

Sports

Sport is mock war with a smile. Competition may be either war or sport, depending upon the spirit of the competitors. In war the aim is to destroy, in order that self interest may be served. In sport the aim is to make the strife for first place in the game, a means of individual and public entertainment, carefully preserving the opponent as a necessary part of the game, and also because, far from being a mortal enemy, he is a friendly rival. Mock war with a smile, called sport, cultivates a spirit of chivalry, makes a gentleman of the player, and exemplifies the spirit of friendly rivalry and self control for the benefit of the audience.

Thus we recall the sports of our area.

“Take me out to the Ball game,
 Take me out with the crowd.
 Buy me some candy and Crackerjack,
 I don't care if I never come back;
 For it's - Root, Root, Root, - for the home team,
 If they don't win it's a shame,
 For it's one, two, three stikes, and you're out,
 At the Old Ball Game.”

Parkhill - Cheval Ball Team

The people of these districts have always been interested in various kinds of sporting activities. I well remember Mr. Jarvis Jickling and Mr. Manford Mott driving to Morden to curl during the winter, with horse and sleigh; and Mr. Wm. Keir Sr. telling about playing Lacrosse. There were other activities, but I understand they are being recorded by other individuals.

Baseball was started in the schools, and there was keen rivalry among the various districts. So I suppose it was only natural that as we out-grew school days, the love of the game remained in our hearts.

We, north of Morden, played unorganized 'Ball', and our Diamond was anybody's pasture that was reasonably suitable to play on, as cows and pasture don't always make the best recreational grounds, not to mention the gopher holes and odd badger dugouts. However, we, like the Pioneers before us, were not easily daunted and with a few shovels the boys soon had things under control.