

Group Scout Leaders of the 24th

1932 to 1957	Teddy Farrar (Skip)
1957 to 1961	John Clay (Senior)
1961 to 1965	Roland Smith
1965 to 1968	Kneale Pearce
1968 to 1974	Joe Bragg
1974 to 1978	Norman Lane
1978 to 1981	Jeff Bake
1981 to 1990	Phillip Schofield
1990 to date	Steven Hickman



Teddy Farrar (Skip)



John Clay (Senior)



Roland Smith



Kneale Pearce



Joe Bragg



Norman Lane



Jeff Bake



Phillip Schofield



Steven Hickman

The above dates are shown to the best of the Editor's knowledge but he apologises if some are not accurate..

24TH ST. PAUL'S (PENNINE CALDER) SCOUT GROUP 5TH SOWERBY BRIDGE GUIDES

75th ANNIVERSARY



MEMORIES





CLARENCE HOUSE
LONDON SW1A 1BA

From: The Equerry to TRH The Prince of Wales and The Duchess of Cornwall

12th July, 2007

Dear Mr Schofield,

Thank you for your letter of 3rd July 2007.

The Prince of Wales has asked me to send the 24th St Paul's (Pennine Calder) Scout Group and the 5th Sowerby Bridge Guides his congratulations on their 75th Anniversary. His Royal Highness was delighted to learn that both organisations are still going strong and have reached another significant milestone this year. I am very pleased to be able to pass on his warmest best wishes.

Yours sincerely,

Squadron Leader Jayne Casebury RAF

Phillip Schofield Esq.



MESSAGE FROM THE CHIEF SCOUT

To: 24th St Paul's Pennine Calder Scout Group

I was delighted to learn that you are celebrating your 75th Anniversary this year and it gives me the greatest pleasure to send you my sincere congratulations on this wonderful achievement.

Over the years countless Leaders and Supporters have given their time and efforts freely to help the young people of the 24th St Paul's Scouts take their place in society and make it a better place for everyone.

With such a proud record, I know that Scouting in the "24th" will continue to go from strength to strength.

Thank you for all that you have done for our Movement over your first 75 years and my very best wishes for the future.

Peter Duncan
CHIEF SCOUT

The Scout Association

Gilwell Park Chingford London E4 7QW Tel +44 (0)20 8433 7100 Fax +44 (0)20 8433 7103 email scout.association@scout.org.uk www.scouts.org.uk
Patron HM The Queen President HRH The Duke of Kent Founder Robert Baden-Powell OM Chief Scout Peter Duncan
Incorporated by Royal Charter Charity No. 306101

FROM THE CHAIRMAN OF THE 24TH

It is testament to the hard work and dedication of the leaders over the years that Scouting and Guiding is celebrating its 75th anniversary at Tuel Lane. I joined the 24th Cubs aged 8 in 1963 (when Susan Oldfield was Chill), and have been involved with the Scout Group ever since, and it is a privilege now to be the Group's chairman. An anniversary is a time to look back. One of the highlights was being a member of the 24th Scout & Guide band in the early 70s – Dorothy Clayton immediately saw my musical potential and gave me a big drum to bang! I have also enjoyed for many years helping on, or organising, our annual Brow Hike and Calderdale Hike, and in recent years our Bike Marathon. Scouting has given me many great memories, but most of all I have met many wonderful people and made many lifelong friends. I do hope everyone has a most enjoyable and memorable anniversary weekend.

John N Clay

1932 – 2007, 75 NOT OUT!

Well done, 75 years of Scouting and Guiding in one community is an outstanding achievement. Many of us can only wonder what it was like back in 1932 for young men and women, boys and girls. No mobile phones, no national health service, no after-school activities. Many families only had one big meal each week, Sunday lunch, and the majority of women did not have jobs. Once Scouting and Guiding was introduced a new world opened up for the young people, they discovered the great outdoors, played new games, worked with each other to help others, put on uniform and had a great time and they were kind enough to involve adults.

I am sure there have been hard and tearful times, but on the whole it must have been great fun. Scouting and Guiding is a simple game based on family style values. We all owe a great debt of gratitude to those who established our existence, we will repay that debt by following our founders' advice.

'Always leave somewhere better than when you found it.'

Neil Leatherland
County Commissioner
West Yorkshire Scouts

EDITOR'S NOTE

It does not seem 25 years ago that I helped David Southwell and Rodney Oldfield with the production of the 50th Anniversary Souvenir brochure. That was a 16-page edition including 5 pages of adverts! This time we have expanded the 75th edition to 28 pages with no adverts!

Linden Howarth, Rodney Oldfield and myself have been overwhelmed by the response of material from many sources. So much so that we have had to edit many articles and some, unfortunately, have had to be left on the cutting room floor. I make no apology for printing from the 50th brochure Reggie Law's tribute to Teddy Farrar without whose foresight and vision the 24th would not have started and indeed was the forerunner of the 5th Sowerby Bridge Guides.

I am grateful this time for the help and assistance of Linden and Rodney in the production process. With the help of modern technology the brochure will be sent to the printers in production format (including photographs) at the click of a button on the computer. Thanks also go to the Halifax Evening Courier for their kind permission to use the photograph of the old Chapel at Tuel Lane which appears on the front cover.

I hope that everyone enjoys reading this brochure and with it bringing back happy and wonderful memories of Scouting and Guiding at Tuel Lane and St. Paul's.

Phillip Schofield
Editor

The following article appeared in the 50th Anniversary brochure as Teddy Farrar founded what all of us have benefited from over the years. Sadly Teddy died in 1984 and Reggie in 1993.



Mr. L. E. FARRAR
The Founder of
The 24th Halifax
Tuel Lane Methodist
Scout Group
1932

TRIBUTE TO L.E. FARRAR

It is very true to say that Teddy Farrar, more than anyone else, was the prime mover in the formation of the 24th Halifax Scout Group, which in turn helped create the 5th Sowerby Bridge Guides, and then the resulting sections.

Teddy, who affectionately became known to many as "Skip" during his service to Scouting, firstly as Scoutmaster and then as Group Scoutmaster, was a person with a vision, which he tried to bring into being by his example of honesty and loyalty to all that the Scout Law meant, coupled with his ardent belief in the need for young people to be taught Christian principles. Attendance at Sunday School and Church, the first of which was essential in the early days, was a must before joining the Group.

