

## HINE'S — SIGHT

This yarn, which vitally concerns The Family, the Camp, and The Lake, has to start halfway around the world in about 1890, for then was born unto a Mr. and Mrs. Hines a son, whom they named Roy.

As Roy tells it, his first remembered look at this fair earth was from a sheepherder's tent or camp somewhere in the Great Desert of Australia. It evidently didn't look very fair to him, for he didn't stay there after serving his necessary family apprenticeship, tending sheep.

From whatever motivation, Roy took off as soon as he could make his own way. He evidently did not leave Australia too promptly, for somewhere in his late teens there crops up attendance for an indeterminate stretch at dental school, where he got a smattering, or half a degree, or something, in dentistry.

Somehow, sometime, he found a ship in an Australian port and was on his way. If I know Roy, he wasn't bothered as to where it might be taking him.

The next twenty years or so are a jumble that Roy can tell about but can't possibly unscramble as to what happened when; every telling varies from those before and usually improves.

No use trying to be accurate. But in those decades there is no doubt that he was a dentist, doctor, purser, and steward on various ocean liners on all the oceans of this globe, when afloat. But ships do have to be put into port occasionally, and Roy found plenty to do ashore. Those were the glorious British Empire trading days, and Roy traded anything for anything and usually came out ahead.

During a New York layover, he visited the zoo and found that Dr. Ditmars, the curator, needed a lot of animals he would admire to have as boarder and that most of those he wanted were African, especially snakes, and very especially the very biggest snakes. It so happened that Roy in those years was on the New York-African run, hitting all the East, South, and West African ports, including most of the smallest and least frequently visited. Some sort of deal was cooked up. Within a few years, Roy had improved his economic status considerably, and Dr. Ditmars had to go to wealthy New Yorkers for contributions to enlarge his snake pits.

In this process, Roy fell in love — with those largest snakes! It didn't take him many years to put Dr. Ditmars up to his shoulder blades in boas and pythons, but at the small African ports, black men were happily, patiently, and trustfully waiting for Bwana Hines to return. They were simply loaded with big snakes crawling around their shoulders, expecting Roy to buy them all.

Even Roy can no longer tell just how he got out from under this reptilian avalanche, but he evidently did buy some of the best, or those that fitted into a developing plan. When he next docked in New York, he jumped ship with, I suppose, his beloved snakes twined around him, and headed for the vaudeville booking office. Maybe the booking agent was scared, or

impressed, but Roy and his snakes were hired and toured the circuit for months. His finale was a sensation: he would let his pet python get a firm tail hold of two turns around his left wrist, then let the critter get two or three turns around his neck and go to work in true python-fashion prior to getting a good solid meal. Roy seemed to know just how purple in the face he could safely get, and then, with the audience shrieking that something should be done, he calmly untwisted the tail hold — the brute's anchorage for constricting — whereupon the python had to relax (if disappointed!) and Roy would leave the stage in thunderous applause. "Easiest thing in the world," says Roy.

Whether vaudeville died a natural death just then, or the python squeezed a mite too hard one night, I wouldn't know; but Roy went back to sea.

There was another love affair in Roy's life, which is painful to write about, since he was guilty of deception and desertion.

Dr. Ditmars finally had to be firm with Roy and tell him he had seen enough snakes and that the only other thing he needed just then from Africa was a prime specimen of a young female chimpanzee.

Several months and ports later, Roy had acquired the cutest chimp debutant that ever emerged, blushing and unclothed, from Central Africa. The Captain of the freighter decreed a crate in the hold for "that ape"; Steward Roy decreed something quite different and won out, probably by refusing to feed the Captain for the rest of the trip around the Cape.

Miss Chimp shared Roy's cabin in peace and love for the remainder of the voyage. Roy scrounged some odds and ends of feminine garments of small size. Miss Chimp loved her Mother Hubbard and Widow's Cap and would preen by the hour before the mirror while Roy was busy around ship; then went round and round the deck hand-in-hand with Roy of an afternoon. Without doubt, the loveliest couple ever seen on the round-Africa run.

New York's docks had to loom up eventually, however, and the honeymoon was over. Miss C was destined for Dr. Ditmars' zoological boarding house; Roy attended to customs and ordered a taxi for his inamorata. Roy dressed Miss C in her best, escorted her down the gangway, up the dock, and handed her gallantly into the cab and closed the door.

