

## Sanger Peak and vicinity in Del Norte County, California

**Trip Leader:** Wayne Rolle (Forest Botanist, Rogue River-Siskiyou National Forest).

**Difficulty:** Hiking is not far from vehicles; the trip will entail several short bushwhacks and cross-country scrambling up to 1/2 mile from our vehicles (steep, rocky, brushy). .

**Description:** Sanger Peak and vicinity in Del Norte County, California (Rogue River-Siskiyou and Six Rivers National Forests). This field trip will be a loop driving trip with a series of stops and explorations along primitive FS roads in a remote part of NW California, south of Waldo. We will visit Al Hobart's Whiskey Lake, Sanger Peak, and other stops along the way (Al, a local botanist who died in 1983, spent many years exploring this area, in the headwaters of the Illinois, Smith, and Klamath Rivers. He took many photos of the area and created an unpublished manuscript listing all of the plants he found in this unique area).

**Floristic Highlights:** We will see some interesting graminoids: *Schoenoplectus subterminalis*, (*Scirpus subterminalis*), *Carex gigas*, *Carex serpenticola*, *Poa piperi*, and perhaps others. We will also see *Lewisia leana*, *Lewisia cotyledon*, *Draba howellii*, Brewer's spruce and lots of other Klamath Mountains flora.

**General Driving Directions:** Outgoing via Waldo Hill road and return via Knopki Creek Road (Smith River National Recreation Area) and Hwy 199. **High clearance vehicles only** (Subaru or higher). A 1.25-mile road segment between Whiskey Lake and Sanger Peak is particularly rocky.

**RT Milage:** 77 miles from DCC Round Trip (43 miles on loop from O'Brien and back).

**Start Time:** 8:00 A.M. We will carpool from DCC. **Estimated Return:** 5:00 P.M.

**Appropriate Footwear Plus:** Boots and long pants recommended. Bring sun protection, plenty of water, and lunch or snack. Trekking poles would be useful.

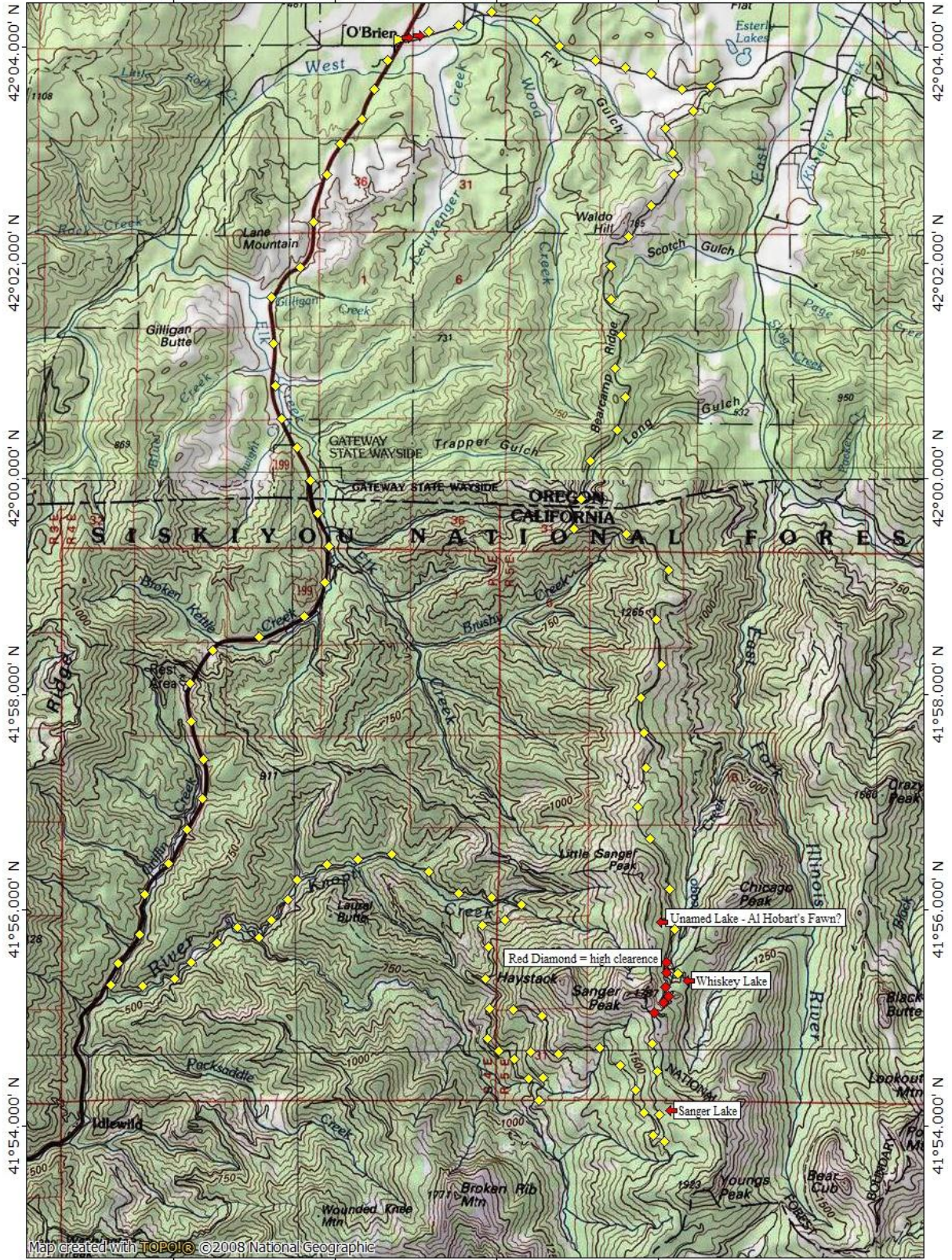
**Group Size Limit:** 20 people.

