

# Swiss Open - Brugg 81.

BY LES PIPE

"Go foreign was Ted Longshaw's recommendation in an old Model Cars Mag — and my own opinion, after racing on foreign soil after returning from Brugg with the highly successful British Team, echo that of Ted's completely.

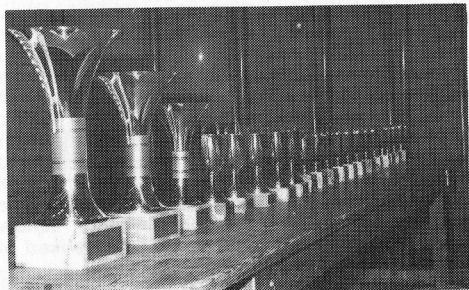
Part of the British Team left Birmingham on a bleak frosty February morning. The plane climbed to 33,000 ft. and low and behold — the sun shone (smashing!). Our part of the British Team consisted of **Myself**, Bill Maissey, Neal Francis, George Land, Tony Wells, Jimmy and Wayne Davis and Steve Davis. The flight for myself, George, Bill and Neal turned out to be something of a milestone as none of us had actually flown before (except for Bill and Neal's excursion in a glider). To all end up flying abroad to compete in the Swiss Open gave us very many hours of entertaining conversation. The technical conversation flowed on and on, examining theory after theory as many car enthusiasts obviously do with time on their hands. As luck would have it, Bill and Neal both had their cars as hand luggage and so a close examination of these proved entertaining.

We arrived at Zurich 40 minutes late, owing to a couple of foreign gentlemen getting on the wrong plane. Meanwhile the other parts of the British team were busily speeding their way across Europe by road. Nick Adams driving his new XR3 Escort (very nice, Nick) accompanied



*The highly successful British Team.*

by his wife Jane, and grateful passengers, Dave Tongue and Graham Davis, was hotly pursued by John Chamberlain and his wife Trish, along with Phil Greeno (or Freeno as he now prefers!) Our paths were destined to cross prior to the race and they did so, rather unexpectedly, at the Hotel Zoll (which, although not the hotel found for us by the organizers, turned out to be quite an eye opener (as will be revealed anon.) After



*The incredible display of silverware.  
The winner's trophy weighed 30 kilos*

grabbing a tasty smoked sausage whilst waiting for the train at Zurich, we set off for Brugg. Our journey by train was relatively short and an equally short taxi-ride deposited us outside the hotel Tony Wells had booked in advance for himself and his parents. An amusing discussion with the proprietor secured rooms for the rest of us... and what a marvellous hotel it proved to be.

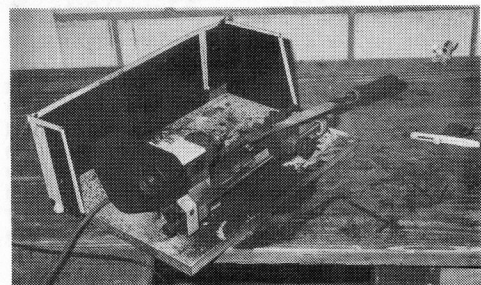


*Part of lap counting equipment.*

As most of us were eager to get a closer look at the racing venue, (never mind the Swiss scenery!) some form of transport was required. The proprietors daughter came to our rescue by arranging a mini bus for our use over the next five days. Whilst all these arrangements were being made, Nick's party found us at our hotel. The British challenge was about to start!!!

Our first glimpse of the venue came later in the day as plans were made to meet the organizers at the sporthall in Brugg at 6 o'clock. In true British fashion we arrived at 8-30 p.m. This proved to be a lucky move as the organizers hadn't been there long themselves. The sporthall was a very large pre-fabricated type building, fairly modern and the home of a Swiss Army training division. The carpet we

were to run on was being LAID over, what was to us the perfect driving surface, (similar to any British sports Hall — perfect for silicon tyres). At first we had great difficulty conversing with our hosts till the multi-linguistical expertise of Wayne Davis retrieved us from our problems! I won't repeat what he said! The rather puzzled looks from the hosts faces assured us that they couldn't understand him any better than we could. But their nods of approval and laughter at least broke the ice. Wayne assured us that that was exactly what he was aiming at and that within the next couple of minutes he would have the Swiss Team members and other 'foreign bods' present completely physced out! After this splendid performance, we all left in our 2 litre mini-bus, content in the knowledge that the efforts of our fellow countryman had successfully demoralised at least half of the opposition!

