

## Soda Pop Days – July

### July 1st

The more I do and think about my past, the more diversions, the more seemingly inconsequential memories force their way into my consciousness. I write them down on the basis that they must mean something and must have meant more at the time, there's no other reason I can think of then for these seemingly random memories to continually pop up, usually as day dreams and often bringing a wry smile to my face as the warmth of the memory is typed

### July 2nd

There's a photo of Dad in drag. Well not 'drag' as such, he's dressed up as Mrs de Ridder. It was over a Christmas and Granny was with us and had gone for a sleep. The conversation turned to life and people back in Guyana and Granny's friend Mrs de Ridder. Like many people over the holiday period, Dad had taken one, if not two, drinks too many. He disappeared and came back 5 minutes later complete with makeup and wearing one of Grandma's dresses and a fake bust of two balloons. Years before moving to the UK, when they were children, Granny and Mrs de Ridder had found a large sapodilla and hidden under a house to eat the fruit. Both ended up with so This is not the complete story. To read further, please either register as a new reader or login now if already registered both of them getting the belt. In what, I was reliably informed, the perfect imitation of Mrs de Ridder who appeared to have a very high pitched nasal voice. Once finished Dad took a glass of rum and coke with him and headed straight to the bedroom where Granny was napping. A minute or two later and the room was in uproar as we could hear Granny having a full scale conversation with 'Mrs de Ridder'. Dad left and got back into his regular clothing. When Granny appeared later she told the whole room of her vivid dream where she and Mrs de Ridder had discussed the best way to make sapodilla ice cream!

### July 3rd

Uncle Alan introduced me to the delights of Milo. He and Aunty Maureen were over from Guyana visiting and the first thing he asked for when he arrived at the Rubber House was Milo. Cue Aunty Agnes hopping on a bus to Brixton. An hour later I was instructed to walk around the corner to Westbury's the only shop back then that appeared to be open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week including Christmas – and they sold Milo. Needless to say when Aunty Agnes came back she gave me a cuff and asked why I hadn't told her to go to Westbury. My defence