



PARLIAMENT OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA

HON JOCK FERGUSON, MLC

Condolence Motion



**Legislative Council
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HON NORMAN MOORE (Mining and Pastoral — Leader of the House) [3.36 pm]: — without notice: I move —

That this house expresses its deep regret at the death of Hon Jock Ferguson, a member of the Legislative Council for East Metropolitan Region; and places on record its appreciation for his long public service, and tenders its profound sympathy to his partner and members of his family in their bereavement.

Hon Jock Ferguson's dedicated service to the union movement and to the Australian Labor Party in Western Australia was followed by a parliamentary career that ended prematurely with his sudden passing on 13 February. His experience as an industrial worker and seaman, leading to senior office in the then Metal Workers' Union, gave him a very practical insight into the needs of Western Australian manufacturing and its workforce.

In a sometimes humorous and often moving inaugural speech last June, Jock Ferguson told us how he was born in the Glasgow suburb of Possilpark, was raised by his grandparents, and started work as a boilermaker's apprentice. He spoke of his first lesson in industrial relations, when, as a 17-year-old delegate, he rashly attempted to call the firm's apprentices out on strike, contrary to the terms of their indentures. Clearly he learned wisely from this experience.

For five years he served in the British Merchant Navy, which took him to New Zealand, and eventually to working as a fitter in the Pilbara and the Gascoyne of Western Australia. His union career proceeded from shop steward to convenor of the Metal Workers' Union in Dampier, and to elected organiser of stage 2 of the North West Shelf gas project. Jock Ferguson was elected as assistant state secretary of what is now the Australian Manufacturing Workers' Union, and became its state secretary in 2000. He had a strong commitment to investment in manufacturing infrastructure, being mindful of the social decay of the Possilpark community that followed the disappearance of its industrial base. He noted with pride that he had cooperated with Hon Hendy Cowan in the development of the Australian Marine Complex at Jervois Bay after 1998. He sought to achieve outcomes through negotiation rather than confrontation.

As a senior figure in the Australian Labor Party and a convenor of its left faction, Jock Ferguson headed his party's ticket for East Metropolitan Region in the 2008 state election. He polled over 112 000 votes, the second highest tally of first preference votes achieved by all successful Labor candidates at that election. His contributions to debate since taking his seat have reflected his concerns for workplace safety and for the provision of local content. With his experience on many boards and committees, he was well equipped for Legislative Council committee service. The passing of Jock Ferguson is a sad loss to the Legislative Council. He was one of the few members of this Parliament with long personal experience as a skilled manual worker.

We extend our deep sympathy to his partner, Tina; to his children, Ian, Steven, David, Andrew, James, Stephanie, Shaun and Claire; to his grandchildren; and to his sister, Monica, from whom he was tragically separated for over 50 years and whom he so movingly acknowledged last June in this chamber.

HON SUE ELLERY (South Metropolitan — Leader of the Opposition) [3.40 pm]: I thought how I might pay homage to Jock's wickedness and I considered this might be appropriate: I think he might be tickled if I began by thanking Comrade Moore for his moving of the motion and, then, Comrade President, if I went on, but perhaps that is stretching the friendship a bit too far.

As we heard from the Leader of the House, Hon Jock Ferguson introduced himself to this house through his first speech, from which many of us, including me, learnt for the first time the circumstances that he described as being steeped in prejudice and secrets that had tragic circumstances for his family. He set out his aim to take out that personal experience in his new role as a law-maker and, I guess, to use it as a marker or checklist to ensure that the laws he was part of considering from that time on broke down the barriers and prejudices that he saw cumulate to exclude some from fully participating in society or reaching their full potential. He described in that speech the industrial and economic downturn in his hometown of Possilpark in Glasgow. He told us about how between the 1970s and 1990s Glasgow lost some two-thirds of its manufacturing jobs and how the economic and social decline that followed had burnt into him the importance of dignified work and how important that was to a sense of self-worth and personal dignity. He told us of the effect of long-term unemployment, high crime rates, drugs and violence and, scarily, the lowest life expectancy in Britain. He described widespread malnutrition and other poverty-related conditions. What was disturbing, I guess, was that Jock was describing circumstances that were not the circumstances of some Dickensian novel set hundreds of years ago, but rather were the real conditions of the 1980s and 1990s, within the lifetime of every member in this house. Therefore, that he ended up as a leader in the union movement is not really surprising, given the events of his early life.

Some members might recall that at the time of his preselection in 2008 much was made of Jock being yet another union official or union hack, implying that a lifetime spent representing the interests of working people was somehow too narrow a field of experience or endeavour to be represented in the Parliament and that with that experience came too many biases and prejudices. I am not sure whether some of the same members of the commentariat heard or read Jock's first speech in this place, but I know that Jock was justifiably proud of his work in the union movement and his view was not dissimilar to mine—that is, that if standing up for the rights of workers made him a union hack, he was happy to wear that label. Jock's policy priorities were also set out in that speech. He wanted to see a greater investment in industrial infrastructure and skills and to ensure that local content, which he knew was the only way to ensure that jobs stayed in Australia, was high on the list of the conditions that governments locked into the resource projects planned for Western Australia.

Mr President, I generally do not reveal the deep, dark secrets of internal Labor Party machinations, but I can tell the house that Jock and I spent some time at the beginning of the 2000s, a few years ago, on opposite sides of the leadership of the left inside the Labor Party. His refusal to answer his mobile phone at critical times in that period drove me to distraction. Although there were moments of some very heated exchanges when he eventually did speak to us on the missos side of that divide in person, he was always annoyingly chirpy and full of jokes and quips to lighten the mood. Even though I would go into a meeting with a list of the things I was determined to complain to him about, it was actually quite hard to do that because he would start making jokes.

The irony of his being, I guess, what might be described as a junior member when I was appointed as the Leader of the Labor Party in this place was not lost on either of us. He loved to refer to me, never by name but only as "leader" whenever he saw me, wherever it might be, since May 2009. I do not think that he was always being deferential.

Jock only joined this place in May last year, but that same chirpy quick wit has won him the friendship and the warmth with those who shared a role with him across the chamber either as a representative of the East Metropolitan Region or for committee duties, irrespective of policy and political differences.

Much to my mother's chagrin I do not hold onto many traditions of the Catholic faith she raised me in. However, I do hold onto a couple. I love Christmas carols at midnight mass and I love a really good wake. Jock had one of those. He would have been in his element, I think, at the East Fremantle Football Club as his friends and even some foes gathered to drink a lot and tell stories. Naturally, the stories perhaps got further from the truth as the evening wore on. The funeral started at 1.00 pm. I left the wake just before 7.00 pm, because I had another function to attend, and it seemed to me the wake was still going strong, and the next day I saw that some people had pretty severe headaches.

It really does not seem right to me that he is not sitting behind me, slipping lollies to me, playing with the controls of the strange seats in this place, asking me if I had permission to leave the chamber and demanding where I was going when he assumed what he saw as the lofty role of Acting Whip when the Whip was out of the chamber.

Jock was here for only a very short time but he was really proud to be here. Over the summer recess he figured out in his mind how he might carve out a clearer role for himself. The last time that we were together as a group was in Collie, the week before he died. As is the way at these events we participated in some of those team building exercises. A couple of them were designed to strengthen our negotiation skills. Of course, in a room that had a number of so-called union hacks in it, I am not sure that the professional facilitators had anticipated exactly how efficient those negotiations could be. Two things stand out in my mind from that couple of days in Collie. First, Jock won the paper-scissor-rock competition. Then we were broken into smaller groups. The task was to negotiate an outcome such that the total score of each group in the room was as high as it possibly could be at the end of the exercise. The point was to show that the greater benefit was more important than the individual score of the individual small group tables. This is where it became clear that the facilitators had not figured out that they were dealing with a room of experienced negotiators that included a number of former union officials. Jock was one of the group of negotiators to broker a show-and-tell deal that saw the facilitators flabbergasted at the speed at which we completed the game and that we got the highest score of any corporate group they had dealt with.

While I began by noting Jock's wit, it is terribly, terribly sad that he was taken ahead of his time. The chamber will be the poorer because Jock did not have the opportunity to hit his full stride in his new role.

The contributions of his children and his sister at the funeral service were absolutely beautiful and a poignant and eloquent testament to a man who loved well and was well loved. To Tina, his children, Monica and friends, I know that you are confident in his love for you, but if you are ever in doubt I take you back to his first speech in which he laid his heart bare and shared with all of us, some strangers, just how much he did love you.

I commend the motion.

HON WENDY DUNCAN (Mining and Pastoral — Parliamentary Secretary) [3.50 pm]: I join with other members of the house and pass on my condolences to Hon Jock Ferguson's family on behalf of the National Party. It has been said that he has passed away before his time. It is unfortunate that, because of the short amount of time he spent in Parliament, I did not get to know him well. His sense of humour and love of life were very apparent, and his inaugural speech moved us all. We could see well and truly where he found his dedication for his fellow man. It

is to be commended that he rose above his childhood experiences and used them to give him the strength and vision to look for a better life for his fellow man. Without the union movement and people working for better conditions for workers, children would probably still be hauling coal carts in the mines. People such as Jock have played an incredibly important role in the development of our nation.

When Jock left Scotland, he left as a member of the British Merchant Navy, as we have heard, and he spent time in New Zealand but eventually came to Western Australia, where he spent a lot of his time in the Pilbara and Gascoyne regions. He was elected as assistant state secretary of the Australian Manufacturers' Workers Union, which led to him accepting the role of state secretary in 2000, a position that he held until his election to Parliament. Over the years, he has imparted a great deal of his wealth of knowledge to a variety of key boards of which he was a member, including the liaison committee for the Australian Marine Complex common-user facility, the Western Australian Skills Advisory Board, the Western Australian Manufacturing Industry Consultative Council, the Western Australian Oil and Gas Industry Coordinating Council and the Industry Capability Network Advisory Board. He believed that his time on these boards gave him extensive experience in working in and around governments to facilitate better outcomes for the extensive Western Australian manufacturing sector and its workers.

Jock was a very committed, passionate man who gave his all for the causes in which he believed and to which he was devoted. He believed that his dedication could be summed up in the following quote from his inaugural speech —

May we all see the day when the unity of the community and the workers becomes so strong that we see the end of unemployment and poverty in the midst of plenty and it is replaced by a just and equitable system that ensures a full and happy life to all who render useful service in our society.

