

87TH COMPANY (CONTINUED)



Second Lieutenant Quincy Fox came to the Marines by way of Robin Hood's barn. Like many other officers in the battalion, he had been born into a life of privilege and luxury, but he apparently had an endlessly itching foot, as he never remained in any one place too long. He had attended three exclusive colleges in three consecutive years, exploring three different fields of study, before leaving Brown University to volunteer in France, in '14, as an aid worker with the American Red Cross. After getting into a bit of a scrape over there—something to do with the wife of a Red Cross official—he signed on as an ambulance driver with the 5th Canadian Field Ambulance in '15. He was kicked out by the Canucks for throttling an English doctor; it seems the man was too drunk to treat the wounded Canadian soldiers Fox had brought in to the British Base Hospital at Calais. After that, Fox considered joining the French Foreign Legion, but he was put off by their rigidly enforced five-year enlistment period. Bitten by the bug to fly, he talked his way into the Lafayette Flying Corps, but he washed out of pilot training, rumor has it, after crash landing a plane on an unauthorized flight. His track record had to give pause to Marine officer recruiters, especially since the *front* door had, for the most part, closed on new lieutenant commissions from outside the Corps; it appears, however, that his ability to both speak and write French, as well as his familiarity with France, got him in the *back* door. He is quite likeable and has a jarring handshake that rises up to meet you, like a Nieuport fighter climbing up from below to rake a Fokker's belly. He clearly has an affinity for danger. Perhaps that is why he attends daily mass with Father Galasso—oftentimes being the only other man present. I have to hand it to him; he has a knack for regularly falling, sometimes even diving, into the manure pit—only to come up smelling like roses every time.