His influence over countless young people has shown itself in the many ways that some of these have taken by following themselves in the leadership of youth in many ways.

We wish Teddy, in these days of illness, peace of mind and comfort and to say "WELL DONE SKIP" – Thanks for all you've done.

Reggie Law
A member of the original troop

The following is an abridged version of an article that appeared in the 50th Anniversary Souvenir Booklet and is based on the recollections of Jack Boocock, Willie Brown, and Stephen Shaw. We make no apologies for including it here again as it is important that we do not forget our roots, and forms a vital record of local history.

EARLY SCOUTING AT TUEL LANE

Although we are celebrating 75 years of Scouting at Tuel Lane from 1932, we would like it to go on record that a Scout Troop existed between around 1914 until 1918, during the First World War, from which the roots of the present Group started to grow. Some of the facts may not be correct but we have tried, as far as we can, to cross-check them with other people's memories.

The Group in question was the 18th Halifax and was started by the Rev. H. B. Coventry and the Scoutmaster was Clarence Brown (Willie's brother). The patrols were Rattlesnakes, Otters, Beavers, and Wood Pigeons. Names of some of the Scouts: Birch Bentley, Harry Reddon, Ernest Wild, Harold Holroyd, Jimmy Horsfall, Teddy Farrar, George Bottomley, Harvey Whiteley, two Greenwood lads, Cecil Crowther, Arthur Bateson, Willie Brown, Maurice Fishwick, Stephen Shaw, and P.L. Tucker.

Group uniform consisted of khaki shirt, all brown necker, and dark blue trousers. The Group's equipment included scout poles, digging equipment, tea making tackle, and an old handcart from Dysons Plasterers.

Events attended included a camp at Rough Hey Wood (where a "Battle of the Scouts" took place) and a rally at Coley. Sadly, as happened during that era, some of our lads "Went to the Wall" and the Troop had to fold until, in 1932, one of its original members, L.E. (Skip) Farrar, reformed the Group, under Church sponsorship, as the 24th Halifax (Tuel Lane Methodists).

A Scout Troop was formed under the leadership of "Teddy" Farrar (with the Rev. W. Cass as Scout Leader) and, a little later, the Rover Crew – with Jack Boocock as A.R.S.L. Initially there were 12 Rovers, three who had experience with the 38th Halifax (the Sowerby Bridge Secondary School Troop). Of these Ernest Brunning and John B. Sutcliffe became the first Kings Scouts in the Troop. The Rover Scout motto was "Service" and the Crew was very active, winning the Percy Waiting Trophy for hiking, camping, instructing in the Troop, and combining with the Guide Company in fund-raising concerts & charitable efforts.

A "Rover Den" was acquired on Bright Street and this became the centre for Crew activities.

It does not seem like 50 years ago that I walked through the doors at Tuel Lane and became a Scout with the 24th Halifax, as it was then known. The influence that Scouting with this Group gave me has continued throughout my life, as I held positions of Scout & Venture Scout leader, Assistant District Commissioner for Venture Scouts (both in Halifax and York), leading up to my most recent appointment – that of Caving Advisor for North Yorkshire Scouts: which I have now held for the last 8 years, taking nearly 2500 members underground.

I believe that the basic principles taught to me such as trust, loyalty, and service to others has stood me well over the years, and this can be attributed to my Scouting at Tuel Lane.

Alan Crossley

ELATION & DISASTER ON THE CALDER AT EASTER 1960

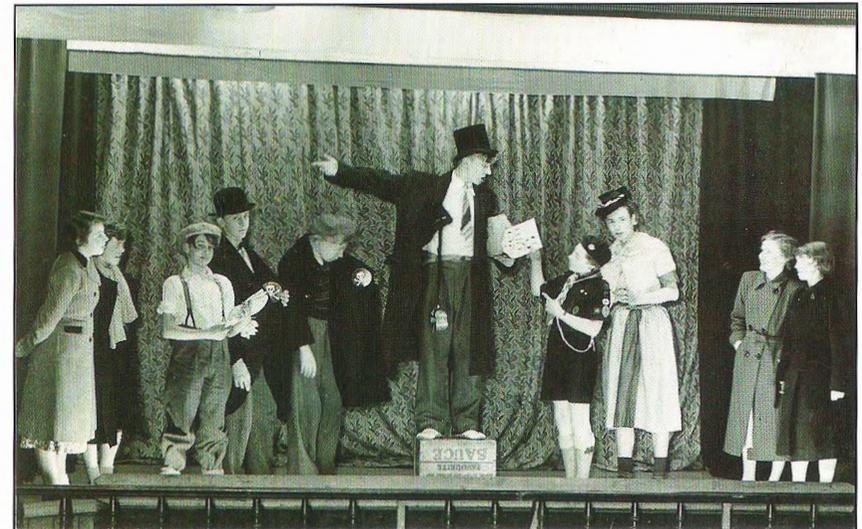
Four Rover Scouts – John & Martin Mitchell, Rodney Oldfield, and David Southwell – with Senior Scout leader Reuben Holroyd, launched two rafts for the Rovers and a canoe for Reuben, from an improvised boatyard on Hollins Mill Lane on Easter Saturday 16 April with the intention of sailing to Goole.

As we approached the County Bridge, both sides were packed with onlookers and traffic, including a double-decker bus that had stopped so that its passengers could watch! All the world had come to a standstill as the small ships went by. More thrills were to follow as we struggled to haul the rafts over the weir and then quickly jump back on board as they were caught by the current and spun around.

Progress was very slow – the river was shallow, and the oil drums were punctured, and the ropes securing the drums cut, on the river bed. Repairs were undertaken but the problems continued with the drums of the rafts, and Reuben's canoe, taking in water – so much so that the decision was taken (at the Calder & Hebble North Dean) to abandon ship, about 2½ hours after setting off. We made our way home trying to avoid being seen by neighbours.

In spite of our disappointment at not even getting to Wakefield, let alone Goole, it was a good and enjoyable experience. The Courier reported that the Rovers might try another attempt later – forty seven years on I can report that we never did.

John S Mitchell



Ranger Rover Concert – early 1950's.

The following is a direct reprint of an article that appeared in "Hill and Dale" – the Sowerby Bridge Grammar School magazine – from 1958, when the author was aged 13.

