

An aerial photograph of a large farm complex. In the background, a prominent mountain with a snow-capped peak rises against a clear blue sky. The landscape is a patchwork of green fields, some with rows of crops, and clusters of trees. In the center, a farmstead features several large white buildings, a parking area, and a dirt road. The foreground shows more green fields and a line of trees.

Joyages

Faull by Five



VOYAGES

Faull whanau - a Taranaki pioneer family



By JIM TUCKER

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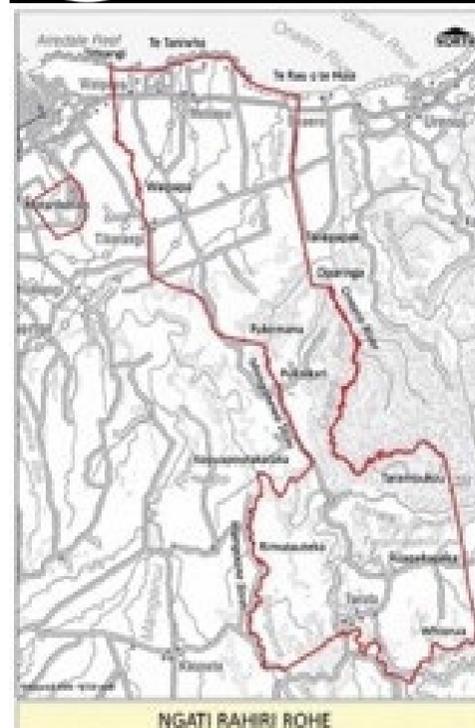
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To: **Phyllis Thelma** and
Wilfred Lewis FAULL,
parents, mentors and
motivators of the brothers
Faull by Five

"Ki **Phylliss Thelma**
rāua ko **Wilfred Lewis**
FAULL
ngā mātua
ngā kaiārahi
ngā kaiwhakaohoho
o te whānau nei a **Faull**
i te tokorima."

Translation: Dene Ainsworth,
Kaitohutohu Matua a Rohe o
Te Ratonga Tūmatanui -
Senior Advisor Māori,
Regional Public Service



The marriage of Blanche Eleanor Rolfe of Te Ātiawa sub-tribe Ngāti Rāhiri to Lewis Nathaniel Faull in 1905 established a link between an 18th century English copper and tin-mining family and a North Taranaki rohe that traces its whakapapa to the Māori settlement of Aoteaora/New Zealand in the 1300s.

The name Faull is found throughout England, Scotland and Wales. Believed to have originated in Flanders in Northern Belgium, it appeared in Britain during and after the reign of Henry 1, who died in 1135. Shown here are a couple of Faull coats-of-arms that belonged to early Faull noblemen. The Tikorangi Faulls make no claim to be descended from them.



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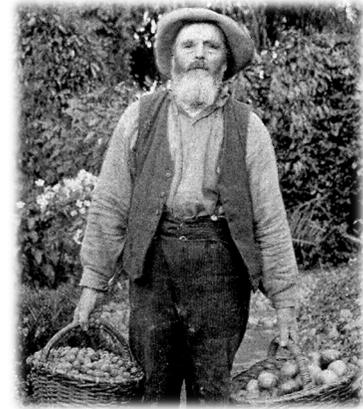
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FOREWORDS

Gavin Faull: A reg and reflective

IT IS Faull, instilled in me the responsibility and debt we owe to our forebears and to our history. I didn't initially understand what he meant.

But as we have developed Faull Farms I've come to appreciate not only the accountability we owe our predecessors but perhaps even more the obligations we have to our descendants.

Land, assets and privilege are owned by us only on behalf of the future. Ownership is the right to enjoy and to develop; it's not a right we take with us when we pass on. What we leave behind is the real ownership of our history and our heritage.

My early lack of understanding of what my father and my mother, Phyllis, were teaching us was eventually followed by a resolve to work with my four brothers - Allan, Richard, Bernard and Nigel and two close school friends, Jim and Rob Tucker, whose father was a friend of our father - to record in detail a written and illustrated form of our family history.

