

WEEKEND MAGAZINE

Tenacity key stone in work and sport

JOHN Lorraine Sullivan, a Wellingtonian who on turning 65 on March 30 will automatically relinquish the managing directorship of Caltex Oil (NZ) Ltd, was made a CBE, one of the senior civilian awards, in spite of such critical acts as:

- Spurning the request of a Deputy Prime Minister for an alteration in All Black tour itinerary in Southern Africa.

- Rejecting the advice of an indeterminate number of New Zealanders who, spurred by the anti-apartheid organisations Care and Hart, were demanding the snapping of sporting ties linking South Africa and New Zealand.
- Portraying a face set like stone in what may have been 1001 television interviews to which his outstanding or, at least, best-remembered contribution was a stony "No comment."

- Carrying on single-mindedly in the face of threats of assassination, eight in all, uttered by post by a person who called himself "The Black Knight" and who said he would spill Sullivan's "guts all over his front doorstep."

From these and many other acts or statements in the life of Jack Sullivan it may reasonably be deduced that he is strong-minded, tenacious in his beliefs and brave.

It may also be deduced from the appointment which he has held for 13 years during which Caltex, by its own standards, has known unprecedented prosperity, that Jack Sullivan, a stoic or not, is unusually capable and a great deal more intelligent and long-thinking than his many critics will allow.

This is the more remarkable when you take account of such parts of Mr Sullivan's life as his:

Growing up in remote Tangarakau, son of a tunneller working on the building of the Oihura-Stratford railway line.

Not having the chance to proceed past the proficiency certificate of standard VI in his education.

Starting life in a grocer's shop, proceeding from there to labouring in the yard of a New Plymouth timber merchant and driving, both before and after

live with the forwards of the modern era.

- Karl Mullen's British Lions of 1950, who drew one and lost three of their four tests with the All Blacks, were at their best side to tour New Zealand in the 43 years starting with the legendary 1937 Springboks.
- South Africans in rugby have thought more deeply about and had a greater appreciation of the importance of scrummage ward plays at scrummage and lineout than New Zealanders.
- Against sound advice and their better judgment, politicians in their anxiety about movements in the cost-of-living index put aside price increases in such goods as petrol so that these will not show up in a particular quarter.
- When a leader in politics asserts that he is keeping his head while all around him are losing theirs, the explanation is that he has not realised the magnitude of the particular problem.
- Paraplegics get more fun out of life than the physically able. "It's an education," says Jack Sullivan, "to see them dance in their wheelchairs and to see how much more full of

Centre-threequarter was Sullivan's favourite place in rugby. He was chosen second five-eighths for the brilliant 1938 All Blacks and (never to his liking) was sometimes played on the wing. He is not contented with a South African author, John Sacks, called him New Zealand's best back when he started on the wing in the Eden Park massacre of 1937 won by the Springboks by 17 to six, five tries to none.

He made his way through club and district rugby in Tangarakau and Whangamomona to the Tūkapa club in New Plymouth and notched his mark by scoring four tries for Taranaki against Wanganui in his first appearance in a provincial match of the first class.

More significantly, he scored the two tries when the 1937 All Blacks (having won the first test with, for the most part, only 14 men) led 6-0 in the second at Christchurch. "When Jack stepped on the gas at Lancaster Park," a fellow All Black remembers, "none of the Springboks could get near him."

The second try was not quite so easy as that memory might suggest. Jack Sullivan cut off a pass in his own 25. Williams, a tall, very fast Springbok

on until, with the last swig, the beer was done.

But this was war. One week later, when the division went into action at Sidi Rezegh, Artie Wesley was killed.

"So I looked upon New York as just another job, as just another challenge. What came out of it just flowed — that has been my philosophy all of my life."

When Sullivan succeeded Horrie Hansen to become the third of Caltex's New Zealand-born managing directors — and with his 13 years, the longest serving — executives of competing companies jested, "Sullivan!" a man from a rival firm snorted. "Wouldn't know a bee from a bull's foot!"

"Never was anything but a pretty good footballer. Couldn't even get to one pip in the army."

Many others said similarly unkind things. Jack heard them and, characteristically, was silent.

Now, when it is put to him that supposedly knowledgeable critics considered that his capabilities for the top job had been overestimated, he replies without tangible rancour: "I have been managing director for 13 years. My company has made a tremendous success in that time."

"If my competitors want to think that that has been a failure, I suggest they count their own share of the market."

"I don't mind critics. I can't wear fools. Just let it be said the company has had its greatest success in those years."

Jack and Mary Sullivan have two children, Loraine, who is 32, married with one child and living with her New Zealand-born husband who has a contracting business in Richmond, Virginia, and John, 30, who was a pretty good rugby player and who with his wife lives in Wellington with three children.

we will cancel their engagements immediately."

Marshall demurred. He did not, he conveyed, wish the matter to be put quite so bluntly. It would be more suitable if the rugby union of its own initiative announced that, as a gesture to world opinion, it had decided to withdraw the All Blacks from the two fixtures.

