

# Remembrances

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

## I Love NY

When I was in high-school, a friend of mine went to upstate New York to spend the summer with relatives. When he came back, the stories he told led me to believe that all the girls there were nymphomaniacs. I harbored that impression for years. But it wasn't till 1989, when my wife and I took a borrowed Harley dresser on a tour around Lake Champlain, that I found out that things in those parts were even stranger than I'd always imagined.

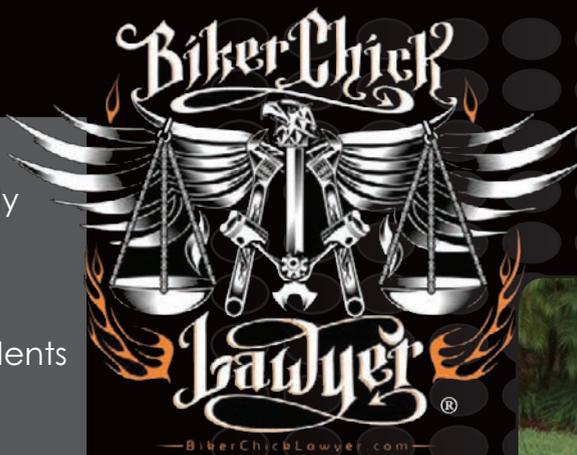
After a stop at Americade, we began our push northward. Now, the farther you go in that direction, the more like Canada New York becomes, which is to say the weirder it becomes. Just north of Fort Ticonderoga, I spotted a sign pointing to a side road that said something about the "Birthplace of Electromagnetism." Despite my pillion partner's protests, I couldn't resist seeing what that was all about.

After some navigation through a damp mist we arrived at a little settlement called Ironville and came upon an old house that had been turned into a museum. I don't think there was any admission fee, nor anyone around, so we just walked in. If you've ever been to an estate auction where they've got a house full of some poor bugger's stuff all lined

up in trays for quick sale, that's what it was like. Musty smell, awful wallpaper and tables full of junk lit by hanging bare bulbs. I really couldn't make much sense of how any of this had anything to do with electromagnetism, much less anything else.

There was activity in the rear so we went out the back door. At the end of the yard was a pavilion in what seemed like a small, community park. Apparently everyone in town, all fourteen of them, including whoever was supposed to be tending the museum, had gathered for a fire company fund-raising barbecue. Hey, we were hungry, so I brought the bike around from the front of the house and we asked if we could join them.

It was a little awkward, us all dressed in our riding gear, in this odd little place, with the mystery of what had been invented thereabouts still unresolved. But, the chicken was great. We left there wholly uninformed, but better prepared for the string of equally weird situations we'd find ourselves in as we continued our adventure. Now that there is an Internet, I've finally solved that mystery, and so can you. That doesn't change the fact that upstate New York is just different. While I still regret not making it there as a teenager, I can't wait to go back.



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