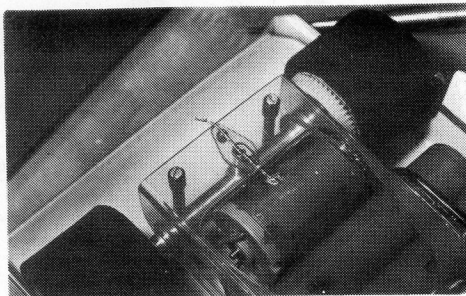


**Well prepared Belgians —brought along their Unimat lathe for tyre truing.**

The first evening in the hotel turned into a drinking binge — after seeing the venue everyone seemed reasonably confident. The locals in Wyndish used the Hotel Zoll's bar facilities and realising that the extremely buoyant party from Britannia weren't leaving, decided to join us. The communication barriers were soon broken down and an incredible scene developed. The arrival of two Dutch drivers heightened the party, especially after our diplomatic entrepreneur, Wayne, challenged them to a drinking contest. The sight of tee-totaller, Neal Francis, sinking lager at an alarming rate, fairly bemused all present. The following morning, the hangovers were clearly on display.

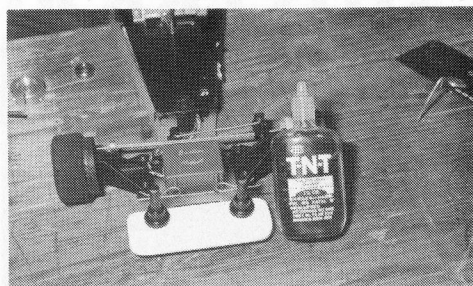


**Neal and Bill's saviour — he solved their interference problems.**



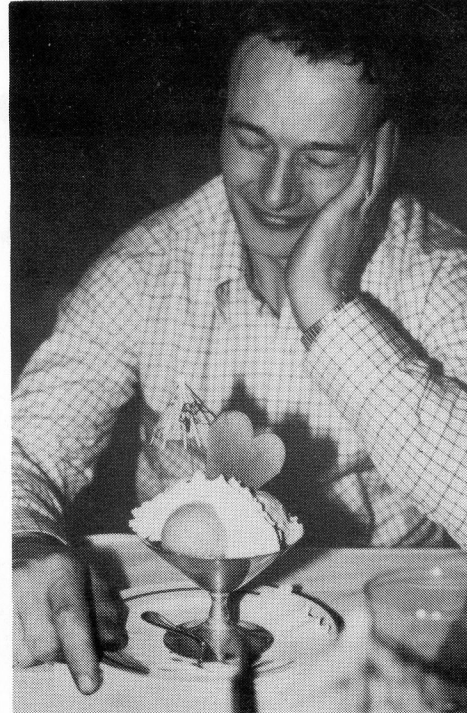
**Bill's demon earthing strap - solved all the problems.**

Friday... the first day of serious practice. The Swiss call it 'Training'. We all started our unofficial Training—not knowing quite what to expect from the coarse carpeted racing surface. Most of the team managed to find some grip at one end of the car, but it took some time to find an equal amount of grip at the other. This first session turned into a nightmare for Bill and Neal. Interference in incurable and mysterious amounts besieged our country's 'intrepid heros'. Everyone in the team rallied round to help, but to no avail. A solution couldn't be found in the multitude of receivers and servos bestowed upon them. The cars were stripped and rebuilt over and over with new or different components, but the problems persisted. After most of the day had been wasted trying to solve the seemingly incurable problem, a halt was called and the unfortunate duo sped (with the help of our



**Tyre additive T.N.T.**

splendid chauffeur George Land) back to the hotel where more mind—blowing theories were discussed. For the rest of us at the Sports hall, tyre changes were the order of the day until a suitable balance was found. The most difficult thing to accept seemed to be that the cars had so much grip at one end, that to drastically alter it often meant going to extremes. Another problem arose if you were unlucky enough to find the taped joins in the carpet actually on your driving line. There was a particularly bad tape join in the middle of the chicane on the main straight. If the right line



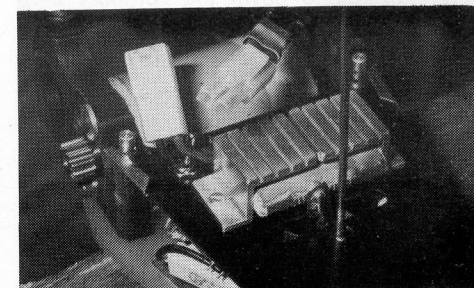
**This will never last eight minutes.**

wasn't followed (i.e. the one that would enable you to go through flat out), the correction to the car in the centre of the chicane caused the car to spin round (usually in my case 360°). Pretty hairy when you consider that we were using open class motors in the cars producing phenomenal speeds. The course markings were particularly severe. The bot dots we are familiar with, were employed to good effect and as always succeeded in launching many an unsuspecting driver while the 5ft long of 3 inch by 1 inch planks of nylon that had been cunningly stuck to the floor with double sided tape were not surprisingly very destructive, especially at the speeds we were doing. Overall the circuit was well designed rewarding the careful tidy driver but punishing the erratic ones. The organizers had done their groundwork exceptionally well, leaving very little to chance.

