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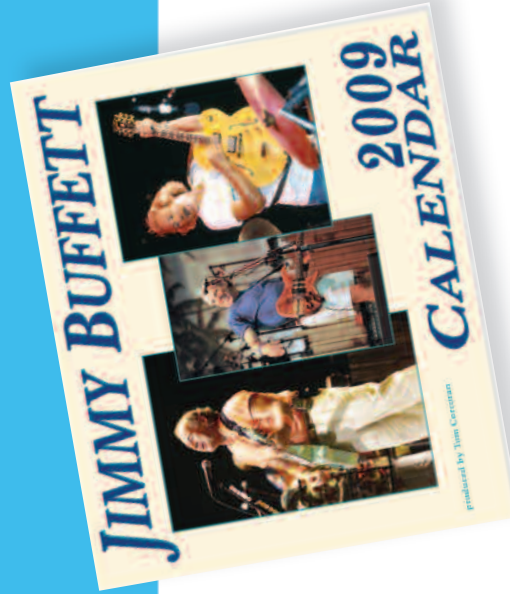
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www.margaritaville.com



Photo: Chris Dixon

Welcome to the Outer Banks of North Carolina, the Graveyard of the Atlantic. I am enroute from New York to Florida like a lot of other people but I am not a snowbird. I live in Florida and spend the summers in Sag Harbor, and the tour is over and fall is the time to travel. As the song says, "The Coast Is Clear". Though I have landed out here many times on flights between Florida and New York, this is the first time that I have ever driven the whole length of Route 12 from Kitty Hawk down to Ocracoke. Last year, I took delivery of my veggie burning beach cruiser, which my surf buds out at Ditch Plains christened "The Green Tomato". She is built for surfing and riding in the sand and there is plenty of that out here and yes you can get grits with your breakfast, which is kind of a cool thing and a rarity amongst other places I go to ride waves. There are other unique things about this string of islands as well.

The Outer Banks first came upon my radar from family stories, because it was just east of Diamond Shoals and Cape Hatteras that the S.S. Chiquimula was becalmed back in 1925, put my grandfather and his family on the brink of starvation, before they were rescued. So, as with a lot of things in my life, luck has played a big part. Somewhere back in my Sea Scout days, I had read a book about Cape Hatteras with its conflicting ocean currents, shallow shoals and hurricane history and knew that one day I had to see this strange and distant American shore.

Outer Banks Diary, November 2008

I first landed here in an airplane somewhere back in the 80's on my annual trip between Florida and Long Island, back when I did it on pretty regular basis with the intent of attempting to fly the Eastern Seaboard from New York to Florida without ever going above five hundred feet. It wasn't crossing the Atlantic solo, or racing around the world, but it was a modest goal that I actually accomplished more often than not. The other big deal out here, other than great waves, fishing and miles of drivable sand beaches was the monument to Orville and Wilbur Wright at Kitty Hawk (actually Kill Devil Hills) where Orville flew the first motor powered airplane. Thus, to me, there is no better place to start this travel log, than at that historic and meaningful sight.

I am a creature of habit, and to me, the birthplace of aviation, is a place worth visiting more than once. In fact, I would say it is more than a photo op, a gift shop visit or buzzing the Wright Brothers Monument in your plane. It is a spiritual place to me, as powerful as Diamond Head or Machu Picchu in that regard. It is a sandy piece of land, where one can stand at the exact spot where man left the planet for the first time, and reflect in these troubled times, on what it means to soar above the earth and go traveling amongst the stars. Those kinds of thoughts are the things that separate pilots from passengers.

Those Wright Brothers were serious pilots and there was no just sitting around waiting for a ride. You had to first become part of the





Photo: Chris Dixon

launch team ground crew. Remember, these guys started it all long before the days you could hurl an F-18 from the deck of a carrier with a steam catapult. So, I jumped in alongside Wilbur and did my part in holding the wingtips off the ground till Orville could gain a little airspeed. I guess I did a pretty good job, because the next thing you know, Orville asked me to climb on board with him. Dixon fired on the photos in quick succession. In these days of instant stardom and photo verification of daily life, one must have proof of tall tales. I know that this kind of flying gives my partners, managers, insurance people and certain family members pause to think that I might have a screw or two loose up there, but if you love to fly and there is no adult supervision around, then you too can pull off these kinds of stunts.

