By Peter Fellowes
1964-1966

I arrived on Tuesday 15th September 1964 [how is it I remember things like this but not what happened last Tuesday?]

Yes it was the train from Waterloo to Brookwood then onto the waiting 3 Ton RL.
I remember it had snowed on and off and as us group of boys sat and bumped along the road looking out the back as the world passed by.
I recall passing Pirbright and then the main gate of, what was then, 1 Trg Bn before going up the hill passing through the village and into Dettingen.

"GERRRRRF OFFFFF THE F.....ING TRUUUUCK" shouted a voice and off we got into the arms of the army and in my case for the next 25 glorious years.

I would like now 41 years later to say how good I was, but it would be untrue. I was for my time in JL's at best a mediocre soldier and mostly barely passable.
I was a career J/Pte and there were good times and bad, but I enjoyed it [mostly

However my claim to fame was 21 years after my first arrival I again returned, but this time as WO2 [CSM] HQ Company, and one of my main responsibilities was to plan and implement the close down and transfer to Colerne of what was then RAOC Apprentices.
It seemed in a way ironic [to me at least] that as a very mediocre soldier and an ex JL that it should me [as if in some sort of revenge] to be there, [as part of the team] to in effect close the place down.

On the 23rd December 1985 I stood outside the [now empty] Bn HQ and looked at the square and the deserted camp.
I remembered how I had arrived all those years earlier, along with another group of apprehensive 15 year old boys, and I wondered where they had all gone.

I got into my car and drove off on Christmas leave after which I was posted to 15 Bn Donnington.