

## "COCONUT TELEGRAPH" SEEKS FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS

### More Tour Additions!

The New York Times has foreign correspondents. So does the Los Angeles Tribune. Every good newspaper has foreign correspondents—or if not actually foreign, at least odd correspondents, as in the case of "Rolling Stone." So why should "The Coconut Telegraph" lag behind?

Acting on the theory that Margaritaville is a state of mind rather than part of The United States, we can't think of anybody more qualified to be our foreign correspondents than our Parrot Heads "up in America."

How, you may ask, does one become a foreign correspondent for "The Coconut Telegraph?" Simply send us a brief story of your experiences seeing Jimmy Buffett in concert this summer. The best stories will be edited to appear in future issues. We are also looking for newspaper clippings of concert reviews, and photos of Jimmy on tour for our scrapbook. All stories sent become the property of The Margaritaville Store.

And in case you haven't yet had the opportunity to catch one of Jimmy's shows, here are some additional tour dates.

JULY 28: Berkeley, California.

JULY 29: Santa Maria County Fair in Santa Barbara, California.

JULY 31: San Diego State University Amphitheatre.

AUGUST 1: Los Angeles, California.

AUGUST 2: Irvine, California.

AUGUST 4: Buffalo, New York.

AUGUST 6: Red Rocks, Colorado.

AUGUST 8: Austin, Texas.

AUGUST 9: Houston, Texas.

AUGUST 10: Dallas Fort Worth Convention Center Arena.

AUGUST 12: Omaha, Nebraska.

AUGUST 13: Oklahoma City.

AUGUST 14: Des Moines, Iowa.

AUGUST 16: Miami Marine Stadium.

AUGUST 17: Miami Marine Stadium.

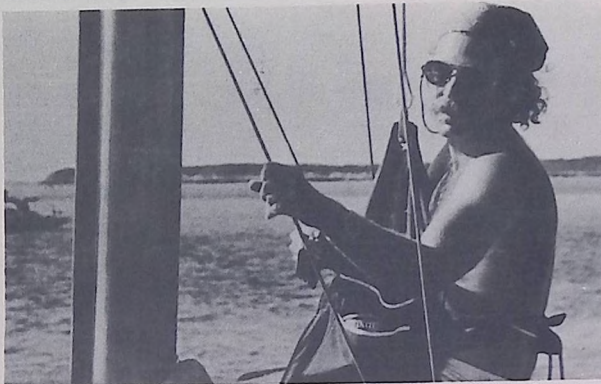


Photo Courtesy of Tom Corcoran

AUGUST 20: Chastain Park in Atlanta, Georgia.

AUGUST 21: Memphis, Tennessee.

AUGUST 23: Pensacola, Florida.

AUGUST 24: Charleston, South Carolina.

AUGUST 25: Orange County Civic Center, Orlando, Florida.

AUGUST 27: Jones Beach, Long Island, New York (replacing the cancelled Maritime Pier show).

The "Last Mango Tour" has been a resounding success so far, breaking attendance records in many cities.

And back in Margaritaville, "Coconut Telegraph" staffers Rona Ferret, and Roy Roving say thanks to all of you who have sent in your \$2.00 "Telegraph" yearly subscription fees. More special treats like Jimmy's short story will appear in later issues. It's still not too late to subscribe!

## JIMMY BUFFETT'S MAIL-ORDER

A. **ADOPT MARGARITO**: sponsor The Margaritaville Store's own manatee friend. Write to: Save the Manatee, 1101 Audubon Way, Maitland, Florida 32751.

B. **"HARPOON MAN"**: the first solo effort from Coral Reefer Fingers Taylor. \$7.50 for cassette tape.

C. **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.

D. **MARGARITA GLASSES**: large, long-stemmed glasses engraved with Jimmy Buffett's signature. \$10.00, plus \$3.50 special shipping and handling.