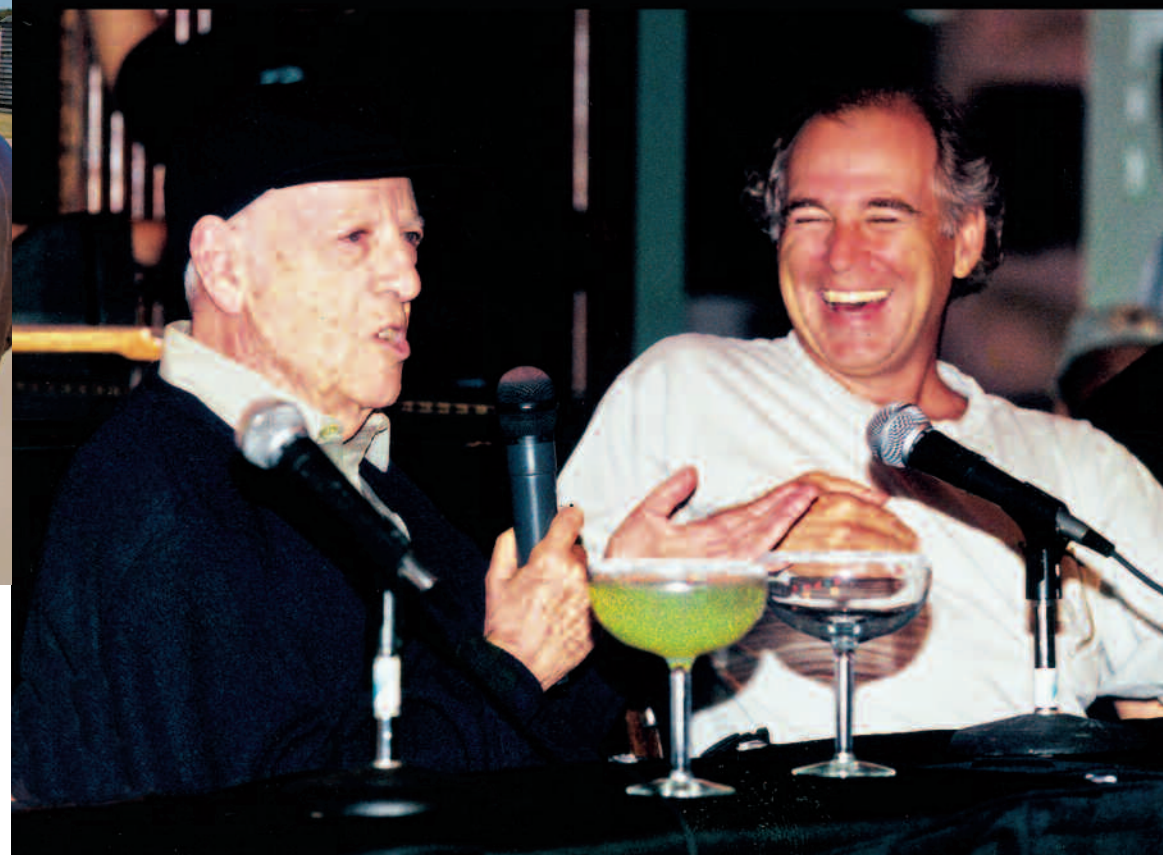
Well, it was a glorious day at Kill Devil Hills and I climbed on board and we did a few imaginary turns around the monument. Orville told me that he had heard I was a pretty fair pilot, but since it was the first plane to ever fly, it had a few quirky things about it, so he really couldn't let me take the stick, but he told me it was perfectly fine if I wanted to do a little wing walking. Hey with Orville Wright at the stick, what could go wrong?

Wilbur was a great sport, and even gave Dixon a ride, but by now, it was obvious that people had seen us fooling around and the text messages and phone camera shots were now out there on the world wide web, so we thanked the Wright Brothers for the ride and wished them well with their new flying machine, but it was November, the days were getting shorter, and we still had our real job to do—meet up with Andy Zimmerman and test out the prototype of the new Osceola fishing kayak. Okay, I know that Orville was really a bronze statue and the plane was resting on poles stuck in the sand, but daydreaming is what used to get me in so much trouble back in school, it is also the thing that got me where I am today.

