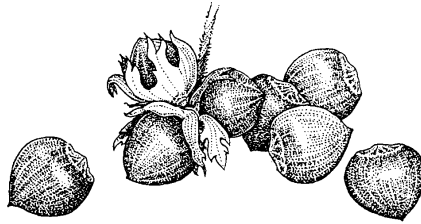


The Lockdown Lighthouse

THE INTERIM NEWSLETTER FROM THE FRIENDS OF STANDEN ESTATE:

NUTS ABOUT STANDEN
and missing it loads



No 27 - 4th February 2021

In this edition of The Lockdown Lighthouse:

THE ORIGINAL STANDEN
QUAFFTIDE CLARIFIED
COMEDY COLLECTION
JANUARY ARTWORK
KEEPING SANE IN LOCKDOWN
MORE WORD-SMITHERY
PROTOCOL FOR COVID WALKING
FEBRUARY RAMBLINGS
AND FINALLY...

A bit of fascinating Standen History

Most of us know little bits of the Standen story, but I am indebted to James for sharing this detailed account of some less-known history.

Many of you may know that what we now know as Standen was at first called Hollybush; on the original designs for the house by Philip Webb, the property is named as such and only after construction began did the name change to Standen.



That name came from the farm which used to lie near to the Medway river at the bottom of the valley and is an Saxon name meaning 'Stone Clearing' referring to the many outcrops of sandstone near there - the same seam that runs across West Hoathly Road on the way down to the reservoir.

I have never found noted down a reason why the name was changed, but in 1896, the original Standen Farm was knocked down.



Today, all that is left of the farm is an old barn situated about 180 metres (very slightly more than the Blackpool Tower is tall) north of the reservoir and 540m (the same as the height of the CN Tower in Toronto) directly south of the

Gong House at Standen. Until a few years ago the barn was occasionally used by cattle as a shelter, but it has recently been fenced off and become quite overgrown. The style of the timbers suggests the barn is a few hundred years old, although the front of the roof was re-covered about 15 years ago.

Just behind the barn and up the slope slightly are some isolated rocks set in a shaw between two fields and very overgrown by bracken in the summer. These were once part of the estate owned by the Beales, along with Standen Farm, and the children and grandchildren used to play on them giving them names.

"Picnic teas were often taken down to the rocky bank, with the pony cart to carry the provisions and the very young, driven by our nurse Nancy.

The same pony, in great leather over-shoes, pulled the lawn mower in the garden. Each rock had its name (Castle. Tea Table, Cave etc.) and the whole steep bank was a splendid adventure playground for all ages."

[From Standen Memories]

It was from here that the children would hear the gong being rung, up near the main house when it was time to return home for meals.





When there is no livestock in the fields, it is possible to go up to the barn, although the rocks require clambering through a barbed wire fence and in the summer some very tall bracken.

I went down there recently, and took a few photos, which I include here, plus a map from 1776 showing the original Standen in the yellow circle and what was then Hollybush in the orange circle.



Thanks, James, for allowing us to see the area with fresh eyes.

Quafftide on the world clock

Pam Neary wanted to know when Quafftide begins. Jackie Apps has come up with what seems to me to be a very acceptable answer:

In answer to the question below - my feeling is, it's always 5 o'clock somewhere! 😊

Jackie, I like your style!

