Two buddies Bob and Earl were two of the biggest golfers around. They agreed that whoever died first would try to come back and tell the other if there was golf in heaven.

One summer night, Bob passed away in his sleep after playing 18 holes earlier in the day. A few nights later, his buddy Earl awoke to the sound of Bob’s voice from beyond. “Bob is that you?” Earl asked. “This is unbelievable! So tell me, is there golf in heaven?”

“Well I have some good news and some bad news for you. Which do you want to hear first?”

“Well, the good news is that yes there is golf in heaven, Earl.”

“Oh, that is wonderful! So what could possibly be the bad news?”

“Well, I have some more bad news. Look, the good news is that yes there is golf in heaven, Earl. But the bad news is that there are no golf carts!”

“Oh, that is wonderful! So what could possibly be the bad news?”

“Well, I have some more bad news. Look, the good news is that yes there is golf in heaven, Earl. But the bad news is that there are no golf carts! But the worse news is that there are no drives allowed!”

“Get out! That’s bad news! But you said there were no drives allowed? That’s good news!”

“Yeah, I know. But the worst news of all is that the greens are all made of concrete!”

“Yeah, I know. But think of the greens fees!”
R/C airplanes

Up, up in the sky whizzed a bright yellow plane that darted and spun and banked with little regard for gravity. Behind it came a red-and-white-striped barnstormer, performing death spirals and loop-to-loops as it zoomed around the airfield of the Jayhawk Model Master Club. The club gathers when the weather cooperates to socialize and earnestly discuss the magic of radio-controlled (R/C) airplanes.

These are bona fide flying machines, with gasoline and glow engines that need to be fine-tuned. The ground around any airfield is littered with screwdrivers, spare parts and propellers that define the aficionados of R/C airplanes.

It only took 34 years after Orville and Wilbur Wright flew at Kitty Hawk for Ross Hull and Clinton DeSoto to fly a radio-controlled airplane in Detroit. Named “The Guff,” the plane is now in the Smithsonian.

Today, there are kits that will have you up in the wild, blue yonder in 30 minutes. If you don’t do any homework, though, you may have some expensive trouble. Flying R/C planes takes study, patience — and then more study. Then you actually have to learn to pilot the thing.

To keep your plane running smoothly, you must learn everything about them. This means a whole new vocabulary of terms such as ailerons, elevators, pushrods, servos and vertical stabilizers (we’ll define them later).

So where do you start? Hobby shops remain the best first stop, as they, seemingly without fail, have knowledgeable staff and are often hubs for the R/C community in your area. Don’t be afraid to ask questions. To get started you will probably need to spend anywhere from $200 to $300 for a starter plane.

This outing will get you a training plane, normally called an ARF (Almost Ready to Fly), that will take a couple of hours to construct — remember to read and follow the directions. You want to look for a High-Wing Trainer and a 4-channel transmitter, which will let you control the aileron (turns), elevator (climb and dive), throttle (speed) and rudder (side to side). As you advance, you can get higher-channel transmitters that will allow you to control more aspects of the plane.

Many R/C clubs will sponsor a beginner night where veterans will help you get into the air. Many of these instructors will use a device called a “buddy box,” which lets them take over if you get out of control. Take advantage of others’ expertise. Otherwise, your new hobby might be short-lived.

Now for the bad news. Many R/C airfields will not allow you to fly without insurance. The good news is that if you join the Academy of Model Aeronautics, the U.S.’s umbrella organization for R/C airplanning, insurance is included in its $58 annual dues.

Is it an easy hobby to master? No. But to see the look on a youngster’s face (as I did with my son Miles) as a plane takes off, all those hours of patient hands and minute adjustments makes the toil more than worth it.

Mark Luce is a freelancer in Lawrence, Kan., where he’s in serious negotiations to take the R/C plunge.
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