

8. A Brilliant Career

Hearing the Legends

The Yarns

In those childhood years of living out bush with Mum, Dad, the Uncles and Auntie Lily, some of the fascinating tales they loved to tell were about the talented sportsmen and women that came out of Cummeragunga, including runners, boxers, footballers and cricketers and more. I was especially taken by the stories of our Aboriginal men who were successful on the very rich professional foot running circuit before, during and after the Depression years of the 1930s.

While sitting by the fire at night after we'd had our evening meal, they told Keith and me many tales of the men from Cummeragunga who had competed successfully on the professional circuit and this was the start of my 'Dreaming'. I began to dream of following in their footsteps and creating a solid future for myself one day when I grew up.

My father-in-law Ronald Morgan describes those days on Cummera:

In athletic sports, they had a cricket team which had the honour of holding many trophies won in local district competitions; likewise their football team. This sport seems to be the one they took to very seriously and, as far as the team was concerned, it was widely known. There were also many individual players who showed a lot of prominence in many of the country teams in this particular game known as Australian Rules Football. During Xmas they staged a Sports Carnival. There were bike riding, wood chops and foot running and other athletic events, for Cummeragunga produced many noted athletes. (Morgan 1952)

Nanny Pris used to always tell us, that 'We are as good as white people!' She said that this was a saying that Grampa constantly said to his children and his students over the years, to instil confidence and self belief in them all. Given the strong confident people that came out of Grampa's classroom, ready to enter the political stage and sporting arena, I have no doubt that those words had an impact on many of his students.

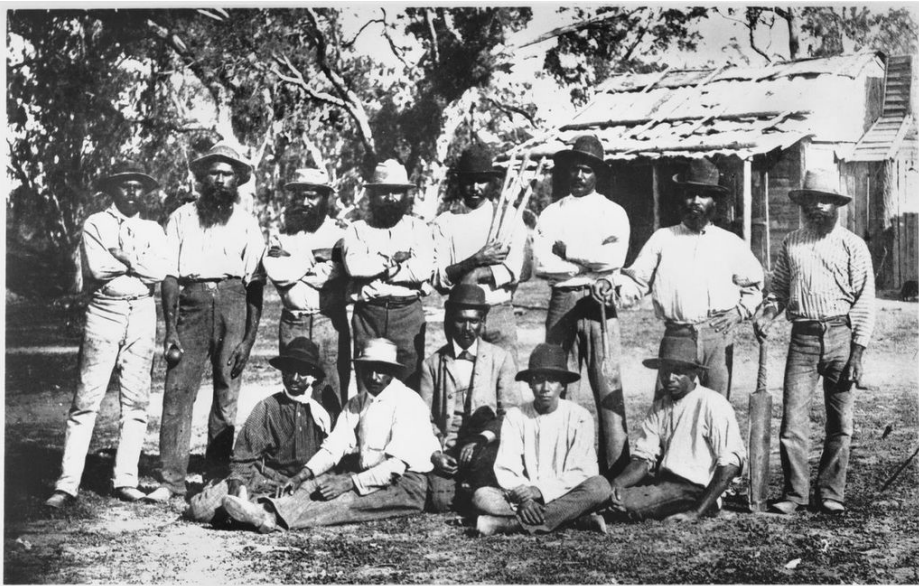
So as I started to plan an athletics career for myself, those words continued to ring in my ears, and I never doubted that I could make something of myself in professional running. Sport, and in particular, athletics, was an even playing

field where Aboriginal people could stand beside white people as equals, be competitive, sometimes even feared. The icing on the cake was to walk away with a win and some prize money too.

Sport was a great evener-upper for Aboriginal people in Australia in those times, and it still is today. We see it in AFL football, basketball, netball, boxing and so many other disciplines, including the Olympics.

The Cricket Team

The Cummeragunga Cricket Team coached by Grampa James won the Echuca District Cricket Challenge Cup in the season 1888/89. The members of the team were so appreciative of their coach that they gave the cup to Grampa to keep. His daughter Becky ended up with the cup when Grampa passed away and she has handed it down to her Grandson Murray Moulton.



Malaga Cricket Team circa 1883, Grampa kneeling in centre.

Source: Museum Victoria.

