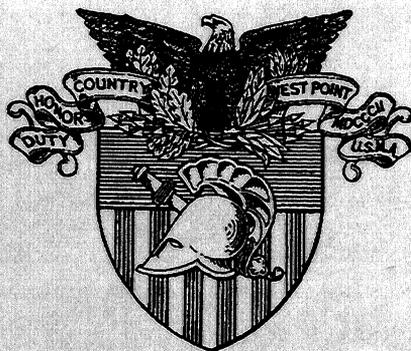


**UNITED STATES  
MILITARY ACADEMY**  
West Point, New York



The 25<sup>th</sup>  
Sol Feinstone Lecture

on

**THE  
MEANING OF FREEDOM**

By

Pete Seeger

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The United States Military Academy is pleased to sponsor an annual lecture series on the Meaning of Freedom. It is significant that this lecture program has been made possible by the generosity of the late Mr. Sol Feinstone, a dedicated American patriot whose commitment to the ideals of the American Revolution led him to devote many years of effort, as well as considerable personal resources, to the collection of important letters, manuscripts, and books dealing with our heritage of freedom. His donation of these items to libraries and educational institutions ensures that the message which they proclaim will be preserved and transmitted to future generations of Americans.

Mr. Feinstone's abiding faith in a brotherhood of free nations of men has found further expression in several lecture series which he has endowed in order to permit prominent Americans to interpret the Meaning of Freedom.

The U.S. Corps of Cadets and the staff and faculty of the Military Academy are pleased to recognize the generosity and loyalty of this great American for providing a living endowment in the defense of freedom.

## THE MEANING OF FREEDOM

Pete Seeger

I was a teenager about 60 years ago when I first discovered that my country had a lot of music in it that I never heard on the radio. There was no money to be made in it, so why should radio be interested in it? And maybe that's where I should start this lecture because freedom seems to depend often on who's got the money. There is an old country song I think I am going to sing, and if you know it, I'm going to have you help me sing, because I don't have much voice left. I'm serious, you may have thought that you have just come to listen, but you have to clear out your throat and help me out.

[Song: How many times that you heard someone say, "If I had his money, I'd do things my way"? What little they know that it's so hard to find one rich man in a hundred with a satisfied mind.]

Now, I really mean it, I'll line out the words and line up the hymn:

[Song: Once I had money, had fortune and fame. Lord, I had everything to get ahead in life's game. Then suddenly it happened I lost every dime, but I'm richer by far with a satisfied mind.]

[Song: Because money can't buy that or your youth when you're old, or a friend when you're lonely or a love that's grown cold. The wealthiest person is a pauper at times, compared to the man with a satisfied mind.]

Some people are singing good, and others are sitting back preserving their academic objectivity.

[When this life is over and my time has run out, my friends and relations, they'll miss me no doubt. But there's one thing for certain – when it comes my time, I'll leave this old world with a satisfied mind.]

Let's sing that chorus again, "'Cause money can't buy that . . . ." We need a little harmony, too. You know, it's a nice song to harmonize. Some can sing high and some can sing low. One thing musicians can teach politicians is that not everybody has to sing the melody.

[Song: 'Cause money can't buy back your youth when you're old, or a friend when you are lonely or a love that's grown cold. The wealthiest person is a pauper at times, compared to the man with a satisfied mind.]

I looked at the list of the very distinguished speakers who have given these Feinstone Lectures, and it's pretty obvious that different people have different definitions of freedom. One hundred and fifty years ago, a rich man in the fields of Mississippi said, "I want to be free to sell my cotton at as high a price as I can and buy more slaves." And some other people down there had a different definition of freedom. Today, there are many persons with a million dollars who said, "I want to be free to invest this anywhere I want without any restrictions or regulations. I've got to make the most money out of my investment." There are a good many scientists that say, "Hold on, where you invest it might be good in one place and might be bad in another."

There was a wonderful man who gave a speech to our Clearwater Organization just one year ago, Oron Lyons. He is the elected leader of the Onondaga Longhouse. He said, "I was at a World Economic Conference in Switzerland. I met men who were the CEOs of million dollar corporations. I said to them, 'You realize, don't you, the way you are using up the world's resources, you are

kind of headed for a brick wall.' They said, "Of course, Mr. Lyons, we realize that. But *you* must realize that we have been put in our job to make the most money we can for our stockholders. If we don't do that, we are out of a job.' " Lyons then asked them, "How many of you are grandfathers?" A number of them said, "Oh, yes," – like they would have liked to show a photograph. He asked them, "When do you stop being a CEO and start being a grandfather?" And they were silent. Needless to say, probably no two people in the world agree on what to do about the problem, except I know that we won't solve it unless we are free to discuss it. And that's why I am so very proud that West Point asked me, a longtime radical, to come and sing a few songs and to speak a little bit.

