



Reflections

The Magazine of the C S FORESTER SOCIETY

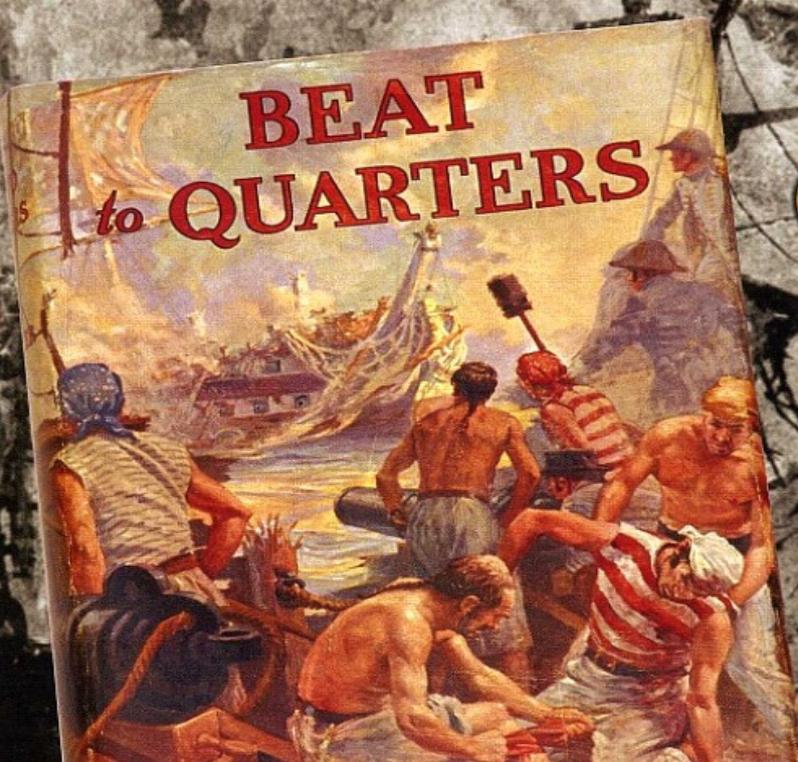
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FIRSTS

THE BOOK COLLECTOR'S MAGAZINE

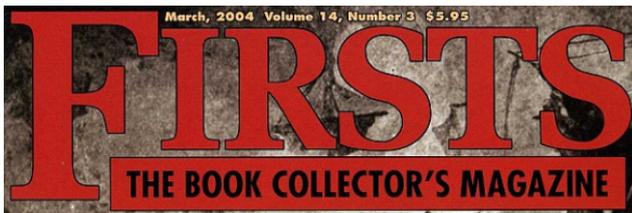


**BEAT
to QUARTERS**

C. S. Forester
Part Two

✦
Fighting
Naval
Captains

Foresters in FIRSTS Magazine, Forester on the Waterways of England
Hornblower Fan-Fiction, Hornblower Fans on the Internet. 'Hornblower &
the Crisis', concluded by R.W. Smith, The Hornblower Companion 2.0,
Obituary Kenneth Wynn, Boris Johnson on the Case for Hornblower, John
Forester on Memories of mid-century California. New feature: My favourite
episode and more than a few new members!



Forester in FIRSTS Magazine

Jetse Reijenga

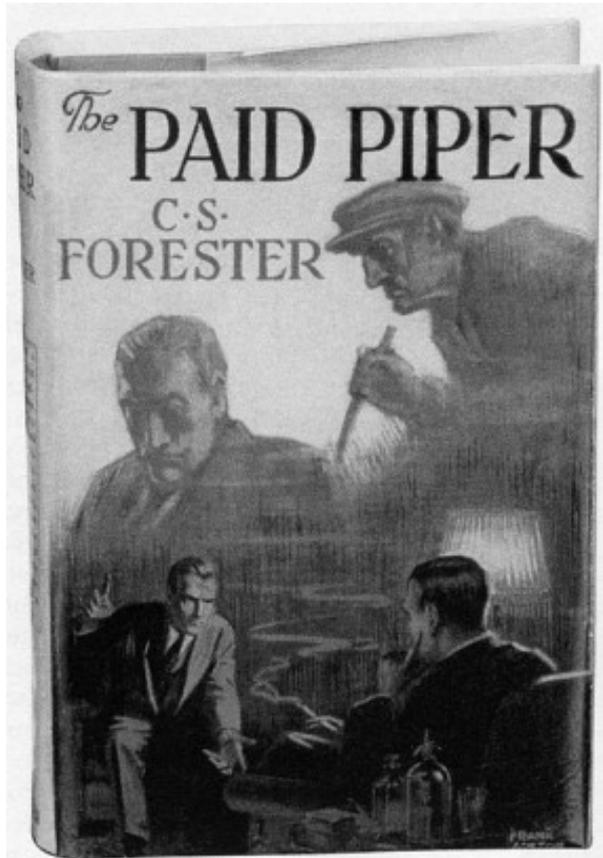
FIRSTS, The Book Collector's Magazine (ISSN 1066-5471) is published and edited by Kathryn and Robin H. Smiley. Numbers 2 and 3 in their 14th Volume (2004) were entirely devoted to the first editions (both American and UK) of all C S Forester's books. Half of the contents of the monthly magazine consist of feature articles about the issue's theme author, with the rest containing editorial columns, readers' questions and answers, announcements of book fairs & auctions and advertisements (ranging from \$25 for a very contemporary writer up to \$27500 for a Mark Twain, Tom Sawyer, 1st edition, 1st state, 1876). Since the Magazine started in 1991, each number has been devoted to one or two 20th century authors.

Forester was the first author, to whom 2 consecutive numbers of the magazine were dedicated. Number 2 (part one) discusses all early and non-Hornblower books, a complete list of Forester movies and a feature article about contemporary books about Admiral Lord Nelson and his navy. Number 3 (part two) discusses the Hornblower books and all post-war books, and an overview of Naval Adventure fiction by some contemporary authors.

The articles are written by Kathryn or Robin H. Smiley. Members of the Society who have read 'Long before Forty', John Forester's 'Novelist and Storyteller' and Stanford Sternlicht's 'C S Forester and the Hornblower Saga' will not find new information about their favourite author, because the Smiley's have used these three sources. The articles are well written and provide a good cross-section of Forester's life as background for his work.

What makes the FIRSTS issues very interesting is the detailed information about the first editions of all of Forester's books (price range, number of copies printed, jacket versions). These are largely taken from two other sources: Allen and Patricia Ahearn's "Author Price Guide" for Forester, found in Author Price Guides, Volume One Revised (Rockville, MD, Quill & Brush, 1996). This Guide is available second hand from £25 and up. The other source is the Forester entry in Twentieth Century Romance and Historical Writers, Third Edition (L. Detroit, Washington, DC, St. James Press, 1994); this too is available on the second hand market: I found 15 copies from £1 to £55 at Abebooks.co.uk.

Complete information, including B&W print of original dust jacket are given, many of them from a number of private collections. Take for example *The Paid Piper* (1924), one of the earlier novels that in later years the author was not particularly proud of. Only some 1740 copies were printed by Methuen, price range \$3000-\$5000. The American edition by MacMillan was only 260 copies, with a price range of \$2500-\$4000. The FIRSTS article by Robin Smiley then goes on to explain this apparent discrepancy between price and print run: very informative.



Prices given for first editions are for items in "very good to fine" condition in dust wrapper where issued. I also learned from FIRSTS that a "Fine" condition is defined as "without visible flaws", a book has had "excellent and loving care", and that "any minor blemish in book or dust wrapper must be noted in the description".

