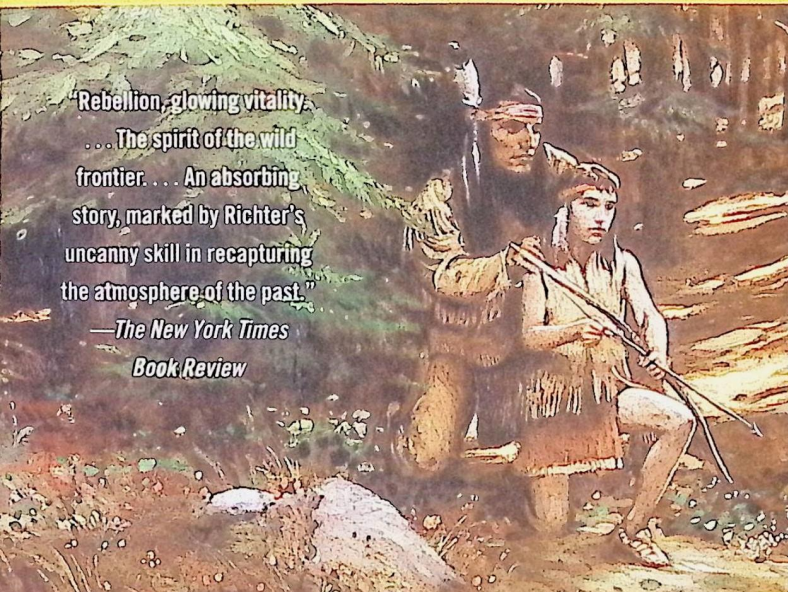


THE CLASSIC ADVENTURE STORY OF A
FRONTIER BOY RAISED BY INDIANS

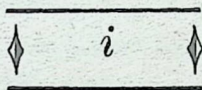
"Rebellion, glowing vitality,
... The spirit of the wild
frontier. ... An absorbing
story, marked by Richter's
uncanny skill in recapturing
the atmosphere of the past."

—*The New York Times*
Book Review



THE LIGHT
— IN THE —
FOREST

CONRAD RICHTER



THE BOY was about fifteen years old. He tried to stand very straight and still when he heard the news, but inside of him everything had gone black. It wasn't that he couldn't endure pain. In summer he would put a stone hot from the fire on his flesh to see how long he could stand it. In winter he would sit in the icy river until his Indian father smoking on the bank said he could come out. It made him strong against any hardship that would

come to him, his father said. But if it had any effect on this thing that had come to him now, the boy couldn't tell what it was.

For days word had been reaching the Indian village that the Lenni Lenape and Shawanose must give up their white prisoners. Never for a moment did the boy dream that it meant him. Why, he had been one of them ever since he could remember! Cuyloga was his father. Eleven years past he had been adopted to take the place of a son dead from the yellow vomit. More than once he had been told how, when he was only four years old, his father had said words that took out his white blood and put Indian blood in its place. His white thoughts and meanness had been wiped away and the brave thoughts of the Indian put in their stead. Ever since, he had been True Son, the blood of Cuyloga and flesh of his flesh. For eleven years he had lived here, a native of this village on the Tuscarawas, a full member of the family. Then how could he be torn from his home like a sapling from the ground and given to the alien whites who were his enemy!

The day his father told him, the boy made up his mind. Never would he give up his Indian life. Never! When no one saw him, he crept away from

the village. From an old campfire, he blackened his face. Up above Pockhapockink, which means the stream between two hills, he had once found a hollow tree. Now he hid himself in it. He thought only he knew the existence of that tree and was dismayed when his father tracked him to it. It was humiliating to be taken back with his blackened face and tied up in his father's cabin like some prisoner to be burned at the stake. When his father led him out next morning, he knew everybody watched: his mother and sisters, the townspeople, his uncle and aunt, his cousins and his favorite cousin, Half Arrow, with whom he had ever fished, hunted and played. Seldom had they been separated even for a single day.

