

Elmer Carling

By WANDA CARLING DAY

A conversation with Wanda Carling Day concerning her father, Elmer Carling. Elmer Carling was the Town Marshal of Fillmore for many years, and then became a member of the Utah Highway Patrol.

SIDECAR MOTORCYCLE

He rode a sidecar motorcycle from Beaver to Delta and to Nephi. Many times he had to go through snow storms in Beaver and sand storms in Delta. He had to stop along the way to direct traffic and keep them out of the sand dunes or snow banks.

He was real good at first aid and he could handle the sick and the crippled without any problems. A lot of times when he was making his trips and he would run onto accidents where he was able to offer first aid and help them. I think he had a radio on his car, I don't know how else he would communicate. He would give them first aid and a lot of times he would put the injured in the sidecar and bring them to the hospital. One time there was a newly wed couple on their honeymoon who had an accident down by Cove Fort and the wife was killed. He stayed with them until help could come. Then he brought the man to our home and he stayed with us until he could get all the business taken care of and get him another car to come pick up his things. Several times when families were traveling cross country to find work, their old cars would break down, he would bring them into town and find them a place to stay. Every once in a while he would bring them down to our home and tell mother to fix a meal for them. Mother would say, "What can I fix?" He'd say, "I think they'll be happy for whatever we give today. They always had their garden stocked and canned vegetables she would can in the summer, plenty to last a year. She would always have a little jerky meat or a chicken and plenty of eggs, so she could always cook up a meal for them in a few minutes. So she could feed a family of four or five.

AN ALL AROUND HANDY MAN

Dad was what you'd call an all around handy man. He could take care of the sick, he could take care of the dead. A lot of times he would lay a person out and the Relief Society would prepare the clothes and he would help take care of the burial and have to sit up and put cold packs on them all night to keep them from going dark so they would look presentable to the family just before the burial. A lot of people appreciated that because very few people could do that. He could take care of an injured person without any qualms, had a calm head, he could pull teeth, he could spank a baby's bottom and make them mind, and he could love every kid in the neighborhood.

He'd go down to town in his motorcycle and the kids of the neighborhood would say, "Uncle Elmer can we sit in the sidecar or can we see the red lights on your car." He never was too busy to show the kids that a policeman is their friend instead of their enemy. He always liked to make that a point. He was always very nice.

AN ALL AROUND DOCTOR

He had some forceps that his brother gave him, he was an all around doctor, about the only doctor we had around was Uncle Abe. When he got to old to do any of his practice he gave daddy his forceps. He pulled all of the kids teeth in the neighborhood, all of the big teeth. There was one old lady, she couldn't get away to go to the city to a doctor to have her tooth pulled. She had a really bad toothache, so she came up and asked dad if he would pull it. Dad was real reluctant about it because he was afraid he would break her jaw or do some damage. She said she couldn't stand the toothache any longer and for him to please pull it for her, so he did. The sweat was pouring off of him. He was really tired by the time he got that big tooth out. She was thankful to him for the rest of her life. She never did forget to thank him every time she saw him.

When dad first went on the Highway Patrol he trained to ride the motorcycle, along with all the other training he had to take. He had an awful time learning to make the motorcycle go where he wanted it to go. He'd ridden horses all his life and all he had to do with them was say, "Whoa and giddyup." But, the motorcycle didn't obey those signals. He got started one day and he was going just fine until he decided to stop, then couldn't remember how to turn it off so he went round and round in circles until he could find the turn off button. One time he took off too fast and hit a tree. Another time he started too fast and ran in the ditch. He had an awful time learning to ride the motorcycle, but he finally conquered it. It had a sidecar and he had an old German police dog, oh he was a devoted old fellow, his name was Thurn. Every so often dad would take old Thurn in the sidecar with him and boy that old dog wouldn't let anyone near the car while he was in there. He was fairly good protection for him when he was out on the road.

NEPHI, DELTA, AND BEAVER

He had a schedule sent out from the State each week, or each month. Anyway, he had to go to Nephi one day a week and to Delta one day a week and to Beaver one day a week. The days would change each week so they didn't always know which direction he was going to go. Sometimes the snow would be bad over Scippo Summit and it would be bad over Cove Fort, over the mountains down there, and it would just be hours and hours that he was out there helping



Utah Highway Patrol Celebrates 50 Years

The Utah Highway Patrol will commemorate 50 years of service to the citizens of the State of Utah during the 1985 Golden Anniversary celebration. The event will culminate in August, 1985, with a dinner party in honor of current and retired members of the Highway Patrol.