It has taken a number of years to piece together, the reminiscing, research and writing at times illuminating and reflective. It's been exciting and revealing...and sometimes painful.

It has also been a private process but we feel it's a narrative with which many New Zealanders - families, people with Māori heritage

or other mixed origins, pioneers - - will identify. Even better, it may help them understand who they are and where they're going.

We're proud of our Te Ātiawa O Ngāti Rāhiri ancestry and of our multitudinous European ancestors.

We look forward to the future of Tikorangi, of Taranaki, of New Zealand and of the world, which we entrust to our children and grandchildren and their mokopuna.

We hope the book will help them discover how much those forebears achieved and the visions they had. We want to encourage them to adopt the principles and beliefs our forebears bred into my generation.

We're keen to help them understand the depth of our whakapapa and develop a meaning for themselves, one they can apply to their families, to their lives, to their being. Many people have contributed information, files, photographs and thoughts to the journey that brought this book together, and it's easy to appreciate where they've all come from.



Faull story took a decade to write

Jim Tucker ONZM, MA

ALTHOUGH IT began with a simple working title, “The Faull story”, the extensively illustrated narrative that follows has emerged as a complicated narrative about the settlement of our country. Hence, it has taken nearly a decade to put together.

As the research and interviewing gradually revealed, these are more than stock-standard family chronicles. They relate the experiences of those who travelled to an unknown land a long way away in another part of what was then a vast world. They didn’t all voyage by sailing ship - some came by waka.

It helps explain how something current politicians belatedly label “co-governance” was in fact first embraced by a more effective institution – marriage between Māori and Pākehā. And how strongly that continues to influence everyday existence in Aotearoa/New Zealand.

Aside from Uncle Max Faull and his brother, Wilf, and the many clever Faull women who form such a fundamental part of the stories within this story, there are the five brothers Faull.

As they approach old age they want their stories told, related in a way that eschews vanity but records in a straightforward tone their roles in the overall family account.

They wanted this done for their children and grandchildren, they often reminded me, and for descendants to come who might wonder We’re most thankful for the support and interest. Let’s reflect on each other’s success with pride and understanding.

how they got here, who was involved and who did what. Successes and failures. No varnish, please.

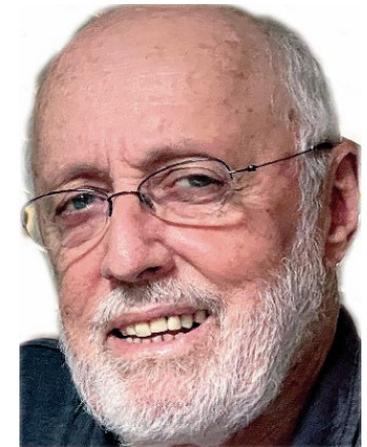
That suited an old journalist like me, used to a lifetime of avoiding exaggeration, hating it, in fact. I hope we’ve achieved that.

