

A WHITE HAWAIIAN SHIRT AND A PINK FLAMINGO

by David "Flamingo Head" DeNoma

I've had my pink flamingo since my sophomore year in college (over four years). This flamingo has great sentimental value—I bought it the same week I purchased my first Jimmy Buffett album (when I became a "Born Again" Parrot Head). It was the hood ornament on my award-winning homecoming float, it goes with me water skiing, and hangs from the rear view mirror of my '67 Candy Apple Red Mustang Convertible on "Ragtop Days." Need I say more?

This past July I was fortunate to scrape up a ticket to see Jimmy in concert at Timberwolf, an outside music center in central Ohio.

Of course, I dressed for the occasion: white pants, Hawaiian shirt, and flip-flops. Still I needed that extra touch to highlight my island attire. Of course! My treasured pink flamingo! I decided to attach a string and wear the flamingo around my neck. It nested comfortably in both my chest hairs (could be the start of a new fashion craze).

After intoxicating ourselves into a tumultuous uproar (Coral Reefer drunk—you've seen that), my fellow Parrot Head friends and I headed for the concert.

We had terrible seats—way in the back. That just wouldn't do. So my friend Tom and I decided it was time to make our move.

We gradually sleazed our way up to the front row, center stage. The pink flamingo offered us a form of diplomatic immunity; the ushers were laughing so hard they didn't think to check our ticket stubs.

The rest of the concert was incredible. I eventually took my flamingo off and waved it around, to the delight of my neighboring Parrot Heads—who had also probably sleazed their way to the front row.

Jimmy spotted my flamingo, laughed, and made a comment to the audience about all the strange things in the crowd, including my flamingo. Of course this made my evening, if not my life.

A girl on the shoulders of some guy seated next to me asked if she could wave my now-famous flamingo. She was pretty cute, so I agreed. She promptly tossed it on stage in the direction of Jimmy. "My flamingo," I wailed in horror.

Meanwhile, Jimmy almost tripped over my flamingo (I could see the headlines now, "Buffett Breaks Neck



Jimmy and Margaritaville Store partner Sunshine Smith relaxing after the Concert. Photo: Gina Knight.

on Flamingo: Sues Fan"). Fortunately, he kicked it out of the way. A roadie eventually set it on an amplifier. It was tough for me to enjoy the rest of the show—knowing I might never see my flamingo again.

After the final encore I asked a guard if he could get my flamingo for me. He deservedly replied, "Get lost, Weirdo." I was getting nowhere with this approach.

Then I saw a miraculous opening. The guards had converged on a rowdy fan. I quickly climbed on stage. (I swear I heard "Mission Impossible" music in the distance.) Spotted my flamingo, grabbed it, and hid behind a speaker. Was just about to jump off the stage when I heard the sounds of a backstage party.

"Well, hey," I thought to myself. "Why not!" So I jumped down into the celebration (flamingo securely around my neck again) and mingled with the upperclass Parrot Heads.

I blended in perfectly. Looked everywhere, but alas, couldn't find Jimmy. Then I noticed a Winnebago off to the side with people mingling in and out. I thought to myself, "Where would Jimmy go to get away from people (like me) after a concert? Of course, in the Winnebago!" (I started hearing Mission Impossible music again.)

I boldly walked over, skipped up the steps, and pranced inside. Saw Fingers Taylor and queried, "Hey, where's Jimmy?"

"Who are YOU?" an unbeknownst person asked me suspiciously.

"Welllllll," I replied, "nobody." "Where's your backstage pass?"

"Welllllll," I stammered, "don't got one."

"Welllllll," he chuckled evilly. "time for YOU to go."

He kindly (but firmly) escorted me to the gate. Complimented my

flamingo and my ability to sneak backstage. Then kicked me out.

Though I didn't get to meet Jimmy, I did get my pink flamingo back. With yet another outlandish memory attached.

