



Coca-Cola Stories

Coca-Cola Employees:



My father worked for the Coca-Cola Bottling Company in Dallas, TX, as a route salesman in 1963. He was very proud of his employment there and the product. He actually seemed offended if he saw a person drinking anything else. His salesman skills won him a trip to New York City, and I still have the letter The Coca-Cola Company sent congratulating him. I have a photo of him in uniform standing in front of his beloved Coke truck. The truck looks so antique! I also have his Coca-Cola cap and uniforms he wore while working. My father is now deceased. He lived long enough to taste Vanilla Coke®, but how I would love to tell him, "Dad, you will never guess what kind of Coke® they have now -- lime!"

I have this vague memory that my father only recently substantiated. We lived near a golf course and the course's suppliers used to drive by our house. One Saturday morning, during prime cartoon time, a Coke truck stopped right in front of our house. I don't know why. At any rate, my Dad and I ended up standing by the truck in front of our house sharing a Coke with the truck driver. Years later it is half dream, half reality, but it is one of my favorite memories of growing up and Coke was a part of it. It could have been a Norman Rockwell painting.

My son and I walked one mile to the grocery store. When we arrived, the Coke truck had just pulled up to make a delivery. Very excitedly, he starts yak, yak, yakking about Coke and the truck, and about how that's all we drink and how good it was. The delivery man must have heard us because he walked over, tapped him on the shoulder and gave him a bottle to drink. My son carried it all the way home refusing offers to open it -- because the "Coke Man" had given this "special bottle" to him. He is 25 now -- the story still makes us feel good.



I love Coke. Since I was young it was the only thing I would drink. We weren't rich, so we could only afford to have it on special occasions. I can remember on one of my birthdays I asked my parents to buy me a case of Coke. That's all I ever wanted. Well to my surprise, my parents bought me two cases, and let me tell you was I ever happy. When I blew out my candles that day I wished that I could one day work for Coca-Cola. Well today I'm glad to say that my wish did come true. I am working in the plant in Ontario. Coke will ever be a part of my life!

It was two days before Christmas in 1936, and things were looking pretty bleak for the kids. I was nine years old; there were seven of us at the time. We lived in one of the little "shotgun" houses on a little side alley in Lexington, Kentucky. Daddy hadn't found much work lately, but had been driving a delivery truck for Coca-Cola, just filling in. The Lady that owned the company lived in a huge, red brick house with tall, white porch columns. Daddy came home that day and told us that the company was giving out toys and candy at the Lady's house, and that we should go, as it was for



Coca-Cola Stories

the employees' children. The kids and I trudged through the snow up the long driveway where a crowd was already gathered. There was a big flatbed trailer with Santa and some workers among stacks of boxes. The Lady was there too, all bundled up and smiling. We got as close as we could, and the workers started handing out bags of candy, nuts and oranges. Everyone was laughing and excited. A worker in tan coveralls with a small green pin stripe (a fitting uniform for Christmas elves, I suppose) smiled and pushed a doll into my arms. It was the most beautiful doll I'd ever seen, with golden curls and a green velvet dress. Her eyes opened and shut. I stammered a Thank You and looked around for the kids. They came, their eyes wide in wonder and disbelief. We crunched along home, unaware of the cold, and clutching our precious treasures. Our older brother got a tree and fixed it up with strings of popcorn and homemade ornaments. Mama cooked chicken and dressing and even a scratch cake. Christmas morning there were coloring books, crayons, jack sets and other small gifts from neighbors and relatives. And in a place of honor under the tree, looking especially splendid in our little living room, sat three fabulous dolls and a shiny red delivery truck! All our candy, nuts and fruit had been poured into a big cardboard box and sat there too. I remembered the Coca-Cola Lady, smiling. I hoped she was having a good Christmas too. It's been over 60 years, but I have never forgotten that day, or that smiling Lady, doing something she didn't have to do, there in the cold, to make Christmas brighter for kids who needed it so much.



Living quite some distance from town, we rarely participated in the Halloween ritual of trick-or-treating. We only went trick-or-treating three times, but we always remembered the most important house on our visiting list: the Coca-Cola driver's house. He handed out icy cold cans of Coca-Cola®, and nothing beat that for a treat! No one soaped his windows or toilet papered his trees, because even the most mischievous revelers appreciated their can of Coca-Cola for Halloween.