A WEEK-END IN THE SNOW

The title may give one a false impression, as this is not going to be a form of mystery story, but a description, and partly a story, of the facilities laid on for Scout camping in the winter months at "Triangle Hut". The reason for the title is that every time our troop has been it has snowed.

It is usually dark when the Troop wishing to camp for the week-end arrives, and the hut often looks very sinister silhouetted against the dark sky. The hut is situated on the railway line running from Sowerby Bridge to Ripponden, and was the old Triangle Station; it is now fitted with cold running water and full electric lighting.

The Troop arrives feeling very cold and some unlucky person gropes through the inky blackness to put a shilling in the meter. The lighting of a fire which is in a stove (of the station waiting room type) comes next. The supper is then prepared on the kitchen stove which is, by the way, a new electric oven. But the evening comes to an end, and it is time for bed. There are comfortable bunks arranged in threes, one on top of another. So everyone gets settled in for a really good week-end, which often proves to be just that. In this spot, only spoilt by a mill 100 yards lower down the hillside, the week-end drifts by, packed with fun and enjoyment with the true Scouting spirit.

But all good things have to come to an end and the packing begins, then the cleaning of the hut. Eventually the key is turned in the lock and only the happy memories of a fun-packed week-end remains.

Gary Smith
24th Hx. Tuel Lane Troop



The first known Group photograph – June 1935.

THE 24TH

From 8 to 21, I joined the Scouts and had some fun
The games we played, the friends I made
The discipline and the Church parade
Those confounded knots and back splicing of ropes
The semaphore and practical jokes
Coconut mats for our gymnastics
And a horse to vault over, quite fantastic.

British Bulldogs was our favourite game
The way we played, put Halifax RL to shame
To avoid the steel pillars was quite an art
As round each one we had to dart.

Inspection was a serious event
And nothing could this check prevent
Pressed, flat Scout hats were wavy instead
And uniforms looked like we'd just got out of bed
Neckerchiefs crumpled, white lanyards grey
Shoes need a shine, but on Parade day
To make us smart would be one great feat
As the Scoutmaster tried our untidiness to beat.

Scouting for Boys was our Bible
The Scout Law & Promise our Creed
No swearing, and reverence for God please
But make sure to do your daily Good deed.

The yearly Camp was a great event
To be with your pals and share the same tent
Carrying water and foraging for wood
Lighting the fire: if only I could.

A Dixie of porridge, those over cooked veg
The BB and J, for which we all begged
Sausages, fallen in the fire, and no-one to blame
How I long for those happy days again.

Camp fire songs gradually gave way to lustier rhymes
Along many a road I rehearsed those lines
Though outside the curriculum those rhymes did rank
I'm still grateful, and have J & R to thank

These jottings have taken me down Memory Lane
25 years from now I hope to do the same!
Congrats St Paul's, go marching along
And my thanks to The 24th, for making my youth one long song.

Martin Mitchell - Troop Member 1948 – 1961

In 1952 I joined the Tuel Lane Scout Group which was one of the best decisions of my life. The skills, camaraderie, and friendships are still with me. I was fortunate enough to meet my wife through Scouting at Tuel Lane (now St Paul's).

There are too many incidents and memories (happy and otherwise) to bore you with but, without the Scouts, Church, and friends, my life would have been empty. Thank you for the friendships and memories. Good luck to the leaders and the Group for the next 25 years.

Rodney S Oldfield



District Band on St. George's Day Parade – date unknown.

Congratulations to both 24th St. Paul's (Pennine Calder) Scout Group and 5th Sowerby Bridge Guides on reaching your 75th Anniversary. It is quite an achievement and it is well worth celebrating.

Leaders give up plenty of their free time to plan and work with the young people and I am sure that parents and grandparents really do appreciate the work that is done to make Scouting and Guiding so successful.

This year Scouting is celebrating its Centenary and I am pleased that Guiding is busy planning its Centenary which will be in 2010.

Best wishes to you all.

Alison J Moss
County Commissioner West Yorkshire West for Guides

Recollections of Guiding at Tuel Lane Methodist Church

I joined the Brownies at Tuel Lane in 1940 and remember that Valerie Atkinson started at the same time. However, when it became time to become a Guide, I never did, my mother always said it was because I did not like the Guider! I think it may have been Louie Law or her sister...sorry about that.

However when the idea of having a Ranger unit was decided I did rejoin and remember so many happy times that it would almost be a book!! There were 8 of us at the beginning and we each knitted our own grey jumpers. My enrolment was in the Church one Sunday morning and I remember the ending (then) of the Promise, which was "take this Promise out into a wider world". Only much later did this come home to me in force.

We camped at Parrock Clough, with me usually QM because of getting the Co-op Land Rover to deliver the food as near as they could. Once playing some ball game Reuben Holroyd backed to the edge and went into the stream, he was hurt and we got him to the car park and then me (no Licence and very little practice) drove his car to Halifax Infirmary. Good thing there were no police around! Barbara brought the children to camp too as quite small babies.

We travelled to London, marched at the White City where HRH Princess Margaret took the salute. We had concerts, what fun they were. Combined Operations, Rangerovariety, potted Pantos usually written by Brenda and myself. Teddy Farrar who we all looked up to "Skip" as we knew him did Indian Club swinging and the highlight was when the lights dimmed and lamps lit up on his clubs. Reggie and Alec as Ugly Sisters, followed several years later by the Mitchell twins. Tony, Barry & Roy in "Woad". I still have the photos.

A group of the Rangers also went to Princess Mary High School to meet the Chief Guide, Olive Baden Powell. The stage was set with tables and chairs, but she, being a great communicator, moved to the edge, sat down on the stage and talked to us. I'm sure we all remember that she always seemed to talk to "You" and not a group.

The Scout Band was very good, and quite a large group and parades were held every month with various members taking part in the services.

We then started up Ranger/Rover Conferences in 1954 I think, having been to one in Huddersfield. Princes Hall was used and we had 300 sometimes there, a lot sleeping overnight. Feeding the group was quite a headache.

I married in 1964, and had a Guard of Honour, and went to live in what was then Bechuanaland. Here my promise came home in a very personal way, I became brownie leader (of course they were called Rosebuds as Brownie was hardly appropriate!)

I was Division Commissioner South for Botswana – I think I got the job because I could drive on the dirt roads – and the Chief Guide of Botswana was Lady Ruth Khama. On returning to Wales I had time off with two small children.

