



LOAGHTAN BOOKS NEWS



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Welcome to the first edition of Loaghtan Books' quarterly newsletter.

Before you groan and tell us not to send you any more, please just read the next three sentences. Firstly we promise that you'll only get one of these every three months or so – we won't be sending you spam every week (we hate it too). Secondly we'll try to bring you interesting news and information (or, if you prefer, gossip, rumour and scandal) which you won't find on the website. Thirdly, the newsletters won't be too long! And get in touch, ask us questions. We may not always be able to answer them in the newsletter, but we'll try.

Disasters in Delivery

Our new title, *Invading America, 1943*, has been looming rather large as we accepted delivery of it in early January ready for publication on 26th. The delivery was interesting. We are a small business and own no fork lift truck. This is not usually a problem as delivery companies either bring their own or have a pallet truck (like the fork part of a fork lift, which you slip under a pallet, pump up by hand lifting the pallet and can then wheel to wherever you like) and tail lift at the back of the lorry. The delivery van was a last-minute substitute and had a pallet truck but no tail lift. Um. How to get the boxes out of the van??

To make matters worse I was here on my own. Sickness, holidays and a dental appointment had flattened our small staff. Fortunately the delivery driver was a star. Fortified by tea and a couple of ham sandwiches he unwrapped all the pallets and manhandled the boxes to the edge of wagon; I lifted them off and rearranged them on pallets on the floor. From there they could be moved to storage.

When he came back from the dentist, George, the senior partner, worked out that we must have moved nearly two tons of books by hand. I don't think I needed to know that.

It could have been worse. It could have been raining...

Do you know?

In *Dear Ray*, Kathleen cuts a poem out of a 1942 newspaper and encloses it with a letter. It begins:

'If I should leave you, grieve not overmuch
That I am gone away: for with me go
Our memories...'

The poem was written by John D Mortimer. To many people John Mortimer can only mean the creator of Horace Rumpole, barrister, raconteur, Old Bailey hack and Rottweiler on behalf of the innocent. But his middle name was Clifford. So who is John D.?

The whole poem can be read on page 71 of *Dear Ray*...



Out-take!

The photograph above is one of those we *didn't* use in *A Brief History of the Isle of Man*.

It's of Furness Abbey in Cumbria and is actually the copyright of English Heritage, but they kindly loaned us a choice of photographs to use in the book. And, no, Cumbria is not on the Isle of Man, but Rushen Abbey, which is on the island, was a daughter establishment of Furness.

When researching the book I was staggered to discover that Furness Abbey had its own fleet of Merchant Ships. Whatever happened to the monkish vow of poverty?

The photograph we actually used is on page 39 of *A Brief History*...

Best wishes Sara

Quote of the day

'However proud of your Regiment, however valorous its men, all is lost if you can't use common sense. The people at home did not before V day, did not on V day and will not after V day say that the war is over and think that no more lives will be lost in battle.'

Kathleen Ford, writing on 9 May 1945, to her husband stationed in Germany. *Dear Ray*, page 116.