

MUDDY CREEK PROJECT  
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By: Janet J. Petersen

Mack Bunderson, Orangeville, Utah  
Born June 25,1920  
Parents: LeRoy & HESSIE Bunderson  
Siblings: Victor, Rex, Lela B. Black, Alice B. Truman & Grace B. Jensen

Married: Ruth Beck on Dec. 1945....Children: Lee, Tracy, Sim & Alice

I Grew up on the Muddy which is 5 miles from Emery & Moore which are the nearest towns. This is now the older house at the Castle Valley Outdoors Ranch. We lived so far from any one else that we had to make our own entertainment. Of course, we played cowboy's and Indians and made our own fun. My older sister, Lela, was very good at reading to us. We spent a lot of time with her reading to us and telling us stories. We were a very close family, working together on the farm, as we raised all our own food. We had cows, horses, pigs, chickens and raised a big garden and had fruit trees.

We didn't have electricity until about 1930. It was very exciting. I remember Utah Power and Light agreed to run the power about a mile from the hi-way down to us, if we would buy an electric stove and an electric refrigerator. It was really a great day when that happened. We could make ice cream and keep it. Having ice was wonderful and it was especially great to have have electric lights to read by.

We raised all our feed for the livestock, so there was a great deal of farming to be done all the time. There was one old cabin south of our place.

I went to the first 5 grades of school in Emery and then we rode the bus to Ferron.

I served in World War II as a fighter pilot in the South Pacific. I had to crash land my plane due to a problem with the landing gear. I was on an escort mission, escorting bombers in the Solomon Islands. They called it "Segy Point". We were escorting bombers up to "Bouganville" where the Japanese had a strong-hold on some of the air force and Navy. After the crash, they sent me back to the States to the Army hospital in Richmond, Virginia.

After my recovery from that accident, they sent me back to Europe and Italy where I was injured once more in an airplane crash and sent back to the states for hospital care. That is where I met my wife, Ruth (Becky) while I was in a Army Hospital. She was the nurse that took care of me. I was pretty banged up. I lost an eye and was shot through the hand. (The damn fools used live ammunition...that just wasn't cricket.)

Becky was from Pennsylvania and it was a real cultural shock when I moved her to Emery County. We then got married in December, 1945.

Because we were so isolated living on the Muddy we would go to Emery and celebrate with the town on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July and other holiday.

We raised a lot of livestock so my Father stayed on the ranch with my brothers during the winter time and my Mother and the girls lived in Emery.

My Mother was from Alabama and she came out to Utah as a convert to the church. She had some college in Alabama and then finished up at the University of Utah. She got a job as a school teacher in Emery. In those days families had to take in teachers as borders to give them a place to live. She lived with my dad's parents after moving to Emery. So both my mother and

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my wife had a real culture shock when they moved to Emery County.

My father had about 1,000 acres of land on the Muddy. We took the cows to the mountains for the summer. In order to irrigate we diverted water from the muddy just below the bridge. On good years we had plenty of water and on dry years there was never enough. That was just the way it was in those days. Feast or Famine...

The old bridge was a single track bridge that resembled the same bridges as the ones all over the county. They had one in Orangeville and one in Castle Dale. You had to wait your turn to cross. However, there really wasn't too much traffic to worry about.

In the Spring in high water we would find a hole where we could do some swimming. We used to spend a lot of time skating on the creek during the winter months. My brothers and I would skate from home up the creek to the hi-way to catch the bus. We would hide our skates in the bushes under the bridge so they would be there for the return trip home. It was up hill going one way and down hill on the way home.

My memories of growing up were mostly of playing with my brothers and sisters. We rode horses a great deal and used our imaginations to have great fun. We had one special horse that my dad trained to lay down when he would tap his leg. That was fun and special. Most of our time was spent milking the cows and feeding the livestock. We kept busy and we learned how to work and take responsibility. The farm and the animals were our source of income. My Dad ran a butchered livestock business into Price once a week. We had a Hudson automobile at that time and my Grandmother had a sister that lived in Price, so we would usually stay over night with her. Because of this, we did most of our shopping for the family while we were in price.

