



Ned V. Jaquith
1939 - 2012

Letter From American Bamboo Society President,
James Clever

To have met Ned is like looking at the outside of the Smithsonian. It is a big place, looks good from the outside, and has the appeal to want to know more about what you can find inside. To know Ned, for almost 30 years, is like going inside the Smithsonian and getting lost. So much to see and learn and never seeing the end, and not ever wanting to leave, because it is all so interesting and fun.

For one to know Ned, is to barely come close to understanding a complex individual, who has given deeply of himself to the world of bamboo. The fact that he has done this within the bamboo society and the world community of bamboo about as selflessly as a human could do, is the saving grace we all hope to aspire to. We, as the American Bamboo Society, are blessed to have had Ned Jaquith as a contributing, positive influence in our group.

My earliest memory of actually talking with Ned one on one, was having this smiling man sit next to me after first asking me if the seat was free before a slide show presentation by James Waddick back in the mid 80's; always the polite person. His giving personality of being able to answer questions to a novice was what first opened my eyes to this special man, and what were we for the most part when we first entered into the bamboo society but novices that were eager to learn and hoping we would find that friendly face and an encouraging influence? That has been Ned from the beginning.

Ned has an uncanny ability to rally people together. His contributions to the society has been both at the chapter level (PNW), the national (ABS) and as an unofficial ambassador to bamboo friends abroad.

Ned Jaquith was born in Kingman, AZ in 1939 to Nina Rose and Odhus, who worked in the nearby desert gold mines. As a small child, he followed his maternal Granddad around the garden. During World War II, his parents had a large garden and sold small amounts of produce to

a nearby grocery store. Ned was always in the garden helping, despite being only five years old. As a teenager, he had his own vegetable garden. From the age of six until leaving for college, they lived in the small town of Winterhaven, California, one half mile from AZ and four miles from Baja California, Mexico. Due to movies featuring Tarzan and Jungle Jim, and frequent trips to the San Diego Zoo, he developed a fondness for the tropical look of bamboo.

In 1976 Ned moved to Portland, bringing a start of *Bambusa oldhamii* with him, not realizing that it was not a species hardy for the Northwest. It perished, as did his next bamboo, a *Phyllostachys vivax* (Chinese Timber) which was given to him by a friend (it flowered shortly after it was planted). In 1980, Ned went to a plant sale in Pasadena, CA, hosted by the friends of the Huntington Garden. There, he bought starts of 12 different bamboos, and joined the newly formed American Bamboo Society.

At first, the ABS meetings were all in California, so Ned was usually the farthest traveled of the attendees. In 1983 Ned helped found the Pacific Northwest Chapter of the ABS, with Daphne Lewis.

In 1984 he was elected to the board of Directors of the ABS and attended his first overseas bamboo meeting in Puerto Rico. Through the years following, he has published a few issues of the PNW chapter newsletter and has written articles for both the national and local publication. He served as vice president of the PNW in 91-92, President of the PNW in 97-98, and again president of PNW in 1999 to 2001. In 2003 he was awarded an honorary lifetime membership to the ABS.

Ned was an outspoken voice in the early years of the ABS. Later, he was more behind the scenes and out of the limelight, but always in the middle of the fight or a good joke. Ned was the



person you would want to follow into the bamboo grove, because you would always find the most interesting place, facts and details about bamboo only a person that had knowledge beyond all the bamboo books most have on their shelves could provide.

Ned started the nursery, Bamboo Garden, at his home in 1983, and moved to Milwauke, OR in 1984. Nearly 300 different species of bamboo were collected at that site, when finally it had outgrown the small lot, it was time to move to the present 20 acre location in North Plains. Ned had the ability to propagate and grow bamboo so successfully, that Bamboo Garden amassed the largest collection of rare temperate bamboo in the country. If a rare species became available, Ned seemed to get a start, and then, in turn, he donated the resulting start to the chapter and national auctions. So, it is no surprise that as he contributed more of these rare plants to every one of the PNW and ABS auctions and plant sales over many years, that the PNW alone can look at this as being the largest private funding ever donated by one person.

A true worth to an organization, such as the American Bamboo Society, is the selfless con-

tribution and generosity in sharing one's experience and knowledge. Ned was self-less, a trait few people possess. We are very thankful to have had Ned as a close friend and mentor for so many years. His passing is a great loss to our community, but his knowledge and generosity will live on.

James Clever,
ABS President

**Susanne,
Another meeting at Mayaguez. Sounds great. Met so many interesting people there last time, (nearly 30 years ago) Dr Soderstrom, Yves and Muriel, Dieter, and of course Wolfgang. One highlight was the trip into the mountains to see the grove of Arundinaria/Pseudosasa amabilis where Roger Stover got lost and spent the night in a hole in the ground with a broken leg. I traveled with Richard and Dorothy Haubrich. It was my first time leaving the US mainland. Truly the trip of a lifetime, and the beginning of my bamboo travels. I'd love to go again.**

Ned

(Written by Ned to Susanne Lucas, via email April, 2012. note: Ned always typed bold, Comic Sans font)

TO ALL OUR COLLEAGUES IN THE A.B.S.

It is with great sadness that we hear of the death of Ned Jaquith. He was a frequent visitor to bamboo events this side of the Atlantic where his great knowledge and experience was an important part of these occasions, as was his cheerful personality and great sense of humour. On behalf of all the members of EBS Great Britain we send our condolences and he will be sadly missed by all who knew him. Our events will be the poorer for his absence.

I first contacted Ned about 20 years ago in an effort to find a kindred spirit in the U.S.A. so as to further my interest and knowledge of bamboo flowering. I was so lucky to find Ned for I soon realized that we had so much more in common as well. We first met in 1996 after The Linnaean Symposium in London when we spent several days together visiting the bamboos of south west England. We very quickly became very



good and close friends and we have met and corresponded regularly ever since. He will leave a great hole in my life. I have learned so much from him and his warm and very generous personality was very, very, special. We have sadly lost one of the world's most knowledgeable bamboo enthusiasts and I consider that I was so lucky to have known him.

