

Remembrances

Dave Bucher looks back at some little gems of experience from his 45 years of riding and writing.

Alex Bay Encounter

So I'm in Alexandria Bay, New York, up by the Thousand Islands, almost in Canada. And I'm just a little drunk. Went there for a Honda Owner's Group Rally but, as usual, was too cheap to stay in the riverside "headquarters" hotel, so I grabbed an inexpensive motel room on the other side of town.

After an evening get-together in the HQ bar, I was walking home through the midsummer twilight.

Now, Alex Bay is not a real big place and I could almost see where I was headed. So I'd taken a shortcut route down a dark street between a couple of warehouses. Next thing I know a police car is slowly stalking me and the cop riding shotgun shouts, "Where are you going?"

I have to say, I didn't like his accusatory tone. Being overly sensitive and reactive to unwarranted criticism is a lifelong character flaw. Being a little loaded didn't help. So, without hesitation, I turned and sprang toward the police car, pulled open the back door and plopped myself on the seat, just missing one of the cop's hats. As I pulled the door shut behind me, I said something like, "Wow, this is really a friendly town. It's so nice of you to give me a ride back to my motel."

Well, as we used to say in the army, these guys didn't know whether to shit or wind their watches. I guess they were used to chasing people and forcing them into their car



and nobody had ever voluntarily jumped into it before. After a pause, they asked which motel it was and then promptly delivered me there.

Of course, I couldn't open the door from the inside. By that time my indignation had subsided, so when the passenger cop got out to open it for me, I was all sheepish and thankful...and falling over myself in a hurry to get into my room before they thought about what had just happened and got pissed.

Needless to say, I lay down to unwind...and to thank my lucky stars that I was in that bed and not in a magistrate's office, or worse, in a cell. Then I started to laugh...the kind of laugh you laugh when you know you've really gotten away with something.