

PAUL AND ROXIE WESTOVER NELSON

On the eve of July 23, 1911, while the town of Huntington was bustling with great activity in preparation for the big July 24 celebration the following day, my father, George Henry Westover, excitedly raced his horse, Old Clyde, a mile to town to bring Doctor T.C. Gilbank, who rode behind him on the horse to where my mother, Alice Ann Leonard Westover was giving birth to her sixth child. This was the beginning of one of the biggest events of my life, for at 10 p.m. I, Alice Roxie Westover, was ushered, crying, into the world. With a loud slap on the derriere from the doctor's hand, I was born with the cord wrapped around my neck...hence the hard spank to get me to breath. I was the sixth child of seven children. My oldest brother Henry was stillborn in 1899. Then came Linna in 1901, Zinna in 1904, Eva in 1908, I, in 1911, Caroline in 1913. **Where did Elden fit in?** We lived in Huntington, Utah. My life growing up was a very happy and eventful.

In the summer of 1934, Paul Andrew Nelson and I met and went steady for one year and were engaged for two more years. During this time I worked and bought a sewing machine, vacuum,, silverware, pressure cooker, and many other things. My mother made me 7 quilts and canned many cases of fruit and vegetables and jellies for me.

When Paul could get time off the farm he cut timber from the mountain and had lumber sawed from it to use for our home. He went to Church and was baptized and we were married in the Manti Temple July 1, 1937. We lived with his folks for several months while Paul made adobes for the house. Willy Thompsen, his brother-in-law, and Paul built a little three-room home in Ferron where I live today at 650 West Mill Road. On March 3, 1938 we moved in and were very happy even though we had very little money. We built the house for \$300. His Uncle Frank Petty came from Emery and plastered the house for us.

On February 10, 1940, we were blessed with a little blue-eyed daughter whom we named Alice Ann after her Grandmother Westover. Four years later on May 22, 1944, a little brown- eyed daughter was born and she, too, was beautiful. We named her Paula Elizabeth after her father and mother Nelson. On January 18, 1951, seven years later the Lord sent us another beautiful little girl. She was a blue-eyed blond and looked just like her daddy, so we named her Roxanna after her Momma.

Paul and I served in church callings together. We also worked in the County Farm Bureau. Paul was Vice-President and I was County President of the women's organization. Paul was president of the Cattleman's Association and we went to all the conventions. Our life was full with our service to the community, working on our ranch, and working in our home. I served on the Beatification committee when Ferron was awarded first place for the cleanest city in the State of Utah. I worked in many, many community and county committees.

Paul and I farmed over 100 acres. The Millsite Dam sits on what was our property. We sold it for \$50,000. It extended from Eva and George Conover's land and west to the picnic grounds in the Canyon. We asked for \$75,000 but the Irrigation Company would only pay \$50,000, so we sold. Some of the people in town thought we should not have asked for more money, but this was our farm and our livelihood. Paul and I would go up and watch the construction. It started in 1969 and took about two years to complete. This dam has been a wonderful thing for the town and a great

advantage for the farmers to have the water. We were happy when someone would acknowledge that we owned the land and had been a part of it.

Paul passed away in September of 1969. He had an accident and his horse fell on him. He was rushed to the hospital in Provo, but he died a few hours following surgery.

I am writing this history in 1994. I am 82 now. I wouldn't want to live anywhere but Ferron. I was born in Huntington, but now Ferron is my home! I am very happy here. I have the best neighbors and friends. I am just proud to live here.