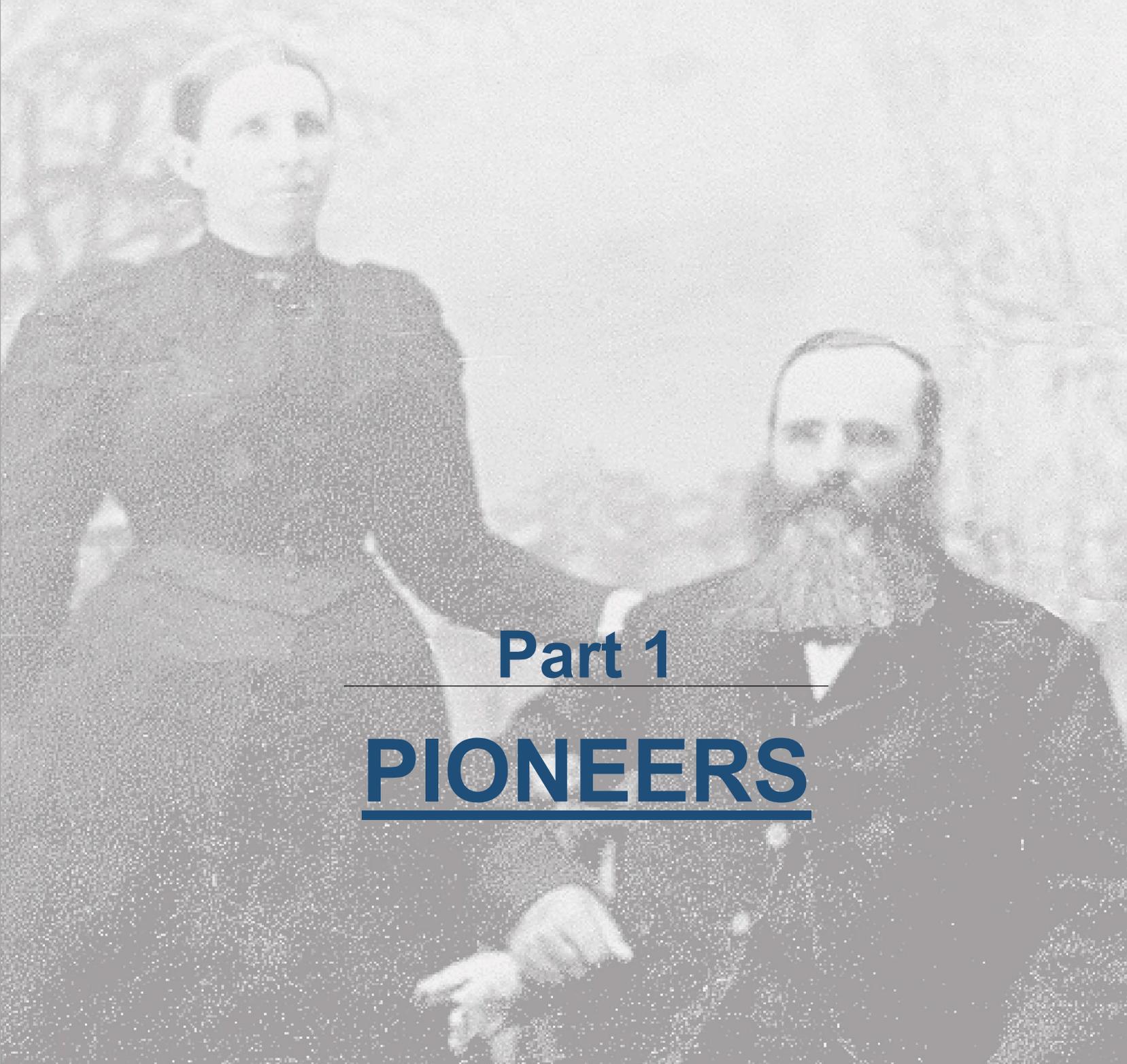
My background covers three disciplines – news journalism and editorship, followed by teaching and academia then, lately, by more than a decade of producing non-fiction books that record the lives of interesting people and institutions.

This book is the most extensive I’ve ever published, covering as it does 368 pages, and including about 110,000 words and 450 images.

My thanks go to Gavin Faull for giving me the opportunity to dig into his family’s remarkable background, and to a big cast of co-writers, researchers, photographers and family historians.

Together, we have produced a New Zealand story that typifies the Kiwi family yarn, one that tells in a straightforward way why this country is so special.





Part 1

PIONEERS

Chapter 1

War and beginnings



KIWI SOLDIER Maxwell Faull is worried. The scouting group he leads from 11 Platoon in B Company of the New Zealand 21st Battalion is pinned down in a place where there's little cover. It's just a ridge, with shallow depressions in the sand, bunches of rocks and scattered foxholes left by others, as the battle drifts back and forth across a desert landscape.

They should have returned by now to advise B Company leader Captain Allan Yeoman about the prospects of advancing towards the next group of rocks rising minimally above the contour.