Miss C looked wonderingly out the window at Roy standing at the curb with tears running down his cheeks; but when the cab started moving and leaving Roy behind, she got the pitch as quickly as has ever any deceived woman. She tore her clothes and the interior of the cab to shreds, cracked the windows with her fists, and screeched to Heaven.

Roy still gets misty-eyed if you mention Miss Chimp.

When you go to sea, you have to come back to shore unless you drown, and so Roy found himself one day in Portland, Maine, looking at a steel furnace near the dock. He must have

been fed up with the water, for a tour of land duty seemed preferable at that moment, so he jumped ship again and got a lumper's job in the steel factory. He was able and tough enough to take it and do well, because before long he was foreman of the furnace.

Again, that didn't suit Roy for the long haul, so he returned to the sea and eventually wound up in Brooklyn. Don't ask me why or how, but he contacted the Hamilton Club, the swankiest in Brooklyn at that time and was hired — not as a snake charmer, but as chef! Pardon me if I haven't told you, but somewhere in those frenetic years Roy had added top-level cooking to his myriad accomplishments. From somewhere in his environment or inheritance, he had also acquired immaculate cleanliness and dressiness, and soon become not chef but steward of the club.

That's where he started to edge into our family orbit.

My Grandfather had a habit of getting around this land of ours pretty actively, and while we might wonder just what Brooklyn had to entice him, he landed in the Hamilton Club one day and was most intrigued with the steward. How it was arranged I wouldn't know, but Grandfather had recently bought a New York newspaper and the building in which it was edited and printed. It had a three-story penthouse, which naturally became Grandfather's New York office and home; and before you could say "Long Island Sound," Roy was installed as Maitre d'Hotel, chef, butler, and Over-All Poobah of the joint.

While I was not about the premises in those days, I've heard tell that Roy alone prepared drinks, cooked and served perfect eight-course dinners for as many as twenty people at one sitting, including one President, several Mayors, lots of Ambassadors, and other V.I.P.s.

Roy was a natural born mussel, attaching himself devotedly to whomever he worked for and with more devotion than good sense.

Since Roy was working for Grandfather and since he was a super-chef, what was more natural than that Roy should build Grandfather super Christmas cakes as the measure of his loyalty? Well, it was all right in the beginning.

Roy's start was modest; that is, if you understand Roy's standards. About September he made a one-pound fruit cake, heavily laced with brandies and liqueurs and had it hermetically sealed in a lead tin. Over and around this he built a perfect replica of Independence Hall made out of cake and confectioner's sugar. It was a thing of beauty. He got it easily out of the penthouse down the freight elevator, across West Street, over the Hudson on the ferry, into a freight car, off the train where Grandfather lived outside of Philadelphia, into a truck and delivered to Grandfather on Christmas Eve. He was panting a bit by then, but everyone was impressed.

Roy stubbed his toe by not being able to leave well enough alone. Year by year his creations grew, until the Impossible Ultimate actually came to pass. About 1931 Roy decided that Grandfather HAD to have a five-pound alcoholically inclined fruit cake, hermetically sealed of

course, in the base of an eight-foot Statue of Liberty made of confectioner's sugar and with a light that flashed in the lamp she was holding. With the help of the electrical staff he did it, with a hidden battery and switch and even a rheostat that made the light burn bright or dim at will.

On December 24<sup>th</sup> his super-colossal creation was ready to take to Philadelphia. Only then did Roy discover that it was far too big to get into the elevator! Never a man to be easily discouraged, Roy instantly hired a firm of riggers. The French doors on the terrace of the penthouse were tall enough to get it through, if you tilted it very carefully, so he had the riggers mount a boom and tackle overhanging the roof of the building and lower the blooming cake down to street level from the 18<sup>th</sup> floor, all swathed in damp cloths so that it looked like the Maid of Lourdes or an upright Egyptian mummy being shipped to its ultimate resting place. The waiting truck took it easily enough, of course, but then there wasn't enough headroom on the ferry, and there would be less on the train.

Roy and his Statue of Liberty cake arrived at Grandfather's about Twelfth Night instead of Christmas, but don't ask me at what cost. Roy has always been a mite reticent on that score himself. Those being the days before there were New York City bridges over the Hudson or tunnels beneath, he trucked that cake all the way up the east side of the Hudson to Albany, crossed over there, down the west side and on to Philadelphia, stopping every so often to sop the shrouds gently to prevent cracking and spoilage.

