

River of Dreams is about a not so distant time and the river I grew up on

Time was all a country boy had ... a river all he needed.

A summer-day swim, tending a fishing pole or floating lazily downstream in a skiff washed away a boy's day, like rain on newly fallen snow.

"Out behind the barn: and "Barefoot in the summertime" were terms boys understood.

The Women's undergarment section — found in the outhouse Sears Roebuck — a boy's porno before vulgar was acceptable.

A leg-switching from a tree branch of a boy's own choosing, kept him toeing the mark, and mouth-washings with lye soap kept him talking proper.

COUNTRY WISDOM WAS: "If a boy doesn't have enough grit in his craw to get into trouble once in a while, he probably ain't gonna 'mount to a hill of beans." — GEORGE WARREN

Wildwood Dean Author of *Treasure River* and *River Of Dreams*