

# Nevada

## Adventure Book

JUNIOR EXPLORER



Hi!

Welcome to the Nevada Adventure Book where you can travel to six different sites in Nevada. Each story is an adventure with an end of story activity. Take this book with you on your adventures to these places. The BLM's Junior Explorer Program helps introduce young explorers like you to the lands and resources that the BLM manages. We hope to see you soon.

Your friends at BLM Nevada

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The Key Publishing House Inc. GSA Contract Holder GS-02F-0149Y

# Let's Stay Together

It was a Saturday morning in mid-June. I jumped out of bed and ran downstairs. I found Dad and Mom drinking their coffee, but Danny, my brother, was still asleep in his room so I went to wake him.

“Danny wake up and get ready for our camping trip...hurry...wake up.” I whispered in his ear. “Hope, why so early?” asked Danny. “So you can get ready quickly and join us for breakfast.” I giggled.

Everyone was excited about the camping trip. We loaded our camping stuff inside the car, and Dad loaded our bikes carefully on the roof. “Now we are ready for the journey,” said Dad. Mom called Grandma and told her where we were going so, in case of an emergency, Grandma knew where we are.

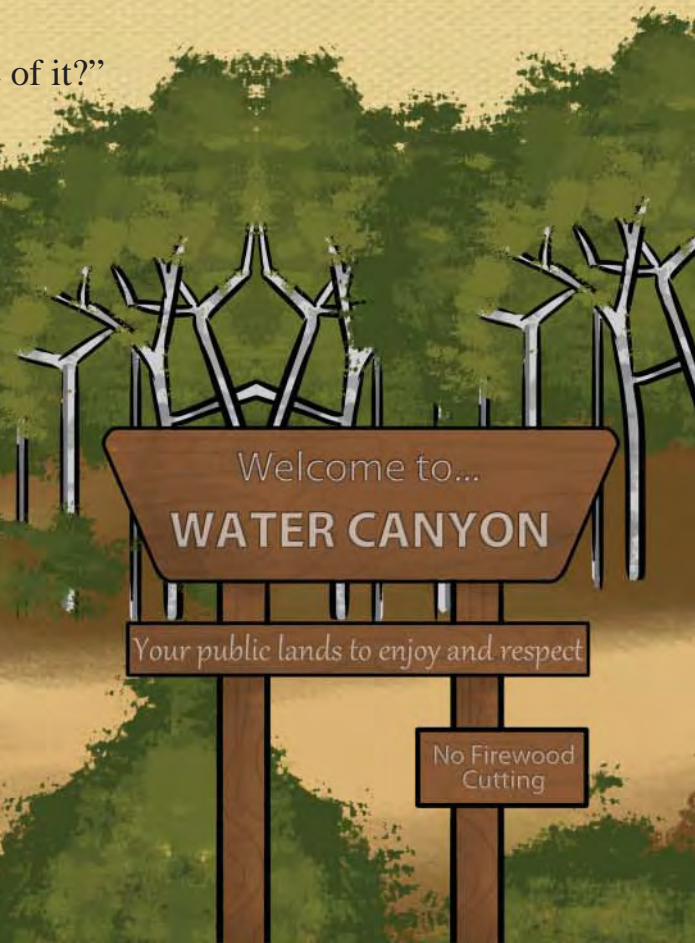
“Where are we going, and how far is it?” I asked.

“We’re going to Water Canyon. It’s a few miles east of here.” Dad replied. “We’re going mountain biking on a three and half mile trail from Water Canyon to the Bloody Shins Trail System.” Mom added.

“Why is it called Bloody Shins?” Danny asked.

“When you ride your mountain bike on these single track trails there are places along the trail where the brush is thick and can scratch your shins.” Dad answered, smiling. “You two be careful not to scratch your shins too much while riding.”

“What does Water Canyon look like, and who takes care of it?” I asked.



Mom replied, “Water Canyon rises about 2,000 feet above the town of Winnemucca. It is one of the great recreation areas in Northern Nevada. It is very natural, rocky, rough but very pretty as well.” Then Dad added, “It is managed by the BLM-Winnemucca District Office.”

“BLM? Who is BLM? Are we going to meet BLM?” Danny asked.

“BLM is an abbreviation for the Bureau of Land Management. Every American, including Hope and you, owns these lands and BLM is the government agency that’s responsible for taking care of our public lands for us.” Mom explained.

“What’s in Water Canyon?” Danny asked. Before Dad could say anything, Mom replied, “There are facilities for overnight camping and picnicking plus there are trails for hiking, mountain biking, horseback riding, and many other different activities.” Mom then reminded us there are limited services there, we had to bring our own food and water with us, and we would have to make sure to collect all our trash before we left the campsite.



We drove up Water Canyon Road and found our campsite. We got out and unloaded the tent, the cooler, and a soccer ball. Our food was still in the shopping bags - bread, carrots, peanut butter, fruits, juices, water, and a variety of other food and trail mix.

Mom and Dad started to organize our stuff, but Danny and I were too excited to help, so we left them and ran all around the campsite. It was so beautiful!

“This campsite is awesome,” I said to Danny. “Look at the other campers unpacking like us. Over there is one of those really big cars, I think they are called recreational vehicles (RVs).”

After setting up our campsite, Dad got all our mountain bikes and equipment ready. We all put on our sneakers, helmets and sunglasses and we were ready to go. Dad put on his backpack, which was filled with water, trail mix, a map, a GPS navigation device, sunscreen, a flashlight, a first aid kit, matches, and a knife, and we started our ride.

We rode along the rough and dirty trail. I was afraid I would slip and fall as Mom, Dad and Danny rode very fast, and went ahead of me. I didn’t mind riding slowly because I was enjoying the natural surroundings, smelling the plants and brush, and seeing new things. But, I fell behind everyone and soon felt like I was lost. I was panicking a bit, but suddenly I remembered my Mom’s advice, “If anyone gets lost, just stay where you are and don’t move anywhere.” I stopped riding and stood calmly next to my bike.

After a couple of minutes, I heard the voices of my Mom, Dad and Danny shouting loudly, “Hope...Hope...Hope, where are you?” I shouted back, “I’m over here.” They came back and looked so relieved to see me. We hugged and got back on our mountain bikes.

**“If anyone gets lost,  
just stay where you are and  
don’t move anywhere.”**





We reached the top of a big hill. From there we saw gorgeous scenery all around us. We spent plenty of time riding and enjoying the natural beauty of the area.

Soon it was evening, and it was beginning to get dark, so Dad and Mom decided we should return to our camp. I was a bit tired, but I was so happy and I smiled all the way back. Mom and Dad prepared dinner while Danny and I walked around and met the other kids who were camping there too.

“Kids, dinner’s ready!” Mom shouted. We ran back to our camp and ate dinner then had s’mores by the fire. After the sky turned dark, we were able to see the stars. They were twinkling all over the sky and sparkled like Mom’s diamond ring. Oh, what a joy to sleep in our tent under the stars among the peace and quiet of nature.

In the morning, we ate breakfast and sat by the creek. Then we cleaned up our area, and packed all our stuff, including our garbage, in the car to return home.

When we got home, I sat on my bed and thought about Water Canyon. What a beautiful place! It was my first time camping, and I have to say that I was happy. Earlier, I asked Dad when we would go back and he promised me, we would go camping again before the end of the summer.

Mom came to tuck me in. She kissed me good night, hugged me tight, and said, “I am so proud of you, Hope. Your first camping trip and you were so brave and helped me with everything.”

“Thanks.” I laughed and said, “Can we move to Water Canyon? It’s so much fun, when I grow up I want to be a park ranger.” Mom smiled and said “Maybe.” Then I dozed off and started dreaming about the mountains, the stars, and the s’mores...yummy.

# End of Story Activity!

## G.O.R.P.

“G.O.R.P.” stands for “Good Old Raisins and Peanuts.” To make this yummy camp snack at camp or at home, mix the following ingredients together. It’s easy!

- 1 cup of Granola
- 1 cup of chocolate chips
- 1 cup of raisins
- 1 cup of peanuts
- other dried fruits (optional)
- other dried nuts (optional)



## S’mores

Get an adult to help you with this one. Usually S’mores require a campfire to roast the marshmallow and melt the chocolate a bit, but at home you can assemble the S’mores, place them on a plate and very briefly microwave them.

Here’s what you’ll need.

- 2 graham crackers
- 1 large marshmallow
- a few chocolate chips or half of a Hershey bar
- a microwave oven safe plate



Place the marshmallow and chocolate inside the two graham crackers (like a sandwich) and place it on the plate. Microwave for only a few seconds at a time– perhaps 20 or so. Be careful! It’ll be hot, but you’ll have a melted gooey treat!!!



## Hope's Message:

Always tell someone where you are going, like your Grandma or neighbor. To avoid being left behind like I did or even getting lost, stay with your group and stay on the trail. Once you realize you are behind or lost stay in one place until your group finds you.

# Imagine Life Along the Trail

I heard Grace wake up earlier than usual. She's ten years old and an expert with her wheelchair. She was adopted from China and her Chinese name is Eun which means Grace. She heard her Mom and Dad laughing in the kitchen, talking about the day trip to the California National Historic Trail Interpretive Center just outside of Elko in northeastern Nevada.

Excitedly, Grace sat in her bed for a while thinking about the trip ahead. She turned on the light, picked me up from under the covers and said, "Good morning Oxy! You know you are my favorite toy in the whole wide world." She hugged me and added, "Today we are going to have fun on the California Trail."

After brushing her teeth and washing her face, Grace made her bed, put me on her lap and rolled to the kitchen to eat breakfast. "Grace, are you going to take your toy ox, Oxy, with you on the trail?" Mom asked us. I was very frightened of being left out, but happily for me, Grace said, "Yes Mommy, Oxy is coming with us."

As we approached the Center, we saw people walking on the plaza reading the interpretive signs and looking at the statue of the Shoshone woman representing the first people the emigrants saw along the trail. After Dad parked the car, Mom helped Grace and me into the wheelchair and we entered the main building. Dad was pushing Grace's wheelchair and stopped in front of a giant elephant statue.

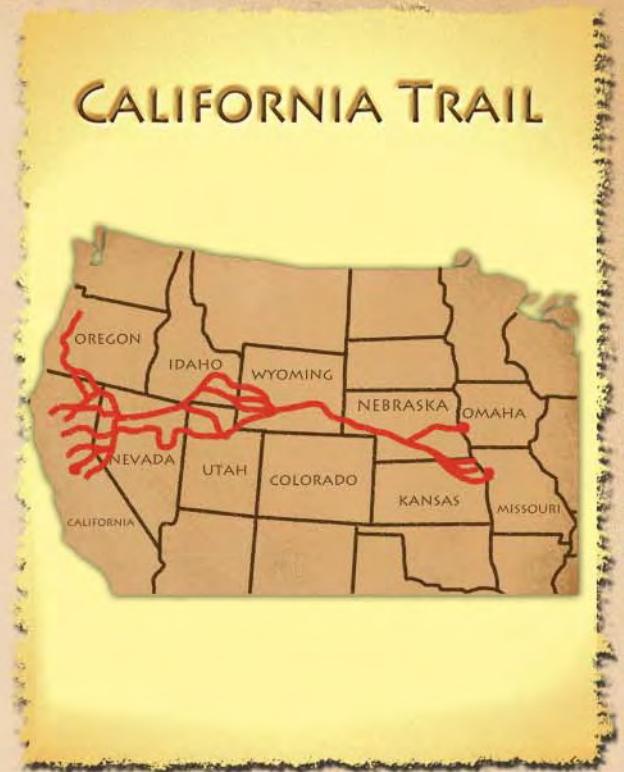
"What is the story behind this gigantic elephant?" asked Grace. An interpreter at the Center explained, "Back in the day, when people asked: 'Did you see the Elephant?' It meant experiencing an event that was larger than life that was too hard to describe. Something that one had to experience for yourself." Dad carried on the





conversation, “Remember, this was a very hard trip for the emigrants. They encountered difficult challenges along the trail. They had to experience for themselves the hard times before they could say, ‘Yes we saw the elephant.’” Mom added, “You can apply this to today’s trail journey so saddle up (meaning ‘let’s go’, as they used to say during pioneer times).”