After that Somalia and I started the very first Brownies & Guides there, then to Libya where I first saw Guides and Scouts carrying guns. A Canadian friend and I started the Brownies there at the American School with a few Girl Scouts. Back in UK and in Hampshire I was District Commissioner, then started the 1st Silchester Rainbows when Rainbows began and carried on until being "too old" at 65.

Nancy Crapper (now Jones)



Guides and Brownies in the mid-1950's.

I joined the 24th Halifax (Tuel Lane) Scout Group (as it was then known) in 1949 at the age of 13, when the chapel was undergoing restoration, and the troop met in the hut opposite the church alongside the canal. The Scout Leader was Roy Sutcliffe, shortly followed by John Clay, and the Group Scout Leader was Teddy Farrar.

I look back to those days with fond memories of standards set, and lifelong friends made who have never been forgotten. The Group and the leaders taught me new skills and achievements that stood me well for the next 50 years.

I was one of 3 Scouts who proudly gained their Queen's Scout Award in 1953 (myself, Cedric Clarke, and Barry Halstead) following which I embarked on a career in the Merchant Navy. The next 8 years found me sailing around the world, but by enrolling as a "Deep Sea Scout" I was able to contact other troops in ports world-wide. I still kept in touch with Tuel Lane, always returning to the Rover Scout meetings when I returned home on leave.

I married a local Guide, Margaret Thorpe, in 1962 and, amongst other things, started a Scout Troop in Scarborough, and also spent 6 years in Cyprus where I became Cub Leader, Scout Leader, ADC, and District Commissioner.

Roy Clayton

MEMORIES

In the radio programme "Desert Island Discs" the castaway is asked to choose the eight records which remind him of the important moments in his life. Using this format I have selected eight "memories" from those gained during my 18 years with the 24th which I feel encompass the whole experience.

1. When I was about 6 years old I was taken by my father to Sunday School. As we were walking down Rose Hill I heard the sound of a band, and marching down Tuel Lane was a parade: the Scouts, Cubs, Guides, and Brownies. I was hooked, and couldn't wait to join.
2. When I reached the age of 7 years and 3 months I was allowed to join. I can still feel the neckerchief being placed around my neck on that magical night.
3. My next "memory" is of the night when I became a Scout. One moment I was a tall Wolf Cub and the next a very small Boy Scout.
4. Later that year I attended my first camp at Copley. We went by bus and most of us had ex-army kit bags with our things in. Two blankets, tin plate and mug etc (no rucksacks or sleeping bags in those days). Although we hardly slept the first night, we had a glorious weekend.
5. When I reached the age of 16, I became a Queens Scout. It was a very proud moment when I, along with Bob Dennison and Barry George, was presented with my badge and certificate by the District Commissioner at a very special evening held at Tuel Lane. A photograph of the event appeared in the Halifax Courier.
6. The following year, we took part in the St George's Day Parade at Windsor Castle in the presence of H.M. the Queen. The event was televised and shown in the cinema.
7. In 1957 the Senior Scouts spent 10 days camping in Norway. This was, I believe, the first time that the 24th had camped abroad. This was also the 50th anniversary of Scouting and we attended the jamboree held at Sutton Coldfield.
8. The following year the Rover Crew, as we now were, spent a fortnight camping in Scotland. This memory is particularly important as it was the last time that that particular group spent a holiday together. Within the next few years we were all married and bringing up families.

John Lane
Member 1945 – 1963

'Tropophobia' – the fear of change. There's a suspicion that for many years the Guiding movement suffered from it, but that's most certainly not the case nowadays. A simple re-branding – we're now known as Girlguiding UK – can hardly be attributed to doing away with the stuffy image the organisation once suffered, but trendy uniforms, more up-to-date badges (such as film lover and circus skills) have been introduced. Trips to music festivals and international camps have all helped to put the focus much more on the twenty-first century than the days of learning how to sew and boil potatoes in the 1950's and 60's.

Demand for places at Rainbows and Brownies nowadays is so great that some parents have been known to put down their daughters' names at birth. With roughly ten million girls and women spread over 144 countries it's a truly international organisation, one which encourages learning as well as having a great deal of fun through wide-ranging activities.

You won't find the word 'tropophobia' in any Guiding manual!

Becky Walker
Sowerby Bridge District Commissioner

Memories and reflections upon what being a Brownie, Guide, and Ranger at Tuel Lane Methodist Church, not to mention a less than average bugle player in "the band", means to me.

As a young girl I loved Brownies, in particular games played in the church hall. Annual celebrations such as Mother's Day, November 5, and Christmas never lazily passing us by: instead materials were provided to create presents for mums and dads, which we would not otherwise have been able to find. I wore my Brownie uniform and badges sewn upon it with pride.

As a Guide my favourite memories are of camping, and riding on Mr & Mrs Clayton's small trailer. Old newspapers were collected to sell to raise Guide funds and we were allowed to sit on top of the paper on the trailer as we returned to church. I remember riding with Alison Boocock along Burnley Road and holding on tight when Mr Clayton turned sharply at speed down Tuel Lane. It seems very tame now, but to a young girl it was exciting and fun.

I now realise how much time Dorothy & Harold gave to other people, in particular the Guides & Scouts, and specifically to me: thank you.

As a Ranger Guide I enjoyed camping weekends, getting to see new places, learned to love being outdoors and appreciate the exhilaration of walking on the moors. Most important of all were the friendships with so many people, most of whom I no longer see but the reunion will take care of re-establishing contact.

I have deliberately left a reference to "boyfriends" to the last. A significant number of Guides & Scouts met their husbands and wives within the "troop". Being a Ranger Guide or Venture Scout provided a wonderful opportunity to meet members of the opposite sex, and adolescent feelings and attractions were given free range.

Fond and cherished memories indeed.

Beverley Mitchell (now Lynch)

REVD STEPHEN BARNETT – MINISTER ST. PAUL'S METHODIST CHURCH

This year the Methodist Church is celebrating the 75th Anniversary of Methodist Union, the coming together of three strands of Methodism in 1932. It is fitting that here at St Paul's we can trace our links between the local Methodist church, Scouting and Guiding back to the same year as Methodist Union. We give thanks for those who have been leaders of the Group and units throughout the past 75 years. Equally for those of us who came under their influence and became the people we are today. Being part of any of the Group involves the leaders and members together in an adventure. This link between St. Paul's Methodist Church and the various organisations can draw us to a man called Jesus. He too calls us to engage in an adventure with him, because he said to his first disciples, 'Follow Me'. God bless.

