Charles Sanger’s grave in the Fryerstown cemetery is a substantial but simple one, and the gravestone reads: ‘In Memory of Charles E Sanger 1879-1953’. The graves of his brother Herbert and nephew Leonard and their wives are nearby. On the other side of the cemetery is a larger memorial to his mother and father, his two soldier brothers, and his younger brother Robert.

William MacDonald speaks of this scene with the fascination many locals have expressed about Sanger:

[He] found his last resting place in the quiet seclusion of the Fryerstown cemetery, set in a broad gully lined with the beloved gumtrees he must have communed with in his self imposed isolation.

As the moon rises in the east at the head of the gully and the shadowy shafts of light penetrate the darkness, waking the rare boobook owl that frequents the scene, the spirit of Charlie Sanger doubtless breaks the stillness with the mournful and eerie sound so peculiar and never to be forgotten by those who have communed with this human personality.

A few kilometres away, Hunters Track is a pleasant dirt road marking the boundary of the Castlemaine Diggings National Heritage Park and the Fryers State Forest. It winds its way along Salters Creek through bush that can be spectacular with wildflowers in a good season. As it approaches Columbine Creek a flat near the track marks the site of one of Charlie Sanger’s vegetable gardens, once a palisaded affair which, according to Ray Bradfield, Sanger took over from a person called ‘The Frenchman’, of whom nothing else is known. A few hundred metres along Hunters Track a diversion to the right takes you to a clearing where a mud and stone chimney is all that remains of the hut where Sanger lived for much of his later life. A dam is on the downhill side, and numerous races and mining works testify to thousands of hours of hard work.

On the other side of the Loddon River, in the Castlemaine Diggings National Heritage Park, the Great Dividing Trail passes two ruins of huts said by locals to have been regularly maintained and used by Sanger. One is just south of Sebastopol Creek. The other, in Brown’s Gully, is called Hunt’s hut, after the goldfields entrepreneur who originally occupied it. Similar evidence of extensive gold workings abounds in these areas.

All of this is perhaps a more eloquent testament than a gravestone to the life of the ‘elusive Sanger.’