Grace turned me to face her and said, “You know Oxy, today we’ve got a lot to learn about this trail. Keep your ears open and listen carefully.” Mom laughed and added, “This is an exceptional place to appreciate how people lived, and how lucky we are today. Back in the time of emigrant travel, we would’ve been called Greenhorns, which means ‘inexperienced persons’.”

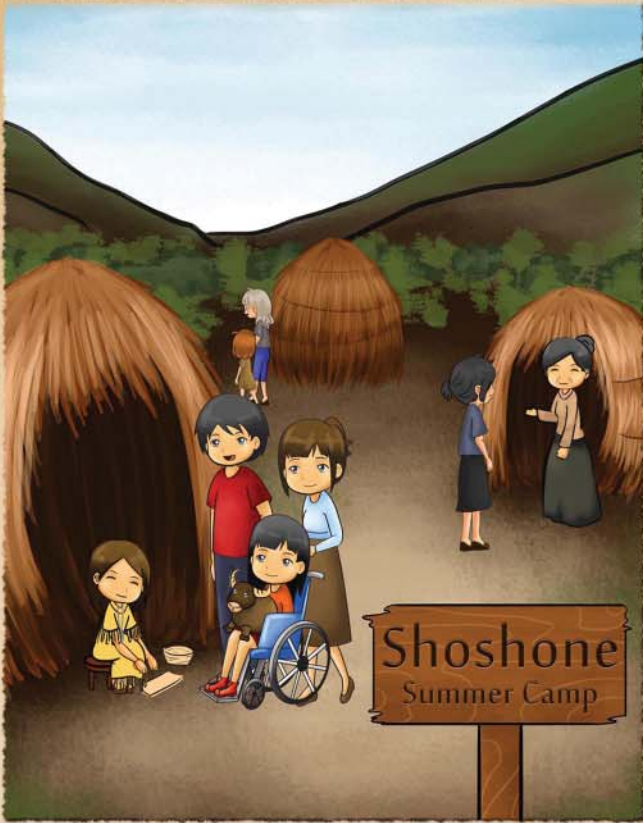


I kept my ears open like Grace said and learned the California Trail is the name for the route that went from western Missouri across the Great Plains, Rocky Mountains, and Great Basin to the gold fields of northern California. It was most used in the 1840s, 1850s, and 1860s. The length of the wagon trail from the Missouri River to Sacramento, California was about 1,950 miles. It normally took four to six months to travel the California Trail with covered wagons pulled by strong oxen like me. About 250,000 pioneers used this route.



During our visit to the California Trail Interpretive Center we experienced multimedia exhibits, life-size dioramas, original art, and videos. The Trail Center is an example of living history and a wonderful place to learn what traveling on the California Trail was like.

Volunteers at the center taught Grace how to play some old-fashioned pioneer games. There was a dress up area where visitors could try on pioneer clothes. Grace put on a few things but she couldn’t find anything to fit me. There were several wagons that displayed methods of food preparation such as Dutch oven cooking.



Grace and I learned what was involved in getting across the country before railroads, highways, or airplanes. We heard the groan of their wagons as they tipped and swayed crossing the hostile environment. We smelled the wood smoke of their fires, felt their grime and sweat, and learned to yoke oxen and load wagons with them. We also saw the homes that Native Americans from the Shoshone tribe used to build in the Shoshone summer camp outside the Trail Center. The houses were called Boho Gahnee in the Shoshone language and were built from the sagebrush plant.

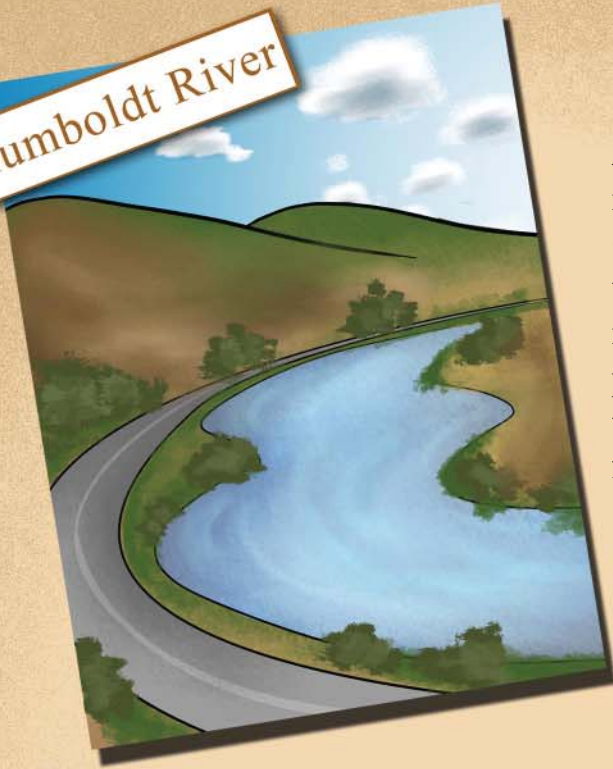
We were lucky to be visiting during the Trail Days celebration. This takes place every spring and allows visitors to experience the lives of emigrants during the trail period. One of the exhibitors showed us how to pan for gold.

A woman and her daughter fiddled tunes to show us the entertainment that was available along the Trail. A magician pulled a coin from the ear of a young boy. Finally, there was a man and his two sons riding their oxen-powered wagon around and they showed us a first-hand account of travel accommodations along the Trail. “Oh poor oxen, what a tough life.” I thought. “It seems people and animals were tougher in those days,” said Dad.

Grace said, “This must have been an extremely difficult life for both humans and animals. Now I can imagine how much they struggled to survive the Trail journey in such harsh conditions.”



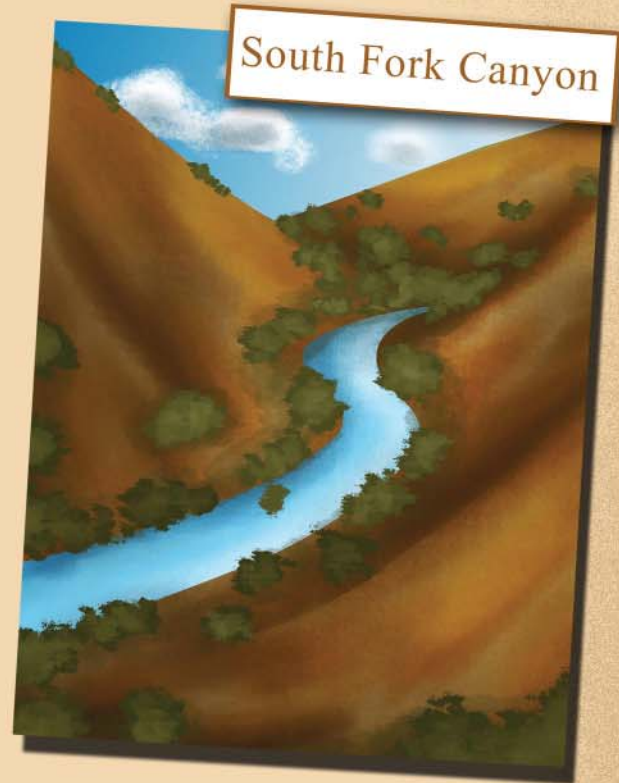
Humboldt River



At a reflective moment, Dad inspired us by saying: “It is fascinating how the Bureau of Land Management (BLM) protects our public land and keeps this whole trail alive for us to visit and learn. The Trail journey is an important part of our American history. We’re privileged to be able to experience it as if we were traveling with the emigrants. That is why it is important for visitors to respect and help care for our public lands.”

We also learned that Native Americans had been living in the Humboldt Valley for 10,000-12,000 years. When the pioneers traveling in their wagons arrived in the Humboldt Valley, native ways were changed forever. The Newe (meaning people in the Shoshone language) helped the emigrants in many ways. Most Native Americans were tolerant of the pioneer wagon trains that drove through their lands. Some traded food and moccasins (Native American footwear) for knives, clothes, food and other items.

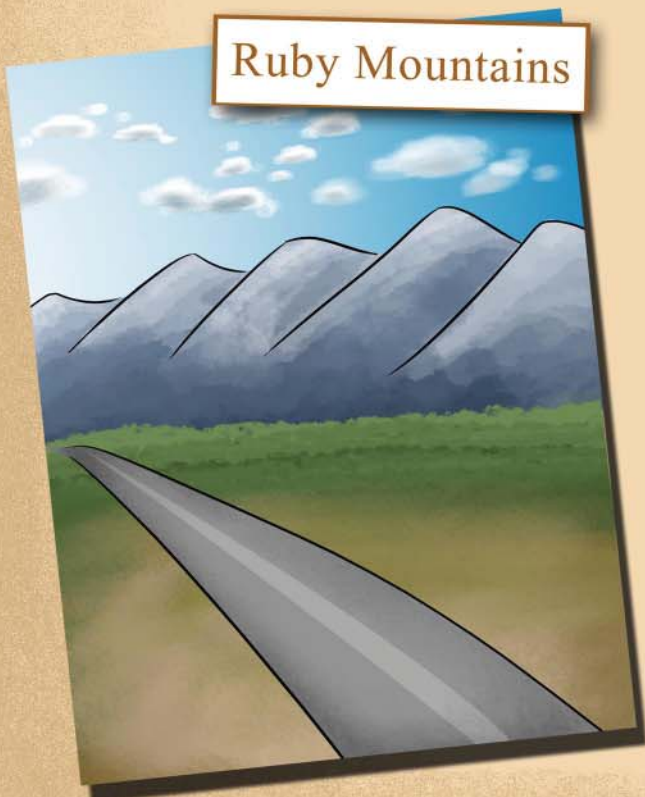
South Fork Canyon



It is very humbling to see our history and what the early emigrants did to pave the way for today. The only trouble was that we didn’t have enough time to explore the entire trail. Briefly, we were able to explore the accessible hiking trails adjacent to the Trail Center, which offer spectacular views of the Ruby Mountains, the historic South Fork Canyon and the Humboldt River. I wish we’d had more time. We’ll have to come back again!

As we went back to the car, Grace proudly pulled her shoulders straight, thought about “seeing the elephant” and said, “Yes, I saw the elephant.” We laughed, and got into our car.

Ruby Mountains



# End of Story Activity!

From the story, match up what you learned of what the pioneers would say compared to how Grace and Oxy would say it today.

