

STRIKE MEMORIES.

Do you remember the picketline
And the sting of the driving snow?
When you marched in the cold by the Chelsea docks
Not very long ago?
Thru the dreary hours of the long night watch
You shivered in the cold,
As you fought for the life and a bit of bread
As a member of the fold.

Do you remember the welcome stews
When you came from the picketline
And you managed to grin
Though the stews were thin
And swore that you felt fine?
When the strikers black and the strikers white
All shared and shared alike,
The grief was theirs and the pain was theirs
All equal in the strike.

Do you remember the policemen's clubs
That we suffered and bore together?
The jail and the bail and the iron grail
Oak sticks and blackjacks leather
Seen with burning heart our ship set sail
With scabs and finks upon her,
Yet we trudged right on thru the now and rain
And we fought with our leaders together.

We were BROTHERS ALL on the picketline
And we hungered and wanted United,
Whether black or white or yellow or brown,
We fought that wrongs be righted.
To politics - creed-we paid no heed,
Great faith was all that mattered,
As we trudged side by side on the picket line,
We built what must not be shattered.

"Written to defend colored brothers in ISU against
reactionaries trying to split the rank and file movement which
culminated in NMU."
