

I'm going to miss Mike Moore.

Hector Brimson - 1999

Like the rest of the country I'm going to miss Mike Moore.

I met him at every drinking party in Mt Eden long ago.

It was part of his campaign strategy, attending parties.

He was the consummate campaigner. He bought Golden Kiwi tickets in every dairy in the electorate. Most of Mt Eden thought he lived around the corner from them.

Capers like that made him a household name.

One headline was "Mike Moore harbours Murderer". Mike's idea was if a joker needed a bed, he needed a bed. It was only Christian to shelter the lost.. He was entirely without guile, then.

Norm Kirk liked to get up early grab the phone and give misbehaving troops bit of curry on the phone before sunrise. Moore made the list often enough.

"Mike Moore is a Trotkysite" was a Truth billboard. Mike told the The pensioners in the Remuera branch he was using an ointment for it.

But out in the posh part of the electorate the swinging voters still thought him a nice joker but with strange new vile unspeakable communist habits.

He loved so many things. He loved politics. He loved campaigning, he loved the labour party. He loved the Unions

He ambitions were defeated only by the Labour's success in 1984 and 87.

From about 1976 fuelled by anger at the Muldoon smashing New Zealand's opportunities thousands joined the party.

The members controlled selections for parliament and Mike moved his troops closer to the post.

But they'd stopped rejoining by '87. They had elected their government twice. Enough was enough.

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Control of the selection process passed from the members to the small cabal of Chardonnay unionists, Riesling feminists and the economically challenged, embittered by Rogernomics.

The bitter fight began for control of the party.

When David Lange fell Mike pushed a Moore/Douglas ticket. However Sir Roger reckoned that as he was the economic guru he should be number one and Mike the deputy. Both contested the leadership and it fell to Palmer.

The dry rationalists always undervalued Mike's ability to persuade, mould and lead opinion.

(They must find that conjurer Winston very tiresome).

The opportunity was lost and a year later Mike took over eight weeks before an election after Palmer proved even clever people can make very stupid politicians.

The party eventually split five ways. Act, The United Party, The New Labour Party and those remaining in kept an uneasy coexistence between the mice of the loony left and the Moore brigade.

By 1993 a month after Mike Moore lost his first real go at an election for PM the mice ate the cord and the lights went out the knife went in. It was all over Mike Moore..

Mike Moores not dead, just gone to better things.

He's the first MP to leave the house and move to high office in World affairs on his merits since Sir Leslie Munro in the fifties.

And in a few years when the befuddled notions of the apparatchiks and social engineers impoverish the ordinary people Mike led and understood, he'll be missed all right.

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