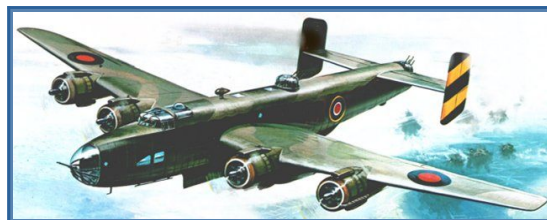


BOMBER COMMAND ASSOCIATION IN AUSTRALIA Inc.

BCAA 70 Winter 2019



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630 Squadron Lancaster U – Uncle. Cover painting for “King, Queen & Country” a new book by Carol Widdicombe* – artist unknown Circa 1955

President's Report

On Wednesday 24th April I attended a wreath laying ceremony on behalf of the BCAA. The ceremony was at the Martin Place Cenotaph with 460 Squadron Veterans and Friends.

Bomber Command marched on ANZAC Day and although the number of veterans is dwindling, it was wonderful to have family and friends of Bomber

Command marching with us. The crowd seemed larger and more vocal than usual so it was encouraging to be cheered on by such enthusiasm. After the march we gathered at our traditional 'watering hole' at the Royal Automobile Club. We had 111 guests at lunch from many facets of the Bomber Command 'family' including Pathfinders, and RAAF Squadrons 37, 460 & 462. We were also joined by a large contingent of current serving RAAF airmen from Richmond Base, and two RAF Air Advisors from the British High Commission.

Our next official event will be the Bomber Command Commemorative wreath laying ceremony in association with RAAFA at Martin Place followed by lunch at the Westin Hotel on Sunday 26th May. Following that, our next social event will be our winter luncheon at Doyles at Watsons Bay on Wednesday 10th July. I look forward to seeing you all there and please look out for the notices and information regarding times and bookings. Bomber Command Commemorative Day ceremonies are listed in the Newsletter

Ron Houghton

*Carol has donated a high resolution print of the painting to be framed and raffled at the Christmas Luncheon

VALE – Graeme House 10 Jan19, Brian McManus., brother of a 466 veteran 26 Feb 19 ,
Bob Wade Nav 109 PFF 3 Apr 19, Bob Bell 460 Sqn 14 Apr 19, Noel Eva 115 Sqn RAF 9 Apr 19,
F/O Bryan McGill 8th April 463 Sqn, Daphne Dunn 1st April19, Lal (Larrie) Clayton WAAAF 7th
March19, Keith Cousins 23rd April 19, Observer, 458, 212,43,34 Sqn

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS –Debbie Taylor (149 Sqn) , Louise Pledge (149 Sqn) ,
Dianna Crewes (149 Sqn)

MEMBERSHIPS – Renewals due 1/1/2019

Memberships fell due 1st January, and is \$20 pa (plus an initial Joining fee of \$5 if applicable)
Bomber Command Widows are gratis. Those who have paid ahead, will have that noted. Membership
forms are available by email from the Editor by email or mail from the Secretary (Details Page 1).
Cheques/Money Orders should be sent to our Treasurer, Anthony (Also on Page 1) or please Direct
Deposit to BCAA – BSB 633000 Account no.125530550, being Bendigo & Adelaide Bank Ltd, Please
put your name on the deposit reference. [ED]. For convenience, you can pay, **membership \$20**, and
if paying for a RAAFA subscription membership and Wings Magazine add \$15 ie \$35

ARE YOU MOVING HOUSE OR GOING INTO CARE? Please mail or email our Secretary
annette.guterres@gmail.com to keep our lists up to date so your newsletter can follow you.

COMING EVENTS – For numbers, Please advise Gwen Stead on 02 9630 1083 or 0411 554 359 (or
email gwenstead@optusnet.com.au (Sydney events only).

Sydney -Bomber Command Commemorative Day

Sydney - Sunday 26th MAY – Cenotaph Martin Place 11am arranged by RAAFA

Canberra - Sunday, 2nd June in the AWM Grounds 11am

Brisbane - Sunday, 2nd June RAAF Base Amberley

Sydney Autumn Lunch at Doyles Watsons Bay , Wednesday 10th July at 12 noon – Pay on the day .

