



Rayward Gough Daniels Nixon

Daniels talked of his flying adventures in the 30's. Grandparents welcome him. Many remembered that he'd christened them. *One in 1927.*

Give him an old upright honky-tonk piano and he'd hold a Gospel service on the spot. Here's the 89-y/o with aviatrix Nancy Bird Walton, whom he'd known from the 30's. He died just a few months later ...



Daniels & Nancy Bird Walton

Cobar this time:

As for the old Methodists, Rev. Neil Gough opened the Cobar base around 1965 with a Cessna 150 followed by Frank Glen in his C182, until it moved to the Uniting Church at Broken Hill, where Rev. John Blair continues. He tells of it at ...

<http://www.abc.net.au/landline/content/2006/s1848262.htm>

They were always delighted when the faithful turned up for the church services; it's not always easy due distance and remoteness. But weddings did it. *Parsons knew what they were in for.* As Bob Magor wrote of one surprised clergy faced with a full house:

To go up, pull the stick back. To go down, pull the stick back harder.

But the aged priest beamed outwards
From his lofty pious perch
At the biggest mob of heathens
He'd ever seen in Church!

Almost perished:

They said Salvationist Vic Pederson could be heard by the shrill of his cornet over the throb of the Tiger. (*Neil Gough did that inland NSW too.*) Pederson emerged from WWII's Darwin as an active fighter pilot, and naturally, jumped into a war-disposal Tiger Moth, later to DH Austers (*which inevitably crashed in poor weather, too.*)



In God's Name:

He was promoted to a Cessna, but it crashed in awful tropical weather. The newspaper said the motorist who found him subconscious road side after he'd crawled from the wreck, thought he was drunk.

He was another greatly respected visionary who faced all kinds of aerial dangers in primitive circumstances. His work was continued by Lionel Parker and worthy successors. 2000's Captain is David Shrimpton in a C182.

See more at ...

<http://www.theage.com.au/news/National/Flying-Padre-takes-to-the-sky/2005/03/26/1111692679188.html>



Vic Pedersen preparing for engine start.

Wonders never cease:

Anyone in the 60's who knew anything of Australia's aviators after WWII, heard of Boris, otherwise the one and only incorrigible Dick Robertson at Derby, WA. His hilarious ways followed him everywhere, but his operational standards were never compromised in any way.

Just let them go:

Roberton's charter work was notable for final stages training MAF candidates for PNG and the dangerous mission fields of the world. *If he approved, they'd fly.*

A few larrikin cadets never quite understood the immovable resolution in the man. Perhaps they thought that *"when the weight of the paper work exceeded the weight of the plane"*, they were approved to fly!

He was too busy to retrain them, so he just signed them off, waved a pleasant farewell, and got on with his business. *After years of preparation, they had to start again.*

Dick's crews with C206's and Britten Norman twins welcomed the overnight Jets at dawn from Perth and instantly carried technicians, parts, managers and cargo on to remote places. Locals turned up for the Gospel meetings he sponsored everywhere he went ...

Resounding applause:

Dick and Joan hosted the Nixons. In Sydney, Boris hated the idea of TV, but was ensnared when he saw his beloved WWII Corsairs in "Baa Baa Black Sheep". It was black and white, and the audio was awful, but he was hooked ...

Cliff Barrows announced to 30,000 at the SCG, that he knew of no other airman who had flown a light plane 3500km across the nation to attend a Billy Graham Crusade for one night. Dick blushed as the crowd gave him resounding applause.

It's the Lord's Day:

His escapades challenged extreme tropic flying and precise survival tactics, etc., in his recruits.

Roberton's charters opened up the Kimberleys, (*near Kingsford Smith's infamous 'coffee-royale' episode which could have brought him to an early end*), and Boris held it together most days of the year, but not Sundays, except in emergencies. **It is the Lord's Day.**

Steve did that too, from Broome during his charter days.



Steve asks directions ...

Roberton's base was up the track from Steve Ward's Charter Company at Broome. Steve occasionally flies patrols out of Newcastle's Williamtown. *It's in his blood.*

Methodist Presbyterians and Uniting:

Padre Don Kube continued the church ministry from the old Flying Doctor town of Cloncurry. It was the base for the brave history of old Methodists in earlier days, with a similar passion.



Following the pioneers in Tiger Moths and Austers at Longreach, Springsure and Carnarvon, Kube left his farming and commercial flying in country Victoria, and took over the C182 at Mr. Isa for several years.

The use of the plane became as normal as driving the roads, and a lot safer. And the padre was expected no longer to be a distant image, but on the spot regularly.

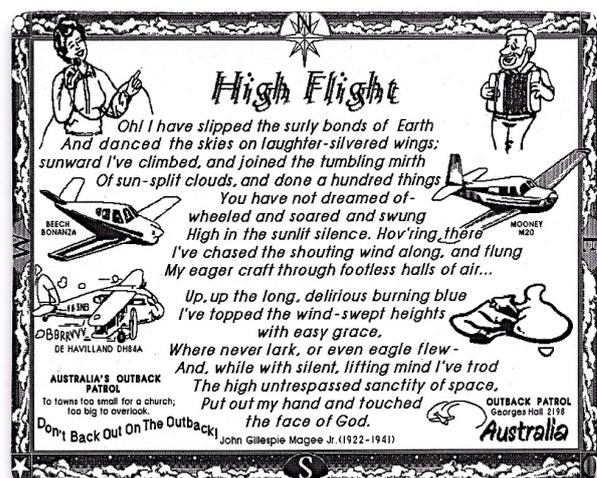
Pastor Hunt flew his Piper Warrior for the AOG from Broken Hill seeking the lost, - and Les Wallen in a Debonair in Queensland.

Alan Amos at Bourke says Hunts work is remembered at remote stations, exactly the same time every month. Jackaroos set their watches by the regularity and common sense of his Gospel services.

On a Tapestry or a Coaster:

Aussie pilots are still deeply moved reading John Gillespie McGee's "High Flight" poem ...

As a Canadian training in the UK, his life ended in a Spitfire just before he was due to go to the front. But nobody leaves this world without a trace. Everybody leaves something behind ... This is McGee's legacy ...



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