Price range seems indicative only. Whereas I do not have a *Paid Piper* 1st to compare with the example above, I do have a Fine Random House 1st edition of *The Barbary Pirates*, including dustwrapper, and I am sure I did NOT pay as much as between \$125 and \$250 for it (it was closer to \$10, in 2004). Any Forester fan interested in background information of first editions should know that back issues of the Book Collector's Magazine are still available from their website at <http://firsts.com>.

Very many thanks to Yehuda Straschnow for the generous gift of these two FIRSTS issues.



Memories of mid-century California

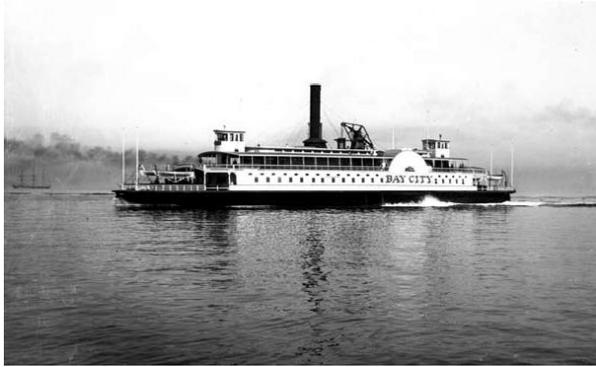
John Forester

During the time of World War II in which CSF was in Berkeley, California, he was a member of a group that called itself the *Armchair Strategists Society*. They met once a month, with location rotating between members' homes. At each meeting they discussed the war news of the month, they read a prediction that had been written by a member before the last meeting, they received the prediction for the coming month written by the assigned member, and they assigned another member the task of writing the prediction due at the next meeting. Though the war news was what it was, there was still amusement in how inaccurate the predictions were.

The attached photograph is of the *Armchair Strategists* when they met at CSF's house, 1020 Keeler Ave, Berkeley. I don't know who took the photo. The photo comes from the *Bancroft Library* material on George R. Stewart, the author and Professor of English at the University of California, Berkeley. I sought permission to use it in *Novelist and Storyteller*, which came too late. I wrote again, in case I produced a second edition, but received no reply. So, you know the provenance.

The persons shown in the photo whose names I recall are as follows. On the right of the man with the pipe is Reid Railton, the automotive engineer and later designer of the world's fastest car (404 mph) and the world's fastest boat. On the left of the pipe-smoker is Arthur Thomas Lewis, a marine engineer, who was sometimes at sea during the war – and the father of my best friend. Reading from a document is Joseph Henry Jackson, literary critic for *the San Francisco Chronicle*. Next to him, is – me: John Forester, aged 14 or 15! On my right is George Rippey Stewart, talking to my father CSF, who is sitting on the left half of the sofa.

I have forgotten the names of the man on my father's right, who had an administrative job with the phone company, and of the man with the pipe, and cannot identify the two with their backs to the camera. But the books on the table can be identified: *Poo-Poo and the Dragons*, and some *Hornblower* title. Time of year, based on the daffodils, spring – and based on my appearance, I would think, the spring of 1945, when I was 15 years old. It couldn't be later, because of the ending of the war, and CSF moving house in the summer of 1945, and I think that I look older than 14.



The Southern Pacific Company's *Bay City* ferry plies the waters of San Francisco Bay sometime between 1870 and 1900. (Right): historic photograph of Key System Streetcar at 40th and Piedmont.



Trains and boats – and streetcars

My best friend through my Berkeley school years was Arthur Thomas Lewis, called Tom, 18 months younger than me. His grandfather had been in charge of the ferryboats of the *Southern Pacific Railroad* company on San Francisco Bay. His father, Arthur, photographed among the *Armchair Strategists*, had earned some of his marine engineering licenses on the boats, and then went to sea when the boats largely closed down with the building of the Bay Bridge in 1937. When I was learning to run a metal-cutting lathe, Arthur gave me his set of three calipers, which I use to this day in my own machine shop. Tom and I started making paper models of ships, scaled 24 feet to the inch, using pictures and data of ferryboats and paddle steamers, taken from books and marine-engineering magazines. With Arthur away at sea, Tom and I had the whole top floor of his house, on which we set up a rather diagrammatic San Francisco Bay, with ferry slips at appropriate points. Then we took to making interurban rail cars to match, and pushed our models around the floor according to schedule, alternating between bouts of model designing and making, while listening to *The Lone Ranger* and *The Shadow* on the radio, and reading each copy of *Railroad Magazine* when it came. Tom and I studied the Bay Area transportation system; we rode every streetcar line that still operated, from San Mateo south of San Francisco to north Berkeley; we came to understand the process of urban development.

Living above the very top of the Berkeley Hills streetcar line, Tom and I came to know the motormen as we stood behind or beside them to watch them operate. In 1944, when Kitty moved out, CSF hired a housekeeper (let's call her S), who was not very competent - all the competent women were building ships and aircraft and such. In November 1944, when Blackstone the Magician played in San Francisco; George and I, escorted by S (or vice versa) went to see an afternoon performance. Coming home, on a dark and rainy night, the streetcar ground its way up the steepest part of the climb, then stopped before the top to let a passenger off.

It stopped, but wouldn't stay there, sliding backwards on tracks made slippery by wet tree leaves. The motorman applied power, and blew the main fuse with a glorious flash. Everything went dark, with the unlit streetcar sliding backwards down the hill, the motorman clanging the bell frantically. We stopped at a more level place, George and S, with the rest of the passengers, debarked and started walking up the hill. I wanted to see what had to be done next, so I stayed with the car, talking to the motorman. He pulled down the pole, which was facing the wrong way, and, with sufficient air in the airbrake tank and a handbrake wheel as well, coasted the gentler slope to the first siding at the north gate of the University of California campus, Reid's Drugstore. He coasted into the siding, set the handbrake, and reached down beside the car to replace the fuse, a sheet of fusible metal about 6" by 24". Then he set the pole to the wire, the lights and the airbrake compressor came on, and we waited for the next up-bound car, which I took, its motorman having been told and warned. When I entered 1020 Keeler Ave from the bottom, through the back door, I heard S in the living room, talking wildly about hearing sirens and saying that we were all dead at the bottom of the hill. When I walked through the telephone corner into the living room, she thought she was seeing a ghost.

Two years ago I told this story to a reunion email group, and Tom replied with the statement that this had also happened to him, when he was driving a very early morning up-bound car. He couldn't have been more than sixteen (because the service stopped then), and was being taught, on the sly, by a friendly motorman, how to drive a streetcar. After the stop just before the top of the hill, he had applied full power before the motors were turning fast enough to take it. Another motorman had the reputation of learning that skill too slowly, also. Tom graduated from UC Berkeley in civil engineering (with an educational hiatus when the Southern Pacific called him in to assist in repairing the earthquake-collapsed tunnels of the Tehachapi Loop), worked his way up through several projects to division superintendent, retired to consulting work, such as double-tracking the main line across Thailand, and died last year. I last saw him about four years ago.

Notes to Memories of mid-century California

David Stead

A: GEORGE RIPPEY STEWART

George Rippey Stewart (1895-1980) was a novelist, lecturer and Professor of English at the University of California, Berkeley. He was also an expert in toponyms, whose best-known academic work is *Names on the Land: A Historical Account of Place-Naming in the United States* (1945; reprinted, NYRB, 2008). He also gained deserved repute as a historian: *Ordeal by Hunger* (1936) used the diaries of survivors and other contemporary documents to reconstruct a disastrous expedition to the Far West in 1846, and *Pickett's Charge* (1959) is essential reading on the Civil War Battle of Gettysburg (July 1863). But the best known of all his books is *Earth Abides* (1949), a post-apocalyptic novel which won the 1st International Fantasy Award in 1951 and inspired Stephen King's *The Stand*. His 1941 novel *Storm*, featuring a Pacific storm called "Maria," prompted the National Weather Service to use personal names for storms.