Mike Bell
UK

Dear Anna, dear Noah, dear all of you,

Through Susanne we've heard that our friend Ned has passed away. The first time I met Ned was in Boston in 1994, where the ABS was about to set the laws for bamboo loving America. Harvard and the Arnold, Bloody Pond of course, Chris de Rosa's place and Robert Lester's paradise along the Delaware river. And everywhere, Ned, Ned and Ned.

Later, when now and then he was even heading more east of his beloved Eden and crossed the Atlantic several times, we have met again in Cornwall, Kew and many other places where his beloved plants could grow. We had the privilege of having him in our house for more than one memorable week.

About 4 years ago, I won't forget, we've met in New Jersey, during a short escape from New York City for me and my brother Fred: our beloved American sister Mary was about to die.

Ned gave us a warm welcome and a bed to sleep. This year, on his way to the WBO meeting in Belgium, he took the trouble to drive all the way north before setting out for Antwerp. We have enjoyed each moment with him; having known the American bamboo legend makes me more than proud.

His jokes are famous here in Holland and his name giving skills, executed on *Phyllostachys atrovaginata* causes naughty smiles on many faces. The last thing he did for us was sending two spades, very-well-made-in-the-United-States-of-America. Thanks all of you for sending Ned to Ned-erland, we will keep digging until we reach yonder side. Our thoughts are with you and we wish you all the strength for the time to come.

Charley Younge

Dear Noah and all at Bamboo Garden
Dear Susanne and Dear bamboo friends

At this moment I try to find words to share with you about our so wonderful friend Ned. Through

Susanne I met him at one of those Bamboo meetings and immediately there was a touch of very exceptional humanity and then came his so typical jokes, or remarks what made him so special. We met several times later on bamboo congresses and tours on several locations worldwide and always he was THE Bamboo specialist and promoter. Especially to young people he could bring over his passion on his beloved bamboo plant. And he was always willing to help whoever he could.

I can write long stories about the times we were together, what I won't do now, but when the memories come, and believe me in the past years the weeks I didn't think about him were not existing, always a smile was appearing on my face.

My dear, dear Ned, Yes we will miss you terribly... but nothing as nice memories, whereof many of them make me smile, will be my memory of you.

Jan Oprins, a friend from Belgium

Ned Jaquith, A Flowering Bamboo

I'm squeezed into a small seat, sized appropriately for a child, on board United Airlines flight from Portland to San Francisco to Austin, TX to attend the annual bamboo conference. My dear friend, mentor, and employer, Ned Jaquith passed away yesterday, having finally succumbed to leukemia at the age of 73. I have three hours air time ahead of me and am traveling solo today, so rather than sit here alone with my thoughts and grief, I will hammer them out on this notebook. Ned's last words to me, on his death bed were, "Go to the bamboo festival."

I want to share a few ideas about what I think made Ned special and ignited his passion for bamboo,



ability to share, and light that same spark for others who were around him. He was certainly one of the great bamboo growers, collectors, and promoters of our time: a true bambusero.

We all have different ways of finding beauty and intrigue in the world that surrounds us. Whether it be vibrating harmonic strings on an instrument, hiking to high altitudes where the oxygen is thin, hot-gluing tinfoil to a large piece of canvas, or running until completely exhausted, I think the ultimate goal is the same for everyone. Ned found that connection to the natural world through bamboo, followed it about as far as anyone could possibly go, while making a lot of friends along the way. I admire Ned a great deal for being able to find so much joy and maintain a level of almost child-like curiosity and wonder within the field of bamboo for so long. Bamboo is not exceedingly difficult to propagate and grow; almost anyone can dig a plant, put it in a pot, and water it. But few people have the fortitude to commit to something fully, take huge risks, and follow through for nearly 30 years; building

a remarkable collection of over 300 different types of bamboo and founding a business, Bamboo Garden, which reflects his passion. Making a decent living doing what you love is certainly a tremendous accomplishment and something that we all aspire to do.

He also devoted much of his time and energy to the ABS, and was eventually given an honorary lifetime membership (though he still wanted to pay membership dues, to get an extra magazine sent to the nursery). It was bamboo that brought him to the ABS but the life long friendships that were made there soon took priority. Even though he would rarely say it outright or directly, I know Ned was proud of what he accomplished and found great joy (though not without great stress) in doing it. Of course without the understanding, support, and patience from his wife, Nancy, I doubt Ned and the nursery could have achieved what they did. Ned would sometimes say “One of the best things about Bamboo Garden are the people I get to work with...” or “You can't succeed alone.” Ned did not usually spout direct advice or anecdotes, so when they did come out, tended to be significant. Sometimes he would joke “I have a memory like a steel elephant.”

In Ned's final year he did extensive work with bamboo seeds. In 2011 we recorded 11 different types of bamboo in either gregarious or sporadic flowering phases. This is pretty remarkable, considering most years we only have a couple types in flower within the Bamboo Garden collection. In addition to collecting, winnowing, and sowing thousands of bamboo seeds, Ned also sent thousands more to friends and fellow bamboo enthusiasts. Sharing and generosity were high on Ned's list of values, almost as high as his irreverent and witty sense of humor. Unfortunately Ned did not live to see the outcome of his most recent bamboo contributions. All the new seedlings, with subtle genetic diversity, will hopefully produce some interesting new cultivars that will be admired, named, and recorded into the ever expanding horticultural database of plant names.

