



# The THUMB PRINT

## Thermal Thumbers Of Metro Atlanta

[www.thermalthumbers.com](http://www.thermalthumbers.com)



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**NFFS**

March-April 2006

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## HEADS UP

Welcome to the next issue of the ETP, now routinely digital. I'm still amazed at the process, much of which is still unfathomable to me. At the last meeting, I was given several heartfelt compliments about how great everything looks. I was obligated to deflect all that towards my desktop publishing/software guru, Brook Junior. As dazzling as it is to me, it's a ho-hum affair to him. Our tasks here at the ETP are much simpler than those required of him down at the Federal DOE, where he's a webmaster. Oh, well, we were all put on this earth to do something and Brook Junior was born to actually use the 90-odd icons on his desktop. You should to see him go; it's really something to watch.

This issue started out a little thinner than the last few, but filled up quickly in the final stretch. Al provides the second iteration of his/our masthead, herein improved with the correct spelling of Atlanta and addition of a thumb. Gotta have a thumb. This one will do for a while. Thusly suitably introduced, we've plenty of new model photos, courtesy of Gary, Dohrman, and Fred McClellan, our district AMA AVP. The first of the contest reports of the year follow—the game's afoot, lads. Thanks to Geoff, the March and April meeting minutes follow. I report on the Southeast Model Show, which was attended by a horde of Thumbs. There's major news from the NFFS Board of Directors, regarding the Builder of the Model Rule and the models of our departed OFB's. It's a glimmer of sanity in my view, although I'm sure there's some who'll lambast it.

I've said it before and I'll say it again—I'm one lucky editor. This office exchanges plenty of newsletters from far and wide and no editor gets more help and material than I do. Many thanks, y'all.

I'd like to say this convivial easing of my burdens by my fellows provides this writer with enough time to make progress on this or that project, but no, I've not glued one stick to another in months. Rather, among other things, I've been slogging away on a long, and hopefully, controversial article for the 2006 NFFS Symposium. More precisely, the rough draft went very quickly, nine pithy pages in about three sittings. The editing was a real stump-puller, though. Either the editor, Harry Grogan, has much patience or his other writers were causing him more trouble than I was. I suspect equal doses of both. Also clogging the editorial arteries were two articles for the NFFS digest. As a result, I'll have my usual mad dash, project-wise, through the beginnings of our outdoor season and a really hard push to Muncie. Was it not ever thus?

There's plenty to do the next few months. Don't forget about the Peach State Indoor Championships this May 13 at North Cobb High School. Our annual indoor champs is usually well-attended and sometimes gets quite crowded. Who knows what this year's rendition will be like? We'll have trophies, merchandise and freebies. Be there. The indoor season's closer will be at St. Luke's on May 27. We'll be flying Under the Cathedral of the Big Blue Sky at the North Georgia Turf Farm this May 22, June 10 and 11, July 9, and August 27. We're having our monthly meetings in the Grand Hall at St. Luke's in Dunwoody the third Monday of every month until I tell you otherwise. You're going to be busy. Wash that underwear; you can never be too careful with all that driving around.

That's it from me for now from here. Glue some sticks together and make an appearance somewhere.

## **THE PERRY SOIREE**

The 2006 rendition didn't disappoint, although the number of vendors appeared to be down a notch and the activity in the indoor arena was a bit more subdued than last year. I went Friday and I had NFFS Veeps, Bill Vanderbeek and Bob Hanford, in tow and we spend a pleasant afternoon prowling the aisles. Bill scored his usual handful of engines and dozens of props, while Bob spent \$200 on glow plugs. I ran into and exchanged pleasantries with several NFFS, AMA, and SAM potentates. AMA District V Veep Tony Stillman actually remembered me from last year.

Bill is a BBQ buff, but being from the Bay Area, he's geographically challenged. I took him to Harold's BBQ Thursday evening and we regaled in the establishment's seedy charms. Nothing can beat the old dive's authenticity and the chopped pork ain't bad either. Being from the Land Of Tofu, Bill was visibly shocked by the counter guy packing a sidearm, but when I explained the neighborhood's hardscrabble demographic, he understood.

