



Where's my bloody belt?

Grandad's lost his bloody braces. Poor old grannie's wetting her pants because his braces or piece of string or whatever have gone. He can't hold his trousers up!

The goat's run off with his belt 'cos goats like leather. He's just said a joke as well, apart from the belt situation, so he's quite a quite a funny guy. Oh, she's laughing. She's

laughing a sort of hiccupy laugh.

That's his wife. They look the same age. They got married young. They're in their 60s. No, they're younger; the hat's hiding black hair. They're in their late 50's because if you look at her pinny, it looks like they're farmers and people that are out in the sun tend to age a lot quicker. They could be brother and sister. I don't think they'd be that bleeding close if they were and she certainly wouldn't laugh at anything he said!

She's called Barbara. They look Eastern European: she's got a plumper face than we're used to. He's called Vladimir. They've got tobacco hanging in the background. I thought it was fish! They come from the Deep South in America and their names are Barbie and Ken.

She's wearing a cotton dress with a half pinny over the top. That's a run-of-the-mill A-frame: buttons up the front, easy put on, easy wash. The pinny could do with an iron. It's got some embroidery going on and there's a dark smear on there. She got a hanky up her sleeve. She uses her hands a lot because they're gnarled. She's been hard-working and definitely has working hands. She works with tobacco and that's why her hands are gnarled. She's no beautician! He's a working person too. Him and his Mrs have a good rapport. He's very avant-garde with his ripped shirt because that's all the fashion these days.

It's in the 1920s. It's later than that because in the 20s you used to get a granddad shirt and you got the collar separate; that collar is all part of that shirt so I would say that could be 50s. They ain't gonna throw money away on buying that sort of shirt if he's got others that will do. It's got several

holes in it. There's no zip down the front of his trousers, they're buttons, so I reckon it's gotta be 20s.

The apron's floral. It is dirty. It's an old sheet that's been repurposed. I can see the stitching down the middle. Women in those days never stopped working. She got up and cooked breakfast before he went out and done milking. And she would be sitting there of a night, after everything's cleared away, sewing and mending. If she's so busy all the time making breakfast, working with the tobacco, mending, washing his clothes, how come she's so flippin' cheery? Because he's lost his bloody trousers! In those days, humour was easier and less complex. But this isn't an innocent laugh: she's having naughty thoughts, she is!

He's got a sort of smile on his face. He's looking a little bit puzzled and gazinf off into the horizon. They've got a goat that's run off with his belt and that's what she's laughing at. She's having a right giggle because she's seen things that she shouldn't be seeing at that time of day!

The dress is white and red. It's too light to be RAF blue because I've got an RAF jacket of my dad's and it's very dark. And it's too light to be Royal Marine blue or Royal Air Force green. It's black and white because that colour is normally cheaper. It'd be stained brown with the tobacco.

He obviously wears that hat because he's hot. It's definitely old. He likes that hat a lot; it's part of the person. He has to wear it because of all the dust that comes off the tobacco.

There's peeling paint on the woodwork that they hang the tobacco on. There could be a threshing machine in the background because of the tobacco. It's quite loud: "*gush-gush-gush-gush-gush*". It's got a rhythm to it and it's bloody noisy! The tobacco's on a conveyor belt going into the threshing machine powered by hot steam.

We can smell nicotine. It's so, so powerful. There'd be a bit of body odour too. When I was young, you only had a bath on a Sunday. You used to have a strip wash in a bowl of water. But they wouldn't notice because they'd be used to all these smells. I used to live in York and work at Rowntree's and it stank of chocolate. We didn't smell it, but someone came to visit you and they were nearly sick with the smell.

They've had a good crop and that's why they're happy. It's summer. When the tobacco gets cut it has to be laid out flat, dried, turned and then it's gathered up and hung and that's what happened there. They bundle it up with twine and they put one bundle here, one bundle there, with a string in between.

I'd like to spend an afternoon with them to understand what life was like back then. I wonder how they would feel if they were brought into the years that we are now in. Whatever job they do, they're happy with it and they're happy with each other as well, which makes me think they're probably married. Yeah, they're happy; they're good. I think they really would be good company. You can tell by their faces that they're good people. They're people that you'd want to know. I'd like to hang out with them, but I think they live in abject poverty and don't know any different so they're happy with their lot. It was different in those days. I don't believe they're very educated because they live in and work off the land. In them days, if you got yourself a slight bit of education, you were gone.