



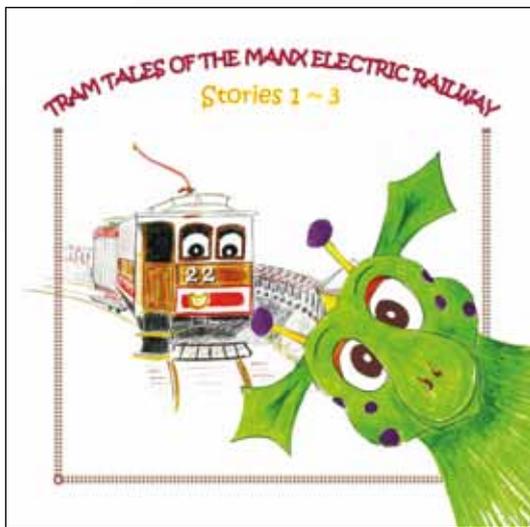
# LOAGHTAN BOOKS NEWS



www.loaghtanbooks.com

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**Past, present and... performance! As usual the publication schedule has been amended (or, more accurately, discarded!) to reflect new ideas, projects and suggestions.**



## Listening is about being present

It's beginning to look as though we're turning ourselves into transport publishers, which is not the case (see later in the year for *Port Erin: past & present*). However we are pleased to announce Loaghtan Books' first venture into audiobooks.

Our popular children's series 'Tram Tales of the Manx Electric Railway' has now been published on CD as an audiobook, complete with sound effects. So, if the trams whistle, they REALLY whistle, doors creak, water splashes and listeners might even hear a dinosaur roar.

None of it would have been possible without the expertise, hard work and patience of sound recordist Tim Price who did a truly amazing job. From interviewing dinosaurs, to standing cheerfully in the rain with a microphone while a friendly bus driver opened and closed his bus's doors (several times), Tim has 'illustrated' the narration superbly.

There were funny moments of course though. Like when we discovered that modern buses are almost completely silent. Or when Tim recorded the junior partner tossing various things down the stairs. Or when we realised that we were discussing seriously 'does this sound "plushy" enough?' or 'I thought it was going to go "whoomf-ssst"...'

To hear a snippet of the CD go to our website. An MP3 downloadable version is also being prepared.

## Past times

We've recently been loaned the use of a collection of very old postcards (of Port Erin, as mentioned above), which we thought would make an excellent book if each was paired with what the scene looks like nowadays.

A different slant on this idea are books written in the 'present' of seventy years ago., which to today's readers are, of course, 'past'. As page 95 of *A Cog in the Wheel* says: 'The only traffic on the road were carts of the Red Army, hundreds of them, primitive strange-looking things with curious arched harness and drawn by thickset well-fed horses with heavy fringes and long manes and tails. They were carting every sort of loot, logs of wood, cattle, pigs, vegetables, and some were even drawing guns. It is astounding to think that this is the great Red Army that chased the Nazis over thousands of miles and destroyed the might and mechanical power of the Wehrmacht. The Russians sat on their carts looking outlandish, and stared unwinkingly at us as we passed.'

I wonder what the people seventy years in the future will think of our musings...

## King Noel

Isn't it odd what gets people talking? I would never have believed the interest we seem to have generated, judging by the e-postbag, in the various sorts of guano. Regular reader, Mark, reports: 'I wish to differ in the definition of "guano". You see, bat guano is also called guano by guanologists in the batty community. It is mined in regions where such megapoo deposits are abundant in caves.' Another reader, Paul is also knowledgeable on various esoteric subjects and comments: 'on the subject of poo and pigeons, spare a kind thought for hibernating bats. According to some, the medical condition they dread the most is diarrhoea.'

Perhaps we'd better leave the subject before the tone is lowered any further!

## Senior Junior moment...

Two visitors heaved a couple of cases off the tram at Ramsey terminus and asked the junior partner: 'Do you know where Parsonage Road is?' On being told that they were standing on it they replied: 'oh good, we'll walk up and down it. You see we've forgotten where we're staying, but perhaps seeing a name will jog our memories...'

Best wishes  
Sara

## Quote of the day

If we're lucky we'll get old (I mean that – do you really want to die young?), but that doesn't mean we'll want to stop having fun into our seventies, eighties, nineties. Ever seen a group of elderly people enjoying themselves? They're like teenagers with zimmer frames...

Page 81, *My Year as Manx Bard*