- Saddle up
- Boho Gahnee
- Newe
- Greenhorn
- Mocassins
- Inexperienced person
- Native American footwear
- The people in Shoshone language
- Let's go
- Sagebrush house in Shoshone language

## Note:

A solution to the match up is provided at the back of the Book on page 33.

## Oxy's Message:



The California Trail journey is an important part of our American history. Much of the Trail is on public lands and belongs to all Americans.

That means everyone should help care for them to preserve our history for others to enjoy.

# A Day With Our Past

“Hurry Mom!” I said while looking out the window. “We’re going to be late!”

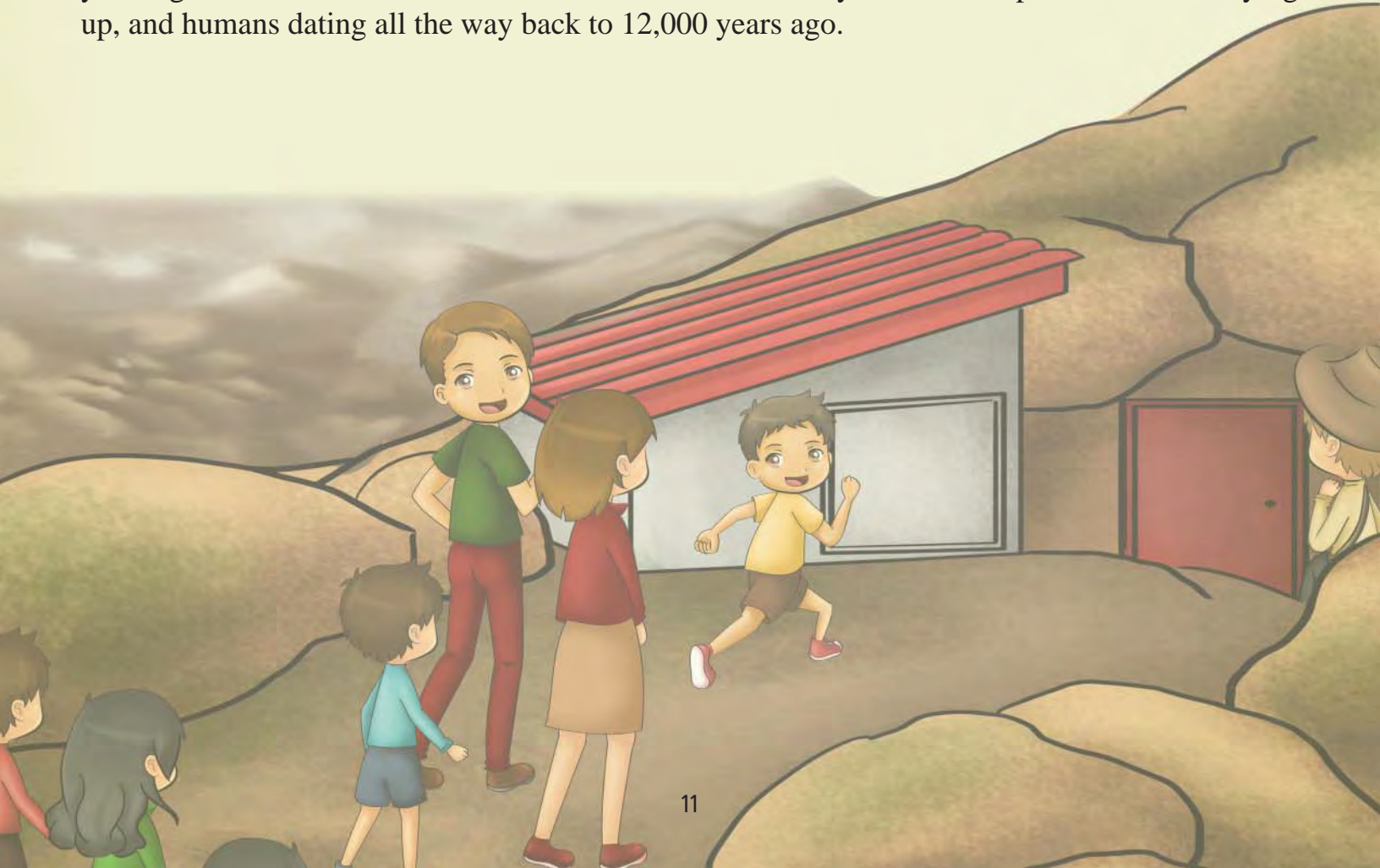
“Tom,” Dad said as he turned, “Please be patient. Your Mom isn’t going to speed up.”

A few minutes later my younger brother Harry shouted. “Look Tom! We’re here.” He pointed to a small crowd in the Hidden Cave parking lot. “I can see the tour guide.” The guide was talking to the tourists about the history of the area, as well as the plants and animals that can be seen along the trail.

“He’s walking ahead!” I exclaimed. “We need to hurry or we’ll miss it.”

After we left the car, I raced Harry along the three-quarter mile interpretive trail past the other visitors to the tour guide. We eventually arrived at the top of the hill huffing and puffing in time to watch the guide unlock the door that protects Hidden Cave from vandalism.

I was excited to enter, especially after our earlier visit to the Churchill County Museum in Fallon, where we watched a short video about the history of the cave and looked at interesting artifacts on display. We all learned the cave was originally formed by ancient Lake Lahontan around 21,000 years ago and its continued evolution had been influenced by volcanic eruptions, the lake drying up, and humans dating all the way back to 12,000 years ago.



“Do you know why it’s called the Hidden Cave?” the guide asked us as he unlocked the door.

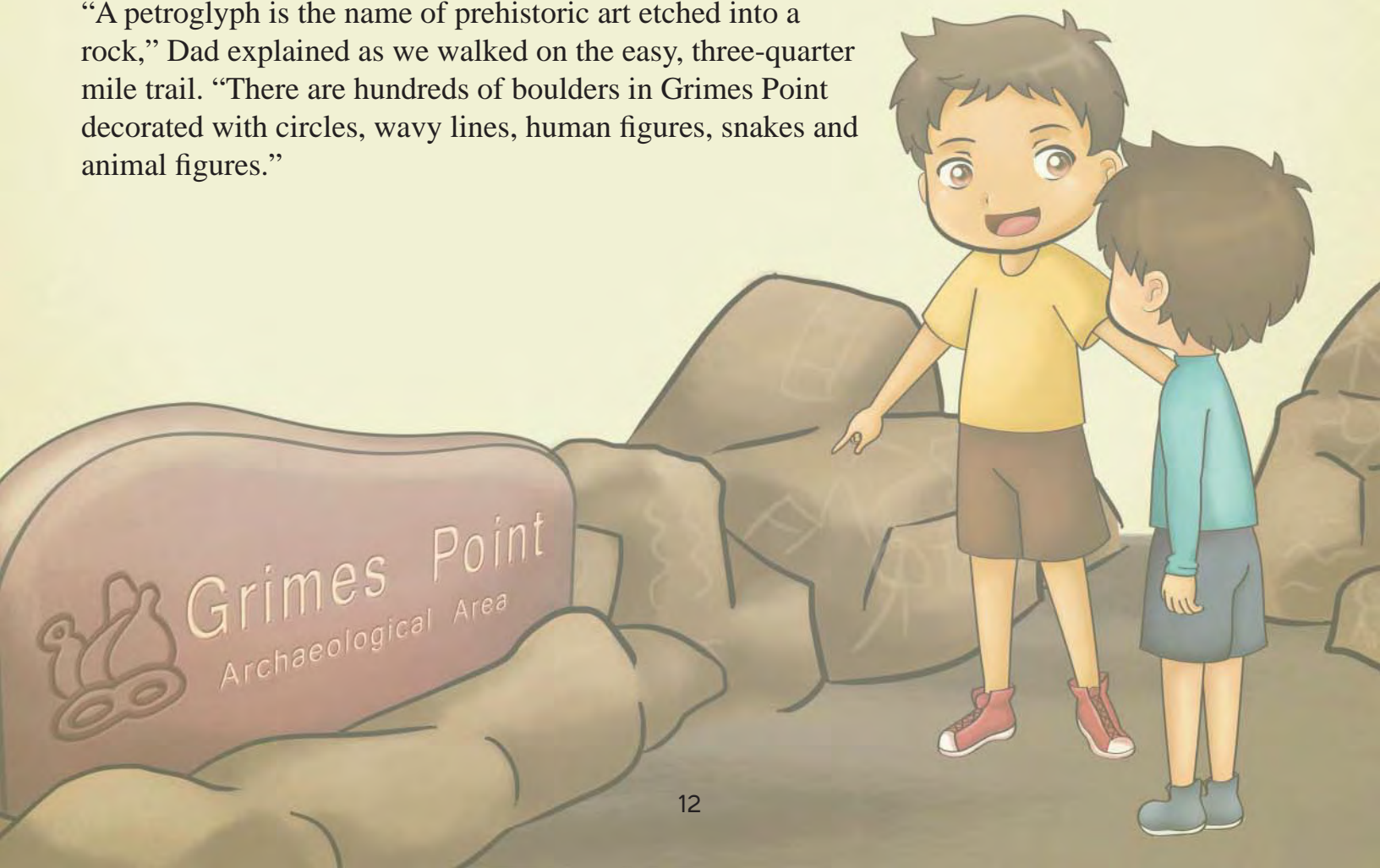
“Of course,” I replied. “It’s because Mr. Mark Harrington, who first excavated the cave, and had a hard time finding the entrance said at the time, *This is certainly one very hidden cave!*” Then I continued, “The cave has since been excavated three times: once in 1940, again in 1951, and finally in 1979-1980.”

Once inside the cave, we learned how the excavations were carried out and followed the wooden walkways down to see tools and seed caches. Dad reminded us how many of the artifacts were found unbroken and arranged in concentrations, which suggested the cave was used a lot by Native peoples for storage 2,000 to 4,000 years ago, like how we use our attics to store stuff today.

After leaving the cave, instead of driving, we decided to hike over to the picnic sites at Grimes Point Rest Area for lunch. It was good Mom had made Dad, Harry and I wear our hiking shoes, because it was a mile and a half from the cave. This Saturday was turning out to be awesome!

After lunch, we signed the visitor log at the trailhead and headed up the Grimes Point Petroglyph Trail where we learned from the interpretive panels that the trail was constructed by the Youth Conservation Corps for the enjoyment of visitors and the protection of cultural resources in 1976, and was designated as Nevada’s very first National Recreation Trail.

“A petroglyph is the name of prehistoric art etched into a rock,” Dad explained as we walked on the easy, three-quarter mile trail. “There are hundreds of boulders in Grimes Point decorated with circles, wavy lines, human figures, snakes and animal figures.”