The Glee Club

In 1903 the Cummeragunga community held a concert in the Temperance Hall in Echuca. They often held concerts to raise funds for different causes, and this night it was to raise money for the Glee Club and the Cricket Club. The *Riverine Herald* article states that:



The 1888/89 Echuca District Challenge Cup won by the Cummeragunga Cricket Team.

Source: Courtesy Murray Moulton.

The pupils of Cummeragunja Mission Station, assisted by a few friends, gave an excellent concert in the Temperance Hall ... the attendance was fairly good, although we doubt not that if a similar effort is again made, there will be – considering the excellence of the entertainment – a bumper house. The Mayor (Cr McKenzie) took the chair and explained the object of the evening, to provide funds for the purchase of cricketing materials for the Cummeragunja Cricket Club ... the pupils had been mainly trained by Mr James. He (the Mayor) then called on the Cummeragunja Glee Club to give their first item on the program, entitled “Bright Sparkles”. The club consists of about twenty members ... he next called on the juvenile pupils for piece called “Eight Little Mothers”; eight little girls appeared each bearing a big doll. They went through the actions very well indeed, and amused the audience so much that an encore was demanded, which was duly accorded.

There was an assortment of songs and skits throughout the night with great applause and encores called for. Yes, Cummeragunga had its own Glee Club, long before the American television show of that name!

The Football Team

The Cummeragunga Football Team enjoyed great success throughout the years winning a few premierships along the way. Grampa was the secretary of the footy team and at times made efforts to connect with other towns and football leagues to try and get the boys a game in other areas.

On 26 June 1894 it was noted in the Bendigo *Advertiser* that the Bendigo and District Football League had had their ordinary meeting the night before, and that a letter from Grampa had been read at the meeting. In the letter, Grampa asked if there were any:

kind and generous gentlemen connected with the association ... who could afford the Cummeragunga Football team such facilities that they could come to Sandhurst and play a few matches against the teams in and about the city, or can you recommend a gentleman who will be willing to arrange matches for us, and who will also undertake to collect the gate money for us at every match.

Grampa offered that our team would put on some entertainment during the week-nights: ‘singing (English and native), corroboree, skipping; boomerang and wick-wick throwing will also be exhibited before or after every match’. A reply was received from the Bendigo Football League which stated that they

could not grant Grampa his wish owing to all their dates being taken up. I have to laugh! A good example of racism I know, but also fear at being 'shown up' by our highly successful Cummera Footy Team who would likely win every match.

This letter to the Bendigo Football League shows the lengths that Grampa would go to for sporting teams at Cummera, so that our people could get out, do what they love, compete outside their region, and earn some money too. I believe it also highlights how feared they were as sportspeople.

The Athletes

Uncle Lynch Cooper was raised on Cummeragunga and educated at school by his Uncle Thomas James (Grampa). Uncle Lynch told me that his father William Cooper (Granny Ada's brother) had some experience winning hurdle races and saw some potential in his son. He therefore encouraged him to take up professional running. Uncle Lynch went on to win the Stawell Gift in 1928; then in 1929 he became the World Sprint Champion above two of the greatest runners we have seen, Tom Roberts and Austin Robertson, beating them over the championship distances of 75 yards, 100 yards, 130 yards and 220 yards. Roberts and Robertson were considered the best professional runners in Australia and the world at the time.

So, regardless of what the scribes claim and with all due respect, Lionel Rose was not actually our first Aboriginal World Champion. Lynch Cooper was, almost 50 years earlier. And he wasn't the only talented athlete to come out of Cummera.

