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Milo Rediger Writings & Addresses

Milo Rediger

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2020

### WTT 0552 (poem)

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WTT 0552

It was Frankfurt to Warsaw by LOT air,  
We assembled at gate thirty-two;  
The plane was oppressive with hot air,  
But somehow we all came through.

Two ladies arrived without luggage,  
But it came e'er the out-bound flight;  
Anna took us to Warsaw's best restaurant,  
And there, my oh my, what a sight!

We left Warsaw for Leningrad, Russia,  
After viewing the horrors of war;  
We were met by the gruff front of soviet,  
And were fenced in as never before.

But then there was Mike with his humor,  
On our way to the Sovietskaya;  
Then Peter the Great and the Palace,  
The Hermitage and the Neva.

We moved on to the city of Moscow,  
Where we stayed in the Russia Hotel;  
Spent Sunday in Kremlin and Red Square,  
With an evening of ballet farewell.

Early morning, and Bucharest bound,  
I remember how hard Mura tried;  
She showed Murray apartments galore,  
And we all had a rainy boat ride.

We had lunch in a lovely lake restaurant,  
But we didn't know what was in store;  
Until all of a sudden a chair broke,  
And Ed Sedlon was flat on the floor.

We recovered, and went on to Sofia,  
Where Violet showed us the sights;  
Rila Mountain by hair-raising bus ride,  
Alex Nevski Church under the lights.

On to Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia,  
Where the climate was freer, we know;  
Argentina, and then Sveti Stefan,  
Sunday rest, but the boat ride - no go!

Then in Budapest shopping was fruitless,  
We took pictures in fog and haze;  
But the fabulous Duna we stayed in,  
Added glamour to those two days.

Then in Prague we felt more for the people,  
Oppressed by the Russian bear;  
As we jolted from castle to castle,  
We lifted them up in prayer.

I've mentioned the Sedlon's and Whitaker's,  
But others are interesting, too;  
For example, the Cannon's at passport control,  
With the stamp fee a dollar or two.

The Dennis' looking for cameras and things,  
Mainly Ellen, who flits to and fro;  
The Millar's, who can't stay on this side of the line,  
So the Russ cops their whistles must blow.

Then there's Mary who hood-winks the passport police,  
And gets through without paying the fee;  
But poor Vera must stand by the cold iron gate,  
Till we shake loose the powers that be.

Mrs. Denny and Ann and Geneva, all three,  
Helen Hurst, Sarah Morgan and Lee;  
That's Comegys', 'course, with his sister Louise,  
And Eileen, soul of curiosity.

Our thanks, now, to Wilson and Doris,  
For announcements and tickets and mail;  
Our comments are on your recorder,  
Thanks again, as we hit the home trail.

So, to all of the Balkan Adventure,  
Here in Berlin we now say adieu;  
We feel we're enriched and challenged,  
And we're so glad that we've met you.

The Redigers  
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