The timing was carried out by eight lap counters with a button each, making for efficient scoring and very little error. The lap times were quickly posted on a lap chart on the wall and a continuously changing 'top 20' ladder kept everyone informed of who the guys to beat were and more important what lap times they were posting.

Friday's unofficial training came to an end at 6 o'clock and everyone returned to their hotels

wiser and, hopefully, with a plan of attack. Our evening meal at the hotel turned into a very sombre affair as Bill and Neal had spent all afternoon on their cars to no avail. The persistent radio trouble refused to be solved. The party rallied round trying to boost their moral but it seemed that whatever was said didn't really make any difference. Everyone was eager to chip in with their little bit of information, but as idea after idea failed the party gradually dispersed into the bedrooms and later gathered again in the bar, swapping receivers and servos for pints and 2 frks worth of records on a surprisingly British juke box. Unfortunately the franks soon ran out, but our intrepid interpreter, Wayne, came again to the rescue, having discovered that 5 pence pieces were similar in size.



**New Swedish Mirage Kit Car —close up shot shows speed controller.**

Saturday... An early start was forecast as today was the first round of official "training". The organizers had decided to run through the heats during the day, so that everyone would be certain of getting a couple of practice sessions, as all the competitors could not be there on the Friday. This went off very smoothly. At 5 o'clock a halt was called and the President of E.F.R.A. (Ted Longshaw) gave his opening speech, welcoming all 12 nations to the event and hoping that this would start a successful European series similar to the one the 1/8 drivers had already enjoyed for many years. At 5-15 p.m. the Chairman of the Brugg Model Racing Club announced that the 'Banquet' was due to start and everyone laid siege to the fantastic cold buffet and beer. (The Swiss really know how to eat). After everyone was fed and watered, the first qualifying round to gain a time for the Sundays racing started. Nick Adams being in heat 1 posted a 29 lapper and looked a very good bet for the Series.

I nearly forgot... during the day a Dutch electronics dealer noticed the plight of Bill and Neal and suggested that they might try earth straps on the motor can and also on the chassis to the floor as he thought the problem could be caused by static electricity between the lexon chassis and the carpet, sure enough their problem was solved.



Back to the qualifying times. It was not long before Nick's time was equalled and then beaten by Neal, Bill and Dave Tongue who posted 31 lappers behind the 31 laps of Jorgen Anderson of Sweden. Myself, Wayne, Jimmy, Tony, John, Phil and George all posted 30 laps. The dark horse of Saturday's timed sessions turned out to be Graham Davies who scorched round the circuit to put in a 32 lapper and take F.T.D. A very optimistic start for the British Team after the first qualifying round. The British Team held 1, 3, 4, 6, 8, 9, 11, 13, 15, 16, 17 positions. Eleven drivers in the top 20... can't be bad.

After a day like that the evening binge was assured. Drinking went on till very late until all our consciences pricked us and a midnight oil burning session followed. Cars could be heard streaking up and down the corridors and motors were wound up in anticipation of the next day's racing. Bill did a hasty rebuild on a Mervyn Franklin motor — after finding a seized bearing in his and Neal, not being intimidated by this 'go-faster' motor, stuck his favourite Mabouchi in, after some fine tuning. The motor tuning session was brought about by the flying Swede, Jorgen Anderson, who earlier in the day had beaten everyone except Graham Davies. Apart from the fact that the Swede had obviously got exceptionally good motors (he had a guy with him tuning them up) his other secret weapon was a tyre substance cleaner labelled T.N.T! He very kindly gave Bill a bottle for the team to use (a sportsmanly gesture) but unfortunately, this created quite a dilemma as we couldn't agree amongst ourselves whether or not it was actually allowed. This problem was soon resolved when we asked the organizers, who after much deliberation, deemed it legal. Needless to say, half of the countries present were using it. Sunday... The final two practice sessions were to be run, starting at 9 o'clock. By late afternoon, Neal had clinched F.T.D. with 33 laps, not equalled or bettered all weekend close behind him were Dave Tongue on 32, Graham Davies on 32, Jorgen Anderson on 32. These four went straight through to the final. The next sixteen were divided into two semis and victory in them went to George Land (who drove a magnificent race) and Bill Maisey. They were joined by Phil Greeno and John