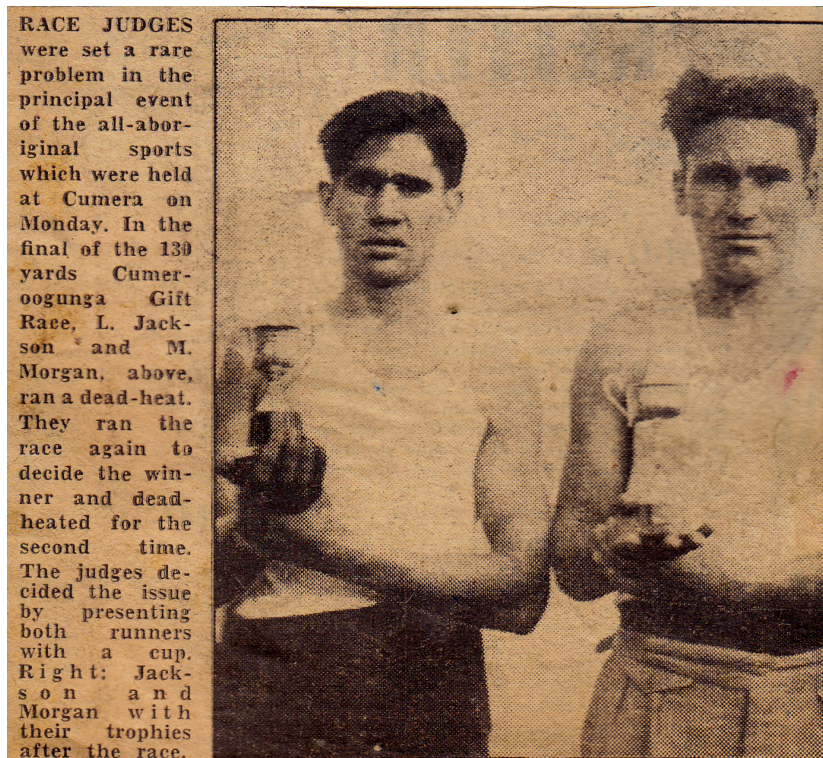
As written by Mavis Thorpe Clarke in Pastor Doug Nicholls biography, *The Boy from Cummeragunga*:

The population at any one time at Cummeragunga was only between 300 and 400 people, yet according to Pastor Doug Nicholls, the *Millers Guide* once recorded that no other town in Australia produced a greater number of successful athletes than Cummeragunga. Among the residents at one time there were 14 'Professional Gift' winners ... Peter Dunnolly, Billie and Jimmy Charles, Lynch Cooper the 1928 Stawell Gift winner and British Sprint champion, Doug Nicholls and Charlie Muir. Selly Briggs who won the Melbourne Thousand, Nyah Gift and Warracknabeal Gifts, his brother Eddie Briggs who was second at Stawell and he was also a Nyah Gift winner.

The *Millers Guide* is sometimes called the Australian Racing Bible. It was founded by James Miller in 1875. He started the first sweepstakes in Australia and was mainly interested in bookmaking. The *Guide* lists sporting world records and racing results. Today it is primarily focused on horse racing results.

This *Millers Guide* includes: Alf Morgan, the winner of the famous Botany Bay Handicap in Sydney; Bobby McDonald who, according to my father-in-law Ron Morgan, introduced the crouch start; Mick McIvor (McDonald) who also trained and competed as a professional runner; Morrie Charles and his brother Colin, brothers Bill and Eric Onus, and Dowie Nicholls, Doug Nicholls' brother, who also competed as professional runners with some success.

Other Cummera runners not highlighted in the *Millers Guide* were Lenny Jackson Snr, Micky Morgan, Ken and Clem Briggs, Jimmy Murray and Alf Turner.



Mick Morgan and Len Jackson – Two dead heats in the Cummeragunga Gift. Alf Turner came second. News article, estimated date 1940s, newspaper unknown.

Source: Alf Turner.

Len Jackson's son, my son-in-law Larry, tells me that his mother Valda was his father's trainer, with Len running along beside the horse and cart on their way to competitions. He would often win a number of races at each running meet. Both Valda and Larry recall him having great success everywhere from Yarrawonga and Tocumwal, to Bendigo 1000.

Uncle Stan Charles (Mum's sister's husband) ran fourth in the Stawell Gift in 1934 and won the Nyah Gift. Uncle Stan's chances of winning the Stawell Gift nose-dived after he was threatened by a punter who said he had a gun in his pocket. He told Uncle Stan he would shoot him if he won the gift. This man said he had backed another runner in the race to win a lot of money. This really brought poor Uncle Stan undone.

What is it about the many Aboriginal sportspeople from Cummeragunga that gave them the confidence in their athletic ability and self-belief? What was it that instilled in them the willingness to leave the mission and compete against elite athletes in the broader community, and win? I have to wonder if it comes from the classroom, whereby they were 'grown up' to believe that they really were 'as good as white people'. That was certainly a driving force for me to consider following in their footsteps.

