

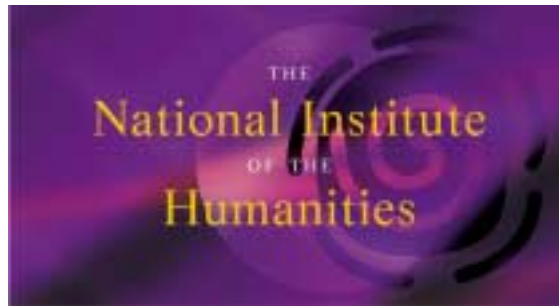
The Freedom Ride – Its Significance Today

A Public Lecture by Prof Ann Curthoys

at the National Museum of Australia

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I would like to begin by acknowledging the traditional owners on whose land we stand today

I wish to dedicate this public lecture to the memory of John Iremonger, who died the week before last. John was the commissioning editor for my book about the Freedom Ride, and kept pushing me to write it even after I missed deadline after deadline. He had great faith in this book because he had a belief in the importance of the story it tells, and a commitment to the recognition of Indigenous people and their claims. He wanted, he said, a new kind of writing about Indigenous history, one that was honest about the past and at the same time offered hope and inspiration for the future. All through his own fatal illness, he read chapters, made suggestions, pushed me to be more personal, make the story move faster, and believe in the power of historical understanding. For all these reasons I dedicate this lecture to him.

Today I want to tell you a story that has influenced my life, and I think has influenced the life of this country. It has been told before, first by Charles Perkins in his autobiography, *A Bastard Like Me*, in 1975, then by Peter Read, in his biography of Perkins, in 1990, in a film by Rachel Perkins and Ned Landers in 1993, and on ABC radio by Darce Cassidy. Yet my telling is different, as indeed all tellings, all histories, are different from one another. It is different partly because it is longer; where Charles told the story in 8 pages, and Peter in 24, I take 312 pages to tell this story. It is different also because I am both participant and professional historian. In my telling, I try to combine personal narrative with a broader historical analysis, my memory as a participant and my personal diary kept at the time, with archival and other information found using my skills as a professional historian. In this talk today, I want to tell the story, and then ponder its importance for us today. In the process, I will be pondering the importance of history itself.

So, first of all, what is this story? In February 1965 a group of university students travelled around country towns in New South Wales protesting against racial discrimination. Their protests drew an angry response from some of the white people in those towns, leading one to force the students' bus off the road outside Walgett, and hundreds to verbally abuse, throw missiles at, and in some cases physically assault the students outside the swimming pool in Moree. This angry response was taken up by the urban media who saw it as a sign that New South Wales was little different from the American South, with its racist white segregationists. In the ensuing public debate, urban public knowledge of racial discrimination grew, some soul-searching went on in the country towns, racial segregation was challenged and in some cases ended, and alternative ideas of inclusion, equality, and full citizenship rights were much debated. Along with many other events and campaigns, the Freedom Ride contributed to the holding and passing of the referendum of 1967 which gave the Commonwealth government the power to legislate specifically for Indigenous people and which symbolised a desire for a new deal for Indigenous people.

That is a brief summary, yet there is so much more to this story. Who were the students, why did they conduct a Freedom Ride at this time, what was the political and social context, what was life like in country towns in 1965, and why was there such a strong public reaction to what was, after all, just a bunch of about 30 students holding up

makeshift signs outside segregated clubs and pools? Why did it matter, and why is this event so important to Indigenous people today? To answer these questions, we need to probe a little more deeply.

Who were the students? The most well known was Charles Perkins, and indeed the Freedom Ride brought Charles to the public stage, where he remained for the rest of his life, until he died just two years ago. I met him at the University of Sydney; we both enrolled in 1963, that first baby boom university enrolment, so large that for the first time there was a quota on entry. While *my* enrolment was nothing special – my father was an academic, and indeed so was my grandfather – and I was one of many who were supported by a Teachers' College Scholarship, Charles's enrolment was special. He and Gary Williams were the first two Aboriginal students to attend the University of Sydney. That same year two Aboriginal students, Margaret Valadian and Betty Anderson, also enrolled at the University of Queensland. Abschol, an organisation created by the National Union of University Students to raise funds for scholarships for Aboriginal people, supported all four and all of them made a huge impact on university and later general Australian life.

