

Augusta Military Academy

Oral History

Michael Arrington, '76
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Impersonating Faculty Officers Ran Rampant at AMA

One of my favorite recollections from AMA remains the memory of faculty voices, but not those of the faculty officers themselves.

Yes, you read that correctly. There was a certain plateau that a faculty officer reached if he became verbally characterized by so many, young amateur impressionists.

Rich Little, we weren't. Actually, we were more like Chicken Little, because no matter how openly we made our comedic renditions to each other, we'd clam up as soon as the subject neared. Hey, we weren't crazy!

If I had to formulate a list of the Top Hits, it would have to go something like this...

"Uh! Look. See. Arrington! You [Expletive Deleted] aborigine! It's a foil, NOT a [Expletive Deleted] machete!"

Yes, who can forget the voice of **Col. Paul Hoover**? The Man. The Myth. The Math teacher.

And, where were you when you first heard this classic...

"Shut up, Trigger! And, eat your pancakes!!!"

Doc Savedge spoke in a Wm. F. Buckley, Jr., Harvard accent. Here he was noticing my chemistry lab partner working with chlorine gas at the safety ventilation hood without first having closed it: "Favors, you @@@@ - !!!!!!!!, are YOU trrrrryng to KILLLLLLLLLLLLLL, usssssss ALLLLLLLLLL?!"

And then, there was **Major Elliott Ridge**'s courtyard, study hall soliloquies, "First stoop, what's the scoop?!"

For the Few. The Proud. The Daring... there was **Lt. Col. Dave Rapp**, USMC (Ret.) He was one of my very favorite teachers, and I always enjoyed his Spanish classes, but to do an impression of him -- well, I sure wouldn't have wanted him to somehow catch me.

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“The verb is NOT tenor. The @&*%\$! Verb is TENER!!!!!!”

A deep breath followed this, and then the voice did a 180. It became calm and chummy.
“C’mon, Mike. Keep up here, okay?”

I realize that reading this, and not hearing it, loses a lot in the translation. However, if you were at AMA from the Fall of ‘71 through the Spring of ‘76, perhaps those voices came back to life for moment in your mind’s ear. I know that when I remember them, I can’t help but snicker.

I won’t say that, as the old adage goes, imitation was, back then, a sincere form of flattery. But, I will say that it is now.

“Uh! Look. See. Arrington! You [Expletive Deleted] aborigine! Shut up!”