

Herm Pollock

When he was eleven years old, lifelong Tropic resident Samuel Herman Pollock (1910-1996) began helping his father herd sheep. They spent weeks at a time outdoors. A self-taught scientist, Herm studied geology and history by the campfire. Fascinated by the Native American cultures that once occupied the Paria River Drainage, he and his father gathered the artifacts displayed here. Herm had always hoped to build a museum to give visitors a sense of the prehistory of the Tropic area.

I was born in a dimple of a valley beneath the flaming cliffs of what is now known as Bryce Canyon National Park. You can see my home town, Tropic, from Bryce Point. My birthplace was a two-roomed rustic house, brown as leather from the desert sun. It was on the 23rd day of September 1910. My father was a king of his vast range rights as a large livestock rancher. My mother was the queen of my heart, the angel of my youth and the north star in my search for happiness.

My childhood was superb because I was perfectly satisfied with what I had. It was said of me, "He sings the day through." I must have been born with the celestial melody near my heart, for I could sing and whistle until even the birds would join with my talents. This great blessing made me listen to mother nature. Her sacred sermons became my solitude of deep thought. –Herm Pollock, from his book Sparks From My Campfire



As a boy, Herm Pollock picked 100 pounds of pine nuts and sold them for \$16. He used the money to buy his first guitar. A self-taught guitarist, Herm expressed his love of nature in song and verse.

**Did you ever see the emerald tips of blue-green spruce at autumn
As though pinned to the golden breast of a frost-kissed aspen slope;
Or see the blush of ruby red maples tucked between the hills of a canyon,
Or the autumn stained cottonwood trees up the creek like an endless rope...
—from *Autumn on the Paria*, by Herm Pollock**