

# Vale- Lyall and Maxine Baverstock

**Editor - Lyall and Maxine Baverstock were members of our car club for more than 30 years. Their son Bryan, has kindly written the following words. Thank you Bryan. We are all very sorry for your loss.**

My Parents (Lyall and Maxine Baverstock) were members of the JDCSA for some 30 odd years. Before I mention details of the current MK11 locked away in the shed, it is worth mentioning details about my parents.

Both my parents were born during the 1930's during the Depression, both came from large families - Dad being the eldest of 10 while Mum was the eldest of 7 (my Grandfather was looking for boys to assist and eventually take over the farm at Balaklava but the first 4 were girls so they had the job of any farm hand like milking cows, making the butter etc during these harsh times which included extended droughts and dying livestock).

Money was tight during the Depression with lots of unemployment, the main staple on the farm and for anyone living in the country, was underground mutton - Dad was even selling skins for a couple 'bob' to make ends meet and to support his large family.

When my parents married (very young) in December 1955 they had very little - they couldn't afford much rent so we all (parents plus 2 sons) lived in a caravan on the family property at Balaklava for a



couple of years before eventually moving to another farm just down the road. Even during these trying times both my parents strove to improve and support the family and owning a quality car like a Jaguar was far from their thinking at the time. Dad did though have a love of motorbikes and cars from an early age and started with bikes while in his young teens riding between Kapunda (where he spent his early years) to Balaklava (where he eventually worked at the Butter factory).

Dad's first major purchase was a late 40's Triumph Speed twin (500cc) motorbike, then progressing to a 48 Chev ute while living on the farm north of Balaklava, and eventually upgrading to a (very rare even now) 1948 Hillman convertible (photo attached taken on the farm when Dad was about 21/22 at the time).

As Dad's jobs changed we moved to many different towns across South Australia, money improved, cars were upgraded - Dad was always saying he wanted a quality car one day (even mentioning a Jaguar). I remember Mum was always telling him off as the current Chev, Hillman, Vauxhall, Valiant and the like would do for us.

When we lived at Gawler, Dad would take us to the car races at Mallala to watch the classics race (in those days they were basically current models! - EH Holdens, Falcons, MK11 Jaguars and the like) and he was always supporting the Jaguar fraternity when they raced.

It was in 1969 that we ended up down at Mt Gambier due to another change in Dad's career (State representative for Esso this time) which meant Dad was always out on the road. This was a blessing for him as he was always on the look out for cars for sale and an opportunity to upgrade (VC Valiant x2, HT Holden, VW, Austin, VG Valiant Pacer 2-door - all at the same time and there was only 4 of us!).



*Lyall (in his early 20's) with his rare 1948 Hillman convertible*



## Vale- Lyall and Maxine Baverstock (cont)



*Lyall's first Jaguar, 2.4 Litre MkII manual with overdrive*

Eventually Dad got his way and to our surprise he turned up at home one day with another car - an early '60s Jaguar MK11 2.4 manual 4-speed with electric overdrive, Cotswold blue, which added to our collection. Dad was so pleased that he had eventually 'made it'.... but Mum was so livid that it took about 6 months to entice her to go for a drive in the car!!!

Dad loved this car for work and for play (even for towing our speedboat) but eventually sold it as the money went towards buying their first business back in Adelaide (they decided to move back to Adelaide to follow my brother and I - my older brother went to Sturt teachers college whilst I was studying at Flinders Uni, whilst also working).

It was during this time back in Adelaide that Dad got the chance to see more Jags on the road, pop along to car displays, visit car showrooms and just drool over the quality of the Jags. It was obvious Dad wanted another Jag and it had to be another MK11 but this time it had to be the ultimate '3.8' - so he placed an ad in the paper 'Wanted Jaguar MK11 3.8'. A chap responded and we ended up with a 1962 Gunmetal Grey, Dark red interior 3.8 Jaguar. This was in pretty poor condition - body was good but with torn interior, run down engine, steel wheels and faded paint.

It was around this time it was decided we should join the JDCSA for support, for fellowship and to meet with other like-minded people who appreciated the quality of Jags. Both parents and I joined the Club but unfortunately, it was also around this time that Dad had a few health issues and driving was no longer high on his agenda so Mum and I became the chauffeurs - that was fine by me as I got to drive the Jag on a regular basis.

Both my parents loved the Jag spending many hours (and money!) improving the condition of the car - new paint, new Connolly leather interior with new carpets, rebuilt engine, also fitting original Dunlop chrome wires. The Jag was first displayed at a JDCSA display at Glenelg in the poor condition (as bought back in the early 80's) and as time went by it was displayed in better condition each time (but also unfortunately each time the car was displayed in better condition, Dad's health was deteriorating).

I'll take a step back here - Dad's whole life (and when I say Dad I also mean Mum as they both grew up together from a very young age, lived together, worked together and spent all their leisure and quality time together for some 62 years of marriage) was focussed on work, family (extended family at that) and pleasure. They both loved the Jag - regularly bringing it out of the shed to polish, pamper (to show off when we had friends over for a BBQ) and to drive, but they also had other passions in life - fishing (we had a holiday house at Fisherman Bay), touring around Australia (twice), working at Aboriginal missions in Central Australia on a regular basis, looking after two grandsons but another big passion for Dad was all things National Service.

*(Continued page 8)*



*Lyall and Maxine's 3.8 Litre MkII (prior to restoration)*



## Vale - Lyall and Maxine Baverstock (cont)



*Lyall on the far left. The photo was taken during National Service Training in 1958. Lyall was a founding member that set up the SA Branch of the National Service Association and was a former State Vice President and Life Member.*

Both my parents were proud owners of the Jag but Dad was also a proud National Serviceman and was one of the founding members to set up the State Branch of the National Service Association here in SA. He was a serving member and eventually became State Vice President and Life Member and spent most of his spare time supporting other National Service personnel.

It was because of his involvement in the Association, and his health was deteriorating (due to suffering with cancer for 14+ years) that the Jag was eventually pushed to the back of the shed and covered. It became too big a task to look after even though I was around to assist him with the Jag - the last time I had my parents out to enjoy it was the 2018 Jag Day down on Brighton Road.

At that stage both my Parent's were in ill health - Dad particularly ('bloody cancer' - it even got my older brother years earlier which also affected my parent's health and well-being!).

Both my parents enjoyed days out in the Jag, putting it on display, meeting and chatting with JDCSA members and even using it at friends weddings (me as the chauffeur).

Dad passed away July 2018, Mum passed away January 2020 - Mum has now passed the baton for the Jag to me to continue the work of looking after and to enjoy the Jag. I'll ensure the cobwebs are cleared from the exhaust and the paint, wires and engine are all polished and the car is pampered just like Mum and Dad would have looked after it years earlier. I am retired but very busy down at Hindmarsh Island but expect to have many more years in me yet, so I hope to have plenty of time to enjoy the car as my parents did. ■

**Bryan Baverstock**



*Lyall and Maxine's 3.8 Litre Gunmetal Grey MkII. Photo taken after restoration. (Hard to believe it is the same car).*