MUNICH 1977

To remember the beginning is to see that wind-swept little fishing village called Pugwash, which looks north from the north shore of Nova Scotia, where Cyrus was born, and to hear his contemporary, the blacksmith, say, "Well if that don't beat all! Cy's gone and invited all these friends of his from God knows where into town."

Topchiev was there, who later on told us that when there was some agitation to take the word Pugwash out of the name of this movement he "stood up as before Stalingrad." Cecil Powell was there, without whose tact, fairness, patience and beautiful ability to grasp and restate every man's opinion so each felt he had been heard, understood, considered and appreciated, there would never have been a statement warning the governments of the world. Remembering is to see the spare and elegant Lacassagne, the expert of radiological hazards, describing at the final dinner his problem with a Paris travel agency when he wanted to go to Pugwash which no one had heard of nor could locate on a map. "Now", he said, "Pugwash will go down in history with the great place names. Waterloo", he said dramatically, "Austerlitz et Pugwash."

I remember Eugene Rabinowitch, the Russian born editor of the Atomic Scientists Bulletin, walking with Skobeltzyn, who attended the same high scholl in Leningrad which they both called St. Petersburg, and acting as interpreter for Cyrus in French, German and Russian at the first dinner when, Cyrus wanted his guests to know that though Nova Scotia was a poor Province, it had an abundance of firewood, and he hoped the guests would use their fireplaces as often as they wished.

I remember Leo Szilard, who began this conversation which has lasted twenty years by observing that "we find ourselves in the same situation as that between Athens and Sparta." That was the first sentence of this dialogue and everyone agreed.

I speak of the dead because they and you and all who have given the power of their minds to the Pugwash Conferences, living or dead - I think of Millionschikov, for instance have my gratitude, respect and affection for that continuing response to the 1955 Einstein-Russell Appeal.

I quote from a part of it which is unmistakably Bertrand Russell's eloquent English:

"In the tragic situation which confronts humanity, we feel that scientists should assemble in conference to appraise the perils that have arisen as a result of the development of weapons of mass destruction . . .

We are speaking on this occasion not as members of this or that nation, continent, or creed, but as human beings, members of the species Man, whose continued existence is in doubt. The world is full of conflicts; and, overshadowing all minor conflicts, the titanic struggle between Communism and anti-Communism.

Almost everybody who is politically conscious has strong feelings about one or more of these issues; but we want you, if you can, to set aside such feelings and consider yourselves only as members of a biological species which has had a remarkable history, and whose disappearance none of us can desire."

Never was the question more beautifully put and never, it seems to me, has the answer been more in doubt than now in 1977. However, the biological species called Man is still alive and kicking and you are still talking - which is no small achievement when one consideres the last twenty years. Pugwash can claim a part of the credit certainly.

The town of Pugwash hasn't changed much in twenty years except it takes pride in having been put on the map. High school students learn about these Pugwash Conferences of Scientists. It is too small to have a mayor; there are three town commissioners. They asked me to say here that any friend of Mr. Eaton's (there's no-one left now old enough to call him Cy: he's 93) and that they mean any member of the Conferences, is more than welcome in town.

There's a big, comfortable old house there where the whole thing began in the living room when Leo Szilard talked about Athens and Sparta, where Canadian and American scientists connected with the Pugwash movement meet annually, where your picture may already be on the wall and your country's flag flying with many others from a flagpole on the front lawn, and where Cyrus and I would be honored to welcome you to your home.