Grandfather got it, Roy has pictures of it. Roy had fulfilled his self-appointed mission for the year.

May of 1932 was when Grandfather had his heart attack on his yacht in the Hudson River and was taken to Philadelphia. Since I was detailed to the New York Advertising Office at that time, I naturally asked if I couldn't have the penthouse for the summer instead of living in a hotel. I was allowed to along with a college friend, since it was plenty big, and that's where I came to know Roy personally for the first time. He took perfect care of us, from valeting to late parties for two dozen.

Come Labor Day, my college friend and I took a five-day cruise to Bermuda and I returned with the cold to end all colds. Roy looked, listened, and asked if I'd like to get over it, which of course I did. He told me to strip, lay on the bed and wait; I did. He returned quickly, in shorts and tennis shoes, with his hands full of unguents. He then gave me the worst beating I have ever had. This was followed by an enormous tumbler of rum, aspirin, lemon juice, South African quinine, scalding water, and Lord knows what else. I drank it, survived, and reported for work the next morning. I didn't get my strength back for two weeks or get another cold for two years, but it is just as well that Roy isn't in general practice.

Grandfather died in early June '33. Roy didn't want to stay with the remaining management at the newspaper and turned to Mother and me as to the possibility of some sort of job with the family. It so happened that just then we were fed up with the "caretaking" of our camp in Maine at exorbitant costs, poor rented boats, and general miserableness, so while it was a

queer turn to think of a high-powered city club steward and super-cake-chef as the man to run our camp, we offered him the job. He took it instantly, and I don't even remember any discussion about pay.

Before Grandfather was a week in his grave, Roy and I were on our way to Maine. He had agreed to take care of a camp, and I can only guess that he thought it would be somewhat like an Australian shepherd's camp. He went rather limp when he saw ours for the first time and muttered, "I thought you said it was going to be a camp!" Well, Roy could take a lot of sudden upgrading after high-class clubs and penthouses and quickly grew into his new surroundings, which were simple enough, even if a bit spacious.

That long weekend with him was a dilly. I knew Roy well by that time, but I was 28, and while I had been in business (lower echelons, of course!) I had never administered family property before, hired and fired folks, been solely responsible for family affairs, etc. And one three-day weekend to do it all!

The man who had been taking care of camp (or robbing us, for there wasn't much difference!) was a fairly rugged hombre, and in my inexperience I was more than a little scared at the thought of firing him and what he might do about losing a cushy little job like that. I guess I was young and foolish, but I loaded my belt with a couple of .45s, took Roy around the lake in the car to call on the caretaker. Lord knows what he thought of me walking in on him loaded down that way, but after I told him he was through at the camp and that Roy was taking over, he just made some queer gurgling noises in his throat, which I have since come to suspect was stifled laughter. Anyway, he never bothered us, and Roy reigned supreme at camp. Only rather too supreme!

After all proper introductions and a season to get squared away, Mother staked Roy to a trip to Australia to see his Mother and a couple of sisters. Roy returned like a homing pigeon and then REALLY took camp over, in a way we had not bargained for, nor hired him for.

In those days we had a wooden boathouse near the dock. Being innocent of any foundations, it had heaved and tilted considerably from many winters. Roy decided without consultation that such equipment was not worthy of the family descended from his former publisher boss. So he demolished it, which must have been fairly easy, and proceeded to replace it with a fine one that was, to his way of thinking, in keeping. He did, all right, only the hard way.

There was ample reason for the gormy old leaning boathouse we had always had, but Roy was no geologist and didn't realize that the State of Maine is somewhat differently formed in contrast to the sandy plains of Central Australia. The new boathouse of course (in his mind) had to have a cellar to keep it from heaving and leaning; when Roy's pick hit some rock, well, "guess a little dynamite will fix that." A little dynamite didn't fix much, and a lot more dynamite didn't fix much more, for Roy was arguing with one of the stoutest glacial ledges on The Lake for his new boathouse cellar. Roy, once committed, is not an easy man to budge — and bedamn, he

was going to have a cellar under his dream boathouse, or else! He quickly became one of Dupont's best customers that winter.

