



**CREVE COEUR AIRPORT  
IMPROVEMENT CORP.**

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I'm sorry this letter's so late;  
(I didn't forget the date.)  
It took all this time,  
To put it in rhyme,  
I hope it makes no one irrate.

I think you will see by this letter,  
That my rhyming is getting much better.  
It can't be for nought -  
Just look what's been bought -  
I'm just trying to be a go-getter.

We're hoping that weather will hold,  
So that the contractor can mold,  
Instead of mud maxi,  
A place you can taxi,  
Into the new hangars we've sold.

In the field that used to grow corn,  
Sixteen new hangars will be born.  
And for those that missed out,  
Twenty six Shades there will sprout,  
A fact I'm sure no one will mourn.

But don't let us take you to task;  
If you need shelter - just ask.  
There's still twenty spaces,  
In all the right places,  
Under cover, your aircraft can bask.

Just look on the wall and you'll find,  
A list that you'd better get signed.  
Reserving your space,  
(You'd better make haste);  
If you don't, you'll be one of a kind.

Now lets change the train of our thoughts;  
More hangars will surely be sought.  
We've got a new twist,  
That fits on your wrist,  
I see your attention's been caught!

Old Santa came early this year,  
And to me he has made it quite clear.  
You won't have to major,  
This aircraft, I'll wager;  
And its low time is always so near.

From your wrist it can always take off,  
The touchdown is equally soft,  
As a gift it's sublime;  
It can even tell time -  
And the best is its very low cost.

Now for people that have a sweet tooth,  
Come and see what we have in our booth.  
It's real English toffee,  
It goes great with coffee;  
Or after three gins and vermouth.

It's packed in a one-half pound box;  
And when shaken it sounds like small rocks.  
But the flavor's just great,  
A real treat for your mate;  
(It's better than cream cheese and lox.)

So come out and get our attention,  
We'll sell either gift that you mention.  
Get the great English candy,  
Or the wrist watch from Randy,  
The profit is our old age pension.

And now for the newsletter sermon:  
I probably should put it in German.  
I know I can't gain,  
And I'm being a pain;  
But I don't want you joining Ms. Merman.

The sign has been placed to the door,  
And while I hate to sound like a boor,  
That shit that you smoke,  
Is making me choke;  
And breathing's becoming a chore.

But I'll ask you nicely once more;  
Please put out that cigarette before,  
You come into the place,  
That I happen to grace;  
Those signs are not there to ignore.

KEEP 'EM FLYING.