

Coco'Nut' Funnies

Navy Chief Fishes the Keys

The rain had stopped and there was a big puddle in front of the American Legion Post in Key Largo.

A rumpled old Navy Chief was standing near the edge with a fishing line in the puddle.

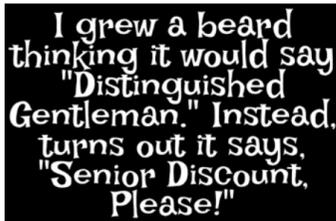
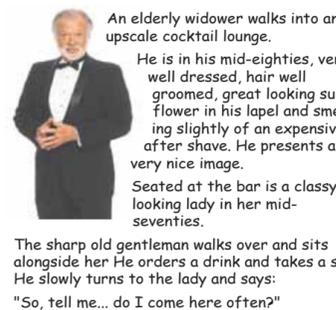
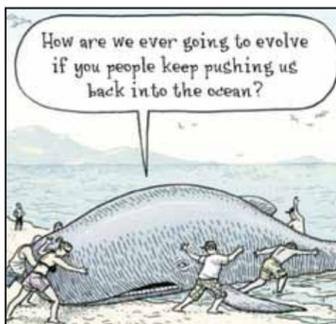
A curious young Marine fighter pilot came over to him and asked what he was doing.

"Fishing," the old Chief simply said.

"Poor old Chief," the Marine officer thought to himself and invited the man into the bar for a drink.

As he felt he should start a conversation while they were sipping their spirits, the young jet pilot winked at another pilot and asked the Chief, "How many have you caught today?"

"You're number 14," the old Chief answered, taking another sip from his double shot of 12-year-old Scotch, "2 Air Force, 3 Navy and 9 Marines."



Thank you Trader Dick!

COMING HOME

Two married buddies are out drinking one night when one turns to the other and says, "You know, I don't know what else to do. Whenever I go home after we've been out drinking, I turn the headlights off before I get to the driveway, shut off the engine and coast into the garage.

"I take my shoes off before I go into the house, I sneak up the stairs, I get undressed in the bathroom. I ease into bed and my wife STILL wakes up and yells at me for staying out so late!"

His buddy looks at him and says, "Well, you're obviously taking the wrong approach. I screech into the driveway, slam the door, storm up the steps, throw my shoes into the closet, jump into bed, slap her on the butt and say, 'You as horny as I am?... and she always acts like she's sound asleep!"



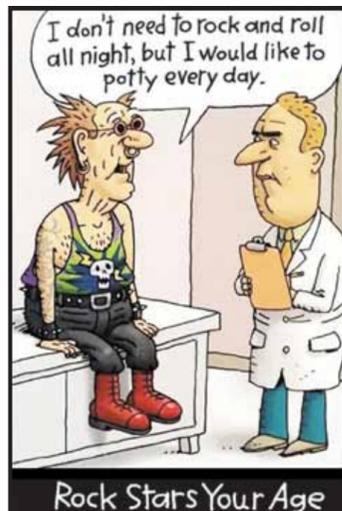
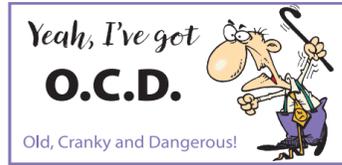
THE EXAM

The eighty-three year old lady finished her annual physical examination, and the Doctor said, "You are in fine shape for your age, Mrs. Green, but tell me, do you still have intercourse?"

"Just a minute, I'll have to ask my husband," she said.

She stepped out into the crowded reception room and yelled out loud: "Bob, do we still have intercourse?" There was a complete hush - you could have heard a pin drop.

Bob answered impatiently, "If I told you once, Betty, I've told you a hundred times. What we have is... Blue Cross!"



Give 'em Hell

A young girl comes home from a date looking rather sad.

Her mother asks her what's wrong.

She says, "Bill proposed to me an hour ago."

Her mother asks, "Why are you so sad then?"

The girl replies, "Because he also told me he was an atheist. Mom, he doesn't even believe there's a hell."

Her mother says, "Marry him anyway. Between the two of us, we'll show him how wrong he is."



Attending a wedding for the first time, a little girl whispered to her mother, 'Why is the bride dressed in white?'

The mother replied, 'Because white is the color of happiness, and today is the happiest day of her life.'

The child thought about this for a moment then said, 'So why is the groom wearing black?'

Thank you Trader Dick!



Why We Love Spell-Check

A young monk arrives at the monastery. He is assigned to helping the other monks in copying the old canons and laws of the church, by hand.

He notices, however, that all of the monks are copying from copies, not from the original manuscript.

So, the new monk goes to the Old Abbot to question this, pointing out that if someone made even a small error in the first copy, it would never be picked up!

In fact, that error would be continued in all of the subsequent copies.

The head monk, says, "We have been copying from the copies for centuries, but you make a good point, my son."

He goes down into the dark caves underneath the monastery where the original manuscripts are held as archives, in a locked vault that hasn't been opened for hundreds of years.

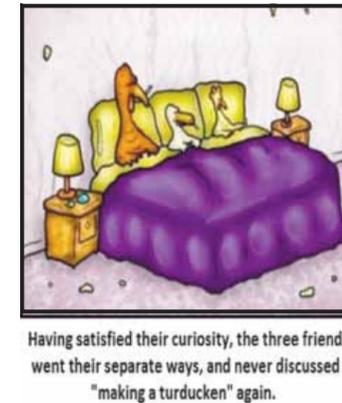
Hours go by and nobody sees the old Abbot. So, the young monk gets worried and goes down to look for him.

He sees him banging his head against the wall and wailing. "We missed the R! We missed the R! We missed the bloody R!" His forehead is all bloody and bruised and he is crying uncontrollably.

The young monk asks the old Abbot, "What's wrong, father?"

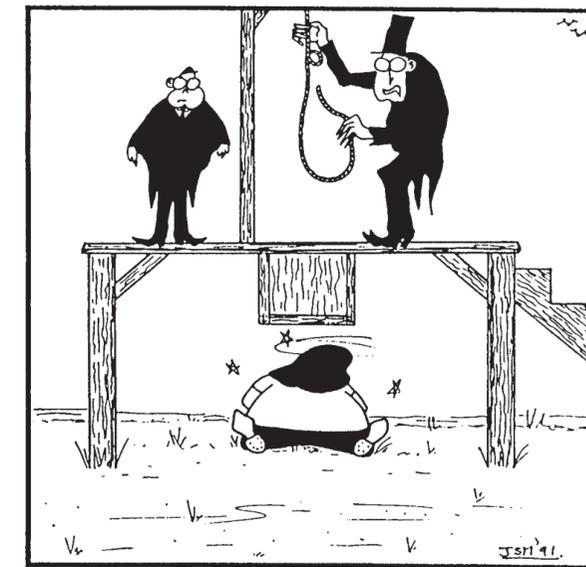
With a choking voice, the old Abbot replies, "The word was ... CELEBRATE!"

STOP POSTING YOUR PROBLEMS ON FACEBOOK GO TO A BAR LIKE EVERYONE ELSE



Left Field

by J.S. McKinna



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

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