B: REID RAILTON

Reid Anthony Railton (1895-1977) was an automotive engineer who designed some of the vehicles involved in the tussle for land- and water-speed records in the mid-20th century. After working with Leyland Motors and the Arab Motor Company, he became Technical Director for Thomson & Taylor at Brooklands, Surrey, designing racing cars for the custom-built banked motor race circuit which was the first of its kind in the world. Among Brooklands' drivers were John Cobb of Esher in Surrey, and Sir Malcolm Campbell from Chiselhurst, Kent, whose Bluebird cars dominated the struggle for the Land Speed Record in 1931-35. In 1939, Railton moved to California to work for the Hall-Scott Motor Company. He designed the Railton Mobil Special with which John Cobb set a new official Land Speed Record of 394.7 mph (635.2 km/h) in 1947. The car (which weighed over 3 tonnes and was 28' 8" long, 8' wide and 4'3" high, with a 5'6" front- and a 3'6" rear-axle) had already achieved over 400 mph (640 km/h) in trials. It is on display at Birmingham's Thinktank Museum: see <http://www.thinktank.ac> Railton also designed high speed boats including the jet-powered Crusader in which Cobb was killed in 1952, moving at over 200 mph (322 km/h) across Loch Ness in a new attempt on the Water Speed Record. Railton died in Berkeley, California, in 1977, aged 82.

C: JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON

Joseph Henry Jackson (1894-1955) moved to California after World War I and was editor of *Sunset Magazine* in 1926-28. In 1924-1943 he hosted the radio programme *Bookman's Guide*, and in 1930 he became literary editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, a post he held until his death. He was always interested in discovering and encouraging new writers, by personal contact or through his columns, which brought him national prominence: he was an adjudicator of the O. Henry Memorial Award, the Harper Prize Novel, and the Pulitzer Prize. He was also author or editor of some dozen books, several on the history of California - including an introduction to a special edition of John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*.

D: THE LONE RANGER

The first of 2,956 radio episodes of *The Lone Ranger* premiered in January 1933, and the series passed smoothly between four broadcasters until its last original episode in September 1954. The TV series followed a picture-house matinee serial launched in 1938, and acquired a cult following in both the USA and the UK. British readers may well remember the diminutive hero, clad in sky blue, never without his Venetian-style mask, his stallion Silver and his Red Indian companion Tonto - an amalgam, perhaps, of Zorro and Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday. And a 1970s pop-song looked back in irony with a refrain: Hi-ho, Silver! Away! Ride into tomorrow today!

E: THE SHADOW

A modern-day masked avenger, *The Shadow* debuted on radio in 1930 and soon generated a tie-in pulp-fiction magazine, but his most spectacular success came after 1937. He possessed "the power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see him," not because he was actually invisible, but through the power of suggestion. The unmistakable introduction from *The Shadow* radio program, originally intoned by actor Frank Readick Jr., retains a place in American idiom: "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? Heh-heh-heh-heh-heh-heh!" These words were accompanied by a haunting theme song, *Le Rouet d'Omphale* ("Spinning Wheel"), set to music by Saint-Saëns. Each episode ended with a warning: "The weed of crime bears bitter fruit. Crime does not pay! *The Shadow* knows...."

F: RAILROAD MAGAZINE

This, from 1937, was the title of a long-running pulp magazine launched as *Railroad Man's Magazine* in 1906. It was acquired by Argosy and briefly published as *Argosy and Railroad Man's Magazine* from 1919; revived under its original title in 1929, and published as *Railroad Stories* from 1932-1937. In 1942, it took on a new lease of life when it was acquired by Popular Publications, the largest pulp publisher in the United States.

G: HARRY BLACKSTONE

Harry Blackstone (1885-1965) was a famed stage magician and illusionist. Born Harry Boughton, of Jewish parents in Chicago, he began his career as a magician in his teens and was popular throughout World War II, promoted through the government-sponsored United Services Organisation, which put on shows for US servicemen. He was often billed as *The Great Blackstone*. His son and namesake also became a famous magician.

H: THE TEHACHAPI LOOP

The Tehachapi Loop is a 0.73 miles (1.17 km) long spiral or helix on the railway through Tehachapi Pass, in south central California, so designed to reduce the gradient. A train more than 4,000 feet (1.2 km) long (about 85 boxcars) will pass over itself within the loop. The earthquake mentioned was that of 1952.

C S Forester on the Waterways of England

Jetse Reijenga

In Reflections 15, Ludwig Heuse, in his description Hornblower's journey from Gloucester to London, mentions Forester's personal experience of boat trips on European waterways, as described in the two Annie Marble books. There is only the briefest of hints that he may have done likewise in England. For example on p. 203 of the Voyage of the Annie Marble we read:

".....Forming conclusions based on the aspects of the Thames and Severn, to which we were accustomed, we began by deciding....."

The question was whether or not the author himself ever traveled the route from Gloucester to London like Hornblower did. He probably did not, but he did navigate other English waterways. John Forester wrote:

"My wife's mother sent me a newspaper clipping from England, a review by Bernard Conolly of Long Before Forty, headlined "What a young scamp was Forester!" It hurts, you know, to be the last to be informed of the publication of one's father's autobiography, and then by pure happenstance. The University of Texas wrote to me that they had an unpublished autobiography of my father that they would like me to edit for them, for publication in their review. I replied that it may be the book published in England as Long Before Forty. When I received the book I saw that they had published Long Before Forty in the same form that the University of Texas had it, except that

all mention of myself and most about my mother had been expurgated."

Following paragraphs by Forester, withheld from publication in LBF, are found in Novelist and Storyteller. "The ideal future which we visualized at the time under discussion comprised the following—one last winter of county hockey for her; then a summer motor-boat voyage through Germany; then a winter on the Mediterranean with our newly born son; and then another very modest motor-boat trip through English canals as long as the boy was not in need of artificial feeding. Working out dates, it was clear that to fit these in nicely John had to be born between the 1st and the 20th of October following the German voyage (if you plot out the sequence of dates you will come to agree with us). And John was born on October 7th 1929, with the result that we passed two years of our lives exactly as we had planned at the beginning.

That last placid motorboat voyage on the English canals is perhaps the most blissful memory of all. I have written two books about other voyages, but no book is possible about this one, for nothing went wrong – travel books are only interesting when there are dangers or difficulties. But through the glorious sunshine of May and June, 1930, we were steering a well behaved boat along lonely stretches of canals forty feet wide or so, with never a storm or a rapid to annoy us. Young John lay in his perambulator in



Grand Union Canal near London (photography credit: Alex <http://ozga.co.uk/>)



Pont Cysyllte Aqueduct in 1950

the stern sheets, with the tan acquired in a Corsican winter rapidly turning to a solid mahogany colour. In the evenings he and his perambulator lay in the sunshine on the bank where the noise of the cooking of dinner on board would not disturb him. And evening after evening there was a glorious sunset, at its very best at quarter to ten when I went to fetch him in for the night. He would lean against my shoulder and look round at the wonders of the world and say "Oo-oo" breathlessly until he remembered that it was time for his last feed and, changing his mind with a child's rapidity, protested against further delay. So we came back across England to London, arriving at the beginning of July 1930 just as the weather broke, and, very neatly, two days before he had to change from a diet which it was easy to supply to one which could not have been prepared with any ease at all in a twenty-foot motorboat."

