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As behooving an airport trend-setter,
We put out a monthly newsletter.
To put it in rhyme,
Takes a little more time:
But you all seem to like it much better.

As King of the Limerick I'm known,
But my verses make most people groan.
They may sound like "the pit",
And I'll have to admit:
That they're mostly composed on the Throne.

So I'll make a small promise and keep,
These monthly epistles quite brief.
If you like what we say,
It will brighten your day:
And if not you'll just read them and weep.

If you come out to fly in your plane,
Please don't think that you've gone insane.
When you get to the place,
That your aircraft did grace:
And you can't even find the remains.

It hasn't been stolen or lost,
We didn't sell it at cost.
We changed the position,
To preserve it's condition:
(By graders you don't want it tossed.)

So pardon these slight impositions,
While putting up our new additions.
We'll find you a spot,
That you'll like alot:
And we won't have to put up with 'bitchin'.

We also do have a request,
We're relaying at Richard's behest.
After fueling your plane,
Get it out of the lane:
So that others can get some "Hi Test".

I hate to make sounds like a bore,
Before you get in your car door.
To drive into the mud,
Ranks you right there with Fudd:
Must I really say anything more.

But now on a more social bent,
We are planning a major event,
Bring brush and a bucket,
They will do for a ducat:
By daysend you'll really be spent.

There is on this airport a site,
Whose visage is really a blight.
The inside holds beer,
It's a place of good cheer:
But the outside, in truth, is a fright.

He calls this old building a hut,
He wears blue jeans low on his butt.
His airplane needs paint;
Connie thinks he's a Saint!
But he does look like old Ernie's mutt.

Thus in order to hide its poor looks,
We've picked out some paint from our books.
And for all who pitch in,
A free breakfast will win:
All the rest can go eat up at Schnucks.

The date we have set, if its clear,
Is the 13th of April, this year.
But in case its a bust,
Then on Sunday - a must:
If not then, we'll just play it by ear.

So bring out your roller or brush,
Come early and beat the big rush.
'Cause Jack's little shanty,
Is just penny ante:
The shade hangar needs paint just as much.