Joke time

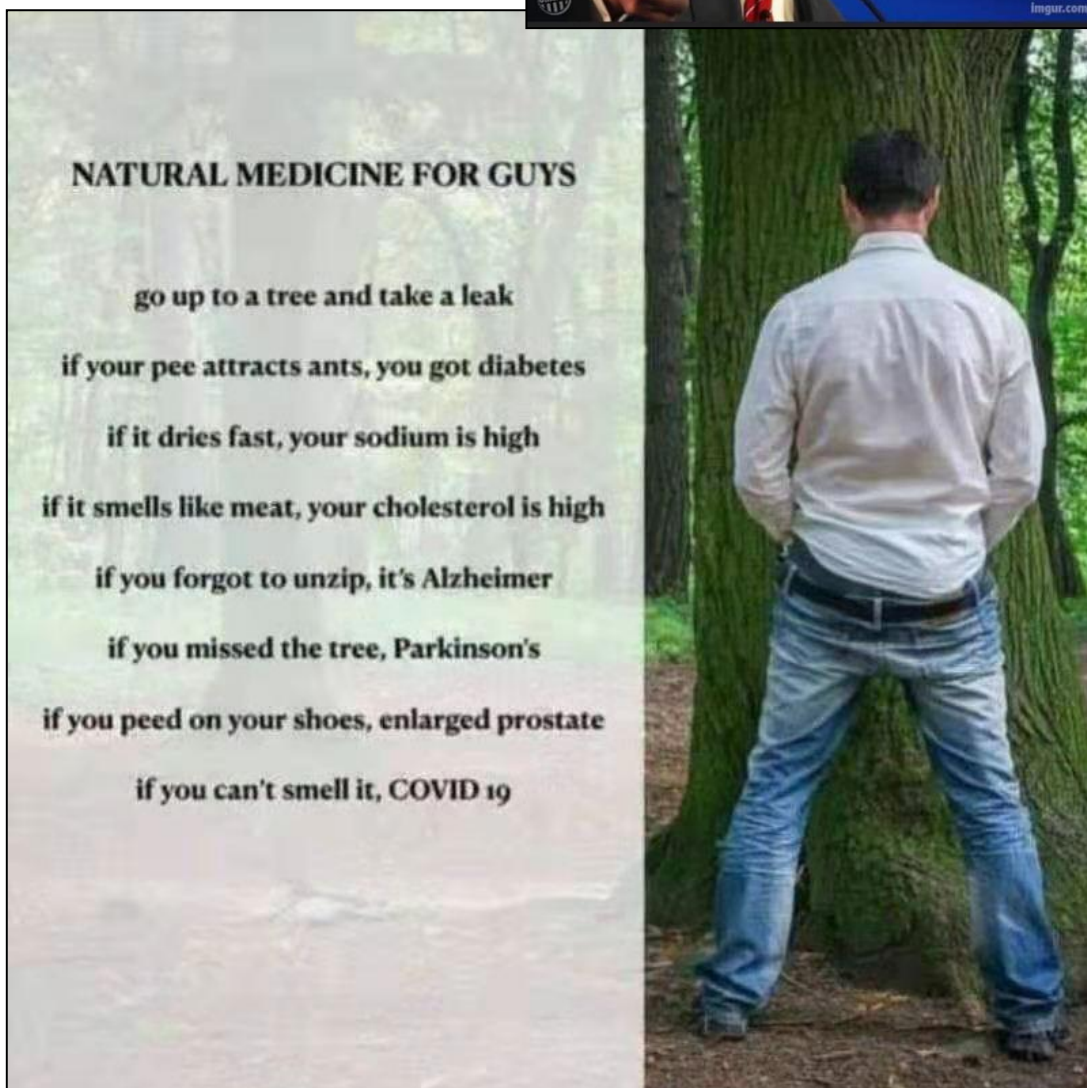
Once again, Martin and Anne have combed the internet and their inboxes for things to make us smile. First up came from Martin:

The children were lined up in the cafeteria for lunch. At the head of the table was a large pile of apples. The nun made a note, and posted on the apple tray:

'Take only ONE. God is watching.'

Moving further along the lunch line, at the other end of the table was a large pile of chocolate chip cookies. A child had written a note, 'Take all you want. God is watching the apples.'

Anne found the warning not trying to do your own electrics, and was also responsible for the Natural Medicine gag, while my sister sent me the Trump cartoon.



There are also a couple of video clips attached, one on how not to date, and one about an old man and a marine guarding the White House.

And a couple more offerings from Martin...

The local news station was interviewing an 80-year-old lady because she'd just gotten married for the fourth time.

The interviewer asked her questions about her life, about what it felt like to be marrying again at 80, and then about her new husband's occupation.

'He's a funeral director,' she answered.

'Interesting,' the newsman thought.

He then asked her if she wouldn't mind telling him a little about her first three husbands and what they did for a living.

She paused for a few moments, needing time to reflect on all those years. After a short time, a smile came to her face and she answered proudly, explaining that she had first married banker when she was in her 20s, then a ringmaster when in her 40s, and a preacher when in her 60s, and now in her 80s the funeral director.

