

October 15, 2007

The Environmental Quality Council
122 West 25th Street
Herschler Building
Cheyenne WY 82002

FILED

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Terri A. Lorenzon, Director
Environmental Quality Council

RE: Adobe Town Public Hearing

Dear EQC members:

I am unable to attend the hearing to be held in Rock Springs on October 24th, and indeed, I am not qualified to speak to the scientific effects of industrial development in the Adobe Town and surrounding areas. I am just a simple citizen, who has, for many years, found solace in the desert.

What follows is what I wrote for my college reunion record book recently, and which expresses the strong attachment I have to that desert:

The place to which I return again and again, and about which I have written in our last two record books, is the high desert west of my Wyoming home.

It appeals to all my senses. The sky, cobalt blue in the dry air, arches overhead, casting a light as silver as the sagebrush and ancient twisted cedars. Herds of wild horses race ahead of the wind in the sudden violent storms that build on summer afternoons.

That dry air smells of ozone and sage and rain dampened dust. Rocks the size of your palm, flattened and smoothed by the wind, some of them simple quartzite, but many of them fancifully patterned jasper and agate, hold the summer heat.

The silence is so profound that it almost hurts your ears.

And yet, this empty space is full of life and history. Golden eagles and hawks soar on the updrafts, hunting rabbits and small rodents. Antelope and deer abound, as do their predators, the coyotes. Sometimes rattlesnakes cross your path, and the occasional beetle. All leave their tracks in the silver sand.

Fossilized algae and snails, clams, and oysters and turtles attest to life in the warm sea that once covered the area.

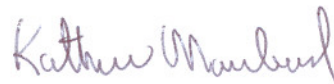
Petroglyphs and pictographs, teepee rings and wickiups bear witness to the earliest human inhabitants.

Century old homesteads, roofs collapsed and wood preserved in the dryness, tell the story of the Depression. A sod covered lean-to is rumored to be a hideout of Butch Cassidy and the Hole in the Wall Gang. My own grandfather once ran cattle out here, and owned a pistol given to him by the Sundance Kid.

Now our thirst for natural gas is driving the plunder of these sacred places, with thousands of miles of roads and pipelines, with the rumble of trucks and the whine of compressor stations. When the gas is all pumped out in a few years, the silence will return, but the tracks will last for centuries. I can only take the long view.

I ask you, please, to vote to protect this special place.

Yours truly,

A handwritten signature in purple ink that reads "Katherine Morehead". The signature is cursive and fluid.

Katherine Morehead
Box 25
Savery WY 82332