

Madrone Grove

Madrone trees are native to the western coastal areas of North America, from British Columbia to California.

This Madrone grove exists due to the perfect microclimate and ecosystem created by our north facing slopes, and occasional bathing by coastal fog.

Madrones (*Arbutus menziesii*) are notable for their fragrant flowers and beautiful, reddish bark. In the same plant family as madrones, are manzanitas and rhododendrons.

The litter produced by leaves and bark provide a protective mulch for the tree's extensive root system.

Madrones are a slow growing evergreen tree, and depending on conditions may reach over 100' tall and be long lived.

Due to its thin bark, hot wild fires can cause extensive damage. Damaged trees may regenerate from a crown or root burl, as seen in multiple locations in this grove



FLOWERS The creamy white, bell-shaped flowers bloom from March to May, and are a good source of nectar for bees and other insects.



BERRIES The attractive orange-red, mealy, seed-laden fruit appears in the fall and is enjoyed by various animals. It was eaten cooked or raw by Native Americans.



BARK The bark, especially on younger trunks, turns burnt red before peeling off in thin, long strips every year at midsummer, revealing the smooth green bark underneath.



GOLDEN FLEECE

(*Ericameria arborescens*), native to the upper chaparral, is a resinous plant endemic to California and southern Oregon. The thin, needle-like leaves are borne mainly at the ends of the upright branches.

Clusters of tiny yellow flowers make an appearance at the tips of the stems in the late summer to early fall. Its tall wispy form is visible from quite a distance towering above the other shrubs. It is an important food source for insects such as native bees and butterflies.



WOODRAT NESTS

Woodrat nests can be seen throughout this madrone grove. The trunks of madrones are often incorporated into the structural framework of the many-chambered nests.

Madroño

Bret Harte
1836 - 1902

*With thy branches' red relief,
With thy polytinted fruit,*

*Where, oh, where, shall he begin
Who would paint thee, Harlequin?
With thy waxen burnished leaf,*

*An thy spring or autumn suit,
Where begin, and oh, where end,
Thou whose charms all art transcend?*

PHOTOS BY MIKE ORVIS, JOSHUA SIMAS,
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