Stephen



Rainbows 2007



Brownies 2007

MEMORIES OF GUIDING FROM THE EARLY 1960'S

Joining the Brownies at Tuel Lane Methodist Church in the early 1960's was the beginning of many happy memories. Brown Owl and Tawny Owl were two sisters whose names escape me but I think they lived in the terraces close to church. We made new friends, learnt about team building in our sixes, had fun playing games around Owl and the toadstool and we went out on trips. One vivid memory was a day out to Ilkley and sharing our picnic field with hundreds of giant Daddy Long Legs many of whom were left with a few less legs!

I never joined the Guides but about 12 months after leaving Brownies returned as a helper. Diane and Karen were now the Brownie leaders and there was a thriving and enthusiastic group of Scouters and Guiders involved in running the uniformed organizations and many other activities. I feel very lucky to have been there at a time when there was lots going on for the youth to get involved in. The pantomimes stand out as particularly fun times: I have memories of being put into shiny pink costumes by Mrs Lancaster and even singing on stage.

Two memories of taking Brownies on trips which are not so joyful were visiting a fairground and losing all the money to pay for the coach – the purse spun out of a pocket on the Waltzer. The second was a visit to Blackpool when we all returned with severe sickness and diarrhoea (hepatitis) – we'd been swimming too close to a sewage pipe on the beach.

This all came to an end in 1972 as I left for university. However in 1981 as an excuse to escape from babies and nappies for one evening a week I volunteered as Guider and have many different memories - camping at Rishworth School playing fields with other groups in the district and having to dig a large hole for the latrines! - going on a joint camp to Haywood with St George's guides - but more significantly are the memories of the monthly parades, marching behind the band and accepting the colours in church.

Barbara Smithies (now Haigh)



Rangerovariety Reunion October 1946

KITBAGS & GABERDINES

Those items accompanied you when you went to camp. Your father's old army kitbag to carry your gear in, which was already marked with your name – at least your surname - but also your rank and file as well as a suitable inscription, which might be "East of Suez". Raincoats were known as gabardines and were long, finishing well below the knee. To a "tenderfoot" the kit bags were awkward to carry and a gaberdine, when wet, was very heavy. Today's fabrics and comfortable outdoor gear were years away. The tents we used were old, with many repair patches, and camp equipment was a manageable minimum. Mom sent you off with sheet, blankets, towel, and tea towel (the latter returned black & greasy!). Only the leaders had rucksacks and sleeping bags. Wooding parties were a necessary and frequent part of everyday camp life and you quickly learned to keep the wood store dry. All cooking was done on an open fire. When camping at North Dean the Tuel Lane minister would sometimes visit and take a "Scouts Own". The singing of hymns was way off tune and this invariably got a person laughing, which in turn set others off – as well as distracting the minister.

To convey us to camp various modes of transport were used. We could hire a local removal van and cram as many Scouts in with the equipment as we could manage. We would on other occasions hire a local one man/one bus company – Tommy Calvert. He might have been tempted to have his bus endorsed "VIP travel for 24th Halifax Scout Troop" and – in smaller lettering – "also UK holiday destinations". As we entered the late 1950's we persuaded one or two parents who had cars to take our equipment – the lads used the public bus service. When camping at Lumb Falls, Crimsworth Dean we would change buses at Hebden Bridge – waiting 20 minutes to get the Keighley bus – and then alighting at Pecket Well to walk on Haworth Old Road as far as the Methodist Chapel and then down the fields to the campsite. We can all recall sunny and rainy days in camp, and some stand out more than others. A camp at Bradley Wood ended prematurely and I think that it was over a Bank Holiday. Late Saturday afternoon a mighty storm hit Calderdale. Tent and ridge poles buckled under the deluge, mud and water everywhere. We endured it well into the next day, or even the day after, until our leaders finally submitted to the elements and struck camp. The headlines in the Courier read something like "heavy storms in the valley, many houses flooded, and structural damage". It's a pity we didn't advise them to add "but the 24th Halifax Scout Troop continued camping!"

Memories are still vivid of being a Cub, Scout, Senior, Rover, and leader with the 24th over a period of 14 years, until work took me away and to other Scout groups. I thought that scouting was wonderful. It challenged you, rewarded you, gave you aims and aspirations, made you strive, and instilled some order and discipline to those who were receptive. Learning to get on with others, mucking in, experiencing triumph & failure – this mix was excellent grounding for manhood.

Happy days and many thanks to the 24th. Long may the Group continue.

John S Mitchell
Group member 1947-61



Cubs 2007



Scouts 2007

BROWNIES

A lot of changes have taken place since Margaret Lum and I started the 2nd Brownie Pack (7th Sowerby Bridge Brownies) at Tuel Lane Methodist Church. After 12 months I became Brown Owl and remained so for nearly 20 years. These were good years and lots of things were learnt both by me and the girls. We had 26-28 girls with a long waiting list.

Music played a big part in our Unit with lots of singing. We would go, at least twice a year, to Mayfield House, Bankfield, and The Gables at Norland. We also ran bran tubs at the galas at Mayfield. We took flowers for everyone at Easter and Mothering Sunday. We went "wombling" with sacks through Sowerby Bridge and around the church. For about 3½ years all Units took it in turns to give up 1 meeting in 8 to clean the church – this was done with great gusto with the result being that the girls & boys had respect for what other people did. The children made sure that everywhere was kept clean because of the effort that they had put in.

Pack holidays were the event of the year where Brownies and leaders never slept. We had evenings where we tried to get the feeling of the difficulties that different handicapped people had in daily living. One of our many sponsored events was to raise money to help our blind Brownie and her brother to go to Lourdes. One highlight of the year was the "All your own concerts" at church.

All the girls came through various problems, some had to learn how to share, some to realise that they didn't come first in life and that others needed love, care, and consideration. The girls grew up and moved on. Some took up teaching and became headmistresses. Some went into nursing, some into computing, and some secretarial.

Joan Watson



Hebden Hey Cub Camp 1979.

