

Eaton's Pugwash Thinkers Enjoy Vacation

Industrialist Cyrus Eaton of Cleveland invited some of the world's most prominent thinkers to his Nova Scotia estate for an unusual vacation—a chance to relax and have fun in ideal surroundings and exchange ideas on world problems. One of the guests tells how they are spending their time.

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PUGWASH, Nova Scotia—(UP)—A cartoon in the Halifax Chronicle-Herald shows a pasture of cows, each in the ruminant attitude of Rodin's

famous statue, The Thinker. A passing motorist says to his companion: "We must be pretty close to Pugwash."

Maybe the cows around this sleepy Nova Scotia village of 550 people aren't thinking, but plenty of high-powered celebration is going on. Several of the world's foremost intellectuals are gathered here. They're on vacation, to be sure, but for men like them all play and no work is a dull existence.

Cyrus Eaton's guests so far have included British biologist and philosopher Julian Huxley; Julian Boyd, editor of the Jefferson papers; Henry Steele

Commager of Columbia, distinguished historian; John A. Wilson, University of Chicago Egyptologist and epigrapher; J. Russell Wiggins, editor of the Washington Post; F. Cyril James, principal of Canada's McGill University, and Frederick S. Dunn, director of the Center of International Studies at Princeton. Most of them brought their wives.

On a typical day, the Huxley's went swimming, Dunn did a painting of a lighthouse, the Boyds rode horseback and James, a do-it-yourself man, fixed up things around Eaton's rambling, 15-room white clap-

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island to the north and westerly across Baie Verte to the August sunset.

We arrived at the cool of the day, a team from *Life* Magazine and I, to find Eaton mingling with his scholar guests and their wives just off the front stoop at the cocktail hour, and in time to hear Eaton saying that the distant buoy marking the channel entrance brought to his mind the refrain of Kipling's bell buoy verses—"Shoal! 'Ware shoal!"

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. John Albert Wilson, wife of the University of Chicago Egyptologist, "Mr. Eaton puts us all to shame."

"The poem," said Eaton, "is the bell buoy's boastful comparison of its life with that of its brother in the church belfry. The last stanza goes:

"I dip and I surge and I swing
In the rip of the surging tide
By the gates of doom I sing,
On the horns of death I ride
A ship-length overside,
Between the course and the sand,
Fretted and bound I bide
Peril whereof I cry.
Would I change with my brother
a league inland?
(Shoal! 'Ware shoal!) Not I!"

I had been wondering a bit as we flew up the coast whether the scholars at Pugwash

This last was a reference to a story in the New York Times, overlooked by none of the thinkers, which had listed among those invited to Pugwash "Dr. Henry Steele co-manager of Columbia University."

Nor was there any evidence of skittishness over the arrival of a new contingent from the fourth estate, perhaps because we were only three in number and were tactfully seated separately at what Dr. Commager called "the children's table." After dinner a number of Eaton's guests turned from admiring the sunset to question the well-known Walter Sanders, *Life* photographer, about his work. Upon hearing from *Life's* Jane Scholl that this columnist had seen a black and white bird, new to him, in the Alpine country, Dr. Julian S. Huxley, the noted British biologist, hastened to fetch his bird guide and ascertain that the strange creature was the common magpie. Whereafter this columnist was pressed into service, as substitute for the party's departed bartender, Dr. F. Cyril James, principal and vice-chancellor of McGill University. The libation, I hasten to assure you, was only an after dinner cognac, with no refills and only half the guests indulging.

(More about the Pugwash gathering tomorrow).

Columnist
Subs for
Bartender