

CHAT ROOM



JONI HUBRED

Nomad puts down roots again, for now

Every time I move, I tell myself it's the very last time, and every time I move, it's not. So far, I've told myself 22 times. Apparently, I'm just not listening.

As I drove down Telegraph Monday morning with half my worldly belongings stowed in the back seat of my car once again, I counted up the number of times I've moved in my 41 years on Earth. I can't take credit for the first seven, because my parents didn't buy the philosophy of a democratic family.

In all, I have had 29 addresses, most of which I can't remember any more. My mother got a whole new address book, just for me. My daughter has given up memorizing my phone number, because by the time she gets one down, it changes.

I know military families that have had more stable home lives. Hermit crabs have more stable home lives.

I've wondered whether I'm genetically predisposed to wandering, whether my ancestors in Norway and Sweden had a little nomadic blood in them. Family history would indicate otherwise. There's an entire village in Norway called "Hubred."

You don't get a village named after you until you've lived there a long time, I think.

Headed for Timbuktu

This time, like many others, I'm moving not so far. Distance doesn't seem to matter when you're packing everything you own into boxes and bags and suitcases. It still feels like you're headed for Timbuktu.

This time, like many others, I am moving in a hurry. Nothing tops the day my husband came to me, no I lay in bed suffering from an ear infection so severe I couldn't raise my head, told me he'd gotten a new job and we were moving in two weeks. Our children were 5 and 6 at the time.

Now they are 19 and almost 21, and I have far fewer things to pack. Before I left Minnesota, I divested myself of most of my worldly goods, most notably, the husband. It wasn't necessarily a charitable motivation. It wasn't even feng shui, which I have since learned is the practice of undisturbing one's life to best harmonize with the universe.

Frankly, I just didn't want to pack everything. So I tossed bags of old bills and bank statements, piles of clothing that haven't fit in years or that I'd simply made a mistake buying, appliances more cheaply replaced than fixed. I donated books and furniture to a local thrift store. I gave family members things I know they'd use and appreciate.

Divested of worldly goods

It felt good. Divested of my worldly goods, I moved cross-country and started all over again, in a furnished apartment. Naturally, however, I now have furniture to move.

Well, I had to get a bed. I have a bad back. I couldn't leave my computer on the floor forever. I was getting a crick in my neck.

And so it begins, this collection of assorted belongings that will no doubt accumulate until I have to move into a bigger apartment. And then a house. And then a house with a two-car garage.

Each time I'll complain about moving. So the experience is not a total loss, however, I offer the following helpful hints to anyone who's planning a move:

- Tell your most helpful friends about the move well in advance, to give them time to get that cardiac stress test they've been putting off for so long.
- Reserve your truck early, preferably more than an hour before you need it. Else you'll end up bracing your belongings against the back of an 18-foot truck to keep them from rattling around in the other 17 feet.
- Don't worry about cleaning up after yourself. That's what damage deposits are for. Unless, of course, you've actually damaged something.

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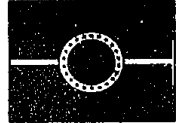
Life with father

She treasures memories forged over too little time

■ A Farmington businesswoman remembers her dad, who survived combat in Korea but was slain while working as a Detroit police officer.

BY MARY RODRIQUE
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Nancy Carlson Nutt didn't hear combat stories from her dad, Korean War veteran Harold Carlson, growing up in Detroit.



Just stories of war-time camaraderie. "My dad told me about his (military) service, but he was a life-of-the-party type of guy," she said. "He'd tell me so much about the front lines, but people stories and funny little things. He was a fun-loving guy and he enjoyed telling jokes. He played the accordion and he loved music. And he was always singing military songs."

Her mom, Dagnie Carlson of Livonia, doesn't remember much more about her husband's military career. She does keep a certificate of appreciation her husband received from President Richard Nixon "in recognition of devoted and selfless concentration to the service of our country in the Armed Forces." But his tour of duty was long behind him when the couple, both originally from Michigan's Upper Peninsula, was married in 1959. The Korean War was fought from June 25, 1950 to November 11, 1953.

"He joined the paratroopers because that paid \$50 more a month," Dagnie Carlson said.

Added her daughter, "I remember he used to say, 'I went from the airberme to Dearborn.'"

Survives hazardous combat

After surviving hazardous combat duty overseas, Carlson joined the Detroit Police Department in 1955. As a patrol officer in the Sixteenth (Northwest) Precinct, he spent the next 17 years keeping the city streets safe. During that time, he delivered two babies - a girl in 1959 and a boy in 1963 - and received 11 department citations for various arrests he made.