About the route taken in the summer 1930 voyage, John Forester in a recent e-mail explains further:

The canal trip of 1930, described in the typescript of Long Before Forty, went, as I said, as far west as the canal system ever went, across the mighty Pont Cysyllte Aqueduct [1950 picture above]. See the map at the back of The Inland Waterways of England, by L. T. C. Rolt, published in 1950. You will see that we` traveled from London north on the Grand Union Canal, which is a broad canal, up to the Birmingham area, and then continued on the narrow canals northwest, the Ellesmere etc. While there was no commercial traffic on the Pont Cysyllte

branch, (and I think my father told me that that was so when he voyaged there), the canal was kept open because it brought water from the Welsh mountains, water that was necessary to keep the lower canals open. One of the typical problems of canal operation was the water supply to the top level.

On <http://www.llangollenmuseum.org.uk/> we read the following:

In 1804 the Ellesmere Canal Company obtained powers to construct a navigable feeder from the River Dee at Llantysilio to the end of the Pont Cysyllte Aqueduct, then under construction. The Aqueduct was completed by Thomas Telford in 1805 and remains one of the most impressive feats of canal engineering in the world. The canal is carried in a cast iron trough 127 feet above the river on 18 stone piers. Telford completed the top section of the Llangollen Canal in 1808 and at that time it would have been very busy with goods such as salt and coal coming into the town and slate going out. The Horseshoe Falls at the head of the canal were built at this time to provide a minimum head of water for the canal.

The Grand Union Canal in England is part of the British canal system. Its main line connects the two largest cities in England, London and Birmingham and stretches for 220 km (137 miles) and has 166 locks.

Thus, witnessing horse-drawn river transport across the Pont Cysyllte Aqueduct in the summer of 1930 must have inspired Forester in the writing of Atropos in 1952, situated in the same year as the Aqueduct was completed.

The Case for Hornblower

Boris Johnson

Oh, the paeans of praise for Patrick O'Brian. Never was an author so showered with fashionable testimonials. Max Hastings throws banquets for him. William Waldegrave writes scholarly monographs on the fascinating coincidence between the life of Captain Jack Aubrey and his great-great grandfather aboard HMS Thetis.

And how snooty everyone is about the hero of my own childhood. Wooden, lifeless: that's what le tout Londres says about Horatio Hornblower. Not a patch on O'Brian, they say; and, for those of us who spent their nights with a torch under the bedclothes reading of the salt-spumed scourge of the French fleet, it is all dimly insulting.

That is why, after an interval of some years, I have risen early and read 100 pages of each; C.S. Forester and O'Brian; and I say now to the Hornblower-knockers: belay there, splice your futtocks lads, and stand by to go about.

Patrick O'Brian's Post Captain gets under way on page seven, and one is grateful for this head start. Come on, one feels like muttering at Aubrey and Maturin, as they play endless games of piquet and talk about their love lives: Engage the Enemy More Closely!

I will grant that O'Brian is a man of delightful erudition, subtly playing on Jane Austen, who never mentions the Napoleonic Wars, by plonking his characters in the middle of an Austen-style set-up, complete with bustling mother, and daughters darting glances at black-curved officers.

OK, so he is chock-full of gags about 18th-century medicine and diet. He has a wonderful ear for dialogue. But as our heroes fritter their time in inconclusive boudoir assignations, one longs for the crack of the timbers beneath the roaring carronade, the raking of focsles with red-hot grape. Look at Hornblower's amazing 100-pages of derring-do.

We've hardly left Spithead before he's beaten off Simpson, the awful bully, and scandalised the navy with a duel. By page 21, Mr Midshipman Hornblower has been promoted to an 'exciting' frigate, called the Indefatigable, prowling the Channel in search of Frenchies to duff up.

By page 40, it's ahoy, top-gallants athwart and let go the halliards, a ship in view. 'I don't like the cut of her jib, Sir. It's a 'Frenchie.' In next-to no time; Hornblower, a mere 17, is in charge of the prize, the Marie Galante.

A few pages later, to his shame, his prize sinks beneath him as a hole beneath the waterline causes the cargo of rice to expand; and I remember, as a child, meditating on the weight of that dreadful risotto. Next, he's captured by a French privateer. Then he sets fire to the ship, and the

French are captured. Then they capture another French ship because Hornblower masters the icy pit of fear in his stomach and runs along the yard, 100 feet up, without any foot-rope.

Soon after, Hornblower breaks up a hideous game, in which a man, called Styles kills rats with his teeth. Then he helps French counter-revolutionaries blow up a bridge, witnesses a guillotine in action, and at the bit I've got up to, things are obviously about to turn nasty.

Talk about action, eh? At a comparable stage in O'Brian's narratives Aubrey and Maturin are still saying things such as 'By God, I wish I were in Bath' and 'You do look miserably hipped', and taking about two pages to walk up a hill and notice a rabbit.

They say Hornblower has no character; and it is true that he is described in nothing like the ornate detail of Aubrey, the hard-living Tory rake, and Maturin, the saturnine spy and man of medicine. But Hornblower has always seemed so economically limned by Forester.

Seasick and yet a burgeoning naval wizard; skinny; pale, froglike, youthful and yet authoritative: an Octavian figure. We are told he reads Gibbon, and that this inclines him to atheism. He has a keen sense of honour. He says things 'icily'. He is tone deaf. If that isn't characterisation, I don't know what is.

The more you set O'Brian side by side with Forester, the more obvious it is who is the true master of the genre. Forester saw first the dramatic potential of the wooden universe which was a ship of the line; and O'Brian has simply lifted motifs, such as the interesting dodges for getting a ship out of trouble. Which is not to detract from O'Brian's literary achievement, only to say that it is an evolution, not a revolution.

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Lawrence Brewer
Treasurer
C S Forester Society

Our ref: MGLA050 11
0-0460

Date: 18 JAN 2010

Dear Mr Brewer

Thank you for your letter and for taking the trouble to send in a copy of your magazine "Reflections". I very much enjoyed your article about London.

I would be more than happy for you to publish the "Case for Hornblower" in the next issue of your magazine.

Very best wishes,



Boris Johnson
Mayor of London

Hornblower & the Crisis concluded!

Jetse Reijenga & Tony Meyer

Forester never finished his Hornblower and the Crisis, but there can be no doubt that he had the outline and the outcome of the story clearly figured out.

The unfinished part begins with Hornblower handing over HMS Hotspur, on which he had been commander for two years blockading the coast of France, to Captain Baddlestone. The new captain subsequently manages to run aground and sink the ship within a couple of days. Baddlestone is court-martialed and reprimanded. Then Hornblower, Bush, Baddlestone and the crew of Hotspur try to return to England in an over-crowded water hoy. In a foul wind they are about to be captured by French privateer Guèpe but the boarding crew is killed and our heroes strike back, wreck the Guèpe, kill its captain and return to Portsmouth with captured documents. At the Admiralty the documents prove to be orders bearing Napoleon's new signature and seal, addressed to Admiral Villeneuve at Ferrol. Hornblower suggests planting a falsified document on a French courier, with the purpose of enticing Villeneuve into leaving port to face battle with the awaiting British fleet.

