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Organization:

Title:

Comments: I am a resident of Georgia but grew up spending every summer & numerous Christmas's at my grandfather's property at 6040 Snowshoe Creek Road in Avon, Montana. I have spent countless hours exploring the woods, fishing, canoeing, walking up Snowshoe Creek looking for rocks , experiencing the nearly untouched beauty of the American West that was unlike anything I had ever seen in Georgia. My younger brother and I still laugh when we reminisce about getting caught in a hailstorm while fishing at Lois Lake, watching the bountiful trout we had accumulated for that evening's meal being rendered uneatable by the unpredictable Montana weather. I can fondly recall my father letting me pick out and then chop down a Christmas tree on this property. The joy I'm sure any young boy would've felt when being trusted with an axe for the first time, on something as important as the tree that all your presents would be wrapped under. I recall the kindness of the local ranchers of Avon explaining how cattle were driven up into the Helena National Forest and how they relied on the clean water from Lois Lake & Snowshoe Creek to successfully run their cattle operations (water shortages being an alien concept to a Georgia farm boy). I cannot imagine any of those childhood memories would be quiet the same if an industrial grade mining operation had access to spoil the pristine beauty of the area. The amount of machinery required for such an operation is quite hard to fathom being practical when I remember two Honda four wheelers barely being able to ride side by side on Snowshoe Creek road. I would kindly ask that the Forest Service, Department of Agriculture, or any other appropriate governing body from the State of Montana strongly oppose the Blue Copper Mine exploration project, as no amount of economic value extruded from the ground here is worth even the remote chance of destroying or compromising the natural beauty of this land. When I first heard Montana described as 'The Last Best Place' while learning about all 50 States in elementary school, I thought to myself "what a mighty fitting name" and then an image of myself and my brother sitting in an old wore out Coleman canoe, reeling in a beautiful brown trout, immediately popped into my mind as the teacher moved on to the next state motto. Just as there was no mining equipment present during that daydream, I hope there is never any driving down Snowshoe Creek road.