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Comments: I grew up in Ohio. After high school graduation in 1965, my best friend and I worked that summer, saved our money, bought a 1960 Ford Falcon, and drove west. We had a poster in a rear window that stated: "Anywhere, U.S.A. Population 2."

In Columbia, Missouri, we visited Tom's brother who was, I think, in the first class of the Peace Corps on his way to spending two years in Nepal.

I got my first view of "The West" in the sand hills of Nebraska. On down the highway, I got my first view of the Front Range of the Colorado Mountains. After first sight, from what must have been 40 miles away, I was amazed how achingly slowly they seemed to get nearer, how long it took to finally reach them. It was a revelation! I didn't know that mountains, Western mountains, could be so massive. We drove through the Grand Tetons and Glacier Park. I fell in love with mountains like it was in my DNA. My father's parents were from Bavaria.

After two years of college in Ohio, I decided that I had to transfer to a Western school located in the most impressive mountains. I wrote for and received literally dozens of college catalogs from all over the West. I studied the topography near each school.

There was no competition. Western Washington with its glaciated and jagged North Cascades and massive snow depths drew me to Bellingham and Western State College.

On my first drive to the end of the Mount Baker Highway, the immensity and primal beauty of Mt. Shuksan, with its Hanging Glacier, was the culmination of my search for my mountain Nirvana. These were called - and are - "the American Alps." And at Artist Point at the end of the Mt. Baker Highway, I was delirious to gaze upon 9,131 ft Mt. Shuksan to the east and 10,781 ft Mt Baker to the west, the most glaciated mountain in the contiguous U.S. and over two miles tall.

I wanted badly to live my life near the North Cascades, but it was just too far from my parents in Ohio. I wound up teaching in Roanoke, Virginia, located in a valley between the Appalachians and the Blue Ridge.

At age 48, with both parents gone, I finally was able to return to Whatcom County and the North Cascades. I built a cabin with the nearest full view of Mt. Baker. I've now lived near the North Cascades for a quarter century. Through these years, I've been surprised, heartened, and thankful that the wildness of the drive through the North Fork Nooksack Valley has continued to be preserved. The only scars in the upper valley were thanks to Reagan and James Watt. There are just a few of their clear cut postage stamps scattered around in that spacious wilderness, but the views of these wild vistas from afar are all the more stupidly disfigured since those postage stamps will take hundreds of years to be no longer visible.

It's certainly not surprising that the administration of Donald Trump wants to again scar this precious scenery and habitat. Since climate change is a hoax, these wild forests would supposedly be better used as board feet and cardboard. Luckily, he will be out of office very soon and the Biden administration will surely revert to the previous era of saving for the future what is best of the present. But to help ensure that outcome, I'm offering my perspective of this mind-numbing Forest Service proposal.

In the past year, just east of the town of Maple Falls on the Baker HW, a new clear cut has created a terrible eyesore which replaces what was one of the most pleasant stretches of highway west of the town of Glacier. It is the only clear cut scar that borders the highway in the whole drive through the mountains. Without a doubt, there will be tens of thousands of people who will be driving past that decimated patch of forest and they will be pissed on every single trip, coming and going. And that sentiment will continue for decades. You can't undo a clear cut! I'm a nature photographer and have been for over 50 years (shooting with tripod). It's really sad that the people who are making the decisions about where clear cuts are allowed have no concept of scenic beauty. My cabin is only about ten miles from Mt. Baker and I can zoom into a close crop of the mountain, but when I do so, I have to carefully compose the image to exclude a clear cut on a nearer slope. That one postage stamp ruins the view. A naturally forested green ridge top would be the perfect foreground for the square miles of deeply crevassed gleaming glaciers of Mount Baker. But that clear cut postage stamp will be a visible alteration of the view for

literally decades to come. The profit that was made on that relatively small clear cut postage stamp was insignificant compared with what was lost. It's only a matter of time before the Nooksack River will be designated a Wild and Scenic river. This Nooksack Valley is as beautiful as any area in the country. Is it asking too much to consider the aesthetic value of this superlative natural landscape that we who live here have been blessed with? Do the bureaucratic decision makers care at all about future generations?

An even greater violation of aesthetic sensibility is the view of the Twin Sisters range of mountains visible from the well-traveled Rt. 9 highway from Deming to Sedro Wooley. There are even generous pull-over spaces for viewing these gorgeous peaks which rise nearly 7,000 vertical feet from the elevation of the highway. But there's a clear cut right beneath the peaks, which is especially nonsensical since it's near tree line so the trees removed were smaller for their age and will take that much longer to grow back as they were - literally hundreds of years. It's as if the bureaucrat who made that decision did so to cause the most possible aesthetic damage to the senses. Again, this eyesore will be visible for many decades, and again, the value of the timber was worthless in comparison. No value beyond board feet.

So if the damage envisioned in this current proposal is not stopped, future generations will be deprived of visual beauty that greatly overshadows what meager profit that would be derived from a minuscule number of board feet of dead wood.