

Augusta Military Academy

Oral History

by James C. Williams, '65
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One of the 'gods' descended...

Very shortly after I arrived at AMA, I remember that we were preparing for our first full-formal inspection. I was standing in my room trying to figure out how to get dressed – cross dikes were a pain – when the door suddenly opened and in strode **Doug Brown**, resplendent in 44-button jacket, saber, sash, shako with raven-feather plume...the works.



He glanced around the room and then said, *"I'm looking for Cadet James Williams."*

My heart stopped! I replied in a very squeaky voice, *"I'm Williams, sir."* I didn't know who he was at that point, but in that get-up I knew he had to be a "sir".

Brown then walked over to me with his hand extended and said, *"I'm Doug Brown, the Battalion Commander. I understand we're both from Fort Lauderdale."*

"Yes sir," I squeaked.

He said, *"Well, I know you're busy – have a good year at AMA."*

And with that he turned and walked out of the room and that was the last time he ever said a word to me. I guess I should have felt privileged that one of the "gods" deigned to descend from heaven (The Tower) and actually spoke to me at all. But I was too shaken right at that moment to feel much of anything.

Then that scratchy record with the first "fall-in" was starting to screech from the speakers on the Bell Tower and the clang of high-topped shoes going down the metal steps was beginning to echo through the barracks...

Geez, the memories do come flooding back once you open the door!