



Coca-Cola Stories

Times with Friends:



I had my first Coca-Cola® in Lima, Peru. It was my birthday! My parents made a nice party at home and we had 20 of my friends over. I remember for this birthday party we had a clown and a movie (cartoons). Every birthday in my house (we are six -- three brothers and three sisters) was similar: a big table with sandwiches, lemonade and the cake. But this year my mother bought bottles of Coca-Cola and they tasted so good! This was new and exciting for my friends and me. I will always remember this birthday in my house.

When I was a teenager, back in the 1970s in a small town, my friends and I would go down to the local drive-in. We would buy a glass of Coke® for 10 cents and ask the soda jerk to put in a spoonful of chocolate cocoa for an extra 5 cents. It was a big hit in my small hick town.

When I was young my girlfriend and I would catch crickets to sell at the bait stand for a quarter so we could buy a family size Coke each. That was in the 50s of course.



When I was a kid growing up in Brooklyn, NY, my mom and dad owned an "old time" candy store and soda fountain. My older brother, two sisters and I all worked after school. My best memories are working at the soda fountain. It was similar to the one you have here [at The World of Coca-Cola], only larger. I would mix syrup, add

carbonated water and, "presto," I created a fresh soft drink. I was a "doctor of sodaology" -- not a "soda jerk." When I had to work on Saturday or Sunday mornings, my friends would love to visit me and keep me company. I had some good friends (or did they just like the Coke floats I made for them??). My best friend and I would experiment with different "concoctions" and created Coke combos -- cherry Coke, lime Coke/lemon Coke, chocolate Coke and many other unusual combos.



Growing up in Queens, New York City, I can vividly remember buying a Coca-Cola often in between games at our local schoolyard in Richmond Hill. There were neighborhood delis then, and all one had to do was walk across the street to buy a Coke. The memory of the heavy green glass bottles goes along with all the great summer memories of stickball, punchball, slapball and many other street games. Whenever I have a Coca-Cola it helps take me back to these wonderful times.

When I was a teenager, my friends and I would always go to our high school football games every Friday night. After every game, we would all congregate at the local neighborhood restaurant to hang out. Every time, without fail, someone would start



Coca-Cola Stories

the "who can drink the most Coke contest." Of course, being of the competitive spirit myself, I couldn't help but partake in this weekly ritual. Week after week, I would try to take home the championship - eight, nine, 10 bottles of Coke. Someone would always just barely edge me out. I was determined to win. Finally, one week, with a grand total of 13 8-ounce bottles, I took home the title and no one as of yet has been able to match my score. This memory is one of my fondest memories of high school and the good times we had.

My story doesn't start with an 8-ounce bottle of Coke with my dad, or can of Coke at a party with my date. It starts on a weekday very much like every other school weekday in Jacksonville, Florida, in 1971. For a ninth-grade boy sitting with his friends at a restaurant after a long hard, sweaty, hot basketball practice, it's break time. Every day after practice, my friends and I walked 200 hundred yards to our place, sat, laughed, ate burgers, threw French fries and drank a big ice-cold Coke. I guess that's where it happened for me; I have been a Coke fan ever since. And you know old habits are hard to break. There is still something about a burger, fries and ice-cold Coca-Cola that I can't shake. It's deep down inside of me, and it's a moment I still treat myself to and I guess I always will!

I went mountain climbing (at Mt. Kenya, Kenya) with friends. One of the friends got tired and I decided to help him with his backpack. I started walking carrying both mine and his, and after getting to our night camp, gave his pack back to him. He opened it and took out a six-pack of Coke®. Before our trip we had been specifically told to pack light and avoid carrying unnecessary weight. I was angry for carrying extra weight for him. He offered me one of the drinks and it was so refreshing that I ended up feeling glad I carried the six-pack for him!

Years ago, my friends would work on cars a lot. The end of the day would almost always end up with our snack. It would always be a Coke and we always would pour peanuts in the bottle after the first few sips. It was so good. Part of our youth and growing up. Thanks.



When I was younger I lived next to an amusement park in Cliffsides Park, NJ. Across the street there was a gas station, and my friend and I would each buy a Coke and get hot dogs from the corner. We would sit around and enjoy the drink and food and all the stories that came out of the group. Maybe not a great story, but it has nice memories.

In 1949 four of us gals drove out to California -- right from the campus of the University of Wisconsin. We stayed out there and worked all summer. Two of us came back to WI in an old Plymouth! While going through the desert, a twister was sighted. We jumped out and lay in the ditch. After it passed over, our car wouldn't start. Four young men rescued us (fixed the jalopy) and gave us ice cold Coke! What could be better?



Coca-Cola Stories

When I was a young girl in the early 60s and late 50s, I loved drinking Coke from time to time. But the pleasant memories that mostly stand out in my mind are the times when my girlfriends (and neighbors) used to go skating up and down the street where I grew up in Hollywood in the early 60s. We would always stop at the liquor store on the corner and get a 10 cent Coke out of the ice box -- and maybe an ice cream too. We would sit in front of the library on the grass and enjoy! Unfortunately the liquor store is not there anymore and the library was condemned a few years ago because of those California earthquakes, but the memories of us and our Coke (and their neat bottles) stay fresh in my mind.



I am 45 years old. I grew up in Houston, Texas. As a child my brothers and sisters and our friends would go to the gas station and get all the bottle tops. Then we would go home, turn them upside down and would proceed to try to flip them over one by one with our index finger. Once a cap did not flip over, it would be the next person's turn. The person who flipped the most bottle tops over would win.

We played the most in the summer when it would be real hot. It was a real fun game. We called it flip top.

My Fire Department has had a Coke machine in it for over 20 years. There have been attempts to get "the other guy" to replace Coke, but over the years we have kept true to Coke. During the summer at our department, the fastest way to cause a revolt is to let the Coke machine run out of cans. Some of my best work memories center around sitting around the table with co-workers discussing life or work with a Coke in our hands.

Coke is memories of New York streets, fire hydrants, sitting on street curbs sipping out of my favorite green bottle, talking to friends, laughter and warm afternoons -- all are a part of me today.



During the summer in the late 1950s, my girlfriend and I used to drink Coke and eat soda crackers. The game we played was to eat five soda crackers and be the first to whistle, afterward washing it down with Coke. She got her tongue stuck in the bottle. But that didn't keep us from continuing our game and drinking refreshing Coke for the rest of the summer.



My oldest daughter went away to college. Before she left, she packed the car with diet Coke®. It certainly was an "ice-breaker" when she reached school. She made friends with a group of others that also enjoyed "the taste of it." It sure made the transition a bit easier. Whenever she came home she was sure to stock up on more.