On the way back from Perry Friday night, all three of us dined at OB's in McDonough, a much nicer place. Believe it or not, neither Bill nor Bob had Brunswick Stew before. I'd bet they'd always thought they'd had a rich and full life. I guess not. OB's was more Bill's kind of place. Bob, well, he might've a little oilfield kicker in him, if you get my drift. The wine selection was up to Bill's specs and the Brunswick Stew was far superior to Harold's and to both of their liking. Frankly, the ribs did fall off the bone a little too readily, but that's parsing. Done in a well-executed, Memphis dry-rub style, the ribs were slathered with my personal preference of a rich, thick, tomato-based sauce with somewhat too much fiery pepper and somewhat too little molasses in it for popular tastes. The rub and the sauce suited my acquired palate just fine, thank you. It wasn't the Rendezvous, but it wasn't bad.

The live entertainment was a pleasant surprise; their solo singer and picker was doing very good renditions of nouveau, up-tempo C and W and old Eagles, Warren Zevon, and like material. Bill remarked the entertainment was very good for the nature of the venue and I politely informed him there was no shortage of such talent "down here" and it was simply what Southerners do. I didn't press the point. Being an Okie, Bob assuredly understood and Bill, being from the Bay Area, had cherished beliefs he probably needed to "keep a-holt tooh."

## A MAN ON A MISSION

My agenda for the day in Perry was a simple one, namely looking for stuff for the new E-36 event and seek targets of opportunities, otherwise. Based on what my gurus, Frank, Graham, and Fritz advised, I first looked for a lightweight motor wired specifically for 4.8 volts. The jury is still out on whether a gearbox is called for or not, but a tall ratio definitely isn't. I was lucky enough to find the last 4.8 volt GWS (light power/indoor version) unit with a 4:1 ratio Radical RC had in stock. I bought a half dozen props ranging from 5 by 2.5 to 7 by 6. Total cost for the project was \$25.00 by my first stop, not too shabby.

The 4-cell, 150 mah Nicad packs weren't to be found, but Batteries USA, who had a truckload of everything else, has them for order at \$10.00 each. I'm ordering four packs soon. I already have a suitable charger. The Smoothie timer seems to be the one of choice at the moment, at a cost of \$50.00. For those keeping score, my cost will be \$115.00, exclusive of the airframe. Free flighters habitually bitch and moan about how "expensive" our sport is, but I think I can afford it because I've a job, no need to whine or despair.

Airframe-wise, I was overwhelmed by events. My plan was to build something akin to a Mini Pearl, but with Wakefield airfoils. My plan was hijacked by the double kit of Champion Coupes I scored from Clarence for \$20.00. Onward and upwards. For the first one, I'll just build everything pretty much box-stock to get something in the air quickly. The flat-bottomed airfoil might actually be a benefit, given the relatively high wing-loading of around 150 gms./sq ft. and resulting brisk glide speed.

Moffetts fly with this size wing, but with about 20 to 30 gms. less weight. There'll be no burst akin to a Moffett's stump-pulling climb, but something in the way of a hardy cruise might happen. One more thing, it'll DT hard, so frailty aft of the wing won't last long in the field. I imagine the winning formula might be at least a flying season in the making. Inquiring minds will want to know.

The only reserve I have about the E-36 rules is the required minimum weight. Is 150 gms. unreasonably light, or excessively heavy? The proof will be in the puffing. The Champion Coupe project will be a good test with the model's balsa box fuselage and stoutly constructed, fully geodetic wing with 1/16th sheet ribs. I build one as a regulation Coupe decades ago at a weight of 80 gms., empty. Add the estimated 35 gms. battery pack, 25 gms. motor/gearbox/prop, 3 gms. Smoothie timer, and 5 gms. for the assorted wiring and incidentals, and then subtract about 15 gms. for the propeller/front end and four inches of nose moment. You've a projected curb weight of 133 gms. If this projection holds, you'd need some loafing lead to bring it up to minimum spec. Ouch!

However, my weight projections are always "optimistic." Like my OFB Andy says, I tend to build "sturdy." Like the big girls at the dance, my models are built for the long haul and steady, regular use.

(Mentioning big girls in this context makes me think of our dear and departed OFB George. I learned many things from George, but I regret to say, building light wasn't one of them. George never nagged me, though. I think he liked my handicap with gravity the way it was. Most of George's slickness was silent. You could tell he was up to something by the look on his face. That sly grin was a dead giveaway. I really miss that old man.)

"Tiime tah quit tha cipherin', an' get tah tha buildin'". (One of the best things about being a Southerner is not having to respect the English language too much. It's our second tongue and more a point of departure than anything else. Damn straight!)