The Detour

After Brenda and I got married and moved to Echuca my planned professional running career took a detour and I started playing footy for the Echuca South Football Club in the local league in 1953. This team was a newly established club which had been formed the previous year. In my first completed year as a winger and rover I won the Club's 'Most Consistent Player' award. The head trainer for the Club was so impressed with my turn of speed on the football field and at training that he wanted to start training me for professional running. The Club coach wanted to be my manager. I avoided this arrangement because I hoped to move back to Shepparton where I could have Pop Mackray train me.

My Guide

I loved and trusted Pop Mackray so much that he is the only person I wanted to train me. He was very well credentialled to speak about professional foot running as he had trained some of the Aboriginal runners from Cummeragunga, the Goulburn Valley and the Murray Valley region. Pop's advice to me in getting started as a pro-runner was to: 'Eat good regular home cooked meals, don't eat rubbish out of cafés and takeaway shops and don't drink beer and smoke tobacco; if you really want to win races as a professional foot runner.' And because I really wanted to win races and win big money, I took his advice and gave up all of those vices straight away. In fact, on my 21st birthday, I threw the smokes away, started running and never looked back.

Denzil Spikes

By now I was all fired up, focused and ready to commit to my dream of a career as a runner. So with the encouragement of my father, I sent for a pair of ready-made Denzil Don running spikes, by mail order from the Melbourne Sports Depot before the football season had ended. They were the spikes to have in those days.

A week after the grand final in September 1953, I finally hit the running track at the Victoria Park Oval at Echuca. It was time for me to follow my dream. I never got to move back to Shepparton, so I started training myself and sought Pop's advice from afar.

At my first training session, I put on the new spikes and jogged about ten laps right up on my toes as I was still fairly fit from the football training and years of physically demanding work. When I had finished ten laps a chap who had also been jogging around the ground came over and introduced himself as Terry Brady, a real estate agent from Echuca. He said he was training for professional foot-running and he invited me to train with him. Then, as an afterthought, he asked me how long I had been training in spikes. When I replied that this was my first training run in spikes, Terry advised me to take the spikes off as soon as I could and only jog in sand-shoes for a month or two. But it was too late! The damage was already done. For the next two or three years I was to suffer the terrible pain of shin soreness whenever I trained on hard grounds.

The Training Regime

After my bad start with training in spikes and shin soreness, I got down to serious and more select training. Still living in Echuca, I started by doing plenty of road and river track work. I would run through the bush along the river tracks. Then I would run on the road for about 12 miles every day. As I got fitter, I started to sprint home the last few miles, until I was eventually sprinting all the way back. I ended up taking a job at the Pipe Works in Echuca, so as part of my training schedule I started running in my heavy work boots. It was hard training but toughened me up further. Over the years I tried to keep my training interesting by doing different things, including going out to the sandhills near Barmah and running up and over the hill and back again.

The Boundary Umpire

During the athletics off-season (winter), I was a football boundary umpire for the Bendigo Football league for 12 years from 1956 to 1968. This was a great way to maintain my fitness level, ready to return to athletics in the following seasons. In 1958 I umpired the grand final between Kyneton and Rochester which was the highlight of my umpiring career.

The Competitor

My first shot at professional running was at the Echuca Boxing Day meeting in 1953, only three months after I started training. I came second in the heat of the 440 yards off a 24 yard handicap. Not bad for my first start: I was new, nervous and inexperienced, so the only way from there was up! My second start was soon after in 1954 at the Shepparton Athletics Carnival at the same distance off the same mark, with the same result. I headed off to the Cobram Athletics Carnival that year and came first in my gift heat, but didn't get any further than that. Still in 1954, I ran at the Yarrawonga Athletics Carnival and came third in the 880 yards final, winning 53 pounds for my placing. I was finally starting to get somewhere.

I had a few runs during the remainder of 1954 and right through to 1956 with three third placings in the 880 yards and mile between the Shepparton East RSL Athletics and Echuca Athletics Carnivals. Then in 1957 things started to heat up. I had the feeling that I was on the cusp of something great at last. Well I hoped!

