

The Life of Afton Pollock, My Great Grandpa

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Afton Pollock was born in Tropic, UT in 1920. He was the fifth kid and had 4 brothers and 5 sisters. His dad was a sheepherder and lived a lot of months on the Wahweap desert in Southern Utah and the Black Mountains by Tropic. Afton went to school until 9th grade and left school to be a sheepherder. He had a lot of cool stories about living in the desert and mountains herding sheep. They camped out under the stars cooking thier food over the fire. His sheep dog Toots, would go with him when they had to camp and find lost sheep. My mom told me that her Grandpa would still make her the sourdough biscuits he learned to make on the desert when she was little. He had to hike through sand, cliffs and slot canyons moving the sheep and finding them when they were lost. He had a lot of stories about mountain lions and coyotes and he would have to watch them at night to keep them safe. My mom and grandpa have taken me to the Wahweap to hike to some of the places Afton herded the sheep.

In November 1940 Afton served his mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. He lived in the East Central States for over two and a half years. He taught people about Jesus Christ. In 1943 he served in the military in World War II. My favorite story about the military on February 27th 1945. Afton was in the Army Air Corps as an aerial photographer. On his 73rd mission his crew was flying to Mandalay, Burma. The Japanese soldiers were making a stand to hold the city. The mission was to bomb the base and overtake the Japanese. The left engine was getting hot so they had to lighten the load by throwing out all of his cameras and other stuff. But the engine still caught on fire. They had to jump out of the plane. Afton and the pilot were the only two who had a seat pack parachute and had to jump out feet first. He was the last one to jump out of the plane. He landed in a bamboo forest leaving him twenty feet above the ground. He took his Bayonet knife and cut himself out and fell. A native and his son

helped him cut his parachute in half and walked to the rescue camp in the Himalayan Mountains.

When he got home to Tropic he gave his parachute to his girlfriend. A few months later she made her wedding dress out of the parachute and they got married.

They lived in Tropic for the rest of their lives. He worked in Bryce Canyon National Park and went to school to be a teacher and taught at Bryce Valley Schools. All four of his kids all stayed in Tropic and had their families there. My mom was the 5th generation of Pollocks to live in Tropic. Afton's grandpa was one of the first pioneers who started the town. It makes me feel good and happy to learn about my ancestors. I like to go to Tropic and see all the pretty mountains and places that my family had started and lived in for a long time.