Jimmy

Read more at www.margaritaville.com/obx.mv

Love In The Library



Herman Wouk & Jimmy celebrate the opening of Don't Stop The Carnival in 1997. Photo: Harvey Bilt

The Coolidge Auditorium in Washington, D.C. was not on 2008's tour schedule, but Jimmy showed up, guitar and self-deprecating wit in hand, to honor his Don't Stop The Carnival crony Herman Wouk. Joining this seemingly unlikely guest that night at the Library of Congress was Supreme Court Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg and Pulitzer Prize winner William Safire.

Mr. Wouk, resplendent in pin-stripe suit and a barefoot Buffett recalled their initial meeting. The Washington Post's Bob Thompson writes, "People have asked me for years, 'How the hell did you and Herman Wouk get together?' " Buffett said. Long story short, he'd somehow gotten the idea of turning Wouk's "Don't Stop the Carnival" — in which a New York PR guy plays out midlife fantasies on a tropical isle — into a Broadway musical.

So Buffett wrote Wouk a letter. "Who are you?" the author replied. But he eventually signed on, despite the fact that he didn't know what reggae was. "Don't Stop the Carnival" ran for a few weeks in Miami in 1997. "We never made it to Broadway, but the carnival is still happening," Buffett said. Then he proved it with a medley of songs from their collaboration. Seated onstage, Wouk smiled and mouthed the lyrics."

Thirteen years ago, the library put together a day-long symposium as a tribute to Wouk. Eight years ago, it named him an official living legend, and now the first recipient of a new award for lifetime achievement in the writing of fiction. Following readings from the aforementioned panel, Wouk quoted the philosopher Isaiah Berlin, who once told him: "You've been a creative artist. And there's nothing better to do with a human life." "This is a moment," Wouk said, "when I'm inclined to believe it."



Photo: Kibru Senbetta

nadirah shakoor nod to the storyteller

The recipient of a Grammy Nomination, an MTV Video Award, The 2005 Artist for a Better World award, and the 2006 "Spirit of Youth" award, Nadirah Shakoor is best known as the former lead female vocalist of acclaimed hip hop group **Arrested Development**. In the last 13 years she has become well known and loved as the featured female vocalist of Jimmy Buffett's Coral Reefer Band. Nadirah's new CD "Nod to the Storyteller", is a Tribute to Jimmy Buffett and includes her interpretation of 7 of his songs, 2 Nadirah songs, an Eric Clapton cover and an Art Neville song made popular by Buffett plus songs written by Nashville Songwriters Hall of Famer Mac McAnally. McAnally who produced the CD is the 2008 recipient of the coveted CMA "Musician of the Year" award. ♦

Nadirah is a seasoned professional who has performed for thousands at stadiums, and such mega concert events as Lalapalooza, Womad and Woodstock II, not to mention the millions who have experienced one of her sultry, earthy performances on television. In more intimate venues her voice and style have been described as no less than captivating.

At the tender age of five, Nadirah told her parents she wanted to "be a singer like Diana Ross." Her family migrated from Texas to California where she studied commercial voice and went on to become one of the premier singers in Los Angeles and a much sought after back up singer for major tours.

In 1992, she joined the Grammy Award winning Hip Hop group, Arrested Development as the featured vocalist and was nominated for a Grammy with the success of their 2nd album. Nadirah joined Jimmy Buffett's Coral Reefer Band as a back up singer in 1995.

Dave Hoekstra of the Chicago Sun Times wrote, "Shakoor was first attracted to **Arrested Development** after hearing their 1992 breakout hit **Tennessee**. She had just gotten off the road singing in the Janet Jackson Rhythm Nation tour. 'My brothers and I had a group similar to Arrested Development in that there was singing and rapping going on. A little more pop and less hip hop. When I bought their CD **3 Years, 5 Months, & 2 Days in the Life Of...** I was looking for Dionne Farris on the cover (she sang lead on 'Tennessee') and discovered she was a guest artist. I wanted to be a part of that group. I liked their music, the women and men together in hip-hop and I liked the positive message."

Shakoor checked out the entourage when they came through Los Angeles. They shared a bill with En Vogue, who ironically was Janet Jackson's former band. Shakoor had an in. She auditioned for Arrested Development in the arena's catering room. "Speech hired me and next thing I know I was on the Grammys with them. It was a bit different than playing in front of throngs of Parrot Heads every summer."

