

Coco‘Nut’ Funnies



Should I Stay or Should I Go?

Dorothy and Edna, two senior-aged widows, are talking...

Dorothy said, “That nice George Johnson asked me out for a date. I know you went out with him last week, and I wanted to talk with you about him before I give him my answer.”

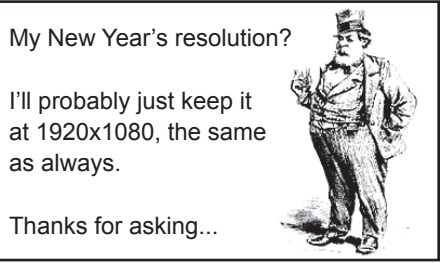
Edna says, “Well, I’ll tell you. He shows up at my apartment punctually at 7 pm, dressed like such a gentleman in a fine suit and he brings me such beautiful flowers! Then he takes me downstairs. And what’s there? A limousine, uni-formed chauffeur and all. Then he takes me out for dinner... a marvelous dinner - lobster, champagne, dessert, and after-dinner drinks. Then we go see a show. Let me tell you Dorothy, I enjoyed it so much I could have just died from pleasure! So then we are coming back to my apartment and he turns into an ANIMAL! Completely crazy! He tears off my expensive new dress and has his way with me --- THREE times!”

Dorothy is shocked! “Goodness gracious! So you are telling me I shouldn’t go?”

“No, no, no!” says Edna. “I’m just saying, wear an old dress!

Thank you Thad Bowling!

OF ALL THE POOP IN THE WORLD, who decided batshit was the craziest?



Not to get too technical, but according to chemistry alcohol is a solution.



Thank you Thad Bowling



Gotta Love An Old Fighter Pilot!

A ragged, old derelict shuffled into a down-and-dirty bar. Stinking of whiskey and cigarettes, his hands shook as he took the “Piano Player Wanted” sign from the window and handed it to the bartender.

“I’d like to apply for the job,” he said. “I was an F-4F driver, flying off carriers back in ‘Nam , but when they retired the Phantom, all the thrill was gone, and soon they cashed me in as well. I learned to play the piano at O-Club happy hours, so here I am.”

The barkeep wasn’t too sure about this doubtful looking old guy, but it had been quite a while since he had a piano player, and business was falling off. So, why not give him a try? The seedy pilot staggered his way over to the piano while several patrons snickered. By the time he was into his third bar of music, every voice was silenced.

What followed was a rhapsody of soaring music unlike anything heard in the bar before. When he finished there wasn’t a dry eye in the place.

The bartender took the old fighter pilot a beer and asked him the name of the song he had just played.

I’t’s called ‘Drop your Skivvies, Baby, I’m Going Balls To The Wall For You’,” he said. After a long pull from the beer, leaving it empty, he said “I wrote it myself.” The bartender and the crowd winced at the title, but the piano player just went on into a knee-slapping, hand-clapping bit of ragtime that had the place jumping. After he finished, the fighter pilot acknowledged the applause, downed a second proffered mug, and told the crowd the song was called, “Big Boobs Make My Afterburner Light.”

He then launched into another mesmerizing song and everyone in the room was enthralled. He announced that it was the latest rendition of his song, “Spread ‘em Baby, It’s Foggy Out Tonight and I Need To See The Centerline.” He excused himself and headed for the john.

When he came out, the bartender went over to him and said, “Hey fly boy, the job is yours, but do you know your fly is open and your pecker is hanging out?”

“Know it?” the old fighter pilot replied, “Hell, I wrote it!”

Thank you Trader Dick



She was standing in the kitchen, preparing our usual soft-boiled eggs and toast for breakfast, wearing only the ‘T’ shirt that she normally slept in.

As I walked in, almost awake, she turned to me and said softly, “You’ve got to make love to me this very moment!”

My eyes lit up and I thought, “I am either still dreaming or this is going to be my lucky day!” Not wanting to lose the moment, I embraced her and then gave it my all, right there on the kitchen table.