The interviewer looked at her, quite astonished, and asked why she married four men with such diverse careers.

She smiled and explained, I married one for the money, two for the show, three to get ready, and four to go.

So a doctor starts up a private practice and decide to challenge himself, so he puts out a sign: 'I'll cure any sickness is only £100. If I can't I'll pay you £500!'

A lawyer sees the sign out front and decides this would be easy fast cash so he goes in to see the doctor.

'Doctor, I can't taste anything!'

Doctor says, 'Nurse, go grab vial 43.' She brings it and he puts two drops on the lawyer's tongue.

The lawyer quickly spits it out and says, 'UGH, that's fuel.'

Doc gets his £100.

Lawyer comes back the next day to try again, and claims he's lost his memory.

Doc says, 'No problem; nurse bring me vial 43.'

Lawyer says, 'But that's the fuel.'

Doc happily takes his £100, and lawyer walks out quite frustrated.

Finally on the third day the lawyer thinks he has the solution. Goes in and tells the Doc he has lost his sight. Doc ponders a second and finally let out a sigh. He begrudgingly walks the lawyer out to the cash register and hands him £5.

Lawyer says, 'Hey, wait, that's only £5!'

Doc smiles and says, 'That'll be £100.'

A man goes into a restaurant to have some dinner. The hostess says there is a single table back in the corner and would that be okay? He says, 'That's okay with me.'

After getting seated and looking over the menu he notices a beautiful young redheaded woman seated by herself just across the aisle and who was telling the waitress what she would like to eat.

Just as he is placing his order the Redhead's food is delivered. His waitress leaves and he watches the Redhead shake pepper on her food. All of a sudden she jerks back and sneezes so hard her glass eye comes flying out across the aisle three feet off the ground. He instinctively reaches out and the glass eye lands right into the palm of his hand. Both of them are now obviously showing some embarrassment, but he gets up and hands her eye back to her.

Up until now she hadn't even acted like she had noticed him, and struggled to put her eye back in so she could face him without looking awkward. After she had finished putting herself back together, and stopped blushing, she said, 'I'm so grateful and really appreciate what you've done for me. Please join me and let me take care of your dinner for being such a gentleman.'

He accepts her invitation and just as he sits down with her the waitress brings his meal. They enjoy talking about everything and when they are finished with dinner, she says, 'There's a club next door with a very good band. Would you like to have a drink or two - my treat?'

He, of course, says, 'I would love to.' They share drinks and dance until the club closes. She pays for everything and gives him a big hug. She says, 'Here's my phone number; please call me. I'd love to get together with you again.'

He says, 'We had a great time and I loved it, but please tell me, do you always treat someone you just met so nicely?'

At which she says, 'No, but you caught my eye!'

And a final one from Anne, aimed originally at an Australian audience.

Love this Doctor!



Q: Doctor, I've heard that cardiovascular exercise can prolong life. Is this true?

A: Heart only good for so many beats, and that it... Don't waste on exercise. Everything wear out eventually. Speeding up heart not make you live longer; it like saying you extend life of car by driving faster. Want to live longer? Take nap.

Q: Should I reduce my alcohol intake?

A: Oh no. Wine made from fruit. Brandy distilled wine, that mean they take water out of fruity bit so you get even more of goodness that way. Beer also made of grain. Bottom up!

Q: How can I calculate my body/fat ratio?

A: Well, if you have body and you have fat, your ratio one to one. If you have two body, your ratio two to one.

Q: What are some of the advantages of participating in a regular exercise program?

A: Can't think of single one, sorry. My philosophy: No pain...good!

Q: Aren't fried foods bad for you?

A: YOU NOT LISTENING! Food fried in vegetable oil. How getting more vegetable be bad?

Q: Will sit-ups help prevent me from getting a little soft around the middle?

A: Oh no! When you exercise muscle, it get bigger. You should only be doing sit-up if you want bigger stomach.

Q: Is chocolate bad for me?

A: You crazy?!? HEL-LO-O!! Cocoa bean! Another vegetable! It best feel-good food around!

Q: Is swimming good for your figure?

A: If swimming good for figure, explain whale to me.

