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Jakob Shockey
6734 Thompson creek road
Applegate, Oregon 97530

(541) 846 -0312

mustang@apbb.net

September 18, 2007

Bureau of Land Management, Western Oregon Plan Revisions Office
333 SW 1st. Avenue Portland, Oregon
Portland, OR 97208

Re: BLM western Oregon Plan Revisions

Dear BLM,

The morning is still and quiet, cold and sweet. So cold it burns with an exhilarating fury as it pumps through the boy's lungs. Pine needles crackle underfoot in the sharp silence of the forest. The boy reaches the top of the ridge and stops, blood ringing in his ears. He slowly crouches down at the base of an ancient pine. He lowers his pack and rifle to the forest floor and scanned the shadows beneath. From far below come the sound of trickling water as it wanders through a small meadow. The boy's eyes came to rest on a object nestled between the trunks of two huge oak trees. The trunks are turning pink with the sun's rising glow. His heart beat quickens as the object stirs and slowly rises, revealing a beautiful Blacktailed deer. Large antlers spreading in primitive beauty, and so The Hunt begins.

I am 'this boy', Jakob Shockey, a home-schooled 17 year old who lives in the mountains of Applegate, Oregon. But this boy could be anyone who chooses to strike out into Americas wild-lands and experience the wild beauty of our homeland. Anyone who wishes to experience the untamed wild that our founders experienced hundreds of years ago. For this is the real American dream. The dream of the savage beauty and freedom of America. The dream of the right of any man, women and child to step into the American wild-lands and be free of all the stresses and noise of day to day life.

This is the true dream of America, not the mad race to material wealth. The dream is not a nicer house or the newer car, but the piercing cry of an eagle or the haunting bellow of a bull elk. This dream is becoming the prey of the material dream. It seems that a few people with a lot of power have decided to abandoned the wild America for their own small reasons. Here in Oregon we are in deep trouble.

I am writing you as one of the Americans who you are supposed to be representing. We the American public who put you in charge of managing our pubic land and have trusted you in your decisions.

I have always respected BLM. I adopted a BLM mustang and was very impressed by your wild horse program. I live on a property that is almost completely surrounded in BLM land and I have been impressed with the Adaptive Management established in my area. I am by no means against logging but I have a big problem with total destruction of forest, habitat and

heritage. I am at a loss for words when confronted with your Western Oregon Plan Revisions. No-longer do you have my respect. I don't have political connections, power or money. I can't put pressure on key people or slip you a favor. But I sure as hell can protest! The forests you plan to clear-cut are for my generation just as much, if not more, then they are for yours. But nobody asks us. We are the people dying as political pawns for the Bush administration's war. We are dying in a foreign country to "Protect The Homeland" but here you are are destroying that homeland. What real right do you feel you have to do this. Sometimes you must stand up for what is right and not be bullied. Did the timber companies prove to scary for you. I am saddened that it has come to this.

As for my "comment" I am appalled at the lack of consideration on your part of the ecosystem and wildlife you would be harming. How can you turn 2.6 million acres of woodland and native ecosystem into a tree farm? I support your old management plan or alternative "no action".

I ask you to consider the American youth in this decision. We might not wield power or money but we are the future.

Respectfully yours,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Jakob Shockey". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long horizontal line extending to the right from the end of the name.

Jakob Shockey