I do recommend that people read more, not just what turns out on the top hits. I'm a read-aholic, I realize. For the West Point Library, I brought some books. I've brought some of my own book – selfishly, I realize. But, in case you are curious, *Songs of the Civil Rights Movement*, *Songs of the Labor Movement*, -- and these are not songbooks. This is a videotape of an interesting gang down in Philadelphia. It's called the World Game Institute. Buckminster Fuller, a scientist who invented the Geodesic Dome, set it up years ago, and it is still set up now. They take a big map around to high schools and spread it out on gymnasiums – it's about 70 feet long. They tell one person to stand here and another person to stand there on the map. One person stands for 60 million people. So a hundred people scatter around the world -- you'd find where there's some overcrowding and some places where there is still some space left and so on. Anyway, it comes out how much money is in some places and how little is in some others, and how much is needed for jobs that really need to be done in the way of education and cleaning up pollution. The money is there, but most countries in the world are spending it on their armies, most countries.

Oh, I've got a tiny little book, so small I was able to bring several copies. It's called, *Taking Care of Business*. A fellow who used to run an outfit called Environmentalists for Full Employment quit that job to write this little book, *Taking Care of Business*, giving the history of corporations. All through the nineteenth century, corporations were being kept on a bit of a leash. People were leery. They had seen what the Dutch West India Company had done, and the Dutch East India Company and so on. They were mainly interested in the money, not the future. And so the early states gave out a charter to the corporation, but if it didn't do the job right, they took the charter back. Sometimes the corporations would go to the courts -- they got Justice Marshall, a famous Chief Justice, to give a decision in their favor way back in 1820. But then the states went ahead and changed the laws and said, "No, we've got a right to take away the charter for a corporation if they don't do a job right." However, in 1886, the Supreme Court nailed it down and said that you can't put a corporation out of business even if you don't like them. Since then, as you know, corporations have gotten richer and richer.

Some 356 individuals have more money than 45 percent of the world's people. I guess many of these are Americans, some are Europeans, and some are Japanese. I don't know what the rest are, but that's an astonishing little statistic, isn't it? 356 individuals have more money than 45 percent of the world's people. Another little statistic: the top one percent of America owns more than the lower 40 percent.

However, if this is getting all too draggy, I brought along a song. It's called, "Abiyoyo." I taught it to my kids. Long after I'm dead and gone, this song, I think, will still be going around. It's actually an African folk story that I updated, in case you've got a cousin somewhere. I've got a book of my own song. Even how to play a banjo. I tell people, if you want to write a book, get to a Xerox machine. I mimeographed a hundred copies of this almost fifty

years ago or so. I sold all one hundred copies in three years. But I've mimeographed some more and sold five hundred copies, but then came along the scintillating sixties and I started selling thousands. This book put my kids through school. Well, that's about all. But you can see why you have to recognize that people in different stations in life have very, very different definitions of freedom.

In the old days, our ancestors, wherever they lived in the world, lived in little villages, little tribes. The men went out hunting and the women dug for roots and berries and carried children on their back. Our anthropologists called that state of society "primitive tribal communism." I read about it when I was a kid, about the American Indians. I decided that that was the best way to live. People shared. If somebody shot a deer, they shared it. Now, well, first agriculture was invented, then the steam engines were invented and . . . I met a coal miner in Kentucky. He was blacklisted from the mine. He came up to New York City to live. During WWII, he went out to the West Coast to work in defense work. He used to laugh. He said, "Pete, I'm so glad I was blacklisted from the mines. I'd be dead now if I had stayed in the Kentucky coal mines." His name was Jim Garland. He's long dead, but I'm singing his song.

[Song: I don't want your millions, Mister. I don't want your diamond ring. All I want is the right to live, Mister. Give me back my job again.]

He had been a union organizer and that's why he was blacklisted.

[Song: I know you have a land deed, Mister. The money is all in your name. Where's the work you did, Mister? I'm demanding back my job again. Think me dumb, if you wish, Mister. Call me green or blue or red. This one thing I sure know, Mister – my hungry babies must be fed.]

[I don't want your millions, Mister. I don't want your diamond ring. All I want is the right to live, Mister. Give me back my job again.]

All during the frightened fifties, as I called them, I went from school to school, summer camp to summer camp. When the kids grew up, I found myself going from college to college. I was singing out in Oberlin once. I learned a song from the head of the Student Y. He said that they had a convention once in Philadelphia. The evening bulletin had landed on them.

[Song: The Student Y has found the new vocation. It's poisoning the students' minds. The leaders by astute manipulation are poisoning the students' minds. Big men, bold men, filled with sneering pride, behind a smiling account, as they hide. Spiritual arsenic, moral cyanide, poisoning the students', poisoning the students', poisoning the students' minds.]