Black clouds of smoke drift up from the horizon, adding familiar stains to burnt sky above the Libyan land. Tanks burn. Trucks burn. German shells explode, thumping the ears. It's hot. Desert hot. Men sweat. Sand sticks everywhere, to everything. Eyes squint into glare.

This is surely what people mean when they speak of the hell of war. These early days of the North Africa campaign of World War II are gravely typical.

New Zealand historians will write later that the 1941 Battle of Sidi Rezegh was one of New Zealand's toughest two conflicts of the war. Arguable, but there it is, or will be as it's recorded and analysed and debated about over the following three-quarters of a century.

Max has no time to think about that, of course,



Second Lieutenant Maxwell Faull in Egypt before he left to fight in Libya in November 1941.

because he's in the middle of it. It has been a brutal advance across the northern reaches of the African continent on a vast mission by British forces to rescue some Australian companies surrounded at the Mediterranean seaport of Tobruk.

The Aussies have been confined for months by the German divisions of Erwin Rommel, his Afrika Korps sent here by German leader Adolf Hitler to shore up a fading Italian campaign to dominate the Brits and their Commonwealth allies.

Max wasn't among those New Zealand soldiers who met Rommel during the desert campaign. After being wounded and taken prisoner in North Africa, one later recounted coming face-to-face with the famous German commander.

He remembered one day in the temporary German prison camp when their captors suddenly spruced themselves up amid an air of expectation. Rommel was about to visit.

The Kiwis went on parade too, and Germany's leading soldier walked along and shook their hands, pausing to speak to one who, at 35, was older than his comrades. War's a tough thing, they agreed.

Some of Max's 21st Battalion mates would later be captured, too, as Sidi Rezegh was followed by running battles that eventually pushed Rommel's lot away from Tobruk and back towards the west

where his army was eventually defeated. But that's still a long way ahead of the Kiwis on this day, November 21, 1941, as Max frets about his overdue mission.

He's close friends with many in B Company, especially officer colleagues, as they later relate in letters to his mother, Blanche Faull. A widow, she lives with family - including at that stage Max's brother, Wilf - on their 100-acre dairy farm in Tikorangi in North Taranaki.

That soldier camaraderie was strong, even though the early part of Max's war was disrupted after he first enlisted just a week or two following the declaration of war in September 1939.

He had unpaid leave following a short period of early training, a second enlistment, then doubts expressed by those running the army that he was fit to go overseas, resulting in a stand-down from heading away in the second echelon to join Brigadier Bernard Freyberg's army in Egypt in mid-1940. He eventually went in the next lot.

Then there was a stint in Cairo Hospital in early 1941 with a near-fatal throat infection that saw him miss the campaigns in Greece and Crete.

That was fortunate in a way that soldiers don't tend to appreciate at the time, because Max's battalion was decimated in Greece and Crete, finally pushed back to Egypt in boats at night, their number down from 1000 to fewer than 300. Historians later ranked Crete as the other "worst-of-the-war" battle, alongside Sidi Rezegh.

In a letter Max wrote home to his mother in April 1941, he mentioned the heavy fighting going on in Greece, but had no concerns about his own fate.



"Worrying won't do any good. The boys will give Hitler all he wants and we'll eventually come out on top. We all know we can't all go home again, though I feel quite positive everything will turn out all right for me and I'll be home again."

Later, he said he would survive the war because "you can't kill weeds". He sent home an earlier set of red dog tags (left) showing his blood group wrongly, saying they'd never be needed in his case.

Any concerns expressed were aimed at his brother. "If Wilf does get called up eventually, I hope he gets turned down because of a bad "stumock" (I don't know if it is spelt correctly). I hope you tell the doctors, if he won't. He is needed at the shop all the time."

BY EARLY November, the New Zealand forces had recovered from Crete and their numbers were greatly bolstered by the arrival of the rest of the Third Echelon from home. Max had landed in January 1941 in the second draft of the fourth reinforcements.

They trained hard until mid-November, when they left Egypt in a convoy of British Commonwealth armoured vehicles that was still pulling out when the first one arrived at the staging point across the border in Libya 100 miles away.