That was a note on his award of merit, which was presented to him by the AMWU for his service to the union.

When I read about Jock Ferguson's contribution to his chosen causes and to the people of Western Australia, I am reminded of a quote by Ralph Waldo Emerson, who said, "What lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny matters compared to what lies within us." I pass on my condolences to Tina, Monica and Jock's family. Our thoughts are certainly with them at this sad time.

HON ALISON XAMON (East Metropolitan) [3.53 pm]: I rise today on behalf of the Greens (WA), and specifically my parliamentary colleagues Hon Giz Watson, Hon Robin Chapple, Hon Lynn MacLaren and Adele Carles, to offer our deepest condolences and sadness at the passing of Hon Jock Ferguson. Jock may have been a member of this chamber for only a relatively short time but he was known to many of us for a lot longer than that. I first met Jock years ago when I started working for the union movement. I knew him as a fellow delegate at UnionsWA and I also sat with him on the UnionsWA executive. I saw him at numerous union events and spoke to him on many occasions. He was also a strong supporter of Union Aid Abroad – APHEDA, the overseas humanitarian aid agency of the Australian Council of Trade Unions. I ran the Perth branch of APHEDA for some time and I could always rely on Jock to give me a great deal of support. I also knew Jock personally because my husband had been employed by him and worked for him as the legal officer at the AMWU for many years. Our household has many fond memories of working on numerous disputes with Jock till very late in the night. I was very pleased when I found out that he had been elected to the Legislative Council, not only because he was someone whom I knew, but also because another union comrade was coming on board. I knew that he would share my view that the union movement is critical and that he was passionate about it. I took delight in that.

Many of us were moved on the night we first heard his inaugural speech, which outlined his life, where he came from and his working-class roots. Effectively, we had a better understanding of where his drive for a fairer deal for workers originated. It was important for all of us to hear that and it was a great privilege to listen to his personal story. This chamber and Parliament can benefit from hearing more from people who have not lived lives of unlimited opportunity. The Parliament benefits when some of its members have done it tough, have gone without and have experienced hardship and understand, at a very core level, that we have not all been born with equal opportunities, even if we do deserve to be afforded equal human rights. Jock had lived and understood this. That perspective was a great advantage to this chamber, to the Parliament and the people of Western Australia, and it is one that we have now lost.

Like other members, I imagine, it was with great shock that I received the phone call on that Saturday morning to find out that Jock had died. Quite simply, I did not believe it. I had spent a day sitting next to him in a committee only the week before and he had seemed fine and was in very good spirits, and then, suddenly, he was gone. It is a salient reminder to all of us that our life can end at any time and without warning.

Jock loved his family very much and it is clear that he had a large and very supportive family around him. It was very moving at Jock's funeral to hear of their great love and respect for Jock and to hear how close he was to his family. It is important that we take from this the importance of family to us all. No matter how important our public service may be, ultimately it comes back to our own families. To Jock's partner, Tina; his sister, Monica; his friends; and particularly his children and grandchildren, I pass on my condolences. I am really sorry to see Jock go and I will miss him greatly. Thank you.

HON KATE DOUST (South Metropolitan — Deputy Leader of the Opposition) [3.58 pm]: I also wish to add my contribution to the condolence motion for Hon Jock Ferguson. I pass on my condolences and sadness at his passing to Tina; his eight children; his grandchildren; his sister, Monica; and his extended family and friends. Those of us who went to the funeral thought it was a wonderful turnout to acknowledge such a great bloke. I extend my condolences also to the Australian Manufacturing Workers' Union, with which Jock had had a long association. After moving on from there, he was probably moving more into a mentoring role for those who came after him. He will be greatly missed within the Labor Party and the trade union movement.

Hon Sue Ellery said that she might have had some differences with Jock because they were from different parts of the left faction of the Australian Labor Party. Members can well imagine that Jock and I might have had even greater differences, being from different parts of the Labor Party entirely, and also from different sectors of the trade union movement—Jock was a metallie and I was a shoppie. I got to know Jock through the Trades and Labor Council of WA and then through our roles on the executive of UnionsWA. I got to know Jock fairly well in 2000 and 2001 when I was managing Martin Whitely's campaign for the seat of Roleystone. I knocked on Jock's door a number of times seeking funds and other support from his union to support his candidate. It was always a running joke that somebody from the right was running a campaign for a metal worker. Jock used to find it quite humorous that I had no shame in asking for his cash to support his candidate.

Working with Jock and a number of other people, including his good friend Dean Summers, I saw a different side of Jock. Although Jock and I came from different sides, and from time to time our own unions may in fact have had a couple of demarcation disputes in the odd workplace, we developed quite a good working relationship. I am not going to talk about chickens at length, but that was where we would have had our demarcations! I am not even going to try to remember who won or who lost. It is people like Jock Ferguson, who give their lives to work for other people regardless of where they stand on the political spectrum or in the trade union movement, whom we respect. We recognise that people like Jock give away a lot. For a man like Jock, who had a large family and spent an enormous amount of time away from his family to work on behalf of his members to make their lives better, that is an enormous sacrifice. The fact that all Jock's family were there in such large numbers and there was such a positive outpouring of love and, sadly, grief for Jock shows that although he may have been away from home a lot and been so passionately committed to his work as a trade unionist, his family was obviously always there for him and he was there for them. That is a very difficult balance to manage in this line of work. A number of us have seen many families fall apart in such a line of work but he obviously held his family together. That was very evident not only from Jock's inaugural speech but also from his funeral a couple of weeks ago.

The fact that Jock entered Parliament at a later point in life is something that we should acknowledge as being a positive for us. Jock had a wealth of experience, as other members have outlined. He was really starting to kick back and enjoy being a member of Parliament. Not only was Jock someone who was always quite upbeat, but also he was starting to work out a plan of action. He was engaging with his community and getting involved in issues. He was certainly enjoying engaging with members in this chamber and sometimes outside this chamber. He was always very blunt—a person was never left not knowing what Jock thought about things. The majority of times it was quite amusing to see how he dealt with things.

Jock's inaugural speech left everyone quite touched. There have been a few examples in this chamber in which we think we know someone and then, when that person shares his or her story, it is quite an amazing journey. It is an absolute tragedy for all of us who have known Jock, including his family, that such a colourful and full life has been cut so short. It would have been interesting to see how Jock progressed over the next few years. He was certainly honing his skills and becoming more confident. We would have been the beneficiaries of the richness of his workplace experiences and his passion for people. It is a real shame that we are going to miss those opportunities.

On a personal level, Jock always had a good joke. He was always very upbeat. I saw him on a number of occasions over the summer break. I ran into him out in his electorate, not mine. We always had a chat. Part of the real tragedy in this is that Jock was entering a new phase of his life. Not only had he moved on from that enormous part of his life in the trade union movement and started a new life in Parliament representing a different type of constituency, but he was also starting a new life at home. Jock talked about how he and Tina had sold their home as they had become empty-nesters. They had just moved into their new home in Ascot. The last couple of occasions I saw Jock he talked about packing and unpacking boxes, and buying a new fridge—all those mundane things that people do. He was really excited about it and really pleased that he and Tina had this time together.

Jock lived close to my electorate office. In the period between Jock leaving the union and entering Parliament, it seemed he was either loitering around my office or loitering around Gloria Jean's! I would see him on an almost daily basis. He would talk about what he wanted to do when he got into Parliament, setting up his office, putting systems in place, and who he was going to put on. He was really excited about this new phase in his life. All these different things happening were so positive for Jock. The travel he had done before he came to Parliament, all those things were important and great things to happen. It is a real shame that he has not had the opportunity to enjoy to the fullest the things that were being put in place.

As a result of differences within the Labor Party, there may have been things we did not agree on, but there were a lot that we did agree on. It was interesting to discover that there were things we agreed on that we never thought we would have shared common views on. It would have been interesting to see how those things played out in the future. In terms of our own party, my last conversation with Jock was the Monday before he passed away. It was after the Collie caucus meeting, which, unfortunately, I did not attend, so I did not have the joy of seeing Jock out-negotiate everybody else! We had a conversation on the phone about some party-related matters. I know that Jock followed through on those things afterwards. He was very sensible in his approach. Within our own party room he was developing as a voice of good sense and a calming influence. He was always very supportive of his colleagues on this side. He would always give positive reinforcement about how things were going. I do not know what it is like on the other side, but that is not always something you get from colleagues. I certainly appreciated receiving that type of response from Jock. We will miss that. Whenever we used to come in here before the start of a session, Jock would be standing behind the front bench usually giggling away about something and going bright red. He would send us all off into fits of laughter. Sometimes by the time you came in, Mr President, it would be very difficult to control the giggles and the carry-on! Jock had the capacity to not just endear himself to people but to hit the right buttons and sometimes lower the tone, in a good way, by brightening up the day with some good humour. That is something we all have to strive to do in this place because sometimes we deal with some pretty dark and dismal issues. It was good to have somebody around who saw things on the bright side. Jock having worked in his line of work, particularly in the north west, in a very tough industry—not just in terms of the nature and the manner of the work but a tough industry in terms of dealing with particular employers—Jock would always be upbeat in his dealings with people. I have not known Jock to bear any grudges. He did not seem to be that sort of bloke. Once something happened, he seemed to get on with it and deal with the next issue. That is a real test of his character.

The funeral service that we attended for Jock demonstrated very clearly the respect across the political divide for him as a trade unionist, as a party member and as a man in his family and his community. Some of us have noted with interest that it was the Chamber of Commerce and Industry of Western Australia that put the first funeral notice in the newspaper to acknowledge Jock. The number of people who attended his funeral who came from industry clearly demonstrated that he was well regarded in his dealings with them. That stands out very clear as a mark of respect.

Jock will indeed be missed, not just by us, the members of this place, but also by his family, by his community and by his friends. That became more evident as we got to know him better in a different environment from the one in which we used to deal with him. Jock was very smart in the way he had a life away from the trade union movement and the Labor Party. I think that led to him having a full life, which is something that we can all learn from, and that was clearly evident on the day of his funeral. He was also obviously a man who sustained good relationships. It was great to see blokes like Wally Pritchard and Keith Peckham and a number of others; people who had worked with him over the years and people for whom I must say I have the utmost respect for their contribution to the trade union movement. Jock Ferguson was a very interesting man in the way he attracted people to him and kept things moving along and kept people upbeat. For the members of his union in particular he has left a very solid impact on the way they conduct their business and the achievements that have been made across the various sectors of that union for their members.