Discussion ranged here and there. Bert Rippin, so stalwart a rugby man that in more than 30 years as its treasurer he has failed no more than two or three times to attend meetings of the South Canterbury Rugby Union, was fascinated by the dexterous swordplay of the principals, Marshall and Sullivan.

Sullivan spoke up. "Are you prepared," he asked Marshall, "to tell us that you as Government do not want the All Blacks to play these two matches; and are you prepared then to tell the New Zealand public of your request?"

Rippin has told the story all round the world. Marshall seemed to hesitate.

Then, so Rippin remembers, the Deputy Prime Minister said he

was not prepared to speak to the public.

In no time, the three rugby men were outside Marshall's office.

"Gee whizz, Jack," Rippin said, "you're a tough guy."

"The first lesson you learn as a salesman," said Jack Sullivan, "is this: When you have made a sale, get out!"

Jack Sullivan because of company rules gets out of Caltex tomorrow. At his own wish, he got out of rugby administration three years ago.

At his own wish, too, he will keep on doing what he can for paraplegics and disabled and for the parents of intellectually handicapped children.

Who can say now what he will do? You can bet one thing: Whatever comes along, good or ill, Jack Sullivan will confront it, chin up, eyes on the target, standing foursquare, as he has always done, to all that the world can throw at him or when it is feeling more kindly, award to him.

— T. P. McLean



● JACK SULLIVAN . . . All Black, wartime soldier and oil company managing director.

\$1 Golden Kiwi Lottery

TICKET NUMBER

No 226

OFFICIAL RESULTS

1st \$60,000
110743

2nd \$10,000 231160

3rd \$5,000 30644

10 OF \$300 EACH
5045 13426 18368 18991 21058
8451 14613 18918 19703 24124

10 OF \$200 EACH
6768 7847 8941 13235 23148
6763 6846 12745 14401 23876

1000 OF \$20 EACH
133 1170 2171 3293 4188 5287 6195 7062 8070 9108 9970
260 11979 21757 33182 41719 52870 62333 70945 80710 91342 100092
373 12319 22109 33544 42222 53271 62797 71086 81017 91368 100099
464 12640 22608 33866 42285 53388 63034 71888 81117 91922 100145
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JACKPOT POOL \$150,000 this draw NOT STRUCK 110302

As this ticket did not win a prize in the main draw the holder receives a consolation of \$250.

\$5,000 goes into the pool each draw.

The JACKPOT PRIZE NEXT DRAW IS \$100,000 out of the pool of \$155,000

until, as it crossed the try-line, he dived, inches ahead, for a try which at the time was described as one of the greatest in test-match history.

As famous a rugby memory as Jack Sullivan's was that of the team captaincy of the team which represented the Second Division against the South African in the Western Desert not a great distance west of the place, El Alamein, which will forever endure in history.

The desert field was ringed not only with soldiers, but also with anti-aircraft guns. Sullivan across New Zealand's try and a Southlander, Arthur Wesney, placed the goal and a penalty goal.

Perhaps this explains why Jack Sullivan, despite his bare feet, does not remember the cold of the hills, he says, kept out at the world.

"Would you care for a beer, Sullivan?" said General Freyberg, "Tiny" was beaming. Of all men who ever wanted to see the division one-up on all-comers, none ever bested the general.

The two men sat by the side of General Freyberg's bivvy tent. It could have been the only bottle of beer in the Western Desert.

There were no glasses. It was Tiny's turn, then Jack's, then Tiny's and so

30, who was a pretty good rugby player and who with his wife lives in Wellington with their three children.

Lorraine and John figured in those phases of the anti-apartheid controversy which directly affected the Sullivans. For years they were subjected to abusive telephone calls at any hour of the night, threats against their property, the bitter letters of "The Black Knight" and a good deal more — all of which they have kept principally to themselves.

Anti-apartheid, or anti-rugby cranks, or just cranks, spent a great many hours over several years telling the Sullivans, adults and children, how they should be boiled in oil, thrown from great heights and disposed of in the nastiest possible manner.

Throughout, Jack Sullivan refused to ask for an unlisted telephone number. He had a duty to be available to the company which patronised Caltex — so he said — and perhaps to the much larger company which patronised rugby.

The attitude cannot have been folly. No one would ever call Jack Sullivan a foolish man.

Perhaps it was just soldiering on in a manner befitting one who had grown up in hard times, who had well served his country on the fields of sport and battle and who refused to duck when slings and arrows of controversy were fired at him.

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There to labouring in the yard of a New Plymouth timber merchant and driving, both before and after war service, a petrol tanker all over Taranaki for Caltex.

Never knowing what wearing shoes was like until he had reached his teens.

There can be no question that Jack Sullivan, despite his upbringing as a poor little poor boy, has made a mark on the New Zealand life of his time — the CBE testifies to that — in a number of directions.