Spring Luncheon–Abbotsford Rowing Club Lunch, 12 noon Thursday 17th October - a la Carte lunch

BCAA & PFF Christmas Luncheon– NSW Parliament House Sydney, Friday 6th December 12 noon

Queensland - Memorial Service & Christmas lunch - Sunday 24th November Anzac Square, Brisbane
Dianne (467and463raafsquadronsqld@gmail.com)

Fifteenth OP – Night –) – From the diary of P/O Michael Wilson 466 Sqn. [For those looking for this series of notes,
I confess I've mis-filed them but his Nephew Daryl Martin is sending a new copy to finish the series]



IBCC (International Bomber Command Centre)

To join the IBCC and receive a membership pack please email
members@internationalbcc.co.uk To conduct research follow this
link:- <https://internationalbcc.co.uk/history-archive/digital-archive/>

A report will be in the Autumn edition on the progress of collecting oral
histories by John Horsburgh and Adam Purcell.

THE DAMS RAID WAS PERHAPS EASIER THAN BERLIN

*“Hold your breath for 2-3 minutes on the run in and you were either lucky or otherwise. Much better
I thought than for instance Berlin or the Ruhr. I once went to Berlin on two consecutive nights and on
these, you were committed to a straight run across, so that with the outer and inner defences, one had
about 25 miles of flak, heavy and light to contend with. All in all plenty of butterflies to contend with.*

*I think the audacity and all that of the Dams Raid made it one spectacular effort and I'm glad I was
there (and here!).* **Flt/Sgt Len Sumpter Bombaimer** 57 & 617 Squadrons - Dave Shannon's crew

BILL UTTING A LIFE WELL LIVED

Bill (William) Utting a Lancaster pilot of Perth WA, was one of the young ones who got onto
Operations late in the War on 11th October 1944 normally flying D-“Dog” a Lancaster with 460
Squadron RAAF. His crew were Kerry Gutteridge Navigator, Brian Blades RAF, F/Engineer, Roy
Leighton Wireless OP, Bill Morrow B/Aimer, Keith Flitcroft M/U Gunner and Eric Kier R/Gunner.

It indicates the pace of the War that Bill completed an extended tour of 36 Operations in just six months. A feature of the Bomber Command pilots' routine was the striking contrast between the hours of death and injury over Europe, and the routine of life at the air bases. Bill met a pretty English girl at a neighborhood dance, and then a fellow airman who happened to come from WA. The three agreed to meet at the next dance a day or so later. It fell to Bill to tell the girl, when they met, that their friend would not be dancing – he died on a raid the night before.

Bill came close to sharing this fate on a number of occasions. An attacking German fighter ripped into his Lancaster's fuselage, sending a piece of shrapnel into the cockpit and striking one of the crew on the leg. At first it appeared he had suffered a severe wound but it was then realized that the shrapnel's force had been greatly reduced by bits of the aircraft – the crewman suffered a badly bruised leg. Bill kept a photograph of the episode for years, showing a hole in his pilot's seat – but he escaped injury.

He had a series of remarkable escapes, the survival of his crew depending on his cool skill. To a casual observer, the contrast between those years, and the rest of his life, was striking – he came back to Perth to proceed with a typical postwar history – marriage, children, building his own home, trying his hand at running an orchard, and then for the rest of his working life at a desk bound job.

Bomber crews charged with the destruction of the Nazi war machine were survivors of one of the most hazardous campaigns in World War Two. Nearly half the air crews who participated were killed, wounded or captured.

Scores of German cities were destroyed, 600,000 German civilians were killed. There were similar horrific casualties in the occupied countries though the Allies tried to avoid civilian casualties.

There has been considerable debate since the war about the achievements of the bombing campaign – did the results justify the great cost in blood of the cream of our youth? However, unlike the current fear of a sudden nuclear catastrophe, that toll occurred over five years of war. The procession of appalling casualty lists became almost overlooked – if you did not live in Europe or receive a telegram that your husband or son was missing or had been killed.

It was very real for Bill Utting. At the end of one flight he had to crash land at an airbase (not their own), the rugged bomber escaping severe damage. The crew – all but one Australian – looked eagerly towards their reprieve – the rule was that if you survived 30 raids, you were stood down from bombing missions.

The crew were dejected when they learned, just before reaching that milestone, that the limit had been extended to 36 missions – obviously increasing the chance that they would be killed or wounded.

Only four in every 10 bomber crew ended their operational tour (as it was rather benignly described) unscathed. That Bill's Lancaster and its crew survived, was largely due to the skill and coolness of its captain.