One of Ned's most significant and largest bamboo seedlings is the *P. edulis* Moso grove in front of the office. Now over 25 years old, and producing 3” to 4” diameter canes, Ned has long referred to it as his favorite bamboo. We have recently given it the cultivar name: *P. edulis* 'Jaquith', in honor of Ned. It was Ned who suggested we name *P. bambusoides* 'Richard Haubrich' after the founder of the American Bamboo Society, as well as Bamboo Garden original seedling, *P. aurea* 'Dr Don', after the late bamboo collector, Dr. Don Eminiser.

P. edulis 'Jaquith' has unique variegated



branches, baring yellow pin striping, and the occasional random striped culm. This is only evident upon close inspection. Primarily it is a strong and sturdy, green culmed Moso, well adapted to the Pacific North West. It has a gorgeous feather-like plume of green foliage, which has a multi layered effect from row upon row of leaves draped from each branch. Culm sheaths on news shoots are burgundy with bold, black ink splotches, thousands of fine reddish hairs, and wavy sheath blades with large auricles. It has remarkable strength in the snow; our Timber Bamboo most tolerant of a heavy snow load.

In addition to his bamboo, Ned sure loved his dogs, Rex, Oggie, and still with us today, Foxie. One could tell Ned was coming down the hill to the nursery by the distant rumble of a golf cart, soon muffled by a barking entourage of dogs. You could hear Ned coming from a mile away. They always rode in the front seat of his truck, sometime guests would have to ride in the back.

I remember a few years ago when Ned dug his *P. edulis* 'Bicolor' from his yard in Portland. I was excited because we had a list of several customers who were salivating over this rare bamboo, and we could finally offer it for sale. I asked Ned how much he wanted to sell the divisions for. He said bluntly "they are either five hundred each or they are free". I was left to ponder the meaning of this for a month or so, until Ned gave all the divisions away to close friends and planted the last one back at the nursery. Sorry folks, we will have to wait a few more years. That was Ned, almost generous to a fault and yet I know that he was right; his gesture of good will was worth more than making a couple of large plant sales. Ned had an intuitive understanding of this. I don't think he ever really considered it a business strategy; it was just his own genuine style. People and friends were just more important than money.

As much as Ned will be remembered for his nursery prowess, and wide influence in the bamboo world, those who got to know him will remember him best for who he was as a person. I feel blessed to have been able to share a portion of my life with Ned. On a professional level: working with Ned for 14 years, and on a personal level: he held my daughter in our living room when she was barely two days old. He taught me so much about bamboo, business, and life; often not directly or on purpose, but always with a sense of humor and his unique personality. I will cherish the years we spent working together to build Bamboo Garden in its present location, which is directly linked to the growth of bamboo and collaboration of people.



Ned was good at bringing people together. I am glad he got to experience his dream: Bamboo Garden growing into a unique and successful bamboo nursery. It is a long and complex process, sometimes with uncertain outcome, often a wild ride, but always gratifying in the end. Sometimes I think of Bamboo Garden as a living organism, much like a mature bamboo grove, with hundreds of canes connected by an intricate rhizome system. Like Ned, the people working together at Bamboo Garden really make it unique and dynamic. It certainly takes a group effort to keep everything in motion. (21 people, currently)

Ned was ultimately a deeply caring and understanding person. He was "Uncle Ned" to everyone in the ABS and beyond. He could perfectly fit the persona of "eccentric nursery owner" and at the same time be friendly, funny, and outspoken. Ned has provided bamboo plants, knowledge, and inspiration to an astounding number of people over many, many years. For this reason I believe he deserves to be recognized among the great bamboo pioneers, such as Frank Meyer, Richard Haubrich, E.A. McIlhenny, Floyd McClure, Gerald Bol, and many others before them. Ned's special gift was bringing people together and making bamboo available to the average gardener; he made it interesting, accessible, even profitable, and above all he was generous with his knowledge to grow it successfully. This knowledge, and his legacy will

continue to thrive long after he has passed.

This all is not to say that Ned was a saint. He had good and bad days just like anyone. He was human and humble, with the appropriate amount of piss and vinegar, and his famous sarcastic sense of humor. I think this is what made him accessible and easy to connect with, and was an important aspect of his success in business and life. Ned didn't take himself too seriously. There is a big empty chair at his desk and we sure miss his funny "Ned stories" that ward off the cold, wet Oregon winters. We will continue to carry on the nursery as I am sure he wished. This collection of memories of Ned and his contributions to bamboo horticulture are the least we can do to honor one of our greatest bamboo growers, and above all a terrific friend and mentor.

Noah Bell, Bamboo Garden

(I would also like to give a big thank you to all who have contributed their thoughts and stories to this booklet. Assembling it has helped me cope with our loss.)

Hello Noah, Nancy and all,

When I was just out of landscape architecture school in about 1982, I joined the American Bamboo Society. I saw an ad in the back of a magazine and sent about \$15. Richard Haubrich was president and lived in southern California. Membership was at least the three founding fathers, Richard Haubrich, Gilbert Voss and a third person. I had never joined a group before. Some how the idea came to start a chapter. Richard agreed that we could form the first chapter. The chair-

man of the botany department at University of Washington was supportive of the idea. One of his graduate students helped organize the event which was held in a room on campus in Seattle, Washington. A number of plant people associated with the University came to the start-up meeting. They were used to societies forming around plants. The most important attendee was Ned Jaquith. Ned and his partner Rick Valley drove four hours from Portland to come to this meeting. We formed the chapter. I became first president. The next year someone else was president and I was secretary. The secretary had to imagine events to put in the Newsletter.

In 1986 I founded Bamboo Brokerage, the first retail bamboo nursery in Washington State. I figured my friends like Ned would grow the bamboo and I would broker their bamboo. I would open a retail outlet open seven days a week and sell to the public. My business research was "If I like bamboo, other people must also". Actually my research was to ask nursery people, "Do you think I can sell bamboo?" The nursery men said "No one would buy bamboo." That ended the market phase of my research. My mission was to make bamboo available to the public. Ned put me in touch with Verl Holden of Holden Wholesale Growers in Silverton, Oregon. I lived in the downstairs of a rented two story house on Capital Hill in Seattle. I had just divorced; had no job. Verl gave me 90 days to pay him. Verl delivered to Seattle enough bamboo in 5 gallon pots to fill my backyard (small, in the city). Verl drove up; helped me carry the pots into the back yard and lined them out. I covered the pots with sawdust and had an instant nursery. In 30 days I had sold enough bamboo plants to pay Verl and I still had lots of plants left.