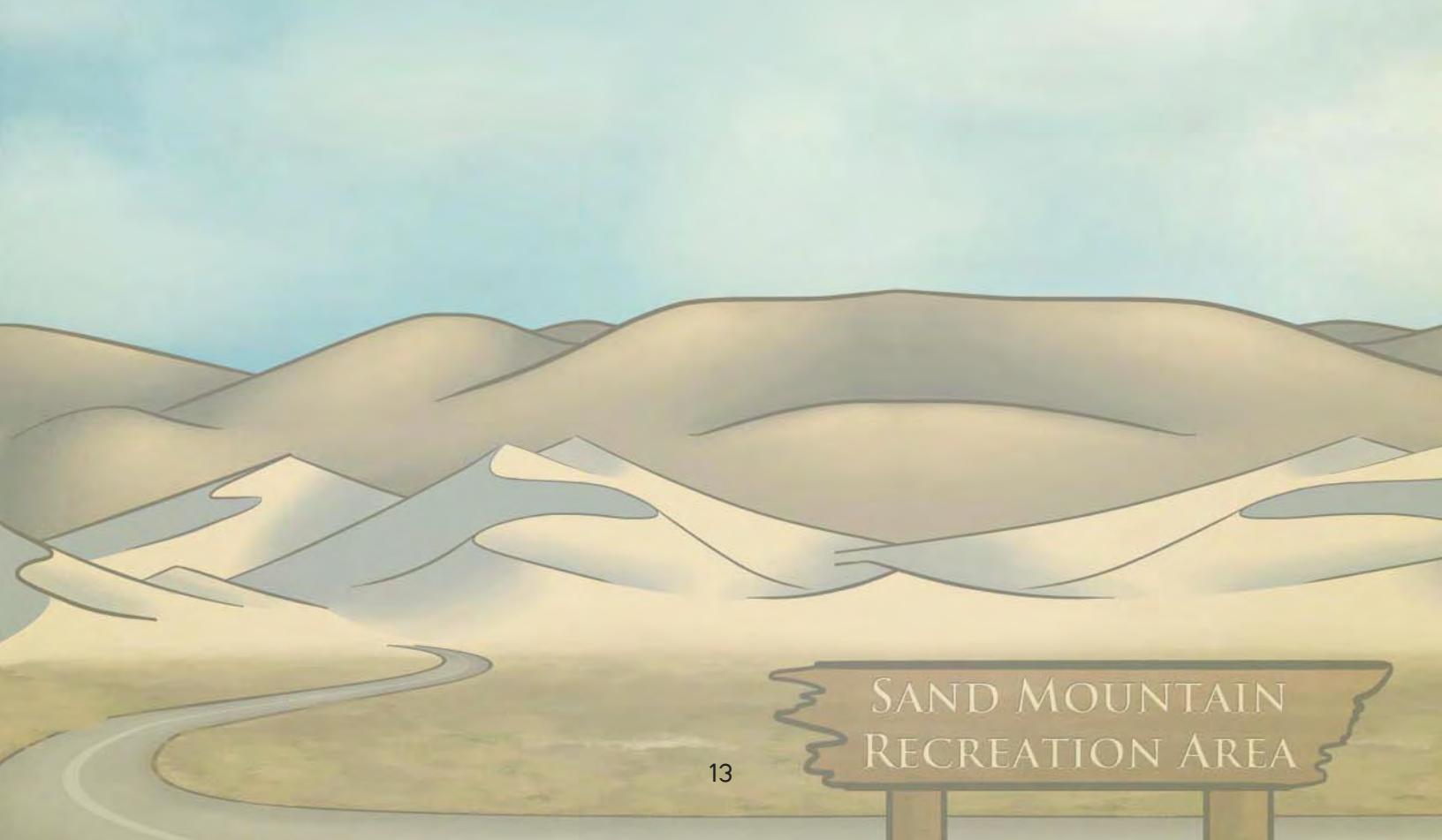


“Grimes Point was first visited by our Native American ancestors 8,000 or more years ago,” Mom added. “The rock art here is believed to be about 6,000 years old.”

It was fascinating to see all of the inscribed rocks and how well preserved they are. As we finished our tour, Mom continued her history lesson for us, “The area back then looked very different from the way it appears now. Up until the end of the Ice Age 10,000 to 12,000 years ago, a vast network of lakes covered much of Nevada and western Utah. As the ancient Lake Lahontan was drying up, its marshy remnants were home to a wide variety of plants and animals which were used by prehistoric people.” Harry and I imagined the past landscape and ancient animals as we looked at the petroglyphs and swapped ideas on what they might mean.

Our final stop of the day was the Sand Springs Pony Express Station, about 16 miles east of Grimes Point on US Highway 50 near Sand Mountain. The station was covered by sand for almost one hundred years and lay undisturbed until 1976 when it was rediscovered by a team of archaeologists. We walked around reading the interpretive signs in front of the remaining buildings explaining the function of each room. We looked through each room carefully, being sure not to disturb or climb on the rock walls, trying to recapture the past, and imagine how it was to live then.

“Some of the Pony Express riders weren’t much older than us!” I told Harry. “Imagine, way back in history at a time before there were airplanes, telephones, railroads or even a telegraph, the Pony Express carried the mail 2,000 miles in just 12 days in the summer and 14 days in the winter.”



“The ponies and riders were special to be able to cover these distances,” said Dad. “As the Civil War loomed, it provided the Union with a vital link to its far-flung Western territories, including the important silver mines of the Comstock and the gold fields of California. The Pony Express lasted only 19 months, from April 1860 to November 1861, but it quickly became a legend. Racing against time, the Pony Express riders had to overcome vast distances and a harsh climate.”

After we finished looking through the rooms of the station, we hiked the three-quarter mile interpretive trail that starts and ends near the station. We learned interesting facts about the plants and animals that survive in the sand dunes and saw the yucky old water holes that were used to water the ponies.

“Boys,” said Dad, “The Pony Express was a job for brave boys and men who didn’t mind tremendous pressure, and enormous hardships.” “Some of them, like 14-year-old Billy Tate, died trying to maintain the communications link,” Mom added. “You should carefully consider whether you really want to have had this hazardous job.”

Harry and I both looked at each other and felt that we might have been Pony Express riders if we had lived then and been old enough.

As we approached the car discussing the most interesting things we had seen, Harry begged Mom to show us how we could make our own petroglyph. Mom promised, and on the way back we stopped for supplies.





# End of Story Activity!

The Native Americans carved petroglyph pictures into rock, but like Tom and Harry, you too can easily make petroglyph art with crayons and markers. First, here are some petroglyph drawings to give you some ideas for you to draw on the rock below.



## Tom's Message:

Leave artifacts alone so other visitors can also enjoy them. Stay on the trail. Straying off it destroys vegetation and may disturb a resting scorpion or snake. When exploring the remains of the Sand Springs Pony Express Station, please stay off the walls!

# Scary Movie in Rhyolite Ghost Town



It was a nice evening and my family was eating dinner at the kitchen table. I'm the family dog, Flash, so I was eating my dinner from a bowl on the floor. Everyone was talking passionately about different subjects, when Adam interrupted and asked, "Dad, you know I have to make a scary movie for Halloween, and you said you knew just the right place for that. When are we going?"

"Let's go this Saturday," Dad said. "The place is a ghost town called Rhyolite, a historic townsite managed by the Bureau of Land Management (BLM)."

"Where is this ghost town?" Adam asked. Before Dad answered, Adelina curiously added, "Why is it called a ghost town?" I stood up, barked, wagged my tail, and everyone shouted, "Flash, quiet." So I went back to my dinner. I had a feeling we were going on a trip. "It is called ghost town because no one lives there anymore." Mom answered.

"The ghost town of Rhyolite is located northwest of Las Vegas, about four miles west of Beatty, Nevada. It's about two and a half hours drive from Las Vegas," Dad said. Mom added, "According to records, in the early 1900s, people discovered gold and other minerals nearby in an area called Bullfrog Mountain. As a result, thousands of people moved and settled in the area."



“Rhyolite grew fast and had everything a town needed,” Dad continued. “It had a school, a fire department, nice houses and streets, large stores, newspapers, phones, three railroads with two railroad stations, banks, a doctor’s office and many other businesses. People had active social lives including sports games, the symphony and going to the opera house.”

Adam seemed puzzled and asked, “Then what happened to Rhyolite? Why did it become a ghost town?”

“Gold was discovered in the Bullfrog Hills in 1904 and within two years Rhyolite grew to 6,000-7,000 people.” Dad explained. “Believe it or not, the San Francisco earthquake and fire of 1906 affected many banks which financed the mines. A number of mines in Rhyolite closed in 1907 and people left town. By 1910 there were only approximately 700 people left in Rhyolite.”

Adelina said, “This story is interesting, and will be perfect for our scary movie project. What do you think, Flash? Do you want to come with us to the ghost town and star in the movie?”

When I heard my name, I got excited and started chasing my tail in circles. Then I went closer to Adelina, and licked her leg happily. While Mom and Dad were cleaning up the dinner table, Adam sent text messages to his friends, Jimmy and Lucas, inviting them to come along. “Come on Flash,” Adam called, “We have to decide on costumes to wear.”

Porter Store



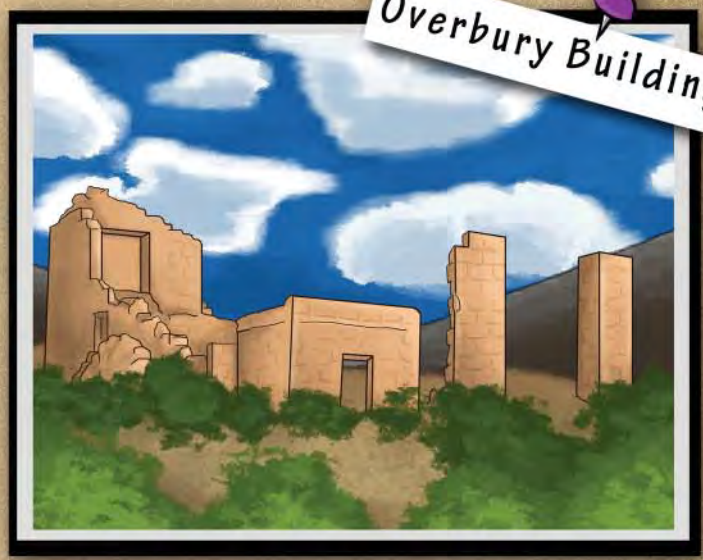
We all raced upstairs to his room. The kids were laughing and they started throwing older costumes at me and trying on different outfits. By bedtime, we were all exhausted and had prepared everything for our trip. I love going on trips with my family.

On Saturday, our friends Lucas and Jimmy came over early and got dressed up in the costumes we chose. I refused to wear anything so Adam put his orange hat on me which looked very dashing. We left home and started our day trip to the ghost town of Rhyolite. Dad was driving and Mom was sitting in the other front seat. Adam

Adelina, Lucas, Jimmy and I took the back seats of the SUV. Everyone was so excited! They were singing all the way and I barked along with them. After few hours driving, we finally arrived. There were a few cars in the parking area and people walking around taking pictures. Dad parked and we went to the host to learn about the town.