ABOARD THE "MARGARITAVILLE EXPRESS"

by Roving Reporter Roy Roving

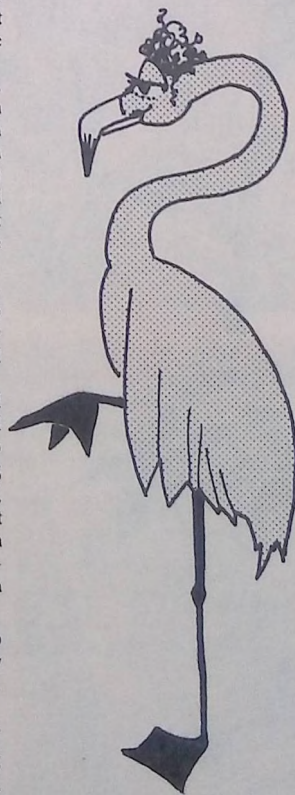
Since 1978, Doug and Sue Green of Key West have "made a point to be where Jimmy is." This past August 17, that place was obviously Miami Marine Stadium.

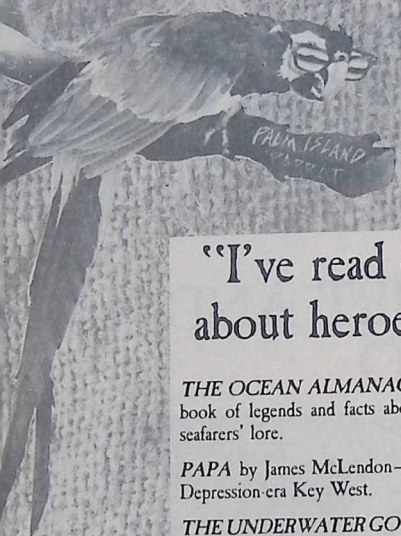
Now, true Margaritaville Parrot Heads quickly become disoriented when away from their laid-back home island, so Doug and Sue decided to create their own mini-environment to transport their friends to the show—aboard a chartered bus.

Armed with booze in the blender, Jimmy Buffett cassette tapes, and official ambassador status from the county mayor, these forty-seven fans celebrated Jimmy's success all the way up the Keys.

Upon arrival, as stewed Parrot Heads spewed from the bus, they became a media event in their own right. A video crew, attracted by their exotic plumage, tried to pin down this diverse crew of pirates, engineers, nurses, Navy Commanders, and beach bums—only to be asked: "Is this the Van Halen concert?"

It quickly became apparent that it was not, as Jimmy and the Coral Reefers took to the stage and electrified the audience—including forty-seven happy Parrot Heads from Key West.





"I've read dozens of books about heroes and crooks..."

THE OCEAN ALMANAC by Robert Hendrickson. Jimmy's favorite book of legends and facts about Mother Ocean. A wonderful book of seafarers' lore. **\$13.95.**

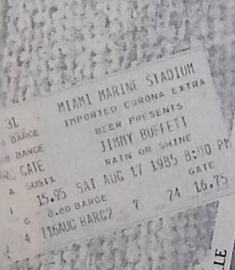
PAPA by James McLendon—a fine account of the Hemingway years in Depression-era Key West. **\$12.95.**

THE UNDERWATER GOURMET for those of us who can eat our own weight up in crabmeat—a collection of delicious fish and seafood recipes by Joyce LaFray Young, Susan Shepard, and Laura De Salvo. **\$9.95.**

"You can hear 'em on the Coconut Telegraph, can't keep nothin' under their hat..."

FIN HATS: beware of the sharks that live on the land! Hats are \$16.00, and come in blue, grey, khaki, or white—S, M, L, XL.

PARROT HEAD CAPS: Stand out as a number-one Parrot Head with this Parrot on your Head! Caps are \$13.75 apiece—one size fits all.



"I've got a Caribbean soul I can barely control..."