E. **PARROT SHIRTS**: just what every true Parrot Head needs—a vivid Harlequin Nature Graphics parrot shirt—\$9.50.

Jimmy Buffett's Caribbean Soul T-shirts are still available—fine screen-printed cotton t-shirts with colorful designs based on Jimmy's songs. All shirts are \$12.95, please indicate size and color preferences.

F. **OUR STORE SHIRT**: a splashy, frosty Margarita outlining the words "The Margaritaville Store." Drink it up!

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

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

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

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

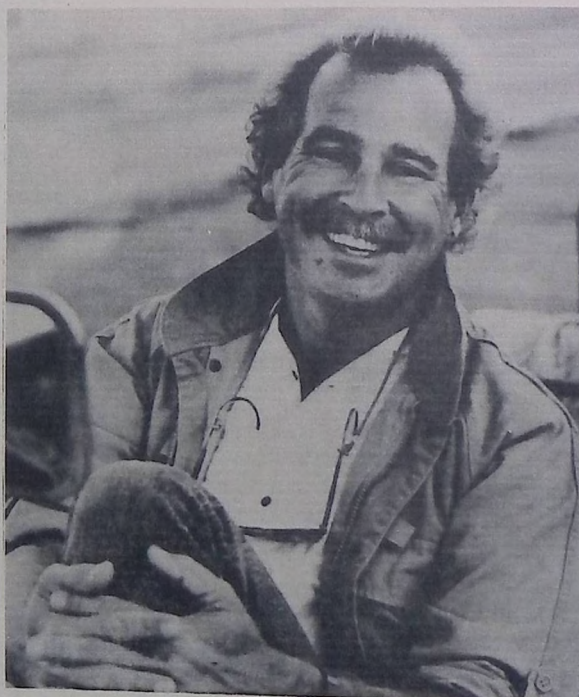


Photo by Henry Diltz

To order, send your check or money order (Florida residents, please include sales tax) with \$3.00 shipping and handling, to T-SHIRTS, The Margaritaville Store, P.O. Box 1459, Key West, Florida 33041; or call 1-305-296-8981.

## COCONUT CHATTER

by Margaritaville's Own Rona Ferret

Well, my dears, your little Rona is simply exhausted from following our JIMMY around on tour... the shows are breaking attendance records right and left, thanks to you loyal and enthusiastic Parrot Heads.

Speaking of enthusiasm, I just spoke to a man who named his baby daughter Amanda Lynn—because "there's something so feminine about a mandolin..."

JIMMY's way with words extends far beyond fine lyrics—he has recently been named a contributing editor to "Outside" Magazine. Look for his byline early next year.

A little bird told me that the folks at The Margaritaville Store are beginning work on a top-secret Parrot Head Supply Kit—guaranteed to contain all the goodies required to live the Margaritaville lifestyle! I'll fill you in on all the juicy details... next time...



KEY WEST, FLA. 33040  
PERMIT NO. 225  
POSTAGE PAID  
BULK RATE

THE COCONUT TELEGRAPH  
The Margaritaville Store  
P.O. Box 1459  
Key West, Florida 33041

# Lawyers and Laundry

By Jimmy Buffett

Today is America's birthday and my first day off in a while. The weather is absolutely beautiful, and I am waiting for some friends, sampling cold Canadian lager.

Yesterday, though, things were a bit different. I had one of those "road days" that was so weird I almost thought about seeking honest employment. It all started with a bill from my lawyer.

To begin with, a bill from a lawyer does not look like, say, an itemized bill from room service.

1 cheeseburger \$19.95 (N.Y. prices)  
1 salad \$ 5.95  
1 large milk \$ 3.00  
15% gratuity \$ 4.50  
\$33.40

No, legal bills aren't that simple. This was a computer printout of several pages, containing lengthy para-

graphs that mentioned things like phone conversations with the first party pertaining to the said relationship with the third party.

At the bottom of the page sat an astronomical figure almost obscured by the mumbo-jumbo that had preceded it—hiding in the tall grass like a rattler ready to strike me in the wallet.