Forester thus clearly had in mind a prologue to the battle of Trafalgar, victory and alas the death of Nelson. Forester's choice of how to fill the gap in Hornblower's career between Hotspur and Atropos is not only logical; it is also symbolic. Hornblower is the catalyst in bringing the battle about, but he is also faced with taking care of the downside of victory, the funeral of England's beloved admiral.

In the biography *Novelist and Storyteller*, written by C S Forester's son John we find several paragraphs about the "ending" of Hornblower and the Crisis.

See p.714

On Friday evening, 7 August, 1964, I caught Pacific Southwest Airlines to San Francisco..... In Berkeley, Father and Dorothy greeted me at the door. All was well. Dorothy had kept some dinner for me, and we talked as I ate..... For his part, Father told me he had reached the point in The Crisis where Hornblower had to transfer the forged orders to the courier's saddlebags.

On p. 631 we read:

"So," said my father, "while I have written the final Hornblower story, it is locked in my publisher's vault as a legacy to my wife and sons." I explained to one reporter after another the difference between that story, The Final Encounter, a short story only, and the unfinished novel, Hornblower During the Crisis. Naturally, the next question was whether The Crisis could be finished. Did

anybody know how it was supposed to end? You know, now, that I knew the plot, and can guess that I felt competent to complete the novel. If asked that question today, I would reply, "Yes, of course, we had often discussed plots and this one I know I expect to finish it in three months." Then (just after father's death), I was loyal, and restricted my reply to, "The novel is far enough along that it would be possible to complete it." I was very conscious of saying this in an impersonal way, without any appearance of intrusion or arrogance. Naturally, I was asked again the inevitable question of whether I wrote, and at that time my standard, truthful, reply was "Only a textbook." If the reporters, or his readers, took my comment to mean that I could or would complete The Crisis, that was their inference, unjustified by what I had said.

And on p. 638-639

There was a letter to Dorothy from A.D. Peters, father's London agent, and friend. What did he say about my father's death? I read. He extended his sympathy, said how much he was sorry for her over her great loss, one that in a way he too could understand because he had loved Cecil, too, as man to man. Then the kicker. He wrote that John has been quoted by the press as saying that he would complete The Crisis. This must never happen. You [Dorothy] must never let him have one look at the manuscript but must get it typed and a copy sent to England as soon as possible. Peters added that some unfinished work of Cecil's might be bungled by someone else, a circumstance the dishonor of whose happening must be avoided at all cost.

From the above one might conclude that the story, as written down by C S Forester, was more advanced than the unfinished story published. After all these years it is however unlikely that manuscripts will surface, if they still exist. Several attempts by Society members have been made to write a suitable conclusion to Hornblower and the Crisis. Adrian Taylor would appear to be determined in being 'the man who ended the Crisis' with a number of versions. They were published in following Newsletter and Reflections:

- A Crisis of Indecision - Newsletter 7
- Hornblower receives another letter - Reflections 5
- A walk through the city - Reflections 7
- Hornblower does some sleuthing - Reflections 8
- Waters are indeed deep - Reflections 9
- The Denouement - Reflections 10

One might be surprised at the shortness of the unfinished story (122 pages). Judging by the overall average length of Hornblower stories, it would appear that Hornblower and the Crisis is only half completed. While Adrian Taylor's versions are only one of the possibilities that Forester has opened for a continuation, our member in Scotland, Bob Smith has made an

entirely different one. He in fact wrote a full size novel (180 pages) of a suitable ending, largely in line with the Forester's ideas about the rest of the plot, as far as published in the unfinished novel and indicated in *Novelist and Storyteller*.

Smith picks up the story with Hornblower on his way in a post-chaise to Harwich to read himself in at the Sea Fencibles (a volunteer anti-invasion force in operation between 1798 and 1810). At a formal dinner afterwards an idea strikes him how to tackle the problem of planting the false orders: he will act as a highwayman. Back at the Admiralty he is further prepared for his mission by an aged secretary called Dorsey. Hornblower travels disguised as a man servant for a Venezuelan tradesman count Miranda, as passengers on a Swedish merchantman, destined for Porto. There they meet the British diplomat Taplin (whom we know from Mr Midshipman Hornblower). With his advice they cross the Portuguese-Spanish boarder. On their coach journey eastwards from Santiago de Compostella, Hornblower disguises as a pilgrim, and lies in ambush for the courier. After successful substitution, leaving the courier unconscious but not dead, he escapes with the aid of local fisherman and catches up with the British fleet, under cover as the Mauritanian courier and unaware whether his mission has succeeded. Back at the Admiralty it is obvious that it had been his substituted orders that are about to change history: Villeneuve exits from Ferrol at night, heading for Cadiz, followed by Collingwood and awaited by Nelson for a crushing defeat.

The style of Mr. Smith's Ending is typically Forester and also does credit to Hornblower's character. The setting however is completely different from the other Hornblower novels: neither broadsides nor boarding parties. The enemy is not faced in battle and direct action, but in a disguised and indirect manner. We are able to share a sense of deceit with our under-cover agent. Hornblower is as self-reflective and self-critical as ever. Bold and self-assured on the outside, uncertain on the inside, and always a keen observer of naval discipline, hierarchy and good seamanship.

Smith's 'Ending' is well researched, with references to earlier Hornblower stories and historical events nicely incorporated. To mention only two of the historical events: the foundation and daily practice of the Sea Fencibles and on the very last page, the casual reference to the invention of the metal-tipped swan quill, the latter being typically Forester.

The Society will in due course publish the Ending Hornblower and the Crisis, as written by Bob Smith.

New feature, the editor explains: My favourite episode

When enthusiasts of the novels of C S Forester meet, the question always comes up: Which is your favourite book, paragraph, action or phrase? Naturally the answer is always personal, and always the next question is: Why? There are as many readers as there are reasons to enjoy a particular book, paragraph, etc. Whatever other people say, their answer, especially the why, will often surprise us, and sometimes open new perspectives on the works of our favourite author. Reasons may vary from visualising actions to purely literary quality.

First of all, here's one of my favourite phrases. It is in *Flying Colours*: Hornblower, crippled Bush and Brown are taken to Paris for their trial. A snowstorm, a disabled coach and a boat on a river open up possibilities of escape, and so Hornblower tells Bush. And what is Bush's reply? **Good luck, Sir!** A whole world of naval discipline, friendship and loyalty summarised in three little words, the very essence of the Bush-Hornblower relationship.

My favourite chapter would probably be 'The Duchess and the Devil' as it is so chock-full of action, beginning in a minor key but ending very much in the major, and opening up a whole horizon of follow-ups in Hornblower's career, and historical events.

One of my favourite sentences would be from *The Captain from Connecticut*: *His uncle Josiah paid the penalty for having become a gentleman, and died twelve paces from the pistol of another gentleman.....*

My favourite episodes consists of the opening pages of *Lord Hornblower*. It seems that hardly anything happens but it describes in minute detail the environment of a successful naval captain "enjoying social obligations of his rank". An atmosphere pregnant of imminent action and complicated diplomacy, but it is also a literary masterpiece in description of human character, contemporary events and conventions, and yet a very human depiction of Horatio Hornblower.

It is less important to identify *which* your favourite episode is, than to answer the question 'why'. The answer to this is much more important because everyone translates words into situations, feelings and emotions in his own way and many different interpretations are possible, irrespective of the author's intentions. Moreover, the wider the knowledge of the author's works, the more one can appreciate the key episodes that are based on the foundations of these works.

Contributions for "my favourite" to editor@csforester.eu

Hornblower Companion 2.0

Jetse Reijnga & Marlieke de Vos

Increased possibilities of internet applications and penetration of the world wide web in society triggered us in setting up an on-line version of the Hornblower Companion, depicting Hornblower's adventures in Google Maps, with numerous links to relevant photo's, videos and other information. An on-going project in which all Hornblower fans can participate.