I was born where Coca-Cola was born – Atlanta, Georgia! When I was a little girl, about 20 long years ago, I used to look forward to the arrival of the Coca-Cola man. I was more anxious to see the Coca-Cola truck than the ice cream truck. Whenever I saw that Coca-Cola man driving down the road, I would wave him down. He would always stop and give me all the Coca-Cola goodies that he had. Today, I work for a Coca-Cola bottling company. My customers are always trying to wave me down so that they can get free goodies from me.

A few years back I was salmon fishing with a co-worker in the very north of Norway. At that time we were both employed by a different soft-drink company. We had been hiking, fishing and camping for four days. We were very tired and very thirsty. When we got back to our car we immediately drove to the nearest convenience store. We walked in the store and walked directly to the soft drink cooler. The store sold no products from the company we worked for. Without the slightest hesitation we both reached for a Coke, popped the top and downed the drink. We then looked at each other and agreed that that was the best drink we had ever had.



Coca-Cola Stories



In the very early 50s, I worked as a route salesman for Coca-Cola in Chicago, Illinois, for seven years. In 1956 or 57, I won a speedboat as the top salesman in the Northeast Region. I still have the magazine presenting me the award. The president of Coca-Cola called to congratulate me.

I grew up in a small town in Central Alberta. My parents owned the local general store. Growing up each child did their stint working in the store. My favorite time was always when the Coke delivery truck came, because every once in a while -- on a hot summer day -- after he made the delivery, he would bring in a Coke for my dad and me. To this day, from a dedicated Coke drinker -- even my children know -- it's Coke or nothing.

As an employee of Coca-Cola, my soon-to-be-wife and I decided to use an 8-ounce Coke toast instead of champagne at our wedding. We provided enough 8-ounce bottles of Coke for all 300 people who were there. When the best man raised his glass for a toast, everyone popped open their bottles at one time. It was a great sound to hear 300 bottles of Coke being opened at once.

While traveling through a highway construction area one steamy summer day, a real life Coke commercial took place in front of me. A semi-truck was stopped as on-coming traffic proceeded along the one open lane. As I passed, I couldn't help but chuckle as the truck driver opened his window and handed the sweaty, female road crew worker a "Coke and a Smile." What better example of the generosity of our country and endorsement for Coca-Cola.



When I was a child, my grandmother worked at the bottling plant in Cincinnati, Ohio. Our family had less than moderate means. One of the Christmas decorations that I remember as a child was the cardboard stand-up Coca-Cola Santa. The kids in our family started getting excited about the holidays when Grandma put out the Santa.



In 1948 my husband graduated from Rutgers University. His first job was as a Coca-Cola salesman. He had a Coca-Cola car and sold syrup dispensers and syrup to places that dispensed soda at a fountain or bar. He had to participate in a training program at headquarters in Atlanta before he started. All of the salesman he worked with in the New York City area were great guys. His starting salary was \$250.00 a

MONTH. It's hard to believe. We didn't have a telephone when we first moved into our house, and I couldn't drive the Coca-Cola car -- but then, I couldn't drive. As I look back now, life was very simple by comparison to today's young couples. We were 22 years old. I still have the group picture of his training class.



Coca-Cola Stories

Jane Wilson Morton -- Syosset, NY, USA

In the winter of 1980, I spent three very important months delivering Coca-Cola in West Tulsa, Oklahoma. Those were still the days of glass bottles, wooden crates and hand pricing. It was hard work. My most vivid memories were of stacking the crates and hand walking them into the stores. Many times I had to wheel the hand truck into the "pit" at the rear of the store, and "throw" the heavy wooden cases up onto the dock, re-stack them and wheel them into the store to price and then rotate the stock. Then it was the driver's responsibility to sort the empty bottles and carry them back to the truck. Hard work and low pay. I moved on to other things after a short time, but I will always remember this job, and the lessons it taught me about hard work, and delivering a product that was respected and enjoyed by so many.



My grandfather told me once about his mother, Emma Sanger, who worked at the family Coca-Cola Bottling Company in Longview, Texas. Emma had one of the most important and probably the highest-risk jobs at the plant. Emma walked down the Longview, Texas, wooden sidewalks wearing a gun and holster while she took the bags of nickels [from sales of Coca-Cola] to the Longview Bank twice a day. On the quiet days, my grandfather used to make the walk with her. It was the best job in town in those days.