The camp next to the westward of ours was owned by someone whom I knew only as Old Man Howe. On a clear midwinter day, Mr. Howe got kind of curious as to what all this noise next door was about. So he wandered over the deeply frozen lake out around Sunset Point, into the cove, and climbed a few feet to the edge of a rather large jagged hole he had never seen before. While he had been doing that, Roy had evidently gone through the woods or down the drive to where he had his safely protected plunger and so missed seeing Mr. Howe angling around the lake ice. That day Roy had been taking life rather off-handedly and inserted only two dozen half sticks of dynamite into his drilled holes, instead of a full load. And so it happened that Roy pushed the plunger at a safe distance just when Mr. Howe was teetering on the edge of what he had been wondering about.

He found out quickly enough, but in a strange way. Dynamite never showed its puckish nature more unpredictably than on that day; all 24 half charges blew, taking rock ledge and trees with them, but Mr. Howe, bent over the edge of the hole to see what was cooking, walked away only minus eyebrows plus a ringing in his ears; saying later, "Dangdest things going on at Camp Rabbit."

By that June, Roy had nearly finished the boathouse; the one we have now; the one succeeding generations of The Family will continue to have until about A. D. 2500, as far as the foundations go, at least. It can't possibly heave any more than the mountain can, even if it does have a spring (which is capped and has never been used) in the cellar. It really is an excellent boathouse, except that it is so beautifully finished inside, colored whaling lithographs and all and curtains at the windows, that no one would dream of hauling boats into it and storing them over winter. And outside, it is a very lovely Swiss chalet. Oh well.

When we got there that summer, we found that Roy had carefully saved all the sizable granite rocks resulting from his blasting that didn't arc out into the deep lake water. I estimated there were about 300 of them, clean blown faces, all jagged and sharp. Roy had then dug that many holes around the edge of the driveway turnaround and had set those stones, jagged points up, as a sort of curbing!

It is just as well that Roy wasn't there at that moment. But my wife was, so I went to work more silently than came naturally. Roy had not had time to backfill around the foundations of the new boathouse. What more solid backfill could there be than 300 granite stones? In a couple of hours, the backfill was rather full, free gratis. I left the empty curbstone holes for Roy. A few days later, the holes were filled, the backfill had been tamped down and leveled off with earth, and the matter has never been mentioned since. Nothing much else was mentioned around camp for a few weeks either, but time takes care of those slight differences of opinion.

A smooth, unspoken setback like that would not, of course, deter a man of Roy's caliber. It may have even stimulated him, worse luck! For some unremembered reason, I arrived unannounced

the following February and found that Roy, while receiving pay from, and reporting to, the Lady Admiral, had not considered it necessary to tell her of all his forward dreams, and therefore was well along with one of his more major projects.

Roy evidently considered it infra dig for The Family to put up with a thoroughly practical single runway-and-float from which to swim and to which to tie up the family motorboat. I had more than spots before my eyes when I saw what Roy had built as his preferred alternative. It had been one of our tougher winters, so Roy had built on the thick ice two tremendous iron-bar-reinforced concrete pyramids, which were to be the piers for a dock that would really be worthy of The Family.

The outer one was a good sixteen feet high, and ten feet each way around the base. The inshore one was commensurate but only about twelve feet high. Each had its own, rather complicated three-legged A-frame and block-and-tackle rig over and around it, so that when the ice softened Roy could chop away and carefully lower the monoliths into their proper positions. As moorings, they would have made the Captain of the QUEEN MARY very, very happy.

To my few obvious questions as to such a rig, Roy had no answers, so I told him to go back to dynamiting, only on his pyramids. Roy lost a good deal of face around town over that one, and we were years cleaning out the swimming cove of sharp blasted bits of concrete and reinforcing bars.

Old pictures at Camp show how the front shoreline once was, and The Family loved every rock and indentation thereof, knowing where the wild spearmint would grow and which rock was best to fish from if we wanted a couple of fresh bass cooked in bacon grease and bay leaves for breakfast — almost off the front porch. But not Roy! Possibly bloodied from boathouse, curbstones, and concrete piers, his head was unbowed as ever, and he silently undertook his next winter's project. None of us happened to check in that winter. When we arrived the next June, we found the camp extending a good half acre further out into The Lake than the good Lord had ever made it, with a gigantic retaining wall, new lawn immaculate, young trees planted, and a beaming Roy: surprise, surprise! In a few minutes Roy was surprised, too.

