the occasion when, as a young man, he first met the Rockefellers.

That, of course, is only a small part of the story. Undoubtedly, the inspiration of great men has been a factor in his success but that observation should not be allowed to diminish any appreciation of the significance of his own self-application, among other things, to books.

A part of each day is spent in reading. He is as much at home with some scientific treatise or philosophical discourse as he is when reading a business prospectus. Newspapers and books surround him. He is familiar with the literary classics of many lands and the name of Dostoevsky drops as easily from his lips as does that of Emerson.

Such a familiarity with books is an education in itself. The impact of author upon reader is a contribution not of knowledge alone but also to personality. Upon Mr. Eaton's life and thought is the impression of many writers, their gift to a questing and receptive mind.

Some of the great Russian writers have revealed the very soul of their people as something which is intensely religious and which will not be satisfied by the philosophies of atheistic materialism currently in vogue in the Soviet

Union. I often have wondered if, from his reading, Mr. Eaton has glimpsed something which the rest of us may have overlooked and is anticipating that out of Russia there may even yet come the spiritual renaissance for which the world waits.

His enthusiasms, too, embrace farming, an avocation which he pursues both for the joy and relaxation provided and for the inspiration hopefully given others. Nova Scotia is, to him, a great farming country and his is a vision of sheep on the hillsides and cattle standing shoulder-deep in grass tasting of the salt of the winds of the sea.

His cattle are a joy to him and one of the pleasures of a drive past Deep Cove Farms is the sight of stalwart shorthorns grazing contentedly on the rich forage.

The presence in Nova Scotia of the Eaton farms has contributed considerably to the improvement of cattle stock in the province. At Deep Cove, a herd of shorthorns has been developed and many of the animals have been accorded awards at exhibitions and stock shows. It is characteristic of the man that he knows all his animals by name and loves them with an affection that is apparent whenever he moves among them.

It used to be that his stock consistently took top honours at showings. Some other



At Deep Cove Farms, Nova Scotia, and Acadia Farms, Ohio, Dr. Eaton raises prize shorthorns — 1955.

exhibitors were disgruntled and might be heard complaining that they had no chance in the competitions. "He can afford the best of breeding stock, the best of feed and the best of care," grumbled a few. Others, however, more discerning perhaps, recognized the privilege and the challenge that was theirs in being able to view first class creatures. For those who might have been satisfied with poorer grades there was the inspiration to strive for something better and to build up the herds which today are making Nova Scotia known and respected in the stock world.

Of course, there have been many factors. Federal and provincial agricultural policies have contributed to improved breeding aims and techniques. Enlightened and better trained farmers are producing finer animals. But sight must not be lost of the role played by the shorthorns of Deep Cove whose presence brought quality to the exhibition rings of the province.

It always has seemed to me that one of Mr. Eaton's most cherished victories occurred on that day when blue ribbons began going to cattle belonging to other people. In an area in which animal husbandry offers a splendid potential, he surely merits some of the credit for offering the inspiration and the encouragement which were the prelude to the improved breeding and production

practices of today.

His love of farming early made Mr. Eaton a pioneer promoter of farm vacations in Nova Scotia. The original idea was that urban dwellers would be accommodated during a holiday period on a farm, living as a farm family does, participating in the activities and benefitting from an outdoor life, a genuine farm environment and the wholesome companionship of a farm or fishing community. Mr. Eaton himself promoted some of the first efforts along such lines.

When one approaches the Eaton home at Deep Cove, his progress probably will be halted by a flock of geese. Proud birds, the creatures strut on the lawns and wander across the driveway with utter disdain for any who journey that way.

There are other flocks, too, to be seen at Deep Cove. Small quail have been among them, part of an experiment seeking to introduce the game bird to the Nova Scotian environment.

Ducks are also one of Mr. Eaton's interests. Upon them, as upon the other birds, he lavishes ton after ton of winter feed to ensure their well-being. Again, his love for Nova Scotia is evident. "Nova Scotia," he commented, "needs to restock its streams and lakes with suitable fish to make them attractive for visiting sportsmen. Nova Scotia also urgently needs to restock its waste areas with game birds such as partridge,



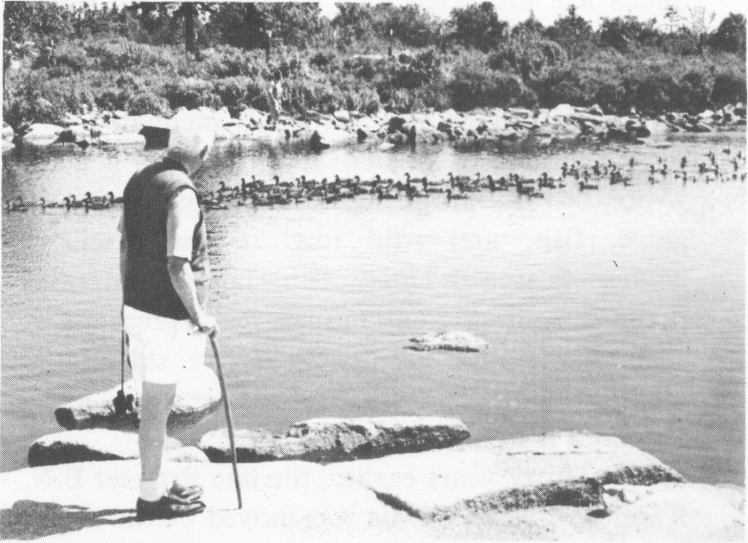
Prize shorthorns of the Eaton herds stand shoulder-deep in the pasture grass of Deep Cove Farms.

pheasant, quail, wild ducks, and geese.”