Nadirah Shakoor has been a star behind the stars for many years. "Nod To The Storyteller" is an eclectic musical journey. With its release, Nadirah's own star shines brightly for the world to see.

Preview song clips at

www.myspace.com/ReeferetteNadirah



Nadirah Shakoor
Nod to the Storyteller
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Meeting Of The Minds 2008 Barstools & Beach Chairs

Thousands of Parrot Heads flooded Key West early in November for the annual Meeting of the Minds. The Margaritaville Store sponsored a Vice Presidential candidate and eight people signed up in an attempt to raise the most money, pronounced votes, to run alongside Jimmy in a faux presidential run. No mud slinging or baby kissing, but by some accounts there was some innocent name calling – not by the contestants but rather by passionate Margaritaville Store staff.

And then there were two, Jimmy Sullivan and Brenda Braley, who together raised over \$25,000, met on stage on a sunny Saturday afternoon to be recognized and rewarded. And although Brenda's efforts were admirable, Jimmy Sullivan came out ahead and was named Jimmy Buffett's running mate. Most importantly however, was the money donated to the surprised folks from the Monroe Association for Retarded Citizens. MARC strives to provide their clients with dignified, compassionate, professional care in a family environment, and the generosity of Parrot Heads will go a long way toward making that happen.

Please see the letter below from another member of the Key West community praising the generosity of the annual PHlocking.



V.P. candidate Jimmy Sullivan (L) onstage with Brenda Braley. Photo: Veronica Schill



Nadirah Shakoor plays for Parrot Heads at the block party. Photo: Rob O'Neal

Party With A Purpose The International Organization of Parrot Head Clubs

The purpose of the organization is to promote the international network of Parrot Head Clubs as humanitarian groups sharing information and social activities for mutual benefit. The organization will engage in activities that are charitable, educational and that promote the general welfare of the community. Parrot Heads in Paradise, Inc. is a Not-For-Profit Corporation, whose purpose is to assist in community and environmental concerns and provide a variety of social activities for people who are interested in the music of Jimmy Buffett and the tropical lifestyle he personifies.

Parrot Heads Give Much to our Community

On November 1, I had the honor of attending the 17th Annual Parrot Heads in Paradise annual meeting where Wesley House was presented with a check for \$7,500. Many people may not know that the Parrot Heads are extremely generous to many local charities in Key West. In addition to Wesley House, they raised money for Zonta, the Salvation Army, MARC House, the Key West Police Athletic League and others. They also donated pints of blood to the Red Cross. They are true humanitarians who come here not only to have fun, but also to give back to the community, which they do year after year.

We are deeply thankful for all our wonderful community partners – both in and out of the Keys – who help us in our mission to help children and families throughout Monroe County.

Douglas Blomberg,
CEO Wesley House Key West

The Atlanta Parrot Head Club Celebrates Their 20th Anniversary

The Atlanta Parrot Head Club will celebrate their 20th Anniversary in April 2009. Founded by Scott Nickerson, the Atlanta PHC set the standard for fun and fundraising activities. While the first official meeting was held in April of 1989, it was an article in the Coconut Telegraph that led to a flood of inquiries seeking information on starting local PHCs. Scott drew up a charter, created the guidelines and was instrumental in forming Parrot Heads in Paradise. There are now several hundred Parrot Head Clubs around the world.

The Atlanta PHC is planning a celebration befitting this milestone in April of this year. Several bands are being courted as well as a special reunion concert by the original A1A Band. And with typical Parrot Head pride, the anniversary party will be collecting food and raising money for the Atlanta Food Bank. The party will be open to the entire Parrot Head Nation.

For more information see
www.atlantaparrotheadclub.org/

IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE COCONUT TELEGRAPH. PACIFIC PARROT HEADS WATCH WAIKIKI.

Photo: Rob O'Neal

Captain Tony - The Salt of Key West

Life Lessons is a dramatic and inspiring story of Captain Tony Tarracino's remarkable journey from the ghettos of Elizabeth, NJ to becoming a living legend serving as the Mayor Emeritus of Key West. He has made a career of being a mesmerizing storyteller, captivating personality, and Casanova of the sea. The Captain swears like a sailor on leave yet speaks of compassion as *the word we should all live by*.