In conclusion I again want to pass on my condolences to Tina and Jock's family. He was indeed a good bloke to know and a good bloke to have around. It really is a shame that he could have had quite possibly a brilliant career in Parliament in that next phase of his life. There are other places where politicians have had long careers in Parliament—I think of the late Strom Thurmond in the United States. Jock could quite easily have been a member of this place to an extended age, and have had a really great time. It is a real loss for all of us that we will no longer have his good humour, his wit and his commitment to the working people of this state. We will indeed miss him.

HON HELEN MORTON (East Metropolitan — Parliamentary Secretary) [4.11 pm]: I did not know Jock other than through his role in the Parliament. Much has been said about his history and his achievements and the sad loss to everybody concerned with his untimely death at 64. I extend my personal condolences to his family and to all the people associated with him personally. Like everybody else, I was absolutely riveted to my chair during Jock's inaugural speech as he told the story of his early life. I am very pleased that he had the opportunity to reunite with his sister after 50 years of not knowing she existed. Similar circumstances were relayed to me by my mother, and my husband in recent times has also experienced not too dissimilar circumstances. I therefore understand from those people how absolutely joyful that occasion was to Jock.

I only knew Jock as a member of the union. I actually did not even know him as a member of the union; I only knew of his involvement in the union movement. What was that sticker he used to have on the back of his computer that he used to deliberately focus towards us? It was something like "Unions Rule" or something like that. But it was a daily reminder to us of his significant belief and involvement in the union movement.

A lot has also been said about his working life. He contributed to numerous boards and councils whose purposes ranged from manufacturing, industry and capability coordination to advising on skills and training requirements; activities that are very relevant throughout Western Australia today as much as they were at the time that Jock was

actively involved in those things. I know that he was elected to this house as recently as 2008 following many years as the secretary of the Australian Manufacturers Workers' Union, but he was important to us—my colleagues in the East Metropolitan Region—because he made up one of the six members of the East Metropolitan Region. In fact, he was the only man among six members of the East Metropolitan Region, and we did not miss an opportunity to call him the token male whenever we found him at functions, which we often did! He was at everything. I would go to events in Midland, out to Armadale and everywhere in between and Jock turned up to them. So we really did quite enjoy talking to him as if he was the token male in the East Metropolitan Region!

One of the things that I did find about Jock is that he was very willing to return phone calls.

Hon Sue Ellery: It must have been me then!

Hon HELEN MORTON: It might have been Hon Sue Ellery!

There were about six or seven occasions when I needed to contact him fairly quickly about something at his office or directly. I even intended making a comment on this before Hon Sue Ellery made her comment. It was his genuine willingness to collaborate across these quite major party differences to deal with a matter jointly that affected us in the East Metropolitan Region. I was always very appreciative of his willingness to get back in touch with me, almost within the hour if I did not reach him straight away. I really did appreciate that. We were going to do all sorts of things together on matters that we felt were above party politics, and I was looking forward to those things.

I think that he had the most amazing natural attributes of humour and toughness. I did not really understand that toughness, I do not think, until I was at the funeral and heard some of the things that he had done. But they obviously combined really well to create that all-rounder kind of negotiator that he was. I do not think it was an accident that the Chamber of Commerce and Industry of Western Australia's funeral notice was one of the first in the newspaper. I think that is a mark of respect for a man who was genuinely interested in collaborating and getting a good outcome in the interests of workers across that area in which he was involved.

I think his contribution to advancing the cause of working people was always evident. I for one never cringed nor was I offended by his inevitable greeting to me as "Comrade"; yet I cannot imagine having that same feeling from others who might address me in that way. But it was said openly and with such affection that it was taken with a real sense of pride, to be honest, when I walked past him in the corridor and he greeted me in that manner.

In his inaugural speech, Jock referred to a merit award that he had received for his union service which ended with the words "a full and happy life to all who render useful service in our society". It seems to me that he achieved both of those goals.

HON ALYSSA HAYDEN (East Metropolitan) [4.17 pm]: I had only a short time with Jock Ferguson. We both were sworn in as members of Parliament only nine months ago. Although this time was only brief, Jock was a special person with a fantastic and cheeky sense of humour. His love for life and his need to enjoy every moment made him a people magnet. He never stood alone; he was always surrounded by his colleagues from all parties. We were both new members of Parliament for the East Metropolitan Region and our paths crossed regularly, especially in our electorate. It was wonderful when members of the general public came up and commented that it was wonderful to see two members of Parliament from parties on opposite sides get on so well. I would like to acknowledge Tina in the gallery today and to pass on my sincere condolences to her and to Jock's children.

Jock and I also sat together on the Joint Standing Committee on Delegated Legislation, and in our first few months we travelled to Canberra. This was another privilege. as I got to know him a lot more and to learn of his ability to make everyone smile and of his genuine friendship. Jock lived up to the commitments made in his inaugural speech. When he referred to his family and personal experiences, he was indeed very inclusive, friendly and reached across all parties, and he respected and valued every one of us in this place regardless of our allegiance to different parties, our age or our religious beliefs. Comrade, you will be sadly missed.

HON JON FORD (Mining and Pastoral) [4.19 pm]: Jock Ferguson was my friend. He was a friend who I loved. His death has had and will continue to have a profound impact on me, his family and his friends. I cannot describe what it felt like as I stood next to my dead friend at 6.30 on that Saturday morning. My first thoughts were for Tina and trying to support her in that grief and shock. Staring at my friend, who was clearly dead and still warm and trying to will a breath out of him, I just wanted to see him alive. Jock would have hated the grief that he has caused Tina and the children, his friends and family and all those people who loved him. He would have hated the thought that he was unable to continue with the life that he enjoyed. People talk a lot about the hard upbringing he had. The Jock who I knew always talked about those years as solemn but happy memories.

Jock had a complicated life but he was a very simple man in values. He was looking forward to his future in this place. In fact, on the Thursday night prior to his death I had a long conversation with him about what he was planning to do over the next 12 months in Parliament. He was talking about the reforms that needed to be pushed in manufacturing, local content, local participation and reforms that were needed within the Parliament, particularly with regard to people's attitudes towards loyalty and playing the team game. He was looking forward to it, with a bit of a twinkle in his eye. Whilst he was a strategic thinker and a very tough and serious negotiator, Jock liked having fun doing it.

Jock led a complicated life, and I will give some examples. He was a man who outwardly seemed to be happier sitting in a communist cell meeting and talking to his comrades about a socialist agenda and the socialisation of the means of production. If someone wanted to get their child or grandchild into a Catholic school, he was the one to ring because he would ring the bishop and the kid would get into the school. When we listen to the stories of his life, we understood where that all came from. A lot of the time Jock did his mentoring and teaching through stories to me and others who I know were close to him. We have heard one of the stories he liked to tell about his first attempt at pulling up a job. His grandfather, who was bringing Jock up as his son, was the most senior communist in Glasgow at the time, and the most senior unionist in the shipyard—in fact, of all of Glasgow—had to rescue him and all the troops. The story I heard was a little more colourful than the one he modified for the ears of members of Parliament. Depending on the time of night and how many whiskies we had drunk, the colour would change and he would wax and wane.

Another story that Jock liked to tell involved his grandfather and his grandmother. He would come home from work and his grandmother, who was a devout Catholic, would say, “Don’t go in there, your grandfather’s busy.” Like most children, he wanted to see what he was busy doing. He would open the door and see his grandfather with the Bishop of Glasgow, running the business of the town. There was a devout atheist on one side of the table and a very religious man on the other side of the table doing what they thought was best for working men and women.

Jock also told a story of tradition. He liked traditions. Members might find this hard to believe but Jock was actually an altar boy. At a certain time of year the Orangemen would come marching through his local town of Possilpark celebrating some victory where they had given the Micks a hiding, as he put it, some 300 or 400 years ago and liked to remind them of it every year. The Orangemen would go marching down the road and destroy everything that was Catholic. Everybody who was a Catholic had their shopfront smashed or their cars damaged. It was mindless vandalism. One of the jobs Jock got as an altar boy—he was 14 years old—was to protect the statue of Mary out the front of the church. Members can probably imagine a 14-year-old and his little mate listening to this band coming down the road. Jock had a wonderful way of telling this story because he would imitate the sound of the band and the drums. I will not try it here because it could not be interpreted in *Hansard*. He talked about the bandmaster going down the street. He would stop in front of a shop, point to it and the Orangemen would run over and smash the windows, then go down the road a bit further and chuck rocks at another house, yell abuse at people and tip garbage over people’s front yards and pull down fences. Imagine a 14-year-old boy watching all this happening as they worked their way down the road. Eventually they got to the end of the pathway of the church and the band stopped. The bandmaster would lift the baton and point. He was just about to point to the statue that two 14-year-old boys had been given the job of defending. They were just about to do it when Jock saw a shadow over the other side of the road. It was his grandfather, who looked at the bandsman and said, “No, no, no.” The bandmaster pointed forward and down the road they went, straight past it. His grandfather was never going to let Jock face that particular challenge but he wanted him to feel what it was like to stand up for what he believed in.

When we knew Jock and we listened to his experiences based on that upbringing of tradition and being taught about respecting values, we started to understand why he was the man that he was. Traditions were important to him because traditions give us an anchor. They remind us about where we come from. They remind us of the values that we are to keep. An example of that was at his funeral. One of the flags that was draped over his coffin was that of Harold Peden. Jock mentioned that he wanted to have that flag. It is probably the last remaining Australian Communist Party flag in the country. I had the job of preparing that flag. I seem to remember ironing it with all this great tradition staring over my shoulder, including Jock saying, “Don’t hold the iron there too long.” I am a politician, not an ironing man. I could just imagine what he would have thought of a big iron burn mark on the middle of his flag in the middle of his coffin. It was important to him, even in his death, to show people what tradition was like.

Jock did not like unnecessary administration. He saw that as an impediment to development. But he could frustratingly be a stickler for dotting the i’s and crossing the t’s, which is why I was saying he had a complicated life. He did things that we never could quite understand why he did them and a lot of them I cannot work out.