Bill Utting showed no signs of these qualities as a young man who had grown up in bucolic surroundings in Western Australia. He was a devout Christian and even more remarkably for a bomber pilot – was a teetotaler. He readily acknowledged that every mission was a gut-wrenching experience, but he believed his Christian beliefs contributed to his survival.

His childhood had elements of Huckleberry Finn, living in a semi rural outer suburb of Perth – fishing, hunting, long adventurous rides on his bicycle. It was no surprise when he became a telegram messenger at the age of 14, but soon after he joined the Commonwealth Tax Office – with the exception of his war service, he remained with it for the rest of his working life.

He was called up for the Army when war broke out, but he applied to join the Air Force and after some time gained a place in the pilot training scheme. His life then took on a highly improbable trajectory. After his training in Australia, he went to Britain, but by a circuitous route – first to Sydney, then in an American troopship to the west coast of the U.S. and a train across the continent to New York and finally another convoy to Britain.

As the European war ended there was every prospect that some of the squadrons of Bomber Command would be moved to Asia, to continue the war with Japan, but that conflict ended a few months after peace in Europe.

During his early service in WA he had met Rene at a local dance and they were married soon after he arrived home. Rene had joined the RAAF early in the war and was promoted to Sergeant during her service.



Bill was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for completing his tour. Not long before his death, his service during the Liberation of France was recognised with the award by the French government of their highest award, the Legion d'Honneur. The British Government (Attlee and Churchill), bowing to political pressure have **never been awarded the promised Bomber Command Medal** to these men who held the Nazis, with an airborne Western Front for four years until D-Day.

Born at Bassendean WA, Bill was 96 when he passed away in August 2018. He is survived by Rene, a son and daughter. A second son died some years ago. Thanks for assistance with this article: Noel Utting, Richard Munro 460 Sqn Assn and John McIlwraith

A VERY BRIEF HISTORY OF RAF 100 (BOMBER SUPPORT) GROUP.

In the dark days of the early 1940s, Europe was once again at War. Britain found herself on her knees, facing a very real threat of invasion, fighting for her survival.

1943 saw escalating losses of Bomber Crews and aircraft. The Luftwaffe was a well-equipped, highly skilled and determined enemy. In the skies over Germany and over occupied Europe ... we were losing!

Britain was *not* prepared for a major conflict. Something new, something visionary was needed.

In November 1943, Air Marshal Arthur Harris wrote to Winston Churchill and his correspondence expressed anticipation of the US Airforce joining with the RAF to take the war to Germany.

He said "I await promised USAAF help in this, the greatest of air battles. But I would not propose to wait forever or for long if opportunity serves. We can wreck Berlin from end to end if the USA will come in on it. It will cost us between four and five hundred aircraft. It will cost Germany the war."

Discussions began, to establish a specialist Group tasked with the development, and operational use of Radio and Radar counter-measures.

The birth of Electronic Warfare – a secret, silent weapon – altered forever the dynamics of War. In complete secrecy, this new Group was brought into being on November 8th 1943 and became operational in December that year under the command of Air Vice Marshal Edward Barker Addison. Working closely with the 36th Bomber Squadron of the United States Eighth Airforce, this new Group was based in the County of Norfolk with 15 Squadrons.

This new Unit was named **RAF No 100 (Bomber Support) Group**.

Its purpose: to work in the shadows, causing havoc, mayhem and disruption Electronically to the German war effort, in the Air and on the Ground - *but especially in the Air*. Even the name itself was a deliberate deception.

Its remit echoed the Group's Motto - **"Confound and Destroy"**.



Specialist crews in specially modified Aircraft, Short Stirlings, B17 Fortresses and B24 Liberators, all four-engine Heavy Bombers, flew operations which produced an electronic 'curtain' **Mandrel**, to disguise and shield the presence of other Allied Aircraft flying Operations to attack targets in Germany. Others flew operations dropping 'Window' to blind German radar. Still others engaged in Special

Operations, flown clandestinely against German Radar and other targets.

Mosquito Squadrons flew 'Hunter Killer Ops' to seek out Luftwaffe Night Fighters and other targets of opportunity. Some Aircraft carried Special German speaking Operators whose task it was to cause

confusion by issuing their own orders to Luftwaffe Night Fighter Pilots, countermanding the instructions from their own Controllers.