Charles arrived at the University of Sydney already quite a seasoned political activist. Born in Alice Springs in 1936 of Arrernte and Kalkadoon descent, he had gone to school in Adelaide, and then played soccer for several English teams in 1957-59. He became a noted public speaker for Indigenous rights in Adelaide, and was elected in 1961 Vice President of the Federal council for Aboriginal Advancement. He came to Sydney in late 1961, where he played soccer for the Pan-Hellenic team, met a range of Indigenous and non-Indigenous activists, and in particular struck up a friendship with Methodist minister Ted Noffs, who had a particular concern with racial inequality. It was Noffs who encouraged and supported Charles in his desire to study for his matriculation, and attend university.

Also starting university that same year was Gary Williams, a Gumbaynggirr man from Nambucca heads, who had been one of the first Indigenous students in New South Wales to complete the Leaving certificate in 1962, and who had now come down to Sydney for further study.

While Charles and Gary were making contact with Indigenous activists in Sydney, white left wing students were moving towards Indigenous politics in quite a different way. They had held a huge demonstration, 2000 in all, outside the US consulate in May 1964, in support of the Civil Rights Bill then before Congress. The American civil rights movement was well known in Australia at this time, through press and television, both of which covered the it sympathetically. Yet the students' demonstration brought considerable criticism -that they should have been focussing on racism at home. Taking this criticism seriously, the students formed the 'Sydney University Organising Committee for Action for Aboriginal Rights' which organised a concert and rally on the occasion of National Aborigines Day in July 1964. I was a member of this organisation, and we were delighted when over 500 students turned up to hear speeches by Charles Perkins, Gary Williams, and others urging equal rights for Indigenous people.

This was all very well. The question was, though, what to do next. A new organisation was formed on campus, Student Action for Aborigines. Charles wanted to do something more dramatic. One of his subjects was Government, and one of the lecturers was Peter Westerway. Westerway was by this time executive producer of the investigative program *Seven Days*, on Channel Seven, but he still lectured occasionally at the university. He tells the story this way:

It was in the Old Geology Lecture theatre, one of those cantilevered lecture halls, and I was talking about politics and the media. I remember that the major point that I was making was that television was critical, and radio was now less important than it had been, and that if you wanted to do anything about television you had to be talking in terms of pictures. Without pictures it didn't work.

And that's all I remember having said. The reason I remember it is that after the lecture was finished Charlie stayed behind and said to me what could he do about publicising the Aboriginal cause. And I remember we were sitting in the body of the lecture hall, not down at the lecture podium, and I repeated this stuff about pictures and said, 'look, television's all about short grabs, you have to be able to see interesting pictures or they won't use it. They only use things which they have pictures to illustrate. Talking heads are dead on television.' And we began to talk and I think I suggested about the Freedom rides in the United States and the way in which that had been done. And as I was talking it occurred to me that there was no reason why you couldn't do something similar in Australia. I said to him 'if you get together a group of people who will go on a bus ride around what has come to be called the Deep North of New South Wales I suppose, I'll send a camera crew with you. And we'll do a documentary and put it on 7 Days.'

The idea took off from there, and the students set about organising a Freedom Ride. The organisation was formalised, with a constitution and office bearers, and students set out to publicise their proposed Freedom Ride, which they did quite successfully with stories in *The Australian* and the Sydney afternoon tabloid, *The Sun*.

They raised money, recruited students to go, and planned an itinerary. It was agreed that as well as protest, the students would also conduct a survey to elicit more detailed information about racial discrimination, living conditions, education, and health. The towns chosen were those thought to have the worst record on racial discrimination – Walgett, Moree, and Kempsey, with other towns like Lismore with supposedly better reputations chosen for contrast. One of the key people in the organisation of the Freedom Ride was Jim Spigelman, now Chief Justice of New South Wales but then a nineteen-year-old student in Arts law. Jim was indefatigable in seeking out information about conditions in the country towns to be visited. He wrote to everyone, including to the civil rights organisations in the US like the Congress for Racial Equality and the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee. How had the Freedom Rides been conducted in the US, what could we learn from them?

The Freedom Rides in the US had occurred in 1961, and had been specifically focussed on desegregating transportation facilities – buses and bus stations. When the idea was taken up in Australia it had a much broader meaning – black and white students travelling together by bus to draw attention to all kinds of racial discrimination. Indeed our concern was not transportation, which was not segregated, but rather places of leisure in country towns – pools and picture theatres and RSL clubs – which were. We were also to draw attention to the appalling conditions under which Indigenous people lived, in shanty towns, on reserves and missions. Yet we students at the University of Sydney in 1965 had a lot to learn from the US, most of all from the ideas of Martin Luther King.