Discover Jimmy Buffett's Caribbean Soul T-Shirt line—fine screen-printed cotton t-shirts with colorful designs based on Jimmy's songs. All shirts are \$12.95, and come in S, M, L, and XL. T-shirt colors include khaki, pink, peach, yellow, purple, cream, white, aqua, and grey.

MARGARITAVILLE: a collage of tequila, lime, and the woman to blame.

CHANGES IN ATTITUDE: pirate days... galleons and treasure charts.

FINS: a bathing beauty surrounded by sharks with red sunglasses.

CHEESEBURGER IN PARADISE: a burger shirt that looks good enough to eat.

ONE PARTICULAR HARBOUR: a sailing vessel bound for a Caribbean waterfall.

SON OF A SAILOR: parrot, dolphin, and sailing ships in a bold island design.

HURRICANE: see sunglasses, flip-flops, and Margaritas whirled away by the hurricane.

MIGRATION: look out for those flamingos while rolling down A1A in your trailer!

WHY DON'T WE GET DRUNK AND SCREW: A shirt that surely needs no description...

BRAND NEW!! CARIBBEAN SOUL CHILDREN'S SHIRTS!!! Dress those second-generation Buffett fans in **CHEESEBURGER IN PARADISE, SON OF A SAILOR, OR ONE PARTICULAR HARBOUR** shirts. Available in children's sizes S, M, and L. \$10.95 apiece.

MORE NEW GOODIES—JIMMY BUFFETT'S CARIBBEAN CRITTERS SHIRTS!!! Scenes from the islands Jimmy knows so well... shirts come in red, black, grey, gold, and maroon. All shirts are \$12.95—sizes S, M, L, and XL.

PARROT AND PALM: A yellow-crested parrot artfully perched among tropical foliage.

TOUCAN AND BAMBOO: A sharp-eyed toucan peers from his bamboo hideaway.

CARIBBEAN CHAMELEON: The latest in island chic, this multi-colored fellow makes his home on a palm frond.

PALM ISLAND PARROT: It would take a lot to ruffle this savvy bird's bright feathers.



"Makin' music for me..."

Jimmy Buffett's finest cassette tapes to round out your collection. A must for good Parrot Heads!

A WHITESPORT COAT AND A PINK CRUSTACEAN: After *The Great Filling Station Holdup*. Why Don't We Get Drunk. \$7.50

A1A: When A Pirate Looks at Forty, ahh, *The Stories We Could Tell...* \$7.50.

LIVING AND DYING IN 3/4 TIME: If only we had Saxophones and a Pencil Thin Mustache... \$7.50.

HAVANA DAYDREAMIN': Meet *The Captain and the Kid* and the *Woman Goin' Crazy* on Caroline Street. \$7.50.

CHANGES IN LATITUDES, CHANGES IN ATTITUDES: Once we've seen Margaritaville, I Wonder Why We Ever Go Home. \$7.50.

SON OF A SON OF A SAILOR: Eating Cheeseburgers in Paradise with an African Friend. \$7.50.

VOLCANO: It's only those Boat Drinks that help us Survive! \$7.50.

COCONUT TELEGRAPH: Lessons in Growing Older But Not Up on the Island. \$7.50.

SOMEWHERE OVER CHINA: Where's the Party? Maybe On a Slow Boat to China. \$7.50.

ONE PARTICULAR HARBOR: Does too much Livin' It Up mean We Are the People Our Parents Warned Us About? \$8.98.

RIDDLES IN THE SAND: Come to the Moon and celebrate *La Vie Dansante*. \$8.98.

LAST MANGO IN PARIS: Do the Desperation Samba with *The Perfect Partner*. \$8.98.

HARPOONMAN: The first solo effort from Coral Reefer Fingers Taylor. \$7.50.



"I've got presents to send you..."

THE COCONUT TELEGRAPH: Give a gift of all the latest Buffett news and concert schedules. \$2.00 for a year's subscription.

