



## Coca-Cola Stories

### Childhood Memories:



I am 42 now. One of the fondest memories of growing up is when my family used to make the long and curvy two-hour trip from my home in Rainelle, WV, to Mount Hope, WV, to visit my Aunt Geneva. She owned a small clothing store that was the town's center of activity. As soon as we walked in the door she had cold Coke® in the small bottles ready for all of us. To this day, I can close my eyes and remember how good that Coke tasted.

When I was young, I tried to pour tap water into a glass of Coke to "make" more Coke, but it just went flat and I cried until I got a new glass.

When I was young I used to play sheriff. My badge was a Coca-Cola® bottle cap. I used to cut a piece of round carton to hold the cap from inside my shirt.

When I was in elementary school in Baton Rouge, LA, there was a department store called Goudchaux's. While we didn't shop there very often, we went every six weeks to "cash in" our report cards. Goudchaux's rewarded every "A" with a nickel. Once we got our nickels, we went right to the center of the store in the main aisle and dropped one into the small red shiny vending machine with the crank handle. (A Coke only cost one nickel.) Out came the iciest, coldest Coke you've ever tasted. My mama would walk around and shop until we were done. That was a great incentive for me to earn those A's. A free Coke -- that was truly a celebration I looked forward to every report card.



I have great memories as a teen of going to the five and dime fountain/restaurant and ordering a cherry Coke. A ladle of chopped maraschino cherries and juice was put in a Coke glass with ice and fountain Coke was poured in to the top. This was the only way I would drink Coke. I have added a café bar to the dining hall at work and will try to recreate this memory for others.

My parents owned a small grocery store in Tomah, Wisconsin, and they had the old red Coca-Cola cooler sitting in the middle of the floor when you walked in the store. I would walk two blocks home from school every day, and I would come in and ask Mom or Dad if I could get a bottle of Coke out of the cooler. They would give me 10 cents to put in the machine to get out my Coke. Thanks for the many Coca-Cola memories.



When I was a little girl, my brother, sister and I used to "sneak" bottled Coke out to the garage. We found we could open the bottles on the inside mechanism of the car door. Nothing has ever tasted better...



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In my early teens, a Coca-Cola truck made a sharp turn up 27th St. in Hermosa Beach, California, and one side of the cases fell out. My friends helped the driver pick up the Coke, but at the same time we pushed dozens of bottles into the sand. We retrieved them later and enjoyed them immensely!



When I was a kid, my brother and I were only allowed to have Coca-Cola when it was at least 90 degrees outside. Growing up near Atlantic City, New Jersey, the thermometer would often reach the wonderful mark of 90 to allow us to have our Coke. But when it didn't, we would put our thumb on the thermometer to raise the temperature and get our mother to tell her to bring out the colas! It was a great time of growing up, and Coca-Cola has contributed to my memory.

I still remember during my childhood when my brother and I were staying with my grandparents. Every morning, my grandmother would order a bottle of Coke for each of us. At that time, we didn't really know how much to appreciate that. It really does bring back a lot of fond memories each time I order Coke.

My grandfather was a big Coke fan. He lived well into his eighties and continued to enjoy Coke all his life. The special thing I remember about this is that when he was in his seventies and I was just a small boy, we lived out in the country -- a good 7-8 miles from town. But Papaw (as we called him) would once or twice a week walk that distance into town and back to get his Coca-Cola!

I was born at the end of the 1960s and grew up in the 70s and 80s. That was a time when families still ate dinner together. I have three brothers and a sister and we always looked forward to Sunday dinner because that was the only day of the week that we could have Coke with our dinner. My mother went shopping once a week for groceries, and she would only buy one 2-liter Coke. We were not allowed to touch it until it was time for Sunday dinner.

I had my first Coke when I was 7 years old (1957). I went to my Aunt Benny's house and she asked me if I wanted a Coke. I couldn't believe my ears. I was speechless when she popped off the top and put the small bottle in my hand. It was a moment I'll never forget. I've had a Coke a day ever since.

