

## **We found the smack dealer!**

**by erkrystof - Saturday, March 13, 2010**

<http://www.hoverandsmile.com/we-found-the-smack-dealer/>

Our [about](#) page details how my father purchased a small helicopter at a local auto show, which started our trek into the RC hobby. The local auto show was World of Wheels, which moves across the country but this weekend was showing automobiles at the Qwest Center in Omaha, Nebraska.

My parents were lucky enough to win some free tickets and offered one to me. Now, I'm not a car person. My personal view of cars for me is simple. I'm here, get me there. It extends beyond that to simple things like 'keep me warm in the winter' and 'don't let bugs fly in my mouth', but all in all, I'm quite practical when it comes to my vehicles.

This isn't to slight anyone who is into cars by any stretch. Everyone has something they're into. My father loved the old Mustang of his youth, and now that he's purchased one of those 'throwback' models recently released, his spiritual youth is quite pleased. Still doesn't change the fact that throwback or not, I still was never meant to fit in the backseat.

So, World of Wheels was here, and the viewing of cars was a nice change of pace from looking at everyone I work with more than my own home as of late. I walked in curious if we'll find the ~~smack~~ RC toy dealer that my father found last year.

I think I scared him just a bit at first. I introduced myself with something along the lines of 'Hello, Sir... I'm not sure if I should call you a son of a b\*\*\*h or a bastard.' I knew this would throw him off, and it did, if someone came up to me at a sales booth and did that I'd be instantly on my toes.

Alas, I quickly explained the pseudo-frustration of the addiction that his selling of a simple little RC helicopter to my father last year had started. I quickly told him about how it sired what you're reading here, a journal / media outlet of our RC misadventures.

Our meeting, all in all, was brief. We've exchanged contact information, and we were both happy to meet each other, I for putting a face and name to the dealer who set my father and myself on the road to RC damnation, and he for hearing what one single sale has done, especially when it comes to getting more people, young and old, into this amazing hobby.

So, to McLane, purveyor of Radio Controlled Addiction, thanks for starting us on the path to this hobby, and know that even the simplest of transactions has changed two lives forever.



The man who got my father into RC, standing alongside yours truly.

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