Hon Sue Ellery and a number of people talked about how hard it was to get Jock on the phone. I did not quite have that problem with Jock because we had a secret code, but that gives us an idea about Jock. If I rang and hung up on every even hour and then waited, I used to count to about a minute, 50 or 60 seconds, then rang again, he picked up the phone most times. However, like a lot of other people I still found myself sitting in his driveway at midnight waiting for him to get home from somewhere when I had some urgent business to deal with him.

Jock was never ever focused on material things. In fact, for the whole time I had known Jock he never owned a car. He was completely focused on people. Because he was a powerful figure, he attracted a lot of friends, but he also attracted a lot of opponents. Jock never talked about enemies; he talked about opponents because his view was that somebody who had a different view was not an enemy. In fact, on many occasions Jock would say to me, “We don’t do hate; we don’t do enemies”, because he saw that as counterproductive in the long run and that served him well. A lot of people completely misunderstood Jock’s politics and relationships and quite often could not figure out how he got the outcomes he did, but it was because he respected people and he had lots of relationships with people behind the scenes, not dissimilar to his grandfather. Often I would go to the pergola at the back of Jock and Tina’s place and find the most unusual coupling of people sitting there, whom I would not normally expect to see, having a drink and

talking about business, and it gave me an insight into that. I would sit there and think, “How can Jock pull this off?” He could pull it off because he put all his values into human relationships. He had a great generosity of spirit in this regard. Those people whom I would regard as his enemies, people whom I would regard caused serious damage, people who tried to put him in jail, people who tried to get him to lose his job, people who tried to undermine him and his family, Jock knew who they were, yet when I pushed the case for retribution or to do other things to these people, he would always say, “No, no, no; they’ve just made a bad decision. No, no, no; we don’t do hate, Jon. We don’t do hate, comrade. No, no, no; we just have to find a way of showing them where they’ve gone wrong.” To that end, he used to take huge spears for people; he would take the blame for things that went wrong. Jock would take the blame for decisions people he was mentoring made, which he let them make because that was part of the mentoring. People, including me, would discuss with him what they wanted to do, and there were times when he would let us make the decision. When someone fell over and other people pointed the finger, he would bend the finger to him and say, “No, no, no; that’s me. I’m ultimately responsible.” He always took responsibility and he did that for a couple of reasons: firstly, to show people that we do not do hate and, secondly, that we always accept responsibility for those whom we see as people we are mentoring, because if we let people fail and fall over and take the flak, it crushes them and discourages them from getting on with their lives and having another crack. He would do that sort of thing without even thinking; it was his default position.

Senator Doug Cameron talked about Jock being a mindful militant. He was a great strategist. Whenever I went to him with a proposition—now I am talking about my shop steward days—he would always want to see what the long-term outcome would be. His rule was: we always fight for conditions and fight to maintain them because they are the first things to go when times get hard. Pay rises happen as they happen, and mainly happened at that time because we had an industrial relations system that supported that. But Jock always was mindful of the overall effect on the union, that what he said represented the left political views of the world, and of how in the long term that would benefit the people whom we are all here to represent.

A lot has been said about how great a unionist Jock was, and that he was; he was a great unionist who focused a lot of his time on matters that were close, from an industrial perspective, to his heart. A lot of people have acknowledged the work and effort that Jock put into the Australian Manufacturing Council, which was the result of years of talking about how we could milk the best benefit from the North West Shelf project and future developments, because one of the excuses that was always put to us about local content was that we could not tender for the job because we did not have the capacity or facilities to do it. However, Jock was also a great socialist. Jock saw inequity in the way women and men are treated in society. In fact, when he took over as secretary of the Australian Manufacturing Workers’ Union, he had a bunch of bloody-minded misogynistic men in there—that might surprise people! Jock went around trying to reform the attitude to social issues to such an extent that he turned up one day with a brand-new hat which he was very proud of and which had AMWU and rainbow colours on it. I have one of them; it was a very short production run! I remember Doug Cameron, who was the national secretary at the time, saying, “I don’t know what this is all about, Jock. I don’t know if we want to be known as the GayMWU.” But Jock did not care because he loved people. He simply loved everybody. He loved his job and he loved his life. As I said before, he did not want to go; he had unfinished business.

I will come to the conclusion of my comments about my friend whom I love. We must look after each other and we must look after ourselves. I used to have a lot of conversations with Jock about his health and getting this and that checked. I would say to him, “Why don’t you go and have this particular part of you checked?” But, like a lot of men, Jock simply ignored issues. None of us knew that he had heart disease—none of us. In fact, when I saw him on Thursday night we were joking about him because he was whingeing so much because he had man flu. He was complaining and said he felt a bit shivery, but that was about it. I am telling everyone here—I am doing it—to have regular check-ups and not put them off. Members should have their hearts checked. They should have all those tests that men complain about and women undergo with quiet sufferance, although I am aiming my comments at blokes. No matter what we think—“Oh, it won’t be my problem because if I die, I die”—we leave a lot of unhappy people behind and we will not be able to fulfil the dreams and ambitions we want to; that will be left to other people. It will leave a lot of hurt, and a lot of anger. To Tina, Monica, up there in the gallery, and the kids, once again, I am really sorry. It is true; he will be missed by all of us.

HON LJILJANNA RAVLICH (East Metropolitan) [4.40 pm]: Thank you, Mr President. It is with much sadness and a heavy heart that I rise to speak on this condolence motion. John Kilday Ferguson, or Jock to those of us in this place, was a colleague and a friend. Beyond this place, he was much more to many others.

Jock was much loved by those closest to him. He was respected and admired for the wonderful qualities that made him the unique person he was. I had known Jock Ferguson for many years. I was particularly pleased when he joined me as a Labor member for the East Metropolitan Region. Jock was a respected member of this Parliament and he respected the Parliament as an institution and all that it stood for. I know from my conversations with Jock that he was very proud to have taken his seat in this place and he was keen to go around again before his life was so suddenly cut short.

From humble beginnings Jock became a leader of men and a champion of workers. He was a passionate advocate for justice and committed to making a difference in the lives of many others. He was a man guided by his principles and proud to represent the interests of working people. He was the people's champion and a crusader for justice and fairness at all times. He understood from his own personal journey the incredible cost that bigotry, injustice and a lack of fairness could have on the lives of ordinary people. He knew that all men and women were born equal and that they should not be judged by the colour of their skin, their religion, their ethnic background or their sexual preference. In Jock's maiden speech he said —

I intend to work hard in this place to build positive changes out of this personal experience, to ensure that as lawmakers we are always working towards breaking down some of the barriers and prejudices that exclude people and their families from fully participating in our society and achieving personal fulfilment.

I know that in the time he was in this place he did just that.

Much has been said about Jock's wicked sense of humour and, from personal experience, I know that it was wicked. I want to share with the house what happened on an evening in the last week of the last session prior to the recess when Jock and I shared our last joke. Of course, by this time the legislation had all been banked up; the night seemed long and any light relief seemed far away. I looked around the chamber and, as luck would have it, I spotted Jock with a vacant seat right next to him. I knew that moving to that seat next to him would not be without risk, because there was always a risk one would get into trouble for something, perhaps particularly me for speaking too loudly or laughing. But I thought that a joke with Jock was probably worth taking the risk for, so I did. Jock and I shared a joke and we were both in stitches; we were laughing so hard it hurt and tears were streaming from our eyes. Then began the uncontrollable coughing, so I made a hasty exit, straight out to the members' lounge where I tried to regain some composure. No sooner had I sat down when I looked up and there was Nigel Lake with a very concerned look on his face, to ask me, "Are you all right; I thought you were fitting?" I said, "It's all right, I was simply sharing a joke with Jock."

Apart from his compassion towards others and his great sense of humour, which set Jock apart from the others, he was genuine. He always told it as it was. I have heard many maiden speeches in my 13 years in this place but none as moving as Jock's speech. It was a very human story that began in Possilpark, Scotland. It was about good people, forbidden love and the cost to families and individuals of a society that could not let go of its prejudices—a story of struggle, of hardship, of lives torn apart through no fault of their own, of a life that seemingly offered very little opportunity to those who lived it. And yet, out of all that adversity was born the spirit of men and women who knew that there must be a better way. Jock Ferguson was one such man.

Jock's story reflected life as it was 50 years ago in Possilpark, a part of Glasgow—a community not without its problems, a community, nevertheless, full of good and proud working people.

I wanted to get some sense of what Possilpark was really like, because Jock had grown up there and I had not much information about it. I searched the net to discover that back in the 1960s Glaswegians were aiming to win a garden competition for the brightest garden in Glasgow. It was part of an *Evening Times* campaign to promote a brighter Glasgow. I found a picture from 1963 that showed two middle-aged women tending their tenement garden in Barloch Street, Possilpark, for entry into that garden competition. That was the year Jock turned 17 and started his fitters apprenticeship. I wondered whether his grandmother entered that show. Had Jock ever walked or cycled down Barloch Street in Possilpark? Did he even have a pushbike? Did he know of the flower show or, indeed, did he care about it?

In 1963, while Jock was in Possilpark doing his fitters apprenticeship, I was either on my way to Australia or had just arrived here. Little did we know that some 46 years later, we would be sitting together on the back benches of the Western Australian Parliament sharing that wicked joke and that it would be our last. I am sure that Jock would agree with me that it is a mark of our great Australian society that that joke on the back benches was possible.

I take great comfort from the words of English poet George Eliot, who said —

It is always good to know, if only in passing, charming human beings. It refreshes one like flowers and woods and clear brooks.

And so it does.

Jock's departure is a timely reminder that we are all passing through, and serves to jog our memories of the importance of our relationships with each other. Jock was a charming human being. He was a good and honourable man. He lived his life to the full and achieved much to be proud of. I will miss Jock very much.

My condolences go to his loving family—partner, Tina; children, Ian, Steven, David, Andrew, James, Stephanie, Shaun and Claire; and grandchildren, Nathan, Reece and Jesse.

I wish also to pay my respects to his loving sister, Monica, who worked very hard and, I am sure, sacrificed much to find him and give him the love and closure he deserved.

I know that they, like me, will take comfort in knowing that Jock had a good life and he achieved much. We can now all take comfort in knowing that —

His heart's now in the highlands, his heart is not here;
His heart's now in the highlands a chasing the deer;
A chasing the wild deer, and following the roe;
His heart's now in the highlands wherever he goes.

