



Vale
Amanda Caroline Maxwell-Jackson (née Fox)

*15 May 1932 London England –
 22 January 2025 “Highlands”*

Norfolk Island (aged 92)

Amanda Caroline Maxwell-Jackson (née Fox) was born on 15 May 1932 in London UK to the American actress Carol Rees (née Hahn) and British actor and writer William Fox. She was an only child. Her parents divorced when Amanda was 5. Her father subsequently married the actress Patricia Hilliard and they had a daughter, Alexandra, and a son, Nicholas, who were Amanda’s half-siblings. She was close to both. Amanda died peacefully in her bed at “Highlands” on Norfolk Island on Wednesday 22 January 2025 with her family by her side.

Amanda was 8 years old when the bombs started falling on London during the “Blitz” in World War II. She recalled how: “It became a way of life to be carried down to the basement in the middle of the night as soon as the siren sounded ... the noise was often terrifying.” Amanda was evacuated to Taplow Court, a large country house in Berkshire, to escape the bombing. She remembered that: “my class slept on mattresses placed on a series of enormous mahogany tables in the gunroom ... there were so many of us, laid out in rows at night, starving, as the food was so disgusting!” Amanda’s mother was concerned that England might soon be invaded by Hitler.

She decided to sail with Amanda to the USA in 1941. That was a dangerous time to be afloat in the Atlantic, even in convoy, and neighbouring ships were targeted by German submarines. She arrived safely in the USA, via Jamaica and Cuba, and stayed with her mother’s relatives in Connecticut until the end of the War. Amanda recalled how she was less than delighted to be called “My Little English Refugee” by the adult cousin with whom she lived in New Canaan.

In 1949, at the age of 17, Amanda returned to England after a short spell at a “finishing school” near Paris, which she hated. She ran away under the cover of darkness in the early hours one morning, arrived in England, telephoned her father and announced that she had decided to finish her education and become an actress. Before too long Amanda’s career in the theatre had started. She became an Assistant Stage Manager at the Theatre Royal Windsor on a salary of 30 shillings a week. Amanda remembered that she literally “learned the ropes”, sometimes the hard way. She brought the curtain down too early on a well-known actor (Patrick Cargill) so that he failed to get his last laugh.

(continued overleaf)



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Amanda Caroline Maxwell-Jackson - continued

A huge “talking to” followed, but Amanda was learning her craft.

However, if Amanda was to further her career in the theatre, she would need a thorough training. She returned to America to study at the prestigious Neighbourhood Playhouse. One of her tutors was the famous Martha Graham. Amanda described her as a tigress: “once, when I turned my head into the wrong direction for a fluid movement across the floor, [Graham] slapped my face so hard to get the head position right that I was too surprised to protest.”

Amanda returned to England, and so began her theatrical life in London, with appearances on the stage, BBC television and radio. She went on to appear in plays, television and radio in the UK, Australia and New Zealand. While still in London, she had the opportunity to audition for a season with the director (George) “Max” Maxwell Jackson. She was one of six actresses who auditioned for the part, and despite a conviction that she didn’t have a chance, Amanda landed the job ... and the director (the latter with help, she later said, of some “strategically cooked” Duck à L’orange). Max and Amanda were soon married, in 1958, and lived happily together for 42 years until Max’s death in 2000. They had three children: Quentin, Victoria and Crispin (who prefers to be called “Max”, like his father).

In the early 2000s, Amanda married Peregrine Hubbard, a former naval officer and headmaster, whom she met through her local church in Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk. This was to be another happy marriage which lasted until Peregrine’s death a decade later.

Throughout her long life, Amanda travelled extensively. She had “itchy feet”, and her wanderlust took her and husband Max around the globe several times. Her children remember many conversations around the kitchen table when Amanda or Max would open an Atlas, and ask: “Where next?” Amanda lived in England, USA, Uganda, Australia, France, Malta, Canada, Spain, Tenerife, South Africa, Zimbabwe, New Zealand, Mallorca, and Norfolk Island.

Amanda would do anything for her three children, including pausing her acting career to focus more fully on their upbringing and education. This included home schooling of all three when the family moved to Spain. She was a relatively patient teacher, who clearly enjoyed the subjects she taught the children, and she made it fun – although she would stand for no nonsense either!

Amanda had 10 grandchildren, four of whom (Louis Alexandre, Fidelia, Artémis and Araminta) moved to Norfolk Island in 2024 with Amanda, together with daughter Victoria and her husband Jean-Pierre. They had previously lived together in Paris and Mallorca. Amanda bequeathed to her grandchildren her appreciation and love of a wide range of culture, especially works of literature, poetry and classical music. Amanda had developed her passion for the arts at an early age when her mother allowed her to come down from her bedroom in the evenings to listen for a while to the adult conversation between her mother’s friends, who included many well-known actors, the writer Roald Dahl and sculptor Henry Moore.

In her 92 years, Amanda made a huge impression on her family and many friends. She had vast stores of energy – she moved and walked quickly, and her children could always tell she was nearby from the jangling of the many gold bangles she wore on both arms. Amanda was always up for new experiences and challenges. Even in her 80s, for instance, she decided to take up modelling. At one point, she appeared on posters in every city and town in France advertising how the Post Office was for everyone in the community, although she explained that “they made me pose with a stick, to make the point that I was representing the older generation, although, you know, I don’t need a stick!”

Amanda loved an occasion – whether it was a family birthday, a party or Christmas celebrations.

She was always the “life and soul” of any gathering and partook of the fun wholeheartedly. She really enjoyed her food and was a great cook. She read voraciously and remembered everything.

She had a quote (often Shakespeare) or a song for any occasion – she could remember the complete lyrics of songs she had only heard a couple of times. Amanda’s strongly developed sense of humour meant that she frequently laughed and smiled (often mischievously). She was generous in giving time to friends, children and grandchildren, and she brought energy, enthusiasm, kindness and love to her family and many friends. She will be greatly missed.

Heartfelt Thanks

We came to Norfolk Island only a few months ago and have been overwhelmed by the warmth, sympathy and support we have had from so many of the people that live on the island in what is a unique and exceptional community, Amanda would have loved the life here, the values, the traditions and would have shared her many talents if she had been well enough to do so.

There are so many people to thank and we hope not to have left anybody out.

We would like to thank David Buffet for guiding us so thoughtfully and kindly through the Norfolk ways and for his inspiring and spiritual Graveside Service, unique and elegant.

Dave Porter for his support and guidance.

The doctors, nurses and ambulance team who helped and supported Amanda and her family through her final moments.

Shane Quintal and all the volunteers who dug Amanda’s grave and the Pall Bearers who treated Amanda with such dignity and respect. Mal, for fashioning a simple and elegant casket.

Leonard Schmitz, for driving the hearse with such care and leading the cortège.

Robyn Butterfield, Patricia Buffet and the other helpers for the beautiful wreaths, posies and arrangements of fresh flowers and all the kind people who donated flowers and greenery so generously.

Jolene Oliver for exquisite fresh garden flowers for the grave.

All those who attended the Service or helped in any way to make the ceremony memorable and lovely.
