

DRIVING'S SIMPLE COMPARED TO RENEWING YOUR LICENSE 8/06/96

I just finished renewing my driver's license. It caused me to ponder over many occasions in the past when visits to the Motor Vehicle Office were downright disagreeable. I would much rather visit the dentist.

I remember how relieved I was when I bought my last vehicle and the dealer offered to transfer my plates for me.

Years ago I had to drive my own children to school. I was required to have special bus plates for my vehicle. In addition, the vehicle had to be inspected by the Public Service Commission – which is a story in itself.

I hit the State Office in Utica just before coffee break, which was my first mistake. I guessed wrong on which line was moving fastest. When I eventually reached the window, the clerk could hardly conceal her glee as she told me I had to get bus plates at the County Office.

Fully expecting such an outcome anyway, I trudged on over to the County Building barely perturbed. My mood changed abruptly when I was informed that the State Office was, indeed, the place to get my plates.

I got hotter with every step as I retraced my steps back over once again and took my place in line. Gazing out beyond the counter at several empty desks as I cooled my heels did not help matters. I began to speculate as to where the occupants of those desks were and what it was they were obviously not doing. When I reached the window and was informed once more I was in the wrong place, it was not pretty.

To make a long story short, a little old gal in a cubicle way off to one side (How she ever heard me I'll never know!) came over to see if there was a problem. She assured me I was not only in the right place, but waited on me as well.

On another memorable occasional, I bought a new vehicle and sold my old one to good friend John Callen. The two of us went to Lowville to transfer plates because we figured the smaller office would be more organized with fewer applicants. Wrong!

We arrived during the lunch break and the two clerks were both working on how to give some guy a \$2 credit. A long line agonized along with the clerks. I finally

offered to give the guy \$2 if it would get the line moving. Finally, one of the old timers who knew the score came back from lunch, called Albany and cleared the bottleneck. Sad ending is she was the best looking one of the crew and just recently returned.

I noticed you can now register to vote when you renew your driver's license. A feeble attempt to overcome voter apathy? It states the fact in both Spanish and Chinese or some similar language, which caused me to question why someone who cannot read English is driving. What about the sign that reads: "Bridge Out"?

I thought I was really on to something when Jim Minosh, popular owner of the Kayuta Drive-In, topped me. He wondered why instructions in Braille were on many bank drive-in ATM machines? If you know the answer, please tell him and he can tell me.