In sport, he was an All Black in 1936-37 and if it had not been for the Second World War he might now be remembered as one of the greatest of all New Zealand midfield backs.

In business, he made so world-wide an impression with his management of a campaign which increased Caltex's share of the New Zealand market from 14 to 17.5 per cent that he was sent to the company's head office for 15 months of training, as well as for a scrupulously careful screening of his capabilities. He passed these tests, to be offered the managing directorships of Caltex in either New Zealand or South-east Asia.

In administration, he retreated from the New Zealand Rugby Union Council on his appointment to New York, on his return he was reinstated to it and for nine years from 1969 through all the fuss of the anti-apartheid controversy was its chairman — with such distinction that he was awarded life membership of the rugby union.

In charity — and, characteristically, he never speaks of this work — he is president of the Paraplegics and Disabled Persons Association and chairman of a trust set up by the Society for the Intellectually Handicapped to ensure the wellbeing of the handicapped who are deprived of the loving care of parents or kinfolk.

Buffeted by war wounds which ended his rugby career, so violently buffeted by controversy as to have cause to fear, so it seemed, for his life, Jack Sullivan has qualities of fortitude, dedication, determination and, not the least, of humour.

He also so well knows his own mind that he is prepared to give off his opinions as that —

• The All Black forwards of his playing time in the latter 1950s would not

at the German wall.

Sullivan copped his lot when someone of the 22nd, or it might have been a truck, set off a mine; C Lorraine and John figured in those phases of the anti-apartheid controversy which directly affected the Sullivans. For years they were subjected to abusive telephone calls at any hour of the night, threats against their property, the bitter letters of "The Black Knight" and a good deal more — all of which they have kept principally to themselves.

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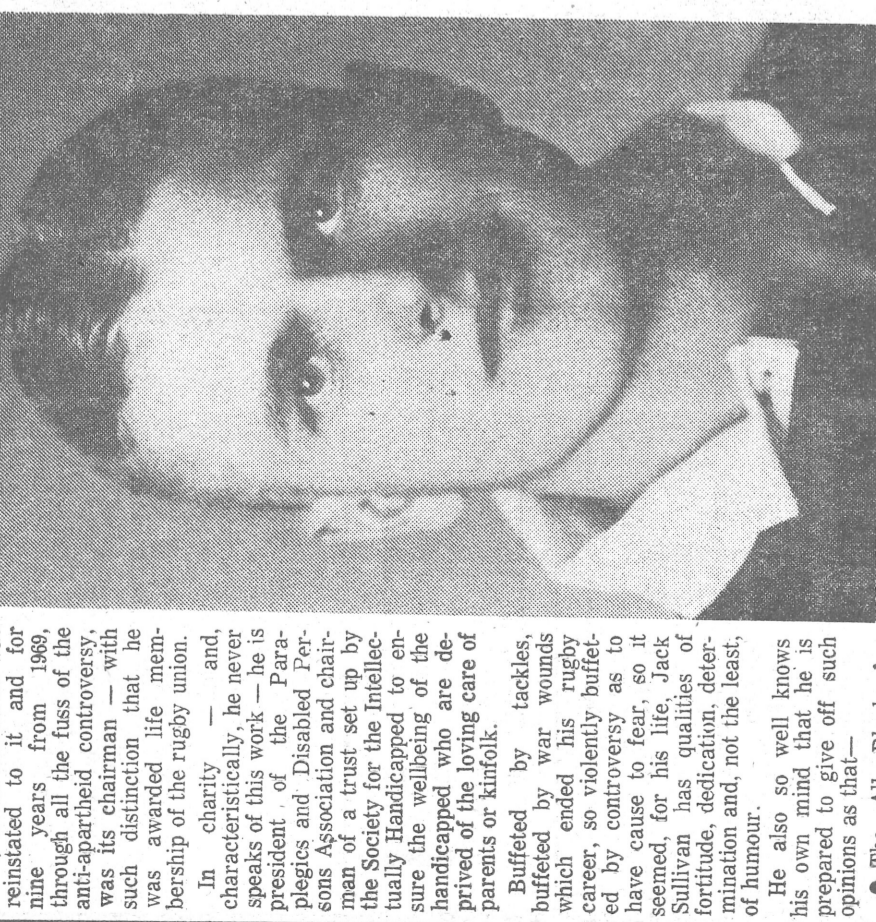
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2100 OF \$10 EACH

13	11770	21717	32963	41688	52827	61950	70682	80670	91048	99970	110345	117347	128372	143752	155594	161560	173295	184194	191913	203536	213115	224710	235717	243770
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10	7540	17891	27947	37676	47826	55228	65063	73048	81272	89864	97619	105664	113810	125460	135573	146817	159144	169838	180004	189598	196544	205895	218657	230194	240173
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Warwick Kiddle, Organiser New Zealand Lotteries, Box 110 Wellington, Drawn by marbles and barrel, MARCH 20th, 1980