We had a second verse:

[Song: There's just one thing that they forgot to mention, the student hasn't got a mind. So it's safe to hold this great convention; the student hasn't got a mind.]

Oh, the next year I came back to Oberlin College and the head of the Student Y was no longer there. But the kids had a new verse.

[Song: Uncle Will has sent away our brothers for poisoning the students' minds. But he'll find out there will always be another poisoning the students' minds. He'd rather have them stick to evening prayers and stop meddling into national affairs, but that doesn't suit the billionaires. We are poisoning the students', poisoning the students', poisoning the students' minds.]

I'm counting on you to hear both sides of the question. You'll hear it from many different people. I know that I'm here giving you mainly one side of the question. George Bernard Shaw once said, "Democracy is a system to ensure that the people get the government that they deserve." Looking around the world, and at my age, I get a little pessimistic sometimes. But I honestly believe that this twenty-first century, which I won't get to live to see much of, is going to be the most exciting one that the human race has ever known because people will be speaking to each other when they never thought they would speak to each other. And they will be comparing their words. I, myself, don't have much faith in big organizations, whether it's big anything -- a big church, a big union, a big corporation, or a big government, or even a big United Nations. I think the world is going to be saved by tens of millions of small organizations. We won't agree with each other on lots of things. It will be hilarious. It will be, "Save this, stop that." But we will agree on a few major points, like it's better to talk than shoot, right? And bombs always kill innocent people, whether it be Oklahoma or Hiroshima, or anywhere. Likewise with bacteriological warfare, chemical warfare, land mines. And when words fail, and they will fail from time to time, we will try sports, we'll try music, pictures. Scientists use numbers, and don't forget food. One woman told me don't forget hot tubs. Anything to communicate and try and avoid massacres like we've seen in Bosnia, like we've seen in Africa.

I just got back from a tour of India last year. I found out there is a minority in the country, but it's the biggest single political party. It's the Hindu Nationalists Party. They tried to form a coalition government but no one would work with them. They had about 15 percent of the votes, but they couldn't get anybody to work with them. This is the kind of thing they did -- they got about 100,000 people to march on a huge Moslem temple and tear it down brick by brick. Why? Because years ago the temple had been built on the site of Hindu temple. Now they were going to tear it down.

They tried the same thing more recently, but this time there was such an outrage. They found it, in Nixon's phrase, "counterproductive," and they canceled it. So even they are learning.

And living here halfway between a little town called Cold Spring and this somewhat bigger town called Beacon for almost fifty years has been a wonderful education for me. My grandparents lived over near the Connecticut line; that's where I was raised. But my wife and I raised three kids and now we've got some grandchildren. I'll sing you a scandalous little song and I'll see what happens. This is a true song. I made it up in February. I went out to get some wood, because the heat in the house was wood. I live on a very wooded mountainside.

[Song: Early in the morning, early in the morning I first see the sun and said a little prayer for the world. I hope all the little children live a long, long time, every little boy and little girl. I hope they learn to laugh at the way some precious old words do seem to change. Because that's what life is all about, to arrange and rearrange and rearrange. Oh, we, oh, why do we arrange and rearrange and rearrange? Oh, we, oh, why do we arrange and rearrange and rearrange?]

I really did see the sun poking up over Mount Beacon. It's kind of a song that every time you feel good, you've got a new verse.

[Song: I saw the first flower poking up through the snow. I said a little prayer for the world. I hope all the children live a long, long time, every little boy and little girl. I hope they learn to laugh at the way some precious old words seem to change. Because that's what life is all about, to arrange and rearrange and rearrange. Oh, we, oh, why do we arrange and rearrange and rearrange? Oh, we, oh, why do we arrange and rearrange and rearrange?]

I made up a verse ten years ago when I first saw a baby being born. Our son-in-law knocks on the door and says, "The baby's coming." We said, "Have you called the midwife?" And he said, "Yeah, she's bringing two friends." Well, we called up a couple of friends. For three and one half hours our daughter beamed like she was up in heaven and then she'd shriek so you could hear her over in Newburgh. About 4:30, her oldest little boy, six at the time, said, "I see the head."

[Song: I heard the first yawl of a brand new baby and I said a little prayer for the world. I hope all the little children live a long, long time, every little boy and little girl. I hope they learn to laugh at the way some precious old words seem to change. Because that's what life is all about, to arrange and rearrange and rearrange. Oh, we, oh, why do we arrange and rearrange and rearrange? Oh, we, oh, why do we arrange and rearrange and rearrange?]

[Sometimes I awake in the middle of the night and rub my aching old eyes. Is that a voice in my old head or does it come down from the skies? There's a time to weep, there's a time to laugh, a time to make a change. Wake up, you bum, the time has come to arrange and rearrange and rearrange. Oh, we, oh, why do we arrange and rearrange and rearrange? Oh, we, oh, why do we arrange and rearrange and rearrange?]