All morning on the path with his father, crazy thoughts ran like squirrels in the boy's head. Never before had he known his father to be in the wrong. Could it be that he was in the right now? Had he unknowingly left a little white blood in the boy's veins and was it for this that he must be returned? Then they came in sight of the ugly log redoubts and pale tents of the white army, and the boy felt sure there was in his body not a drop of blood that knew these things. At the sight and smells of the white man, strong aversion and loathing came over

him. He tried with all his young strength to get away. His father had to hold him hard. In the end he dragged him twisting and yelling over the ground to the council house of the whites and threw him on the leaves that had been spread around.

"I gave talking paper that I bring him," he told the white guards. "Now he belong to you."

It was all over then, the boy knew. He was as good as dead and lay among the other captives with his face down. He was sure that his father had stayed. He could feel his presence and smell the sweet inner bark of the red willow mixed with the dried sumach leaves of his pipe. When dusk fell, a white guard came up. The other soldiers called him Del, perhaps because he could talk Delaware, the strange name the whites gave the Lenni Lenape and their language. True Son heard Del tell his father that all Indians must be out of the camp by nightfall. From the sounds the boy guessed his father was knocking out his pipe and putting it away. Then he knew he had risen and was standing over him.

"Now go like an Indian, True Son," he said in a low, stern voice. "Give me no more shame."

He left almost at once and the boy heard his

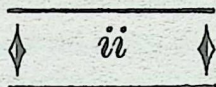
footsteps in the leaves. The rustling sound grew farther and farther away. When he sat up, his father was gone. But never before or since was the place his father was going back to so clear and beautiful in the boy's mind. He could see the great oaks and shiver-bark hickories standing over the village in the autumn dusk, the smoke rising from the double row of cabins with the street between, and the shining, white reflection of the sky in the Tuscarawas beyond. Fallen red, brown and golden leaves lay over roofs and bushes, street and forest floor. Tramping through them could be made out the friendly forms of those he knew, warriors and hunters, squaws, and the boys, dogs and girls he had played with. Through the open door of his father's cabin shone the warm red fire with his mother and sisters over it, for this was the beginning of the Month of the First Snow, November. Near the fire heavy bark had been strewn on the ground, and on it lay his familiar bed and the old worn half-grown bearskin he pulled over himself at night. Homesickness overwhelmed him, and he sat there and wept.

After a while he was conscious of eyes upon him. When he looked up, he saw the white guard they called Del, standing there in the dusk that to the

Indian is part of the day and part of the night. The white soldier was about twenty years old, with red hair and a hunting shirt of some coarse brownish cloth. The bosom stuck out like a pouch from his belongings carried in it. His belt was tied in the back and his cape fringed with threads that in the daylight were raveled scarlet and green. But what affronted the boy was that the white guard laughed at him.

Instantly True Son turned and lay on his face again. Inside of him hate rose like a poison.

"Once my hands are loose, I'll get his knife," he promised himself. "Then quickly I'll kill him."



WHEN Del Hardy had left Fort Pitt in October, he reckoned he was looking on the Allegheny River for the last time. It was his first stint with the army and his only one with Colonel Bouquet. Afterwards he was to serve under Generals Sullivan, Broadhead and Wayne, but Bouquet was the one he claimed he'd go through hell for the willingest. The Colonel was the peacefullest man, Del used to say, but mad as a wolverine. He marched

his men out of Fort Pitt that fall day like they were going to a celebration.

And what was the celebration? Why, they were setting out on a suicide march! They were heading more than a hundred miles into hostile Indian territory! Mind you, this was plumb wilderness, with no roads, and no forts or white settlements to fall back on. Every day the savages would be lying thick as copper snakes in the woods around them. The whites would be outnumbered two to one, maybe worse. And yet the peace-palavering Colonel swore he wouldn't halt till he'd reach the Forks of the Muskingum, which only a few of his men had ever seen.

