

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF MAX HUNTINGTON

By Jill Huntington

Max was born in Randwick on the 8 July 1933 to Effie White Huntington (nee Crawford) and Hethersett Roland Huntington. Rol was a surveyor and Civil Engineer, who settled at Mittagong shortly after Max was born. So Max grew up in a country town, did all the naughty (shooting out the street lights with the local policeman's son) and hair-raising (going down the shale mines) things that country boys do.

The family moved to Redcliffe when Max was in his mid-teens. He attended Nudgee College for his last two years at school and it was there that he met his life-long friend Terry Boyle. He and Terry both studied Engineering at Queensland University.

They say that good engineers are born, not made. Intelligent, questioning, logical, pragmatic – that was Max. And if he sometimes came over as detached and argumentative and as subtle as a sledge hammer – then that too was Max.

In their early days in Melbourne Max and his friends spent many hours building and re-building their cars. As a group they attended Hill Climbs, the Armstrong 500 and the Australian Grand Prix at Albert Park. Max often helped out his racing driver friends as pit manager or head time-keeper. There are those who might say that he drove as though he too was on the race track. Others likened his exploits in the Jeep on outback roads to the trials of army vehicles at the Monegeeta trials and proving ground.

He loved water skiing, houseboating, outback travel and took up fly fishing with his usual enthusiasm. He joined the Canberra Anglers Club, spending some years as the Club's president and was awarded Life Membership at this year's AGM.

Even after he retired he put his engineering and practical skills to good use with the TADACT (Technical Aid for the Disabled). It's somewhat ironic that his last contact with TADACT was to request them to build him a ramp.

He spent several years on the committee of the Hackett Community Association and was its Deputy Chair for two years.

Max was very much a product of his times, who nonetheless embraced many of the "softer", more modern traits – an affectionate and demonstrative husband and father and a loyal friend. A large chunk of me has gone with him.

Loved you Mackie.

MEMORIES OF MAX

By Terry Boyle

Friend and family friend for over 60 years

I'm sorry I can't be there for Jill and the family but my thoughts and prayers are with you. I would like to also take this opportunity and say how much I'll miss Max - he was a very dear friend of mine and I so enjoyed his company albeit on the phone, especially over the last 10 years. He was a man that I greatly admired and I felt privileged to call him my friend. I will miss the stories, laughs and I'll especially miss his technical advice.

As soon as I see anything about Redcliffe, where Max lived when we were at school together, I always think of Max, his father and mother Effie. I have fond memories playing golf with Max at the Virginia Golf Club. We have many photos on the wall in our outside BBQ area here at home and the dominant photo is of the 3 litre Bentley 1925 that I owned. Max was very interested in the car and we often had a laugh about the time I'd parked it outside one of the army barracks Max was visiting. The O-I-C came into the Mess and exclaimed "whose is that magnificent vehicle outside?" Although Max was a civilian, he was pretty pleased with having impressed the O-I-C.

Max's vehicle of choice at that time was an Austin 7 and we used it when the beloved Bentley was being overhauled. Max's characteristics? Intelligent, honest, cooperative and productive.

