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The season for Christmas is near,
And for all of the friends we hold dear,
This letter's the scoop,
We want you in the group;
The place for the party is here.

But just so you won't think I quit,
I've got to put in the word "shit",
But I haven't the time,
To put it in rhyme,
So this time I'll have to forget it.

The date has all ready been set,
It's the 15th of Dec. - don't forget!
A Saturday night-
Come see Santa in flight,
You'll have a good time - that I'll bet.

KEEP EM FLYING.

We'll start it a half before eight,
Be sure you don't get here too late.
We'll have lots of good cheer,
The food will be here;
Just come in and fill up your plate.

There will be a little admission:
I hope not a couse for attrition.
A two dollar toy,
From each girl and each boy,
(You could call it your act of contrition.)

They all will be placed in a bag,
Until it has started to sag.
And when all given out,
The participants will shout -
"I think it's a heck of a gag."

For girls you should cover it in pink:
The boys will then know what to think.
They will wrap their's in blue,
That's the right thing to do;
Then get on with the food and the drink.

If some of you want to bring food,
Be sure it won't poison our brood.
A casserole dish -
You can even bring fish;
It would heighten our festival mood.

And don't be surprised if you see,
Old Santa around our small tree.
Just offer a toast,
To our red suited host,
And remember, you're drinking for free.