Del never expected to reach those Forks alive. Nor did a lot of older and more seasoned men. But the Colonel looked after them like they were his own sons. He marched them in matching lines to protect each other, with the pack horses and stock in the middle. He let no man on the march bandy words with his neighbor. All day he kept ordering Del and the others to be on guard against ambush. But his hardest order was that, unless attacked, they hadn't dare lay hands on a savage.

"Mind you," Del liked to tell later, "half of us

were volunteers. We had risked our hair with him for one reason. We'd lost kin captured or scalped, and our one idea was to get them back or get back at the Injuns. When we came to Injun sign or towns, our fingers itched like fire on our hatchets and triggers. We cursed the Colonel's orders right and left. But that's as far as we went. We never touched hair nor hide of those Injun hostages we had marchin' beside us, though we knew the devils had scalped plenty of our people in their time."

Del couldn't believe it when they got there. But according to them that knew, this miserable spot in the wilderness was the wonderful, Indian-sacred Forks of the Muskingum. There from the northeast came the Tuscarawas. Yonder from the northwest the Waldhoning, or White Woman's River, flowed into it. And now when they were so deep in Indian country it looked as if they'd never get out, the Colonel got doughtier and spunkier than ever. He sassed back the Indian messengers who came into camp. He said they could have no peace till they'd bring in their white prisoners.

"I told the Colonel they'd never give in on that," Del said. "I'd lived with the Delawares my own self when I was little, and I told him if white pris-

oners weren't killed right off, they were adopted, mostly for some dead relative. They were made brother or sister or son or daughter or wife. It wasn't any mock or make-believe business either. Those Injuns actually looked on their new white relations like full-blooded Injuns. And they'd never give them up any more than their own people."

Del used to rub his chin.

"But I was plumb wrong. They hated to give them up all right. But they hated worse to see a white man's town a settin' there on the banks of their own river. They hated like poison the sight of our tents and redoubts. They couldn't wait to clear out our axes from cuttin' down their Injun woods and our cattle from eatin' the grass on their river bottoms. They were scared we were takin' over the country. So they started fetchin' in their white relations."

That was a sight Del Hardy never would forget. The Colonel himself rubbed his eyes to find savages, whose names were a terror on the frontier, crying like women as they gave up some white child or wife. They held to them, gave them presents to take along and begged the white captain to be good to them. But what many of the men

couldn't get over was the ungratefulness of the captives. They didn't want to have anything to do with the whites who had risked their lives to rescue them. They called out in Delaware to their Indian masters to take them back again to their Indian homes.

Of all the prisoners Del saw brought in, the fifteen-year-old boy from Pennsylvania was the wildest and most rebellious. He had to be tied up with strips of buffalo hide, and then he struggled like a panther kit trussed up on a pole. His name in Delaware, his father said, was True Son, but never had Del seen anybody so unwilling to go back to his true father and mother.

Del had gone up to the North Tuscarawas redoubt when he first saw the pair on the path. The boy wore a brand-new calico hunting shirt, probably made by his mother and sisters for the occasion to show they could dress him as well as the whites. It covered the boy's upper parts and half way down his leggings. His hair was black and his face and arms brown as an Indian's, but you couldn't mistake the English cast of his features. He was plainly white, and yet when he came in sight of the white camp, he stopped dead, a wild expression flew in his face, and he fought like a

bobcat to get away. Squaws and Indian children who had come with other prisoners watched and stared. Their faces never moved a muscle, but you could tell they understood and felt for the prisoner.

When Del got back to duty at the council house, the boy lay flat on his face. After dark when the fires burned low, the guard caught him tearing with his teeth at the knots that bound him.

"If you know what's good for you, you won't try to get away!" he warned sharply in Delaware.

The boy turned on him.

"I spit on white people!" he told him.

"Don't forget you're white your own self," Del retorted.

"I'm Indian!" the boy said and looked up at him straight in the eye. The guard didn't laugh. There were times when Indian feelings still came up in him strong.

"Well, your father and mother were white anyway," Del tried to reason with him.

