

A TRAPPER NAMED NICK REMIZOFF AND HIS FRIEND A FARMER NAMED BILL VERIGIN

My father supplemented the income from his mixed farming efforts by harvesting the plentiful Poplar forest in our vicinity. This involved using an axe to fell the trees over his bob sled and then using a horse team to transport the full load to customers in Pelly. The Government pasture along Swan River and on the East side of Grid Road 661 was his source for this fire wood.

There was a roadway on the South side of Swan River that had been developed by pioneers and this is what was used as an access to Grid Road 661. The bob sled load usually required about two (2) hours to prepare and so by late mid morning, my father would enter 661 just across from the Nick Remizoff farm. It was here that he would rest his team and visit with the Remizoff family. (see Reference Map)

The Remizoff family in 1950 consisted of ___ Remizoff and his wife and a young boy of about five (5) years of age who all lived in a small house on the cleared yard area. In another house lived an older Rheumatism-crippled man with his wife and a young man named Nick Remizoff. (I have requested Genealogical information for this family and will insert when I may have it. This story is only with Nick).

My father achieved a strong friendly relationship with this family. The crippled elderly man was invited to our farm to use the Baunya as this helped his Rheumatism. Since this family lacked transportation by vehicle, my father would bring the man home from Pelly with him to use the Baunya as he had hitch-hiked the four (4) miles into town. After visiting and utilizing the Baunya, my Dad would take him back home.

I recall when I was about ten (10) that my Dad suggested Mom and I accompany him to the Remizoffs for a Sunday visit which I will vividly recall as follows:

1. We travelled by sled, pulled by a team of horses, along the winter road that my Dad used for his wood-cutting business and arrived at the Remizoffs about noon.
2. We visited with the younger family. The man was seated on the bed and had his legs amputated just above his knees. He was very friendly and we were welcomed by his wife and young son of about five (5) years of age.
3. The Legless man kept complaining about pain in his lower legs (which did not exist).
4. I went outside out of curiosity and was invited into the other house by the crippled man. It was a one room shack with a Tin heater in the middle of the room. Lamb chunks were being fried in a pan and the aroma was overwhelming to me as a young lad who was always hungry. Out of respect, I kept refusing to eat but relented finally and ate more than I should have perhaps.
5. I met Nick Remizoff in this house.
6. Everyone was so friendly, I found.
7. I saw many sheep in corrals.
8. I returned to the main house just in time to be invited to a place at the table.
(Yes, I ate again)

And so the years went by and as a Teenager, I read exciting stories about the Mad Trapper in the Yukon and I aspired to a desire to trap wild animals to supplement my non-existent allowance. Weasels, Mink, Beaver, and Muskrats were in plentiful supply, but I was eluded by the Mink. I knew their habits of “patrolling” their “territory” in a counter clockwise direction and their unique sense of human smell. No matter how well I disguised my trap set up. I would see the Mink come within two (2) feet of the setting and circulate to continue on its course.

So, I went to see Nick as I knew he was trapping more than thirty (30) Mink a year to see if he would share his success. He had no difficulty with that and advised that no matter how well the trap setting is disguised, it will be detected by a Mink. All his settings were in water so that when a Mink is trapped it will immediately drown. Sense of smell in water is something that the Mink did not possess.

So, I established my respect for Nick as a result.

On this fateful morning October 28, 1958. My father hitched his horses to his wagon and grain box and decided to haul grain from a small storage bin (actually an old, abandoned shack located on the Antifaev Farm that he was renting). Access was difficult for a grain truck and so he used his method.

My father would have left my mother alone at their farmhouse (see marker on map) and travelled over farmland and pasture to the location of the grain storage (see marker on map). In each location, there are no neighbours living in the vicinity of a two (2) mile radius of each site.

At some point of loading the grain, my father had a heart attack and collapsed into the grain. With no assistance, he succumbed to the attack.

The interesting fact is that Nick Remizoff would not have known that my father was at this location as Nick lived about 1 ½ miles (see locator on map), through pastureland away from where my father was. After all these years I wondered what stimulated Nick to walk to that location. According to a report from my mother, after Nick discovered the death, he walked all the way to the Verigin Farm to report this to my mother before noon that day.

With no cell phones, nor any other way of communication, mother would not have known of the accident until late in the day when my father would not arrived at home. Being alone, that would have presented a major challenge for her.

These conditions that surrounded the passing of my father, have puzzled me for all these years so that I kept having unsettling dreams to this day.

I read an article some time ago on Lawrence Anthony and his experience communicating with Elephants as I quote from Google www.cbc.ca/strombo/news/saying-goodbye-elephants-hold-apparent-vigil-to-mourn-their-human-friend.ht as follows:

“.....Lawrence Anthony was a conservationist and author known as "The Elephant Whisperer" who [passed away on March 2nd](#). In 1999, Anthony rescued and rehabilitated a group of wild South African elephants who were deemed dangerous. And the animals appear to remember what he did

for them: when Anthony passed away, a group of elephants [visited his house in the South African KwaZulu](#) for a two-day vigil, according to his family.