## **OOPS!**

You can judge my actions for good or ill, but my intentions are usually in the right place. In the last issue, I printed the NFFS membership application form and followed it with a nag about joining. I should have noticed the form was from an old issue of the digest which carried a now defunct plan discount offer. Our OFB and NFFS digest editor, Walt "Fine Print" Rozelle, was kind enough to bring this error to the attention of these offices. Many thanks to expat Walt for the correction. There's still time to join our splendid assemblage, but forget the NFFS plan deal. You snoozed and you loosed.

## **A GLIMMER OF SANITY**

The Free Flight Contest Board has been playing hot potato with the Builder of the Model Rule(BOM) rules change proposals for awhile. Various proposals were submitted for the most recent cycle and the bulk were shelved for whatever reasons. A few were way out there for some, but most were eminently reasonable for all but a few. Fish or cut bait, boys! Time to lead, follow, or get out of the way.

Among the most reasonable was a proposal to allow the flying of the models of our deceased comrades with amble markings onboard to designate as such. Alas, it as not to be. Not even this worthwhile change got the board's nod. The idea of all these models of our fallen comrades lying unused and abandoned just reeks of bad karma.

However, due to the opportune machinations of a wise few, the NFFS Board of Directors recently decreed that, henceforth, we can fly the models of the departed OFB's in NFFS events, including the Gas and Rubber Nostalgia classes and Straight Tow. There are several other special events that will be under an individual CD's discretion.

I talked to Steve Perryman recently and his daddy's Nostalgia era rubber and gas jobs will be getting some air under them in short order. He and I will go through George's stuff soon and see how many extant and intact models we can find that might apply. Depending upon what we find, we might need some help in Muncie, y'all. More later. How does Team George sound?

I just hope this heretical activity doesn't bring on the End Time and Final Days. Try to locate your tin foil hat. It may rain fire and brimstone any day now.

## **THUMBS ON THE MEND**

I talked to our OFB Sandy the other day and can report, aside from some lack of stamina, he's doing OK and getting stronger everyday. He still has a bit of chemo to cycle thru, but not much of it is left. He and boon companion are really looking forward to being done with it. You can't but be impressed with the hardiness of the both of them. As a matter of fact, he's back to complaining about his knees again. You never can tell when that Right Stuff will come in handy. Sandy clearly had some left in the tank. Ouch!

## **THUMBS IN PRINT**

Our OFB Gary Baughman wrote one for the ages in the March, 2006 issue of the NFFS digest. The editor, expat Walt, wisely gave up two full pages for Gary's work with senior classes as a part of Cobb County's ELM program. It's a fine piece of work, complete with photos. Hopefully, it'll catch on in other parts of the USA because it's a worthy cause. Well done, sir.

## **WHEN FORTUNE SMILES**

Make that, many thanks for Old Atlanta Money. We were all a little rusty at our first outing at the sod farm this April. The models were flying like angels, but we were cutting fuses like pikers. The wind, gusty and turbulent, was coming out of the NW, the worst direction, cutting the field across its shortest distance, right into the loving arms of the Mighty Hooch.

Not that this tempered our ardor in any way. Wasting no time, Graham bridged the Mother Of All Water Hazards and put two gas jobs into the horse farm across the river. Like a deer, eye-stuck in the headlights, I quickly put my old campaigner P-30 into the river, headed for the Gulf of Mexico, or so I thought. I didn't think it had a hoot of a chance making it across and placed little faith in its not sleeping with the fishes. The model has had more than its fair share of narrow escapes from Old Scratch over its six year career, including two months spent in the verdant wilds south of Muncie. I gave it up and started trimming my new one. Musing over the imponderables, Graham soon suggested a trip over to the other side to search that familiar ground.

He and I enjoyed the fifteen minute drive, caught up on things, and met the owners for the umpteenth time. No neophytes to this journey, we had good lines and knew the ground. Graham's two models were quickly located in the hay fields near the big barn, but my old P-30 was not to be found. Resigning the model to its fate, we went back across the river to fly some more.

I walked over to talk to Gary and he relayed that his CR-3 had just flown across the river and asked what was over there at the day's vector. I said a horse farm with open fields and spoke of my recent trip over there. I mentioned the loss of my P-30 and he asked if it was the one with the red wings. I said yes and he said he spotted it not too high up in the trees on the opposite riverbank. I suggested another trip over to the horse farm to look for them, and soon, off we went. Gary had never been over there before and got to see where the fully-funded set spent their money forty years ago. We drove up to the big house and saw his CR-3 perched on the front porch, having been found already by one of the granddaughters. The treetop perch of my P-30 was soon found and we poked and prodded it down to earth with some expert effort.