Along comes March. It's the maple syrup season in this latitude.

[Song: Early in the morning I'm a gathering some sap, I say a little prayer for the maple. Like Old Mama Quad – That's a big tree, got four taps – Old Mama Quad of the northwest slope, I'll protect you as long as I am able. She gives more sap year after year than any single other tree. Oh, bring on the pancakes, here's to Mama Quad, may she live for another century. Oh, we, oh, why, may she live for another century. Oh, we, oh, why, may she live for another century.]

Now, I have a relative who is kind of the philosophical type. She says, "Pete, I'm not sure I agree. The big change for this world will be when we get a more stable world. Don't have to change every season with the fashions and so on." I said, "Peggy, you're right." Maybe the biggest change will come when we don't have to change much at all. When maniacs holler, "Grow, grow, grow, grow," we can choose to be small. The key word may be "little." We only have to change a little bit. Eat a little food, drink a little drink and only have to shit a little shit. Here we go.

[Song: Oh, we, oh, why, and only have to shit a little shit. Oh, we, oh, why, and only have to shit . . .]

Oh, I didn't hear you. Some of you weren't trying. I know when I sing this for a general audience there are always children around. I tell them, "Kids, I know you have been told, 'You will not say this word in this house.' But we are not in that house right now. We are trying to figure out the future of the world."

[Song: Oh, we, oh, why, and only have to shit a little shit. Oh, we, oh, why, and only have to shit a little shit.]

[Early in the morning I first see the sun, I said a little prayer for the world. I hope all the little children live a long, long time, every little boy and little girl. Hope they learn to laugh at the way some wicked old words do seem to change. Because that's what life is all about, to arrange and rearrange and rearrange. Oh, we, oh, why to arrange and rearrange and rearrange. Oh, we, oh, why to arrange and rearrange and rearrange.]

I really never thought in my life that I would be invited to sing at West Point. But, you know, things are changing. In my hometown of Beacon, I was asked by the Chamber of Commerce to speak to them for their annual breakfast, and I sang them this song:

[Song: We'll all be a-doubling, a-doubling, a-doubling. We'll all be a-doubling in 42 years. Two times two is four. Two times four is eight. Two times eight is sixteen and the hour is getting late. We'll all be a-doubling, a-doubling, a-doubling. We'll all be a-doubling in 42 years. We'll all be a-doubling, a-doubling, a-doubling. We'll all be a-doubling in 42 years.]

I made up the song 30 years ago when I read the "Population Bomb," by Paul Erling. At that time, the world was doubling every 32 years. Well, progress is small, but progress is 42 years. I told the Chambers of Commerce folks, "Do you realize New York City was 20,000 people 210 years ago, when George Washington was first inaugurated President in 1787? Every twenty years it doubled in size, until 1930 it was seven million people and it couldn't double any more. Putnam County is doubling every seventeen years – progress.

[Song: Twice sixteen is 32, next comes 64, next comes 128, do we need to hear more? We'll all be a-doubling, a-doubling, a-doubling. We'll all be a-doubling in 42 years. We'll all be a-doubling, a-doubling, a-doubling. We'll all be a-doubling in 42 years. Next comes 256, next 512, next 1,024, figure it out yourself. We'll all be a-doubling, a-doubling, a-doubling. We'll all be a-doubling in 42 years. We'll all be a-doubling, a-doubling, a-doubling, a-doubling. We'll all be a-doubling in 42 years. Keep doubling ten generations. You can have children more than a million. Keep on doubling another time, your children are over a trillion. We'll all be a-doubling, a-doubling, a-doubling. We'll all be a-doubling in 42 years. We'll all be a-doubling, a-doubling, a-doubling. We'll all be a-doubling in 42 years. Either people will have to get smaller, or the world's going to have to get bigger. There's a couple other possibilities. Leave it for you to figure. We'll all be a-doubling, a-doubling, a-doubling. We'll all be a-doubling in 42

years. We'll all be a-doubling, a-doubling, a-doubling. We'll all be a-doubling in 42 years.]

I finally figured out a good last verse. I only made it up last April.

[Song: I sneaked into the Vatican, whispered in John Paul's ear. He sat up and with a shout, "Is that you God?" sung out for all to hear. We'll all be a-doubling, a-doubling, a-doubling. We'll all be a-doubling in 42 years. We'll all be a-doubling, a-doubling, a-doubling. We'll all be a-doubling in 42 years.]

More than a half of an hour has passed and in less than a half of an hour, I am supposed to be all through with this lecture, concert, whatever you want to call it. And I would like to ask anybody out there who's got a question, raise a hand, speak out loudly so I can hear it – I've got a hearing aid – and I'll try to answer it. Anybody got a question? I really mean it, I would like to see if there is a question. If not. . .

