



Tom Riordan
Executive
Editor

She earns spurs as prototype for type

If ever there is a search for the prototype of a perfect human slob, I have a candidate.

She lives in the suburbs, is in her 70s and carries about 60 pounds of surplus flab. She has a raucous voice and talks constantly.

This person helped to ruin what started to be a perfectly grand United Flight 249 to Denver on a recent Sunday morning.

It departed Detroit Metro under truly friendly skies. Friendly, that is, until her fellow passenger became aware of her voice as it carried through much of the 747's cabin.

FIRST SHE COMPLAINED about her seat.

"Why did you deliberately put me in this small seat?" she demanded of the stewardess.

"They're all the same size, ma'am," the bright-eyed young lady responded pleasantly.

"I've gotten along fine, up until this flight," she grumbled, wedging her ample behind into the middle seat, oozing slightly to the right and left.

I could sense an uneasiness starting to settle in among passengers seated in rows near her. Once the plane was airborne, the feeling spread. Row after row of passengers was becoming conscious of this unpleasant person.

WE ALL CLEARLY HEARD how a detour on Southfield Expressway had delayed her and her

husband. We learned that United did not have a wheelchair at curbside awaiting her "and we called to tell them I was coming."

She was going to visit her daughter in Denver. (Her husband had bid her goodbye at Metro, and I'll bet he was one happy fella.) She couldn't wait to get off this rotten plane. It was the worst ride she had ever had.

Lunch was served. Of course, she didn't like it. But apparently that didn't keep her from eating it all.

The woman had a cane. From her front-row seat in tourist she kept using it to flip back the curtain that separated the rear cabin from first class.

THERE WERE NO PASSENGERS up front, and she eyed the empty seats.

Suddenly she yelled that the meal had made her ill and to "get this damn tray off of me."

As the stewardess rushed to her aid, the woman pushed herself to a standing position and motioned that she needed first aid.

She sort of fell and shoved her way into the first-class cabin.

I began to feel a little pang of sorrow for her. But that was short-lived. The stewardess was escorting her back to her seat. Obviously the flight attendant knew something that we didn't. The woman was not only loud. She was a con artist.

"Why can't I sit there?" she was demanding. "There isn't anyone in those seats and I'm not feeling well."

She was back among us and she didn't like it one bit.

TURNING TO AN ELDERLY MAN in the window seat of her row, she mouthed, "The problem is that people are afraid to complain. Well, I'm not afraid to complain."

A while later she visited the lavatory. "There isn't a mirror in the rest room," she told the stewardess.

By then, even this cool professional had enough. She answered evenly, "Yes there is."

Old gabby bellowed for the world to hear, "Well, then, you go find it."

BUT THE WORST was to come.

As the 747 began its descent for Denver, a voice came over the intercom telling passengers to "put your seat in the upright position, fasten your seat belts, and place all carry-on luggage under the seat in front of you."

There was no seat in front of Mrs. Raucous. A bag was at her feet. When the stewardess started to stow it in an a space between cabins, the woman yelled. The flight attendant ignored the protest.

Next she grabbed the cane, and the old bat start-

ed to hand wrestle the stewardess for it, pulling herself up at the same time.

"You'll have to sit down and fasten your belt, ma'am."

"Give me my cane, I can't manage without it."

"We can't land unless everyone is seated. It's FAA regulations. The captain will have to come back."

"I don't care if he does come back. I'm not afraid of him."

WITH THAT, ANOTHER ATTENDANT joined the first and together they forced the fat lady into her seat. They attempted to buckle the belt around her ample waist.

She grabbed the belt and growled, "I can manage myself."

As the plane taxied to the gate, the stewardess handed the cane to the lady, who asked, "How much is that going to cost me?"

"Nothing," came the measured reply.

"That's just grand. And I want you to know I'll never fly United again."

"That's just fine with us, ma'am."

The rest of us wanted to cheer. But we were too busy scrambling out of the plane and away from the fat lady.

As I walked into the terminal, I couldn't help but feel sorry for at least two people in Denver — a certain daughter and her unfortunate husband.

A partial denture — how to take care of it

A partial denture is a removable appliance which substitutes for one or several missing teeth.

It is held in the mouth by attachment that grip the natural teeth adjacent to the space left by the missing teeth. These attachments are called clasps.

A partial denture should not be worn at night unless the dentist advises you to do so for a special reason.

YOU NEED TO CLEAN partial dentures after each meal and give special attention to cleaning the inside of the clasps. Food trapped under these clasps can be harmful to the natural teeth.

Clean the natural teeth after eating in order to remove any food debris.

A partial denture should not be left out of the mouth for any extended period. Teeth remaining in the jaw can shift their position within a few days,



Dr. Joseph DeFrancesco

ruining the fit and necessitating remaking of the denture.

The reason is that the structures in the mouth are living and are subject to change.

It is important to have a dentist conduct a periodic examination of the mouth and the dentures to make sure trouble is not developing.

CERTAIN ADJUSTMENTS may have to be made. Many times the bone under a complete denture resorbs.

When this happens, the denture may loosen, but its fit may be improved by "relining" or "rebasing." This process consists of adding denture material on the surface that contacts the gums, thereby filling in for the lost bone and readapting the dentures' fit.

The denture itself is used as the tray for taking an impression of the jaw ridge. The areas of change in the ridge contour are recorded in the plastic im-

pression material that adheres to the jaw side of the denture when it is removed from the mouth.

The amount and location of the additional denture material needed to refit the denture are determined in this way.

Relining is done only to improve the fit. It does not help if changes have occurred in the biting or chewing relationships of the dentures.

The writer is a retired suburban dentist. Questions of general interest may be sent to Dr. DeFrancesco in care of this newspaper.



After all,
he always expected the
best from you.



Storewide Summer Sale

All furniture **20-50%** off.

All special orders **20-25%** off.

All accessories **10%** off.

We have over 1.5 million dollars worth of inventory to sell.
So, come inside for our Summer Sale and **SAVE!**



brasch interiors, inc.

West Bloomfield
3325 Orchard Lake Road
Keego Harbor, MI 48033
626-0031

Troy
1061 E. Long Lake Road
Troy, MI 48098
528-9050

Store Hours: Mon., Thurs., Fri. 10:00-9:00. Tues., Sat. 10:00-5:30. Sunday 12:00-5:00. Closed Wednesday.

Dewar's never varies.
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF). © 1979 DEWAR'S DISTILLERS CO., LTD.