While we were away, Karl got too frisky with his P-30 and caught the airborne express for parts unknown, seemingly crossing the horizon's far ridge line before his model blinked out of sight. No reason to even look for it, reasoned the assembly quorum of sympathizers. Gary and I agreed upon returning after listening to the testimony of our fellow Thumbs. Well, lo and behold, Karl got a call from the owners the next day, informing him one of the groundsmen had found it earlier in the day. He quickly drove back down to reclaim it.

Let's see: that's five models across the Mighty Hooch and all five made it back with a little adventure thrown in. Are we all that good or are we just that lucky? Why decide? Both are just fine with me.

## CIRCLE JERK

In a very recent e-mail, Dohrman announced he successfully launched a free flight HLG, discus-style, at the sod farm. A first in the state of Georgia, I think. Hailed as a harbinger of the future by many of the free flight illuminati, DLG, as it will hereinafter be designated, came late to the Peach State, but I'm sure we're ahead of many others.

Dohrman reports the first flights of his "Sting 30", a Surtees DLG kit, went well without injury, fanfare, or looking silly. (We'll have to take his word on the latter.—DM) He says it goes up to great heights, well in excess of conventional HLG launches, transitions OK, and causes no more stress on your arm than a golf swing. He says he could do it all day, while his, mine, or your arm gets blown out with overhand HLG launches very quickly.

This development should, of course, inspire me and others to get their DLG projects onto the bench, out the door, and onto the flying field. We shall see. I'd like nothing better than to give those genetic freaks in the Muncie HLG pen a run for their money. (No offense, Big Jim!)  
I'M BADD; I'M NATIONWIDE

I was at home in my hovel sweet hovel one recent evening, pecking on this screed, and listening idly to the latest "Monster Garage" episode in the background. I was jolted to a standstill when I overheard the words, "Groves High School" and "Savannah, Georgia." Jumping Jesus, that's where I went!

I set down the keyboard and investigated. My ears didn't deceive. Brother Jesse James had, in fact, invaded Westside Savannah and was building a half-size, rookie league dragster in my old high school's auto shop. Things haven't changed much, although now the kids have much better hand tools and shop equipment to play with. White trash, black trash, it's all good!

Thankfully, the kids' skill with tools far exceeded theirs with language and everything turned out OK. I needn't have worried. The hinterland of Chatham County has always provided more than its fair share of manual hoodoo-voodoo at speeds usually considered excessive for the requirements at hand. Heck, about a half dozen guys from my graduating class of 120 died of auto and motorcycle accidents of one sort or another by graduation. Throw in ten or so several serious injuries and grievous burnings and you get a generous indication of just how nuts my people were about toys and noise.

All the go-faster crowd lived on the Westside, close by the Ogelthorpe Speedway, Savannah Dragway, and Roebling Road test track and road course. Did I ever tell y'all about the Pinenora Shortcut? Five, razor-straight miles of nasty, two-laned asphalt, level as a church alter, out in the middle of nowhere. Use your imaginations; my homies did. You can still drive down this road today and see the twisted and abandoned hulks of past, fast steel amongst the pines, put there by several generations of speed-smitten Chatham and Effingham County wild boys.

After graduation, I enlisted in the wild life at UGA in Athens, the Jewel of the Oconee, only one hour away from Road Atlanta at the height of the Can-Am era. That and the loud, furious, and original Trans-Am series kept the fires burning within. Now that was some serious ground-pounding then and there, pilgrim. I love the smell of ridiculously potent, astronomic octane, racing fuel in the morning, particularly if you haven't been to bed yet. Back then, there was more action in the infield than there was out on the track.

If the bygone era of NASCAR in the fifties and sixties might be better known for fisticuffs and the presence of Mars, the God of War, in the pits and paddock, then the road racing ambiance of the seventies might be more known for the presence of Bacchus, the God of Excess

and Revelry, and the prevalence of, shall we say, the lure of the lower Chakra in the infield. (Those lacking a liberal arts background might've a difficult time understanding this paragraph. Just as well, too much information. Has the statute of limitations run out on any of those transgressions yet?)