CDT SAWICKY: Sir, I was wondering, since you were brought up, you know, with the music and all, do you think today's music portrays today's freedom, or do you think that it takes freedom too far?

SEEGER: I can't say what the specific case is, but I know that any freedom can be taken too far. Justice Holmes says that you don't shout, "Fire," in a crowded theater. And the world is full even more crowded theaters. In a sense, I'm censoring myself every time I stand up and speak. I'm thinking, very much, "What do I want to say, which will mean what I want to say and will have the right kind of effect?" I don't want to turn people off. I want to keep communicating, because I think that's the only hope with the human race. Does that answer your question?

(Note: Could not hear the cadet.)

SEEGER: Yes, any freedom can go too far.

CDT TYSON: Sir, I was just wondering, what you think keeps people from . . . like what do you think the major factors are that keep people from either letting people enjoy freedom, or enjoying freedom themselves?

SEEGER: I'm not sure I understand the question.

CDT TYSON: I'm sorry, sir. I just mean, sir, like what do you think are the major . . . like why do people not let people enjoy freedoms or what do you think . . . I don't know how to ask you, Sir.

SEEGER: Maybe somebody up front . . . Because there is so much echo here, I can hardly make out your words. I know I have hearing aids on. I can hear you loud enough, but I don't hear the words clear enough. It may be also that I'm a New Yorker, and you may have a western or southern accent.

SOMEONE: Mr. Seeger, I think the question was why do some people deny other people or want to deny other people the chance to enjoy their freedoms?

SEEGER: Oh, it's natural. This is where we have to start laughing, because what is sacred to one person is foolish to another. What is a lot of fun to one person is horrifying to another. Figure that it is astonishing considering how many different kinds of people that we've got in this world that we are not all at each other throats all of the time. When the world gets more crowded it gets more difficult. But you are quite right, why do some people get mad simply to see people enjoying themselves? Good point. I try and get them laughing. Anatole France, no Beauvior said it – "If you get people laughing, their minds open up a little bit and

they can get a new idea. But a few seconds later their mind clamps shut again." But at least while they are laughing, you can slip a new idea in.

CDT BERG: I don't think anybody would have ever described your politics as being rightist. But if you were standing in my shoes, as a soldier, what do you think the most important thing is for us to remember about freedom?

SEEGER: Wow! You know, I went through WWII as a private, and only last I got to be PFC, and finally, just before I got discharged, I got to be T-5. And here I am speaking to all these officers today. I would say, when they say do your duty, consider we have several duties really: keep our bodies healthy, to listen to and obey orders, but then also to keep informed. And in a sense that's what this lecture is about, learning different opinions on what freedom is and keeping informed. That's why I do a fair amount of reading, little newspapers, and little magazines, and don't depend on information from just a few big sources, nor from the TV news which gives you little short sound bites. That's why I am leaving some of these books for your library. I think keeping informed would be one of your duties besides keeping your bodies healthy. I come here and see all you young people, and I'm full of admiration.

My father kept his body healthy. He was a musicologist. At age 30, though, he had a kind of a breakdown. He had been fired for being – he had a good job, head of the music department in Berkley, California. But he got fired for being a conscientious objector in WWI. His younger brother had gone off to France and enlisted in the French Foreign Legion. He said, "Allen, you are a damn fool. Don't you know the class of people that run France aren't much different than the class of people that run Germany? You should have stayed out of it. I don't expect to see you again."

But my uncle wrote a poem, and I have to confess that it's one of the better poems that I know:

*"I have a rendezvous with death, at some disputed  
barricade, when spring comes back with rustling  
shade and apple blossoms fill the air.*

*I have a rendezvous with death when spring brings  
back blue days and fair.*

*It may be he shall take my hand and lead me into  
his dark land and close my eyes and clench my  
breath.*

*It may be I shall pass him still, if I have a  
rendezvous with death, on some scarred slope of  
battered hill, when spring trips north again and the  
first meadow flowers are here.*

*God knows it would be better to be pillow deep and  
set it down, where love throbs out in blissful sleep,  
pulse night of pulse and breath to breath.*

*But I have a rendezvous with death at midnight in  
some flaming town,*

*And I to my pledged word am true, I shall not fail  
my rendezvous."*

My uncle's poem was widely reprinted. It probably helped to bring U.S. into WWI. But my father stayed convinced that the big fight was to help the poor people in the world get more equality. He got me into radicalism in the depths of the Depression. But he also, when he had this breakdown, he got together with some people who taught him yoga. Every half hour, every day for a half an hour in the morning, he'd roll around the floor and do deep breathing exercises. He lived until 92. He would be living now if he hadn't fallen down the stairs. Around age 90, a musicology student came for an appointment and found a note on the door, "Come in. Without my hearing aid on, I won't hear you knock, but I'll be down at 9:00." So, she's sitting there on the couch and

upstairs she hears breathing. "Heavens!" she says. "The old man's having a heart attack!" So she dashed up and found him rolling around the floor, stark naked doing his yoga exercises.

