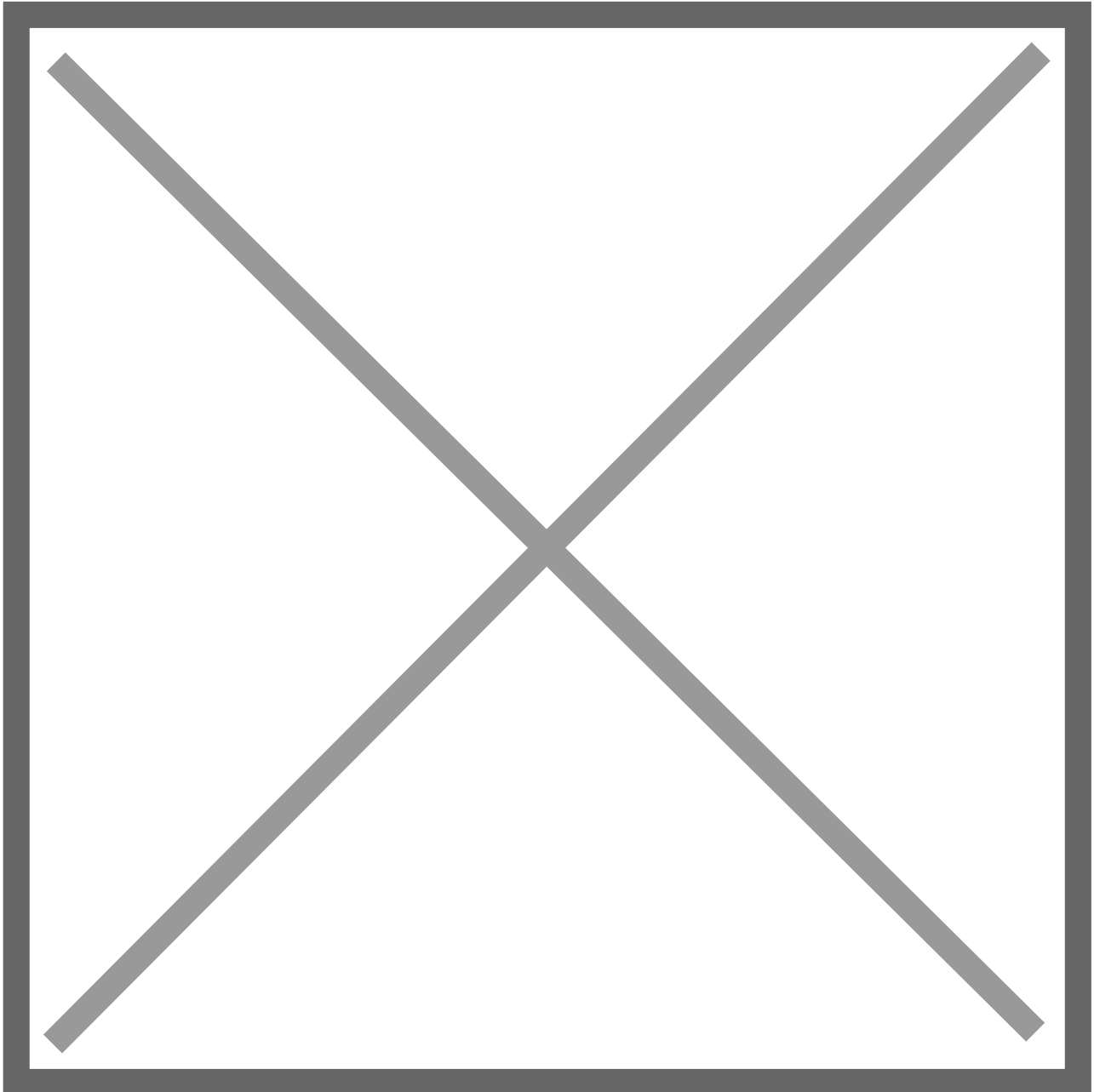


# Two Brothers, One Discipline

Families | People



Two Brothers, One Discipline People

It is the story of two brothers, different in temperament, different in style - yet bound by something far stronger than talent.

This story lived in the streets, on the sports fields, and within the church pews of our village. It is the story of two brothers, different in temperament, different in style - yet bound by something far stronger than talent.

Discipline.

They were Dikana and Philip Boge.

Both wore the Kumul jersey with pride.

Dikana in number 6.

Philip in number 4 and later number 1.

But their legacy was never about numbers stitched onto fabric.

It was about the character that carried them there.

Ten-Gun

In the 1970s and early 1980s, the name **Dikana Boge** echoed across local rugby league grounds. A standout for the Hanuabada Hawks and the PNG Kumuls, he played alongside names that have since become legend.

I never watched Dikana play league.

But I once shared a cricket field with him.

I was filling in for United Cricket Club's third grade. He was wicket-keeping; I was posted at fine leg at the old Rules Ground. It became a long afternoon chasing balls that slipped past the gloves of the former Kumul five-eighth.

His nickname was *Ten-Gun*.

It didn't come from rugby, I later learned, it came from a movie. But it suited him.

As one teammate once said, Dikana was "firing on all barrels." He was the kind of person who would never let you down.

Off the field, he lived that same reliability. No fuss. No flash. Just consistency.

He worked for Curtain Brothers most of his life. He served his clan and community as a deacon, then as a councillor. One of his proudest contributions was helping establish the Lakani Toi Clinic in the Laurabada electorate, a clinic that served the community until the Metoreia Hospital was opened.

I can still hear his rough, restrained voice. Not one for long speeches, but always effective.

When I later reconnected with him while serving as an administrator of the Hanuabada Hawks, he spoke with quiet pride about his younger brother.

Phil.

Phil

Then there was **Philip** - simply Phil.

We were both Scouts. He was senior; I was junior. Even then, his presence stood out.

Where Dikana was rugged and grounded, the roll-up-your-sleeves type, Phil was polished and charismatic. Shirt tucked in. Clean haircut. Always well-groomed.

He looked the part.

And he played it too.

Phil was a joy to watch. I saw him play for Halagu Hetura, the Hi-Lift Hawks, the Port Moresby Vipers, and eventually the PNG Kumuls. His style was intelligent, sometimes theatrical, but always underpinned by grit.

Calm on the surface.

Ruthless in defence.

Many called him the *silent assassin*.

My admiration for Phil ran deep. When my father bought me my first Kumuls supporters jersey, I had number 4 printed on the back - Phil's number. I wore it proudly at boarding school in Oamaru, New Zealand, where rugby league was far from mainstream.

I told a friend all about my Kumul. When PNG toured New Zealand, he watched for number 4. Years later, when he asked for the jersey, I gave it to him.

What truly set Phil apart wasn't just what happened on game day.

It was the unseen work.

Long before team training, you'd see him running from the village to town and back, preparing himself quietly.

Different Paths, Shared Core

The Boge brothers were different in tone and temperament.

Dikana's discipline was steady and understated.

Phil's discipline was dynamic and visible.

Yet both were anchored by the same core.

Dikana built things - clinics, trust, community. He led through service.

Phil lifted standards - pushed limits, inspired others to rise.

He led by example.

Knowing them both, I've come to understand that discipline was the thread that stitched their lives together.

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