

Orangewood Wines

Small Wineries, Great Wines

Volume 6 Issue 36 - - May 23, 2021

Introduction

The saguaro cactus outside my office has been covered with flowers this year. This, apparently, is the saguaro reacting to the drought conditions by producing many more seeds than usual. With no imminent sign of rain, we are in for a long hot summer. Monsoons are a ways away, but hopefully will be better than the Nonsoons we had last year. It is not yet required that we wear "stillsuits" (reference Frank Herbert's Dune novels), but I expect the price of water to increase, at least for golf courses and agriculture.



On a brighter note, this month Leslie introduces Eberle Winery.

New Winery: Eberle Winery

Portfolio Notes - by Leslie Zellmer

In the late 70's, Gary Eberle was getting established in Paso Robles. Hailing from Pennsylvania, he came to California to work on his Doctorate in Fermentation Science at UC Davis. While studying at Davis, he helped survey coastal California soils for the purpose of grape growing. It was then that he discovered Paso Robles to be a wonderful place to plant vineyards, due to its abundant sunshine and poor soils that lead vines' roots deep into the soil to find water. As it turns out, I agree with Gary's assessment. The wine he produces from the regional fruit is stunning. He, along with three other winemakers, including one that we represent, Vic Roberts of Victor Hugo Winery, were the ones pushing for Paso. They helped establish the region and got it approved as an AVA (American Viticultural Area) in 1983.

Gary had a famous mentor in Robert Mondavi and credits him for much of his success in the wine business. Mondavi impressed upon Gary the importance of hospitality and making sure no one ever has a bad experience. Gary took this seriously and made sure that anyone visiting the tasting room had a spectacular time. He extensively traveled the United States promoting Paso Robles and his winery. Soon his wines could be found all over the country and, eventually, globally.

In 2015 Gary hired Chris Eberle (no relation) to take on the winemaking responsibilities. Chris had worked for the winery years before, and then made

wine all over the world. He was in Australia when he got the call to come back and take over. With Gary's days freed up a bit, he now spends them greeting all the guests that come to the winery.

Eberle Winery has been selling wine in Arizona since 2002, but they lost their most recent Arizona distributor during the pandemic. Thanks to an introduction from one of our partners (that would be you, Raini!), we are happy to be their representatives.

The Rambler

In England, when I was a lad, everyone finished elementary school and went to high school at age eleven. I went to King Edward's Five Ways School. One afternoon a week we all did sports. In the winter the sport was Rugby Football, or "Rugger". I played the position of wing forward (nowadays called flanker). The position is on the edge of the scrum. If the ball pops out of the scrum to the opposing team, the wing forwards were the first there to tackle, or at least harass, the scrum half. On the Eberle Winery website you can hear Gary Eberle saying how he was a defensive tackle for Penn State. When the ball popped out from the line of scrimmage to the quarterback, Gary was there to tackle or harass him.

I occasionally write about my admiration for poets who have to express their thoughts in very few words. Lyricists also have a way with words. I have been admiring some of their work: "...before your mother was born, though she was born a long, long time ago". "I can call you Betty and Betty when you call me...". "...mean that much to me to mean that much...". "...she thought I was alright, alright in a limited sort of way...". (Rugby songs often have interesting lyrics too, but I will spare you.) What I hear in these lyrics is an echo. One or more words are used twice or more but with different meanings or acting as different parts of speech. My brain has to change gear to understand the meaning - kind of like a pun.

The rambling writer writes the ramble, right?

Cheers,

Richard and Laurie
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