"My father is Cuyloga. My mother, Quaquenga," he said.

"Yes, lately. But you had another father and mother before them. The ones you were born to."

"Nobody can help how he is born," he informed with dignity.

"You can argue like an Injun all right," Del agreed. "But your skin is still white."

"You call this white?" He held out his arm.

"Let's see the skin under that shirt." But the boy hit savagely at the extended hand. He wouldn't let the guard touch him.

"You've been away from us a long time," Del soothed him. "When you're back in our country a while, you'll get used to us."

"I'll never go back to your country."

"It's your country, too."

"This is my country!" he called out with such passion that Del shrugged his shoulders and walked away.

By daylight, True Son still lay on his face.

"You better get up and eat." Del nudged him with the toe of his moccasin.

The boy shrank with loathing.

"*Palli aal!* Go away."

"You got to eat. You can't tramp back to Pennsylvania on air."

"I'll never go back to Pennsylvania."

"Then where do you reckon you're goin'?"

“A place where you can’t tramp me with your big foot.”

Now what did the young varmint mean by that, Del wondered. But the boy closed his mouth and would not say more.



THE THIRD day a change came among the tents and log redoubts along the Tuscarawas. The camp quickened. You could close your eyes and feel the nervous bustle and excitation of the white man. Soldiers moved quick-step at their tasks. They called lively to each other and hummed strange-sounding ditties.

“Does it mean something?” True Son asked a captive who knew all the talk of the Yengwes.

"Tomorrow we leave for Pennsylvania," she told him.

That day the boy lay with despair in his breast. His life had been short but now it must come to its end. Never would he go to this enemy land. How could he exist among a race of aliens with such slouching ways and undignified speech! How could he live and breathe and not be an Indian!

He would have to act now. He remembered his father's friend, Make Daylight, who lived in the next village. Make Daylight had been forsaken, too. His squaw had gone to another Indian's cabin to live. She had taken Make Daylight's children with her. Make Daylight had stood his abandonment and disgrace a few days. Then he went in the forest and ate the root of the May apple. He had been brave in war. No one thought him a coward now. So no one would think True Son a coward when they found him lying silent and superior to the white man. They would say True Son had triumphed over his enemies. Never could they carry him off to Pennsylvania now. No, his body would stay in his beloved land along the Tuscarawas. Word would be sent to Cuyloga, his father. Through the village the mourning cry would pass, "He is no more!" His father and mother, his sis-

ters, his uncle and aunt and cousins would come to him. They would put logs and posts on the fresh earth against the wolves. Under the ground near his head they would set good Lenni Lenape food to feed him on his journey.

Three times that day the boy tried to get the root of the May apple. His white guard, Del, gave him no chance. When he went from the council house, the guard kept hold of him like a haltered beast. He would have to wait till he was on the march. Some time tomorrow they would pass through a wooded meadow. At the place of the May apple he would fall to the ground. When they lifted him up, he would have the death medicine in his hands.

It was a gray morning when they left the Forks of the Muskingum. For a while their way lay on the path by which the boy and his father had come. True Son's heart rose. It was almost as if he were going home. When they came to the parting of the trails, something in him wanted to cry out. An ancient sycamore stood at the forks, one dead limb pointing to the gloomy trace to Pennsylvania. On the far side, a live branch indicated the path running bright and free toward home. The boy's moccasins wanted to race on that path. He could feel

himself light as a deer leaping over roots and logs, through the deep woods, over the hills and by the narrows to the village on the bank of the Tuscarawas. Violently he struggled to escape, but the guard pushed him on.

Through the blackness in his heart, he heard a voice calling in Delaware.

“True Son! Look! Not yonder. I am here.”

The boy's eyes found a young Indian in leggings, breech clout and strouding. He was moving in the woods abreast of him. Never had he believed that such a feeling of joy and hope would sweep over him again. He would know that form anywhere.

“Is it you, Half Arrow? Do you still live?” he called.