Within a few months I moved the nursery to a town north of Seattle and within another year moved to Redmond, Washington. When I needed more plants, I drove to Ned's nursery in Milwaukie, a neighborhood of Portland, OR. Rick Valley and Ned had parted ways. I never heard Ned say anything unkind about Rick. Ned and I would choose plants; he gave me credit; we loaded the plants on my tiny truck. We invented the method of nursery shade cloth to make the classic rooster tail out the back. Then we would have lunch and talk. Ned shared so much and was very supportive of me and my effort to introduce bamboo to the nursery industry in Washington State. I proudly drove the three hours back to Redmond with my rooster tail of bamboo hanging out the back and Ned's red flagging making it legal.



When I lost my nursery in May of 1995, I decided that losing my nursery to my business partner (in spite of it being wrenching and humiliating) was a good thing. I had proved that the public would buy bamboo and that bamboo was a valid plant for the nursery industry. Mission accomplished.

So I took on a new mission. I was going to add bamboo to American Agriculture. I wrote "Bamboo Farming" with Dr. Carol Miles. (It took ten years.) Ned was one of the reviewers who edited it for accuracy. I supported the bamboo research at Washington State University at Puyallup both morally and with work parties. Ned drove up from Portland to the first work party. He brought a few bambuseros with him. We worked hard to thin the 28 plots, but didn't get to them all. There were 4 rows with 7 varieties planted. When the first shoot harvest occurred the next spring, there was no difference in yield among the thinned and not thinned. I concluded that in a developing bamboo plantation, all the leaves get light and are working on new growth. Thinning did not seem to increase yield.

At one of my PNW chapter meetings, I made a presentation about bamboo farming. Ned told me that he had doubted my idea of bamboo as a farm crop but now he thought it worthy. I can't remember when he told me that.

We had the ABS annual meeting in October, 2009 in Tacoma. Ned was on the committee along with me, James Clever, Ian Connor, and Bill Hollenback. It was so much fun for me to work with these fine bambuseros! Another great contributor was Ned's wife, Nancy Oberschmidt. Nancy managed every aspect of having the right food in the right amount at the right location and at the right price. What a relief to the committee to have a professional nutritionist. I wanted the conference to focus on the farming/save the world aspect of bamboo. Ned supported that theme and we had great speakers. Our tee shirt had huge letters on the back: BAMBOO - GREEN - SUSTAINABLE. The fabric was bamboo derived and the color was green.

In summary, Ned was very dear to me; very supportive of my efforts first to build a chapter, to build a nursery, and to research bamboo as a farm crop. He was very active and supportive of the Pacific Northwest Chapter of the ABS. He was president more than once - unlike me who was president only the first year.

When I first knew Ned he still was working for the railroad and working the nursery part time. He and Rick Valley were the only workers. A mile stone occurred when Nancy allowed him to quit working for

the railroad and to work the nursery full time. When Nancy retired, the nursery was able to live on its own. In time they bought acreage in North Plains, stopped renting the lot in Milwaukee and moved the nursery to North Plains. What a dream come true!

Yours in bamboo,
Daphne Lewis, Bamboophile
www.bamboofarmingusa.com
Perry, GA USA



I first met Ned back in 1987 at a Pacific NW chapter meeting in Seattle. I was much impressed with his knowledge of bamboo, but more so by his simple kindness in helping anyone who wanted to learn the mysteries of bamboo. He gave me a small start of *P. vivax* which in the intervening years has reach in excess of 40 feet. If there is an afterlife, I can see Ned and Dr. Don planting a few starts of 'boo.

Rest in peace and may your bamboo keep shooting. Say hi to Don Emehiser when you see him.

Phil Davidson (Jade Mountain Bamboo)

Thank you so much for doing this. Ned will be sorely missed, in so many ways, by so many people. I remember going to a plant show with Ned - he was giving me a ride, as I was not driving at the time (I didn't learn to drive until my late 20's, so this must have been in the mid '80's). He had insisted that I go. As we wended our way up I-5 in bumper to bumper, stop and go traffic, Ned neglected to immediately follow the car in front, but let the space between vehicles widen. I think he did this a few times, and the semi-truck behind us was feeling impatient. A very loud honking of semi-truck horn startled us both. Ned

turned off his truck, in the middle of the freeway (average speed must have been about 4 mph), got out, and walked back to the semi driver's door. He calmly called up to the driver, and asked if there was a problem. The semi-driver was terrified of Ned's entirely calm demeanor, and cried out that no, no, he had accidentally hit the horn, and there was no problem, no problem at all! Ned came back, started up the truck, and we continued to the show. I've no idea what show it was, but I'll never forget his quiet amusement.

Magi Treece

Hello dear friends in Bamboo,

Yes indeed, Ned was a unique personality. If there is ever a life after death, you can be sure that I will look for him up there. I will approach him and say: Ned, you quit, just like so, remember, you owe me a drink? Indeed he had promised one, that was the price for the technical details about our roll off rhizome barrier contraption. Oh yes, I remember, your right, common over, lets go to the bar.

It could have been at the Mayaguez (Puerto Rico) Meeting, 1985, that we met for the first time. Could that be, Susanne? That is a long time ago. We immediately got along very well one with each other. I called him Ned -one finger missing- after he had told me about his life as a brakeman. All alone in the last wagon of a long freight train, he apparently must have decided that he would not spend the rest of his days out there in the last wagon.

