

# The COCONUT TELEGRAPH

MARGARITAVILLE, MAR 1986

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## ARE YOU A PARROT HEAD?

by Parrot Head Scott Saalman

Upon meeting a new person, the first question that I usually ask is, "Do you like Jimmy Buffett?"

If the person replies 'yes' then the next question I ask is, "Can I buy you a beer?"

If the person happens to reply 'Jimmy WHO?' to my first question, then I stroll away without a sound and search for someone who may be more important than the other, someone who just may deserve a free beer.

So, if you ever happen to be asked 'Do you like Jimmy Buffett?' by a short man with rapidly thinning hair, be careful how you answer his question. Especially if you are thirsty.

Palm trees, Margaritaville, fins, pirates, islands, singles bars, volcanos, hangovers, winos, and mangos. Mention these and think of Jimmy Buffett. He is a beach balladeer at heart, singing his out of this world songs and showing his down to earth concerns.

His songs range from the one-eyed fisherman's past quest for unanswered questions but losing it all in Paris, to Jimmy's own quest for the perfect cheeseburger. His concerns are of the ocean, the whales, the manatees, and the sunken treasures resting on the ocean floor. He advocates Greenpeace and is the chairman of the Save the Manatee Club.

I wish that everyone could acknowledge the stories and concerns of Jimmy Buffett.

September, 1985. I was trolling for albums in a local record store, trying to set my hook into something worth

keeping, when all of a sudden I had a bite. At first glimpse I was too scared to move in for a closer look, for fear that what I thought I had just seen was purely a mirage. I rubbed my eyes in disbelief. I looked again. It was still there.

"Oh my God," I gasped.

"What's wrong?" asked a person standing next to me who was looking at an Anita Bryant album.

"I can't believe this."

"What?"

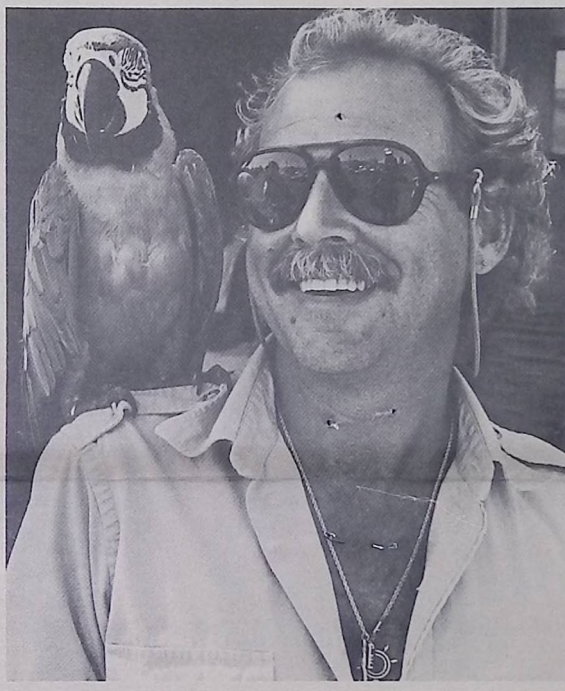
I grabbed the album from the shelf and held it up to the light. The cover glistened like a jewel. On the front was Jimmy Buffett propped back on a hammock, strumming his six-string while two parrots listened on.

"Well?" asked the person next to me. Anita Bryant. No way was this guy going to understand.

"Jimmy Buffett's Greatest Hits!" I shouted joyously.

"Jimmy WHO?"

I WAS holding a jewel. I had caught the big one that didn't get away. *Songs You Know By Heart*. It had been a long time coming.



Is this a Parrot Head?

photo by Jeffrey Cardenas



### JIMMY BUFFETT'S MAIL ORDER!



"THE COCONUT TELEGRAPH": Read about the latest Buffett doings. \$2.00 for a year's subscription.

THE MARGARITAVILLE STORE SWEATSHIRT: Snuggle into it—a splashy Margarita decorates the front. Sweatshirts come in white or grey—S, M, L, XL. \$16.95 apiece.

Jimmy Buffett's Caribbean Soul T-shirts are our favorite Parrot Head items—fine screen-printed cotton t-shirts with colorful designs based on Jimmy's songs. Shirts come in assorted colors, including pink, peach, yellow, white, beige, khaki, aqua, and grey. Please indicate size and three color preferences in your order. All shirts are \$12.95.

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

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

ONE PARTICULAR HARBOR: Do you rule your world from a pay phone?

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

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

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

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 . . .

NEW CARIBBEAN SOUL DESIGN—12-VOLT MAN: We'll give you some palm trees . . . and you might just turn people's heads.

To order, send your check or money order to T-SHIRTS, The Margaritaville Store, P.O. Box 1459,

Key West, Florida 33041, or call 1-305-296-8981. There is a \$3.00 SHIPPING AND HANDLING CHARGE for orders of 6 items or

less, \$5.00 for orders of over 6 items. Florida residents, please include sales tax. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.



Changing our attitudes . . .

photo by Jeffrey Cardenas



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## REEFERS AT THE SUPER BOWL

by Roving Reeler Reporter Fingers Taylor

The Chicago Bears may have been doing the "Super Bowl Shuffle," but Jimmy Buffett and the Coral Reefers were dancing a "Margaritaville Mambo" of their own on Super Bowl Weekend in New Orleans.

On Friday, January 24, J.B. and the Reefers arrived at the Crescent City's Rivergate Convention Center to dish out some Caribbean Gumbo to some 8,000 Parrot Heads. The ensuing "dance party" kicked off a mighty weekend of decadence and nonstop revelry.