Q: Is getting in shape important for my lifestyle?

A: Hey! 'Round' is shape!

Well... I hope this has cleared up any misconceptions you may have had about food and diets.

And remember:

Life should NOT be a journey to the grave with the intention of arriving safely in an attractive and well preserved body, but rather to skid in sideways - Chardonnay in one hand - chocolate in the other - body thoroughly used up, totally worn out and screaming "WOO-HOO, what a ride!!"

AND.....

For those of you who watch what you eat, here's the final word on nutrition and health. It's a relief to know the truth after all those conflicting nutritional studies.

1. The Japanese eat very little fat and suffer fewer heart attacks than Australians.
2. The Mexicans eat a lot of fat and suffer fewer heart attacks than Australians.
3. The Chinese drink very little red wine and suffer fewer heart attacks than Australians.
4. The Italians drink a lot of red wine and suffer fewer heart attacks than Australians...
5. The Germans drink a lot of beer and eat lots of sausages and fats and suffer fewer heart attacks than Australians.

CONCLUSION: Eat and drink what you like. Speaking English is apparently what kills you.

From Roy's paintbrush

We all need something to keep us safe, occupied and sane during this seemingly interminable winter lockdown. For Roy, the answer has been painting, and we are the grateful beneficiaries of his skill.

During this third lockdown, I have not bothered to put my paints back in the cupboard as I wanted to paint a couple of Dartmoor pictures.

The first is a watercolour painted from a photo taken in the summer, but as the weather has been so cold, I decided to use artistic licence and change it to a winter scene.



The Clapper Bridge can be found at Postbridge on Dartmoor. Its slabs are over four metres (13 ft) long, two metres (6 ft 6 in) wide and weigh over eight tons each, making the bridge passable to a small cart.



It was first recorded in 1380 and was built to facilitate the transportation of Dartmoor tin by pack horses to the town Tavistock.

The second is of a Dartmoor house in the snow, painted in oils.

Christine is forward thinking and hoping for a summer holiday, hence the jigsaw she has just finished.

It is of Riomaggiore in Italy. This is a small village and commune in the province of La Spezia, in the Ligurian region. Roll on our release from lockdown.

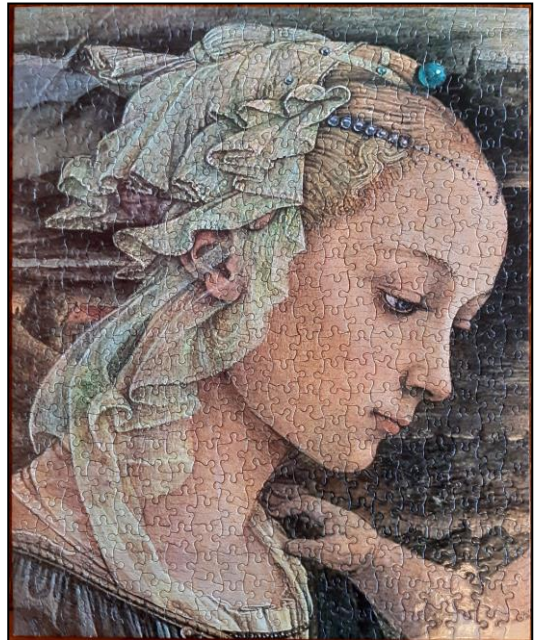


Jigsaw therapy

Christine will no doubt be pleased to know that, as Pam Neary has suggested, puzzles are good for the brain. I was forwarded the following recently:

Whether you're putting together a 1,000-piece image of the Eiffel Tower or joining 100 pieces to make Mickey Mouse, working on a jigsaw puzzle is an excellent way to strengthen your brain.

[ResearchTrusted Source](#) has shown that doing jigsaw puzzles recruits multiple cognitive abilities and is a protective factor for visuospatial cognitive aging. In other words, when putting together a jigsaw puzzle, you have to look at different pieces and figure out where they fit within the larger picture. This can be a great way to challenge and exercise your brain.



When I clicked on the 'Research Trusted Source' link, I reached a research paper entitled: *Jigsaw Puzzling Taps Multiple Cognitive Abilities and Is a Potential Protective Factor for Cognitive Aging*. So that's good to know, as I've just finished my second one, *Madonna and Child*, and have now started a third. By the end of the pandemic, I might even have a functioning brain!



