

Data Submitted (UTC 11): 8/23/2023 6:58:49 PM

First name: Madelyn

Last name: Garrett

Organization:

Title:

Comments: When I was a child, I spent most of my summers with my family camping, hiking, fishing the High Uintas. I got to know the Basque sheepmen whose small flocks roamed the same ground I did. Even got to ride their horses. It was a good good life for a city kid. The springs and tiny creeks still were clear and I drank from them without worry. But as I grew older, I watched as the grazing became something else. No longer part of a balanced, healthy environment, grazing became overgrazing, became destructive, heart-breaking abuse of the land. No more drinking from springs. Less joy, more sadness. My son did not have half the experience of unspoiled wilderness that I had had. My grandchildren really none at all. What will be left for their children and grandchildren. We are stewards of this land. Not overseers. Please. Do what is good for the land. AND for Utahns. Not what is good for the few who profit. Be what the Forest Service is meant to be. Stewards. Thank you.