

# Augusta Military Academy

## Oral History

Doug Pennock, '72  
March 22, 2004

### Memo to the Corps

I came in to my office today with the intention of catching up on some paperwork. Today is slow because we are celebrating one of the numerous holidays we enjoy on our Caribbean paradise. When I finished my work related tasks, I decided to check the inevitable punch list of "Favorites" on my computer. Probably because spring is around the corner (at least for you northerners) and thus another reunion is about to be held, I was drawn to the AMA site and opened it in hopes of finding some fresh Alumni news. I opened the scrapbook and read numerous stories and tales reciting the experiences and memories of ex-cadets.



What is so interesting to me is that we all spin a similar tale. For many of us, the first time we saw the campus was a lightning bolt strike of surrealism combined with the standard campus tour by one of the school icons that would inevitably help mold us into the person we are today. My tour guide was **Col. Paul Hoover**.

I first stepped foot on the AMA campus in September of 1965. I was a 12 year old kid with a bit of an attitude, the son and the grandson of AMA alumni. I had no clue what was in store for me, my dad tried to give me a couple of heads up on the do's and don'ts of the life of a New Cadet. I ignored his advise and quickly learned the ways of "Give me 25!" and or ran around the bowl enough to have qualified for the All Shenandoah track team.

Six years and an encyclopedia of memories, adventures, laughs and tears later I was exuberant that life at AMA was over. Now I could begin to live in the civilian world where long hair ruled and rules were a thing of the past. Well, long hair did rule and the rules that I found outside that big grey cocoon I had just come from were way different than I could have imagined. I can truly say that thanks to the six years in the valley spent waking up early and marching everywhere, life in the barracks, sports, cotillion club, dances, Sunday Parade, Roller Rifle, Sunday service, town leave, classroom time with some characters that even Walt Disney could not conjure up made life much easier for me to handle.

What AMA prepared all of us for was how to react towards any possible crazy scenario that life can throw at you. Thanks to people like **Col. Hoover, Big Ed, Doc., Col. Livick, Molly** and yes even **Lee Roy** many of us have waltz though some pretty challenging adventures. I know, I have and I know a select bunch of gentlemen (AMA brothers) that would concur.

Thirty two years after I graduated in the summer of 1972, AMA still influences what I do, say and act out in life. I expect it will till the day I'm gone.

Thanks Dad.