Now it was time to film and I was pretty excited about being a movie star. Our movie director, Adam, gave us poses and told us to make scary faces. Dad was the camera man. He checked each building carefully before allowing us to go

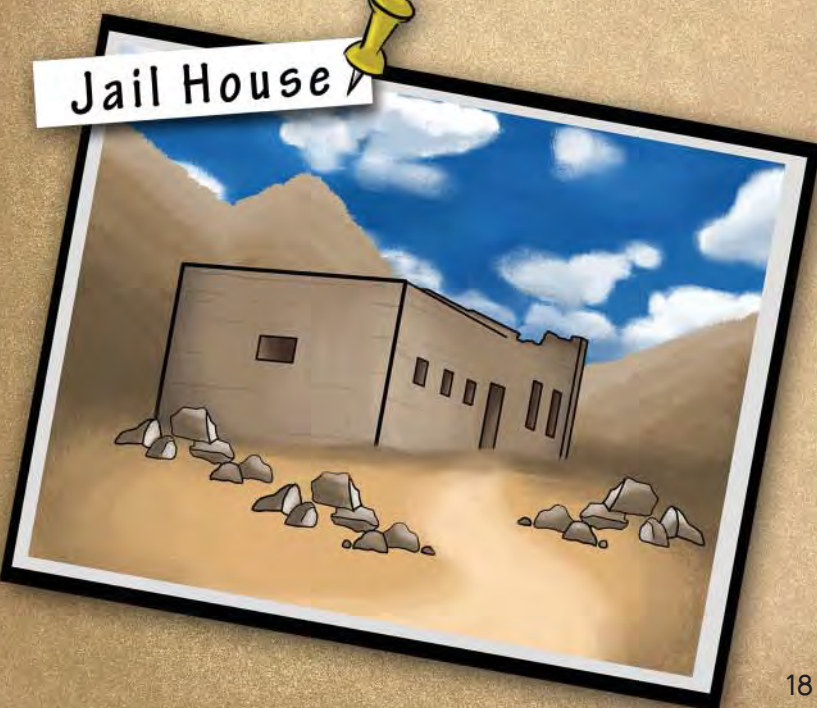
Overbury Building



near. We spent considerable time walking on the roads in front of the buildings, shooting scenes for our scary movie and taking pictures. Adelina and Adam wanted to have enough pictures so when they got back, they could post them on social media sites to share with their friends. I was always on a leash since there are many hazards in Rhyolite such as old privy holes and cesspools.

It was a remarkable environment with different kinds of buildings. I had never seen anything like it before. We shot scenes at the Tom Kelly Bottle House, the house made of empty beer

Jail House





and liquor bottles laid on their sides and embedded in adobe mud mortar. Then we walked to the John S. Cook Bank Building. The bank is the tallest building in Rhyolite, and one of the most photographed buildings in town. It was a magnificent building and it's a shame that it has fallen into ruins. After that we went to the Gorrill Building, the Rhyolite Jail House, the Overbury Building, and the HD & LD Porter Store. Dad said: "This Porter Store used to carry anything a person needed." We shot two scenes and took pictures then moved to the Las Vegas and Tonopah Railroad Depot and Rhyolite School House for the final shots. After Adam and Lucas took the camera from Dad and checked that they had enough footage to put together for the movie we headed back to the car.

It was a wonderful day and everyone was so happy. On the way back the kids were busy discussing how they would organize the scenes to make the movie. The kids sent text messages to their friends about their new experiences at Rhyolite. Jimmy posted his adventures on his school's social media site, "We had an awesome experience in a ghost town over a hundred years old. Stay tuned for our upcoming movie on Halloween."

We made it home safe and sound. Mom gave everyone snacks and juice, and gave me dog treats too. She reminded Jimmy and Lucas to take brochures home so their families can also visit Rhyolite. Mom said she is so proud that everyone behaved very responsibly and followed directions to stay safe and out of trouble, including Flash."

After the long trip, I went and relaxed in my dog house. I thought about how this ghost town was indeed a unique place. It's hard to believe how fast Rhyolite town grew when the mines and other successful businesses were operating, and then it all disappeared.

# End of Story Activity!

Imagine you are Adam the director.

How would you plan your visit to the Rhyolite Historic Townsite to make your scary movie? What kind of costume would you wear? Draw a picture of it below.



## Flash's Message:

Stay Out, Stay Alive! Don't play in old building ruins or mine shafts as it could be dangerous.

Don't take anything or damage anything.

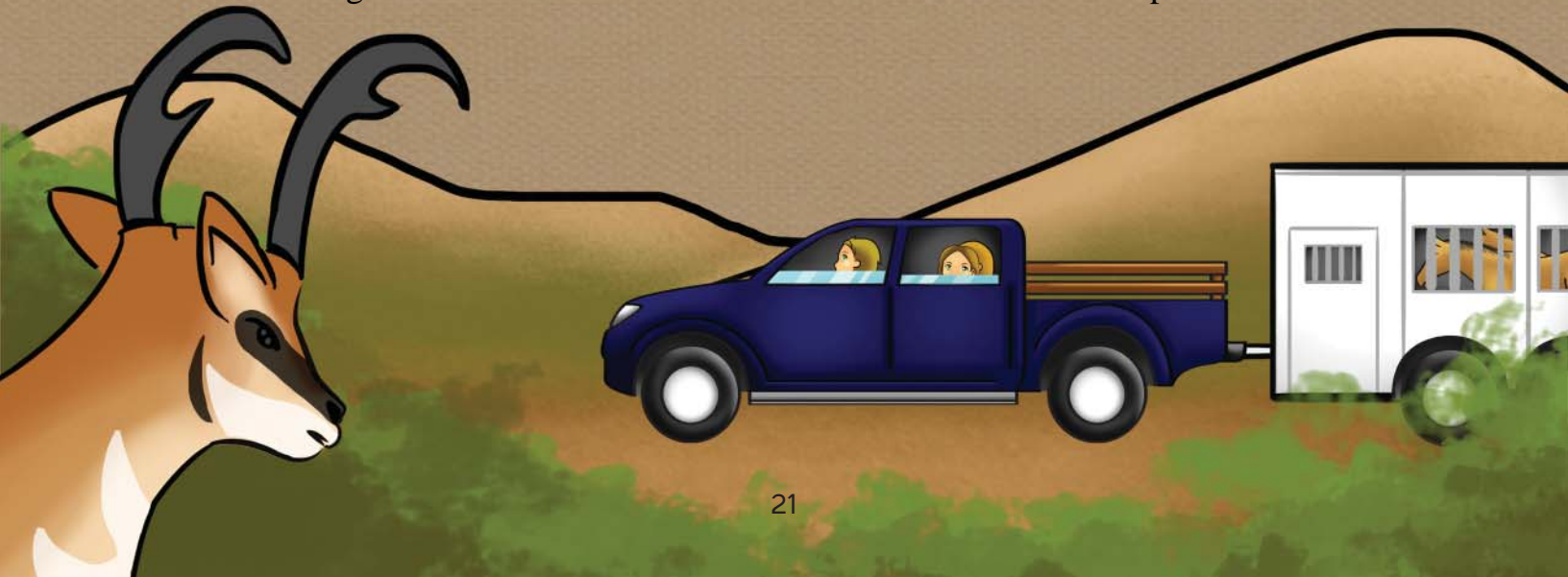
Keep your pets leashed.

# Welcome to My Home the Wilderness



The year 2014 marked the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of The Wilderness Act. Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie, their two daughters Jenny and Kim, and their son Rob had decided to celebrate this exceptional event by camping for few days in the Parsnip Peak Wilderness, which is located in the Bureau of Land Management's Ely District in northeastern Lincoln County, Nevada. Mr. McKenzie drove the pickup truck and the horses were in the trailer. Country music was playing softly on the radio. As they approached the Parsnip Peak Wilderness, their cell phone signals became weak and the kids were unable to continue using their smart phones. After a while, the kids forgot about their phones and looked out the window, taking in the natural beauty of the area. The radio started crackling as reception was lost. Rob broke the silence by saying, "Geez, we're really far from civilization! Mom, what's the deal with Wilderness?"

"Wilderness is a natural place where there are no buildings and you can get away from the crowds and craziness of cities. They are places set aside for you to enjoy and do things like ride horses, hunt, ski, hike, camp or find cool rocks! That is why the Wilderness Act is important because it's one of America's greatest conservation achievements." Mrs. McKenzie replied.



Mr. McKenzie wanted the kids to appreciate the history so he added, “President Johnson signed The Wilderness Act into law 50 years ago in 1964. The name of the gentleman who wrote the first draft was Mr. Howard Zahniser. Howard was in a club and they called themselves The Wilderness Society. Since then, wilderness has been preserved all over America.”

As they continued driving and discussing their trip, a Bald Eagle was soaring through the clear blue skies above the Parsnip Peak Wilderness. It looked down and spotted the McKenzie’s pickup truck and trailer approaching the campsite.

As the truck got closer, the Bald Eagle found its friend, Antelope, and told him what it had seen. “Oh no! Humans again!” said Antelope. “These humans could be a threat to our home, the wilderness. I’m nervous this family might mess up our habitat.”

Eagle replied, “I remember the last time humans came, they left some garbage and disturbed all of us.”

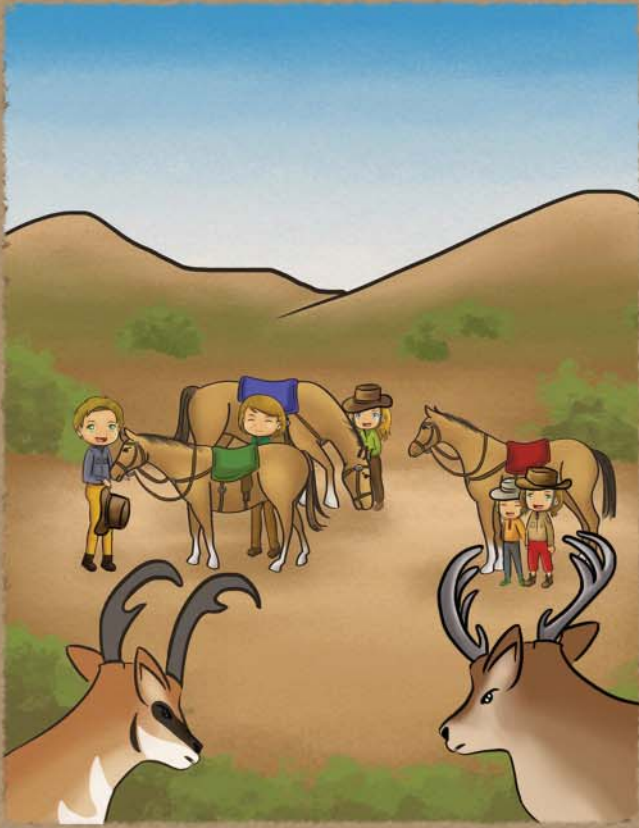
“I’d better stay close to them and keep watch to make sure they don’t make a lot of noise to disturb my fellow animals and leave trash everywhere.” Antelope said.

Antelope watched the McKenzies setting up their tent for the night. They’d brought a lot of food plus grain and weed-free hay for their horses. He thought this was very considerate, as it meant they weren’t eating his food or spreading weeds.

The next morning, when the McKenzies went horseback riding heading toward the mazelike rock outcrops called the Indian Playground, Antelope followed well behind them. After a while, he







came across his two old friends Mule Deer and Elk browsing amongst the trees. They kept him company for a few miles following the humans and observing their behavior. They all agreed that these humans seemed to be enjoying the scenery and solitude as they rode through sagebrush meadows and forested hills.