When I was a child I remember when my Grandfather would visit us and always brought lots of ice cold Coca-Cola. I grew up in the Catskills in a very rural area (population less than 1,000) and we didn't have a lot of modern conveniences, just one general store (no fast food restaurants or super stores). I grew up in a very large family, 14 of us total, which included all my brother and sisters and my two parents. Let's just say we appreciated the simple pleasures in life. Anyway, my Grandfather owned a restaurant over two hours away in Scranton, PA. Whenever he visited us he always came out of the car with a case of Coca-Cola (the 8-ounce glass bottles). I just remember how I felt when I saw those bottles and had that first sip. That



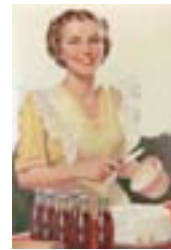
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moment is frozen in my memory. It symbolizes the magic of my childhood and magic it brought me and my family.



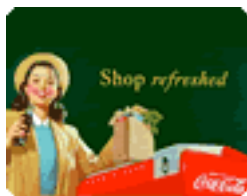
I used to go to the corner drug store soda fountain with my Dad and get Coke at the fountain for 5 cents - or a Coke float. My mom is now 88 and she kept several of the old bottles from the 50s. I still have them today.

There was always excitement in the air when there was a birthday at our house. Two things were to be expected on the morning of the party. My mama made a couple of phone calls, and the milk man would bring the little round cups of vanilla ice cream with the little flat wooden spoons and the Coke man would come by and deliver a case of that wonderful Coke (in the little green bottles, of course). He would leave them on the porch and take a case of empties with him. Two most important ingredients of a most fabulous party and memorable day.



I was in Germany, and I was 7 years old. My parents took me and my brother out to dinner. My mother had to order for us because only she spoke German. The waiter came and she ordered. I said, "Mommy, don't forget the Coca-Cola." The waiter looked at me and smiled. He understood.

I remember as a youngster when my Grandfather took me to a little store located near his home in a small town in Iowa. He would take me into that store on a hot day and let me stick my head inside the cooler. That felt so good on a hot day. Then he would buy me a Coca-Cola and we would sit outside on a bench near the store's entrance and I would gulp it down.



One of my fondest memories of my childhood was the once-a-week treat I would receive for being a good student by stopping at a little grocery store for a Coca-Cola on the way home from school. My mom would often tell me just how special it was for me to be able to have a Coca-Cola as a reward for doing well in school. For that matter, having a Coca-Cola seems to be woven through many of my best memories of my childhood. Many years later Coca-Cola is still very much a part of my life. Even now, my 22-month-old daughter recognizes with a special smile the Coca-Cola logo on T-shirts and delivery trucks. Thanks for the memories Coca-Cola.

I remember riding my bike down to a small hole-in-the-wall -- about two miles from our house -- with my older cousins. Hot summer, lots of heat, corn fields. By the time we arrived, we were dying. I can still feel how wonderful the icy water felt when I climbed up on a stool to pull out a bottle of Coke. The water must have gone up to my elbow! We clicked the cap off and took a long drink. We drank it -- fast -- and



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put the empty bottle in the wood case on the floor. We rode home before we were missed.



When I was a little girl, my dad would give my sister and me 5 cents for peanuts and 10 cents for a bottle of Coke at the car dealership he worked for in the 1950s. Of course some kids used to put peanuts in the bottle, but even as a kid I knew better than to "ruin" a good cold Coke.

My first memory of Coca-Cola was at my grandfather's little country store in Eastman, Georgia. I stayed with my grandmother and grandfather during the day while my parents worked. My grandfather's store was always stocked with ice-cold Coca-Cola. A lot of the customers were long-time friends and neighbors. When customers came in for a Coke, my grandfather and I would share the moment with them.

When I was in junior high school, I walked to school every morning about three miles, unless it was raining and had to be driven. After two long blocks from our house, there was a donut shop. It had the best donuts in town. In the morning they were hot and they were a nickel each. Right beside the counter was an old red vending machine, the kind with a crank handle, and the bottles of Coke were also a nickel. They were the most wonderful bottles of Coke in town too because they were ICE cold.

Without my mother's knowledge, just about every morning that I can remember, I went to the shop and had a hot donut and an ice-cold Coke. That cost me 10 cents of the 30 cents my mama gave me for lunch each day. That meant that I could still buy some kind of snack for lunch from the vending machine, and still have enough money to go to the donut shop with my friends after school to get another ice-cold Coke to drink while I walked home.