Map below shows route of travel from O'Brien and back (counter-clockwise loop).



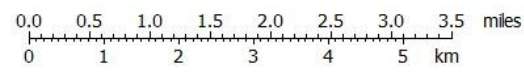
TOPO! map printed on 03/11/12 from "Untitled.tpo"

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Map created with TOPO! ©2008 National Geographic

123°45.000' W 123°43.000' W 123°41.000' W 123°39.000' W WGS84 123°36.000' W



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## **Winding Trails**

**17 June 1965**

**By Al Hobart**

[Sanger Lake and Youngs Valley]



According to the latest dope put out by “Mountain Meadows,” the authoritative little sheet published by PGIMIB (Packer’s Gulch Inter-Mountain Information Bureau), the time to go picnicking in Young’s Valley is not now. And camping at Sanger Lake isn’t what it used to be, nor is the fishing, according to the M. M. reporter.

Being an old skeptic I thought I’d check out this pessimistic report. So last Sunday, while the road builders were out of the way (probably recovering from a well-earned weekend’s social splurge), I Jeeped up Bear-Camp Ridge to see how far I could get on the road to Young’s Valley. I ran into an impassable barricade at Sanger Lake in the form of a deep washout just below the lake that took out about 20 feet of the road and was 12 or 15 ft. deep.

Several cars were concentrated at the barrier, families there to picnic and fish. With some difficulty they had moved their camping gear to the lake shore and were enjoying themselves (in spite of the fact that the snooty fish population were high-hatting them); basking in the warm sunshine and beautiful scenery, some of them from the fog-shrouded coast seeing the sunshine for the first time in days. Some were from Crescent City. One nice family was from Eureka. After I identified a little orchid (Fairy-slippers) for this last group, they gratefully plied me with hot French toast and marmalade (some people just seem to know instinctively how to make lifelong friends!). I meet some of the nicest people in the mountains.

This seemed like a good place and time to linger, but I still wondered about Young’s Valley and the 5 or 6 miles of road yet to be covered in order to find out. So, rubbing my contented tummy and bidding my new friends good-bye I continued my journey on foot. The road I found to be rather badly washed in a few places and pretty rough, but if I’d been able to get past the Sanger Lake washout, and had had my chainsaw along to remove a few small trees that were across the road, I’d have been able to drive my jeep clear to Young’s Valley.

As always, I thoroughly enjoyed the hour or two I spent in this pretty mountain valley. The upper end of the small valley is white with Alpine Penny cress. This seems to be the ideal environment for this attractive little mountain flower, for the finest specimens I’ve seen, grow here. The lower, damper end of the valley is blanketed almost solidly with the rich-purple flowers of Alpine Shooting-star. Between the white and purple ends of the valley were countless bright yellow buttercups. Among the buttercups and in several scattered colonies I found large numbers of Nevada Lewisias, one of the rarer Lewisias of our area; and in the shady woods at the edge of the valley I found a colony of Drummond’s Anemone. These last two flowers are among my favorites. Both have relatively large white flowers, and the anemone has soft feathery foliage similar to that of the large Mountain Pasque flower.

Climbing up out of the valley on my return, I stopped about three-quarters of a mile up the road to take one more picture of the grand view across the valley. That was when I discovered I’d left my lens cover down there somewhere among the flowers. Gnashing my false teeth in annoyance, I left the road and plunged down the steep mountainside in a bee line, cutting off at least half the distance I’d travelled on the road. After a half hour search I found the lens cap and returned the way I’d gone down. A mile up the road I detoured into Bear Meadow and spent half an hour exploring, then returned to Sanger Lake and my little mountain Cadillac.

My friends of a few hours before were gone when I got back. A few later arrivals had taken their place, but since my 12-mile hike hadn’t whetted my appetite appreciably I didn’t see any point in taking time to cultivate the friendship of the newcomers.

So, after studying the above report, if you still have your heart set on going in to Young’s Valley next weekend, or to Raspberry Lake beyond, be prepared to hike from Sanger Lake on. And better take plenty of lunch along – not everybody is as lucky, or as hungry-looking, as I am.