The McKenzies traveled past tall mounds of white volcanic rock that illustrated the powerful effects of weathering, the curved rolling rocks contrasting with the towering Ponderosa Pine trees that grew in cracks and along the edges of the rock. Along their route, they saw the forest cover vary with elevation changes. There are expansive Aspen Groves on the north slopes and Mountain Mahogany blanketing the south. Kim explained to her younger sister, “Jenny, for us to enjoy this gorgeous scenery we needed to come

this far horseback riding. There was no way to drive in Dad’s pickup truck since there are no roads here.” Listening to the conversation among the kids, the McKenzie parents felt proud of their children for their understanding and respect of the wilderness.

Rob, Jenny and Kim also noticed many animal footprints along and around the path, from such animals as the badger, the coyote and the mule deer. “I’m glad there aren’t any mountain lion footprints.” Rob said to the girls. “The horses would be scared.”

When the people stopped to enjoy their lunch, Antelope and his friends also stopped and enjoyed a meal of native grasses that flourish throughout the wilderness. As the humans drank from water bottles, the animals enjoyed drinking from springs edged by Yellow Monkey flowers.

While everyone was resting after their meal, the humans noticed Antelope and his friends resting nearby. Jenny and Kim wanted to get closer but their parents urged the children to sit quietly and not disturb the animals.



Before sunset, the McKenzies headed back to their campsite. As the stars came out, the kids started to marvel over the thousands of stars they could see. “Can’t see that many stars in the city!” said Kim.

“Listen to this!” said Mrs. McKenzie.

“Listen to what, Mom?” asked Rob.

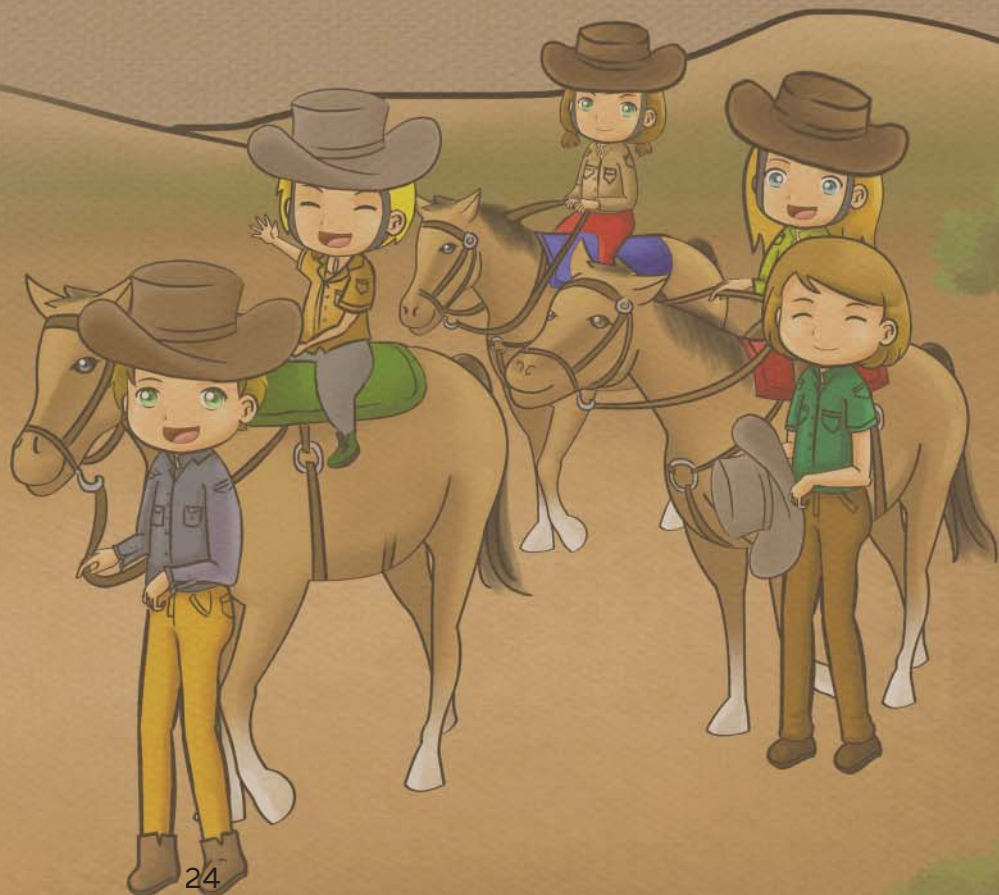
“Exactly! I don’t hear sirens, or horns honking. I don’t hear the TV or even you hollering at your sister! It’s so peaceful out here.” Their laughter filled the silent night.

Antelope was telling Bald Eagle, “I think this family really enjoyed their trip, and they were so respectful of the wilderness where we live. They picked up after themselves - whatever they had packed in, they packed out again!”

They left the people to go to sleep, and headed back into the wilderness.

Later he told the Mule Deer, “Eagle and I thought we’d snooped around enough. We decided we should leave these polite and respectful people to enjoy our wilderness. We shouldn’t forget they are creatures like us as well, and our home - the wilderness - is here for them to enjoy, too.”

During their rides over the following days, the McKenzie kids learned that the wilderness is important for numerous reasons. First it is a place for them to enjoy! People, from all over, enjoy some of their favorite recreational activities in wilderness, such as wildlife watching, hiking, hunting, fishing, camping, horseback riding, canoeing and escaping the stresses of everyday life. It also provides a home for wildlife and native plants. The wilderness protects watersheds that provide clean drinking water to wildlife and surrounding communities. It filters and cleans the air. They all agreed that it is crucial to protect the wilderness and they will make annual trips to come and camp at Parsnip Peak Wilderness.



# End of Story Activity!

## Ecology Lesson

Like Antelope said, all creatures, humans and animals are alike. We all share the same needs to survive. We need shelter to protect us from things like rain, snow, heat, and cold so we have:

- Houses for humans
- Nests for birds
- Wilderness or healthy habitat for wildlife
- Open seas, freshwater lakes and rivers for fish

Other things that we need to live are food and water.

List here the kinds of things animals who live in the wild eat:

- -----
- -----
- -----
- -----

List here the kinds of things humans eat when they camp in the wild:

- -----
- -----
- -----
- -----



**Antelope's Message:**  
 Wilderness is a place to be preserved in its natural condition, free of human development or manipulation, where people can enjoy solitude and primitive recreation. When humans visit the wilderness, they shouldn't disturb us and they should leave the area as though they had never visited it – without any trace of their visit – without noise, rubbish, or signs of visitation.

# A Day with Nature at Sloan Canyon National Conservation Area

My sister, Pat, and I were excited that our Grandpa and Grandma came to stay with us in Henderson, Nevada. Their plans were to visit with some of their friends but their friends cancelled at the last minute. Pat and I wanted to cheer them up so we asked if they would take us to Sloan Canyon National Conservation Area.

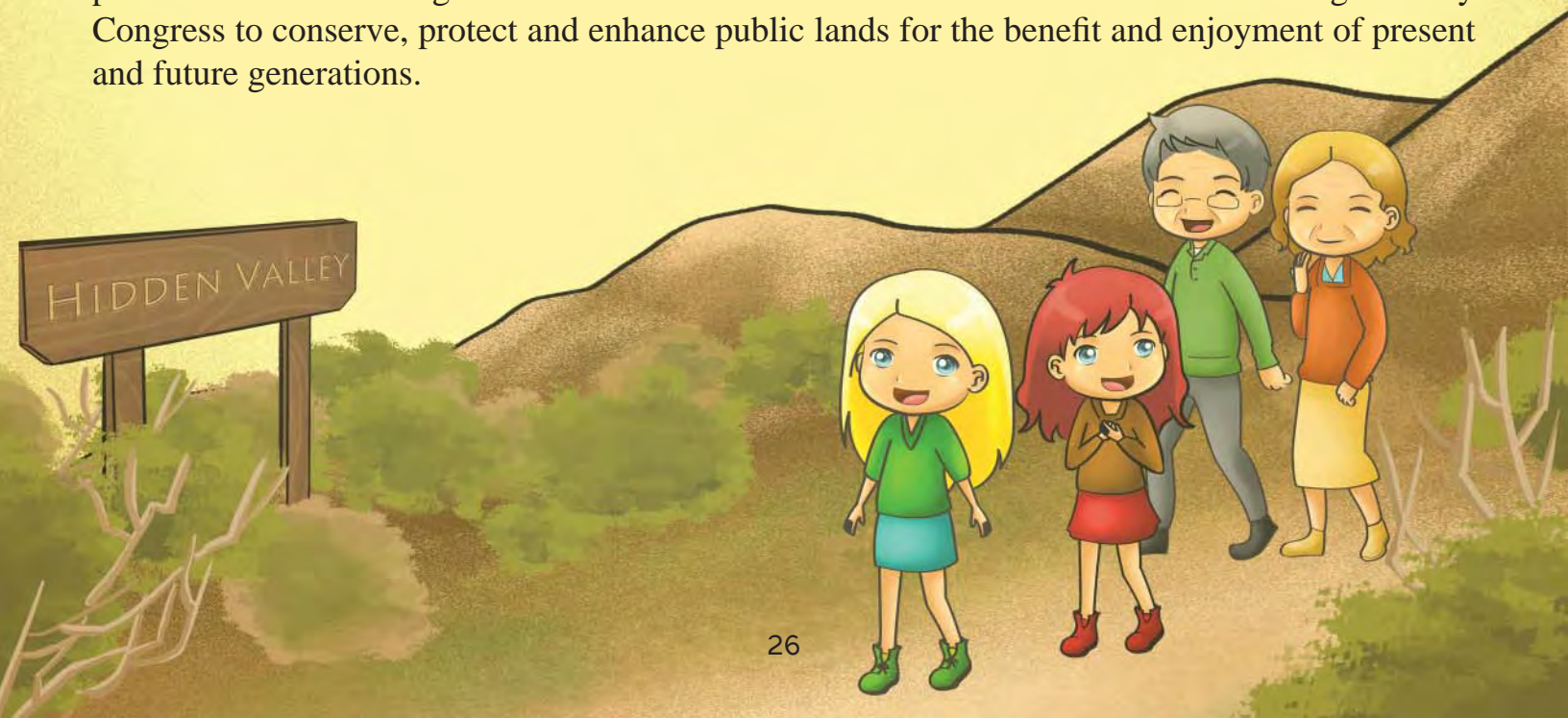
Early on Saturday morning, Mom and Grandma packed us snacks, water, and lunch. “Wanda and Pat,” Mom warned us, “make sure to bring back whatever you take to Sloan.” Grandma laughed, “Don’t worry, I’ll keep my eye on the girls and we know the rule – pack it in, pack it out, and leave no trace.” Grandma replied, and winked at Pat and me.