At Hollahan's Lake, near Deep Cove, Mr. Eaton maintains a game sanctuary where the ducks are protected and where they can breed unmolested by human predators. To more rapidly increase the duck population, some of the eggs are collected and artificially incubated. “I have been giving a great deal of thought,” he once wrote, “to the propagation and conservation of game, fish, and wild fowl in the extensive wilderness area and inaccessible lakes and streams in Nova Scotia. Scotland has made great use of such areas, and its people derive substantial income from residents of London who go to Scotland for fishing and shooting.”

Thirty years earlier, the late Premier E.N. Rhodes of Nova Scotia was moved by the multi-faceted interests of Mr. Eaton to write, “Apart from your contributions, which have been of tremendous assistance, the example you have set has put in motion currents of thought on the part of many old Nova Scotians that will, I feel sure, be a stimulus and encouragement to those of us who are trying to give a real lead to affairs of the province.”

Quoting Premier Rhodes' words to Mr. Eaton, *The Halifax Chronicle - Herald*, in 1958, added an editorial comment, “This summer, the



Dr. Eaton views a flock of ducks at Deep Cove

untiring master of a two hundred million dollar empire has reached out into another course of assistance to his native province. Sensing the full importance of the tourist trade to our economy, he has embarked upon an ambitious program to fill Nova Scotia's lakes and streams with fish and water-fowl. And undoubtedly he is already beginning to think about something else to do 'with all his might' after this latest project is well launched."

Meanwhile, the then chairman of the Nova Scotia Resources Council, Dr Harrison F. Lewis, responding to Mr. Eaton's ideas, wrote to the provincial government supporting the establishment of woodland-lake type parks designed for conservation and recreation purposes.

It is a great dream for Nova Scotia and her people that Mr. Eaton has worked so hard to promote. The concept, however, was not really new to him because, already, he had served for a decade as one of three commissioners of the Cleveland Metropolitan Park Board.



Dr. and Mrs. Eaton canoeing at Deep Cove

EPILOGUE

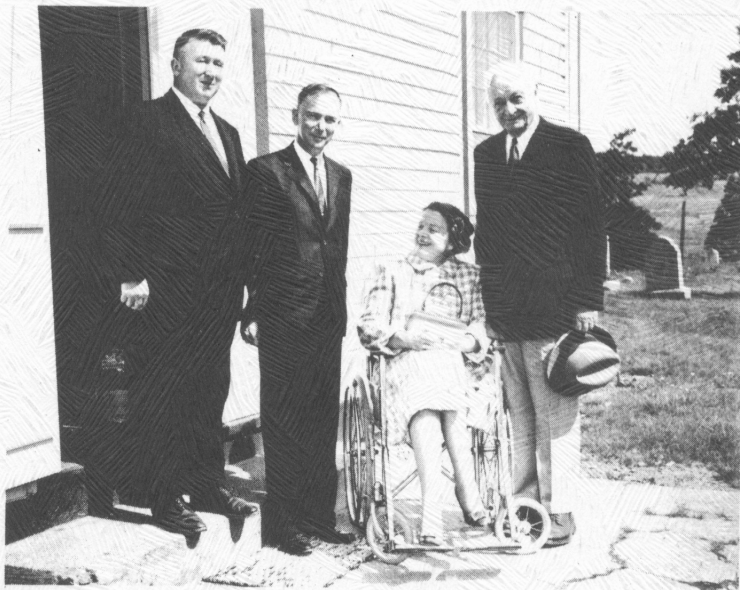
On a September day of infinite glory, we sailed together on the waters of Mahone Bay. The colours of autumn were on the land. Sunlight danced on the sea. From the wharf at Deep Cove, our course took us beyond the Tancooks to Cross Island, an enchanted spot where only the cries of the gulls disturbed the quiet.

In the shelter of a sand dune, Cecil Gates built a small fire to warm the tea for a picnic lunch. Then, while the embers died, we sat in the sun, silent lest the spell be broken of the beauty of such a place.

Mr. Eaton sat a short distance away, completely relaxed in the peaceful setting. The

wars and hatreds that plague men and nations were far, far away. But I knew them to be as near as the heart of this man whose burning concern they long had been. That all might live in prosperity and peace is a goal of his life to the attainment of which he has given more than any mortal will ever know.

Then and there, on that lovely island and in the company of one of the great men of our times, the words of the prophet Isaiah intruded on my thoughts, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him . . . that publisheth peace . . .".



Visiting the old meeting-house at North West, Lunenburg County, are Rev. Eric Miner (left), Dr. M. A. Gibson, Mrs. Eaton and Cyrus Eaton.

THE AUTHOR

For 30 years, Rev. M. Allen Gibson has been minister of the United Baptist Church in Chester, Nova Scotia.

A native of Sydney Mines, Cape Breton, he grew up in Wolfville, graduating from the high school there and from Acadia University. He also is a graduate of Andover Newton Theological School, Newton Centre, Massachusetts.

His pastoral work has included a term as Boys' Work Secretary of the Maritime Religious Council and pastorates at West Warwick, Rhode Island, and Isaac's Harbour, Nova Scotia.

He is a prolific writer who perhaps is best known as the author of the column "Churches By The Sea", which appears each week in the *Chronicle-Herald* of Halifax. One of his books, *Train Time*, is a publication of Lancelot Press.

Dr. and Mrs. Gibson (formerly Ruth MacLachlan, R.N., of Andover, Massachusetts) have two daughters, Anne (Mrs. J. David MacKinnon) and Peigi.