All I can say is your duty is to keep your health, live a long time, and obey orders, and also stay informed from all sorts of different things. I read the *Wall Street Journal*. And also I read all socialist publications of one sort or another. I read magazines put out by GE and magazines put out by environmentalists. I learn from both of them. And when I sing a song, I have to confess, the song often doesn't have any one meaning. Take like an old spiritual, a song is like a basketball backboard, and you bounce the experiences of your life against it and it bounces back with new meaning. So here's a song that I put a tune to words written by a friend of mine, Lee Hayes from Arkansas. He sent me four short verses in January 1949. We recorded it, but it was a collector's item. Nobody but collectors ever got it. But eight years later, three young people changed my tune a little bit and this song went around the world. Maybe you've heard it.

[Song: If I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the morning. And in the evening, I'd hammer in the evening all over, all over this land. I'd hammer out danger, I'd hammer out danger. I'd hammer out a warning, hammer out a warning. Hammer out love, hammer out love between my brothers and my sisters all over this land.]

[If I had a bell, I'd ring it in the morning. Ring it in the evening, all over, all over this land. Ring out danger, ring out danger. Ring out a warning. Ring out love, ring out love between my brothers and my sisters all over this land.]

[If I had a song, I'd sing it in the morning, sing it in the evening, all over, all over this land. Sing out danger, sing out danger. Sing out a warning. Sing out love. Sing out love between my brothers and my sisters all over this land.]

[Well, I've got a hammer. I've got a bell. I've got a song, and I've got a song all over, all over this land. It's the hammer of justice. The bell of freedom. Song about love. That song about love between my brothers and my sisters all over this land.]

When I was in my last month of the Army, 51 years ago, I remember mimeographing a little batch of songs that I had run into. Not just the usual kind, but soldiers' songs made up in different places. I learned an Australian song:

[Song: He went up to London and straight away strode. The Army had quarters on Huesberry road. To see all the bludgeons that dodge all the strafe, by getting soft jobs on the headquarters staff. Dinky die, dinky, dinky, die. Dinky, die, dinky, dinky, die. By getting soft jobs on the headquarters staff.]

[The lousy lance corporals said, "Pardon me, please. You have mud on your tunic and blood on your sleeve. You look so disgraceful that the others will laugh," said the lousy lance corporals on headquarters staff. Dinky die, dinky, dinky die. Dinky, die, dinky, dinky, die. Said the lousy lance corporals on the headquarters staff.]

[The digger just shot him a murderous glance. He said, "We're just back from the shambles in France. Where whiz-bang's a flying and comforts are few and brave men are dying for bastards like you." Dinky die, dinky, dinky die. Dinky die, dinky, dinky die. Where brave men are dying for bastards like you.]

[The story soon got to the ears of Lord Guert. He gives the whole matter a great deal of thought. He awarded the digger a VC and two bars for giving that corporal a kick in the arse. Dinky die, dinky, dinky, die. Dinky die, dinky, dinky die. For giving that corporal a kick in the arse.]

One of the greatest soldiers' songs of WWII was written by a Scotsman, and I've sung this all over the world. It was made up in Italy by a man named Hamish Henderson – he's my age now. He was young then. When up in London, Lady Aster made a speech. "Soldiers are needed on the Normandy Beachhead. What are those D-Day Dodgers doing loafing down in Italy?"