Occasionally, one gets to re-affirm one's funky-white-boy status. Most recently, it was a roadside adventure while returning from a "bidness" trip to Naples, FL. My old beater Honda, 258K miles and counting, started over-heating like crazy, after being on the road only fifteen minutes. A quick check under the hood indicated having plenty of water on board. Hood raised, hard by I-75, pointed north, seven hundred miles away from home, the mental wheels began turning.

With no obvious leaks, abundant water, and no belts missing, my heart sank with the likely prospect of a busted water pump. Then, an emergency search of my data banks offered up the possibility of a stuck thermostat! I dived in the trunk, grabbed my 23 oz. hammer, and gave the thermostat casing a few, hardy blows with the cold steel. I calmly cranked up the old Honda and saw the water temp meter resume its normal readings. I then smugly resumed my journey home, proud of my origins.

The thermostat was soon "swapped out," not coincidentally in the shade of a tree and while imbibing a few Red Brick Ale's, a product of the ATL's micro-brewing economy. Think global, drink local, that's what I say.

How many high schools have auto shop these days? Wood-working shop? I dare say not enough. Every minute I spent within those walls paid me hours of dividends later in life. Crackers rule!

(What part of the preceding had anything to do with model aviation? Not one darn bit, but I felt y'all could relate.-DM)

## **FREE AT LAST, FREE AT LAST**

I've often wondered how our OFB Gary finds the time to do his household chores, portrait painting, youth and senior clinics, being copy editor of the NFFS digest, and model building, all the while selling outrageous amounts of high-end, residential real estate. While across the mighty Hooch during the last contest and fishing models out of trees, I found out he's officially retired. He must've gotten tired of cashing all those commission checks. Oh, the humanity!

He now considers himself an artiste, spending much more time painting portraits. His fleet of scale models is growing so fast you'd think the government is paying for it. Well done, sir.

## **GET YOURS TODAY**

Club pal, Carl Bakay, is happy to announce the second edition of "Winning Indoor Designs" is finished and for sale. Editor Carl's been working on it for a while, and would've had it done by now had it not been for a little hiatus caused by Hurricane Katrina. There's nothing like having your town, Harvey, LA, flooded up to the gutters, moving two hundred miles away to Houston, TX, for several months, then moving back to another city, Lafayette, LA, and re-establishing your brood there all over again. We'll pardon Carl for the slippage in the schedule.

The original effort by Jerry Nolin was/is a classic in our genre, but being of late eighties vintage, sorely needed to be updated. Thank you, Carl, for same. The new edition is around 90 pages with color photos and features new 38 models and 40 plans, so it should be a good read and reference.

The first run of 100 copies is for sale now and can be ordered from Bob Stalick/ NFFS Publication Services/P. O. Box 1775/Albany, OR 97321-0494. Price is \$15.00, plus \$4.50 P&H. If you're not familiar with the range of books, tapes, and CD's on sale by NFFS, ask Bob for a list; you'd be surprised at the bounty of goodies. All for a good cause, too.

## **A SURPRISING FELLOW**

Most of the people in your life don't provide much in the way of the unexpected. Not so, our man, David Barfield. Barf brought a special treat for everyone at the March meeting, something none of us have ever seen or even imagined before. T'was very surprising, considering how much balsa all of us have hacked on over the years.

Barf gave each of us a neatly packaged balsa seed, or Ochroma Pyramidale, to be precise. The label on the envelope admonishes us to "grow our own" and advises bright light, warmth, and high humidity.

Why not? Not that I need more balsa, ferchristsakes. I'm already "blessed", as the righteous say.

## **UP IN SMOKE**

You thought you had a bad day? You'll not get much sympathy from Bob Junk, District V Contest Coordinator. Returning from an errand, he and his wife pulled up in their driveway to find their house a smoldering ruin. They lost pretty much everything.

Fortunately for our district's contest directors, Bob only had one sanction application in the house at the time. Guess whose it was? Unbeknownst to your trusty CD, it was our application for the Peach State Indoor Champs.

Worryingly at the time, the sanction and DC kit seemed a tad late in coming, so I placed a few calls to Bob and Michelle at the AMA. I was then informed of this untoward drama. I soon had a second application faxed to them and another check in the mail and we were back on track. Not to fret. Many thanks to Michelle of the AMA's competition department for some quick, personal service.

A little obsessive-compulsive disorder goes a long way and thanks to my mama and most of her McDaniel kin's hyperactive genetic burden, we were saved. The mental nag is the most inescapable of all. My mama, the hardest boss I ever had.