A line of elephants approaching the Anthony house

Anthony, who grew up in rural Zimbabwe, Zambia and Malawi, was known for his unique ability to communicate with and calm traumatized elephants. In his book 'The Elephant Whisperer: My Life with the Herd in the African Wild', he tells the story of saving the elephant herds, at the request of an animal welfare organization.

Anthony concluded that the only way he could save these elephants, who were categorized as violent and unruly, was to live with them - "To save their lives, I would stay with them, feed them, talk to them. But, most importantly, be with them day and night".

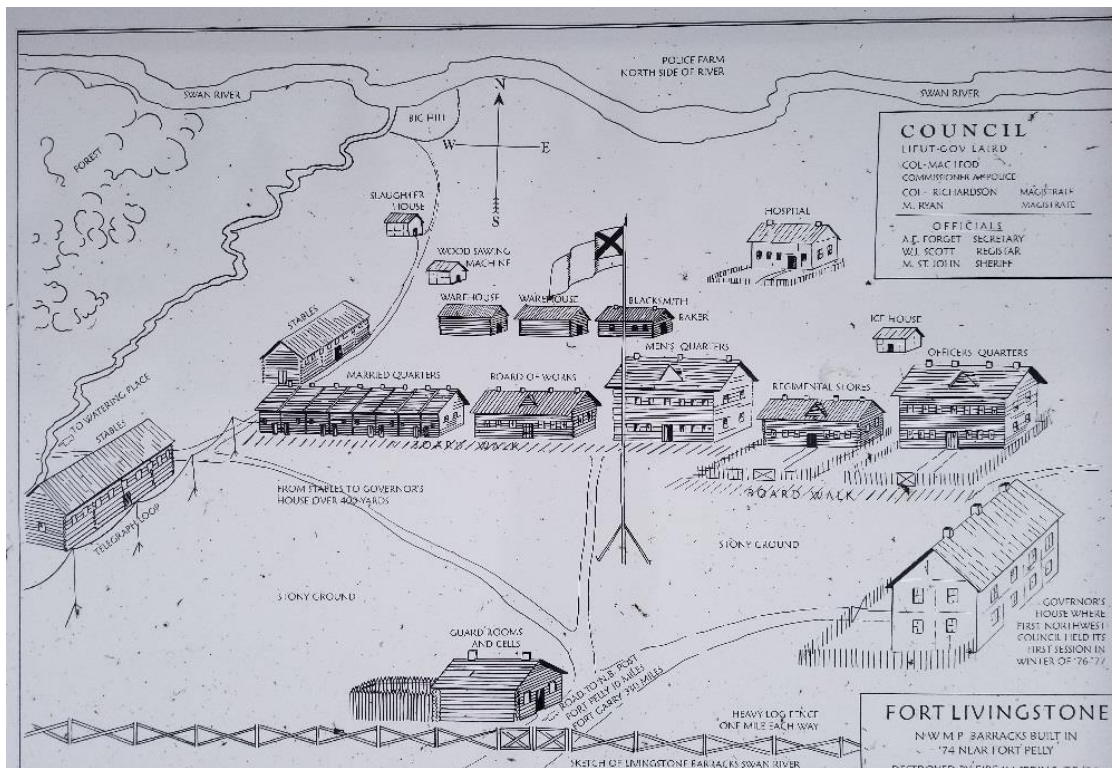
When Anthony died of a heart attack, the elephants, who were grazing miles away in different parts of the park, travelled over 12 hours to reach his house. According to [his son Jason](#), both herds arrived shortly after Anthony's death. They hadn't visited the compound where Anthony lived for a year and a half, but Jason says "in coming up there on that day of all days, we certainly believe that they had sensed it"....."

The reason that I make this quotation from Lawrence Anthony is suggesting that the two friends Nick Remizoff and Bill Verigin, perhaps may have resulted in a similar communication in that Nick was prompted to walk into this isolated pasture setting through a similar messaging system that his friend was in danger.

Dr. Lipton, a renowned Cell Biologist has determined that all cells communicate with the universe through Quantum Physics. This is a “heavy subject” but suggest that all living cells have a “higher” level of communication.

At this juncture in my story, I am suggesting that Nick was not prompted by chance.

For the interest of the Reader of my blog, this is a sketch of the original Fort Livingstone that is sited on the site plan. It is just West of the Remizoff farm. This was where the Northwest Mounted Police had their original Offices.



The site plan below was copied from Google Earth and sets out the areas referred to in my story.

I hope your enjoyed the journey,



Posted by Elmer Verigin February 27, 2023