**Roy Hackett Poem by Elizabeth**

In Jamaica prospects were bad,
Lots of people were quite mad.
Then they found a poster on the wall,
They had finally found their call.

Nothing lined up the way they thought,
New horizons and life is what they sought.
Now they were trying to find their place,
Who thought the problem would be their race?

People's opinions were wrong,
But these people were very strong.
Roy Hackett had his say,
Until he got his way.

Boycotts and barricades is what he started,
And his army never parted.
He kept going until things were fair,
Now that shows a lot of care.