

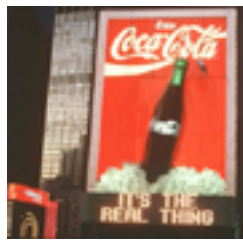


## Coca-Cola Stories

### More Stories:

My favorite Coca-Cola® story is that we save money in a big Coca-Cola money bank, and then we have lots of money to spend on holiday.

I have been married to my husband for three years now, and he has only talked about this story once. My husband is a pilot, and some time ago while he was flying in the Canadian arctic, a storm came upon them forcing them to land. The captain left on foot to find a nearby hunting camp, and Jeffrey stayed behind by himself. He had nothing, except two cans of Coke®. He said that he curled up into a ball with his two cans of Coke and waited out the storm -- and for the captain to return. I was so shocked by this story when he told me, the only thing that I could think to ask him was: "Were they Diet Coke® or regular?" He married me anyway!



I've been visiting New York city and Times Square since I was 18. That dates back to 1961 and in subsequent visits to "The Big Apple," I always look forward to seeing the Coke sign. To me, this location is truly the "heart" of NYC and Times Square. To me, looking at the Coke sign means I've arrived in NYC and I'm truly standing at the most exciting place in all of Manhattan! While your new sign is fitting for the 21st Century, my favorite will always be the 1991 sign with the Coke bottle and its movable cap! That neon sign was SO SPECTACULAR, I was thrilled whenever I saw it. Luckily I will always be able to see it in my videos that I've taken over the years, so it will live on in my heart forever! And someday, if you can ever find it in your heart to recreate the 1991 neon version once more, I'll be the first in line to view it, wherever it appears in the world!

When I was small I had a pony who loved Coca-Cola. If you were near him with a bottle, he would nudge you in the back with his head until he got a drink. Everybody loves Coke, even Peanut.

When we had family get-togethers, my mom didn't want the kids to feel left out because they were drinking caffeine-free Coca-Cola®, so we "renamed" it "Golden Coke," so the kids would think they were getting something special. Since then, many of our friends and family now refer to Golden Coke as the name!

My husband tells the story of a professor he knew who always had a Coke in the podium. Halfway through his lecture he would reach down and open a bottle of Coke. One day as he reached down for his Coke, he heard the whole class opening their bottles. They had snuck them in the class to pay this tribute to his trademark.



I have a very special friend with a wonderful sense of humor. He is always ready to lend a helping hand to anyone in need. The man always has a Diet Coke in his hand. I used to joke and tell him he ought to own stock in the company! March 3, 1991 is the



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anniversary of his last alcoholic beverage. On his 11th anniversary, I got a local florist to deliver eleven 2-liter bottles of Diet Coke with 11 balloons. For his 12th anniversary, I delivered twelve 12-packs to his back porch during the night. He was amazed when he saw the mountain awaiting him! A can for each month and a case for each year! For his 13th anniversary I was running out of ideas. Then it hit me! I went to the same florist and had them deliver 13 balloons in Coke colors anchored by a six-pack of Diet Coke. Attached to the balloons was a card with a gift certificate for shares of Coke. It simply said, "Congratulations! You deserve a Coke today!" He absolutely loved it! And of course, I bought some shares for myself. Wonder what I could possibly do next year to top that?



While growing up in central New York in the 1960s, Coca-Cola launched a campaign where they put the faces of the players from the local football teams on the inside of the bottle caps. You were to collect these team caps, and then Coke published large sheets where you glued the caps onto the faces on the sheet. There were prizes for people to compete for. The more sheets you turned in, the bigger the prize you received. The prizes ranged from bobble-head dolls, footballs, banners, hats, etc. This provided us all with many hours of pleasure and well-meant competition. We would trade each other for missing/extras, so that we could get better prizes!! For those of us who are approaching mid-life, these teams were an integral part of our lives, emulating our heroes in every way that we could. Any one of us who had access to a store/business who dealt with volume quantities of Coca-Cola bottles was the best friend to have!! I still have many fond memories of these days.