CHRISTMAS MARGARITA GLASS: For those holiday treats, a fine Margarita glass engraved with Christmas wishes from Jimmy. \$10.00 apiece.

HAITIAN PARROT ON A STICK: Wooden parrot lovingly hand-painted by Haitian craftsmen—7½" tall. \$17.95 each.

PARROT EARRINGS: Polly want some earrings? These little parrots will brighten any holiday finery. \$9.00 per pair.

THE PARROT HEAD STOCKING STUFFER: Goodies for that special Parrot Head—bumper stickers, Margaritaville notepads, and other assorted parrot-phenalia, all for \$9.95.

"Sometimes I see me as an old manatee..."

ADOPT A MANATEE: Support manatee research by becoming an adoptive parent. For more information, write to: Save the Manatee, 1101 Audubon Way, Maitland, Florida 32751.

BABY MANATEES: Cuddly plush manatee friends, 12" long. \$10.25 each, with part of the price donated to the Save the Manatee Fund.



To order these items, send your order form to T-SHIRTS, The Margaritaville Store, P.O. Box 1459, Key West, Florida 33041, or call 1-305-296-8981. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. No orders taken after November 25 can be guaranteed delivery by Christmas.

There is a \$3.00 SHIPPING AND HANDLING CHARGE for orders of 6 items or less.

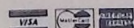
\$5.00 for orders over 6 items. Any glassware order must be accompanied by an additional \$3.50 shipping charge.

QUANTITY	ITEM	SIZE	3 COLOR CHOICES	PRICE

Florida residents please include 5% sales tax.

TAX
SHIPPING
TOTAL

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
PHONE _____



CREDIT CARD NUMBER _____

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or CHECK NUMBER _____

CAPTAIN CARIBE— TALES OF THE BACK COUNTRY

He looks like a pirate—not yet forty, but a young Long John Silver. He has the same deepset, roguish eyes, and the same “shiver-me-timbers” voice. He would be at home slipping in and out of the waters off Jamaica, captaining a sloop full of booty and buccaneers.

Appearances to the contrary, piracy isn't his aim—he would like, he says, to be an African hunting guide in the Hemingway tradition. But for the moment, his guiding is of a different dimension. Who is this man? Captain Caribe, Jimmy Buffett's fishing guide.

He wears a small gold fish—a permit—on a chain around his neck. “If only that permit could talk,” the Captain grins. “If I ever lost it, I'd have another one made immediately. I'm kind of superstitious, I guess. I knock on wood all the time, and I won't allow a suitcase on a boat, or a banana. I mean, having a suitcase on a boat is kind of like going to a dinner party on roller skates—it's just not the thing to do. And as for the banana—” He was off, telling one of his rollicking tales of days on the water.

Captain Caribe can surely tell a story. He speaks of a trip to Cuba during the Mariel Boatlift, when many men made the crossing, returning with boatloads of immigrants. He went not

for the large amounts of money to be made, but for the excitement aplenty.

And there was indeed excitement—anchoring off the Cuban harbour he met with storms, stowaways, and authorities repeatedly searching his boat.

There is excitement, too, in fishing the flats off Key West for permit and tarpon and bonefish. If Captain Caribe cannot be a Hemingway hunting guide, he can do the next best thing.

“When it comes to fishing on the flats, you're hunting down the fish. You stalk them... you have to know their habits. You've got to track the fish.”

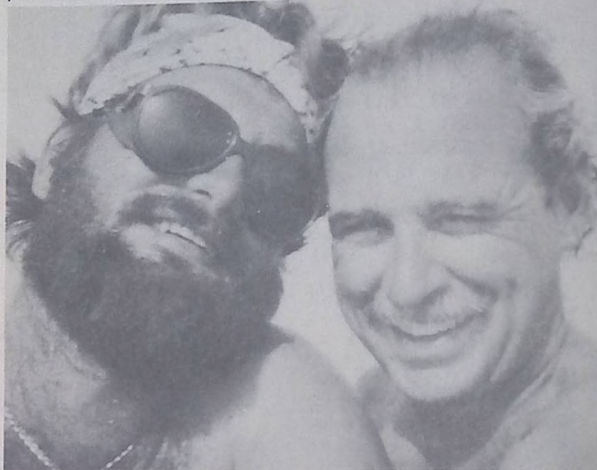
Jimmy Buffett shares Captain Caribe's love of shallow-water flats fishing—to the extent that he recently acquired a boat similar to the Captain's “Polecat.”