SAFA was especially interested in his letter from Birmingham City Jail, which we reprinted and entitled 'Our Struggle', and anyone going on the Freedom Ride was encouraged to read it. 'Our Struggle' makes fascinating reading today. Written on scraps of paper with a pen smuggled into King's cell in Birmingham City Gaol in Alabama in 1963, it was an impassioned response to criticism from churchmen who accused him of creating tension between blacks and whites. In this letter, King argues against gradualism and for immediate, direct, non-violent action. The purpose of direct action, he writes, is 'to create a situation so crisis-packed that it will inevitably open the door to negotiation'. King goes on to say, in reply to clerical critics who said the time was not yet ripe for such radical action, that:

Freedom is never voluntarily given by the oppressor; it must be demanded by the oppressed. Frankly I have never yet engaged in a direct action movement that was 'well timed', according to the timetable of those who have not suffered unduly from the disease of segregation. For years now I have heard the word 'Wait'. It rings in the ear of every Negro with a piercing familiarity. This 'wait' has almost always meant 'never'.... I have almost reached the regrettable conclusion that the Negroes' great stumbling block in the stride towards freedom is not ... the Ku Klux Klanner, but the white moderate who is more devoted to 'order' than to justice; who prefers a negative peace which is the absence of tension to a positive peace which is the presence of justice; who constantly says 'I agree with you in the goal you seek, but I can't agree with your methods of direct action'; who paternalistically feels that he can set the timetable for another man's freedom'.

When interviewed for my book, the Freedom Riders all remembered Our Struggle. One of them, Beth Hansen, recalls that it made a lasting impression:

There was the quote about how what was worse than the Ku Klux Klan sort of people were the white middle class, the ones who set a timetable on other people's freedom. It's just a quote that's hung in there forever.

So, with King's philosophy of non-violent direct action firmly in our heads, our tour all planned, we set off late at night on Friday 12 February 1965. There were 29 of us there that night, with five more to join later and four leaving for work and personal reasons, so that our numbers were around 30 most of the time. Eleven of this total of 34 were women,

roughly the proportion of university students who were female at that time. Only Charles was Indigenous, though Gary Williams was one of the five who joined later, preferring to take action only in his own country and not wishing to demonstrate on someone else's land. This did not worry the rest of us and indeed I doubt that we would have understood Gary's reticence. We had a great deal to learn.

Farewelling us that evening were Ted Noffs, who said a prayer, and the go Tell it on the Mountain singers, an African American singing group who sent us off with a rendition of We Shall Overcome. One of the students, Darce Cassidy, also worked part time at the ABC as a radio journalist, and he had his tape recorder. He recorded a great deal of the Freedom Ride and his recordings have been played on the ABC many times since. Here is his recording of the African American group singing in farewell, with I think, some of the Freedom Riders joining in.

We students were a mixed bunch indeed. Some were on the Left, in the Labour club or the ALP club, some were in the Christian societies like the Student Christian Movement, some had more conservative politics like Alex Mills who was from the Liberal Club, some were in Abschol, and some had no known political or religious affiliations. Four were of Jewish background. Some had wealthy parents, as Darce Cassidy did, and some were of that first generation of working class sons and daughters to get to university. The majority were from middle class backgrounds, the sons and daughters of teachers, doctors, academics, and lawyers. The only thing we really shared was a concern with Indigenous rights, and a commitment to non-violent direct action.

The first two towns visited were Wellington and Gulargambone. Here we conducted our survey, which we did in every town, asking Indigenous and white people a series of questions about their conditions and what they thought ought to be done. The overwhelming answer from the Indigenous people was 'provide us with houses in town and with clean water on the reserves'. The survey forms filled out by non-Indigenous people have unfortunately not survived. In both towns, racial discrimination, in hotels, cafes, and the like, was rife, and living conditions were appalling. Yet, lacking support from or contact with the Indigenous people in these towns, we did not put on a demonstration, and moved on.

It was in Walgett that the students had the effect we wanted – a protest and huge publicity for our cause. Walgett was a tiny town with a huge reputation for racial discrimination. It had come to Sydney press attention the previous year when two nine year old boys were gaoled for stealing crayons and table tennis bats, not so different from more recent stories in the Northern Territory. But our sights were set on another striking example of racial discrimination. What better than the local RSL club, which refused Indigenous ex-servicemen membership, allowing them in only on Anzac day, and sometimes not even then.

