

A Veterans Perspective Of Port Dover On Friday The 13th



For about 25 years I've been going to Port Dover to take in the Friday 13th revelry and do some people watching, look at bikes and leer at women - and some girls (but only because I was behind them and really didn't know their age - honest).

I'm certainly not the oldest one there each year, being not that long in the tooth, but I have been going there pretty much since it all began. And I don't go every Friday the 13th because, frankly, I've been wet often enough and cold often enough. Yeah, I figure I've paid my dues over the years.

During the last few years, my enjoyment of this bash has waned considerably; only because I remember the good old days, those days being the days when you could actually walk uninterrupted down the main drag; easily find a parking spot for your bike and have a drink in your hand (the alcoholic kind, of course) within 5 minutes of getting there. The days when the 40 minute ride from Hamilton actually took 40 minutes instead of 2-3 hours!

The days when the few local and OPP cops expected the worst and were happy not to get it. The days when the locals STAYED HOME and nervously peered through the curtains at the black-clad marauders come to take over their town, rape their women and steal their babies. The days when the locals STAYED HOME and didn't take up valuable space by dragging their entire family into town to gawk.

Now what do we have? We have way too many cops with the inclusion of the B.E.U. (on top of Haldimand-Norfolk, OPP and their associated SWAT teams. We have so many people walking up and down the main road the pedestrian traffic actually comes to a standstill for several moments at a time.

We have pushing and shoving to get to the one of the few bars; line-ups for a drink; line-ups for a sausage; line-ups for a drink; line-ups for shopping; line-ups for a drink; line-ups to take a leak and more line-ups for still another drink. We have overflowing garbage cans by noon; "no

parking” signs everywhere, a limited choice of beer and an actual measured shot of booze (if you can believe it!) Christ, this is supposed to be Port Dover!

Okay, okay. Enough with the griping; I get it. I’m certainly not blaming anyone. The cops still do a fine job by controlling the mob and, more often than not, turning the other cheek, as I saw when one obviously drunk reveler dropped his bike (and his passenger) right in front of one of them at an intersection - the officer was kind enough to help him pick up his bike and, patting his old lady on the ass, sent them on their way (with directions for the way out of town). Or the other bad ass who I saw taunting a female B.E.U. officer by grilling her about her age. When the answer was finally forthcoming he bellowed “Twenty-Six! Is that all? I ****ed a rooster older than you!” The officer, once again, took it on the chin because, really, what law did he break?

The organization of the event was as good as could be expected given the huge turn-out and the local business owners’ were as courteous and friendly as they’ve always been. The music was great, the weather was great, the booze was great, the bikes were great and the chicks were great!!!

What do you do? Move the party to another town? Obviously- it would never be the same anywhere else. The party has certainly outgrown the town - by no fault of anyone except old ****ers like me who keep going back even though we say we won’t.

I guess it’s just me. Perhaps I am getting long in the tooth. I think it’s time I save some valuable space in that town and leave the party to the beginners, or those not quite as anti-social as I’m becoming. After all - there’s plenty of places I haven’t partied yet. Twenty six years of Port Dover is enough for now (maybe once more before I die).

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