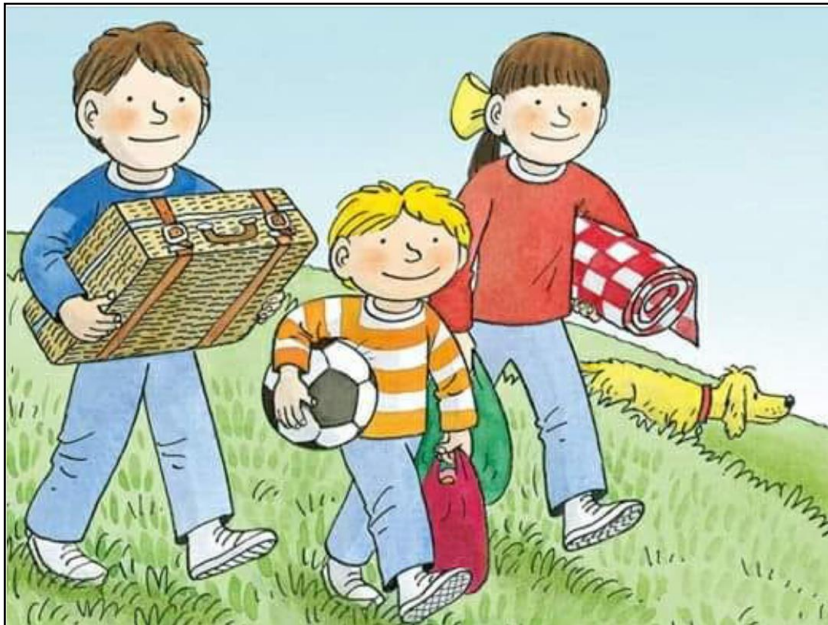
If you have young children and a kitten, an alternative way of staying sane is to let them build a cat hotel out of cardboard boxes.

I'm not sure what design input the cat had, but he seems to appreciate the outcome.

No wonder there is now supposedly a cardboard shortage due to all our online shopping.

The wonderful world of words

Tim Roberson topped his article about words which should come back into fashion with a video link to a series of historic words which is must-see viewing for anyone who enjoys the way sound and meaning come together. It's backed with some good art work and can be found at <https://fb.watch/34QHBYtbFO/>. He is obviously now on a roll, though, as I've just received the following, which came first, I believe, to Sally. In the interests of 'decency'(!), I have replaced a few letters with asterisks, but I'm sure you'll get the picture.



*This is Biff.
This is Chip.
This is Biff and Chip's
homework.
Biff and Chip are
required to write down
ten examples of fronted
adverbials.
Biff and Chip have not a
f***ng clue what a
fronted adverbial is.*

*This is Mum.
Mum has not a f***ing
clue what a fronted*

adverbial is either.

"We don't know what a fronted adverbial is," whinge Biff and Chip. "This homework is impossible. You will have to help us."

"It's not my homework, it's your homework," says Mum, thanking her lucky stars that she did not have to engage in any of this fronted adverbial bollocks when she was at school.

This is Dad.

Dad still struggles to distinguish between a noun and a verb, and would not know a fronted adverbial if one came up and punched him in the face.

Biff and Chip think for a moment about asking Dad for help.

They decide to Google instead.

This is Mrs May.

When Mrs May went into teaching she honestly believed she would be able to spend her time helping children to love learning. And putting on plays. Mrs May loves a play. She did not realise that a love of learning would not feature on the National Curriculum at all, and that she would instead be forced to meet a series of impossible and continuously moving goalposts which

successive governments would put in place, and have to teach her classes about ridiculous concepts such as fronted adverbials which, in all honesty, are only ever likely to be of use if they end up becoming professors of linguistics. Or primary school teachers.
*If truth be told, Mrs May has not a f***ing clue what a fronted adverbial is either.*

This is Floppy the dog.
Floppy holds no truck with fronted adverbials.
Floppy eats the fronted adverbial homework sheet.
*Floppy knows that he is a f***ing liability, and waits to be told so.*
No one is more surprised than Floppy when the entire family gather around and tell him, "Oh GOOD dog Floppy."
Floppy feels this is proof positive that some good can come from fronted adverbials after all.

