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Organization:

Title:

Comments: I OBJECT based on the following public post by my fellow Sandwich NH resident.

On Mon, Oct 23, 2023 at 6:54 AM Allan DiBiase wrote:

It's the LAST day to submit comments on the Forest Service "Sandwich Vegetation Management Project #57392

Here's what I wrote:

After much reading, I don't find the justifications offered for this project to be compelling. On a strictly economic basis it seems to me to be a non-starter that will cost more to achieve than can ever be realised. I also believe the area proposed needs to regenerate naturally without artificial and costly help. But most of all I give you Henry David Thoreau from his Journal on October 14, 1859. The views he expressed on that date I take very seriously and hope the Forest Service will also:

October 15, 1859 in Thoreau's Journal: (bolding is mine)

Each town should have a park, or rather a primitive forest, of five hundred or a thousand acres, where a stick should never be cut for fuel, a common possession forever, for instruction and recreation. We hear of cow-commons and ministerial lots, but we want men-commons and lay lots, inalienable forever. Let us keep the New World new, preserve all the advantages of living in the country. There is meadow and pasture and wood-lot for the town's poor. Why not a forest and huckleberry-field for the town's rich? All Walden Wood might have been preserved for our park forever, with Walden in its midst, and the Easterbrooks Country, an unoccupied area of some four square miles, might have been our huckleberry-field. If any owners of these tracts are about to leave the world without natural heirs who need or deserve to be specially remembered, they will do wisely to abandon their possession to all, and not will them to some individual who perhaps has enough already. As some give to Harvard College or another institution, why might not another give a forest or huckleberry-field to Concord? A town is an institution which deserves to be remembered. We boast of our system of education, but why stop at schoolmasters and schoolhouses? We are all schoolmasters, and our schoolhouse is the universe. To attend chiefly to the desk or schoolhouse while we neglect the scenery in which it is placed is absurd. If we do not look out we shall find our fine schoolhouse standing in a cow-yard.