Elements within the Group also flew SOE Agents in and out of enemy-occupied Territory, working with the Resistance and some Aircraft from the Group were active during the Battle of the Bulge, jamming German Tank communications.

Today, knowledge of RAF 100 Group, is still not widely known, even within today's RAF. I find it fascinating that the Group's lead Squadron, 192, had very strong, day to day ties with Bletchley Park, effectively being that Organisation's own Airborne Research and Development Arm!

Operations flown in the Group were so secret that not even the Crews at that time fully understood what they were doing and why, forbidden to talk about it even among themselves.

This is a story shrouded in mystery and the clandestine operations. There were layers of secrecy put into place during the War, some which remain today under a 100 Year Rule (2045 may reveal all)!

The aircrews of RAF 100 Group were Guardian Angels to the bombers in the dark night skies over the European Continent. Not even crews in the Bomber Streams flying below them knew they were there until toward the end of the War. Air Vice Marshall Addison wrote, that whilst visiting Bomber Stations and attending Aircrew briefings, knowledge that 100 Group Aircraft would be above, "provided a tremendous boost of confidence to crews going out on Ops".

Bomber Command leadership were amazed to see losses drop by nearly 50% with the introduction of Radar/Radio Counter Measures. That is significant in anyone's estimation. At War's end, RAF 100 Group were credited with saving the lives of approximately 7,000 Aircrew.

Even the Germans were aware of the success of the combined operations of the Group. Germany's youngest General, Adolf Galland spoke about the effectiveness of the Group.



He said *"that from the middle of 1944 onwards, the decrease of German night fighter successes was mainly due to interference, a shortage of fuel and the activities of the 100th Bomb Group. The task of this special unit was to mislead our Fighters and to befog our conception of the Air situation, by clever deceptive manoeuvres. This specialist unit finally solved its task so well, that it was hardly ever absent from any of the British night operations, and it can claim to have set really difficult problems for the German Night Fighter Command."*

This specialist unit finally solved its task so well, that it was hardly ever absent from any of the British night operations, and it can claim to have set really difficult problems for the German Night Fighter Command."

He also later wrote, that with the use of a wide gamut of Operations and technology used by Bomber Command against them and the discipline and bravery of the RAF Crews, they *"had severe problems in trying to defend Germany in the Air!"*

One of our elderly Veterans, wrote this - *"We became forgotten heroes, with no medals to honour everything we gave ... yet people don't remember us- because they didn't even know we were there or what we were doing ... it was all so hush hush ..."*

So many secrets, over so many years ... ***With thanks to the Author Stuart Borlase of Living History Films***

[Stuart is interested in contacting anyone who had a relative with 100 Group – via the Editor]

THE GOLDFISH CLUB

In WW2 there were four main survival clubs - *"the Caterpillar Club"* for those who had parachuted to safety, the *"Goldfish Club"* for those (like me) who ditched and survived and the *"Flying Boot Club"* who had crashed or parachuted into enemy territory and walked out. Lastly were the *Guinea Pigs* where entry was very exclusive. You had to have been Boiled, Fried or Mashed **and** survived!

Having walked out of Stalag 3A on 5th May 1945 reaching the American lines on the 7th, one day before Germany capitulated, I could have had but didn't claimed membership of the *"Flying Boot Club"*



At the end of hostilities in Europe, I was one of the 9,000 members of the Goldfish Club and one of the fewer to hold a Bar to it, having ditched twice. The first was in August 1941 at 19 OTU, Kinloss, night flying in a very old Whitley Mk. IV on circuits and bumps. We took off over the North Sea and had reached 500ft. When we lost our port engine. Our Instructor immediately feathered the prop and called base for permission to do a right hand circuit and come in to land.

“Permission refused! – too many ‘sprog’ pilots on the circuit” – ordered to climb to 1,000 ft. and rejoin the circuit normally. Easier said than done! No one had ever told us that Whitleys didn't fly all that well on one engine! We didn't gain an inch and slowly turned back towards land losing height all the way to eventually ditch close to the shore. One of the three pilots on board threw out the dinghy manually and we just stepped aboard not even getting our feet wet. It took a couple of hours for the fishing boat sent out from Lossiemouth to rescue us.