Later at school, Biff and Chip are, for the first time, able to legitimately use the excuse: "My dog ate my homework."

Mrs May breathes a secret sigh of relief that that is one less set of incomprehensible and entirely incorrect homework that she has to plough through, and suggests to the class that they will all put on a play instead to celebrate.

Hang in there home-schoolers!

Still on the subject of words, most of you will know my reputation for pedantry when it comes to grammatical correctness, (this is not to say that I don't make mistakes myself, as I do). This is probably why Roy sent me a newspaper article about someone taking a supermarket to task for an ungrammatical Christmas card.

Apparently the picture showed Santa, totally overburdened with orders, saying,

'Who's idea was it to advertise on the Internet?'

It should, of course have read, 'Whose idea....' As 'Who's' is short for who is. The writer took them to task over the number of people who must have checked the image, beginning with the designer and ending with the printer. His letter ended saying that he didn't want his young recipients (of the cards) to end up on the dole queue because they had grown up believing that it was OK to be 'slapdash' with the English language. The upshot was that the supermarket sent him a £10 gift token.

I thought the remedy for my pedantry was to get out more, but perhaps I should be trying to turn it into an income stream...

Covid code needed

Anne has written a piece which I am sure will resonate with many of you. So many people step to one side of a path when they see someone coming, or thank you politely if you do it first, but unfortunately, others don't. Anne has vented her frustration in the following.

*Like a lot of other people I get fed up of always giving way when out walking.
In my experience it is usually me who ends up walking on the grass verge or
zigzagging across the road to keep my two metres distance. To vent my
annoyance I have written a poem.*

*Some walk together two by two
Who gets out of the way? It's you!
Put a pushchair in their hand
Their brain goes off to another land.
Move aside - You're having a laugh!
It's you who has to leave the path.*

*Dog walkers take up half the track
A sense of space they seem to lack.
Once again I walk around.
They just want to stand their ground.*

*Some joggers come up from behind
They seem to think that we don't mind
Breathing in their exhaled air
They just whizz past without a care.*

*Another one of my dislikes
Are people on their flipping bikes
On the pavement - not the road
Don't they know the Highway Code?*

*There are some who get it right
They are the ones who are polite.
They step aside as they should do
Then you smile and say "Thank you".*

PS

*For FoSE folk
This isn't a poke
I know they are as good as gold
And always do as they are told.*

Anneon

Tales from a soggy garden

A February update from Nancy.

Hello,

Not a lot going on here at the moment. Garden very soggy, ponds are overflowing. However the first snowdrops have appeared amongst the fallen leaves, always a pleasure to see.



The Daphne smells glorious and fills the air with perfume and the yellow Witch Hazel is a vibrant colour. That Antirrhinum still has a small flower!



The vegetable garden has more or less given its last crop. I have just used the last parsnips and the picture shows the end of the sprouts. I have pulled this stalk up



and stuck it in a bucket of water by the back door, as they stay for ages like this and I don't have to go far to pick them in the rain.

It amazes me how hard and strong the stalks are, you could do someone a nasty injury with one, if you so desired! Has anyone any good ideas what to do with them when there are no more sprouts, as they are impossible to compost. My shredder can't deal with them either.

Seed compost has been delivered today and I have lots of seeds, so I shall have a busy February/March.



Squeaky the pheasant hasn't been seen for several months but the last sighting saw him with a couple of females and some young. So he obviously got his act together and has started his own group!

Indoors, I have finished another jigsaw, bought for me by my elder daughter for Christmas. The

subject was not one that I would normally choose but it turned out to be quite a challenge. The cats are sitting in a wildflower meadow with a million grasses! The final result was a really lovely picture, unusual too, as it was a large square puzzle, instead of a rectangle. I was quite reluctant to break it up! Nancy



And finally....

**In less than 5 weeks,
it'll be March.
Daffodils 🌼, sunshine
☀️, warmer days 👗,
longer days 🌈 & new
beginnings 🐣 🐑 .
Keep going everyone,
we can do this
❤️ ❤️ ❤️**