## **HERE TODAY, GONE TOMORROW**

This just in. Ronnie Thompson's partner, Connie Perry, died in a automobile accident, presumably near their Athens, AL home. As you might recall, Connie won Mulvihill at last year's NATS and placed second the previous year. She started building and flying models when

she and Ronnie met. I met her last year and got to know her a little bit. She was a generous and kind person and a good builder and flier. She slipped the surly bonds way too early. She and Ronnie were a great couple and seemed very happy. A crying shame.

## **AN ODD AND TROUBLING CALL TO ARMS**

This just in from Joyce Hager, AMA honcho. Aircraft manufacturers have started to ask for royalties from model aircraft manufacturers. Several companies have stopped selling kits of actual aircraft as a result. Law suits can't be far behind. The AMA is organizing some resistance on their/our end. I encourage all those inclined to get their fur up over this to get on the AMA's website for the details at: [www.modelaircraft.org/supportletter.asp](http://www.modelaircraft.org/supportletter.asp)

This is a troubling development. Why should Lockheed Martin and all the others care, one way or the other? The military/industrial complex has a lot of nerve, if you ask me. Where would their board of directors and shareholders be without the public's tax dollars? They're all socialists with robber baron attitudes, if you ask me. Right wing socialism equals fascism. Next thing you know they'll be complaining about they're having to hire foreign AE's because there aren't enough domestic AE's to go around. Talk about short-sightedness; how many AE's started off building model airplanes, tanks, and ships when they were kids.

Those chumps need to go out and get a real job. According to the Congressional Budget Office, the USA spends more on defense than the next twenty-six countries combined and the good old American taxpayer foots the bill. That's gratitude for you! Dear Mr.CEO, you know where you can put next quarter's earnings statement. Jerks!

## **SOME EMBARRASSING SLIPPAGE**

No one likes to forget anniversaries, personal, professional, or otherwise. However, in spite of our best or worst efforts, we do it anyway. You say it never happens to you? Not so fast there, my friend.

All this came to a head recently when I read of the Brooklyn Skyscrapers club's seventy year anniversary. (Now, that impressive!) Almost immediately, I realized TTOMA had just gone thru our silver anniversary of twenty-five years, commemorating our founding in 1980. Duh! Did anybody out there have a clue? Not around here, buddreau.

Congratulations, everyone! Maybe we can do something special for 2010. That'll make it the big 3-0. We should all make each other sleep on the couch or something. Maybe turn a disinterested, cold shoulder to our affectional overturns. Fast up with that jewelry! Oh, behave!

## **NEXT ISSUE**

Expect some gearing up for the Muncie USOC. We'll have a report on the Peach State Indoor Champs. I'll wait until after the Johnson City USIC and throw in a report of that, too. Several Thumbs will be attending.

I continue to beseech the multitudes for articles, plans, and photos. Any of these you can get to me digitally would be appreciated. It really saves the bytes.

Ciao, y'all!

## **The Thermal Thumbers of Metro Atlanta, 20 March 2006, Meeting Minutes**

Vice President, David Barfield, called the meeting to order. Eight members were present. The last meeting minutes as published in the electronic newsletter were accepted by the members present.

The treasure's report was read by Don Brown and accepted by the members present. For the period between 20 February 2006 and 20 March 2006, the deposits were \$205.00 and the expenses were \$329.34. Four additional members have paid dues since the last meeting. The red X will be applied to the delinquents.

It should be noted that this was the second meeting of TTOMA in the new gymnasium at St. Luke's Presbyterian Church in Dunwoody. The meetings have been scheduled for every third Monday of the months February through November. This facility is excellent.

### **Old Business**

Don Brown said that the club charter had been delayed, because at the AMA headquarters personnel had lost the location coordinates of our outdoor flying field located at the North Georgia Sod Farm. Dohrman Crawford looked up the latitude and longitude coordinates of the flying field and Don sent these coordinates to the AMA office.

David Mills reported on the swap meet at Perry, Georgia.

### **New Business**

David Mills said that the builder of the model rule for the NFFS nostalgia models would be waived for models built by deceased members by placing some symbol after the deceased member's AMA number.

David Mills asked the question: Could the sanction for the Peach State Championships include the National Cup competition?

Dohrman reminded people that there were indoor meets scheduled to be held at St. Luke's Presbyterian Church on April 8 and May 27.

David Barfield presented a challenge to everyone present in the form of a balsa tree seed. At the end of the year, the member with the largest balsa tree would win the challenge.

David Mills brought various individual plans to give away.