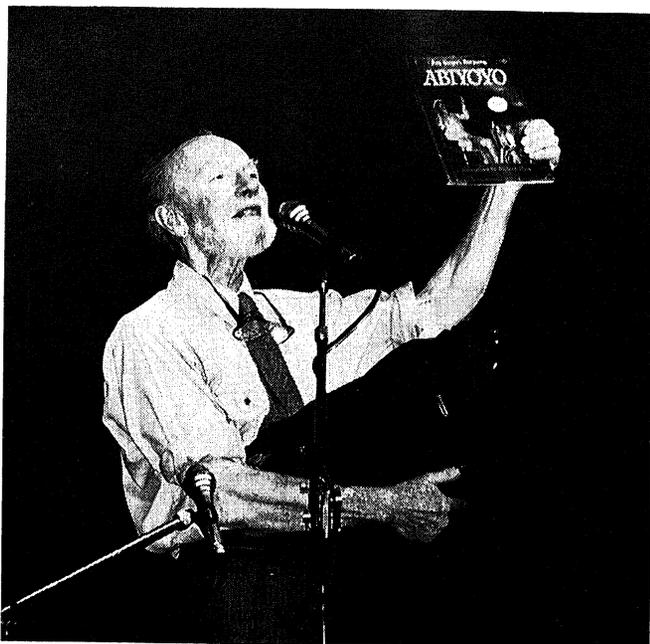
[Song: Where are the D-Day Dodgers - in sunny Italy? All was on the Vienna, all was on the spree. Eighth Army Scroungers and our tanks, we live in Rome, among the Yanks. We are the D-Day Dodgers in sunny Italy. We are the D-Day Dodgers in sunny Italy. We landed at Salerno, a holiday with pay. The Gerry's brought the bands out to greet us on the way. Showed us the sights and gave us tea. We all sang songs, the beer was free, to welcome the D-Day Dodgers to sunny Italy. To welcome the D-Day Dodgers to sunny Italy. On the way to Florence, we had a lovely time. We ran a bus to Rimini, right through the Gothic line. Ancona and San Gimignano were just names, we only went there to look for dames. The artful D-Day Dodgers in sunny Italy. The artful D-Day Dodgers in sunny Italy. Dear Lady Astor, you think you know a lot. Standing on a platform and talking Tommy rot. You're England's sweetheart and her pride. We think your mouth's too bleeding wide, that's from your D-Day Dodgers in sunny Italy. Look around the mountains in the mutton rain. You'll find the scattered crosses, there's some which have no name. Heart-broken toil all gone, the boys beneath them slumber on. Those are the D-Day Dodgers who'll stay in Italy. Those are the D-Day Dodgers who'll stay in Italy.]

I think my time is about up, and someone has come to remind me of the time. I am simply going to end that I am leaving these volumes of books in your library – a few Xeroxed pages. There is an article called the "General and WWII." As I think part of your duty, because you asked what was your duty, and thinking is

figuring out how to solve a situation like this. Tell the story of General Curtis LeMay. He was a beefy, talented General, but was convinced that the sooner WWII came the better, and, of course, he knew how to win it. We very narrowly escaped getting into WWII. First in the 1950s, General Eisenhower had to say something like, "You will not do that again." He was the head of the strategic air command, in case I didn't say that. Later on during the Cuban missile crisis, he almost got WWII started again, and Kennedy had to say something like, "You will not do that again." LeMay died in 1990, still saying, "We would have been a lot better off if we had gotten WWII started back in 1954." He had the hydrogen bombs and could have bombed the Soviet Union back into a nation half its size and agriculture, with no more cities left, and, just incidentally, poisoned the world with radioactive fallout. It is a very interesting article. It says, "Science finally has shown the limits to total war."

And I think I will end by saying the same thing that was said by General Douglas MacArthur when he spoke to the American Legion Convention. In one of his last speeches, he said, "Total War, in the old sense of the word, is obsolete in the light of modern technology." That's why I'm glad you asked what is your duty and I'm glad to say that part of it is to do some reading.





### ABOUT THE SPEAKER

"If I Had A Hammer," "We Shall Overcome," and "Turn, Turn, Turn." These are songs, which moved generations of Americans. Mr. Pete Seeger, perhaps more than anyone else, defined and made popular American folk music. He is sometimes remembered for songs of social protest, but his repertoire covers far more than simply political music. Pete Seeger rediscovered, arranged and performed classic folk songs voiced by generations of average Americans. He excited our nation to more than 200 years of our musical history, and he was largely responsible for the revival of this important and unique part of our culture. In so doing, his life has been a celebration of the Sol Feinstone Lecture Theme, "The Meaning of Freedom."

Born to a musical family in 1919, Mr. Seeger discovered folk music at the age of 16, while attending a folk festival in North Carolina. He left Harvard during the great depression to ride the

