

STUART, TONY

AWM 65

[4901]

AUSTRALIAN ARCHIVES
ACCESS STATUS

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ROYAL AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE

The following biographical details are required for use at R.A.A.F. Overseas Headquarters, London.

SURNAME STUART NUMBER

CHRISTIAN NAMES Tony

AIR FORCE RANK AND MUSTERING .. F/lt

DEGREES ETC.

DATE OF BIRTH PLACE

EDUCATED

DATE OF ENTERING SERVICE.

PREVIOUS SERVICE EXPERIENCE.

PLACES OF TRAINING

CIVILIAN CAREER AND ACTIVITIES

SPORT (TEAMS REPRESENTED) CLUBS ETC.

FATHER

WIFE.

HOME ADDRESS SYDNEY .. N.S.W.

SIGNATURE

DATE

DATE OF EMBARKATION.

HEADQUARTERS USE ONLY - DO NOT FILL IN

AWARDS.

CATEGORY. INTERVIEWS.

RADIO. OTHER REFERENCES.

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OVERSEAS HEADQUARTERS, R.A.A.F., LONDON

PRESS

Bulletin No. 8

LONDON
13/2/42 (4 p.m.)

FLYING BROTHERS OF THE R.A.A.F.

Fighter and Bomber Commands of the R.A.F. can both claim the unique distinction of having Australian brothers serving in the R.A.A.F. as flying members of the same squadron.

Pilot Officers Tony and Mike Stuart, formerly of Camden, New South Wales are pilots in a night fighter squadron operating in the south of England. ²⁶⁴ Jim and Leigh Rule, of East Hawthorn, Melbourne are sergeant pilots in a bomber unit located on the east coast.

Well known as a member of the Cobbitty Polo and Collaroy Surf Club, Antony Innes Stuart, is an ex-Press man having worked on several Sydney dailies and the Straits Times. He trained at Bradfield Park, Narrorine, Ontario and Scotland. His brother Shelley Michael, also trained as a pilot at Narrorine and Canada. He is two years younger than Tony and joined the R.A.A.F. a month after the outbreak of war. Tony entered the service in January 1941. Their father, the late Captain G.B. Stuart, served with the R.N.

The Rule brothers were educated at Scotch College, Melbourne, and were both members of the school cadet corps. Jim is four years older than Leigh. They joined together on September 14, 1940, went to the same flying schools in Australia, Canada and the United Kingdom and now bomb the same targets in Germany.

NOTICE TO RECIPIENTS :

THIS HAS NOT BEEN SUBMITTED TO THE CENSOR.

W.B.T.

AUSTRALIAN PILOT WHO MADE

A young Australian pilot, Flight-Lieutenant Tony Stuart, attached to an RAF fighter squadron in England, made cheerful history last week by using the great Australian adjective before a crowd of 30,000 Londoners in Trafalgar Square.

By IRIS DEXTER

THE occasion was the opening of the London Wings for Victory War Savings Drive. The incident that made the cables was his spontaneous, "It's bloody lovely," when describing how it felt to shoot down a German aircraft.

"Well, that's just typical of Tony," said his mother, Mrs. C. McQuoid, voluntary canteen worker in Sydney, when she read the news in her paper. "Goodness knows, he's been making speeches since he could talk.

"I'm not surprised by anything he says, and it seems that London wasn't very shocked, either. That little news item just about sums him up beautifully." Mrs. McQuoid may have been trying to keep up an off-hand, unboastful attitude about her elder son, but she was pleased in an amused, maternal way, really.

Family's Reactions

And Aunt is said to have read the news of Tony's famous speech and excitedly cried: "Lord! He's off again."

His brother, Flying-Officer Michael Stuart, who was with him in the same squadron for 14 months, and is now back in Australia, said: "There he goes!"

General consensus is that Tony could, and does, get away with anything. He is 27, tall, good looking, likes to sing and tell stories while he is driving a car or flying, loves all people, makes friends by the score, and is utterly unself-conscious.

When the war started, he gave up his advertising job, about which he still likes to talk, and joined the Army. After nine unprogressive months, during which his brother had almost finished his Air Force training, he switched over.

Finally after training in Canada, he caught up with his brother in England.

Before he left he became engaged to the girl who'd helped to teach him polo a couple of years before. She is Jacqueline Crookston, of Camden, NSW, now a VA serving in a northern hospital, whose photograph is always on his bedside table.

Tony used to have a horse called George then. He was over-zealous he was always nostalgically referring to him, and when his brother was returning he was given last-minute instructions to be sure to look George up and report on his condition.

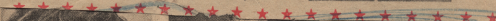
Just about the best and most sensational thing that has happened to Tony Stuart since he went into operations in December, 1941, was a kill on his first patrol job.

It's a nice start for a new pilot. It's what he summed up in three words last week in Trafalgar Square.

His score, when his brother left recently, remained at that one. "It was just



Flight-Lieutenant Tony Stuart on leave in England—top name button and done in true fighter-pilot style.



His fiancée: Jacqueline Crookston, of Camden, NSW, now with the AAMWS at a Northern Australian base.



