

ESCRICK PARK FC v YORK CITY FC By Terry Storr



Of course it never happened but there was a season, in the mid-1950s I think, when I'm sure they could have given City a run for their money.

The team was very much as in the above photo but Geoff Brittain was the goalkeeper and I seem to think there was a chap called Leo. Des and Don Hampshire didn't let the opposition near our goal very often and Neil Hampshire (Tag) our Stanley Mathews lookalike on the right wing ran rings round the opposition. He was amazing. Two other players who stick in my memory were our goalie Geoff who was fearless and although wearing glasses regularly flung himself at the feet of the opposition. Off came his glasses but he had the ball; how his glasses survived the season I don't know.

Another player was the centre forward who I remember as Leo but it could be Hans in the photo. He just kept scoring goals, wending his way through the other team, tapping a few ankles on the way and slamming them home. No red cards in those days, but he didn't always get away with it. The season I'm thinking of, they won every match as far as I remember and by incredible scores. Mostly double figures and at the end of the season they were promoted TWO divisions higher. The next season was a different kettle of fish, they lost some good players I think and down they went and were never the same.



I played for Escrick Park FC when I was old enough and also for the cricket team. I have happy memories watching Escrick or the Yorkshire Gents (YGs) playing. The ground in front of the Hall isn't completely flat. It slopes up at one corner and down at another. You could get caught out running as the ball would stop suddenly while you were trotting away happily between stumps thinking you had plenty of time. You gained at the other corner where the ball would run away for

a 4 instead of 2 or 3 runs!

At the end of the season I think there was always a game between the two teams from the club, usually in the evening and I remember one in particular. My team batted second and it was a dull day so it became dark quite early. I was batting down the order and by the time I went in you could hardly see the ball but there was no way the match was going to be stopped. The bowler bowled, we guessed where the ball was and swiped. If we hit it we ran because the fielders had no idea where the ball was. If we missed it we looked behind to see if the stumper had caught it. If he hadn't we ran, and that's how we won, in the dark. Happy days (and nights).

If the village the size it was in the mid nineteen hundreds could produce a cricket and football team why not now when it's three or four times the size. Come on Escrick!