My many years connection with the 24th began in 1962 when, as a young 8 year old, I first joined as a Wolf Cub. I can remember walking down Tuel Lane holding my Grandma's hand (Mrs Wade who was the school crossing patrol lady at both Ellison Memorial & Tuel Lane Infants – anyone remember her?) and being so proud of belonging to something. Of course at that tender age I didn't fully appreciate what a unique organisation I was becoming a member of – that only comes in the fullness of time after hearing and reading of other people's memories and experiences.

After 3 happy years as a Cub (maybe I was that cub who "knocked" on Susan's tent door clutching my bluebells?) my Scouting ambitions took me in a more nautical direction (or was it the overtures of Uncle Reuben?). Later at the age of 16 I became a member of the newly formed Sowerby Bridge Venture Scout Unit (meeting in the old Criterion Café on Wharf St) and rekindled my connections with Tuel Lane. This Unit was an amalgamation of all the Units from the other Groups in the Sowerby Bridge area - first under the leadership of Steve Greatorix, then Gary Smith, and finally Harry Haigh. Many more happy days (especially working party weekends at Great Tower Scout Campsite in the Lakes) were spent in the company of people who remain, to this day, lifelong close friends. Questions from that period still remain unanswered such as:

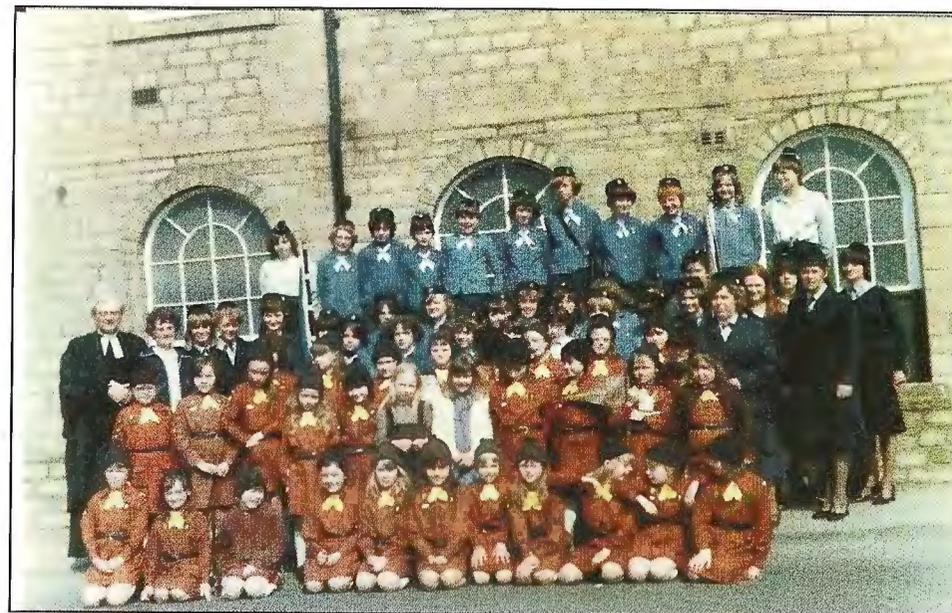
- Why didn't Arthur Turner's bottle of tomato ketchup ever run out?
- Why were Gary Smith's binoculars focussed on the hills at the top of Kirkstone Pass when we passed him in a taxi?
- Why was "Oggy" Clayton so named – and why didn't his mother like it?
- Did we really get 10 of us (plus kit) in the back of Harry's Land Rover?

After a spell out of Scouting I returned to the 24th in the late 1980's to help run the Cub pack and again have many happy memories. Weekend District Camps at Rishworth, weekend Pack holidays at Hebden Hey, District Go-Kart & football competitions, "Dads & Lads" weekends also at Hebden Hey (why did we never have "Mums & Lads"?), as well as the normal weekly pack nights. The reins were handed over during the 1990's to more energetic bodies (as we all have to do at some point), but one cannot sever the ties to Tuel Lane so, along with a few other old worthies, we continue helping in a lay capacity with things like the Calderdale Hike, the Bike Marathon and other events, as well as being on the Group Committee. These all help to retain the spirit, friendship, and affections that we've built up over our long years with Tuel Lane. God bless and keep smiling.

Linden Howarth



Brownies (plus interloper!) 1980



Guides and Brownies with Rev. Whitfield Raine in 1980

WHAT HAS SCOUTING EVER DONE FOR ME?

Well I met plenty of good folk and here are a few memories? First was Leslie Morton, my Akela at the 16th Halifax – Peter Sutcliffe and his son Richard were there. Then I was invited by Andrew McDonald to the 24th – good move. Camping at Pecket Well where Gary Smith jumped naked into the stream, sleeping in a poly bag to see if we could do the Dalesman Hike without a tent – woke in the early hours wet through and spent the rest of the night in David Gaukrodger's (Troggs) old Ford pop! Bradley Wood camp using new Gillen tents, so wet the plastic joints on the poles broke – Andrew McDonald supporting the ridges like Samson while repairs were carried out.

Tracking Paras (Senior Scouts) also at Bradley Wood, pitch dark whispered at by Reuben Holroyd hiding in a bush, moon shining on his specs like a wise old owl. Followed a flour trail late at night at Hebden in the Yorkshire Dales only to find that it had been stolen by bandits (still think it was J & M Mitchell!) – there we beat the Boys Brigade at football and never practiced once (unlike them).

Weekly Scout meetings – knots with Kneale Pearce and scribbling with a biro on Tony Haigh! Travelling in Norminton's removal van going to camp, singing our heads off with Nigel Wade blowing a bugle at passers-by through Keighley – that turned a few heads. Caught a trout at Buckden camp with Nigel Wade & Phillip Schofield using a bent pin – ate it later cooked in butter.

Took a bugle home once, had to play it in the shed, never quite mastered it, became Drum Major instead thanks to the tuition from John Speak (Christ Church Group) – led L.A. Band through Halifax at St George's Day parade one year. Dropped the mace in my eye at one Tuel Lane Anniversary parade, went to church with a black eye that year – must be on one of Teddy Farrar's photos.

In Senior Scouts had great times – leader was R.S. Oldfield. We stressed him out so much with our projects and adventures that he went hairless! Went to Gilwell by train with N.Wade, A.Crossley, and D.Butterworth – plus two Sea Scouts (J.Ramsden & J.Curtis). Alan Crossley spent the journey down perfecting his exceptional talent of blowing smoke out of his ears – to much encouragement. Can he still do it?

