

## DAVID RUSSELL MARQUIS

b. July 9, 1937

d. June 26, 1988



David "Moon" Marquis...the man from Haverhill, Mass. was recruited (and we all know that is a "no-no" word) as a football player of some repute. Moon soon came to the conclusion during Plebe year that his athletic endeavors were far better suited to being a contender for the "Blue Trampoline" championship. You should understand though, that on occasion, he could feign athletic prowess that would fool even the most experienced instructor. Some may recall Moon and Dint having a pact (bobbing and weaving) so that neither could, or would, harm the other in one of Tony Rubino's boxing classes!!

The consummate military bearing man, Moon suffered the embarrassment of being detected with his drill shirt pocket unbuttoned by none other than one of our favorite company officers....Army Captain Bill Louisell. Moon was absolutely delighted to carry out the Captain's command to "rip off that button and sew it back on 20 times, Mr. Marquis." Moon was an absolute definition of annoyance in carrying out that order.

One year, Moon and his "Wives" --Phil and Ellis-- had a yearlong cribbage game going. The winnings were totaled up each day they played. At the end of the year, the rough total one had to pay out was less than \$5 although at times the debt was well above \$20. During those evening study periods and weekends, hours were spent discussing his Boston accent versus the way other people enunciate various words. After a year of this lunacy, no one succeeded in changing either ones mind and decided to leave it at that.

Tom Head recalls that Moon, never one to tempt fate, was strongly influenced by a Nostradamus prophecy he had read, predicting that the "Bear would devour the Eagle," or something close to that. He was convinced that it meant the end of the United States at the hands of the Russians (maybe a nuke strike or something) before the morning broke. Some of us sat up with him that night until lights out, trying to calm him. Moon was a happy mid the next morning at breakfast formation after awaking to a sunny day in the loving arms of Mother Bancroft!

No one can likely recall the commencement of a habit that forever defined Moon...massaging the "growth" (read that "wart") on his head. It helped him think!! Get a visual of him engaged in his favorite daily pastime during pre-flight in Pensacola...rubbing the wart and getting time hacks from WWV to compare with his Rolex wrist watch reading. I think he truly believed that his timepiece was more accurate.

Asked why he wanted to fly P-5M's, he responded that if based on the East Coast, a night landing consisted of heading 090 in level flight and when the lights disappeared, begin a 500 fpm rate of descent until the landing happened. He also stressed that there was a bathtub and full galley aboard the aircraft for his personal comfort. He liked the fact that an engine failure on take off only required the pilot to throttle back the good engine and land straight ahead. More on that technique later. He also fancied the option of fishing or water skiing on long taxi backs to the ramp.



*P-5M in a rocket-firing run...looks like this one may have been supersonic!*

When the balloon went up on the Cuban Missile crisis in 1963, Moon was flying his beloved P-5M's out of Bermuda. His squadron was ordered to set up a detachment at Gitmo to provide patrol plane coverage for the area around Cuba. And who should show up but Hink, now an F-8 driver, whose squadron had set up a four-plane detachment to provide fighter cover for Gitmo. Hink and Moon ran into each other at the O Club, or somewhere, and chatted for a good while. Hink reports that Moon had this incredible tale about caging (that's shutting down or feathering, for non-prop qualified pilots) one of two engines. They landed in the water okay and taxied 500 miles back to Bermuda. Yeah right, Moon.

Anyhow, turns out the long runway at Leeward Point was under repair and unusable, which required the Crusaders to use McCalla field. The P-5M's were moored in the water on the beach below McCalla, but the their aircrew's sleeping huts were located right under the end of the prevailing runway at the bottom of the cliff. Moon complained about the noise and Hink explained that the F-8's couldn't make it off without afterburner due to the short runways. Would you believe that Hink relayed this staggering info to his fighter squadron mates and told everybody to "take it easy" taking off because we were disturbing the P-5M guys' sleep? Or, do you think that, maybe, on occasion, Hink's flying machine might have accidentally dipped lower than normal off the cliff at the end of the runway, which, of course, required the longer use of the afterburner to correct? Hey, just a way to say, "Hi," to an old friend—sweet dreams, Moon.

Dave, we hope you're sitting up there smilin' down on us. We miss your infectious smile, extraordinary sense of humor, and true sense of camaraderie. Take care, our friend.