Public support for the celebration is enlisted by the Utah Highway Patrol Association, and donations to the UHP 50-YEAR FUND will be gratefully accepted c/o Lt. A. B. Webb, 5757 South 320 West, Murray, Utah 84107.

Also, contributions can be made through the purchase of baseball caps at \$5.00 each, T-shirts at \$6.00 each and belt buckles at \$15.00 each.



Inquiries should be directed to:

50th Anniversary Committee representatives:
A. B. Webb (965-455) - Kent Whitney (965-4515)
or Lois Clayton (965-4379)

tourists back onto the road and guiding them through the snow, even shoveling to get them out of the snow-banks. He stayed way into the night many times to help them.

When he would go to Delta, sometimes the snow wouldn't be so bad, but the biggest problem he had on that run was the sand, the sand dunes between Holden and Delta, west of Fillmore. When the wind would come up it would twist that sand until sometimes it would be just like a heavy snow storm, you couldn't see through it, the pebbles would hit your face and sting your face. Dad's face would be just as red as fire when he came home just from the sand hitting it. Sometimes he would have to stop and help direct traffic through the wind storms because they couldn't see the roads and the sand would fill the road until they would have to shovel. Sometimes it would be as bad as a snow drift. If they were traveling too fast, they would hit that sand and they would be stuck or go over. They couldn't get moving. Dad would stay until they were all through that. That made a long hard day for him.

A LOVER OF HORSES

Dad was a lover of horses. When he was a young man his greatest thrill was to have one of the prettiest saddle horses in town and the foxiest, fanciest, strongest team of horses. He courted mother in a white top buggy with a fancy team of horses when he had to drive to St. George to see her. He got in a flood one trip and had to stay 2-3 weeks to recuperate. He lost his team, his buggy and everything that trip. On the Black Ridge a big flood came through there.

He raised polo ponies for a company in California that would come up every year and he had a government stallion and raised all these colts and ponies until they got big enough to train for polo. This fellow would come up and get a train load at a time. He'd round them up from all over the county. He raised beautiful horses all of his life and he loved to show them off. He got him a pretty quarter horse he called "Jess." We all thought he was a beautiful thing and loved to ride him. He had many pictures taken of the girls on these pretty horses.

When he got old enough to have some grandkids around and nieces and nephews that came to visit, he looked forward to the Days of '47 Celebration in Fillmore. They'd have a horse show and a kids ride. He had an old standby mare he called "Lady B". The kids could pile on that horse four and five at a time and she'd just mosey around. They'd write home "Is 'Lady B' alright? Can we ride 'Lady B' when we come?" One day she got too old to survive the winter and he had to tell them "Lady B" wouldn't be there when they came this summer. I think he felt as bad as the kids did.

He had a special horse later that he called "Smokey," a palomino. He thought a palomino horse was just the prettiest thing he ever had, and he was a beautiful horse. My brother Junius just loved to ride him. He had pictures taken of him and when dad couldn't ride anymore, he got so he couldn't get on the horse, Junius came down to ride in the parade to show off this pretty horse. I think that was one of his

favorite past times, breeding, choosing, and riding pretty horses.

EPILOGUE

A couple of notes following the interview: Apparently they gave him a patrol car several years after he joined the force, thinking it would be a little more comfortable in the winter. He only had to ride the motorcycle in the summertime. He was appointed, during Governor Blood's administration. He was number 5, badge number. Junius has the badge and watch he got from the patrol. The way he got the job was that he was the Town Marshal for Fillmore for many years and he knew enough about the law to arrest someone, but apparently he had the respect of the county and when he told someone to do something they figured they probably better do it. During the Depression his sons tried to get a job with the CCC, but since a member of the family had a full-time job they couldn't qualify under the government regulations.

Elmer Carling retired from the Utah Highway Patrol in 1952. He passed away in 1953. He was the uncle of Senator Carling of Salt Lake County, who has been instrumental in passing law enforcement legislation in Utah.



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