Such an easy way to earn a membership in the “Goldfish Club”! Won my Bar to the Club on a 51 Sqdn Whitley Mk.5 from Dishforth on Nov 7th 1941. I was on one of the 350 bombers en-route for Berlin on the night of 7/11/41. A 19year old 2nd Pilot on his last trip as such, and as it happened his last trip. Thirty seven out of the 350 were lost. The weather was atrocious – 10/10ths cloud up to 17,000 ft coming down straight from the Arctic, pushing us south of the proposed track and right over Kiel where we lost one engine due to flak.

Bombs jettisoned - served them right for being so unfriendly! We turned for home on our remaining engine only to find again that a Whitley once again won't fly on one engine. We only got half way to England, ditching in the middle of the North Sea in waves 20-30ft high. Landing on the crest of one then sliding down into the trough before coming to a bone breaking stop in the next. With most of the nose wreckage wrapped round my legs, breaking my left knee in the process. The dinghy had already been thrown out and the other 4 crew members already in it when I managed to free my legs from the wreckage, crawl out through the overhead hatch to join them.

The full story of the next two days and nights is written up in “Silk and Barbed Wire” a book I put together as President of the RAF's ex POW Association in Australia. It is still far too debilitating to repeat here. I still suffer from PTSD. When I even try to recall it. However I can report that two of the crew were lost, drowned, when the dinghy capsized on the morning of the 8th, another died, just frozen to death that night and the last one similarly in the afternoon of the 9th a mere half an hour or so before I was rescued by a German Red Cross Heinkel 59 seaplane out on a dusk patrol from their base on Nordeney. The bodies of my two crew mates were also brought on board to be interred on the 10th in the local cemetery with full military honours, to be re-interred after the war in the War Graves Cemetery at Sage, near Oldenburg in the north of Germany.

In 1995 I returned to Germany as a guest of their Air Sea Rescue people the “Seenotrettungsdienst” to say thank you for a job well done and while there visited the graves mentioned above. The other two, lost at sea, have their names inscribed on the Runnymede memorial, UK.

May they rest in Peace!

Brian Walley – Margaret River - Australia

KRIEGIES TYING UP NAZI RESOURCES

No one could ever say our 8,000 Prisoners of War had an easy life. At a time when food was short for German civilians there was still some basic food **and** the coveted Red Cross parcels from relatives for the POWs (Kriegies). They tied down large numbers of second line troops to guard and service them. Their breakouts were unwelcome distractions as the Nazis tried to chase them to ground. Still they never lost their will to be free. University correspondence and other studies prepared them for the future of a life in a free world. [ED]

David Rice – 460 SQUADRON – Interned in Sweden

David was a South Australian from Murray Bridge. As a lad completing Year 11 at High School he went to work at Noske's Flour Mills but the flour dust affected his asthma so he left there and went on to work for Ampol. At nineteen, he enlisted in the RAAF thereby beginning a profoundly important chapter in his life. Although he rarely talked about the war when the children were growing up, once he retired, at 59, he never stopped.

Following a raid on Stettin where their aircraft was badly damaged, Flight Lieutenant Peter Aldred elected to make an emergency landing in Falun, Sweden. Remarkably, David kept in touch with the family whose hotel he and the crew stayed in to recover during those weeks in 1944, and the family are still in touch with the hotel owner's children.

David kept in touch with his crew – Peter Aldred, Don McNab, Sandy Allcott, and Jacko – for the rest of his life. Theirs was indeed a remarkable story. It was from this war experience that David became philosophical about life. One in two young men from Bomber Command never returned. The fact that David's crew did return and that all lived into their nineties, surely means they were meant to get through that ordeal, anything after that experience was viewed through a very different lens.

On his return from the war he married Valda in 1947. They met at one of the local dances – David played trumpet for the band – their long marriage is testimony to their strongly held values of commitment and love. Building their first home in Murray Bridge, they eventually left there with their new son Gavin and freshly minted daughter Rosie and set up Rice's Fruit and Vegetable shop in Randall Street Mannum. It was to be a successful business and serendipitously, the flood of 1956 actually saw David's business thrive. They built another house, with a lovely view of the river, and 'Helen came along in 1957.

David played the *Reveille* and *Last Post* on the local RSL's bugle at ANZAC day ceremonies in Mannum. Always proud of his military service, David marched on many ANZAC days in Adelaide, sometimes carrying the 460 Squadron banner.