HON ROBIN CHAPPLE (Mining and Pastoral) [4.50 pm]: To Jock's family, I offer my sincere condolences. You have lost a champion of a man.

On a number of occasions I had the privilege of working with Jock in various forums, including when I was a shop steward in the Public Works Department in Wedgefield in Port Hedland and again in the mid to late 1980s through to the 1990s as deputy convener of the Amalgamated Metal Workers' Union at Mt Newman Mining. It was not until Jock arrived in this place that we actually had some meaningful discussions about our journeys to Australia. At that time we found both of us were former card-carrying members of the British Seamen's Union as we had both served in the British Merchant Navy.

Jock was a tough but sincere negotiator who, nevertheless, was respected if not, at times, feared by those he negotiated with. I remember watching his negotiating skills and thought, "Gosh, if only I could mirror what Jock was capable of doing." Even at a very serious negotiation he could defuse the issues with his larrikin wit. Larrikin is probably the wrong word to use to describe Jock. However, his wit always showed through. We have heard from members today acknowledging that Jock's wit was an outstanding attribute and a really important part of him. To Jock, life was very serious but people did not have to be serious about life.

In the late 1980s, at a time when the union movement was under severe attack, he brought to metal workers well thought-out strategies. These strategies and negotiated outcomes still benefit large sections of the mining workforce in the North West. I remember Jock as always leaving a light-hearted, uplifted spirit for those of us on the picket line when he paid us a visit. A workers' friend to the end. Thank you, Jock.

HON HELEN BULLOCK (Mining and Pastoral) [4.52 pm]: I would also like to express condolences to Comrade Jock Ferguson's family. Jock has left the building. Each time I saw Jock's screen saver I knew that he was out of the building having a puff and that he would be back soon. This time he has left us forever.

I did not know Jock very well other than as an affable and supportive colleague, but I have a great deal of respect for this country's union leaders, of which Jock Ferguson was one. I come from a country with a system of government in which true unionism cannot operate. My experience as a factory hand in Australia made me realise that the unions are organisations that protect workers and give them a strong and collective voice. I support what Jock did as a union leader and in recognition of that work I rise to pay my respect. I share Jock's view that Western Australia needs to develop its own manufacturing industries to create sustainable jobs and opportunities for all Western Australians and also that we need to focus on local content to guarantee our future prosperity.

Jock has left the building, but he would take great comfort in knowing that the Australian Manufacturing Workers' Union is in good hands and his work will be carried on by a man Jock described as a man of integrity, intelligence and vision. Vale to Hon Jock Ferguson.

HON ED DERMER (North Metropolitan) [4.54 pm]: I certainly feel it appropriate to participate in this motion before the house and to extend my condolences to Tina, each member of Jock's family and all his friends. So many people are missing him very deeply and, hopefully, all of them can find some comfort. That comfort is, in a funny way, the same reason that we miss Jock so much. Part of the hurt in losing him is that he gave so much to everybody around him. At the same time, the cause for the hurt is also the cause for the comfort, because we know that he made such a positive impact on the world around him. The sense of loss is difficult enough for Jock's colleagues; it is very difficult to imagine how much the sense of loss must be for those who are closest to him, most particularly Jock's family.

I did not know Jock as well as I would have liked. I always hesitate to talk about Labor Party internal matters. However, I need to venture into that a little bit for members to understand a part of Jock. Members, starting with the Leader of the House, have already touched on these matters in this debate, so I will contribute in that respect. Jock had a totally different perspective from mine in the context of the Labor Party. It is funny when one joins a political party, because one tends to imagine trying to make that party more like oneself. If Jock and I were both trying to do that we probably spent our political time trying to minimise each other's influence, because our perspective is very different. In the context of the Labor Party, Jock was very much a man of the left and I see myself as a man of the right. At one level members endeavour to minimise each other's influence by maximising their own. I hope we manage to do that in a very constructive way. I hope, despite those fundamental differences in world view, we are able to further the best interests of the people of this state, the country and the world.

At one time Jock and I were both on the administrative committee of the Labor Party, which is the body that manages the Labor Party between meetings of the state executive. Jock was the vice-president. As was his habit, which he continued in this house, he always referred to people as "comrade". My world view does not respond naturally or

positively to being referred to as “comrade”. I have a sense of history and I know that the word was used in a terrible context and I found its use in this sense objectionable. On one occasion at the opening of a committee meeting I said to Jock, “Jock, please don’t call me comrade.” Jock, in his very agreeable tone, said, “Yes, comrade.” I had a sense of how far I would get with that point and did not persist. It was interesting to hear Jock use that term around this place. I see Hon Helen Morton smiling and fondly remembering because she took pride in being called comrade. I am glad that she is probably a bit more ideologically flexible than I am. It still upsets me. I know that when Jock called someone “comrade”, even though that word has a whole lot of historical baggage that upsets me, Jock did not mean it in a bad way. Jock was using it in the most positive possible way. From Jock’s point of view and his world view calling somebody “comrade” was something he did with the utmost respect and affection. My inability to come to terms with that says more about me than it does about Jock. It was an interesting time.

One of the sad things about funerals and occasions like today is that we learn so much more about people than we had time to learn about them when they were here. That is a fact of life. People tend to focus on and appreciate that which is taken from them. It is also an appropriate time for sharing positive words and I imagine Jock is up there listening. Jock was a guy who would think it to be outrageous of this house to adjourn after debating his condolence motion. He would think that we should get on with dealing with the business of the house today, not tomorrow.

Hon Jon Ford: He would like the comments.

Hon ED DERMER: He would, but he would not like the idea of adjourning after the condolence motion debate.

Hon Jon Ford: He might.

Hon ED DERMER: He would expect us to deal with the normal business of the house.

One of the interesting roles that I have had in this house is as Whip. It is a role that I enjoy and find interesting. I enjoy working with Hon Ken Baston, and before him I enjoyed working with Hon Bruce Donaldson and Hon Muriel Patterson, ably assisted by Hon Kate Doust, Hon Matt Benson-Lidholm and, most recently, Hon Jock Ferguson. Being the Whip is an interesting job. I totally depend on having an excellent Deputy Whip, and Jock was tremendously agreeable. He liked being in the chamber. It is a terrific advantage for the Whip to have a Deputy Whip who enjoys being in the chamber! Jock was great company. Hon Ljiljana Ravlich referred to some of the jokes that Jock would relay, and there are times when that is a very helpful part of life in Parliament. As Whip, if any of my colleagues on this side of the chamber want to be absent for any reason, they need to speak to me. Of course, if the Whip wants to be absent for any reason, he is totally beholden to the Deputy Whip. Jock understood that I was beholden to him in that way, and that was an interesting part of our relationship. It was a great privilege to have known Jock and to have had a chance to appreciate his support as Deputy Whip and to have observed the support he provided in many other ways in his public work. I certainly appreciated working with him. He was good company, he had a good sense of humour and he was wise. I believe that the best wisdom grows from experience. When members think about Jock’s experience, it is not surprising, logically, that he was also very wise because of the extraordinary experience that he had.

HON LIZ BEHJAT (North Metropolitan) [5.01 pm]: Jock’s funeral was a time for raw grief. I attended the funeral, along with some of my colleagues from this side of the house. Some of that rawness might have passed by today and this condolence motion is an opportunity for Jock’s parliamentary colleagues to add to what will become the family’s history of a life well lived by a man who was well loved. I loved Jock in the very short time that I knew him. Along with Hon Helen Morton, Jock was the only one who I would ever allow to call me comrade. Make no mistake, Jock’s and my political beliefs and ideals were poles apart. It is a measure of the man to know that members on this side of the house also feel the grief that is shared by his colleagues from the union movement and the Labor Party and by Jock’s family, who are in the President’s gallery today.

I want to add a couple of “Jockisms” to today’s debate by recalling some of my experiences of Jock during the nine months that I knew him. Hon Helen Morton referred to the sticker on Jock’s computer. That is very interesting. I do not know how many members noticed it. Jock was very clever in what he did. It only dawned on me one night after I had left the chamber to go to the member’s lounge and I noticed on the television screen when I was watching the debate that Jock had strategically placed a union sticker on his computer. Jock was in the view of the camera behind the members on the other side of the chamber who were speaking most on the debate—Hon Sue Ellery and Hon Kate Doust. Jock had put a number of books underneath his computer so that when he raised the lid of his laptop, the union sticker on it was well and truly in the line of camera’s vision. Anyone from anywhere who logged on to watch the parliamentary debate would have seen Jock’s union sticker in the background, and that is what it was all about. I pulled him up on that in the corridor and asked him whether he thought we were silly, and he laughed and said, “Comrade, you will never know!”

On another occasion, we had a delightful luncheon with Mr President and other members from the chamber when a delegation from Scotland visited our Parliament. As Mr President said during Jock’s eulogy at his funeral, Jock was invited to be the unofficial interpreter for some of the Scottish delegation! It was a joyous occasion and Jock added a lot to the luncheon. That is another fond memory I have of Jock.

During WA Week last year, Jock represented the Leader of the Opposition and I represented the Premier at a photographic exhibition. I think Tina will recall the evening when we were there. Max Kay, another famous Scotsman who lives in Perth, was there. To this day, Tina, I am still not sure whether Jock was pulling my leg, but he maintained that he had never met Max Kay and Max Kay maintained that he had never met Jock Ferguson. I introduced the two of them and they acted as though they had been friends forever. I am not sure to this day—now I will never find out—whether they were friends, although Max might tell me when I run into him next. Max and Jock were having a great old time by the end of the evening and I think that they probably carried on after that function.

One night after a late-night sitting I had purchased a carton of wine from the bar to take away as a raffle prize for fundraising, as we tend to do. I was walking to my car with the wine when Jock saw me in the corridor and he said, “You shouldn’t be doing that. Let me do it.” I said, “No, Jock, it is okay. Equal opportunity and all of that; I don’t mind being a woman.” He said, “Bugger being a woman! I am just worried that you might drop it and the wine will break; that would be a tragedy!”