Now, obviously the secretary had mistyped the decimal point, so I called my accountant to get a clarification of the bill. He said that they could easily clarify anything for me, but the bill for clarifying this bill would be added to my next bill.

I told him to forget it and pay the bill. There was no use in getting upset over it—I had something much more important to take care of: my laundry.

Musicians on tour are basically a cross between gypsies and circus people. We travel an average of 500 miles every day—waking up in one city, flying to the next city for the show that night, and leaving the following morning for the next town.

That doesn't leave much time to get the laundry done, and that's why I get so irritated when I send my laundry out from the hotel and it comes back all screwed up, which is generally the case.

Most hotels try to make it convenient for people to get their laundry done by providing nice plastic laundry bags and itemized instruction lists. Unfortunately, laundry bags are universally not much bigger than supermarket shopping bags, clearly designed for the clothing of Tattoo from "Fantasy Island." What they expect those of us who are larger than Tattoo to do remains a mystery.

After the bellman picks up the bulging bags, the soiled vestments are headed for the Island of Lost Laundry. Many a poor sock never returns from this fearsome place, which also attracts cigarette lighters and guitar picks. The Island of Lost Laundry is inhabited by unidentifiable creatures who won't or can't read an itemized laundry list.

Usually, when the smiling bellman returns my things, the shirts that I asked to be folded so they would slip easily into my suitcase are all on hangers, my t-shirts, underwear, and socks have been dry-cleaned, my dry-cleaning has been "fluffed and folded," and my jeans with "no starch" circled on the instruction list can stand by themselves in the corner.

I have tried designing my own creative laundry lists that go something like this: SHIRTS BOXED—NO

STARCH IN MY JEANS—IF NOT DONE THIS WAY I WILL NOT PAY THE 9% BILL!!

Yesterday I had hoped that things would be different, but no such luck. My laundry came back just as screwed up as ever. Somehow not paying the bill is little compensation for a pile of fluff-dried linen shirts.

That night, after a great show, I fell asleep and dreamed that I was walking through a hot, steamy laundry plant. All of my lawyers were in their underwear working the dry-cleaning machines! I laughed at them, yelled that it served them right, and then went across the street to my lawyers' office—which was filled with dry cleaning workers! I laughed again, thinking that a tiny bit of justice had been achieved.

That is, until I arrived at my hotel room where a man was waiting for me. In one hand he held a bunch of coat hangers with starched legal bills dangling from clothes pins, and in the other was a computer printout laundry list that stretched to the floor.

My friends have put steaks on the grill and cold beer close at hand. Tomorrow I return to the nomad existence of touring, but tonight I will dream of warm breezes and tropical shores...not of lawyers and laundry.

# MARGARITAVILLE BIRD NAMED!

"I'm gonna buy me a sweat-stained Bogart suit and an African parakeet... gonna teach him how to cuss, teach him how to fuss and pull the cork out of a bottle of wine."

Well, we never did get the Bogart suit. And the bird can't cuss yet, but he can fuss and ruffle his feathers with the best of them.

Actually, the bird isn't even an African parakeet; he's a Cherryhead Conure. But he has something the mythical African parakeet in "Migration" never attained—at last the Margaritaville bird has a name.

Choosing a name wasn't easy—Parrot Heads sent us imaginative sug-

gestions ranging from "Corky" to "Manana" to "Billy Voltaire." Greg and Ginny Ruark got out their pen and created this great drawing of "Quickdraw MacCaw."

But it was Tim Seitz of Key West, Florida, who came up with the winning name—"Mango."

"Any good bird worth his crackers should help pay for his keep," Tim wrote, indicating that the bird can help promote "Last Mango in Paris." Tim added, "The name also goes with that bright red head he sports."

Tim will receive a set of four personalized Jimmy Buffett Margarita glasses. And "Mango?" Well, last week we watched him use a corkscrew on a bottle of red wine...



GINNY + GREG RUARK