My Dad's first car was a "Hudson". It was pretty classy and a great way to get around. The kids would get to take turns going to Price with Dad. Going to Price with Dad was a great experience for us, especially when we were so isolated from others.

When we went over to Ferron to High School, it was a bit of an adjustment. The kids were pretty "clicky". The Ferron kids thought anyone from outside of town weren't quite as good as they were. But we made it work.

We mostly went to Emery to Church. My Mother enjoyed the church a bit more than my dad. Probably because she was a convert and my dad always had a lot of chores to take care of.

My closest friends growing up were Gale Olsen and Robert Anderson from Emery. We never did go to Moore to get acquainted with the families there when we were kids. Traveling was just not that easy and with no reason to go, we didn't go.

My Father built the house that is still there and has been remodeled by the Johnson Ranch.  
TUNNELS:

I don't remember much about the tunnels. I do know that my grandfather was the surveyor on it and did a very fine job. They started work from each end and ended up perfect when they came together. The instrument he used for surveying was pretty unique. He used a couple of glass tubes put in a pipe which was put on a stand with water in it and that was how they would sight it in. He was self-trained. The tunnel was a lot of work. Pick and shovel and horse drawn scrappers to move the dirt. The tunnel was a maintenance problem from the word go because of the shale soil. It just kept caving in and the irrigation company eventually installed a pipe in it. Considering the tools they had to work with, it was quite amazing that it even

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worked at all. It was excavated after World War II and worked for quite a few years.

I graduated from high school with a scholarship of \$25.00 and that paid for my first quarter tuition to the University of Utah. I went into the Civilian Air Patrol Program at the University. If you got through the ground work lessons, then you got to go to the Airport and learn to fly. I got my pilots license in 1940 and that is what sparked my interest in flying.

I joined the Air Force in 1941 and went right from flying school to Hawaii and from there to the Solomon Islands. In the early days it was very tough. My class mates that went to Europe would fly 25 missions and get back home and we had to fly 25 missions in a week and never thought about going home. It was an uneasy time, especially when someone was shooting at you.

When I got out of the service in 1946, I went back to college to law school at the University of Utah and graduated in 1949. I then came back to Emery County and became the County Attorney until 1975. I retired from prosecuting and set up a private practice in Castle Dale.

My parents were very supportive of our educations and Becky and I have also installed a need for education in our children. They all have college degrees.

Now that I have retired, we travel, enjoy our cabin in the mountains, relax and just try to enjoy life. We enjoy our family and our grandchildren.

**\*\*Memories of my service to Emery County while serving as County Attorney:**

The Emery County budget when I was the county attorney was about 1 million and now it as about 11 million. Times sure do change and we're better off for it. I had a big part in getting the Special Service District into the county. I am really proud of that and getting the Secondary Water set up. Another thing I worked on that was a great deal of work was the Telephone Company. They got organized and the county was the first to borrow from the RTA (Rural Telephone Administration). That was the Government organization created to help rural areas get the telephone into small areas, and then the REA (Rural Electric Company) also to bring electricity into smaller areas. The local people were smart enough to get on board to that. Jess Tuttle and Keith Ware were very instrumental in the process.

Also, Bill Justesen and I spent hours and hours trying to figure out how we could get television into the county. Bill found out how to get some test equipment up on the Horn Mountain and put the lines up there. The Power Company wouldn't let them hook onto the power line so I went to the Public Service Comm. They said that if we were in compliance, the power company could not keep us from hooking on. We did more work and got into compliance and hooked onto the power lines.

It took men with vision and a lot of hard work to make the county grow. County government was very interesting during all of the growth...the uranium boom, etc. I had to learn a lot of the legal stuff for all the new growth in order to make it all work.

All in all, I have had a great deal of satisfaction in helping the process along the way.