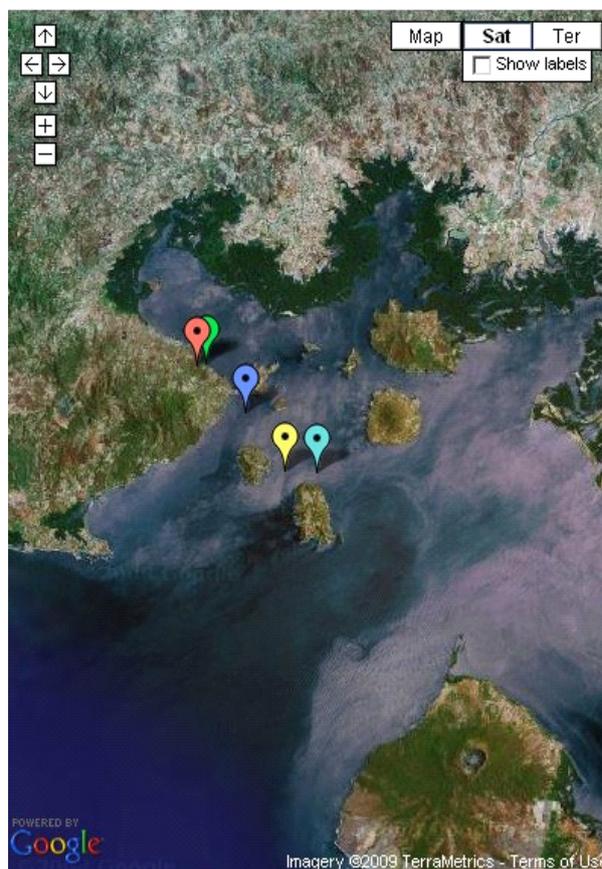
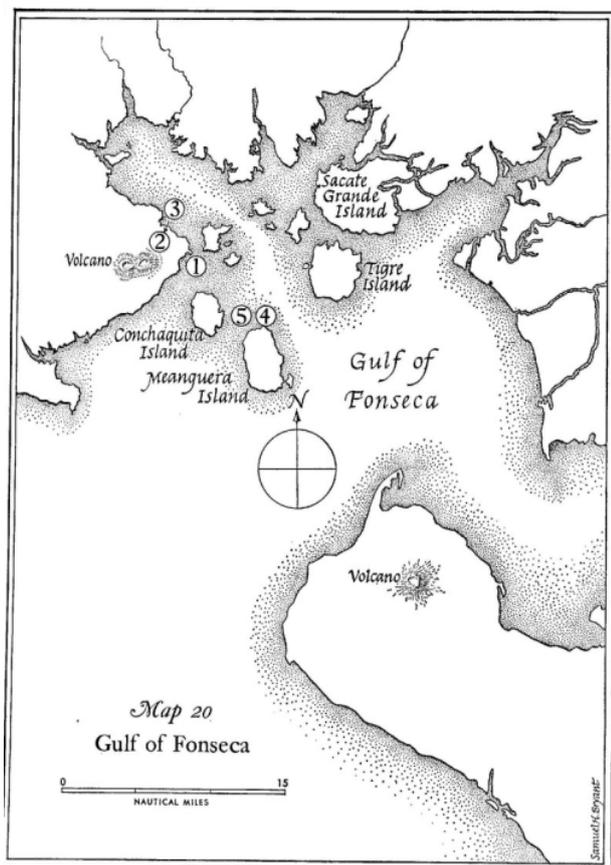
The Hornblower Companion in hardback edition was first published by Michael Joseph in 1964 and subsequently reprinted in several softcover editions [1]. It consists of a chronological series of maps of Hornblower's travels, with various points of interest indicated on the maps and a brief description. In addition it includes Some Personal Notes, which were also included in Long Before Forty [2]. The maps were drawn by Samuel H. Bryant. They serve as a useful illustration of the actions during Hornblower's fighting career. In spite of that, some of the maps do not exactly coincide with reality, especially with regard to distances. In other instances, our novelist took the liberty of changing geography to suit the fiction. Unfortunately he never mentions which sources he used. An author of fiction can be forgiven, but historians and biographers cannot. What we have been wondering is how INTERNET technology could have facilitated Forester's research and how at present it can aid us gaining unprecedented insight into geographical details of the scenes of action, however

fictional they may be in novels and on TV.

What we have in mind is a dedicated website called Companion 2.0, attached to the Society's website [3]. A draft version is under construction and online and contributions of geographical detail, pictures and videos taken by members are most welcome. Companion maps are tabulated in chronological order, each accompanied by a matching link to Google Maps [4]. Google maps consist of online available satellite and aerial photography images of the whole world, in many cases even to a scale of 10 m/cm on the screen, with street-scale details (but we are not implying that distinguishing parked cars in a street would add to historic relevance!)

The nice thing about Google maps is that one can view an overlay of cities, places of interest, roads, but also references to Wikipedia [5] for points of interest. Wikipedia is an online encyclopedia, written by potentially everyone willing to share his knowledge freely, and with a self-regulatory editorial system. Using websites such as Panoramio.com [6], anyone can upload a photo and connect it to a specific location in Google Maps for everyone to see.

We will illustrate the idea with a typical example from Happy Return [7]. After rounding Cape Horn Hornblower has to make a landfall on the Pacific Coast of Central America without sighting land. By combination of neat navigation and pure luck, this perfect landfall on the Gulf of Fonseca is accomplished.



"Looks like a burning mountain, sir. Two burning mountains. Volcanoes, sir." (p.17 of Happy Return).

When looking at the map in Hornblower Companion (page 11), there are indeed several volcanoes along the coast, a large one the south side of the bay, and a smaller twin-crater volcano on the north side. The Companion map largely is consistent with satellite images from Google Maps (right). In the latter, the same reference-points are indicated as given in the original compendium maps. Within the Google Map (and even outside its borders), the user can freely navigate and zoom in, and some additional information can be displayed such as a reference of certain landmarks to Wikipedia. A single mouse-click is needed to obtain for example following information about the volcanoes.

"The former, largest volcano is called Cosigüina (also spelled Cosegüina), a stratovolcano located in the western part of Nicaragua. It forms a large peninsula extending into the Gulf of Fonseca. The summit is truncated by a large caldera, 2 x 2.4 km in diameter and 500 m deep, holding a substantial crater lake (Laguna Cosigüina). This cone has grown within an earlier caldera, forming a somma volcano. The earlier caldera rim is still exposed on the north side, but has been buried by the younger cone elsewhere. The volcano last erupted in 1859, but its most famous activity occurred in 1835, when it produced the largest historical eruption in Nicaragua. Ash from the 1835 eruption has been found in Mexico, Costa Rica, and Jamaica. The smaller volcano on the other side of the bay is Conchagua (also known as Cochague), a stratovolcano in southeastern El Salvador, overlooking the Gulf of Fonseca. Cerro del Ocote and Cerro de la Bandera are the two main summits, with Bandera appearing younger and more conical. There are active fumarolic areas on both peaks, but no confirmed historical eruptions". [4]

Google Maps for this particular location also show more than 50 photos, and 4 videos on YouTube. One of the videos even shows the construction of part of a new harbour at exactly the same location where Lydia filled her water casks after 11 months at sea. When moving around in and zooming in into the detailed maps, one sooner or later wonders if the exact location is as indicated, or whether the actions in the Hornblower novels could easily have happened elsewhere. Until of course we wake up to the realization that we have been mixing up present reality with centuries old fiction. Forester's use of geographical detail has played its trick once more. The present version of the website is not finished. It is growing, and open to any relevant contribution from Hornblower fans. For example photos will be uploaded from places we have recently visited, such as the Ferrol area and the Petit Minou signal tower.