But that was too big a job to go the way of curbstones.

Since we now had a large front lawn at camp, and even at terrific expense could not have put the old shoreline back to what it had been, we surrendered grudgingly and have come to accept it as one of Roy's better unauthorized "improvements." But even then he couldn't leave well enough alone. When he planted hundreds of white violet plants close around the camp building, it was rather sweet, and no harm done; when he broke up the new bare lawn with a few small Norway pines, that was in keeping with the older trees; when he planted some small beds of native bayberry just behind the retaining wall, well it fitted in and gave us some privacy when sunbathing on the new lawn. When he put well-rotted manure all over the lawn, well it was good for the grass and we could still sunbathe on the dock. If the wind was westerly.

But one recent summer he turned up with a pansy complex, floriculturally speaking. Every tree, every bush, every bayberry bed, every junipered rock around camp was garlanded with hundreds of gaily blooming pansy plants. If the granite curbing took two hours of my life, these pansy borders took only minutes from me, and pansies have joined curbstones in the list of Roy's private inhibitions.

Despite Roy's many years on water, I doubt if he ever really loved The Lake. While he lived beside it for nearly twenty years, he nevertheless seemed to keep it spiritually at arm's length, rather than to enjoy it as an intimate friend, as we have. He swam in it daily, even when he had to chop a hole in the ice for a dip; but it was always a dip for health or cleanliness' sake, never for the joy of swimming. He would use any family boat to run picnickers off Land's End across the lake or put the floats away in the fall or bring them back in the spring. He would use The Lake when frozen to go across in a truck to cut and haul fallen trees or fireplace wood, and once put his truck through the ice alongside Dunton's Rock with such a narrow escape that it almost became known as Dunton-Hines Rock. But I never heard of him taking any family boat (though he had full permission to, had the keys, etc.) for a row or a cruise in the sunset, or go fishing through the ice for a nice mess of pickerel.

He would enjoy Mother Sandpiper with her brood in the back cove for hours, and spend equal hours telling us how she ran her family affairs; he would watch loons and wild ducks swimming near the shore, sneak through the underbrush to follow them, keep tabs on the number of chicks, and mourn when some out-of-season hunger came along with you-know-what results. But enjoy The Lake as a pulsating friend or mistress? Not Roy!

Above and beyond his peculiarities and unauthorized innovations, he was the best caretaker the camp ever had: devoted, clean to a fault, and the hardest working man from hereabouts to thereabouts. The Lady Admiral was not the best Commanding Officer for Roy that could be imagined, and his loosely-reined stewardship was certainly on the expensive side. But the Lady Admiral didn't have to pinch pennies most of the time, didn't care to, and the results were mostly quite satisfactory.

It just could be that Roy finally became convinced that maybe The Family didn't want any more improvements at the camp, unless he happily ran out of ideas. What follows has little to do with The Lake, but Roy branched out on his own and bought a considerable piece of land at Molyneaux's Corners. He built a barn on it, big enough to suit any sensible person. He bought sheep. He bought and planted an apple orchard. He filled in swamp land for parking spaces where no one wanted to park. He built massive fences around land which was not of the slightest interest to man or beast, either of ingress or egress.

THEN he built his Eternal Monument! Don't disbelieve me, please, for I am only trying to do an accurate reporting job. Roy built, almost single-handedly, what Mother called the biggest structure west of the Vatican. That remark is outdated, by now, for the Pentagon has since been built.

Oversimplifying the matter, all Roy did was to build a four-story with six-foot-thick foundation walls, BARN!! Not one else would call it a barn, but he did!

Did Roy have a plan for the barn? Yes, in his Hinesian head, it was to house 50 cows. Did the family and Roy have 50 cows? No. Did they have one cow between them? No. Did they have pasturage for 50 cows? No. Did they have pasturage for one cow? Maybe just enough if she wasn't too hungry. Did he build a silo to winter-feed 50 cows? No. Did The Family want 50 cows and could it drink that much milk? No! Did The Family want to go into the dairy business? Roy, I can only guess, had better sense than to ask that question.

There has never been a cow in that 50-cow barn yet.