Though the exclusion of Indigenous ex-servicemen from the Walgett RSL club was perhaps a small matter compared with the massive problems in housing, health and education confronting Indigenous people at the time, it had great symbolic importance.

For it was in the commemoration of war that Australian popular culture found its most profound sense of nationhood. This was as true in Walgett as everywhere else, where, as is so often the case, the war memorial stood at the centre of town.

And so, on 15 February 1965, we students lined up outside the Walgett RSL and held up our banners. A *Herald* cadet reporter, Bruce Maxwell, just happened to be in town, and so the protest could be properly reported, and photographs were taken.

Just imagine it, a line of city students standing in a small country town on a hot day, carrying banners, saying 'good enough for Tobruk, why not Walgett RSL' and 'Bullets did not discriminate', and so on. What a shock we were to the local population, black and white. One bystander called out 'who the hell do you think you are?' My diary records: 'People gathered round, many jeering, many just watching. The RSL characters offered us cold drinks, but we refused them. At lunchtime many heated discussions broke out. Charlie Perkins spoke terrifically and I think most people listened very attentively'. Pat Healy recalls that 'Charlie spoke, very well I thought, about the treatment of the black servicemen who weren't allowed to use or be members of the Walgett RSL'. That evening, however, the students were ordered by the Reverend Dowe to leave the church hall where we were staying. He was angry that we had demonstrated and I think was pressured by members of his congregation to throw us out. So, the bus had to leave Walgett in the middle of the night, and as it did so, a grazier's son, Joey Marshall, used his green pick up truck to drive the bus off the road. After ramming the bus three times, it was forced to leave the road, and only narrowly missed rolling over in the deep ditch at the side of the road.

With a journalist somewhat accidentally on board, news of the bus being run off the road became headline news in the *Sydney Morning Herald*, and the Freedom Ride finally achieved its aim of making headlines. The bus went on to Moree, where six more members of the press joined the bus. Especially notable was Gerald Stone, who had arrived from the US three years earlier, and now worked for the *Daily Mirror*, whose editor, Zell Rabin, had been the paper's New York correspondent for several years. Stone and Rabin between them ensured that the *Mirror* gave extensive and sympathetic media coverage to the Freedom ride, and it was they who most often made the comparisons with the Deep South. There were, however, no television journalists, and until the bus reached Bowraville, the only moving images were those taken by Jim Spigelman on his super 8 camera.

Moree was a tough town. On this, our first visit to Moree, we conducted our usual survey, finding extensive evidence of racial discrimination. We decided to focus on the artesian baths and its adjacent swimming pool. When the Council in Moree had passed resolutions prohibiting Indigenous people from using the baths in 1955, there had been heated debates, with the clergymen in the town supporting Indigenous right to enter and most of the rest of the town adamant that they should not. The artesian baths were a huge tourist attraction, and the town council was determined they would remain so. The swimming pool was for the same reason to be kept for whites only, except during school hours when

Indigenous children were allowed in. Miraculously, at 3.30 pm, they suddenly became too unhygienic to stay and had to leave.

The students decided to protest, first outside the council chambers, then by taking Indigenous children to the pool and insisting they be allowed in, and finally by holding a public meeting in the evening to debate the issues. At this point, I'd like to read from the book.

We then embarked on the first of our three planned protests. We went to the Moree Municipal Council Chambers in Balo Street to protest against racial discrimination at the swimming pool. For about an hour, we carried placards saying 'Hotels and clubs are integrated, but not baths', 'Are you proud of your council?', 'Color is not contagious', and 'Why whites Only?'. Unlike in Walgett, where we had the element of surprise, our picket did not attract much interest. Jim's film shows that there was no one but us there, other than a policeman on a motorbike waiting nearby. *Diary*: 'We did the picket, but nobody much came around, and we all boiled, it was very hot'.

Next, it was time to go to the baths, and take some Indigenous children with us. Most of the students went with a group of six Murri children, probably from Thompson's Row, to the pool, while Charlie went off to the Mission to gather more children. 'Thompson's Row' was a line of seven dwellings in Maud Street, on the fringe of the town, where the people were a little better off than those in the shantytowns or on the mission.