His mother: Mrs. C. McQuoid, of Sydney, making damper at a service canteen where she does voluntary work.



His leading lady: S/O Rita Bendon, who played Rebecca to his Maxim de Winter in an RAF London production.

cheese," he said. "A good start, but you can't do it every week."

In England now there isn't any polo, so Tony Stuart keeps fit by playing the worst game of football ever watched.

Theatrical Debut

But it seems that Air Force life has dug down and unearthed a good streak of the theatre in a young man who hadn't suspected it.

When his station staged Daphne du Maurier's play, "Rebecca," with an all RAF and WAAP cast, he played Maxim de Winter. The show played at several stations and rated a full page of pictures in "The Sketch," in company with reviews of current London stage successes.

Claude Hulbert, just one of the many friends Tony Stuart has made in his

England, may have talked him into it. His performance is said to have been of the smash-hit variety and even his brother, in the audience, relaxed after the first few minutes of fraternal anxiety. It wasn't necessary.

Before Tony Stuart decided on an advertising career, he was going to be a journalist. Years ago he was a cadet on the staff of Associated Newspapers, Sydney, proprietors of "Woman."

He still wants to write, and still does. He writes verse, but won't let anyone see it. It gets pushed into a big envelope in the back of a drawer, along with the sketches and impressions of squadron life, about which he is a little less casual.

But he emphatically declares that he's not going to write a book about the war. Everyone, he says, is writing a book about the war. The writing is just to keep his hand in, and among his papers there are a few notes for

advertising campaigns that might come off some day.

"Now, don't you shoot a line about Tony," his brother warned, "he'd hate you to shoot a line."

Squadron Slang

Shooting a line is squadron slang for sissy publicity handed out to any individual, and is received either very coldly or with derisive howls of the "Hello, darling," type.

Last week, Tony, called upon to tell the people about his work and the need for more planes, shot the right sort of line.

The squadron will think it's a good show. Shortly, when Tony follows up his recent success with a compelling performance at a fund-raising beauty competition, his friends might even decorate him.

Woman. 2913143.

look it on after chalking to a salvage
the nesting box. It was just about
the first job ever had, and the
days been working at it for nearly
the war's over."
"I'll have to have a picnic after
I've done the job's done for
to govern on a large North Shore farm.
Days aim, either on the football
taken picnic-fashion on the football
last year, which, that night, is always
which are given the making for home-
A picture on one side is a sack into
hand-rolled and a packed lunch.
small fibre suitcases containing soap,
personal belongings—hat,
from time. The fibre suitcases are
were changed in practice during the
delivered green and yellow National sal-
front to the world, despite the hold-
The barrow presents a neat individual
path to be collected by the motor
led up, tethered, and left on the foot-
to the barrow, filled with salvage,
load. One by one, these are
for the morning it is stacked with empty
sack full. When the barrow starts out
their salvage as soon as they have a
hand barrow, into which, the fibre tip
who handles the heavy, five-foot-high
dollary heap on the team is the one
a specified district.

direction of an overseer, he details the
board. Each team works under the
motor for waste paper and card-
The fibre tip out her team to comb the
of the district that her predecessor
wheels to per cent, more salvage out
and motor for waste paper and card-
and the requisitioning of manpower
and motor for waste paper and card-
According to statistics, the end
the requisitioning of manpower

one day.
The job is to stick close by the man
the barrow, cutter with him over
every point on the run without getting
the fibre tip to take so as to visit
generally direct the team,
for stock-in-trade is a road map on
which the district she has to cover is
duplicate, a note of where each full
a "base book." In this she enters, in
nearly outlined in colored pencil, and
base is kept. She marks the fibre
to the heavy driver, who collects the
beams left by her team and two other
teams in nearby districts.

Fifteen Bales a Day

On a good day her team can fill fifteen
bales as well as one hundred and new-
some waste as old newspapers and news-
paper, cigarette cartons, cardboard
and letters and circulars.
Later those are converted into the shell
and cartons come without which
ammunition cannot be sent to the front.
All the workers are aware of the vital
gradually working up to the shoulder
work. Their feet at the pulley is only
savage run, as well as one of the best
and the fastest on the entire
country as the magazine because
long-legged in her overall, known
The wife of the team is Mrs. Howard,
the Navy as soon as her old enough.

She has three weeks in the team, so
had who has her best set on going into
member of her team.
to her home a daily offering from a
variety, there's a flour or two added
and low-shoulder brown and white-
and new-
cardboard
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She's a spry figure on the job in
household chores.
steadily is usually taken up with
the clothes from Monday to Friday, but since
the clothes had out for the next day, she
has to be put to bed, and has retired
an evening meal to prepare, and Daisy
breakfast and get him ready for school,
give her seven-year-old son, Digby, his
for instance, has to be up at 5.30 am to
half of their working day. Mrs. Strom,
For many of them this is not the
2 o'clock.
to usually get back to the depot until
the beginning of their run. They do
National Savings Dept. at 1.30 pm and
pick up the heavy weight through their
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The average barrow stands by while the collecting team takes ten minutes
of for points ten in a quiet Sydney suburban street.



HISTORY IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE



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