“No, it's Between-the-Logs,” Half Arrow called back in delight, for Between-the-Logs was very old and lame and that was a joke between them. “I wait a long time. I think you never come. Then you come but I see you bound up. How is such a thing? I thought you were among friends and your people!”

“I am not among my people, but my enemies,” the boy said bitterly.

“Well, anyway, I am your people and am with you,” his cousin cheered him. “If Little Crane

marches with his white squaw, I can march with you and keep you company."

"I cannot believe it. What will my father say?"

"He says plenty, but let's talk of pleasant and cheerful things. How we can kill these white devils so you can come back to the village with me."

"*Jukella!* If only I could! But there are too many for us."

"The more they are, the more scalps and loot we get!" Half Arrow declared eagerly.

"*Sehe!* Watch out. Some can understand our language," True Son warned him, but Half Arrow laughed, and True Son knew he was talking as he always did, just for Indian cheerfulness and companionship, half in joke and half in earnest, but mostly in joke, for there were nearly two thousand armed white men, and not all the Delaware and Shawanose warriors in the woods had dared attack them.

Most of the day Half Arrow kept up his talking and calling to him. The pair had been apart for three days, and now his chatter ran on to make up for it. All the time he talked he kept tirelessly leaping over rocks and logs and brushing limbs aside. To see and hear him did True Son good like medicine. It seemed an age since he had heard an

Indian joke and seen a dark face break into a wonderful Indian smile. Even Little Crane went sad as a bear near his white bride. But Half Arrow was bright and full of village and family news.

True Son did not notice now when they passed the bare and withered stalks of the May apple. At midday he could even joke a little.

"Half Arrow. Come out of the woods. You're burned too red for the white man to want to take back to Pennsylvania."

"But not too red to shoot me and take my scalp back," Half Arrow said quickly.

"They could have shot you any time all day," True Son pointed out.

"Yes, but not so easy. They might have missed me with all the trees and bushes between. They are poor shots anyway, especially at Indians who jump and dance. But if I came in close to you like a cousin, they could reach me with their tomahawks and long knives."

"They haven't tomahawked Little Crane."

"Well, then, in that case I'll take a chance on the white devils," Half Arrow said and started to edge a little nearer. When at last he came cautiously out of the timber onto the trace, True Son looked with interest at the pack on his back, al-

though it wasn't polite to acknowledge its existence. Half Arrow ate greedily the bread True Son shared with him. At the same time he made a wry grimace over the meat.

"What kind of flesh is this they give you?"

"White man's beef."

"So that's why they're so pale and bandy-legged," he nodded, "having to eat such old and stringy leather while Indian people have rich venison and bear meat."

All afternoon the two cousins marched together, and at times True Son could almost forget the bitterness of his destination. At supper they ate together, but the red-haired guard would not let them sleep side by side. You couldn't trust an Indian. Half Arrow would have to go off in the woods by himself to sleep, like Little Crane.

"I will sleep in the wood," Half Arrow said with dignity. "But first I bear presents to my cousin." He lifted from his pack a small buckskin sack of parched corn. It was so True Son would go well-fed with the whites and remember his uncle who sent it. After that, he fetched out moccasins embroidered in red by True Son's mother and sisters so he would go back to his white people newly shod and remember his mother and sisters. Finally

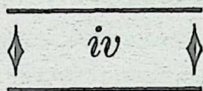
all that was left of the pack was its covering, the old worn bearskin that had been True Son's bed in the cabin.

"Your father sent it so you could go warm at night to your white people and remember your father," Half Arrow told him.

In a concealed rush of emotion, True Son held it up in his hands. With the feel of it against his body and the familiar smell of it in his nostrils, he could almost believe that he was back home again in the beloved cabin.

"But what will you have on such a cold night for yourself?" he asked.

"Me! I'll have plenty and more!" Half Arrow boasted. "I have my strouding. Then I'll scrape myself a hill of leaves, yes a whole mountain to crawl inside of. I'll have a soft bed of leaves below me and a thick blanket of sweet-smelling leaves above me. I'll bounce and flex my muscles till I sweat. Then I'll be snug and warm as Zelozelos, the cricket, in a wigwam."