For me, I would not have the career I have enjoyed for over 28 years. I went to nursing school on a Coca-Cola scholarship. Thanks Coca-Cola for a career and life long enjoyment of Coca-Cola products.

Remember the days of disk jockeys? I was a DJ in the late 1950s when a promotion called the Hi-Fi Club, sponsored by Coca-Cola, was around. We did record hops at high schools promoting Coke and put on talent shows. A winner after the summer went on to regional and finally a nationally promoted contest. We were giving out coupons from Coke all the while.



My husband has one Coke each workday. While on lunch break at a conference in Denver, he ordered a Coke. The waiter said, "I'm sorry, we don't serve Coke products." However, upon seeing my husband's crestfallen demeanor, he said, "Just a minute," and proceeded to leap over the sidewalk/cafe barrier and run to the nearest street cart vendor and purchase a can of Coke, which he then served to my husband. Needless to say, the waiter received a generous tip!



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Ever since I was a small child, I have been fascinated with aviation. As a kid, I spent my weekends hanging out at the local airport trying to catch a ride in an airplane. Later, I washed planes, swept hangars or any odd job I could do in order to get a lesson. Early on, I heard pilots talking about going for a "\$30.00 Coke" -- an expression used as an excuse to fly somewhere, when they really just wanted to fly. After a time, I earned my pilot's license. Years later, I own my own plane and my family and I have spent many wonderful weekends flying somewhere in this great country, going for that "\$50.00 Coke."

I have drunk Coca-Cola all of my life. Last year, I found out that I had been chosen to carry the torch in the Olympic Torch Relay. I had been nominated by the family of one of my Special Olympic team members. He is a very special friend and person in my life and to my family. I found out that I was one of the Coca-Cola team and that your company had given me the opportunity to carry the torch. I just wanted to say thanks.

Once our church sponsored an Afghanistan family of refugees. I went to Washington DC with a group to pick them up and bring them back to Athens, GA. We walked into an apartment in Washington, full of refugees who could not speak English. Soon some women came from the kitchen with several mismatched glasses and bottles of Coke. They looked at us and said simply, "Coke?"



I am a pharmacist. My son works for Coca-Cola. He wants to know why I didn't invent something great like Coke.

When I was a child, my grandmother kept on me to start drinking coffee. She was Norwegian and kept asking me, "What kind of Norwegian are you, you don't drink coffee?" I finally replied, "I'm an American one; I drink Coke!" She left me alone about coffee after that.

My uncle was a woodsman in central Florida from about 1915 through 1960. In about 1950, he was given his first bottle of Coke with a straw in it. He had never seen a straw, so he put the straw in his mouth and turned the Coke upside down -- poured it all over himself.

I stopped to purchase gasoline for my car in the days when service station attendants pumped your gas for you. I was searching frantically for a bottle opener in the glove box when the attendant offered to open the bottle for me. He very arrogantly leaned over and used a part of the hubcap to open the bottle. The Coke spurt out of the bottle into his face. It was a very hot day and he was not happy. I was laughing hysterically and thanked him for my half bottle of Coke.





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In Lakewood, Colorado, in the 1960s, as a teenager I used Coca-Cola cans to curl my hair to get the perfect bouffant hairstyle.

My husband and I have always loved the taste of Coca-Cola. We drink so much of it that when we bring in the cans to be recycled, we know when our batch is going through because of the sea of red cans.

In 1951, my dad built my first "Coke stand" by the street in front of our house -- a feat which he continued to do for another three years so I could earn extra money during the summer months. I was 7 years old and did very well at the time, amazing the Coke truck drivers who actually delivered product to my Coke stand. This was actually my first in a long line of businesses, but one I will always remember.

I am a stay-home mom with two small kids, and it sounds silly, but I look forward to drinking a Diet Coke® with my lunch every day.