MARGARITAVILLE APRIL 1987

The



"THERE'S BOOZE IN THE AMERICA'S CUP" By Jimmy Buffett

What is the America's Cup? We have been talking about bringing it back for the last four years since John Bertram (A true Parrot Head) became a national hero Down Under by taking this cup from the shores of America to the land of Western Australia. What does it look like? How big is it? What is it made of? Since I have recently seen the actual America's Cup, I'll tell you.

After arriving in Freemantle, Australia and moving into my pink rent-a-house, I was given a ticket to the America's Cup Ball which featured several good bands, a surf and turf buffet and all the rented tuxedos in Western Australia. As we were herded into a decorated warehouse like the sheep who had occupied the building before us, we passed the Gup sitting high on the stage with two security guards behind it. I removed myself from the herd of penguins and stopped to have a look.

The Cup is about three feet high, silver, very ornamented, and has a small spout at the top designed for tidy pouring. It looks like a centerpiece for a formal

wedding, and seems more suited as a container for lemonade than a good "kick in the pants dark rhum." The silver alloy would alter the taste of any good rhum that was poured into it. It is not a real "arg me hardy" looking Cup. After all that time and money spent on winning it back, what kind of fun could you have celebrating by neatly pouring lemonade into plastic cups for yourmates?

Avictory like this calls for large scale spillage and baths. I think after winning the Gup back, we could retire the original one and come up with our own design for an alternative Cup. After all, the original Cup had it's origins in victorian England ... a far cry from the 80's in the good ole' USA.

So my idea for the contemporary America's Cup would be a teak barrel that would hold fifty gallons of rhum, tonic and lime, and two people. At the victory party, every person who was involved with the challenge would get to take a guest of his or her choice into the Gup, splash around for a couple of minutes, and then carve their initials into the barrel with a giant swiss army knife. After that, we would strike up the band and party until the barrel was dry. When the party was finished and we'd cleaned up the mess, I would get one of the big truck companies to give us a really nicely decorated semi that could take the Cup around Amer-

ica and show the people who neverwould have the chance, to see what the America's Cup was all about. Anyone who wanted to make a donation to the next defense could take a friend into the barrel. This way, the alternative Gup with its personal touch would make the America's Gup a household word by the time the next race rolls around. Next Month: Excerpts from

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Jimmy's Travel Journal



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AUSTRALIAN REVIEW

By Dru Nagle

No doubt about it, the Aussies loved Jimmy Buffett. In fact, the bottom line of a recent article by Stephen Amos of "The Australian" was, "Beg, borrow, or steal a ticket to Jimmy Buffett. Steps should be taken to ensure he does not leave the country." (Jimmy's now safely back in the U.S. of A.)

Aussie Amos has quite a way with words; summing up a Perth performance he said, "Such a gathering it was; yachties, yuppies, sorts, boat trash, the demented, de ranged and the damned all partying with Buffett and his band."

But his best choice of words is definitely reflected in the title of his article; "Yacht Rock and Good Times with Jimmy." Yacht Rock? Opens new horizons.



January 28, 1987 Mr. Jimmy Buffett Whereabouts Unknown Key West, Florida 33040

Dear Mr. Buffett,

Through today's "hurry up" world, full of fast foods, fast cars, fast lives ... it seems that we often don't take the time to stop and recognize the people who have made us what we are ... good or bad. I can truthfully say there have been three great influences who have shaped me. First was my father, Lee Admire. Second was a writer, Ernest Hemingway, and third ... was you.

Being born in Mid-America does not afford one an opportunity to experience the things that shape Jimmy Buffett music... but your songs acted on me like kind of a spiritual catalyst, spurring me to take my existence by the reins, instead of the other way around.

My first act in this new selfrealization was to travel to the Garibbean. "Changes in Latitude, Changes of Attitude," that

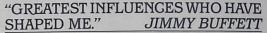
was for me. Well, change I did. But perhaps the high point of the whole trip was when I met you face-to-face in the "Hurricane Hole" in Naussau. You were friendly, cordial, and unassuming. Imagine, meeting your "hero," and finding out he's a "plain old Joe." So to make a long story short, I moved back to St. Louis, finished college, and started on that long road of "finding myself." And all because I learned a long time ago on a little island in the Southern Atlantic that it's not "who" you are ... but "what" you are that counts.

So basically Jim, I just want to say "thanks." I've already thanked my father, but I'll never get the chance to thank Hemingway. Nowadays, two out of three ain't bad.

Sincerely,

Al Admire

P.S. If you're ever in St. Louis, give me a call . . . I owe you a beer!





Jimmy and J.D. Buffett

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