The Bendigo 880, 1957

I had been committed to my training and trained hard up until the Bendigo 1000 Athletics Carnival on the Labour Day weekend in March 1957. Because we never did get to move back to Shepparton so that Pop Mackray could train me, I decided to accept Carl Rhode's offer to train me. He had a stable of blokes which was helpful for me with my training.

I was registered to run in both the 880 yards and Bendigo mile. As it turned out, in the 880 yards I came second to Brian Frawley (father of St Kilda footballer Danny Frawley). I led after the first lap and then was run down by Frawley at the finish line in a race record time of 1 min 47.8 secs.

The Bendigo Mile, 1957

Three hours later, I lined up for the Bendigo mile, a very prestigious event. I remember this day vividly. With the buzz of the huge crowd, I believed I was now competitive, prepared, focused, ready and in good form. Strangely enough I wasn't nervous at all that day. I was running around warming up before the race and said to one of my fellow stable mates Laurie Hogan: 'I feel like I could just run around the whole pack today, I feel that good'.

When the starter gun went off, I started slow. That was my trait in running long distance, I always seemed to start out slow and come home with good speed. This day was no different. I was sitting nicely half way down the pack, running on the outside of a bloke called C.J. McCaskell when he gave me a huge elbow and knocked me out of the pack. I lost my footing and a few of the runners overtook me while I tried to regain my composure. But once I did, I was off. I ran around the pack and sat nicely in behind the leader Frank O'Brien. Then in the final 200 yards the sprint for the finish was on between me and Frank. To the naked eye it was a dead heat but they managed to separate us and gave me the win. My trainer's words to me were 'Don't do THAT again!' He was referring to me starting out so slow, because it makes it that much harder to catch up if someone decides to try and elbow you out of the race. At the finish line my mate Laurie Hogan just wanted to go after McCaskell for what he did to me. But I have never laid eyes on McCaskell from the moment he elbowed me that day. He must have kept on running, straight out of the ground!

My old running mate Murdoch McDonald also remembers that day clearly: 'The first time I ever saw George was when he won the one-mile at the 1957 Bendigo Thousand meeting. I pride myself in picking the winner of distance races early in the last lap. George was no chance. Then he unleashed all he had left, 300 yards from home for a gutsy win.' Murdoch went on to say:

At this stage I was still running with the amateurs, as was my running mate Johnny McCracken. John turned professional around this time and I made the switch in early 1958. John went home to Echuca for Xmas 1957.

On his return he told us about training along the Murray River with the Aboriginal runner George Nelson who trains pretty hard, he might come down and have a run with us.

At that time John, George Ennor, Eugene Mangan, Laurie Hogan, Graham Carnegie and me all trained under the late Carl Rhode. George came down occasionally to train or run trials with us.

Amateur and professional running were two separate worlds back in those days so you either ran one or the other.

The Stawell 880, 1957

My win in the Bendigo mile in 1957 really fired me up to train even harder and prepare myself as well as possible for a run at the Stawell Easter Athletics meeting four weeks later; I had the Stawell Handicap 880 yards in my sights. After getting pipped at the post by Brian Frawley in the 880 yards at Bendigo, I guess I had something to prove to myself and everyone else, and I did – I won!¹



Me crossing the finishing line of the Stawell 880 yards, 1957.

Source: GBRN Collection.

¹ See Appendix 3 for news articles: 'George Nelson Wins Richest Mile'.



With my sash after winning Stawell 880 yards, 1957.

Source: GBRN Collection.

GEORGE NELSON IN STAWELL WIN

Echuca runner George Nelson confirmed his place as one of the State's best professional distance runners by taking the rich Stawell handicap of 880 yards on Easter Monday.

He defeated two outstanding performers in E. D. Barnby and G. L. Yemm and started from the 46 yards mark.

At the Bendigo Thousand meeting last month Nelson won the £150 Golden Mile. He ran yesterday at the Bendigo Easter Fair meeting and concentrated on the rich Ham Memorial Plate of one mile with £100 as first prize.

The penalty for his Stawell win reduced his chances, but he made a valiant effort in the straight and according to the Bendigo Advertiser finished a clear third.

However he was told by the VAL officials that he had been placed sixth. Because only the third prize of £7 was involved the Echuca runner did not enter a protest although pressmen and other runners were ready to support his claim to the placing.

