
From: JOE BROWN
Sent: Sunday, April 05, 2015 4:44 AM
To: Jennifer Wong
Subject: Chuck Bowden

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Friend Jennifer,

Thank you for sending me Chuck's picture, and a very good picture it is.

Hold fast,
Joe Brown

I met Chuck Bowden at a book festival in Tucson in 1978 when I had just moved from a Snowflake, Arizona ranch to Tucson. He was the first fellow-author I met there. He accosted me while I wandered around trying to find out what I was doing at a book festival. I didn't know him and I didn't know his work yet, but I liked him and thought of him as a close colleague ever since that day because he knew my work and didn't mind going out of his way to tell me so. Since then he backtraced me on my horseshoe trails in the Sierra Madre and proved to me that he liked the country to which I had introduced him. I liked him a lot for the respect that he gave me and those trails for the rest of his days. I came to understand that he did not ordinarily respect cowmen and he understood that I didn't respect many of his famous activist environmentalists, but we enjoyed a deep regard for each other and the out-of-doors that we both loved. He found as many new trails on his own that I did and he made his living writing about his regard for them as I did mine, although later he scared people when he told them about the tough guys that he wrote about. Some people love to point at his sinful ways and tell us that he might have found the door to Paradise locked when he tried to get in because of the way he free-wheeled in this life. I just bet that the Great Environmentalist who holds the key opened the door to his heaven and gave him the run of it without explaining why to anybody.

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