Max sees his first action when the battle with German and Italian enemies begins, for him culminating on the day he leads out a scouting group. What happened is described in detail in Chapter 9. In summary, Max stepped out from cover and immediately copped a sniper's bullet. He was attended by his runner but died in minutes.

It takes a couple of weeks before Blanche Faull is officially informed by the New Zealand Army. Correct but cold letters follow from the authorities, then over ensuing weeks warm, explicit ones came from Max's officer colleagues.

Sidi Rezegh

The Allies' campaign to recapture Cyrenaica (Crusader) was partially successful. Tobruk was relieved and Rommel forced back to western Cyrenaica.

However, the battle didn't achieve the decisive victory the British sought. They were badly hit because their tank and anti-tank guns were inferior to the German ones.

The campaign was costly for the New Zealand Division. More Kiwi soldiers were killed or taken prisoner during Crusader than in any other campaign the division fought in World War II. More New Zealanders died, were wounded or reported missing than in any other Eighth Army division.

Total New Zealand casualties were 4620 – 879 killed, 1699 wounded and 2042 men taken prisoner.

To a man, they label him a hero for his bravery in Libya. The army, however, seems to disagree. Later, Blanche receives four standard service medals denoting her son's spell as a fighter for his country - but nothing recognising brave actions witnessed by his army mates.

If those fellow officers' letters are accepted as the truth, the New Zealand Government has never properly acknowledged Max Faull for what he did and gave. And why wouldn't the letters be true?

Allan Yeoman's book and official records later say the frontline scenario recounting his death is a reconstruction of what may have happened, put together from the letters his fellow soldiers wrote.

Read on to find out where Maxwell Robert Faull came from and how his five nephews, the sons of Wilfred and Phyllis Faull, have distinguished themselves in ways that would have made him proud.

A SMALL DOG may have been first to sense the new country. A terrier on board the immigrant sailing ship, *William Bryan*, "...has been capering about and sniffing in the breeze from over the ship's side with evident delight".

Those are the words a passenger wrote in his diary at the end of the four-month voyage from Plymouth in England to New Zealand.

The Faull family - Richard, wife Elizabeth, two sons and three daughters - would undoubtedly have been at the ship's rail, too, testing the breeze and smelling a "peaty odour" detected by the ship's passengers and crew a day before they sighted the long white cloud and, eventually, the land.

After calling first at the Marlborough Sounds to get instructions from the colonial company in Wellington as to where the new Plymouth would be sited, *William Bryan* - the first of the settler ships to arrive in Taranaki - finally anchored off New Plymouth on March 30, 1841. The Faulls and 143 other migrant settlers were taken ashore through the surf in long boats the next day.

Despite the Plymouth Company's promise of utopia, they found little awaiting them beyond the enthusiastic welcome of whaler Dicky Barrett, survey plans for a settlement and houses made largely of raupo, a form of bulrush used by Māori to build whare, the Māori word for houses.

Today, the names of the Faull family's companions on the journey grace the city's street signs - Chilman, Edgecumbe, Henwood, Cowling, Cutfield, Aubrey.

For the Faulls, the founding of a lasting legacy - and their name on a road - was 25 turbulent years away. It was created in the aftermath of the New Zealand Land Wars of the 1860s at Tikorangi about 30



The William Bryan approaches Taranaki at the end of its voyage in 1841, depicted in this painting by Edwin Harris. Image Puke Ariki Museum



The Faull Farms rotary cowshed at Trewithen in Tikorangi. Image Rob Tucker

kilometres north of New Plymouth. The family member who managed it was second son Henry, aged just four when they made the 140-day passage from south-west England. He was not much older than 20 when he joined the colonial militia prior to the First Land War from March 1860 to March 1861.

He later served at the Tikorangi blockhouse, being rewarded with

about 80 acres of undeveloped land in the district after peace was declared following the second war between 1863 and 1866.

There he built a farm, helped establish the school and the dairy factory, served as an education and church leader, and founded a dynasty evident today for many more reasons than the signpost at the corner of Faull and Ngatimaru Rds.