Those of us at the pool with the Thompson's Row children then tried to go in. On Jim's film you can see Sue Johnston carrying a young Indigenous child, and the other children waiting to enter. Darce recorded the following exchange at the ticket window:

Student: I've been waiting for half an hour. Will you serve me please? I want six adult's and eight children's tokens.

Bystander: You've come up here, we're living in peace, we're living in peace until you come up.

Wendy Golding: In apathy you mean, in apathy! You just don't do anything about it.

Wendy recalled when we interviewed her in 1994, that when she heard Darce's program on the ABC many years later, 'I remember recognising my own voice on that tape at Moree. And I was screaming furiously "You're so apathetic! You just don't care!" Because I think I thought that that was in fact a lot of the root of the problem, that the racism was very passive in many ways. It was just sort of "That's the way it was" and there wasn't any evaluation as to the rights and wrongs of it, it was just life in the 1960s in small country towns'.

My Diary: 'The manager refused to let the six aboriginal children in and so we held up our posters and signs'. *The Australian* reported the manager, Don Ford, as arguing

heatedly with the students' leaders for almost an hour. The mayor Bill Lloyd, four policemen, and a Waterside Workers' Federation organiser up from Sydney all watched the demonstration, and a crowd of about 100 began to gather at the pool. After some consultation, the Mayor, pool manager, and police agreed that the children should be allowed in.

At this point, Charles arrived with a busload of over 20 Aboriginal children from the Mission, and they too were allowed in. Jim's film shows Indigenous children diving and swimming in the pool. The photographer from *The Australian* took photos of Charlie and the children in the pool, a photo much reprinted since, an enduring image of desegregation in action.

High on our success in having forced the manager to allow the Indigenous children in the pool, the student bus took the children back to the Mission. Darce recorded some of the singing, featuring somewhat remarkably it seems to me now a song 'Stomping at Maroubra', with several verses and the chorus:

Stomp, stomp, stomping at Maroubra
Everybody's doing the Maroubra stomp
On the tape, you can hear everyone joining in.

Diary: 'A little girl with a fantastic voice led the singing and we sang Beatles songs all the way back. The spirit was tremendous. We all got out of the bus and everyone was running around getting their photo taken, and swapping addresses'.

In 1991, when I visited Moree, I met that little girl. Zona Craigie (now Zona Moore) who I believe is here today.

And so the students left Moree thinking they had desegregated the swimming pool. It was not, of course, so easy, and in the book, I go on to tell in great detail the story of the major confrontation at the pool that occurred three days later. This time, with so many press there, our demonstration received huge publicity, in Australia and overseas. As we went on our way to the east coast, to Lismore, Bowraville and Kempsey, television teams from the BBC and Seven Days joined us, and the protests continued.

On our return, a sustained public debate over Aboriginal policy broke out.

One of the criticisms of the students, from Indigenous and pro-Indigenous people as well as their opponents, was that the students had simply 'stirred up trouble' and then left the people in the towns to cope as best they could. There was something in this criticism, but one of the least known aspects of this story is the extent to which the students in Student Action for Aborigines continued to fight for Aboriginal rights in the ensuing months and years. There were in fact many follow up trips to country towns, especially to Walgett and Bowraville, and trips to other towns, like Bega and Dareton, investigating conditions, and sometimes putting on protests. I was involved in only one of these trips, and my account in the book relies on oral histories, newspaper, and archival accounts. The desegregation

of the Picture theatre in Walgett in August 1965 was, I think, a particularly remarkable event. Through these follow up trips, many closer associations were formed, and some of these students later became important in the development of Aboriginal Legal Services and Medical Services in country towns. Furthermore, Charles Perkins had now emerged as a national leader of Aboriginal people, and that certainly was a long term consequence of the Freedom ride.

The Significance

So what is the significance of these events today? In the years it took me to research and write this book, I have become aware of how much this story means to Indigenous people, and how fascinating *young* people find it. Your attendance here today, I think, is also a testament to the fact there is something about this story that fascinates us all.

