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(Editor's note: The following story was offered as payment for a subscription to the Tundra Times. The offer was accepted. In an accompanying letter Albert Enzmann wrote: "I am extremely sorry that I am not financially able to renew my subscription. On account of my wife's and my own sickness I have suffered immense losses the past two years.

"I was so happy when Debby Wien brought me the first Tundra Times so I subscribed immediately.

The Wiens of Air Alaska were my neighbors in Minnesota and I was visiting there last year.

"I sure wish you success. Enclosed herewith please find a true story which I hope you will find suitable to print or sell. Anyway no strings are attached. If you find it worth something, I will take it out in Tundra Times.")

By ALBERT ENZMANN

In spring 1900, an Indian by the name of Ah-no-ma-ga-ka-bou of Leach Lake, Minn. received a message from Manitou, the Great Spirit, concerning the future existence of the Redman. Something of great importance was to take place, the nature of which was still a mystery. The spirit ordered the Indians to break off relations with the white men. Everything that had been received from white men was to be thrown away.

Ah-no-ma-ga-ka-bou sent two messengers to spread the word to the Indians to the north.

The people of International Falls and Fort Frances looked at the many Indians dressed in buckskins and decorated with paint and feathers with surprise as they passed through, but nobody was alarmed until they discovered the Indians had bought up all guns, ammunition and black powder in Fort Frances and International Falls. It would take a week to get a new supply.

The nearest railroad was at Tower, 150 miles away. Two volunteers made the trip by canoe in three days by paddling practically day and night. From Tower, they sent a message to the Minnesota governor.

The governor promptly dispatched two skeleton companies of National Guard troops in charge of Major Resche and Captain Eva.

Before the troops arrived, the local people organized a home guard. Joe Baker, a homesteader on the Rainy River across from Fort Frances, Ontario was one of the first to volunteer. While he was away, Indians landed in canoes all over his property. Mrs. Baker and the children were afraid to leave the house, but also afraid to stay in it.

Indian dogs killed their chickens and the glances of the men were anything but friendly.

When Joe came home and saw what had happened, he told his neighbors they would have to get along without him, that he was going to stay home and protect his family.

Early the next day, Indians started coming in great numbers. One family landed



ORIGINAL CABIN—Picture shows Joe Baker's cabin he built around 1894 below International Falls, Minn. which the Indians called Koochiching. It is not known whether the couple, their children, are Mr. and Mrs. Baker.

close to the cabin. Their two dogs caught a chicken each. Joe shot both dogs. The Indian family picked up their dogs without even looking at Joe, but left the chickens for him. That afternoon, Joe went to town to find out how the home guard was making out. When he returned, he found a birch bark tepee near his house. Evidently the occupants, a middle aged couple, were quite at home in it. The Indian man was tall and slender, the squaw short and stocky.

Joe went into his cabin, madder than a hornet and came out with a double barreled muzzle-loaded pistol. It was loaded, but had not been shot in 20 years.

He walked straight up to the Indian man and placed the weapon against the copper colored chest, telling him in pidgeon English and Ojibwa that the land there belonged to him and to get off or else.

Without showing any emotion or change of expression whatsoever, the Indian crossed his arms and said, "Shoot".

For a minute Joe was so surprised, he was speechless. What did one do when a bluff failed.

Then Joe went over to the tepee and set fire to the birch bark. The squaw had been watching them and without a word, went into action. She rubbed the fire out with her bare hands. Meanwhile, she kept up a scolding of her husband. She rolled up the

birch bark. She grabbed up the poles, piled everything in the canoe and with a grim face motioned her husband to come on. He had been standing and just watching. Saying nothing to Joe, he strode over to the canoe and they paddled across to the Canadian side where they pitched their tepee.

Three days later the Indian man returned with a 14 year old Indian boy and three fat ducks. The boy acted as interpreter. The ducks were a peace offering. The man explained that he and his squaw had camped at Joe's place to protect Joe's family. They had thought Joe's wife was a widow, having seen no man around the house. The man knew some of the Indians were bad.

Joe felt like crawling into a skunk hole. He told the Indian to come back and stay as long as he and his squaw wished. The invitation was accepted.

Soon afterwards the soldiers arrived. The Indians explained that their god Manitou suddenly had ordered all the Indians to return to their homes. Every canoe carried a white flag as it went on its way.

Joe Baker, his wife and even the children were extremely sorry to see the Indians leave.

This is a true story. I camped on Joe's place in the spring of 1905 and he told me this story.