After running today at Bendigo on the final day of that carnival, Nelson will return to boundary umpire work with Echuca in the Bendigo League.

News article about my win in the Stawell 880 yards in 1957.

Source: GBRN Collection. Improved copy provided by Echuca Historical Society.

The Stawell Federation Mile

When Easter arrived, I headed to Stawell with my trainer Carl Rhode. Murdoch McDonald was there too. He later recalled that day:

In Easter 1958 George was ready for the Federation Mile at Stawell – the richest and most prestigious open mile race on the calendar. Around 60–70 runners lined up at the start which is far too many, resulting in runners being forced very wide to get a clear run, or you get held up in the congestion.

George and I started near the back of the field and my job was to run on George's shoulder so as to protect him from the interference. The gun went off and George got a fast start and left me in his wake. He ran a terrific race to get through the field and claim 3rd place. I got a reality check.

Murdoch added:

As you can see from George's list of races he has won events from the 75 yard sprint, up to the one mile. Very few runners can claim such versatility. You need pure natural speed for sprinting; plus endurance and harder longer training to win quality Mile races. George had both plus determination to succeed and self-belief.

Murdoch and I shared many highs and lows throughout our running career and remain great friends today. I went on to have a couple of placings at the Bendigo Easter Fair which was usually run on the Tuesday after the Stawell Easter Athletics Carnival; the Bendigo 1000 (Labour Day weekend) and at Wangaratta in 1957–58.

The Wangaratta 880, 1959

Then, in 1959, I had a good win in the 880 yards at the Wangaratta Sports Carnival in 1 minute 49 seconds off 36 yards; my first win since Bendigo in 1957. At last I was back on the winning dais. In the remainder of 1959 and 1960 I had a win at Wangaratta and various other placings at Wangaratta, Moorabbin and Echuca, before heading back to Stawell in 1961 pumped and raring to go.

Carl Rhode passed away in 1959. He was a great mentor for me and a great loss. After his death I stopped going to Bendigo to train and started training myself in Echuca. It was a lonely existence out on the track with no one to advise me, but that's all I could do at the time.

The Stawell 220, 1961

In 1961 I was again in good form and now set my sights on the Jack Donaldson 220 yards at Stawell. I ended up running 20.5 seconds in the heat, semi-final AND again to win the final. These times are very consistent and rare. This was my first major win at Stawell since the 880 yards in 1957 and it was great result for me personally.



Me and Murdoch McDonald with our trophies from Stawell, 1961.

Source: GBRN Collection.

Robynne: At the 1956 Melbourne Olympic Games Bobby Morrow of the United States won the 200 metres in 20.6 seconds breaking the world record on the fast synthetic track. At the 1960 Olympic Games in Rome, Livio Berruti of Italy won the 200 metres in 20.5 seconds breaking the world record on a fast synthetic track. In 1961 at the Stawell Athletics Carnival, Dad won the 220 yards (201 metres) Jack Donaldson Handicap Final in 20.5 seconds on a slow grass track. Imagine what he could have run on that fast synthetic track as an amateur in the Olympic Games!

Taking the Double

The Yarroweyah Athletics Carnival is a small carnival with great personality. I enjoyed going there every year in north-eastern Victoria. In 1961 I was lining up in both the 75 yard sprint and the gift. I was off 10 yards for both races, which is a pretty good mark. I won both races that day; it was a good day and left me

on a high, which certainly did my confidence the world of good. On Boxing Day in 1962 I followed up with a win in the 75 yard Lenne Sprint Final at Echuca, but was beaten in the Echuca Gift.

The Maryborough Gift, 1963

A couple of days before the New Year's Day long weekend in 1963, I made the drive from Echuca to Maryborough (Victoria) alone. I had no trainer making the journey with me as Carl had now passed away; and no team of people around to advise me, as I used to enjoy with the Carl Rhode Stable.

My confidence was low after the loss in the Echuca Gift the week before, so I was just going out to have a run. I won the heat in 12.5 seconds, the semi-final in 12.2 seconds and then went on to win the gift in an easy time of 12 seconds off 10.75 yards. My friend Wally Maple actually timed me at 11.9 seconds – I like the sound of that even better!² Given my lack of confidence heading to Maryborough, I am amazed at how much I improved my time over the three races.