Ned was full of enthusiasm, full of passion for the tree grasses and always eager to learn more. Despite his vast knowledge and experience, Ned was not loud nor showing off towards others, on the contrary .

Looking back on the heyday Bamboo Rush (gold rush) days, we all agree that bamboo is a wonderful grass, it bends but it rarely brakes, it you name it. But its best property is much above that, it has a higher, an almost divine dimension. Oh no, when we were chasing to add another *Phyllostachys* to our collection, we had no eye to see that. Bamboo has fulfilled his mission, it has brought people together, people of all nations , of all religions, different skin colors, people with that one common interest, the love for plants.

Bamboo consequently was the nucleus around which many long lasting friendships have formed. If it wouldn't have been for bamboo, I would not have met Ned. Ned contributed his part to make friendships happen and last over decades.

I remember once having visited his old green-

houses in town and a couple of years later his new place out on the river bend, where sometimes bears came to visit. It might not be so obvious to everybody but that's for sure, Ned could never have done all this without the support and the understanding of Nancy. That is not self speaking. Not all men are so lucky. If Nancy would have given Ned a hard time, he would not have achieved what he did. Thank You, Nancy.

He one time came to Italy and attended a little Bamboo Meeting. For lunch we went up in the mountains behind "Val Fontana Buona" and had a simple meal. So whenever and wherever I met Ned afterwards he would say, "That was the best Pasta in my life".

Ned was a crazy man, one day he auctioned a tiny little piece of *P. vivax* 'Aureocaulis' at an ABS meeting, cheap it was not-- good thing Nancy was not with him that day. Yet, that is how *vivax aureocaulis* had his start in the US. Only a handful of bamboo people knew how the plantlet made it over. Anyhow, Ned introduced it to the United States.

With Ned - one finger missing- the Bamboo World is missing a wonderful person.

Mit freundlichen Grüßen aus Baden-Baden

Kind regards

Meilleures salutations

Tanti saluti

С дружеским приветом

Wolfgang Eberts





Hi Noah,

I'm really sorry to hear about Ned's passing. His demeanour always managed to put a smile on my face each time I visited him over the many years since we first met. I have always admired him for what he was able to accomplish through his love of Bamboo. He was my BAMBOO HERO and will be greatly missed. I'm sure you have your work cut out for you now without Ned by your side. I wish you all the best without this Great Man.

Allan Mayo

Canada's Bamboo World

Ned was a unique friend. He was one who was easy to get along with, easy to telephone, easy to run into, easy to hang out with. We rarely argued, and if we did, it was over something like, I was driving too fast or where to find the best hamburger. I met him in 1989, I think, or 1990. He was friendly and welcoming. I knew quickly, instinctively, I had found a true friend. We talked on the phone often. He was a great connector, staying in touch and telling stories about what he was up to. Some times a call was to tell me he found a bamboo in flower, or his seeds germinated, or he saw a woodpecker at the farm, or a mutual friend just visited. His nursery business brought him constant

joy, introducing him to new people and new plants. Although he is world-known for his bamboo knowledge, he first immersed himself in the world of bromeliads, and also loved hummingbirds. His employees were more than just people whom he paid to work. Many became something like family members, as he trusted them, respected them, and appreciated the commitment and relationship they shared. He felt the same way about dogs, like I do.

Ned created what I feel is the most impressive bamboo display garden in the United States, and he created what I feel is the best bamboo nursery in the U.S. Not measured by sales volume or acres, but by shared passion, heart-felt customer service, and dedication to the immense merits of bamboo.

My fondest memories of Ned will forever be his kind heart, his curiosity for all things, his acceptance of most things, and his ability to make me smile from thousands of miles away. He had a great smile. Our travels to ABS meetings, and across the Atlantic to EBS meetings are some of the very best times of my life. We toured places like the National Arboretum in D.C., Kew in London, Carwinion in Cornwall, Strybing in San Francisco, the Giant Redwoods, New Orleans, Fairchild Gardens in Coral Gables, Costa Rica, the McIlhenny's bamboo on Avery Island, the Museum of Glass in Tacoma, the Palmengarten in Frankfurt, Eberts Baumschule in Carasco, lots of other places in between, and all over his home-town of Portland, Oregon. His wife Nancy and I became dear friends, too, either when she joined Ned on a trip or two, or when I stayed at their home during the Far West Nursery Show every August. Ned and Nancy had a wonderful marriage, living in a wonderful historic home, shared with several lucky dogs (Rex, Oggie, and Foxy) and more recently with a calico cat named Picante.

Bamboo was our connection. Ned lives forever in the moso grove of my heart.

~ Susanne Lucas
World Bamboo Organization



Dear Nancy and all of Ned's friends,

I was so sorry to read Ned's obit in the paper several weeks ago. And I was especially gladdened to see Kym Pokorny's piece on him in the H & G.

After the '96 storm my sweetheart Sarah discovered Ned and his nursery. We had seen, below the Washington Park Rose Garden, on Kingston St., Jack Butler's beautiful property through his grillwork fence: Timber bamboo with Ginger as the groundcover, a symbolic marriage.

So Sarah found Ned and bought 7 Timber bamboo rhizomes. I remember the following month I got my credit card in the mail. I looked at it and became upset, "\$125.00 for a Chinese dinner!?" I had forgotten the name of Ned's nursery and erroneously thought we spent that eating out.

In subsequent months, and years, I'd phone Ned and ask him cultural questions about planting, and taking good care of the bamboo. We now have the bamboo all along the property line. It has thrived. People admire it. I have Ned to thank. He was a wonderful man. I was lucky to meet him and I'm sorry he left us so easily.