Last Christmas my family and I travelled to Wales, which is my original home, and England. I told Jock that one of things on my bucket list was to celebrate Hogmanay in Scotland. He told me that the tradition was not the same as it used to be and that it was all different. He said that there would not be a piper or first-footing and that I would not really enjoy it but that I should go anyway and try to have a great time. I did celebrate Hogmanay in Cupar in Scotland last New Year’s Eve. I was looking forward to telling Jock that a piper was standing in the snow and piping past midnight, that there were people doing first-footing and that we had a great time. I miss the fact that I was unable to share that story with Jock but I am happy to be able to share it with my parliamentary colleagues today. Goodbye Jock. God bless. We are going to miss you.

HON MATT BENSON-LIDHOLM (Agricultural) [5.06 pm]: I thank the house for the opportunity to put on the public record my thoughts on the passing of a truly wonderful friend and comrade. Like many members and staff, it was with sadness that I attended the funeral of our esteemed colleague, Hon Jock Ferguson. As we have heard in the house today, at that funeral service I, like other members, learnt so much more about a unique Australian. That occasion will leave an indelible impression upon me for the rest of my life, as did Jock’s inaugural speech. All members who were privileged to be in the house at that time would acknowledge that that was probably one of the most touching speeches that we have heard. It certainly was one of the most touching speeches that I have heard in my relatively short time as a member. I must add that I have heard a few good speeches today, which speaks volumes about the person whom we are here to acknowledge.

Jock Ferguson’s maiden speech said so much about a man who faced enormous adversity and came up trumps. Jock’s partner Tina, his children, his sister Monica and his friends can be so proud, as I know they are, of a very unique Australian. Jock Ferguson was many things to many people but I think the most important thing about Jock Ferguson, despite his very difficult upbringing, was the fact that he was a great family man. That was most evident at his funeral, and particularly by the wonderful contributions made by his children. Jock was a fighter for the rights of workers. Indeed, as has been mentioned already, he was a champion and a leader of working-class Australians. Importantly for me as a member of Parliament and the Australian Labor Party, he was true and loyal, and he was a friend.

Much has been mentioned of his use of the term “comrade”. Everyone was a comrade to Jock Ferguson. I wore that particular term, if it came from Jock, as a badge of honour. Like Hon Ed Dermer, I am a member of a faction that is a little bit to the right of Jock’s, but I regarded it as an honour that he would address me and all members in the same way.

Jock Ferguson was something of a humanist. The comment was made that his main goal in life was improving the lives of, and opportunities for, everybody. I think Hon Wendy Duncan made that very point. That is something that, as members of Parliament, all of us can take on board. I am sure we do—if we were not interested in improving the communities we live in, we would not be here.

Hon Kate Doust mentioned that Jock was generous to a fault. He also was a great humorist—that particular point has been made many times—particularly after adjournment debates. I might add, Mr President, Drambuie for me will never be the same! Such is the nature of the gentleman, he was always ready to share some stories after Parliament finished. I do not know if that did much for life at home but he certainly was easily sidetracked, as I suppose I was and no doubt many of my colleagues or comrades. It was also mentioned by Hon Jon Ford that Jock Ferguson was a skilled and effective, yet tough, negotiator both inside and outside Parliament. Those particular qualities were always based on fairness and equity. That speaks volumes for this gentleman. Jock had great energy and a commitment to the task at hand, no matter how big or small that task may have been.

Mr President, as a party, the ALP has benefited much from Jock Ferguson’s involvement in the labour movement. As members of Parliament, I believe we have lost a man of great character, personality and commitment. He left this world too soon but so much better for the 64 years that he spent here. It is a pity that he did not spend even more time in Western Australia. To Tina, his children, grandchildren and sister, Monica, I offer my heartfelt condolences on the loss of a great Australian.

HON PETER COLLIER (North Metropolitan — Minister for Energy) [5.12 pm]: I stand to say a few words most notably in relation to Jock's contribution to training, as it was quite considerable. Before I do that, I would like to make a few comments in relation to Jock the man. I hardly knew Jock, to be honest. I knew him from May last year and, given our different roles in this place, essentially our paths very rarely crossed. But when they did—and it was more often than not in the members' bar or in the corridors—I found him an extremely amiable and jovial man who had a great character. He was a comrade and I am a Tory. Members can imagine in that instance of course we would be strange friends! I feel that we developed a friendship in that short space of time. We had a number of discussions about Western Australia's training sector—where it has been, where it is at and where it is going. The best part about Jock was Jock the man. He was a genuinely good man. To be honest, the most telling thing to hit me today is the comment by Hon Jon Ford that Jock loved people—he did. Jock really loved people. I really would have liked to have known Jock better. He was a terrific man.

I am also grateful for the contribution that Jock made to training not only through the union movement, but also his direct involvement through training. Some members may not be aware that Jock was a member of the State Training Board from 1 October 2005 to 30 June 2008. In that time Jock made a significant contribution. He evidently brought a wealth of union experience and knowledge on industrial issues to the State Training Board and to the training system in Western Australia. His experience and expertise played a significant role in assisting the board's contribution to the strategic direction of the Western Australian training system. Jock made a significant contribution to the board in a number of areas—that is, assisting with the preparation of a state training profile; assisting in the review of industry training arrangements, to which there have subsequently been some significant changes; and assisting with the establishment of the Small Business Training Institute.

I pay tribute to Jock's contributions to the training sector. As I said, collectively I pay tribute to Jock the man. I pay my respects and pass on my condolences to Jock's family, his colleagues and friends opposite, and to his friends as a whole. I regard Jock, even in the short space of time that I knew him, as a friend.

HON PHILIP GARDINER (Agricultural) [5.15 pm]: I will say a few words. I offer my sympathy and condolences to the family of Jock Ferguson. When new members first come to a place like this, first impressions are often the ones we remember. My first impression of Jock Ferguson was one of gentleness. Gentleness is often seen as maybe a sign of softness or weakness, those kinds of things, but I see gentleness as a sign of strength. As I began to know a little bit about Jock Ferguson, partly through his inaugural address, I understood where the toughness behind the gentleness arose. With that toughness and gentleness I think it allows someone, like he did, to deal with people across the spectrum, as many members have already commented. That means a person can serve to advance mankind because he is listening and negotiating, as Jock was doing through much of his life. The first impression I had of Jock Ferguson was not confounded at all up until the time he died. That quality was a true quality that I could not see any blemish to. The way that Jock conducted himself through a number of different responsibilities can serve to mentor each of us a little as we continue to try to advance mankind in the way that he sought to, albeit maybe along different paths, but with the same objective. I thank Jock's family very much for allowing us his presence here.

HON KEN TRAVERS (North Metropolitan) [5.17 pm]: I join my colleagues and everyone around the chamber in noting the very sad passing of Hon Jock Ferguson. It is certainly the first time, and I hope it is the last, that I stand in this chamber to give a condolence speech for someone who was serving with us at the time of his passing. As Hon Jon Ford reminded us all, we need to take that as a lesson in life. One of the things we can all take from Jock's passing is the need for life-long learning. Jock's passing also reminded me of the highs and lows of life and what we need to learn from those.

The day before Jock's passing I was attending a funeral in Kalgoorlie. The funeral was for a member of my partner's family of whom I was very fond. The following morning I got a phone call from Tony O'Gorman with the joyous news that he had become a grandfather for the first time. Then, later that morning, I got the news—again from Tony O'Gorman—that Jock had passed away. It was not dissimilar to the lessons that Jock referred to in his maiden speech—that life throws up challenges. There will be high moments and there will be low moments. We have to learn from those moments to gain strength. We also need to try to make sure that we remove the unnecessary hardships from our society, to fight and make society a better place. There will be times when we go through those difficult and very sad times, so let us try to avoid the ones that are not necessary, as opposed to those that will ultimately come to all of us.

I want to talk a little about a comment Hon Jon Ford made at Jock's funeral about the fact that Jock was someone who was committed to lifelong learning. I noticed that commitment when he arrived in this place. For someone with Jock's skills and experience of life to arrive in this place when he did, it would have been very easy for him not to learn about this place but to just come in here and fulfil a role. But it was always clear to me that Jock was keen to learn and to understand, and he realised that he did not know everything about this place and that this was a new forum and a new challenge for him. Again, that is a lesson that, hopefully, I will be able to take from the sad passing of Jock.

If I can summarise, to me Jock was one of those people who was a natural leader. We have talked about his leadership qualities but I do not know that we have expressed that he was a natural leader. Certainly, under his leadership the AMWU's political role in the Australian Labor Party grew, and it was clear that he was someone who was a natural leader. Again, I think it is important to note that as a natural leader he was someone who also respected leadership and the role of leadership in others. Something that is often found in natural and great leaders is their respect for the leadership role of others. Considering Jock's background, it would have been very easy for him to come into this place and expect to be at the top of the pile. Jock was one who was happy to accept that his place was on the back bench initially. I watched the way in which he respected and supported the leadership of Hon Sue Ellery, which she commented on earlier. But I think those were the natural qualities of Jock.

Finally, Mr President, I had known Jock for a long time. I never knew him as well as some of my colleagues knew him. However, for as long as I had known Jock—probably even longer—I have known his partner, Tina, since she worked as an electorate officer, like I did, for a colleague in the upper house. It is at these times that I know the love that Tina had for Jock and that Jock had for Tina. Sometimes I think he pushed it a bit too far by expecting Tina to also provide a taxi service, but I used to enjoy that because it gave me a chance to catch up with Tina when she came to pick Jock up if he had had one too many, either here or at state executive meetings and the like. My thoughts and sympathy are with you today, Tina. I cannot imagine how it must be to be in your shoes, but we will do anything we can to try to lessen that pain. To all of Jock's family it is a very sad time. Although we can never quite understand the pain that you must be going through, as best we can we share our sympathies with you at this time. Hopefully, through the wonderful times and the wonderful memories we all have of Jock and those lessons that he has imparted to us, we will all be stronger and better people and I hope that those lessons will give us all, particularly his family and friends, strength in what can only be described as a very, very sad time.

With that, Mr President, I join with my colleagues in noting the very sad passing of Comrade Jock Ferguson.