Afterwards she said, “Thanks,” and returned to the stove, her T-shirt still around her neck.

Happy, but a little puzzled, I asked, “What was that all about?”

She said, “The egg timer’s broken.”

The Beer Prayer

Our lager,
Which art in barrels,
Hallowed be thy drink.
Thy will be drunk, (I will be drunk),
At home as in the tavern.
Give us this day our foamy head,
And forgive us our spillages,
As we forgive those who spill against us.
And lead us not to incarceration,
But deliver us from hangovers.
For thine is the beer,
The bitter and The lager.
Forever and ever,
Barmen

I JUST ORDERED A
LIFE ALERT
BRACELET SO IF I EVER
GET A LIFE, I’LL BE
NOTIFIED IMMEDIATELY.

FROZEN CARBURETOR

People often complain about the police, but you rarely hear about the positive things they do, such as this incident involving a biker and a frozen carburetor.

Last January on a bitterly cold winter’s day, a North Dakota State Trooper on patrol came upon a motorcyclist who was stalled by the roadside. The biker was swathed in warm, heavy, protective clothing and wearing a full-face helmet to protect from the cold weather.

“What’s the matter? asked the Trooper.

“Carburetor’s frozen,” was the terse reply.

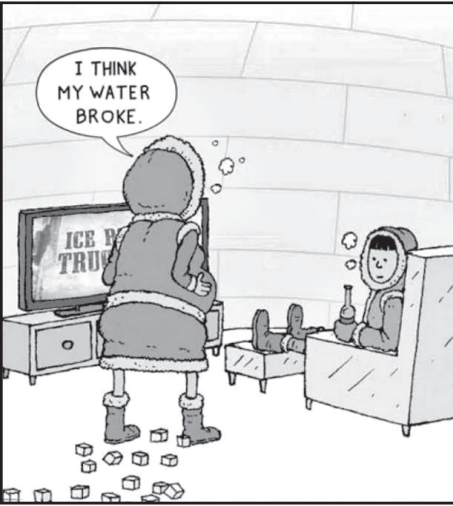
“Pee on it. That’ll thaw it out.”

“I can’t,” said the biker.

“OK, watch me closely and I’ll show you.” The Trooper unzipped and promptly warmed the carburetor as promised.

Moments later the bike started and the rider drove off, waving.

A few days later, the local State Troopers’ office eceived a note of thanks from the father of the motorcyclist. It began: “On behalf of my daughter Jill...”



LOCAL'S FAVORITE! Best-kept secret for 30 years!

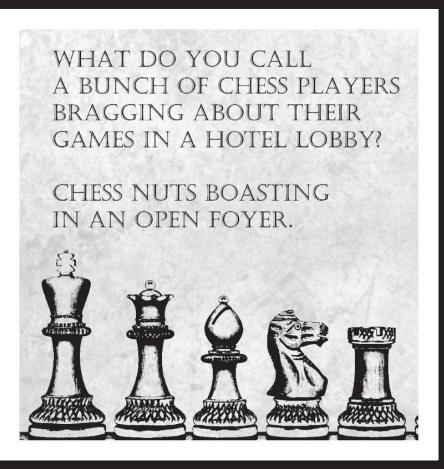
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The Bathtub Test

During a visit to the mental asylum, I asked the director how do you determine whether or not a patient should be institutionalized. “Well,” said the director, “we fill up a bathtub, then we offer a teaspoon, a teacup and a bucket to the patient and ask him or her to empty the bathtub.”

“Oh, I understand,” I said. “A normal person would use the bucket because it’s bigger than the spoon or the teacup.” “No.” said the director, “A normal person would pull the plug. Do you want a bed near the window?”

Left Field

by J.S. McKinna

“– Whatever you do, Sid, stay away from that crazy woman on the tuffet!...”

JOHN MCKINNA was a local musician, a best-selling author, and a published, syndicated cartoonist. We feature his cartoons monthly.

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