

5-9-60

## Award From Moscow

THE selection of American arch-capitalist Cyrus Eaton for Russia's Lenin Peace Prize, the Soviet counterpart to the West's coveted Nobel Award, provides one new glimmer of hope among the reviving despair for effective reconciliation between the Communist and non-Communist world.

The Nova Scotia-born industrial giant, who recently said the corporations in which he has interests "control several billion dollars," has been chosen for the USSR's highest peace-promoting honor, the announcement says, because of his "realistic view of the prospects for the course of international developments in the atmosphere poisoned by the cold war."

Even though the records of some of the previous recipients of this award or its predecessor, the Stalin Prize, have given them the appearance of a sham, we commend the policy of the Russians in reaching beyond the Iron Curtain in their bestowing of some of these laurels.

It is a part of the gradually developing East-West contact and social exchange that provides perhaps the best avenue of all for avoidance of a disastrous military collision. And we hope it will grow increasingly in the future as a two-way traffic.

We can think of no one more fitting for the Soviet honor this year than Mr. Eaton. There will be many who, unable to see beyond the walls built by fierce national pride and understandable fears, will regard it as a badge that firmly marks him as a fellow traveller, or even a full-fledged Communist.

This would be a strange ideological course for a man who owes his wealth and his prominence to Western capitalism and to its freedom of the marketplace that is denied under Communism. He has not, in our opinion, become a convert to Marxism, nor a dupe of Moscow, nor even a dangerous meddler in international affairs.

He appears to be, instead, simply an American citizen exercising his full, democratic right of criticism of and petition to the governing powers, a sensible human who has no desire for his family nor his friends nor himself to be blown to nuclear smithereens, or to be subjected to a slow and agonizing death from radioactive dust. A man who could see the awful fate waiting for everyone at the end of the road down which we were madly racing before the rest of us could, and was not afraid to cry out

like a voice in the wilderness. A man who was not to be discouraged by the ridicule that came from some quarters when he started his "Home for Thinkers" at Pugwash as a place where atomic scientists and others of intellect could gather and try to undo a small part of the dangerous things being done by the generals and the politicians.

He was scorned when he dared to criticize the late John Foster Dulles for his "brinkmanship." He was laughed at when he suggested, long before anyone else, that Khrushchev and Eisenhower, the great adversaries who had never met, should exchange visits. But in time many others were to come to agree with him. In recent months he has been warning again that the "spirit of Camp David" was rapidly dying away and the frost was deepening in the cold war terrain.

The pattern of news in the last few days has borne this out. But the old warrior of many a battle on the field of commerce who has become one of the world's leading crusaders for peace said this week he is still "convinced that men of conflict in beliefs can reach a meeting of minds if they are determined to do so." The jittery world must hope that these men will be determined in this vital task—as determined as Mr. Eaton has been in his own personal assignment for East-West co-existence.

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