

## Three Labs in a Lift

*Commemorating the events of April 1995 when Sandia Labs, Los Alamos, and Lawrence Livermore Labs attended Chelyabinsk-70's 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Celebration in Snezhinsk. Roger Hagengruber was Sandia's Senior Vice President, Robert Kuckuck was Deputy Director of Livermore Lab, K. David Nokes was manager of Sandia's Russian programs, Paul White and Walt Hermann had similar positions at Los Alamos and Livermore.*

*It happened one day in Snezhinsk town  
Where lifts go up and stairs go down;  
It happened, this thing of great renown,  
It happened right there in Snezhinsk town.*

Our Roger was there with a group of his peers  
From these three labs so noble and great  
When Snezhinsk saw its 40<sup>th</sup> year  
And threw a party to celebrate.

'Twas Roger himself at the head of the list,  
With Newman and Nokes from Sandia Labs.  
Then White of Los Alamos, he came next,  
With Kuckuck and Hermann of Livermore Lab.

We had not sent our clearances in,  
The secret session was closed to us.  
We sat instead in an office dim  
And talked of protection and built some trust.

We went to the session of all sweet words,  
Where everyone praised the Institute,  
And gave their gifts and smiled and purred  
And pompously posed in their business suits.

Now Snezhinsk has an inn of its own  
With lifts and rooms and TV sets,  
And some of its rooms have phones  
For some of its more important guests.

*It happened right there in the Snezhinsk inn,  
Where rooms are small and walls are thin;  
Where doors may open and people go in.  
It happened that day in the Snezhinsk inn.*

We'd had our lunch with Boris a-twitter;  
"Dear colleagues, it's time, we have to go.  
Our schedule will break if time you fritter,  
Two minutes at most, so don't be slow."

We'll go to our rooms, we promise it's fast.  
We have to get ready before we go out  
To see the site you've promised at last  
To put under wraps and end any doubt.

They entered the lift, the fellows did,  
Roger and White and Kuckuck and Nokes,  
They entered the lift and rose to their rooms  
To brush their teeth and gather their coats.

*It happened right there in the Snezhinsk hut,  
It happened right then as they rode the lift up,*

*It happened as fast as a door opens up—  
Or refuses to open and just stays shut.*

For that's what occurred in the little old lift,  
To Roger and Nokes and Kuckuck and White;  
A button was pushed at the very worst time,  
A button was pushed—it couldn't be right.

The lift is quite old and Russian as well,  
The buttons pop out at every last floor.  
You wait for the stop and then you can tell  
Which button to push ere closing the door.

But someone unnamed in this little lift,  
A button he pushed before the first stop.  
The doors wouldn't open, they just wouldn't give;  
Our fellows were stuck, the trip was a flop.

So White took the phone and called for some folks.  
An answer came back as quick as a wink,  
But Russian, of course, was the language it spoke.  
It's Russia, my dear, what else would you think?

It took them some time before they were saved,  
Three fourths of an hour, with a few mins.  
I came to their site when I heard they were caged  
To see for myself the fix they were in.

Three labs in a lift is a sight to behold.  
It's Roger and Nokes and Kuckuck and White.  
"It's hot in this lift," I quickly was told,  
"Crack open the door and hold it a mite."

I stood with my boot stuck firm in the door  
For Roger and Nokes and Kuckuck and White.  
They steamed and they stewed and they waited in there,  
While I stood outside and laughed at their plight.

A repairman he came as fast as he could,  
Went down in the basement and opened the door.  
The fellows came out not looking so good,  
So wilted and steamy and just a bit sore.

'Twas a lesson they've carried from that day to this:  
Whenever you stay in Snezhinsk town,  
Go up to the top in that little old lift,  
And push no buttons, but walk back down.

*It happened one day in Snezhinsk town  
Where lifts go up and stairs go down;  
It happened, this thing of great renown,  
It happened right there in Snezhinsk town.*

Patricia Newman, Sandian in exile