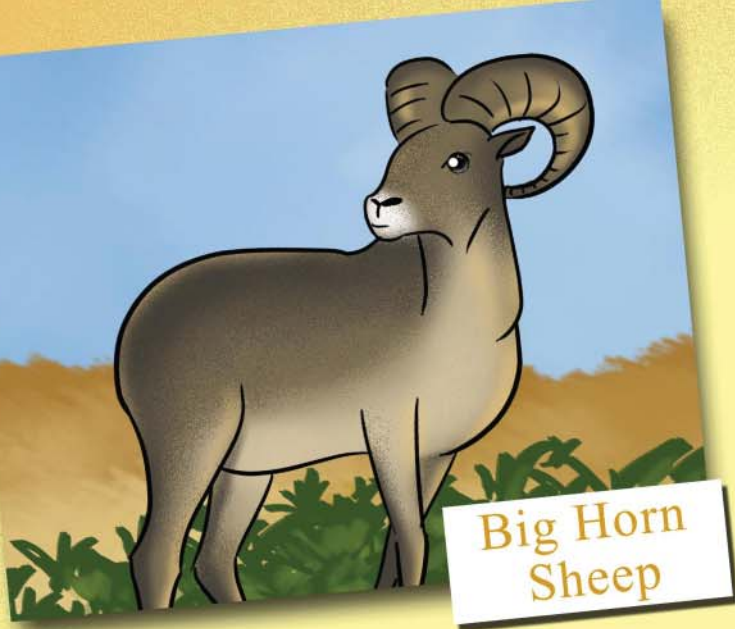
“Grandpa and Grandma, have you been to the Sloan Canyon National Conservation Area before?” Pat said as we drove to the Hidden Valley trailhead parking area.

“Of course! We’ve visited several times and each time we enjoy it more than the last. We have a different experience with every visit. One time we went hiking with your parents. Another time, we went horseback riding with friends, and today we are hiking with our precious grandchildren to enjoy the wildlife and visit the Hidden Valley area and Petroglyph Canyon.” Grandpa answered.

As we hiked through Sloan Canyon National Recreation Area we learned from Grandpa that it is about 48,500 acres and is managed by the Bureau of Land Management (BLM). “What is a National Conservation Area, Grandpa?” I asked.

Grandpa explained that a National Conservation Area consists of special landscapes found on public lands that belong to all Americans. The national conservation areas are designated by Congress to conserve, protect and enhance public lands for the benefit and enjoyment of present and future generations.



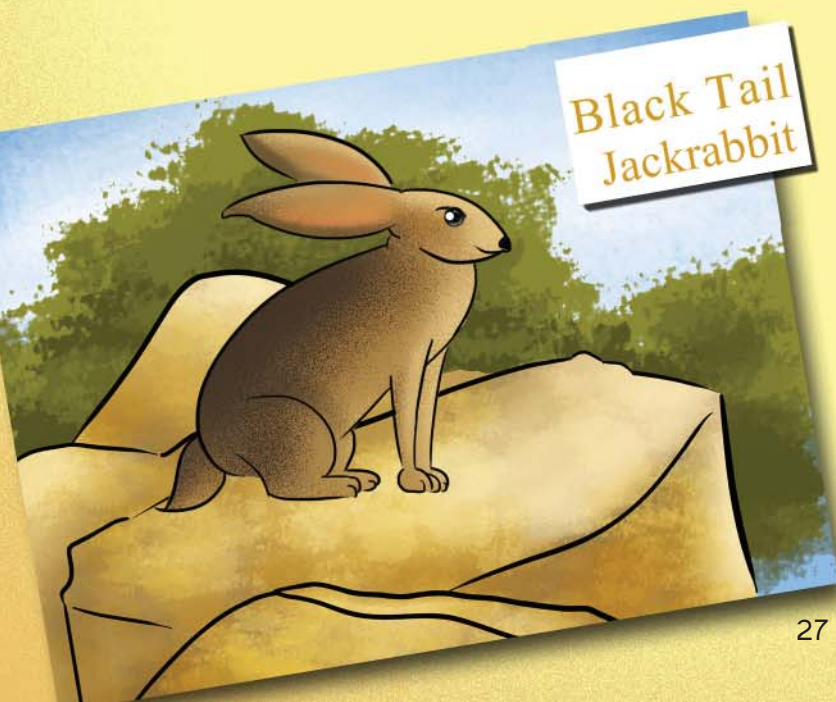
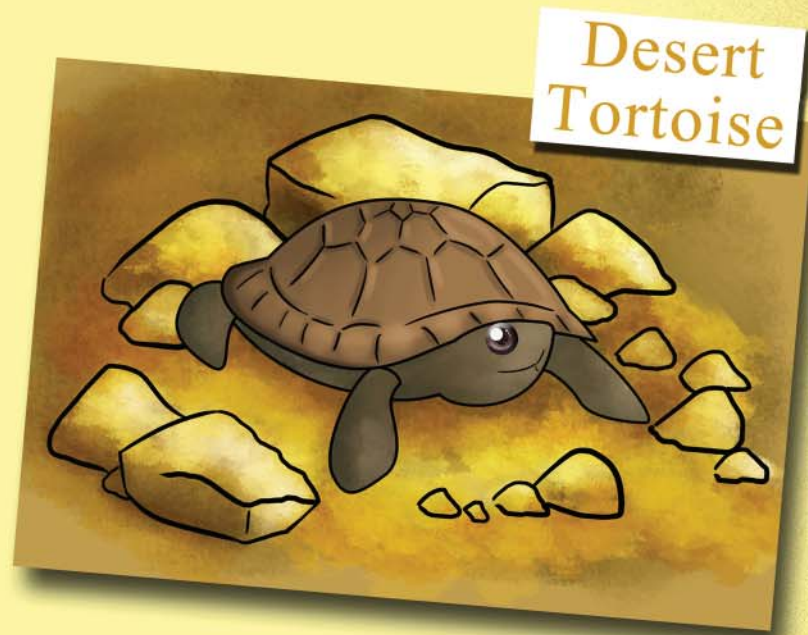


By noon, we reached a big rock in the Hidden Valley area and sat underneath it to take a break and eat our lunch. At the same time, we spotted a Big Horn Sheep eating its lunch too. The sheep's menu included various desert wildflowers such as Sundrop, Buckwheat and Cliffrose which are important food sources for many types of wildlife.

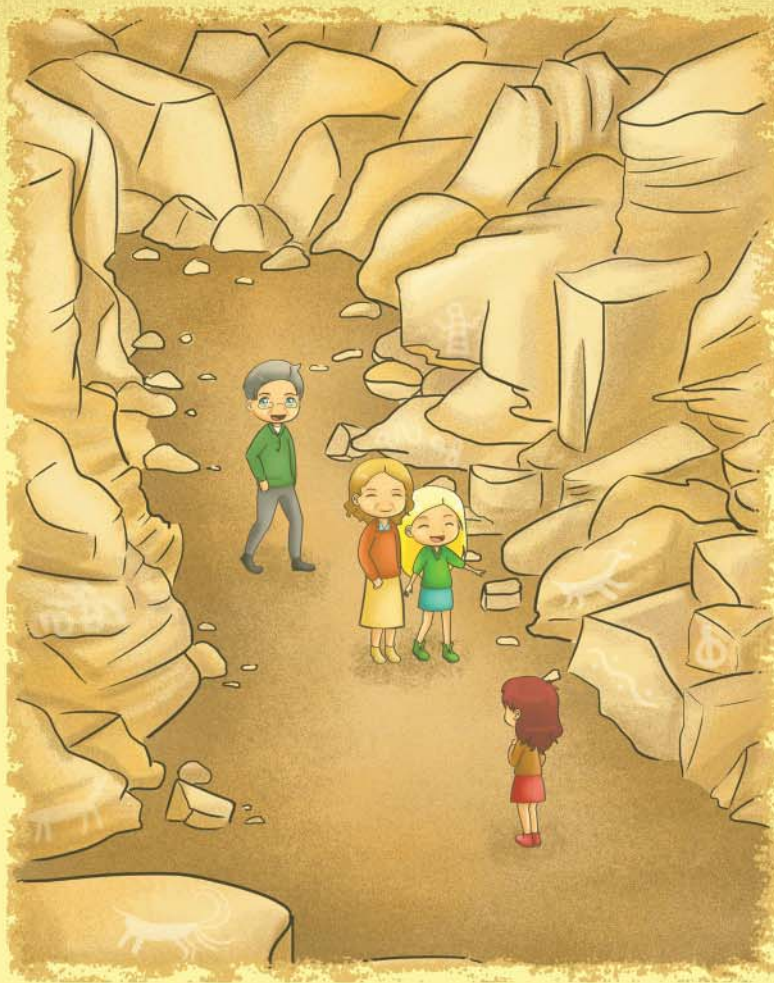
Up the trail, Pat pointed and called out, "Wanda, Grandma, Grandpa, look over here and see this adorable desert tortoise. Wow, this place is amazing."

"Grandpa," I asked, "how do these animals survive here?"

Grandpa, our walking encyclopedia, told us we were in the Mojave Desert and despite the extreme conditions of the desert a few creatures are able to survive in this harsh environment. The Desert Tortoise and several other reptile species spend much of their time underground during the winter.



The Black Tail Jackrabbit increases or decreases blood flow through its long ears to cool down or to warm up. The Big Horn Sheep can lose up to twenty percent of its body mass in just a few days during the summer months when the temperature is over a hundred degrees. A quick visit to a water source can help regain their body mass in four hours.



After lunch, we headed towards the Petroglyph Canyon area. At this site, there are more than 300 rock art panels with 1,700 individual designs that were created by Native Americans hundreds and even thousands of years ago. All of these petroglyphs are preserved within Sloan Canyon. After hiking about a mile, we reached the petroglyphs and found them on both sides of the canyon. It was fascinating to see that almost every rock was marked and each petroglyph had a different design. Out of respect for the history of the area, all visitors are warned not to touch, mark, or otherwise harm the petroglyphs.

On the way back Pat went ahead of everyone, and we heard her cry out, “Ouch, this plant hurt me.” Grandma ran to her and held her hurt finger and kissed it. “I am scared to touch it again.” Pat said.

The plant that Pat touched is called a Beavertail Cactus. All cacti have thorny spines and should be respected. Other plants without spines are the Globemallow, Desert Marigold and Desert Chicory. The Rosy Two-Tone Beardtongue has a very delicate and precious pink flower. I asked, “Grandma, how do these plants survive in this desert?”

From Grandma’s answers we learned that plants, like the animals, also have unique features that allow them to live in the desert.

The Beavertail Cactus endures the drought and remains active all year long by storing water in its

stem which helps it to survive. Other plants tolerate drought by having very small leathery leaves or long taproots. The drought adapted plants become leafy in the spring when water is abundant, but when it gets too dry they lose their leaves.

I had one last question for Grandpa and Grandma, “How can we help protect this important National Conservation Area?” I asked.

