

Patio Joe, 55

by Anthony Van Hart

Patio Joe, 55 and constantly smelling of swill, got his name because he sold and stocked patio furniture at the neighborhood Kmart. With his pockets full of dusty rags and crushed Old Golds, he'd daydream about check out girls.

But I suppose you'd have to call them check out women. Lord knows any girl still considered a girl had only used good ole Patio Joe to buy them smokes and fifths of liquor.

He's useless for anything else.

