

This version is formatted as it appeared in a typed version from 5 May 1961.
The Centennial version (1996) had added punctuation and made the 3 changes below:

Contributed by Edward L. Rand (March 1900)

Orchard Beach [Maine]

Fernald, *Rhodora* II. 39. (1900).

Also note: Walter Deane was an NEBC Founding Member (1848-1930)

March 1900

Me Judice

"Mr. Walter Deane informs me that in his youth he was familiar with old Orchard Beach, and that at that time this *Artemisia* (*A. Stelleriana*) was not seen."

Fernald, *Rhodora* II. 39.

In the youth of Walter Deane, in those glorious ancient days,
Foreign plants had not crept in with insinuating ways.
Every plant was then our own, from each rootlet tip so small
And the old world floral tramps did not cut a dash at all; --
 All our plants were indigene
 In the youth of Walter Deane.

In the youth of Walter Deane, gardens were not hard to weed;
Our plants were too polite to promiscuously seed,
And profanity produce. Foreign weeds grew only then
In ash barrels far remote, -- rarities were they to men.
 Shepherd's-purse grew not, I ween,
 In the youth of Walter Deane.

Little Walter on the wharves used to sit from day to day,
Waiting for the ships to bring plants from lands so far away,
Dandelions, buttercups, white weed, chickweed, -- all were new, --
With a thousand other things, well known plants to me and you.
 These, remember, were first seen
 Since the youth of Walter Deane.

Long ago those days have fled. Walter to a man has grown
All the floras of the world now contribute to our own.
Yet confusion can't arise, all comers one by one
Have been noted by our friend since their inroad first begun;
 So we know what's indigene
 From the words of Walter Deane.

Attributed to Edw. L. Rand