Discrimination Costs YOU Money
If you treat a man with scorn,
For the place where he was born,
Or the color of his skin,
Or the church he worships in—

That's what's called DISCRIMINATION,
In a union, or a nation—
And it isn't very funny,
And what's more, it costs YOU money.
Here was Joe, who didn't know,
Discrimination costs you dough.
He came into a union shop
And almost made the whole works stop.
Joseph's bench was set between Sidney Cohen and Frederick Green,
With Nick Petrone on Freddy's right—
A team that worked with main and might.
When Joe came in he blew his top,
"Now I don't mind a union shop—
But I won't work with Green or Cohen,
Or any guy named Nick Petrone."
Now Al, shop steward, heard him say:
"I won't work with those guys one day"
And watching Joey slowly burn,
Al thought, "This boy has much to learn."
Al took our little Joe in hand—
"Just let me make you understand. Don't talk so big and act so funny. Discrimination costs you money."
"Who me?" said Joe, "I'd like to know How this is gonna cost me dough."
"It's quite a simple thing to see—
Just look at union history.
“In stockyard, railroad, plant and mill,
The union battles were up-hill
Because some workers, dumb as you,
Said, “Keep out Negro, Catholic, Jew.”
“Instead of helping one another, Worker battled working brother. And when they added up the cost, Strikes were broken, battles lost."
"In spite of all the fight and strain,
The workers' struggles were in vain.
There was no chance for victory,
Because there was no unity."
Good unions have to meet the need
Of every color, race and creed.
If each man has a union card,
No man will scab because he's barred.
For men with kids who cry for bread
Might break a strike to see them fed,
Unless they know that when it's done
They'll get their share of all that's won—
"But look," said Joe, "I still don't see what this has got to do with me."
"You chump," said Al, "d'ya think this shop was born with a contract buttoned up?"
"We had our battle—fought it hard—
But all of us had a union card.
Petrone and Green and Cohen and me,
We worked it all together. See?"
"No man would scab against his neighbor,
For all of us were union labor,
And no one fell an easy prey
To bosses offering lower pay."
"We battled on with belts pulled tight—
But sticking together, we won our fight.
Wages went up; hours went down.
We made this place a union town!"
"We didn't put our fight across
With a Jim-Crow union or restricted clause.
We all helped you to sit in clover—
Now you go home and think that over!"
Our Joey thought it over right. 
Al's words stayed with him through the night. 
He dreamed of Cohens, Petrones and Greens, 
All putting money in his jeans.
The dawn came up, the sun shone bright.
"I got it now—I see the light"
He grabbed his pail and rushed to work,
And shouted, "Boys, I was a jerk."
"I didn’t know—I couldn’t see
That workers need their unity.
That I need you and you need me,
And that’s what makes democracy!"
DISCRIMINATION COSTS YOU MONEY is available to labor groups, churches, schools and community organizations.

5¢ per copy $3.50 per 100 copies

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