I joined the 24th Scouts when I was 11 years old because many of my friends were in the Troop. It was a strong active Troop and "As" Crossley was the leader. By the time I was 12 I had been on a night hike and slept out in the snow - what an adventure! Robert Holmes and Steven Lees were my partners in crime. Eugene Callaghan was one of the Patrol Leaders and as strong as a horse - he was always fooling around! Richard Whitaker was my weekend camping buddy for the Advanced Scout Standard when we walked over the moors at Blubberhouses. By the time I was 17 I had been canoeing, rock climbing, pot holing, and had slept on top of three 3000 foot mountains. We had won cooking and camping competitions and been around the country on competitive hikes. David Brewer and Steve Bragg accompanied me on these adventures.

I also enjoyed many years in the Band first as a player (Dorothy Clayton was a power-house running things behind the scenes), then as an instructor under the direction of the late Ken Wild. A man with vision, purpose and heart - the band grew in strength and dimension - we looked great in band white and blue neckers!

When I took over as Skipper I had some young lads who grew with me as a leader and my good friend Glyn Kenyon always helped out on all of the camps. Patrol Leaders such as Jez Watson, Adrian Pilling, Graham Haydon, Steve Cotter, Mark Young, Mark Farrah, and David Wright all came to be leaders later on in life and gave something back to Scouting. We went to Scotland to walk the 5 Sisters and camped on Skye. On our 5 day camp in the Dales we watched a Jet fighter fly through the valley below as we camped on Pen-y-gent.

Before I became Group Scout Leader, Colin Bradley and I ran the Scouts and the band for many years - Colin is still running the band.

I have been at the 24th for 39 years (with a 3 year break for College). Scouting to me is about doing things - anything - as long as it is fun and exciting. The many skills that you develop throughout Scouting stay with you for life, the many friends that you develop become friends for life, and I sincerely hope that there's still a whole lot of life left in Scouting!

Steve Hickman



Is it a bird, is it a plane

THE CALDERDALE MOUNTAIN BIKE MARATHON STORY

In 1997, Group funding was becoming an issue after council grants were reduced, and a call for help was issued to think of new fundraising opportunities.

The idea of a competitive cycling event came to mind and, with help from all quarters, especially from Richard and Phillip Whitaker who must have gone three times round the globe, and several times over their handle bars, plans were laid. Then came the dead horse flogging, my trooping round the District to get sponsorship - "advertise in our programme for £20 and give us a prize for the raffle". Well that cost me hours of artwork planning and design and some of the prizes were cast offs to say the least. At one meeting, two or three weeks before the first CMBM, we had 17 entries and we were understandably nervous and considered cancelling, but luckily strong nerves prevailed, and we pressed on. We had heard about a similar event in Holmfirth (run by Scouts) and Richard W went to hand out our entry forms there while I used a lot of their help and ideas. Then came the rush of entries in the last two weeks, and we worked tirelessly to enter them in the challenge. The first event took place with several mishaps, Richard again gave his all and came in Sunday morning with grazes to face, knees etc. having overtaken his handle bars again the day before while signing the route. Then we discovered some kind farmer had removed a sizeable number of the said signs, probably because they were fastened to "his" fence posts, so causing some confusion for the riders at the start of the event. Then I was meandering out to check the field before 11 o'clock when, "blimey, the first ones are nearly back, better phone Eileen and warn her to get the team ready" - I don't think any of us expected anyone to be so quick.

The second year we learned from the first and the praise after the event made it all so worthwhile. The third year again we improved, and so did the amount we raised, but most importantly we were now seen as a "big event" and after the marathon I was approached by one of the entrants who wanted to sponsor the event. "Thank you Lord" no more dead horse flogging, welcome Southdale Homes. Also that year saw our printing being sponsored by Simprint (another entrant) and helped our cause tremendously.

The next year saw the year of the fog, our first hospitalised casualty, and a moment to remember. A lady crashed in the fog, overtook her bike, broke teeth and chewed gum, and was hospitalised. At her request efforts were made to dispatch a message to her fiance (who was ahead of her) about the incident. We finally caught up with him at the finish and carefully broke the news to him about his fiances accident. His response - "how's the bike?"

The event developed over the next few years, growing steadily. On several occasions I pressed the wrong button on the computer the night before the event and wiped out the database, thank you Eileen for saving the day and the event. One year two entrants had their (unlocked) bikes taken from the back of their car while they enjoyed a pint after the event - and that was the Scout leader from Holmfirth who helps us so much! The year after we tried to include more people and the "Lighthouse Appeal" ran a "bike cloakroom". The "cloakroom did little business, but thankfully the chap with them was a first-aider who took a severely concussed entrant to hospital. That entrant later thanked us all for our help and concern for his welfare.

Over the years several organisations have picked our brains and started similar events for themselves - all for good causes, some well organised some not so well. Ours continues, and it gets better and better. And it is all thanks to you all, Scouts one and all, let us make the effort, make the difference, make the call, roll the ball, let's help the young people, they're the future after all.

Tony Gledhill

When we celebrate an anniversary like this one it is a good time to look aback and remember the people who have been involved in the Scouts and Guides here over the years. Some of us can look back further than others, but we will all have our own favourite recollections, whether it is of camps, hikes, shows, band contests or just the general fun and friendship of meetings. Some of the older ones will no doubt be thinking that 'things aren't what they were like in my day'. No, things are not what they were like, and this is a good thing. It shows that the movement is evolving; that we are not old fashioned, stick-in-the-muds.

We are giving the girls and boys something that is relevant to their lives in the 21st century. We have modern uniforms and more up to date subjects for their badge work; conservation and computers have taken over from thrift and semaphore. This is why we can celebrate these anniversaries, the centenary of Scouting this year and of Guiding in three years time, as well as the 75th Jubilee here at St. Paul's. I know that at the moment we do not have a Guide unit here.

In the meantime, Guiding is ably represented by the Brownies and Rainbows under the leadership of Becky and Carol and their helpers. So I would just like to congratulate everyone involved in both of the movements here and look forward to celebrating many more such anniversaries in the future.

Angela Wilkins
Sowerby Division Commissioner for Guides



Brownies in Mayor's Parlour in 1985.