New Orleans' own Neville Brothers cranked up the opening set at 11:00 p.m. The Nevilles, a long-time favorite of J.B. himself, as well as an early musical inspiration, are legendary for their "live" shows. Friday night was no exception as they worked the crowd into a dancing frenzy with their unique blend of second-line strut, funk, and R&B.

It was after 1:00 a.m. when we finally took the stage, with more than a little apprehension—we hadn't done a show together since last summer! But it wasn't long before we hit our stride and all the old licks fell into place. Jimmy was obviously glad to be back onstage and in New Orleans.

We had some assistance on the encore from none other than Stevie Winwood, the spearhead behind such great bands as Traffic and Blind Faith, finishing out the set with his classic "Gimme Some Lovin'." CBS anchorman Ed Bradley was on hand with his trusty tambourine, as were comedian-actor Bill Murray and brother Brian Doyle Murray of "Saturday Night Live."

By 3:00 a.m. our show was over, but The Party had just begun. In the French Quarter, madness reigned as legions of football fanatics, cheap thrill seekers, and dazed Midwesterners laid

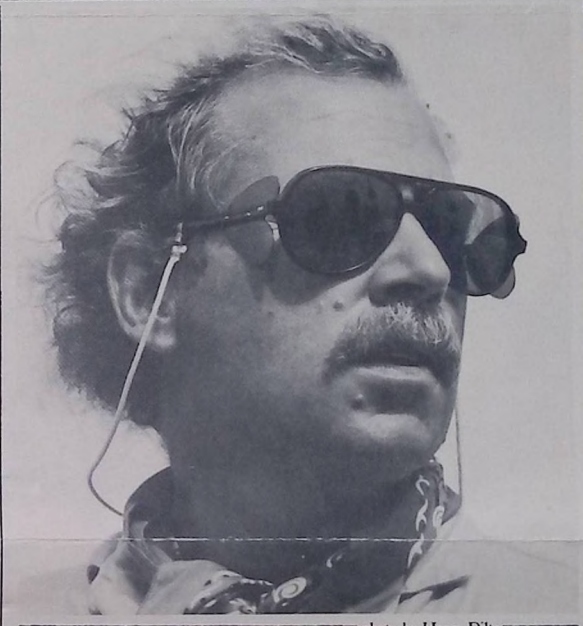


photo by Henry Diltz

siege to the streets. The owners of every eatery, gin house, and strip joint on Bourbon Street rejoiced as tourist dollars flowed like wine.

The true "stars" of this opus weren't the Chicago Bears (who, by the way, won the game), or Frank Sinatra (who did a show Saturday night), or even the Coral Reefers. The headliners had

to be the fans, football and otherwise, who converged on this historic city in a mighty wave of adrenalin and drunkenness. Hotels were overflowing, traffic snarled, the airport was in mayhem—while the crowd, oblivious, boogied on to a beat all its own.

## COCONUT CHATTER

By Margaritaville's Own  
Rona Ferret

Well, my dears, JIMMY is in the studio this month, working hard on another album to delight the Parrot Head population. And the population is growing fast—"The Coconut Tele-

graph" is now being sent to Turkey, Germany, and Israel, as well as Canada and every state in the Union.

Our Parrot Heads are a wonderful and creative bunch, as in the case of Jan and Ernie Scott of Atlanta, Georgia. How are they showing their dedication to JIMMY and The Margaritaville Store? By doing no less than creating The Margaritaville Car.

The Car was once a somewhat ram-

shackle 1965 Barracuda—a perfectly normal car. But when Jan, Ernie, and their faithful band of mechanics and restorers get through with it, it will be as unique as any car can be.

No ordinary paint job for The Margaritaville Car—it will sport colorful murals of the road to The Margaritaville Store and of a barracuda wearing a JIMMY BUFFETT t-shirt and Fin Hat! We at Margaritaville can't wait to

see the Car, which hopefully will be finished sometime this spring. Jan and Ernie, Margaritaville salutes you.

Rona has a message for all the Children of the Parrot. Sometimes "The Coconut Telegraph" has to go to press before concert dates are finalized. But I don't want you to miss anything—so for up-to-the-minute information on concerts—or on anything—just call Rona for the scoop!



Employee Sharon Lehman in front of Margaritaville. photo by Gina Knight

## MARGARITAVILLE NEWS

### Employee of the Month

Back in 1978, Jimmy Buffett was touring the South and Sharon Lehmann, our employee of the month, was a psychiatric therapist in St. Louis, Missouri.

Is there a connection here?

Yes! Sharon is now the assistant

manager of The Margaritaville Store in Key West, Florida. How did a nice girl like Sharon end up in a place like this? "Just lucky, I guess."

Sharon, a die-hard J. B. fan and veteran concert-goer, is now the envy of Parrot Heads from Mobile, Alabama, to Hong Kong.

"I've been following Jimmy since A White Sport Coat . . . he's helped me through the good times and the bad, and now he even helps pay the rent!" Sharon says.

"I think my psych experience helps

but also with the customers. We get a lot of crazies in here."

"I feel the excitement when they come in, eyes wide and mouths agape, and am ready with the all-too-familiar reply 'Yes, Jimmy owns the Store. Yes, he really comes in here. Yes, I really know him.' I can relate to them because I'm a true Parrot Head at heart, and there but for the grace of Jimmy go I."

Sharon recalls, "I've had an attitude adjustment since coming to Margaritaville. I used to be pretentious, but now I just fake it."