

INTRODUCTION

Growing up I spent a considerable amount of time with my dad as I rode along, and later worked with him, on the Coke trucks. I have always felt that I was afforded an opportunity not many boys had in spending so much of my formative years with my dad.

One of the things that always bothered me was the way my dad would tell stories about his experiences. They were always interesting, instructive, or funny, and I couldn't remember ever hearing the same story twice. What concerned me about this was that I didn't have any stories I could tell. Here I was; 12 or 14 or 16 and I hadn't had a single thing happen in my life that was worth telling. I little realized that even as I worried about this I was living the stuff that made the stories.

It is to tell the stories, along with my desire to provide my children with a reasonably accurate account of my experiences, that prompted me to write this. A large part of what I intend to write is backed up by nothing more than memory. I intend to verify what I can to put things into proper chronological sequence and get names correct.

Jim
Jim Anez

November 2014