Sincerely,
Steve Schreiner

I first meet Ned back in January, 2001. Nancy Moore Bess had given me Ned's contact information when I moved from Philadelphia to Oregon for an artist in residence. I was worried that bamboo didn't grow in Oregon, so I had a whole crate of bamboo shipped to Oregon College of arts and Crafts. Ned came out to the college and met me, then took me out to some property he had acquired, now the location of

Bamboo Garden, to show me some of his bamboo collection. We walked around the place, where he pointed out different varieties of bamboo, using very complex names I found intimidating. There was not nearly the collection at Bamboo Garden back then that there is now, but there was still an overwhelming amount of information Ned conveyed to me. I was already hooked on bamboo but the varieties Ned introduced to me that day showed me that the well of knowledge in bamboo was very deep. He and I gathered some black bamboo for me to experiment with and I returned to the studio inspired, knowing bamboo was more than just green, and understanding the limitless quality of it.

Ned spent close to 13 years teaching me about bamboo as a living growing plant, and by the time he was halfway through mentoring me the plant names I found so intimidating became understandable, and familiar. I understand the joy with which he shared his knowledge because when people show interest in bamboo I also cannot stop talking.

Ned called frequently to invite me to go places, spontaneously; the Seattle bamboo festival, neighbors birthday parties, Costco, block parties in areas of town neither he or I lived in, and out to visit obscure greenhouses. Back in the first years of our friendship we also drove around the city looking for people he sold bamboo to who might need a grove groomed. It was an empty week if I didn't hear from Ned at least a couple times and if too much time went by without hearing from me, he would call and remind me I ought to call people sometimes in the way that only Ned could get away with. As a studio artist I spend a lot of time alone, because making work takes dedication, concentration, and time. Ned drew me out, included me in his life, and helped me meet people who have become a vital part of my community, and who have let me become a part of theirs. Thanks, Ned.

Ned and I spent a few years carpooling out to the farm. He was always on the lookout for interesting wildlife, and would often stop in the middle of a sentence-mine or his-to point out interesting things, some of which we pulled over to see. Ned was wonderful to work for, although if you didn't clean tools after using them, or didn't tell him if something wasn't working right away, you were in trouble. Everyone at Bamboo Garden could express their creative ideas, to brainstorm out loud. It was amazing to be able to come up with an idea and have Ned say "Lets do it." or "Lets see how much it would cost" or, often, "That's not going to happen". I don't know many employers who let the atmosphere at work



be so comfortable that everyone feels they have input; it instilled in every employee the feeling of personal investment in the company. Ned frequently said that he felt blessed and grateful to be able to work with so many nice and wonderful people out at Bamboo Garden. I am sure that he was really pleased with how his vision had become a reality. He was so proud of the farm and all his talented employees.

Ned was really instrumental in the development of my artwork. I believe he has been the biggest patron of my work, besides my parents, without ever really buying any of my work. Ned provided bamboo from his groves for experimentation and work production, he helped me to obtain tools needed to learn and refine new techniques, introduced me to other bamboo growers, and even let me teach art classes at his farm. I know Ned was just as much a patron to many others, although he was not the sort of person to talk about it. He was humble.

When Jiro Yonezawa was in town for our show at the Japanese Garden here in Portland, he and I were looking at the show together. Jiro said, "None of this work would have been possible without Ned". It made me think of all the people who Ned either gave or sold bamboo to, who learned from Ned to plant it and cultivate it. Some of the bamboo had been gathered by us artists. Most of the work in the room was made of bamboo that had been grown from a division Ned was responsible for. And this was just one show, in one city. Ned left a huge living legacy, one that will continue to grow.

~Charissa Brock

So sad to hear about Ned and so sad I did not write to him some months back when I encountered his video. A lesson to all of us that time is fleeting. I knew Ned and his other friends when we all lived in the same apartment complex in the Hollywood Hills back in the late 60's. Ned at that time worked for the railroad. I remember Ned as a very caring guy, always willing help, and kind hearted. I am sure you all must know that having worked with him.

I can't tell you how sad I feel, mourning my missed opportunity to speak with Ned one last time, and also mourning my lost youth. I will have to think about stories. We were young and were "Party Animals" as they now say. Harmless but drinking, dancing and fun. The Beatles Sargent Pepper album had just come out and we would dance to all the songs, Lovely Rita Meter Maid. Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds. The Hully Gully was the dance rage. I was



from back east and I remember Ned introduced me to Mexican food, enchiladas as I recall. He was a good cook. He grew up in Yuma, Arizona and his mother would often come a stay for a few weeks. If I think of more I will let you know.

Irene Dunn

Kia Ora from New Zealand,

I see by your website that Ned is now all around us, just not in front of us. I met Ned 20 years ago when I helped start Bamboo Gardens of Washington in Redmond with Daphne and Janine. He was an inspiration to me as a young fella, starting with my life long passion for Bamboo.

Bamboo has taken me all over the world and I have met such incredible people on the way. I now live in the South Island of New Zealand and make the same tool I made 20 years ago. (Ned and I had several discussions about Slammer design, not always agreeing)

Your website and tribute to all of Ned's work has made my day and I would like to come and visit on my next trip to the N.W. (Jan/Feb) Please keep up the good work, the place looks great, I understand that Bamboo Gardens of Washington is no longer in business, which makes me very sad. Glad your Bamboo Garden business is still doing well.

There is a small Bamboo Society here in N.Z. , but in general Bamboo is a bit un liked for now.

I will have a walk in my small but growing Bamboo Garden and think of Ned this morning and thank him for his great journey and the influence he had on so many. Balance be with you.

TJ IRVIN, *Slammerman*

It was mid-day in the ancient city of Exeter and I was waiting for the London train feeling anxious that I would recognize Ned, Nancy, & Suzanne as I had only known them through correspondence. However there was no problem and after warm smiles & handshakes we started several days exploring the gardens and bamboos of South West England.