In Life Lessons you learn of his harrowing life on the sea, secret spy exploits as a gun-runner during the Cuban revolution, tales of the oldest bar in Florida - Captain Tony's Saloon, being immortalized by his friend Jimmy Buffett in the song **Last Mango in Paris**, and Tony's family of 13 children with eight different women. Life Lessons captures the legendary tales and riveting lessons learned from a life of great adventure lived on the edge.

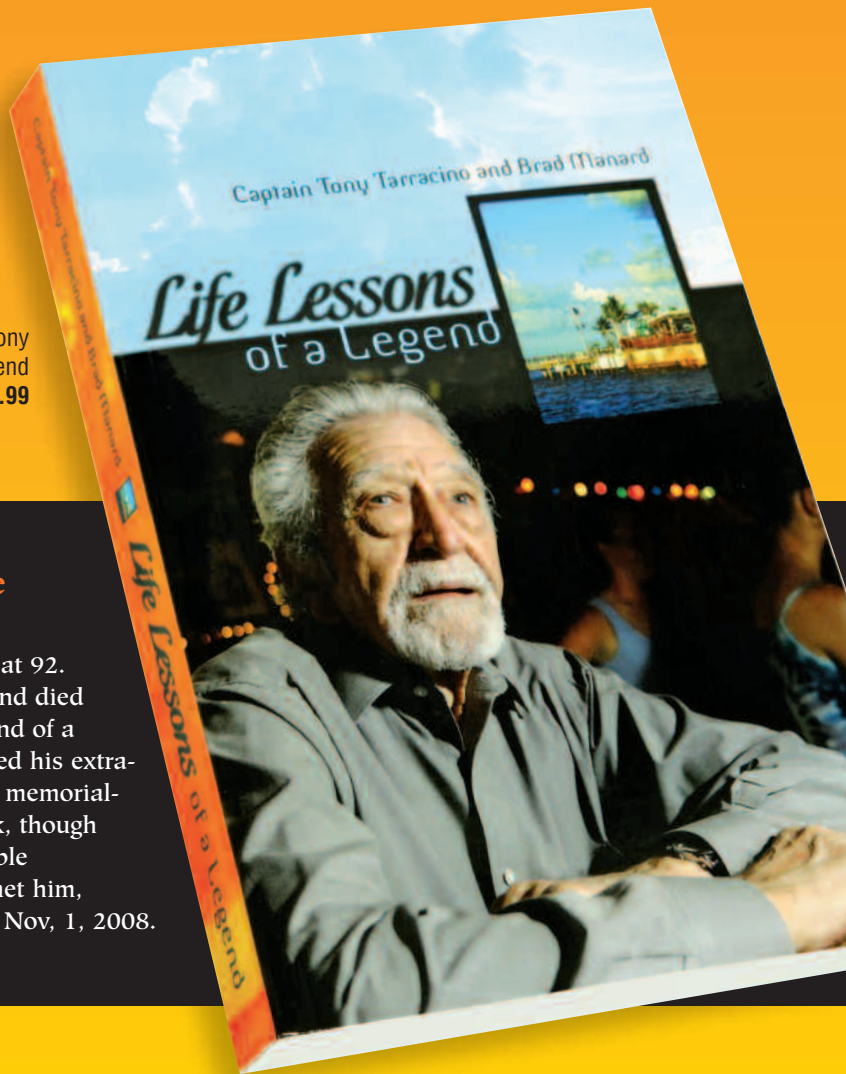
"I know that the charm of Captain Tony is the energetic wit from which the tales come. Many find his blatant honesty refreshing and amusing while others his vocabulary offensive, yet when he speaks, there is no doubt as to his meaning. He is both extremely honest and a great bullshitter. With tremendous pride he'll tell you he's both. I have learned there is great truth in that statement."

Brad Manard, co-author of Life Lessons of a Legend

Captain Tony
Life Lessons of a Legend
#41860 \$15.99

Rest In Peace Captain Tony

Captain Tony dies at 92. The Key West legend died peacefully at the end of a week that celebrated his extra-large life. Recently memorialized in a new book, though already unforgettable to everyone who met him, Captain Tony died Nov, 1, 2008.



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