HON SALLY TALBOT (South West) [5.23 pm]: Mr President, Jock was my comrade and he was my very dear friend. I have to tell you, Mr President, that it elicits a range of strange and strong emotions when people keep telling me that the funeral of one of my dearest friends was the best funeral they have ever been to, so I thought I would start by talking a bit about the funeral. Strangely, Jock was not much help; he had talked an awful lot about his wake but he was very silent about what he would actually like by way of a formal ceremony. Tina, I know, did toy for some hours with the idea of a funeral at St Mary's Cathedral, which we thought would shock people in a very appropriate way. In the end Tina made the decision to go to Fremantle, partly because Jock loved the Dockers, but mainly because Fremantle was the place where he had spent many long hours working, negotiating and hanging out with his comrades. So it was to Fremantle that we went.

When I sat with Tina on the Sunday and we started talking to the funeral directors about the funeral, I think it took a while for Tina to really believe that it was going to be such a big event. But I think it began to sink in when the first decision we made was to make a double booking. I did not know we could do that, but that was what we were offered. When we started running through the numbers, the funeral director said, "Perhaps you would like to make a double booking."

A couple of days after we had committed ourselves to that and we were firming up the formal plans, Tina and I sat one afternoon and decided to do a bit of a dry run for the timings, because one of the things that the funeral director pointed out to us was that it is not really the done thing to run into overtime at funerals. We knew that one thing Jock would have been very picky about would have been if we had run into overtime when that was not allowed. So we did our little dry run. As somebody has already said, the funeral started at 1.00 pm. I think our first dry run had the service finishing at about 9.28 pm. So then we started to do some serious culling. It was a very difficult thing to do of course because, as many members have referred to, there were a lot of people who wanted to come and talk about the time they had spent with Jock, about the things they had learnt from Jock and to make comments generally about the life of this person who really was a very great man.

But in the end we used all our training as organisers and politicians and we put the "whip" on everybody and managed to get through the proceedings. One of the hardest things that Hon Jon Ford had to do as the celebrant was to gently whisper in people's ears that perhaps it was time to wind up and move on. But as it was we got towards three o'clock, which was the end of our booking time, and because as I say we are all trained in organising people, we managed to actually be out of there in time for the next funeral to come in. I am telling members this story in a little detail because the funeral director came up to us afterwards and said, "I never believed that you would move that many people out of that space in time for me to start the next one." She said, "It's such a pleasure to work with such organised people." I thought that Jock would have been very proud of us for doing that.

One comment somebody made to me last week when talking about the funeral was that the truly remarkable thing was that everybody at the funeral who spoke, made comments or any sort of contribution made it shinningly clear that they not only respected Jock but also loved him. The comment was made that that was truly a monumental achievement. It was a monumental achievement. It was only one of many that can be attributed to him. When I spoke at the funeral, I started by talking about how excruciatingly embarrassed Jock would be if he could hear us talk about him as an inspiration. But he truly was. I have tried over the past week or so to distil some of the reasons why that

was the case. I think it comes down to this for me: it was that Jock believed all politics was about relationships. There has been a sense this afternoon, while listening to all the very eloquent and moving contributions to this condolence motion, that Jock would have been very chuffed to have heard what has been said this afternoon. One thing that would have pleased him immensely—we can all see that broad smile that he used to shoot at us every now and then—is that he would have heard people not just from other parts of the Labor Party, but also from other parties talk about him in highly respectful, affectionate tones. That was what it was all about for Jock, because Jock believed that you could not do politics unless you could get on with people—people who did not agree with you, people who did not support what you believed in, but with whom you nevertheless had to strive to find some common ground.

We have heard lots of references to Jock's inaugural speech this afternoon. Mr President, I know that Jock put on a particularly beatific look when you said during your contribution to the ceremony that it was one of the finest inaugural speeches that you had ever heard. For many of us, that is certainly the case. The true inspiration for the speech, or should I say, more accurately, the true starting point for the speech was Hon Simon O'Brien. Some months before Jock was sworn in, Hon Jon Ford and I were coaching him, I suppose, about what the inaugural speech was about. Jock knew exactly how to string us along and ratchet up our anxiety about him. He spent many weeks telling us that we should not worry as he was just going to wing it. We asked how that was going to work as it is a tense environment and he is producing a historical document so it would be a good idea to at least make some notes. He said it was okay as he was going to start by talking about Hon Simon O'Brien and how he first met him when they were on the same side of the picket line. That is what it was all about for Jock. It was a great story and he told it beautifully in his inaugural speech. That is what Jock came in here to do. Members have heard testaments to that all around the chamber this afternoon. For Jock, these relationships were not shallow, token, empty, just-for-the-sake-of-it relationships. When one had a friendship or a relationship with Jock, it was rusted-on loyalty. That was a very important thing. Once Jock gave someone his support, that person knew that they had it. I hope that members will read the comments made by Hon Jon Ford when he talked about what that loyalty meant. It meant that he would support someone through thick and thin, even when he thought someone was wrong.

I talked at the funeral about how I learnt to get in touch with Jock, having had both sides of him not answering the phone. There were certain ways to get to him. As Hon Jon Ford said, if we really needed to deliver a message or put something to him, we sat in his driveway and waited for him to come home. He would always greet us as though we were the person he most wanted to see. We would unroll all our great ideas and the ways to solve all these problems in front of him and say that we had the perfect fix. He listened right to the end and then he would say, "We'll have to think about it, comrade." Even when Jock thought someone was wrong, he would still let that person have their say and he would still take into account their point of view. That was a very important thing. We do not live in an ideal world and, inevitably, that meant that Jock's unflinching loyalty to his comrades was not always returned. The only really frustrating thing about working with Jock was that with those who were disloyal to him, he never ever gave up hope that they might come back to him at some stage. That is an important message that I would like to leave as part of his legacy—that he never gave up on those people. He was a much better person than me in terms of his reluctance to think ill of people.

I said that Jock was not much help in planning the funeral because he clearly had not given it much thought. Like many family and friends in the 17 days since Jock died, I have found that he has kept up a steady running commentary on events. It started shortly after six o'clock on Saturday, 13 February at Royal Perth Hospital when the loudest message that I heard from Jock—I know I was not the only one—was that Jock did not want to die. He was not ready to die. He fought it ferociously. He wanted to be here because he loved the people he was working with and the people he was sharing his life with and he loved his job. It is probably only the people who sit in this chamber and the people who have sat in this chamber in the past 100 years who know what a difficult experience it can be to get used to life in this place. For me and many others, it was a very lonely experience to come in here. Most of us came from workplaces where we were pretty much surrounded by comrades and colleagues for most of our working life. I had friends in the Assembly that I would not see from one month to the next because they worked at the other end of the building. I found it hard being on the side of the desk where I had to ask people to do things with me rather than constantly being the person who was trying to facilitate things. For someone like Jock, who had come from a position of being an extremely powerful and influential man, not just in the Australian Manufacturing Workers' Union but in the left within Australia, it was perhaps a harder transition than any of us have had to face; yet he did it with style and grace. As one of his close friends, I would have done anything within my power to ease that transition for him. It is something that we talked about often. I thought I was perhaps helping him when he asked me how long it took to get used to being in this place. He said, "Comrade, how long were you there before you could walk into the chamber and know what was happening and feel that you had some control?" I said it was about three years. He looked a bit crestfallen then. I think he made a better job of it than I did.

When I last saw Jock on the Thursday night before he died, I had just got back from overseas. We went straight around to see Jock. He was feeling a little sorry for himself. He sat down with us and we spent several hours—it was far too long because we were jetlagged and he was pretending he had the flu—talking about all the ideas that he had come up with. One of the hardest things in our party, the most forbidding forum of them all, is inside our caucus room where, in

a sense, we are performing for the people whose judgement we most regard. When I was in Europe in January I was thinking a lot about the fact that Jock had done a very sensible thing and sat back in caucus and let things unfold so he would get a feel for how the place worked. My heart warmed to him when he was telling us the stories about the caucus meeting in Collie, the role he played there, the conversations he had had and the relationships he cemented. It was a really great moment to see him once again bursting with enthusiasm for the job at hand. He was full of plans and ideas for this parliamentary year and really wanted to move on to a stage of his life where he could achieve even more than he had already achieved as one of our most senior and influential political and industrial figures.

One of the other things that I have heard loud and clear from Jock over the past 17 days is how absolutely proud he is of his family. We have talked a lot this afternoon about how much he loved his family. For me personally, I enormously enjoyed—if one can talk about finding any source of enjoyment in a time of such deep sadness and grief—meeting Ian when he came off the plane. We had heard so much about Ian. Ian is Jock's oldest boy. Jock had lost touch with Ian for many years and found him only relatively recently. He was just loved to bits, along with his wife and the two grandchildren. When Ian stepped off the plane, I saw Jock's boy, and it was a lovely moment for me to put my arms around him.

I have known Jock and Tina's three children Shaun, Stephanie and Claire for many years because they have been part of Jock's immediate family. They have been absolutely magnificent in the past 17 days. Stephanie flew straight back from Melbourne to be with Tina. I do not have words to describe how fantastic Stephanie was during that first week when we were all coping with so much. I know that Tina appreciated her daughter's support enormously. Shaun and Claire were fantastic as well, and I really take my hat off to them. As to the other three boys, I have met Jimi several times. Jimi, I know that your dad was so proud of what you were doing. He had great fun with you. He loved shocking you. He loved telling you some of the stories about when he was young. I remember one great night when he told you about some of the misbehaviour he used to engage in. Jimi, you are a young man of the world but I think your dad shocked you a bit that night. I met David and Andrew for the first time after Jock's death and I must say that, Jock, you had a fine bunch of kids under your wing and they have all done you proud, and you know that. I want to mention Monica. Jock's inaugural speech was of course always going to be essentially about Monica because Jock's discovery of the forces that shaped his life were in fact the forces that propelled the whole of his political agenda; therefore, you were always going to be the centre of that speech, Monica, and he did it with so much style and warmth that we feel very close to you in losing him. I have seen a lot more of Anne in the past couple of weeks than I have before, and I know what an important part of Jock's life you were, certainly at one stage. The fact that you brought up his middle family together was something that he always spoke about with enormous affection. Then, of course, Tina, who became Jock's life partner; they were embarking on something together. As many people have commented, it was really the Jock and Tina show. I want to say, particularly to Tina, but to all of you, that when a person engages in public life, as we all do, it is an enormous impost on his or her family. I want to say to all of you, particularly Tina, thank you for sharing Jock with us.