"He had quite a time during the 1957



Paying homage: Nancy Carlson Nutt and her son, Robert, posed in front of the Korean War memorial in Washington, D.C., last summer. At right, a close-up of the memorial. See page B2 for a photo of Nancy's family today.

Detroit riots," Dagnie remembered. "But he wanted to be on the streets. He enjoyed it."

For that reason, and to spend more time with his family, Carlson declined an offer to join then Detroit Mayor Roman Gribbs' police detail. But the tranquility was short-lived.

On Jan. 27, 1973, Patrolman Harold Carlson was killed in a shoot-out during a family trouble call in the Grand-River-McNichols area. He was 42 years old.

Nancy was just 11 when her father died. Her sister Kathryn wasn't much older.

But his memory is still vital in her life. Nancy and her husband, Paul Nutt, are new owners since January of the 7-Eleven convenience store on Farmington Road just south of Nine Mile. Their two children, Erin, 17, and Robert, 16, (who bears a striking resemblance to photos of his grandfather) help them out after school and on weekends.

"We lived across the street for 15

years. I was a lunchroom mom at Gill Elementary," she said. "I see a lot of old neighbors and friends here every day."

Visit to Washington

Last year, the Nutts visited the Korean War memorial in Washington, D.C. They also saw Harold Carlson's name and photo on a wall of honor reserved for policemen who died in the line of duty.

This year the family will partake in some of the events being planned by a committee in Farmington to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the Korean War.

The cities of Farmington/Farmington Hills invite all Korean War era veterans to register for special tributes being planned as part of the 50th anniversary of the Korean War. Registrations are being taken at the Farmington/Farmington Hills city halls as well as Costick Center. For more information, call Wally Christensen at 474-8554.



Patrolman Harold Carlson

First woman pioneer came here in 1824

BY HUTH MORHILMAN
SPECIAL WRITER

Cynthia Newton Collins was the first pioneer woman to settle in Farmington. She and her husband, George, arrived at the Power settlement in May 1824.

Arthur Power and his party of four -

two of his sons and two hired men - had arrived just seven weeks before. Their settlement was near the pond at the current 11 Mile and Power roads.

George W. Collins had been a merchant and farmer in Ontario County, New York, where many of the early Farmington settlers came from including the Power family. Cynthia was a

native of Connecticut. The couple had been married in 1822.

George left his wife at the Power settlement and went to his land at the current Drake and Nine Mile where he cleared the land and built a log house. It was in this house that on Sept. 28, 1824, the first white child was born in Farmington Township. John W. Collins

was born in a log cabin. At the time there were no frame houses.



Please see VINTAGE, B3

WOMEN IN POLITICS

■ Editor's note: In the next few weeks we will highlight area women elected officials in anticipation of a campaign workshop to help newcomers to the political field learn how to run

for office. The workshop is 8:30 a.m.-2 p.m. Saturday, March 25, at the William Costick Activities Center. Call the League of Women Voters for more information, 248-647-1350.



Vicki Barnett

In her two successful elections to the Farmington Hills City Council, first in 1995 and again in 1999, Vicki Barnett garnered the most votes.

"I believe in making things better. True public service means making the world a better place and especially making Farmington Hills a better place," said Barnett. Her success came after years of unsuccessful election attempts. In

Please see BARNETT, B3



Linda Enberg

When Linda Enberg and her family moved to Farmington Hills from a small Kansas town 14 years ago, she and her husband made a pledge to get involved in the community and make it a good place to live.

"I feel like I've never gotten into politics," said Enberg, now serving her second four-year term on the Farmington School Board. "Like others, it began with community service, particularly with Farming-

Please see ENBERG, B3



Joanne Smith

Joanne Smith has several claims to fame, among them is the fact that she is the only Farmington Hills City Council member to have survived two recall votes.

Smith served on the council at a time when development boomed and officials struggled to ensure a balanced mix of housing. Both recall efforts stemmed from controversial housing projects, and one fight over an apartment complex

Please see SMITH, B3



Nancy Bates

While she has served on Farmington Hills City Council for 10 years, Nancy Bates' political career really spans more than twice that long.

In that time, she's learned the importance of networking and community involvement. Her own work in establishing a council to advocate on behalf of Hills senior citizens led her to seek public office.

As an assistant to a college

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