I had planned to visit Pitt White in the afternoon, the garden of A. H. Lawson who wrote “Bamboos” in the 1960s, but we had time to visit Exeter Cathedral as we were so close. As soon as you enter the vast ancient space with rows of massive stone columns supporting an amazing stone roof way overhead you are overcome by feelings of awe, reverence & intimidation. We crept around inspecting the elaborate carvings and many religious artifacts exchanging comments in hushed tones. Guides floated around answering questions in similar reverential whispers and security personnel dressed to appear inconspicuous tried unsuccessfully to merge into the background by doing menial tasks.

After a short while we became aware of something not quite in harmony with this sanctimonious mood. On the other side of a huge carved wooden screen we found Ned trying to persuade a security guard to pose for a photograph. The security guard had inadvertently decided to dust the high-level carvings with an oversized feather duster fixed to the top of a 12ft long bamboo cane.

It made a good, if unusual, first bamboo photograph of the tour, but no amount of explaining about

the ABS and Ned's status within it soothed a very suspicious security guard. At that point I knew that we were going to have a great few days together and also that it was time to leave for “Pitt White”.

~Mike Bell, EBS, UK

My first contact with Ned was on August 14, 2011 when Ned offered *Chusquea culeou* seeds to Cliff Sussman's 'Chinese contact' which was me. Later we exchanged several mails on trading seeds, and I sent Ned two books: *Atlas of Chinese Bamboo* and *Chinese Ornamental Bamboo*. Ned was quite excited at the two books although both are in Chinese only. Knowing I was translating bamboo keys of *Bambusa* for Cliff Sussman, Ned asked me if he could get translation of *Phyllostachys* too. I promised him but begged him to be patient with me as I was busy with several travel plans at that time. However, I never knew that Ned could not wait for me... When I look back at all the mails we wrote to each other, it seems Ned is just in front of me. His smiley face is right in my mind!

I felt so lucky that I met Ned in Antwerp during the 2012 World Bamboo Congress. It was quite funny when words came to my ear "Ned likes all women"! I was actually very curious about this. Indeed we had a very short but very nice time together, mainly during the congress break or on the way back to hotel. Ned was very easy going, friendly, gentle, and, not aggressive to any 'woman he likes'. It was quite easy for Ned to feel tired already at that time, which I thought is normal for people at that age. I wish I could have had more time to take care of Ned but I only got one chance to find a bed for him to lie down during the conference. After the congress, Ned went further to meet some bamboo friends while I went to visit some other European countries. We didn't even say goodbye at the end of the trip. Well, we don't say Goodbye, because Ned is always around us.

We both caught bad cold at the end of the trip in Europe. I got recovered in one month but got further bad news from Ned about his health. I sent him pics of my bamboo tour in China and hoped he would be cheered up, but could not get reply from him. Then it came to the terrible news that our dear friend Ned Jaquith passed away.... When I saw the picture of Ned on the purple scarf from China with Susanne Lucas on Facebook, tears came out of my eyes in a sudden. It was such a loss to all of us! I was admiring his knowledge on bamboo but didn't have much time to learn from him yet... He was looking forward to seeing translation of *Phyllostachys* but I didn't even begin



yet... But it's still hard for me to touch the fact that he left us. To me, he is still living in America while I am in China. That's why we cannot meet. Ned is just tired and needs to take a long rest...

~Lihua, Yunnan China

I remember a very funny comment that Ned made just after Suya and I moved into our house in 2004. Ned actually helped us move all the way from Portland to Albany, a 90 minute trip down I-5. Somehow this all seems like a dream now. I get a little bleary eyed recalling. We moved on Sept 11, 2004, a date easy to remember for a couple of reasons. By the next spring, I think it was just after our daughter Mei was born, we had our first PNW chapter meeting. Ned showed up with a small host of others and together we walked around our little 2 acre property which we'd already planted a significant section with bamboo, mostly from Ned, but from a few odd jobs as well. As we were strolling around the sort of sad looking fresh transplants Ned said "you're going to have more bamboo than you know what to do with in about 6 years!" How right he was. His prophesy has come true. In fact it was 6 years later that I bought our first piece of heavy equipment—an excavator. Our bamboo is thriving and now it's 8 years down the road since then. The Bory and Henon are well over 40 feet tall, and I've leased another 12 acres next door. The bamboo plants and shoots and poles make up a significant part of our annual gross income. I long for the day when I leave off outside contracting altogether, but that will probably only happen when I shed this body, like Ned.

Ned was active in bamboo right up to his passing. A week or two before he passed he and Nancy attended the PNW meeting at Paul Lee's place: another must-visit jungle of bamboo well worth a visit when you come to Portland, OR. Ned also admonished me and Noah Bell, my friend since I began working for Ned in 2003, to keep the bamboo society strong. I always knew Ned was adamant about the society, but really these were his last words to me in a way. They were his last request. He also very kindly complimented me on raising fine Moso, his favorite bamboo.

Another Ned story I want to share is our first meeting and how Suya and I came to Portland. In August 2002 Suya and I had just gotten married back in Minnesota. We'd taken a road trip to the west coast to see if it would be more habitable for us. Suya, having come right from Japan, I knew would be happier where she could mingle with other Japanese speaking friends regularly, and I knew that just to be in a place where we could grow vegetables year-round (plus



maybe grow a little bamboo on the side) would be preferable to the deep freeze chunk of ice that Minnesota becomes from November to March. Portland it turns out was more or less the ideal situation, conducive climate and about "half way" between our two families, a direct flight to either.