There came a time when Roy acquired two horses; did he put two horses where 50 cows would have been happy? Dear me, if you knew Roy you wouldn't even ask. Another building went up out back, a multi-room horse apartment, with all the trimmings including an equine obstetrical ward, just in case. Said room is still innocent of its first blessed event since both of Roy's horses were evidently of the same sex, whichever that was. Whenever they kicked their stalls out, it was strictly not from love.

During World War II, the local shipyard rented the barn to store material; too far away for convenience, but there just wasn't any other place. Before and since then, it has been empty as far as I know.

One fine day, Roy told Mother that he had willed land, barns, horses, sheep, orchards, fence, parking lots and all the rest of it to her! Whatever Mother felt, her tax lawyer felt far, far worse; for in all innocence and/or muddle-headedness, Roy had completely fouled up his money with Mother's, title papers were cock-eyed or non-existent, receipts lost, etc. It took the lawyer two full years to straighten that one out in Mother's protection.

Roy's farm provided one dramatic episode for us, and more so for Roy. He had that pair of large horses then, ugly brutes he had been warned against buying, but which he seemed to love like kittens.

One morning at camp I happened to prowl down to the kitchen around 6:30 and found Roy there, on his feet, but in hard shape. It seems he had risen an hour or more earlier, gone to his farm a half mile away, hitched the two horses to his wagon, and headed out on some errand. The gate was not too wide, and a stout post on each side guarded a rather narrow culvert. Either the horses didn't behave, or Roy didn't control them just right, but one of the wagon's wheels caught a post, and the sudden jar threw Roy forward off the wagon under the horses' hooves. He doesn't remember well just what happened in the next few seconds, but he was obviously stamped on by the horses, run over by the wagon's wheel or wheels, dragged and scraped on the black-topped road for some distance. He somehow got the horses under

control, put them in their stalls, drove his car back to camp, and was washing up, or trying to, in the kitchen when I came down, using what I thought was laundry bluing in warm water!

I never saw such a mess, and I think a professional medico would have been rather dismayed. Roy was raw or bloody all over. From groin to neck, he had about eight nice swellings about the size of my fist and getting bigger by the minute — a number of cuts, and at least a quarter of the skin of his body scraped off, with tar and gravel and manure and everything else you find on a road ground into his raw flesh; and there he was, trying to clean himself up with laundry bluing! (It was gentian.)

I did a quick take out the window to gather my wits, not even having had my morning coffee, and told him to forget that monkey business and that I was taking him to the hospital immediately. Shock must have been setting in by then, for he agreed rather meekly, except that he insisted on going up to his room to put on clean clothes!

I didn't bother about speed laws on that trip, and when we entered the hospital the nurse asked us which was the patient! Roy had the cleaner linen, and I guess I was the paler in the face.

The doctor came pronto, and I saw Roy stripped and laid out on the operating table. I didn't want to hang around, wasn't needed, so I left. Roy was under anesthetics for two hours and forty minutes; it took the doctor that long to remove gravel and manure from his hide. X-rays showed no bones broken, though no one knows why not. He ran a fever of 104 to 105 for about ten days, was in the hospital for a month, but walked away from it.

Naturally, he was never quite as rugged after that, and when he admitted to being 60, Mother pensioned him. But with Roy, could anything be that simple? Of course not, for there was Babe, Roy's third love. As Roy pulled up stakes at camp, 17-year-old, 24-clawed, owl-scarred and cauliflowered-ear Babe presented Roy with her latest litter of five kittens, purring proudly. Roy scratched her mangled ears tenderly, murmured something to her, and drove out the drive, knowing that Babe would prefer her old home under the camp, and her new babies.

But he had also left a dish of canned salmon, and a large saucer of milk, out behind the back door, for Babe and hers.

#### ADDENDUM--- SEVERAL YEARS LATER

Roy could never take pension seriously; he had to keep working for himself or someone else, if not for the family. And so it came to pass on a snowy January 15<sup>th</sup>, while plowing out a local road, he fell off his tractor into one ditch, and his tractor avoided his body and churned into the other ditch. A passerby soon picked him and took him to the hospital, where he died the following morning of a massive cerebral hemorrhage. His ashes now lie in a hilltop cemetery

overlooking the Camden Hills he so lovingly adopted, so different from the Great Desert of Australia from whence he came.

— as written by Cary W. Bok — date unknown — most likely the main portion was written in the early 1950's