



*If you're willing to get soaked, push your car over uncharted terrain, and listen to the engine ping up a 60 degree hill, then you're ready for the pastime known as a "Bash".*

*All that torque and no traction. Philip Willingham ignores the low clearance on the A-H, goes in for a dip.*



*Donald Fisher's blown VW does a little hill climbing. He might have been more successful with a tractor.*



*An MG strains to make the hill as the navigator holds on windshield to shift position and aid driver.*

Photos by Bob Rolofson

# Bash, anyone?

**P**ECULIAR people, the English. Who else would take to that wild bit of "tule" touring, familiarly referred to as the "bash," with such affection? Who, that is, but the equally peculiar Americans.

For the third time in as many years, the MG Car Club of America gave intrepid California enthusiasts a chance to indulge in what is more properly known as English Trials. And 50 cars braved mud holes, cross country sprints and hill climbs to run against the clock before some 1500 paying spectators.

For those unacquainted with this rather rare institution, it has a large and avid following among the motoring enthusiasts of England, where it apparently originated. In the American version, all cars start with a clean slate and are then fined one point a second on the observed sections. Additional points are marked for such things as loss of forward motion, knocking down a marker or leaving the course. The cars with the lowest number of points win.

Averting their eyes from their somewhat mangled treasury, club officials admit that a one week delay in running the event cost them money, both in expenses and loss of spectators. Despite efforts of local radio and television stations to spread the word, after the fire department belatedly discovered that no permit had been obtained, over 2000 cars had to be turned away on the original date. Undaunted, the club has already made arrangements to secure the San Fernando Valley site early in 1957.

Entrants this year included MG's, Porsches, Triumphs, a

Hillman, a Corvette and some of the weirdest specials found this side of a drag strip.

The MG's mopped up the majority of the awards, as was expected on the basis of the past two events, but the hero of the day was Ronald Rochester in the Corvette. When his human ballast, commonly referred to as a navigator, deserted him after one look at the water hazard, Rochester turned salesman and talked a reluctant bystander into taking a crack at it. Although the car bogged down seriously, a fate shared by more than a few other contestants, the crowd gave him a spontaneous ovation for his willingness to try.

With bent machinery being garnered impartially, the awarding of the Hard Luck Trophy was difficult, the nod finally going to Clark Whitney, whose MG lost a wheel after a spindle sheared. Being a persistent sort, Whitney borrowed another car and took a first in the class for club members.

The Women's Sports Car Club and the Singer Owners' Club assisted in the event. #

## PROVISIONAL RESULTS

Production: Rod Boyster, MG TE; Walt Stone, MG TD; Robert Spurlock, MG TD; Merl Francisco, Triumph TR-2; Spence McConnell, MG TD. Sedan: Ronald Steiner, VW; Scott McKenzie, VW; J. R. Van Rhyn, VW. Specials: Don Eisner, VW; John E. Hill, Special; Ira Cobb, MG Special. MG Car Club Members: Clark Whitney, MG TD; Ben Bloemendal, MG TD; Don Sanders, Triumph TR-2.



*John Schattuck and his navigator bring their car to the start of one of the observed sections to get word on course.*



*Once again on the trail, John and ballast keep vigilant eye for landmarks as they jog over slight rise.*



*WHOOOOO PS! MG goes swimming in the watering hole. This was the beginning of the struggle following.*



*Mud isn't bad enough, it's got to be uphill yet. Shifting ballast and bouncing over wheel did little good.*



*Stuck! Boys finally get helping hand from friendly observer with long handled shovel.*