“Jimmy loves to fish,” Captain Caribe says in his throaty voice. “He gets into it... he's serious about it. He fishes for the challenge. It's a one-on-one situation between him and the fish.”

Recently, Jimmy introduced his friend Don Johnson of “Miami Vice” to flats fishing—and to Captain Caribe. It was a fine moment when Don caught his first bonefish. Captain Caribe remembers one

fishing trip with Jimmy when they were fortunate enough to discover some roseate spoonbills skimming across the water. “We found a whole

flock... we snuck up on those birds for about half an hour... being real quiet, with the camera ready—it was like being on a safari.”



“The Captain & The Kid?”

SAVING THE MANATEE

September was a good month for the friends of the manatee. Wildlife artist Rick Hills, fresh from his thoughtful art exhibition at Jimmy Buffett's Margaritaville Store, has announced plans for future gallery showings. These showings will publicize the cause of Florida's vanishing wildlife treasures—especially the manatee.

And Judith Delaney, administrator of the Save the Manatee program, recently received a \$900 donation from the Gulf Coast Sailing Club. This donation, the proceeds of the Sailing Club's annual Naples-Michelob Regatta, will be used to further the efforts of the manatee adoption program.

In spite of this growing awareness of the manatee's needs, there is still much to be done. We at The Margaritaville Store have received some disturbing news about the Merritt Island manatee population.

Randy O'Brien of Merritt Island writes that, while the island boasts a wildlife refuge containing the largest number of different endangered species in the nation, it also has a high rate of manatee deaths.

Not long ago, according to Randy, a group of concerned citizens tried to create a manatee sanctuary at Merritt Island's Sykes Creek. The group met with a great deal of opposition from local boaters—although Randy reports there have already been nine manatee deaths in Sykes Creek from propeller cuts.

Notwithstanding this opposition, Randy O'Brien is not about to give up on the manatees. Anyone wishing to assist in his efforts can contact Randy at 255 Malaga Court, Merritt Island, Florida 32953.



Portrait of Florida Manatee by Dugald Stermer

COCONUT CHATTER

by Margaritaville's Own Rona Ferret

Oh, my dears, Rona can just picture it now—the hot tropical sun beating down on bare skin... crisp sails billowing, or whatever sails do... and you, boat drink in hand, laughing with JIMMY BUFFETT...

Yes, the Last Mango in Paris Cruise is coming up fast—three days of breathtaking Margaritaville adventure for five lucky couples. Rona can promise the winners hot island nights, fabulous food, and some downright wicked partying...

But there are delights in store even for Parrot Heads who don't make the Cruise... for all of you who have been eagerly anticipating a Margaritaville Store Catalog, take a peek at this month's Coconut Telegraph Christmas Gift Guide! Who needs a

White Christmas? Decorate a palm tree instead of an evergreen, savor frosty Margaritas instead of eggnog, and check out all the goodies here for celebrating the perfect Margaritaville Christmas!

Speaking of goodies, our JIMMY recently finished polishing the script for The Margaritaville Movie and heaved a great sigh of satisfaction... the word is that the movie will be a glorious visual version of all the songs we've loved for years...

By the way, we've been getting some unusual communications from a place called Rancho Deluxe—can anyone shed any light on this...

Well, my children of the parrot, I must go continue my snoop for the juiciest scoop. Till next month, then—and remember, if the phone doesn't ring, it's Rona!

THE COCONUT TELEGRAPH

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