HON SIMON O'BRIEN (South Metropolitan — Minister for Transport) [5.41 pm]: One finds out a lot about people when one goes to their funeral or when one hears their maiden speech in the Parliament or, indeed, when one witnesses a condolence motion such as this. I want to stress now that members should not be angry with Hon Sally Talbot; she has not encouraged me to rise, which is an allegation levelled against those who might get me to participate. I was going to rise anyway because I owe it to Jock Ferguson because if he, in my absence, referred to me in his maiden speech, then I owe it to him to say a few words on this condolence motion and I will do so briefly.

Firstly, on behalf of my wife and me, I express our personal condolences to Tina and the rest of Jock's family. To Tina in particular, we did not get to know each other very well but we met on a couple of occasions and we shared a very nice lunch together. Tina, I know that we very much enjoyed that occasion and my wife enjoyed your and Jock's company very much indeed. She is a very good judge of character and I mean that in a very genuine sense; we enjoyed our meeting and our brief association to date. I hope that continues in the future. However, I certainly want to convey, in what is always a terribly inadequate way, our sincere sense of sympathy at times when it is hard to put such sentiments into words.

It is true that I met Jock Ferguson probably about 12 years ago. We were having a bit of trouble in about 1998 in the South Metropolitan Region in the steel fabrication sector. There was a great deal of unemployment down on the strip and a lot of companies were feeling the pinch. I was trying to do what I could to assemble data about the matter and to see whether I could lobby in the forums that were available to me. As Jock recorded in his maiden speech —

A number of honourable members opposite support this issue of local content and local manufacturing. In fact, it is a pity he is not in this place tonight, but the first time I met Hon Simon O'Brien we shared a sausage on a picket line in Kwinana during a long dispute with a company that had imported a whole fertiliser plant from South Africa to the detriment of local business. When I say we shared a sausage, he ate the sausage and I ate the bun; I do not eat sausages because I know what is in them. The workers were very grateful for his support then, so I hope that the Minister for Transport is continuing to carry the flag at the cabinet table supporting the manufacturing industry and educating his colleagues on why it is so important to support this industry for future generations. That is Jock, always on the job—

in 1998 and in his maiden speech last year. I was not aware of being on a picket line. I did actually visit it, so I suppose by that public association I was there—me, Comrade Ferguson and others. I was actually just driving past when I saw him in a tent and I stopped to say hello because we had been having some dealings about the issue. I will briefly tell members what those dealings were. The firm that was coming to install this plant—again, at a very sensitive time when the local industry was not being supported, particularly by outsiders—wanted to bring in some cut-price labour from South Africa whom they were going to have camp onsite and just basically work on the cheap. Now we do not have people camp—it is illegal to reside, even briefly—in a heavy industry area for a whole range of occupational health and safety and other reasons. Anyway, we were trying to work our way through that because I can tell members that principals of a lot of firms were concerned about having to perhaps lay off their workers. It simply was wrong that this should be happening, so there was an industrial dispute. The firm said, “Oh, heck! What are we going to do? People are setting up picket lines and what have you.” The firm got an industrial relations consultant to see one of the locals from the government who supported free enterprise and was from the centre-of-right-wing of the political spectrum so he would probably tell the firm what it wanted to hear. This industrial relations consultant brought some people from the firm in—I forget whether Jock was actually present or waiting outside—and asked me what I thought they should do. I said, “I think you should gather up all your slave labour and go back to South Africa.” They were quite taken aback by that and turned to the industrial relations consultant who said, “Yes, I think that’s probably what you should do.” That was how Comrade Ferguson and I shared a picket line, if not completely in person then in spirit. Jock, I tell you that I do support those conventions and I will try to do that in government by ensuring that there is work for local companies. I will do that through Main Roads Western Australia and the Public Transport Authority in ways that I will describe on other occasions.

However, I simply rise to record my thanks for involving me in your speech, Jock. I will miss you, even though we met over the years. As every other member in this place has said, we think you are a dinkum person who kept his eye on the ball and who genuinely cared about giving people a fair go. I think that is a great example and one that we should always follow. Another thing we learnt from this episode is that we never know how long we have; therefore, it is absolutely vital that we make very good use of the time that we do have with our loved ones and friends.

HON ADELE FARINA (South West) [5.48 pm]: I also pass on my condolences to Tina, Monica, the rest of Jock’s family and his very close friends. It was very touching at the funeral to see that Jock was loved by so many people as much as he loved them and life itself. The addresses given at the funeral were very, very touching and I think it was a tribute to the man himself and the sort of relationship that he had with a lot of people. I did not know Jock as well as I would have liked to have done, but over the past nine months sharing the back bench, I got to know him a lot better. Often late at night when sitting we would share stories and the rest.

The thing that struck me about Jock was that he was a gentleman and that he was always happy. There was no way people could be around Jock and be unhappy because he was always telling a joke; he was always looking at the bright side of life. Some of the stories he told had me in fits of laughter. I can understand Hon Ljiljanna Ravlich’s having to leave the chamber on one instance after she had been sharing a joke with him. The stories were often about his family and something that might have happened with them. He talked about how much he loved them and how important they were to him. Some of the other things he told me I cannot share with the chamber! We had a lot of laughs, albeit, the laugh was usually on me; in any event, we had a good time.

My last memory of Jock was the caucus love-in. In the morning I was relieved to walk out of my motel unit to see that Jock had the hood of his car up. I asked him what was up and he said, “My car won’t start.” I was relieved to hear that someone else was having car problems because, stupidly, I had locked my key in the car, so it was nice to share a car problem with someone. Jock told me that he had rung RAC roadside assistance to come and help him. The first caucus session that morning was about to start so I said, “Look, I’m going to the first session and I’ll sort out the car later.” I was not in there for long when Jock came and pulled me out and said, “The RAC guy’s finished with my car now, so come on, he’ll help you with your car and get your key out of the boot.” I thought that was a really kind gesture by Jock, and it was. But I did not realise that it had some hooks attached to it. For the next hour, while the RAC man tried to unlock the car door, Jock spent the whole time with me laughing and making fun of me because I had locked my key in the boot of the car. With him was Carol Martin, and they were having a ball. I was the joke for the whole hour. Jock managed to rile me up by telling the RAC guy that he would spend an hour trying to open the boot of the car only to find that the key would not be in the boot. He said, “What’s the bet it’s in her handbag?” He riled me up so much about the key really being in my handbag that, for about the fifth time, I left and checked my bag, emptying the contents to make sure the key was not there. I was most relieved to find that it was not. When I went back, he and Carol continued to have a ball at my expense until he said, “Oh, look, typical woman; I’m sure it’s still in the handbag.” Carol then jumped to my defence because he had made a “typical woman” comment. For a short minute I had Carol in my camp, but it was not long before she joined Jock again; it was far more fun to be laughing about me and my stupidity.

After a good hour, the RAC man still had not been able to unlock the car door. I said, “Well, just forget about it; we’ll throw a brick through the window and I’ll worry about it later”, because it looked as though the lock would not open. After he had been on the phone to the company to get some advice, he said, “You didn’t leave it in the motel room

did you?" I thought, "No; I've checked three times. I'm sure it's not in the motel room." Then Jock and Carol started again, "Oh, yes, I bet you it's in the motel room." I happened to see the cleaner down the hallway so I ran over and asked him to open my motel room—I had already checked out—so that I could check for the key. I did another thorough search and still could not find it, so Jock and Carol continued having fun. In the end, the RAC guy was called to another job and said he would leave it and come back later. I was much relieved because it meant that I could go back into the session and get away from the fun Carol and Jock were having.

Just to finish the story, before the RAC guy came back, Jock had had to leave, so, unfortunately, he was not there, but he had been very keen to be there for the minute the boot was opened so that he could say, "See I told you it wasn't in the boot." But I am glad to tell everyone that it was in the boot. It was a very long story and not until after another good hour, around lunchtime, before the RAC man managed to unlock the door.

That is my memory of Jock. He was always having a good time and there were lots of great times and great memories. I remember a man who was always happy and full of life. He will be sadly missed.

THE PRESIDENT (Hon Barry House): I also wish to note the passing of our friend and colleague. As I mentioned at Jock's funeral on Friday, 19 February, I could not say it was a pleasure to be there on that occasion, but it was a privilege to say a few words about Jock as a parliamentarian. I wish to reaffirm those comments for the record today. Hon Jock Ferguson was the member for the East Metropolitan Region in the Legislative Council from 22 May 2009 until it suddenly and prematurely ended on 13 February 2010.

Jock was the lone male, along with five females who represented the East Metropolitan Region. I think he secretly enjoyed this small piece of notoriety and saw it as a challenge. Jock made a very big impact during his nine months as a parliamentarian. His sense of humour and likeable disposition quickly won him friends from all quarters of the Parliament across all party lines and with the staff. These friendships were forged with a cheeky, warm smile sharing a chat and a joke over a coffee, or a beer, or a red wine, or a cigarette outside the building after the Presiding Officers had banned smoking inside Parliament House in June last year.

I am aware of at least one instance in which a Legislative Assembly staff member, whom Jock would not ordinarily have come into contact with, was visibly upset on hearing the sad news of his death. This expression of disbelief and sadness from all members and staff was not really a surprise because Jock had reached out to everyone in the building to establish great affection and friendship with all.

Jock Ferguson's inaugural speech to the Legislative Council on 24 June last year was one of the best ever heard. He was very active in the chamber, asking questions and making contributions to debates on a wide variety of subjects such as bioprospecting, waste avoidance, Rottnest Island accommodation, mounted police, dolphin deaths, mental health services, prison musters, the Dog Act, the Gorgon project, the Oakajee port, the iron ore industry, police flu injections and many more. He also played an important role on the Joint Standing Committee on Delegated Legislation.

I appreciated his skills and background and was particularly grateful to Jock on one occasion last year when the Legislative Council hosted a parliamentary delegation from Scotland and he joined us for lunch where he took on the role of interpreter!

Jock, we salute your contribution to the Legislative Council and to the people of Western Australia. Your competence and commitment and your friendly manner, quick wit and keen sense of humour will be sorely missed. Condolences to Tina, family and friends.

As per the custom, would members stand in their places to observe one minute's silence in memory of our friend and colleague.

Question passed; members standing.

The PRESIDENT: As per the custom I advise that the copy of the *Hansard* from this debate will be forwarded to the family at the earliest possible opportunity.