



We give readers a foretaste of *A Cog in the Wheel*

First of all, congratulations to those who spotted the mistake in our first edition. I blame the spell checker. In the snippet about *A Brief History of the Isle of Man*, the spell checker changed Furness Abbey to Furnace Abbey. Three times. Pluming myself on spotting the error, I changed it back. Twice. Thank you to those of you who let me know about the one I missed!



What is it?

The photograph above is part of one reproduced in *Invading America, 1943*.

The visiting British RA Battery is taking part in a ticker tape parade down Broadway. The photographer is looking down on the scene from one of the buildings lining the route.

Across from him, the gentleman in the white shirt is standing on a window ledge, on the outside of the window, to get a better view.

He's on the fifth floor - what in Britain would be called the fourth floor. With no guard rail.

You can see the entire photograph on page 12 of *Invading America...*

A small world

We seem to be making something of a speciality in publishing books with strong family connexions. Often the documentation on which a book is based comes into our hands almost by accident - through dealers and the like. In these cases we try very hard to locate any remaining family members. Usually we are successful. With *Dear Ray* we failed spectacularly.

The basis of *Dear Ray* is a wartime love story in letters. Best of all, it's true. We looked for the families, including advertising in the press local to where they lived in WWII. Either our advert was not specific enough, or the family didn't see it, or they didn't believe it applied to them, but we completely failed to locate any remaining family members.

Nevertheless, we went ahead with the publication, using as guidance how we would feel if they were letters belonging to members of our own families. Our motto was 'If in doubt, leave it out'.

Just as well! Almost immediately on publication we were contacted by family members. They seemed pleased with the book - which was great - but I do wish we'd managed to find them before. At the same time I can't blame us too much. Ray and his wife had moved to Canada, where their descendents are still living. We didn't check there!

Sneak preview!

After WWII the allies needed to repair and rebuild. Adelaide Lubbock worked in the Allied Commission for Austria specifically to help Displaced Persons. She was nothing if not forthright:

'They are crammed into terrible camps with no windows, doors or roofs and no heating, light or water in many cases. Already they are dying of hunger, weakness, and disease. ...'

'Now we are seeing the results of the utter lack of experience and understanding shown by the so-called planners who, as high-ranking administrators, have been basking in the glory of their position; creatures who are the offscourings, misfits and dregs of the war machine...'

A Cog in the Wheel, page 101, to be published in May 2012.

Happy Easter Sara

Quote of the day

'The crowds were tremendous; it was estimated that 500,000 people watched the parade. Photographers were everywhere, but the thing that struck me most was that, with that huge parade of navy, army, air force, WACS, WAVES, SPARS, bands and civilian services, etc., the only things that attracted any attention at all were the film stars and the shorts of the British Tommies.'

Clifford Cole, writing in September 1943. *Invading America, 1943*, page 61.