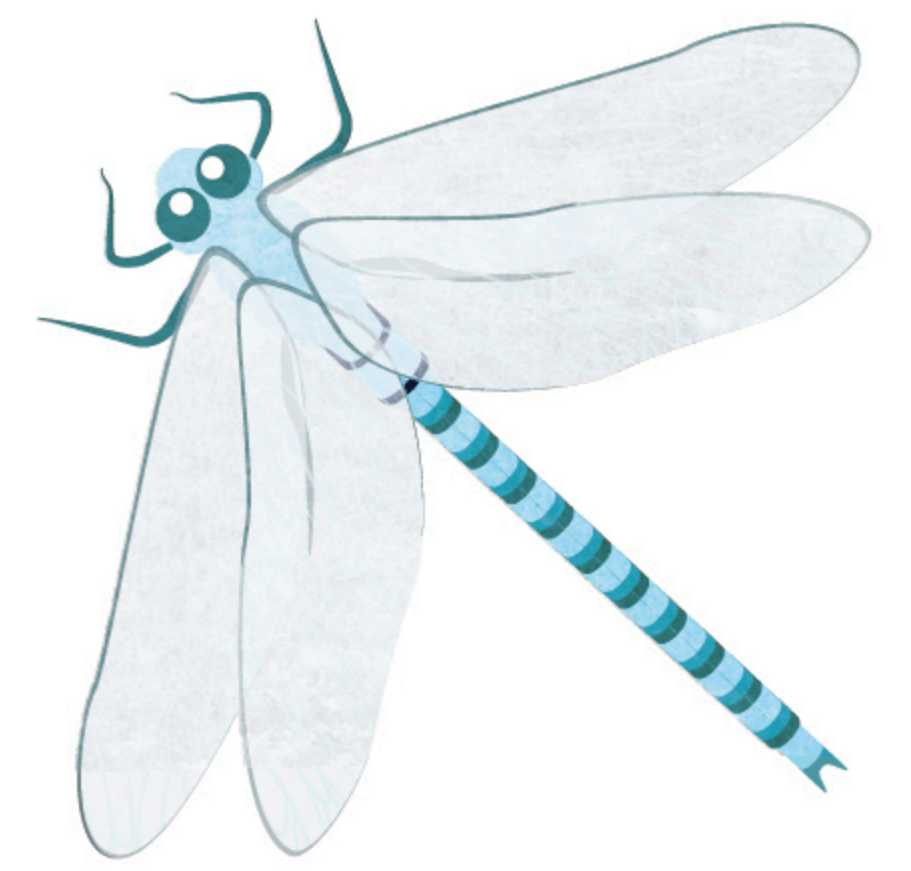


NEW FOREST
**COMMONING
CHAMPION
BADGE**



DIARY EXTRACTS

KEEPING THE FOREST-



THE LIFE STORY OF JACK HUMBY, FOREST KEEPER.

“ Jack was born in 1904 Extract from p14

There was always plenty to do around the place. We always had work to do after school and when it came to Saturdays and Sundays there was always something to be done; just whatever came along. If the time of year for something had come, we just joined in and helped.

In the wintertime the main thing was wood for burning. There was no gas and no electric, so we needed wood all of the time. Dry wood to light the fires and then wood to keep them going all day.

Mother needed a dry faggot every week to do her baking so we had to look around to make sure there was a good dry bundle of wood for that job.

In the spring of the year the garden came along. And in April, the most detested job of all picking up the stones and bits of wood off of the field to clear it up for hay making. We'd walk back and to, back and to, with a bucket, putting this blessed stuff in it, until it was clear. And the funny thing was, next year it seemed it was all back again just the same. Then we used to carry on from there, the summer, the flowers of June and July. Then of course, we came on to haymaking and everything, as far as we were concerned came to a standstill.

Next thing it would be time for apple picking. Father would pick all of the best type for selling and the rest would go for cider making.

In the autumn we picked up acorns for seed. That was a piece work job, a sort of spare time job we'd do after tea on Saturdays. Father paid us so much a gallon or bushel. The Office of Woods paid for them for seed. They had sacks and sacks of them.

When I got back from school, aged 7 or 8, Dad would say, “come and turn the tap for 10 minutes.” We'd go into the stable where a candle in a jamjar was set on the side and there'd be a bundle of gorse waiting there. Dad would feed it in to the chaff cutter and I would keep on turning and turning. ... after it was chopped we would put it in the manger and put a bit of barley or bran meal on top of it... Gorse is a wonderful thing for horses you know.