The meeting was adjourned.

Respectfully submitted, Geoff Gros Guth, Secretary

## **The Thermal Thumbers of Metro Atlanta, 17 April 2006, Meeting Minutes**

Vice President, David Barfield, called the meeting to order. Ten members were present.

The last meeting minutes were accepted by a silent majority.

The treasure's report was read by Don Brown and accepted by the members present. For the period between 20 March 2006 and 17 April 2006, the deposits were \$346.00 and the expenses were \$57.00. Nine additional members have paid dues since the last meeting.

### **Old Business**

David Mills said that the AMA sanction application for the indoor meet to be held on 13 May 2006 at the North Cobb High School had to be sent a second time as the first submittal was destroyed when the district five coordinator's house burned down. The second sanction application was received by the AMA office.

David Mills mentioned that Gary Baughman wanted people to help run the championship meet at Perry, Georgia. Dohrman Crawford said he would be helping at the meet.

David Mills said that the next newsletter would be out in the next week.

During the last indoor meet, John Barker set a new club record with his intermediate stick model. The old record was 8:55 and the new record is 10:07. This was the first scheduled indoor meet at the St. Lukes Presbyterian Church. The date of the meet was 8 April 2006.

#### New Business

Frank Hodson will be the CD at the free flight contest held at the North Georgia Sod Farm on 23 April 2006.

Don Brown has the AMA insurance for the free flight contests to be held at the North Georgia Sod Farm this year.

#### Show and Tell

David Barfield showed his nearly completed Twin Lizzy which he is building from a BMJR kit. Dohrman Crawford showed his Mini Pearl which weighed 5.7 ounces and his nearly complete Ultimate Dragmaster A2 Nordic.

The meeting was adjourned.

Respectfully submitted, Geoff Gros Guth, Secretary

### Results of March 4 Indoor Contest at North Cobb High School.

Pnut Scale:	Baughman	Lacey	:34	:57
	Schneider	Farman	:33	
	Baughman	Cougar	:41	:15
Bostonian	Barker	4:36		
	B. Dixon	3:01		
	Baughman	1:59		
No-Cal	Sholder	2:45		
	Schnieder	2:55	Boeing XP-9	
	Dixon	3:42	Cassutt Racer	
A-6	Hube	2:32	2:48	
Hangar Rat	Dixon	6:22		
	Crawford	5:48		
10g Embryo	Barker	4:32		
Dime Scale	Dixon	2:57	Maboussin	
	Barker	2:44	Curtis Robin	
	Baughman	1:33	Cessna C-37	
	Crawford	:43	Waterman Gosling	
Chattahoochee Challenge	Schneider	1:12		

Int. Stick	Barker	7:05
EZB	Baughman	5:40
St. Cat Glider	Gowen	93.7
	Sholder	:31
Ltd. Pennyplane	Gowen	8:48
	Baughman	6:49
Back Porch Pusher		!:50
HL Glider	Gowen	80.3
	ChrisGoins	57.6

The flying site was set up by the school janitor to accommodate indoor flyers with tables running the full length of the gym. The air had been off all night and the flying conditions were perfect. There was much activity with some new planes in evidence. Nick Ray was trying to dial in the ministick for a record flight but never succeeded. It was good to see Barry Sholder with a nice no-cal and some handlaunched gliders. I see his queries on the indoor info site. Watch out for him in the future as he is asking good questions and getting answers from some of the nation's best fliers. Brook Dixon's Maboussin Dime Scaler was a work of art and flew like it was on rails. It sure looked good in the air. The glider boys, Gowen and Goins (sounds like a law firm) again flew some impressive gliders. Watching all the indoor fliers is an education in skills and technique. If you haven't been to an indoor meet lately, you are missing some great flying and terrific camaraderie. The Peachstate Champs would be a good place to see close to 30 fliers in action with the gamut of AMA and NFFS events being flown. Tim Lavender's crew will be here and will make you wonder why we have a junior problem. His kids will fly 150 flights over the course of the day. Be there or be mowing the lawn instead. The grass can wait. Indoor is pure freeflight at its best.