Further contributions are welcomed by jetse@dse.nl or vos09069@planet.nl.

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The C S Forester
Society

The Society Anchor

The Society anchor on the web site changed. Why and why now? The editor was looking through some old Newsletters and in nr. 6 (July 2001) read a comment received via the old web site:

Your little graphic of an anchor is not accurate, but I am sure you know that and you are using it since it is the usual depiction even in heraldry. But as sea-going folk perhaps the Society should review this. The symbol of the Admiralty is a fouled anchor. The upper bar has a slope, in an attempt to show the real thing, a 3 dimensional thing is hard to show as a graphic - yours wouldn't work. HJB

Of course, anchor arms and cross bar should be mounted perpendicular, otherwise the anchor would drag. With apologies to HJB for long overdue response, we have now rectified on the new web site at <http://csforester.eu>.

Website updates

The Society website has been updated regularly. Several new links have been added: websites with Hornblower fan-fiction, a link to all Naval Chronicle issues as PDF files and a link to 46 episodes of Hornblower radio plays of the early 1950's (thanks to new member Gary Carlton). New Google maps were added to Hornblower Companion 2.0.

Hornblower Fan-Fiction

Jetse Reijenga & Yehuda Straschnow

According to Wikipedia, Fan-Fiction (fanfic, FF, or fic) is a broadly-defined term regarding stories about characters or settings written by fans of the original work, rather than by the original creator. Works of fan-fiction are rarely commissioned or authorized by the original work's owner, creator, or publisher; also, they are seldom professionally published. Most fan-fiction writers assume that their work is read primarily by other fans, and therefore tend to presume that their readers have knowledge of the context of the original work (created by a professional writer) on which their works are based. Fan fiction as it is now understood began at least as early as the 17th century, with unauthorized published sequels to such works as Don Quixote. Older precursors include the Epic Cycle supplementing the works of Homer and the various retellings of King Arthur's tale which spread around Europe from the 8th century AD onward. Authors of these fan-fiction stories are generally anonymous.

Best-known example of fan-fiction is 'The Life and Times of Horatio Hornblower' [1], in which the author C. Northcote-Parkinson interpolates and extrapolates the life, career and character of Hornblower, from cradle to grave. It also addresses to matter of how Captain Sawyer "fell" down the hatchway. This book is a special form of fan-fiction, because it consists of a fictional biography that glues together all original fiction about the hero created by Forester. Members of the Society will remember alternative endings to Hornblower and the Crisis, written by Adrian Taylor and Richard Miller, published in Reflections and Newsletter. These are also fan-fiction.

Why do people write fan-fiction? I would say that there has to be an urge, a desire for a creative outlet. Most importantly however, fan-fiction writers pay tribute to the original authors, and in most cases, to the heroes they created. Obviously, Forester inspired numerous later authors of Napoleonic age naval fiction. Some but not all of them are honest enough to openly admit this - but Dudley Pope (1925-1997) is. It is even said [2] that Forester encouraged Pope to include fiction in his naval repertoire, resulting in 1965 in Ramage [3] as the first in an 18-novel series. Pope acknowledges Forester by using what can only be called "fragments of fan-fiction" in Ramage. Personally I find Ramage good reading, and the hero is certainly far from a carbon-copy of Hornblower, as evidenced by this fragment in Ramage [3]:

He had spent two years with Dawlish as a midshipman in the Superb. Indeed, Dawlish and that fellow Hornblower had done their best to teach him spherical trigonometry.....

Ramage's complete inability to remember the cards already played at those interminable games of whist in the Superb used to drive that fellow Hornblower mad. Yet, Ramage remembered with amusement, he sometimes won simply because he was such a bad player: even if Hornblower guessed the cards he held it was no help since his play was completely unpredictable. Nor, when Ramage won, did Hornblower like being reminded that surprise was the vital element in tactics...[2]

According to Forester's Hornblower novels the Superb was not a ship Hornblower even sailed in. Bush did sail in Superb, in the Mediterranean, but before he met Hornblower.

The challenge that creators of fan fiction often face is finding a platform to approach potential readers. Traditional publishers are of course particularly choosy as to what to accept. Quality is not enough, a print-run of 500 is only produced if it is pretty certain that a couple of hundred will be sold. At this forms a huge threshold for people writing fan-fiction. Internet opened up new opportunities, because it forms a great forum for people writing fan-fiction. Authors often use an alias instead of their real name. Dissemination is instant, free, worldwide and everything can be easily found using a search engine.

A good example of what we would call serious fan-fiction can be found on the website [4] of a Hornblower fan calling himself Idler_1814. From his alias and from his story "Run Aground" it appears he is a fan of William Bush in particular. The story diverts from C. S. Forester's Hornblower Saga since the main figure of the "novella" is now Captain William Bush with escapades mainly around England's mainland, fighting smugglers. Somehow at the end Horatio Hornblower also appears. The work is well written, in the Forester style, catching without being an imitation or pretentious. It somehow fills a gap between two other much-read Hornblower stories: Flying Colours and the Commodore.

A huge fan-fiction site of general nature is [5]. It has many subjects. Hornblower, with 300 stories, is just a sub-category of main category TV shows (to get just an idea, there are 443 stories in sub-category Desperate Housewives)

About Hornblower there is a story called Bridegroom by an author calling himself Simon920. It describes the wedding night of Horatio and Maria. It is all pretty explicit and after a threefold consummation, the story ends as follows:

The next morning, eating the breakfast that Maria's mother had actually, to their surprise, served them in bed, he had looked at his wife and regarded her kindly. He wouldn't love her, in fact he didn't think it possible that he would ever love Maria, but he would only be back now and then. He knew that his true wife, his real lover and mistress was the sea. This would be enough for him.

On the same website [5], Simon920 wrote several letters, exchanged between young Midshipman Hornblower and his father. The story "Horatio and Mavis" is an imaginary maybe even unnecessary if not pretentious addition to the so valued historical Hornblower fiction. It is well written and even ensnaring, however one may wonder: was a report on Horatio's virility really missing?

Also on fan-fiction site [5] is an author calling himself (herself?) PowderMonkey wrote about Horatio arriving home to Maria and 6 year old daughter. A typical fragment:

"Oh Horatio, you remember your daughter don't you?" She said, motioning her daughter to come over. Slowly and deliberately, the girl put down her pencil and hopped down from the chair.

"Of course I remember her! How are you Molly?" Horatio asked, still wondering why this girl seemed so hostile. "My name is Meg." She continued to glare at him. Horatio inwardly kicked himself, but tried again, albeit rather awkwardly this time.

Yet another site is devoted entirely to Hornblower fan-fiction [6] with 27 authors, 116 stories and 173 reviews of these by others. Most stories seem inspired by the A&E films. A typical example is a series of 3 chapters called Supernatural, written by Evenstar. The content is summarized as follows:

While on leave in Jamaica, Horatio meets and marries freed slave Charlotte, but just how much can their love overcome in a haunted land filled with ghosts of the past, voodoo and nearly insurmountable prejudices.

That kind of thing..... But we are not in a highbrow library; we are on un-moderated Internet - there's something for everyone's taste and you may take your pick. See for example those by Jestana. These fall in the so-called "slash" category, meaning they are homo-erotic in nature but in moderate degrees of explicitness. Fan-fiction stories are more often than not combined with a discussion forum [7].

