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Comments: I have recently reviewed the released Nez Perce-Clearwater Forest Plan Revision Draft Environmental Impact Statement and Draft Revised Forest Plan. None of the alternatives presented reflect the management I would like to see implemented for the Hoodoo Roadless Area. Please accept these comments into the formal record.

I was raised in tiny semi-rural pocket in Fairfax County, Virginia. We had deer who came to our creek, birds who nested in our trees, and little ground and tree critters who stayed for winter. My mother's 'encyclopedia of birds' stayed open on the linen chest under the picture window. Over the years, our barely-two lane paved road became a throughfare short-cut for commuters going to and from several close-by towns and travelers taking the less crowded way to Dulles. A few decades later, that haven was a conglomerate of bedroom communities, feeder roads, small-industry parks, and office parks. Deer and birds were driven from their habitats. Hm. Almost literally driven away -- it was the 12 hours of commuter traffic that kept them from their grazing areas.

It happens slowly. "Just a" little pocket of houses here. "Just a" little widening of the asphalt, not even a lane, you won't even notice it after a while.

Draw a line in the sand and guard it well.

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Nature abhors a vacuum, even on a narrow dirt lane. As people learn of a new easy way to enjoy the roadless area, they'll take advantage of "motorized access". That's its point, to allow fuel-burning engines.

Roadless areas exist for a reason. It's where we can see what we can't see anywhere else -- deer, chipmunks, wildflowers, pristine water -- because you have to be on foot. You're still an alien being, but you are quiet and (we trust) nonpolluting.

Keep roadless areas roadless. Once you open the floodgate, there's no going back.

Any and all of them that originate outside the boundary and flow through wilderness and park areas. When it exits the wilderness/park, it should be pristine. What happens to it after that is our responsibility and our fault if we're careless.

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I grew up with trees. A huge encyclopedia of birds waited on a table under a picture window. At this moment, I'm looking through a 30' spruce literally right outside my window -- if I had a yardstick, I could poke the bird's nest that in Spring is as rowdy as a frat house. It's just plain good for the soul. Thank you so much for your work!