NOTE: The North Cobb TSA flight endurance competitors flew in the State Championships on April 20 in Perry. Coached by Gary Baughman, the team finished first and second by a wide margin. This is the 5th championship in a row for the teams coached by Gary. Congrats to the North Cobb students William Cullen and Steve Cohan. They will be attending the National Championships in Dallas in June. The models they flew were original designs built to TSA specs of 50cm X 12cm wings, commercial prop, 7 gram dry weight, 1 gram of rubber, and ROG. Best time was 1:40 on the underpowered models. Try loading a Hangar Rat to 7 grams and flying on 1 gram of rubber. That is about what the TSA competitors are up against. Who designed these rules? Two minutes is almost impossible but that is the goal in Dallas where the flying will be in a hotel ballroom with A/C going full blast. Best of luck, gentlemen.

## APRIL 2006 CONTEST RESULTS

### AMA140 HL GLIDER GLIDER (MOY)

1 <sup>st</sup> Jim Altenbern	Bo Weevil	181 sec
2 <sup>nd</sup> Jim Howell	Mixwell	174 sec
3 <sup>rd</sup> Dohrman Crawford	F-84 Thunderjet 78 pts	32 sec

### AMA 142 CATAPULT GLIDER

1 <sup>st</sup> Jim Altenbern	Copper Cat	194 sec
Souper		303 sec
2 <sup>nd</sup> Clarence Purdy	Scout	134 sec
		219 sec
3 <sup>rd</sup> Jim Howell	Mini-CLG/Scout	106 sec
		120 sec
4 <sup>th</sup> Karl Hube	Drifter	68 sec
		120 sec

### AMA 163/164 UNLIMITED & USA F1K CO2 REPLICA

1 <sup>st</sup> Graham Selick	Accord	360 sec
		240 sec

### SAM REPLICA .020 POWER

1 <sup>st</sup> Graham Selick	Strat-O-Streak	240 sec
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### CAT-A-PIGLET CATAPULT

1 <sup>st</sup> Don Peacock	210 sec
2 <sup>nd</sup> David Barfield	141 sec
3 <sup>rd</sup> Jim Altenbern	60 sec

### AMA 124 P-30

1 <sup>st</sup> Clarence Purdy	Campbell's
2 <sup>nd</sup> Jim Altenbern	Majestic
3 <sup>rd</sup> Karl Hube	Scorpion
3 <sup>rd</sup> David Mills	Air Shark

### TTOMA CO2 NOSTALGIA GAS

1 <sup>st</sup> Graham Selick	Geef
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**HIGH POINTS WON:** Jim Altenbern = 6; Clarence Purdy = 5; Don Peacock = 2; David Barfield = 1; Jim Howell = 1.

# **The Mother of all Swap Meets**

**Our Third Annual Event  
Sponsored by TTOMA and NFFS  
at the NATS Event HQ  
July 31st, 2006 5PM UNTIL DARK  
VENDORS WELCOME**

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## **Please join us and our friends**

We will gather under the big tents behind the farmhouse for an evening of socializing and trading. One man's junk is another man's treasure and the free flight community has plenty of both. We expect space to fill quickly, so **SIGN UP EARLY** and get your table reserved under the big tents. Send your check to Don Brown at the address below. We encourage everyone to bring folding chairs, tables and canopies if tailgating.

Coordinated by the Thermal Thumbers of Metro Atlanta.

David Mills, event coordinator.

For info <davidmillsatl@comcast.net>

**\$5 for a full table or tailgating**

**All proceeds go to the NFFS Scholarship Fund, so add a "0" to your fee and do something extra for the kids.**

Make checks payable to NFFS; send to Don Brown  
<donkay@mindspring.com> 477 Safari Circle,  
Stone Mountain, GA 30083

## SHOW AND TELL AT THE BANQUET



Al's Erie Daily Times model. If there's a cuter model airplane, I've not seen it.



The belle of the ball, Gary's new ME-109E  
They don't get prettier than this.  
Nice air-brushing



Al's Burd Korda. He spent some time on  
This one. Look at the bottom of the photo.  
Then and now



Dohrman's Fleet: Waterman Racer,  
**Guilow Cloud Buster** and  
Bristol Gypsy Racer.



Al's new Remoffett, a Bill Brown design



Al's new Marie II P-30. If it flies as good  
as it looks, we're in trouble.

## Perryman's April Fools Annual



Gary and his beautiful Hughes H-1. Gary, I'll give some silver Jap and light dark blue tissue if you'll remove that covering.



What it's all about.



Flies as pretty as it looks. Made it across the Mighty Hooch and back in one piece



Barf and his venerable Jimmie Allen Parasol  
Crashed and fixed a dozen times, it just won't fly away



Gary and his immaculate P-51B.  
A gorgeous model



Does it get any better that this?