Church Parade in June 1982

THE CALDERDALE HIKE

Started in 1979 by Peter White, the then Scout Master of the 24th, the first two Hikes encompassed the entire 50 mile route around the Calderdale Way. It was based at Brooksbank School in Elland and with the start at Clay House in West Vale. This was a mammoth logistical exercise for the Group with checkpoint teams being required as well as a radio net and motorcycle teams relaying scores back to Elland. At HQ there was a 24 hour catering requirement which provided meals for competitors as they completed the event as well as HQ staff. The 3rd Hike had to be cancelled due to a sudden and deep snowfall.

Since 1982 the event has been reduced to shorter routes of 25 and 35 miles for both runners and walkers with both individual and team trophies all affectionately produced for the Hike by 'Rodders'. Initially the 'new' Hike was based at Mytholmroyd Community Centre, then moved to Greetland Community Centre. Whilst for the last 18 years Sowerby St Peters Cricket Club has been HQ. This is an excellent venue as competitors are quickly onto paths and off tarmac roads.

Whilst entry numbers are not as high as in the early years, the regulars come year on year and all congratulate the Calderdale Hike team as one of their favourite and well run events.

Phillip Schofield
Hike Controller

For 20 years Guiding played a big part in my life, both with the Guide Unit and with the Scout & Guide Band, at Tuel Lane Methodist Church (now St Pauls). Often I had 36 girls so discipline had to play a big part. The girls enjoyed camping, hiking, and the outdoor life.

I shared problems with many girls – I felt sadness with them and rejoiced with them in their happiness. These girls now have children of their own. Many of them have joined Scouting & Guiding and quite a few have become either leaders or gone on to become District and Division Commissioners. Many Guides have moved from Sowerby Bridge to areas in the South, to Scotland, and indeed as far away as Australia; all taking with them the spirit of Guiding.

Things do change and sadly, possibly because of different commitments, there is no longer a Guide Unit at St Paul's. Programmes have changed and uniforms have changed (but I am sure that it is right for 2007). I wish the future of all the Units all the best. Thank you to the Rainbow and Brownie leaders for keeping the spirit of Guiding very much alive at St Paul's. I still have, and always will have, Guiding, especially at St Paul's, always in my heart.

Once a Guide always a Guide.

Dorothy Clayton



Sowerby Division Senior Section Guides

THE BROW HIKE

The Brow Hike was started by the Scouts at Bolton Brow Methodist Church in 1962, and was revived by the Sowerby Bridge Venture Unit in the early 70's and was taken over by our 245 Eagles Venture Unit in 1973. This annual event, usually held in March each year, consists of a 25 mile hike around the old Sowerby Bridge boundary, with an overnight camp and incidents at several checkpoints. This extremely challenging hike is for teams of four aged between eleven and sixteen, carrying a full pack, and over the years we have had competitors from the Scouts, Guides, Boys Brigades and the Army Cadets. Points are awarded for walking speed, incidents and team leadership skills, and there is always strong competition to win the prestigious Brow Hike Trophy. This unique event has been run successfully by the 24th each year since 1973, and it has earned an excellent reputation for our Scout Group, and many thanks must go to Steve Hickman and his team who have now organised the event for many years, and all the helpers many of which come back year after year.

John & Kathryn Clay



Go-Kart Rally – Crow Wood Park in 1988.

As both a past Guide, and a past leader of Cubs & Beavers for many years, at the former Tuel Lane (now known as St Pauls) Church, I would like to congratulate the 24th Scouts and the 5th Guides on reaching their 75th year of Scouting and Guiding. This milestone has been accomplished through continuous good leadership and maintaining the high standards and morals which Scouting and Guiding demands.

Little did Robert Baden-Powell realise in 1907 when he started the Scout Movement, which in 2007, as the world celebrates 100 years of Scouting, that there would be over 38 million members in 216 countries. Anything that lasts 100 years (and still counting!) must be, not only good, but wonderful!

I was introduced into Scout leadership at the age of 16 when I started helping in one of our Cub Packs – and 34 years later I retired – after many happy years and countless memories with the 24th in the Cub & Beaver sections, fund raising events, and many social events.

We are eternally grateful for the many friends that we as a family have gained and still remain. I sincerely hope that the next 75 years of Scouting & Guiding will continue to grow from strength to strength in our ever demanding and changing world.

Susan M Oldfield



"As flames point upwards, so be our aims".....

My main memories of Guiding at Tuel Lane/St Pauls are the hours spent with the band; at practices, parades, and competitions, and the camps which Dorothy & Harold Clayton took us on. Dorothy, Harold, and a few others put many hours into Guiding and Scouting around that time.

I'm still in Guiding - never having left! Our Methodist Church has Brigades rather than Scouting/Guiding so our daughter is in both Guides and Girl's Brigades, and our son is still in Boy's Brigade but left Scouting after Beavers & Cubs.

I can remember the dinner we had for what must have been 40th celebrations at the hotel at Ainley Top and I hope the 75th dinner is as successful.

Margaret Burge (now Parkin)

THE HUT

A luxurious log cabin in the Lakes, or that is how we should describe the building we all affectionately refer to as "The Hut".

The hut has been an excellent base for many, many years for all members of the 24th (and other guest Groups) to use as a convenient way of experiencing the Lakes as one step up (just!) from camping.

I have been there many times and have many memories from staying there.

- My first visit was by train, bus, foot etc. The way our predecessors would have travelled. The party included Tronk (David Mellor, now in New Zealand), George Honour, and Steve "Mole" Bottomley. In those days, the hut had a sliding door - late one night there was an all mighty cry. George had pulled the door off its track and it landed on his ear!
- To celebrate Halifax Rugby League winning the Challenge Cup some years ago, David and I decided the interior of the hut was in need of decorating and so we set about painting it blue and white.
- On one occasion me and Sutts (David Sutcliffe) had arrived late one Friday evening, had the obligatory drink in the Britannia pub, and made our way back. In the early hours of Saturday morning, about 2.30 am, we were awakened by two rather large bodies standing in the hut doorway. The Whitakers had arrived! Richard and Mark decided to pay us a visit on their way home from the White Horse on Burnley Road!
- In more recent times I have stayed there with my wife, her children, and also my own. She was not exactly pleased with the level of hygiene, so spent the first hour sweeping, cleaning, etc - the sort of things that only women can do to such a very high standard. Needless to say, it is now in a much healthier state that it had been for some time.

Michael Bojczuk



The Hut