I lined up for the 75 yard sprint soon afterward, but because I had won the gift that day and the Echuca 75 yard sprint the week before, I was heavily penalised, with my mark going from 9.25 yards down to 7.25 yards. M. Timothy, who eventually won the race, was off 11.0 yards and ran 7.1 seconds. I had won the Echuca race in 7.1 secs off 9.25 yards. Without such a harsh penalty, I have no doubt I could have won the Maryborough race as well. In any case, I left Maryborough happy that year, with one of the biggest wins of my career, taking home 200 pounds. That was a lot of money back then.

² Gift Winners, Maryborough Highland Society, <<http://www.maryboroughhighlandsociety.com/highland/gift-winners>>.



Me winning the Maryborough Gift, 1963.

Source:GBRN Collection.

Final Win, 1966

The final win of my professional career was the 880 yards in 1 minute 50 seconds off 50 yards at the 1966 Yarroweyah Athletics Carnival. One of the team of runners I was training, Geoff Dixon, ran second to me in the same race. This was the third 880 yard win of my career and my times were very consistent over my nine year career. Here are some examples:

- 1957 Stawell: 1 min 49.4 secs off 46 yards
- 1959 Wangaratta: 1 min 49 secs off 36 yards
- 1966 Yarroweyah: 1 min 50 secs off 50 yards

During my career I enjoyed a total of 29 wins and placings. As I started to slow down a bit I was approached by individuals asking me to train them. I trained Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal blokes, young and old, even children over the next 40 years or so. I was even running triathlons at the age of 60 and not doing too badly.

Murdoch McDonald remembers:

George then went on to train winners from 70 metre to 1600 metres. He had successfully transferred his work ethic, determination and self belief to his runners. George often stayed at our house on Easter Monday the night after Stawell. Run at Bendigo on Tuesday and then travel back to Echuca. Later when we had both finished running George, Brenda and the girls would often have lunch with us on the Monday of the Bendigo Thousand. George is a very proud man, especially proud of his heritage. He always conducted himself in an exemplary manner and held his head up high, despite any snide remarks that came his way.

Racism in Sport

Murdoch refers to the 'snide remarks' that I experienced during my running career. It's true. I was never too far away from the racist taunts that some I was competing against (and their followers) sent my way. It was really challenging for me to have to live with that kind of treatment when I was merely trying to make a better life for myself and my family. But it wasn't just the colour of my skin that set them off. I realised that the only way to beat them was to continue to win on the track, because it was obvious that they were threatened by a black man on the running track, giving them a run for their money. And I kept on telling myself 'We are as good as white people!' If that was what Grampa was instilling in his Aboriginal students throughout his teaching career, is it any wonder so many confident leaders and successful sportspeople came out of his classroom.

And then there's my wife Brenda, who was always there by my side supporting me, cooking my meals, keeping the home fires burning, or more often than not, travelling to these running meets, barracking on the sidelines for me, forever waiting for me. I really am blessed to have had such an amazing group of people around me in my athletics years. Pop Mackray from a distance, guiding me; Carl Rhode, Murdoch McDonald, and another running mate, Johnny McCracken, were all pivotal in my success.

Robynne: As I work with Dad to pull together his stories, photos and running history, one thing stands out: How often do we see athletes have such success at so many different distances and then as a trainer also? My father has won a range of races at a variety of distances including 75 yard sprints, gifts (130 yards), 220 yards, 880 yards and the mile. He then went on to great success as a trainer. As an Aboriginal man, born at Cummeragunga Mission, having lost his Mum at 13 years of age, and having little education, to have created such success in professional athletics, in a time when Aboriginal people were still not counted as citizens of Australia, is extraordinary and should be widely celebrated.

It is his modesty over the years, along with our failure to remember and celebrate such achievements, that has resulted in our peoples' lack of knowledge of the heroes (sporting and otherwise) who succeeded in their chosen field regardless of severe hardship and racism throughout their life. Having yarned with Dad about his successes, it seems likely that Dad is the only professional athlete to ever have major success in both sprint and long distance, and as a trainer. He even trained a Stawell Gift Winner, and yet he has not been celebrated in the Stawell Hall of Fame, despite the efforts of some.