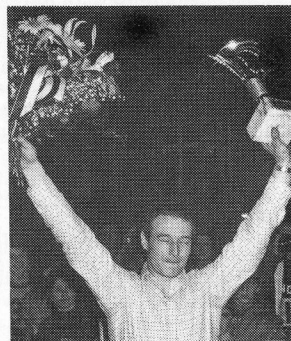


*the champion's banquet  
(courtesy of Zoll Hotel).*

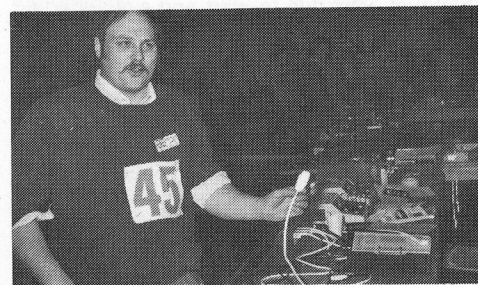
Chamberlain. So the final line up was nearly all British affair only being stemmed by the lone flying Swede, Jorgen Anderson who with his new Mirage kit car proved there are some good drivers in Europe. Look out for him at one of our Nationals, he's a very determined fellow.

The Final... As I've seen many times in the last 18 months Neal shot off into an early lead with the pack in hot pursuit, this lead at times looked threatened by Graham Davies and Dave Tongue who were having a battle royal just behind. Unfortunately in his enthusiasm Dave Tongue punted Graham Davies into a track marker, resulting in Graham's chassis being broken. Bad luck on Graham, I'm sure Dave wouldn't have risked contact internationally as there is no way of knowing who's going to come off worst. The rest of the pack (after that little incident) closed up slightly. Bill Maisey (as per his Nationals performance) again made a late charge and at one time it looked to me as though it might be a repeat performance. Alas for Bill, the challenge failed at the ninth hour and Neal ended up as the "Europamister Electro Brugg 81". The result chart, as always, shows the details of the finalists cars.

A big congratulations to Neal on a splendid performance and for spearheading the British challenge with such devastating effects. Many thanks to all the British Team members for such an enjoyable and memorable advent to European racing.



*One of these days we'll catch him with  
his eyes open.*



*George Land holding an individual lap counting buttons.*

Drivers Name	Kit or Scratch	Chassis Material	Nicads	Diff. Type	Motor	Front Tyres	Rear Tyres	Speed Control	Body Shell	Radio Gear	Gear Ratio	Weight
1 NEAL FRANCIS	Scratch	Lexan	Saft 120%	Associated Modified	Mabuchi Modified	Mardave Soft Rubber	Cambria Kit Rubber	Parma 1% ohm	Associated TOJ	Futaba T/S	11 - 48	Below 11b 15oz
2 DAVE TONGUE	Lightning 2000	Glass Fibre	Sanyo	Kit Diff.	Parma Vette	Mardave Rubber	AMPS	Demon Mk II Turbo	MRP Schkee	Sanwa	11 - 48	
3 BILL MAISEY	Scratch	Lexan	Saft 120%	Associated Modified	Mervyn Franklin Special	Mardave Rubber	Cambria Kit Rubber	Parma 1% ohm	MRP Butch Hogan	Futaba T/S	12 - 46	Below 11b 15oz
4 JORGEN ANDERSSON	Mirage/T	Glass Fibre 2.5mm	Varat	Kit Diff.	Igarashi 22T-29G	Twinnk No. 2	Twinnk Medium Rubber	Mirage 0.9 ohm	Mirage Brche 917	Kraft Steering Wheel	12 - 45	910grm
5 PHIL GREENO	Gemini S/L	Carbon Fibre	Sanyo	Greeno Schum'r Carbon axle	MRP 553 29T	Kit Rubber	AMPS Rubber	Demon Mk II Turbo	MRP Butch Hogan	McGregor J.R.	11 - 46	21b 1oz
6 GEORGE LAND	Lightning 2000	Glass Fibre	Sanyo	Kit Diff.	MRP 553 29T	Kit Rubber	AMPS Rubber	Demon Mk II Turbo	MRP Butch Hogan	McGregor J.R.	11 - 46	
7 JOHN CHAMBERLIN	Gemini S/L	Carbon Fibre	Sanyo	Greeno Schum'r Carbon axle	MRP 553 29T	Kit Rubber	AMPS Rubber	Demon Mk II Turbo	MRP Butch Hogan	McGregor J.R.	11 - 46	21b 1oz
8 GRAHAM DAVIES	Scratch	Glass Fibre	Sanyo	Associated Limited Slip	MRP 553 29T	Medium Hard Rubber	AMPS Rubber	Demon Mk II Turbo	MRP Schkee	McGregor J.R.	11 - 48	