ALL the way to the ominous-sounding Fort Pitt, True Son tried to keep his mind from the gloomy hour when Half Arrow must turn back and leave him. Only rarely did his cousin mention it.

“I think now I have tramped enough toward the sun’s rising,” he would soberly begin the subject.

True Son would put on a strained and formal face.

“Yes, tomorrow you must go back. *Elkesa!* What does your father say?”

"He doesn't say because he doesn't know how far I am," Half Arrow would remind him.

"He knows you're not home yet."

"Yes, but he knows Little Crane must come back too, and we can travel together."

"Little Crane might not come back. He's love-sick for his white squaw. He would like to stay with her."

"Then I'll go back by myself. Never could I get lost on such a wide road. All I need do is follow horse droppings."

"Some white devil might ambush you."

"Never could he hit me," Half Arrow boasted. "When he shoots, I jump. Let me hear his rifle, and Achto, the deer, has no legs like mine. Ten jumps from campsite to campsite. My feet won't even get wet in the rivers. I'll fly over, like Ploeu, the turkey."

Now that the subject of Half Arrow's return had been duly mentioned, it could be put away till another time. To keep it covered up and out of sight, they talked of many things. One was the respective qualities of the white men's horses and which ones they would steal and ride home on if they got the chance. Another pleasant subject was the white guards they disliked and with what

strokes, if they met them alone in the woods, they would kill and scalp them.

Sometimes Little Crane left his white squaw to walk with the cousins, and then they talked of the foolish ways of the white people.

"The reason they act so queer," Little Crane pointed out, "is because they're not an original people. Now we Indians are an original people. The Great Being made us from the beginning. Look! Our hair is always black, our eyes and skin dark, even True Son's here. But the whites are of colors like horses. Some are light, some are dark, some are in-between. Some have black hair, some have light hair. Some have hair the color of a rotting log. Some have hair like the Colonel's horse, and some have even red like his blanket. Their eyes are fickle as their hair. It's because they are a mixed people, and that's what makes them so foolish and troublesome. The Great Being knows their disposition. He had to give them a Good Book and teach them to read so they could learn what is good and bad. Now we Indians know good and bad for ourselves without a book or the cumbersome labor of reading."

"I think," Half Arrow said, "they are all near-sighted. Do you notice how when we come upon

them they crowd close to stare at us? They almost tread on our toes. Now an Indian's eyes are keen and far-sighted. He can stand at a distance and see all that he wants to."

"They must be hard of hearing too," True Son mentioned. "They talk loud though they stand close enough to each other to touch with a stick."

"And they all talk at once like waterfowl," Half Arrow declared. "How can they understand what is being said? Why don't their elders teach them to keep silent and listen till the speaker's done?"

"It's because they're such a new people," Little Crane explained. "They are young and heedless like children. You can see it the way they heap up treasures like a child, although they know they must die and can't take such things with them. It would be no use anyhow because the next world has plenty of everything a man wants. Their house isn't big enough for all they gather, so they have to build another house they call the barn. That's why you find so many thieves among the whites. All white people must put what they call a lock on their door. It's made of iron and you must carry another piece of iron with you to open it."

"If they shared with their brothers like the Indian, they wouldn't have the work of building a

second house," Half Arrow said. "Don't they see the sense of this?"

"Oh, they're a peculiar race and no sensible man can understand them," Little Crane answered. "Have you never noticed them on the march? What do we Indians look for? We look for game or tracks or how the Great Being made our country beautiful with trees for the forest, water for the river, and grass for the prairies. But the white man sees little of this. He looks mostly at the ground. He digs it up with his iron tool to see how black and deep it goes. Sometimes he makes a fuss of the trees. He says, look, here are walnut and hickory and cherry and white ash and locust and sugar trees. But it's not for the trees, only because the ground is black and deep that such trees stand in. Yet if there is much white oak and beech that feed the squirrels and bear and turkey, he makes a face. He says such country is good for nothing."