On retirement, David purchased a lovely little almond orchard out of Willunga and settled there for several years in another house that they built. He increased the yield of his small 1000-tree holding very dramatically over the years and was certainly rewarded by the experience of being an orchardist. At 68, feeling that the harvest was getting too much for them. Three more homes later David and Valda settled into care at *Carinya*.

David led a rich and fulfilling life. His family were important to him and he always loved to see them.

Condensed from his daughter Helen's eulogy



COASTAL CORNER and other ODD BODS

Intelligence gathered by Special Operations Executive in early Spring 1942 showed that the Germans paraded down the Champs-Élysées every day between 12.15 and 12.45. With this information, Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert de la Ferté, the Commander-in-Chief of Coastal Command, devised a propaganda idea to boost the morale of the French by draping the Arc de Triomphe with the French tricolour.

He called in Flt Lt Gatward to see if he would volunteer for the "unsafe" mission. Gatward had already undertaken numerous low-level daylight attacks, so he, along with his navigator, Sgt Gilbert 'George' Fern, both agreed. The plan was to fly low level down the Champs-Élysées, strafe the German soldiers on parade, and as a back up target, attack the Kriegsmarine headquarters in the Ministre de la Marine (the former home of the French Naval Ministry).



Beaufighter - A fuselage chasing two engines

On 5th May 1942 Gatward and Fern began to practice for the daring raid by attacking a shipwreck in the English Channel. They also pored over maps of Paris and the best routes to both get in and out of the city.

Prior to the raid Gatward and Fern obtained a Tricolour from Portsmouth Harbour and had it cut into two. Each section was weighted with iron and they tested, dropping them from a hangar roof to see how they unfurled. The flags

were then installed on their Bristol Beaufighter Mk 1C – ND - C. One section of the flag was to be draped over the Arc de Triomphe, the other over the Ministry.

They first attempted the raid on 13 May but encountered poor weather after crossing the French coast and aborted the trip.

On 12 June 1942, Gatward and Fern took off again at 11.29 hours from Thorney Island in heavy rain. Initial weather conditions of ten tenths cloud at 2,000 feet with heavy precipitation were expected and the aircraft set course for the target at 11.31 hours. Crossing the French coast a few miles eastward of Fécamp at 11.58 hours, the cloud cover thinned out and by the time they reached Rouen there was bright sunshine. With excellent visibility the aircraft passed over the suburbs of Paris at a very low altitude and some light flak was encountered for the first time. They circled the Eiffel Tower at 12.27 hours. During this low-level flying he suffered a bird strike in his starboard engine radiator but managed to fly on. At approximately 12.28 hours he banked to port and headed towards the Champs-Élysées.



The intelligence information about the time of the parade was incorrect so there were no German soldiers to strafe, but Fern released the first Tricolour down the flare chute over the Arc de Triomphe. Gatward then attacked the Ministre de la Marine in the Place de la Concorde, and strafed the building with 20mm cannon shells, scattering German sentries. Fern, then dropped the second part of the Tricolour.

Gatward then turned for home at 12.30 hours and landed at RAF Northolt at 13.53 hours. Later intelligence confirmed that the parade had been assembling at the time of the attack but had to be abandoned due to the confusion following Gatward's raid. Gatward was awarded an immediate DFC for his actions that day and Fern received the DFM. **With thanks to Wikipedia**

UNEXPLAINED LOSSES IN EARLY HALIFAX'S [ED]



Recently I came across an audio interview with Eric "Winkle" Brown and it roamed from Spitfires onto the Halifax. Brown was one of the world's foremost test pilots and held the rank of Captain RN.

He was a Test Pilot with the Royal Aeronautical Establishment and in 1942 there were many reports of Halifax being observed going down in steep spiral dives and he was consulted to investigate it. He engaged Leonard Cheshire an active bomber

squadron pilot to demonstrate the corkscrew. Here he found the corkscrew started with a sudden Pull Up followed by an immediate diving turn and to increase the rate of turn the outer engine in the direction of the turn was "stopped".

Without darkness, flak and searchlights but with height, they worked though it together. Finding that in the resulting spiral dive with the rudder 2/3 into the turn, the aircraft took over and pushed the rudder over the final third. It was beyond the single pilot's foot-power to centralise the rudder. The fin in front of the rudder had stalled. This led to the redesign of the Halifax fin from the triangular shape to the large quadrilateral fin and rudder. **With thanks to Wikipedia**