During the road trip I made contact with Ned and all the other bamboo nurseries in Oregon and northern California that I could find. Ned, Scott Hill, Garberville, Bamboo Sourcery. Not realizing how long it would take to get from Baker City, Oregon to the Bamboo Garden in Milwaukie I had to make a few phone calls to warn Ned of the delay until we could arrive. A lot rested on this first impression of Portland. I called multiple times, sometimes getting Ned, sometimes Ian, maybe Noah. They didn't seem to be too worried about when we showed up. I think we were just a few more strange "customers" this time coming from far "Back East." We did arrive, about 18 hours later than expected, having had to camp in Hood River, and I was happy to meet Ned and the gang. Ned took Suya and me home to his place for one or two nights. I didn't realize this until just now, but it was tendency of Ned to show great hospitality to all bamboo friends and help "set them up" or "set them well for their journey." Ned in his this-time-incarnation was, as in the old stories, hugely helpful and kind. He could be grumpy at times, even rude, but little wonder when he ran such a business! That's hard work. Anyway, Ned quickly arranged for us to meet Jiro and Kate Yonezawa, friends of his in Portland who were like us Japanese-American first gens and have become fast friends. Ned also made calls around and "told" his best friends Galyn and Rosemary Carlisle in Grants Pass that Suya and I were coming and

would “stay the night.” Ned made accommodations for us with complete strangers! However, friends in bamboo are never strangers. Our links go way back before this lifetime. How shortsighted we are to think that all encounters are by chance. On the contrary, I believe that things happen for a reason and events such as fortuitous meetings are aligned to happen. The expressions “fate” or “written in the stars” come to mind.

During this trip I was telling various nursery owners that I was looking at bamboo as a career. I got offered the position of truck driver at one place, but didn't want to dive right into that. We made the return trip to MN via Portland and the last place we stopped was Bamboo Garden to say thanks to Ned and that it had been a successful trip. A few weeks after settling back in Minnesota, Ned emailed and offered a position at Bamboo Garden. What timing! We had just committed to an apartment lease. However, we were both only doing part time work and we went back to Japan in November where we stayed for 6 weeks. I took this opportunity to seriously think about Ned's offer and scope out as many Moso groves and bamboo related business as I could. A little research so to speak. I even visited the library and attempted to understand the Japanese library catalog decipher a few texts on things bamboo. When we returned to minus degree Minnesota after New Year's I promptly email Ned and said we were on our way! We broke our apartment lease, packed out our stuff, and in the 5 mile trip to my parent's house, my potted *Phyllostachys dulcis* froze to a cube. A few days later, on a -18F day in mid-February, we drove through a snowstorm in Fargo, headed west. When we arrived in Portland it was raining, but a balmy 45F! If you remember the old Bamboo Garden, it rained almost as hard inside as it did outside because the glass house leaked so badly! Ned graciously put us up in his home for the next couple of weeks until we got an apartment a few blocks away from the nursery.

Ned helped us at every step of the way, always facilitating our life with the garden and in general. To us he's always been like a close uncle. The staff at the nursery and his family were one and the same. Ned grew the Bamboo Garden into a big business supporting many families performing a wide range of services needed to operate a nursery. We all miss Ned's presence around the nursery—his vision and guidance, off-the-wall comments, and healthy critique. Although I have not been present in the day to day operations for some time now, The Garden is like a second home to me, and its, as well as Ned's importance in my life only become stronger as the memories of him become

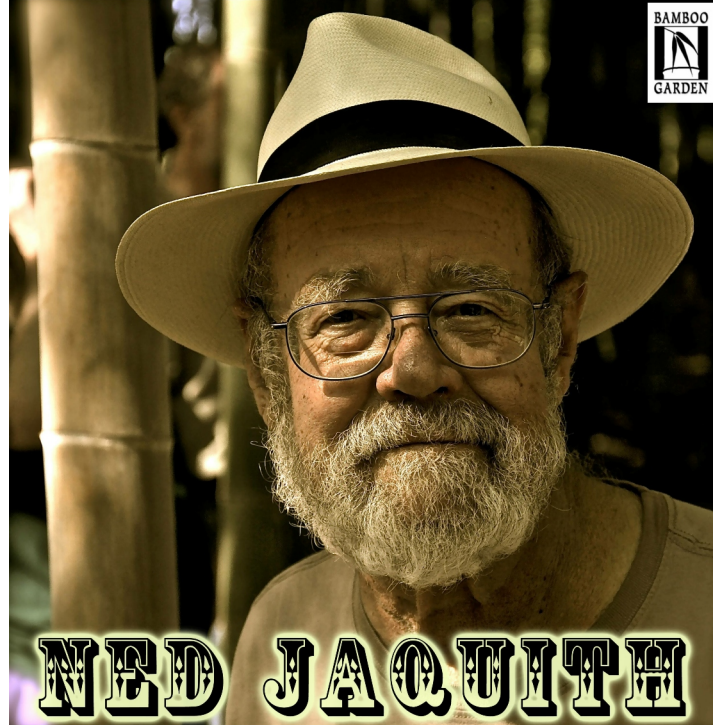
golden. When my brother passed away in 2003 I was afraid of forgetting about him. That was my first close family separation. Indeed the memories have faded, time mellows all, and the bad points tend to fade away.

-Dain Sansome, Bamboo Valley

A heart felt thank you to all in our bamboo community. In many ways you all were like family to Ned. The memories, laughter, and inspiration you gave to him were a big part of what kept him dedicated to bamboo and the bamboo society. I am excited about the Ned Jaquith Foundation, please check it out when you get a chance. As part of the ABS, we will help encourage and support bamboo research projects, increasing the collective knowledge of bamboo, while commemorating Ned, a great contributor to bamboo. As a 501(c)(3), all donations to the NJF are tax deductible. Thank you Susanne Lucas and Nancy Oberschmidt, for spearheading the Foundation, and to the rest of the advisory committee, for all your hard work to make this happen.

It was a pleasure, though bittersweet, corresponding with all of you to put together this short booklet of Ned stories. Thank you for sharing your thoughts. There is so much history in bamboo horticulture that I am afraid will be lost in time if not recorded. We need to pave the way for future generations, similar to what Ned did for us.

~ Noah Bell



NED JAQUITH MEMORIAL

JULY 13TH 3 PM 'TILL DAWN
AT BAMBOO GARDEN