Conclusion: Fan-Fiction ranges all the way from soft-porn trash and amateur prose to professional novels and literature. This edition of Reflections introduces one in the latter category: the conclusion of Forester's 'Hornblower and the Crisis' by Bob Smith.

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Hornblower Fans on Internet Marlieke de Vos

As a Hornblower fan I attended the Annual Meeting of the C S Forester Society, on 8 August 2009. Topic of the year was Hornblower and the Atropos. This included reconstructing Hornblower's boat trip on the Thames/Severn Canal. Reading 'Hornblower' and other Forester books is a binding element of the Society, which was launched around the time when A&E broadcast the Hornblower TV series. That would make the Society about 10 years old.

My background is different: I am a member of an internet community called www.horatians.org. It is a discussion board that started on the website of A&E, the producer of the Hornblower TV series. Now it is a privately owned website, closely moderated to keep a nice atmosphere. We members call ourselves "Horatians" and we have been celebrating 10 years of Horatians in 2009.

The Horatians join from all over the world. It was often the TV-series that first aroused an interest in Hornblower, but 90% of us have read the books either before or afterwards. Yes, most of the 200 members are female, so we specially cherish the few male members. Apart from discussing everything related to the Hornblower characters and the Age of Sail on the website, the members have a convention every year. The first legendary get-together was a dinner on the Grand Turk, the ship that models for "The Indefatigable" in the TV-series. Even several of the actors attended. Our 2009 annual convention was in Key West, where we watched the 8 films of the TV-series together. We explored everything marine on the island and had a lot of rum and fun. I am already looking forward to the next convention, 16-19 September, 2010 in Mystic, Connecticut.

The discussions on the website are especially interesting because of the varied points of view of the members. For some, literature is the most important aspect, or the English language. Others have a history degree, an interest in the Age of Sail, in Napoleonic times or military history. Your hobby may be costume-making or films and period drama, but if you are an actress, writer, doctor, sailor or shipwright then naturally your contribution will be different. Of course we follow the careers of the actors who participated in the TV-series.

Admiring the actors is confined to a special section, "the

bilge" (so named, so that you can avoid it if you don't like it.). The admiration of Tall Ships is of course allowed throughout the website. On 'Horatians' we offer links to news on related subjects. Think of a newly-discovered shipwreck or the announcement of the annual meeting of the CS Forester Society. Or the auctions of props used for filming of the television episodes.

Hornblower evokes an incredible amount of creativity and this is shown on the internet. From handmade naval uniforms to song lyrics and poems, drawings, banners, poems, short stories and fan fiction (more on that elsewhere in this issue). A big hit on Horatians is the funny captions to screenshots of the TV series. But you can also think of Hornblower videoclips. There are even role-playing groups (RPG's). Pick a character from book or series and join a community, where you can play your favourite role.

Addicted to Hornblower?



Welcome aboard.

ScaryFangirl.Com

Your home on the web for all things Hornblower.

Several other internet websites provide information about the Hornblower books, film and tv-series. For example www.scaryfangirl.com "your home on the net for all things Hornblower" is a great archive of relevant information. Downloads include subtitles to the films in many languages, promotional videos and a PDF of Hornblower Once Again.

On www.yahoo.com you will find "Hornblower-L", a nautical fiction discussion group. Not only discussions about whether uniforms in Hornblower movies are historically correct, but also copies of historical accounts of naval battles, such as those on the occasion of the 200th year anniversary of the Scheldt expedition.

Hornblower is immortal and keeps inspiring new generations. This has no doubt been the case with the first Hornblower movie with Gregory Peck and Virginia Mayo in 1951, it happened again with the A&E TV series, leading to reprints of books written half a century ago and cherished by communities such as the C S Forester Society and Horatians.

Obituary Kenneth Wynn Lawrie Brewer



Nearly every C S Forester Society member's bookshelf will feature the post-war Penguin editions of Hornblower; and it was Kenneth Wynn who was your artist and illustrator. Kenneth Wynn died on Sunday 18th October 2009. He would have been 87 in December and had lived in Brighton for the last 40 years.

Ken joined the newly formed Artists Partners Ltd in 1951, one of the original team of artists, and produced work for Schweppes, Beefeater gin, the International Wool Secretariat and Bournville cocoa. He covered the genres of nude, cover girls, racing and seafaring covers. He worked on cruise ships for some years from the 1960's and was commissioned to execute passengers' portraits. Another great interest was horse racing and his equine studies remain much sought-after.



One of his most prestigious commissions was that of the Coronation panels which were displayed throughout Selfridge's department store and on the building's exterior in Oxford Street, in 1953.

Ken Wynn illustrated the entire Hornblower series for Penguin Books. The C S Forester Society is making contact with the model who served for the images of Hornblower.

Ken's colleagues and friends recall him as a very kind and generous man. We send them our sympathy along with our enduring thanks for his contribution to literary enjoyment and to the works of C S Forester.

Note: the executors of Ken's estate have listed six of his original paintings for sale:

- Lord Hornblower 22" x 30"
- Hornblower and the Atropos 20" x 30"
- Flying Colours 20" x 31" (picture below)
- Captain Hornblower R.N. 22" x 30"
- Atropos, cover art not used 20" x 30" (previous page)
- The General 15" x 21"

These will be auctioned at Bonham's in London, in spring 2010 – date to be advised



WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Since Reflections 14, following members have joined: Mr Robert Didion, Mr Gary Carlton, Mr. Phillip McMath, Mr Michael Stack, Mr Steven Christensen, Mr. Tom Key, Mr David McNally, Mr Ronald Oneto, and Mr Peter Allen from the USA, Mr Martin Booth from the UK, Mr. Håkon Sundal from Norway, Mr. Jose Marques from Portugal and Mr Lukas Kascak from Slovakia.

CORRESPONDENCE

The web form on the C S Forester Society web site <http://csforester.eu> generates more and more correspondence:

Dear Sir,

I have received with much pleasure, the latest Reflections 14.....I find Ludwig Heuse's boat-trip from Lechlade to London, making comparisons with Hornblower's fly-boat voyage to the same destination from Gloucester, very interesting. This perhaps because Linlithgow is on the Union Canal, and the Union Canal Company ran a regular fly-boat service before the railways took over the transport business. The Union Canal joins the Forth and Clyde Canal, so there was a direct water-born connection between Edinburgh and Glasgow.....We have a great deal of historical material on both canals - and their fly-boats which were very speedy; these boats could carry forty passengers and their hand luggage at at least nine miles per hour, pulled by a mere pair of horses going at a canter. Before steam-powered railways, that tonnage could never be moved at that speed by any wheeled vehicle on land, by any number of horses.

While Mr Heuse emphasizes the speed, I am somewhat intrigued to note that he does not explain how this was achieved - because Forester (via Hornblower, of course) does. I quote "*It was impressive how quickly the Queen Charlotte picked up speed as the horses, suddenly breaking into a trot, pulled her bows up on to her bow wave*". This is known nowadays, and generally by speedboat users as "getting up on the plane", and results in a massive increase in speed with an astonishing decrease in the need for effort and fuel-consumption, but this, of course, has no place in the Hornblower saga. All that is required is a suitably-designed hull, roughly speaking flat-bottomed and sharp-bowed, the design of the fly-boats, such as the one on which Hornblower was making his anxious way to Atropos.

Yours faithfully,
R.W. Smith, Linlithgow

Reflections

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