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And speaking of "classical" places,
Whose tenants have unusual faces.
There are two of a kind,
You can tell from behind:
'Cause their jeans mostly stay by their laces.

Now as long as we're mentioning folks,
Here's a bit about two other blokes.
The one guy flys Lear Jets,
The other one near jets:
Could this be what's called different strokes?

The airplanes they own are quite odd,
And certainly not "peas in a pod".
Lowe's fabric extravaganza's,
No match for the Bonanza:
In that class we'll give Phil the nod.

A curious ship brown and sand,
From short strips and rough ones is banned.
On one tank of fuel,
It can fly clear to Thule:
But it takes that much distance to land.

It looks like a curious craft,
Whose propeller is positioned clear aft.
It's the kind of a plane,
That you don't fly in rain:
'Cause it's L over D is then halved.

And what can we say about Ernie?
Who only in foul weather will journey.
With Kenny in tow,
They fly terribly low:
Their next ride could be on a gurney.

I can see now upon looking back,
That brevity is something I lack.
I'd better get typing,
And stop airport hyping:
Or Connie will give me the sack.

The main thing I want to convey,
Is "Come to the airport and play".
It's not very far -
Just jump into your car -
It's a great way of spending the day.

KEEP 'EM FLYING.