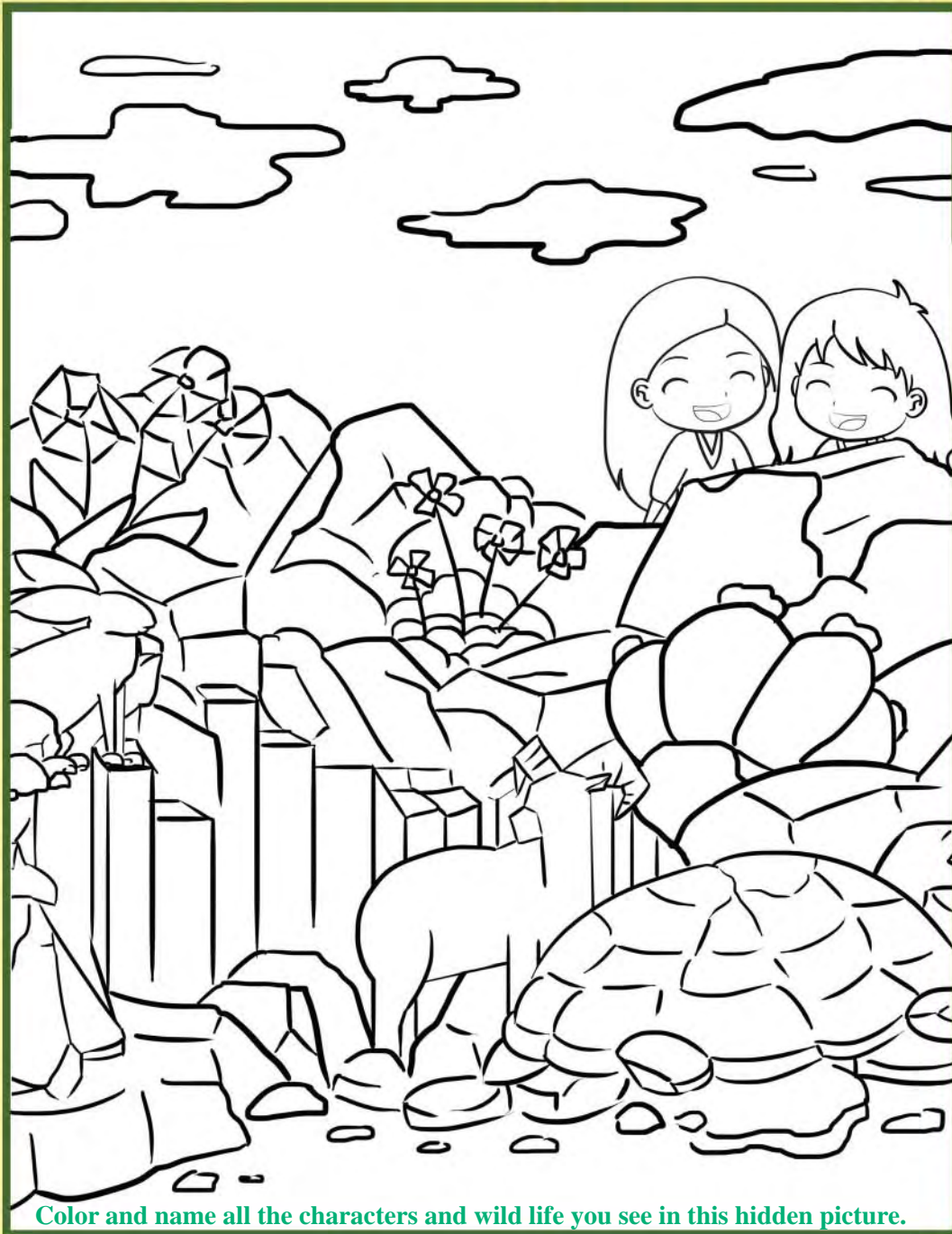
Grandpa was glad and proud to hear my question. We found out that there are many ways in which we can protect our priceless national conservation areas. The BLM, its partners and volunteers are doing a great job to protect and preserve the Sloan Canyon area as well as our other National Conservation Lands in Nevada and throughout the country. The other way to protect these places is to be considerate of the environment by not littering, not taking anything from the area and to report any illegal activities to the Ranger. Finally, Grandma encouraged us to come back with our parents and volunteer at Sloan Canyon during a trash cleanup or other special events.

“Guys, it’s a bit late and it will get dark soon so let’s go home.” Grandma said.

Pat, Grandpa and I, shouted, “No.” We didn’t want our day with nature to end. Pat and I winked at each other and felt proud that we had brought Grandpa and Grandma with us and we all had loads of fun.



# End of Story Activity!



Color and name all the characters and wild life you see in this hidden picture.



## Grandma's Message:

Whenever visiting Sloan Conservation Area, make sure to leave no trace and follow the rule if you pack-it-in then make sure to pack-it-out.

Also, please help preserve this treasure by not touching or vandalizing the rock art, or disturbing wildlife.

Leave all rocks, plants and animals here for others to enjoy.



# Find Hidden Words

P	S	T	A	T	H	N	B	L	O	G	E	I	X	P	O	G	B
O	V	X	N	X	O	I	P	H	A	N	J	J	B	L	O	R	R
N	N	M	Y	X	V	P	D	H	L	Y	F	P	T	P	N	I	S
N	N	I	O	H	P	K	S	D	Y	R	O	Z	L	T	W	M	L
Y	Y	C	N	B	L	O	T	G	E	I	X	P	E	A	T	E	O
E	J	T	Z	T	P	N	T	G	N	N	S	P	T	T	T	S	A
X	H	U	M	B	O	L	D	T	R	I	V	E	R	X	N	P	N
P	O	W	M	Z	O	S	L	O	J	T	R	A	Y	N	N	O	C
E	A	I	N	P	D	O	D	E	E	C	T	P	L	X	Y	I	A
S	N	N	T	E	E	L	K	O	A	T	T	X	S	L	O	N	N
S	C	N	O	P	V	T	T	N	E	T	X	V	U	D	E	T	Y
S	A	E	X	Q	E	A	Y	O	Z	L	M	Z	O	L	N	Y	O
T	N	M	B	L	O	O	D	Y	S	H	I	N	S	X	O	A	N
A	X	U	T	P	N	T	T	A	Y	F	H	T	U	E	T	S	S
T	V	C	E	L	E	P	H	A	N	T	S	T	A	T	U	E	T
I	X	C	Y	F	H	T	U	E	T	S	L	V	H	A	N	J	I
O	J	A	O	A	E	R	A	S	S	E	N	R	E	D	L	I	W
N	P	E	T	R	O	G	L	Y	P	H	L	Y	F	H	R	Z	Z

NEVADA

PETROGLYPH

WATER CANYON

BLOODY SHINS

ELKO

ELEPHANT STATUE

WINNEMUCCA

HUMBOLDT RIVER

SLOAN CANYON

WILDERNESS AREA

GRIMES POINT

SAND SPRINGS

PONY EXPRESS STATION

HIDDEN VALLEY

# JUNIOR EXPLORER PLEDGE



As a Bureau of Land Management Junior Explorer, I promise to:

- do all I can to help preserve and protect the natural and cultural resources on our public lands,
- be aware of how my actions can affect other living things and the evidence of our past,
- keep learning about the importance of nature and our heritage, and
- share what I have learned with others!

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Date

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Explorer Signature

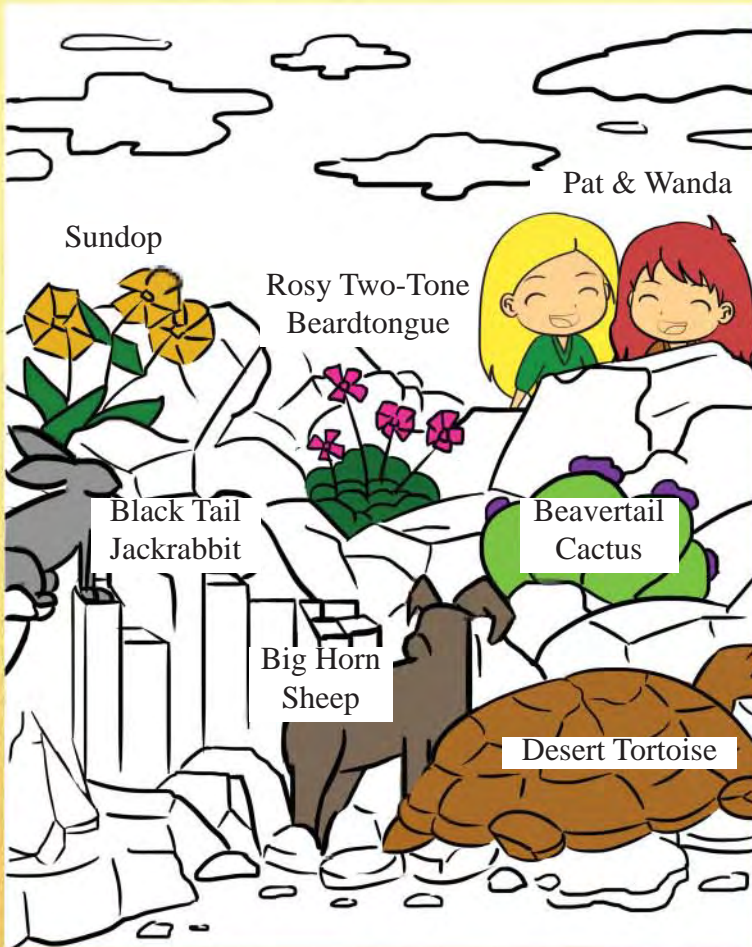
# Answer Key

## Solution to Page 10

Solution for end of story match up:

- ★ Saddle up = Let's go
- ★ Boho Gahnee = Sagebrush house in Shoshone language
- ★ Newe = The people in Shoshone language
- ★ Greenhorn = Inexperienced person
- ★ Moccasins = Native American footwear

## Solution to Page 30 Solution to Page 31



P	S	T	A	T	H	N	B	L	O	G	E	I	X	P	O	G	B
O	V	X	N	X	O	I	P	H	A	N	J	J	B	L	O	R	R
N	N	M	Y	X	V	P	D	H	L	Y	F	P	T	P	N	I	S
N	N	I	O	H	P	K	S	D	Y	R	O	Z	L	T	W	M	L
Y	Y	C	N	B	L	O	T	G	E	I	X	P	E	A	T	E	O
E	J	T	Z	T	P	N	T	G	N	N	S	P	T	T	T	S	A
X	H	U	M	B	O	L	D	T	R	I	V	E	R	X	N	P	N
P	O	W	M	Z	O	S	L	O	J	T	R	A	Y	N	N	O	C
E	A	I	N	P	D	O	D	E	E	C	T	P	L	X	Y	I	A
S	N	N	T	E	E	L	K	O	A	T	T	X	S	L	O	N	N
S	C	N	O	P	V	T	T	N	E	T	X	V	U	D	E	T	Y
S	A	E	X	Q	E	A	Y	O	Z	L	M	Z	O	L	N	Y	O
T	N	M	B	L	O	O	D	Y	S	H	I	N	S	X	O	A	N
A	X	U	T	P	N	T	T	A	Y	F	H	T	U	E	T	S	S
T	V	C	E	L	E	P	H	A	N	T	S	T	A	T	U	E	T
I	X	C	Y	F	H	T	U	E	T	S	L	V	H	A	N	J	I
O	J	A	O	A	E	R	A	S	S	E	N	R	E	D	L	I	W
N	P	E	T	R	O	G	L	Y	P	H	L	Y	F	H	R	Z	Z

NEVADA  
 PETROGLYPH  
 WATER CANYON  
 BLOODY SHINS  
 ELKO  
 ELEPHANT STATUE  
 WINNEMUCCA

HUMBOLDT RIVER  
 SLOAN CANYON  
 WILDERNESS AREA  
 GRIMES POINT  
 SANDS SPRINGS  
 PONY EXPRESS STATION  
 HIDDEN VALLEY

# For Parents and Teachers



Hello!

We hope you enjoyed travelling with our families to the six different sites in Nevada. Please have your children and students take this book with them when visiting these sites. There are plenty of activities in these sites for all ages.


So come out and enjoy our Nevada!


For more information on BLM Nevada please visit Website at [www.blm.gov/nv](http://www.blm.gov/nv)


For BLM educational materials please visit Website at [www.blm.gov/education](http://www.blm.gov/education)

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