My ideas about the Freedom ride changed as I wrote. After the Freedom ride ended, I went on and did many other things. I wrote a PhD about race relations in New South Wales in the nineteenth century; I wanted to understand the origins of racism towards non-white immigrants as well as Aboriginal people. I became involved in the women's movement, and became an academic, teaching and writing about many aspects of Australian history. I did not think about the Freedom Ride a great deal after it was over until the late 1980s, influenced I think by being interviewed in 1987 by Peter Read for his book on Charles, and also by the bicentennial events of 1988 which brought questions of the colonial past right to the forefront of national politics, where it has remained ever since. Around that time I decided to write about the Freedom Ride, and with Australian Research Council support was able to retrace the steps of the Freedom ride in 1991. I could also hire research assistants – Kathy Moffatt, Ann Genovese, Lani Russell, and Inara Walden – who undertook many interviews, and found material in newspapers and archives. I took out my diary, and eventually settled down to write.

My ideas at first were quite distanced, even negative. The image of the Freedom Ride I took away with me and into my own life was, I think, rather a sober one. I had retained a strong memory of the criticisms: that we had simply stirred up trouble and left the people in the towns to cope on their own; that we had focussed on trivial things like picture theatres and swimming pools and ignored the basic questions of housing, education, and health; and that we had interfered in other peoples' lives.

But as I pieced my growing body of material together, I gradually developed a much more positive view. I learnt a great deal I had not known at the time, or that I had completely forgotten, such as the follow up trips, and the media support. In our interviews with the former freedom riders I also learnt that many had continued an engagement with Indigenous people throughout their lives. They had not simply passed through, and they had not forgotten what they learnt. Indeed the Freedom Ride had been an important aspect of the moral formation of a generation.

In my research, I was particularly struck by the philosophy of non-violent direct action, of creating constructive tension, that we had inherited from Martin Luther King and applied

to our own circumstances. I think that philosophy is still a good one today. At the time, it was soon replaced by much more confrontational politics, from Black Power, to the anti war movement, and in those movements women generally were backgrounded in a way they had not been in the Freedom Ride itself. It took the feminist revival of the 1970s for women to regain their political voice. It occurred to me that notions of non-violence were particularly important for women's involvement in the civil rights movement, and I think such notions remain important for women's political action today. Not that women cannot be violent, but a politics of violence does tend to foreground men and background women.

Young people who hear about the Freedom Ride are often curious about whether we students were scared. Did we know what we were doing? I think there were some scary moments, especially in the bus outside Walgett and at the pool the second time in Moree, but on the whole I don't think we were scared. As some of the Freedom riders said in interview, we had the invincibility of youth, and perhaps the confidence of students sure of our place in the world. It is only in retrospect that I think we were in more danger than we realised, protected in large part by always having the media with us and by its sympathetic stance.

A journalist who has read an advance copy of my book says that her overwhelming response is that nothing has changed. The ideas and actions I describe at great length in the 1960s are still around today – racism, anti-racism, debates over assimilation versus autonomy, the importance of education, evidence of major health problems, and so it could go on. For myself, I think, well, yes and no. Yes Indigenous people are still subject to racism in their daily lives; yes Indigenous people are dealing with major problems of education, housing, health, drug and alcohol dependence, and unemployment. Yes, the number of words said and written about Indigenous matters seems excessive given how little changes for so many people, or if it does, for the worse.

And yet a great deal *has* changed for the better. Charles Perkins fascinated the press in the 1960s because he was a rarity, an Aboriginal leader who could clearly communicate to both black and white Australians a message that emphasised freedom, dignity, and human rights. Since then, there have been many leaders, not only in the directly political sphere but also communicators through art, film, song, dance, and writing. Charles Perkins and Margaret Valadian were the first Aboriginal people to gain university degrees; now many more have followed. Universities are still largely non-Indigenous institutions but they are not entirely so, and we are all the better for it. Indigenous people have taken charge of their own political organisations in a way that was rare in the 1960s, and are speaking out in so many ways.

I don't think we can learn from history in any direct sense. The context changes, so that actions that were appropriate once are no longer. A freedom ride of the kind that was undertaken in 1965 would seem odd today, especially with its preponderance of non-Indigenous people. I do think though we can learn a lot from history in a more general sense, understanding for example the effects of colonisation on both Indigenous and non-Indigenous consciousness today, and the longevity of Indigenous and indeed non-Indigenous protest. It is important to recognise that relations between Indigenous and

other people in this country have changed and consequently can change again, *can* be based on equality and mutual respect.

I began by acknowledging the traditional owners of this land, and I would like to end by acknowledging all those Indigenous and other people who have fought hard to make this a society marked by cultural respect and equal recognition. We may not have entirely succeeded as yet, but I think in the long run we can.