"I've noticed the white men's foolishness in the woods," Half Arrow nodded. "When the time grows near to camp for the night, they keep their eyes half closed. They don't look for a high and dry place but set themselves down in any wet and dirty place, just so it's under some big trees. They

don't even look which way the wind blows before they make their campfire. When the smoke blows on them, they try to hit it with their hands and caps like mosquitoes."

"*Bischik!*" True Son agreed. "And they hang their kettles right away before the blackest of the smoke has passed. They burn any kind of wood that's handy. Green oak or cherry or walnut or chestnut that throws many sparks. You can see their blankets and clothing always have holes burned in them."

"All you say is true," Little Crane declared. "But one thing they do I would not like to change. That's the way they lie down at night. They never look up first to see if heavy dead branches hang over their heads. Some time I hope the Great Being sends a big wind to knock down the dead wood and kill them in their beds."

The three laughed. True Son didn't know what he would do when Half Arrow and Little Crane weren't there to keep him company. And now there were signs that they wouldn't be with him long. A Mohawk from the north fell in with them that day. He said soon they would meet a large river and that Fort Pitt was on this river. The very next day it happened as he said, but the waters were swollen

with rains. They would have to wait for the flood to go down before crossing.

Next morning when Half Arrow and Little Crane came back from the forest, they found the body of the Mohawk near camp. He had been tomahawked and scalped. Now a Delaware sheds no tears for a Mingo, and especially a Mohawk, but though dogs may fight among themselves they are one against the wolf.

"I think white soldiers did this," Little Crane said. "One of them made friendly talk to him in front. Another came up and tomahawked him from behind."

Inside of him, True Son felt bitterness for all the white soldiers. The Mohawk might be ugly, but he was an Indian. It was hard to hold in his feelings next morning when the red-haired guard said that this was the day True Son and Half Arrow must part. In a little while they would be crossing the river, and his cousin must stay on this side.

"Why do you spit on my cousin?" True Son asked.

"Little Crane can't come either. We're getting close to white people now. Some of them have suffered from the Indians and might kill him."

"They could kill him just as easy on this side, like they did the Mohawk."

"It's the Colonel's orders."

"He's not Half Arrow's colonel. Why does he have to obey him?"

The guard flushed. He said nothing more. But when the column started to move toward the ford, he took his rifle and, holding it at Half Arrow's breast, forced him out of line. True Son felt fresh hate for the white man. His arms had been freed to let him carry his pack above the water. Now he dropped his belongings and made a lunge at the guard. He knocked him down, tried to pull out first the guard's knife and then his hatchet. Over the ground they rolled, while a second soldier drew a bead on Half Arrow and others came running to pull True Son off.

"You Injun-crazy young fool!" the red-haired guard panted as he got up. "I wasn't trying to shoot him—just to save his hair."

As they tied his arms again True Son still struggled. Half Arrow stood by, grave and impassive.

"Once long ago my cousin had white blood," he apologized to the guard. "Now you can rest your mind. I will stay on this side like you say. But first

"Memorable. . . Richter tells the story with [a] glowing passion for unspoiled nature. . . It is impossible to doubt the detailed . . . accuracy of the picture."

—*New York Herald Tribune*

W

hen John Cameron Butler was a child, he was captured in a raid on the Pennsylvania frontier and adopted by the great warrior Cuyloga. Renamed True Son, he came to think of himself as fully Indian. But eleven years later his tribe, the Lenni Lenape, has signed a treaty with the white men and agreed to return their captives, including fifteen-year-old True Son. Now he must go back to the family he has forgotten, whose language is no longer his, and whose ways of dress and behavior are as strange to him as the ways of the forest are to them. A beautifully written, sensitively told story of a white boy brought up by Indians, *The Light in the Forest* is a beloved American classic.

"Good reading for anyone curious about the past of our country." —*The Yale Review*

Cover painting by
Walter Rane

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