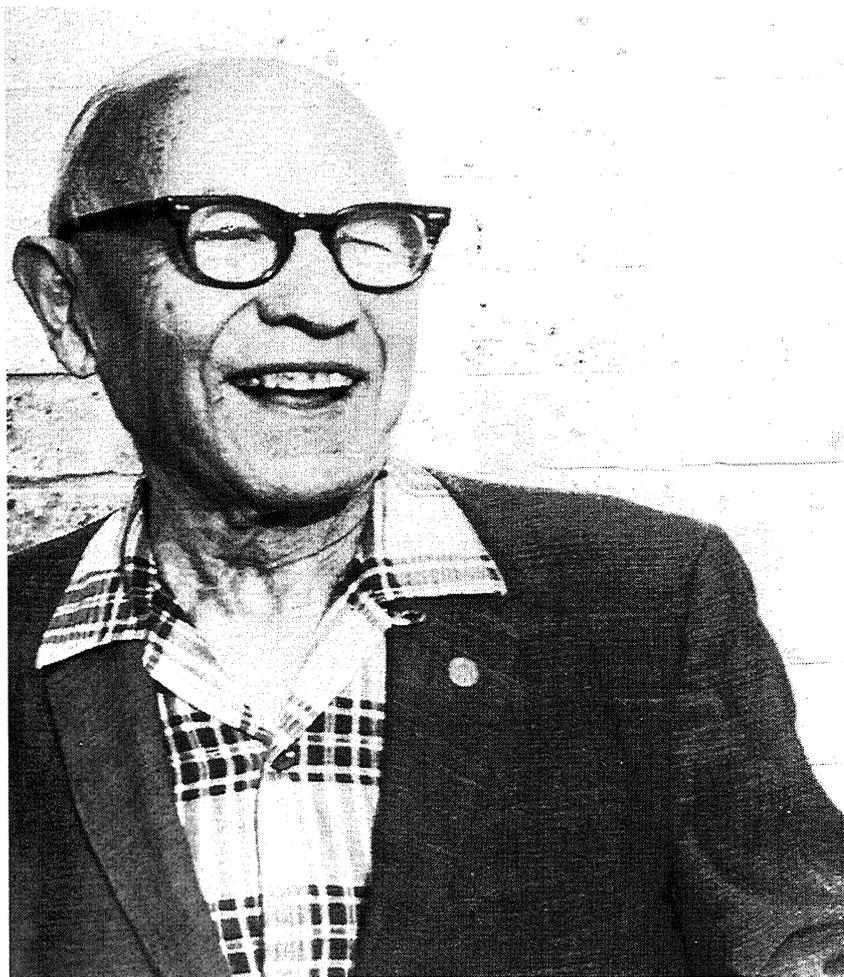
rails. And like the poet Walt Whitman, before him, to hear America singing. During his travels he joined voices with such legendary artists as Woody Guthrie, O'Detta, and Leadbelly, as they wrote and sang about the lives of men and women afflicted by the tragedy of those times. In the years that followed, Mr. Seeger's work influenced and inspired new generations of singers and artists. He was drafted in 1942, served for three and half years in the Army during WWII, and following the war, he returned to singing and song writing. He formed the Weavers, the first nationally recognized and commercially successful group of the modern folk era, in the recording of "Good Night Irene," which remains one of the most popular songs ever to top the top 100 charts.

Throughout history, those whose music addresses social and political issues are never far from controversy. Pete Seeger's career is certainly no exception. He was hounded for his pro-labor sentiments in the 30's, mobbed and beaten for his political views in the 1940's, black listed during the McCarthy era of the 50's, and denounced for his view on civil rights in the war in Vietnam during the 1960's and 70's. Despite these experiences, his music continued to speak, not of anger or of despair, but of hope and of faith in the spirit of America and our people.

In 1994, he was honored with the Kennedy Center Award for his lifetime contributions to the American Arts. And still making music, Mr. Seeger released his Grammy Award winning album, "Pete" in April, 1996.

## PAST FEINSTONE LECTURES

- 1971 - General Harold K. Johnson
- 1975 - Rear Admiral Jeremiah A. Denton, Jr.
- 1976 - Herman Wouk
- 1977 - Sidney Hook
- 1978 - Vernon E. Jordan, Jr.
- 1979 - Barbara W. Tuchman
- 1980 - Alistair Cook  
Isaac Bashevis Singer
- 1981 - Carl Sagan
- 1982 - George F. Will
- 1983 - Hanna H. Gray
- 1984 - Milton Friedman
- 1985 - Daniel Patrick Moynihan
- 1986 - Tom Wolfe
- 1987 - Elie Wiesel
- 1988 - A. Bartlett Giamatti
- 1989 - Dr. Richard Selzer
- 1990 - Dr. John Stoessinger
- 1991 - Fred Friendly
- 1992 - Dr. Orlando Patterson
- 1993 - Terry Anderson
- 1994 - Ambassador Madeleine K. Albright
- 1995 - Dr. Doris Kearns Goodwin
- 1996 - Dr. Stephen Jay Gould



Dr. Sol Feinstone, (1888 – 1980), Founder and First Director of the David Library of the American Revolution, Washington Crossing, Pennsylvania.



## ***SOL FEINSTONE'S CREDO***

### **DEDICATED TO**

**The Judeo-Christian commitment of self-sacrifice for peace on earth, and the brotherhood of free nations of free men;**

**The Spirit of '76, a struggle of free men to remain free;**

**The immigrants who came after the revolution and helped build our country in freedom;**

**The underprivileged of all races who, by uplifting themselves, will raise all mankind to a higher humanity.**

### **MY DEFINITION OF FREEDOM**

**In the beginning there was a void of sameness; the spark of life made everything different.**

**The stamp of sameness is the stamp of death.**

**Freedom to me means a social order based on individual freedom to live differently and dream differently. I dream of a Brotherhood of Free Nations of Free Men.**

**SOL FEINSTONE**