To this day, when I go back home to Baton Rouge, I make a special effort to go to the donut shop (on the special days that they make donuts now) and get a hot one and an ice-cold Coke to go with it for me and my kids. Of course in return, they have to hear the story each time of how I walked to school each day and went to the shop for my ice-cold Coke and hot donut.



I grew up drinking Coke. My grandfather had a gas station and there was a vending machine out front next to the door. Naturally when we wanted a soda, we took the key and got a Coke. We drank a lot of Coke. I was pumping gas and drinking Coke from 1960 to 1980. I don't pump gas anymore, but I still drink a lot of Coke and think about those days at the gas station with my grandfather.

We used to use the yellow cases to sit on out front when things were quiet. I still have the cases. When I get home, maybe I'll take one out and sit on it, and take a stroll back in time over a bottle of Coke. Thanks for the memories.



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I grew up in a small town outside of Chicago. There was a hardware store that was owned by our neighbor, and I loved to go there with my dad. The store had that great hardware store smell and an old wooden floor that made wonderful creaky noises as you walked around. The store also had an old Coca-Cola dispenser. I was very interested in it, especially the bottle cap remover.

(Remember, I was young at the time.) One day I was consumed with curiosity about where the bottle caps went after they were removed, so I did what any self-respecting kid would do -- I stuck my hand down the bottle cap receptacle. This was very sticky from the Coca-Cola that had splashed out of the bottles over the years, and my hand became stuck fast. In fact, my dad had to call the fire department to come and rescue my hand! I don't remember what they did to extricate it, being rather scared at that point. I do know that I never did anything like that again!

When I was very young, my mom used to take me with her when she went to the beauty parlor. The time was the late 60s, an era when most women visited the beauty shop on a weekly basis. As I was too young to stay home alone, I had to go with her. Needless to say, going to the beauty parlor was not my idea of a good time. It was boring, the magazines weren't to my liking, and the whole place roared from the din of numerous hair dryers -- those huge bee-hive types you sit under for an hour at a time. I know my mom could carry on a conversation with the next lady while they were both under those things, but I could barely hear myself think.

My mom soon learned that the best way to get me to behave was to buy me a Coke from the vending machine. They came in small and large contour bottles and, being a kid, I wanted as big of one as I could get (still do). I remember the cold feeling of the bottle in my hand and the cold Coke caressing my arid throat, which was parched from the dry, hot air emanating from all those hair dryers. If I was really good (and my mom's hairdo time-consuming), I might get a second Coke. Man, heaven.

I remember those days like they were yesterday. And every time I see a 10-ounce contour bottle, I remember my mom, the beauty parlor and the times we spent together.

I vividly remember the first time I tasted Coca-Cola in Alexandria, Egypt. I was 9 years old. It was like the first kiss, the first embrace. I am now in my 70s and live in Dallas, PA, and still remember and feel this moment.



Coke was a big treat for my cousins and me in the hot Alabama summers growing up in the 60s. Late afternoons after a day of playing outside, climbing trees, riding bikes, pretending to be grown-ups, etc., we'd come home to get an ice-cold Coke and watch TV. Even today I think of how that cold, delicious Coke was such a great way to end the day!



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My Dad ran a service station for 26 years and both of my brothers and I worked there while growing up. Right in the middle of that little station was an old pop cooler. The top of that old cooler offered the best seat in our one-road town, and I have many fond memories of sitting there and talking to family and friends as well as filling up the machine with cases of pop. I always loved the pop in the old glass bottles and the way they frosted up when they came out of the cooler. When my Dad sold the station and retired, he sold most of the equipment with it, however he kept the old cooler and the new owner had to get one of the newer machines. He still has the cooler.

When I was in fifth grade, my favorite T-shirt was a Coca-Cola T-shirt, and I had my school picture taken with it on. Coke has always been my favorite since I was a little girl. It started with my Grandma's love of Coca-Cola. She had the old fashioned trays with the Coca-Cola girl on them hanging in her kitchen. I now have those trays hanging on my wall!