



Tom Riordan

Executive
Editor

He has just taken the vow of the unmovable

Moving terrifies me.

All that packing, tying, labeling and taping boxes. All those books going into cartons. The little bits of junk and the clipping you can't bear to throw away. And then there is the greatest horror of all — the day of the move. You know you're going to end up completely exhausted. By nightfall, you'll be hungry, dirty, irritable, with a tongue that feels as though the whole Russian infantry had tramped across it.

There's nothing good about moving — nothing.

IF I EVER RUN AFOWL of the law and the judge wants to level the most devastating punishment possible, he won't send me to prison for 30 years.

No, he'll sentence me to six months of moving once a week. Of course, he'll make me pack and unpack at both ends. In such an event, I'd probably throw myself on the court's mercy and asked for the chair.

That's what I needed Friday — a chair, any sort of chair.

The Riordans moved that day. I wanted desperately to sit. But there was nothing to sit on.

IT WASN'T SUPPOSED to be any big deal. We were only going a couple of miles, from a Farmington apartment to a neat little place on Sunset Avenue in Livonia.

Sounds simple, eh?

After all, we had moved only 18 months earlier, from Jackson to Observer & Eccentricland. For that transfer we discarded truckloads of stuff. Next time around — if there ever was to be a next time — I figured there couldn't be any problems. We'd be traveling light from then on.

Marilyn and I had decided an apartment would be the answer for our more mature years. There'd be no lawns to cut, no snow to shovel, no worries about upkeep and no property taxes.

AS IT TURNED OUT, there was no opportunity to hammer my electric typewriter when the Muse struck. (Hold down all noise, please.) There was no opportunity to wash the car in the backyard (that's a violation of rule No. 17.)

Worst of all, there was no chance to frolic with our grandchildren when they visited.

"Remember, Karen, the lady downstairs is asleep," we said so many times to that 4-year-old miss that it seemed like a needle stuck in a record. Our granddaughter would eventually reply: "She sleeps a lot, doesn't she."

SO GETTING ANOTHER HOUSE kept coming up more and more in family conversations. What if it meant caring for a bunch of shrubs and trees, even buying a snow shovel?

Believe it or not, I missed putting around the yard, yes, even giving the grass an occasional haircut. We were ripe to take the plunge again.

Jack Reault, an old friend who sells real estate, knew of our thoughts. One evening, Jack called and said he had "our house."

Jack said the three Vittore sisters, Victoria, Angelina and Jean, were building a retirement home in Boynton Beach, Fla. That's where their brother Daniel lives. The women's immaculate home on Sunset Avenue would soon go on the market.

Jack showed us through. That was that. The deal was closed.

Now it was time for what I innocently figured would be a casual move.

JUST GETTING A MOVER nailed to a date this time of year, the season's busiest, is tough.

We found this out, so did the Vittores.

Their mover said he'd possibly come Wednesday, Thursday or Friday, maybe.

We decided to gamble that they'd be out by Friday afternoon. Marilyn arranged with our mover to pick up our stuff that day.

Then packing began. I couldn't believe all the stuff we had. How can one couple have this many plants? I was feeling that tightening in my stomach knowing that day was rushing down the calendar at us. With it would be certain disaster.

For us, trying to figure out if the Vittore goods would be loaded before ours on the actual moving day was like a cat-and-mouse game. There were phone calls, and Marilyn drove over there once. Things were not going at all well.

THE THREE SISTERS had headed for Florida two days earlier. Left to oversee their move was brother Silvio of Farmington Hills. He was our contact man.

I operated from the apartment, urging on our team of movers, Pat Kozora of Detroit, Paul Sprague of Inkster and Don Bush of Romulus, who as a group worked at the tidy rate of \$70 per hour.

Their task was far from easy. Have you ever moved from a third-floor apartment with no elevator?

Silvio was trying to get his gang on the ball, but he was having only limited success. Three flights of stairs can dishearten anyone.

BY EARLY AFTERNOON, our guys were loaded and taking a lunch break. I rushed to Sunset Avenue to check the Vittore movers. They were still oozing along.

When our truck rolled up, Pat, the crew leader, saw the situation. He wanted to be helpful. Maybe we should put the van in storage for the weekend and unload Monday morning, he suggested.

I appreciated Pat's concern, but shattered at the thought, examining my tattered togs and envisioning two more days in them.

A command decision had to be made. In my best George C. (Patton) Scott voice I ordered, "Men, we unload."

With that, began your average all-American comedy.

The Vittore crew was hauling things out. The Riordan crew was hauling things in. There were some close calls at the front door as both sides going in different directions hit the opening simultaneously.

Nothing was shattered, thank goodness, including tempers.

Happily, I noted that the two crews, which were from different companies, were giving one another a hand.

That was about the best I felt all day.

ONE SMALL COMPLICATION did arise. There was a bit of nasty weather. Lightning struck a Detroit Edison transformer near Sunset, and the power was off for three hours.

Moving stuff into the basement was a problem. The stairwell was in near pitch darkness. Pat, Paul and Don were reluctant to navigate this route while loaded down with 60 or 70 pounds of bulky boxes.

But I lied and said how easy it must be for experienced and talented movers of their ilk.

Somehow, we all made it through the ordeal.

ABOUT 7 P.M., son Tommy volunteered to get a pizza from Gagliardi's on Merriman Road.

"Great," Marilyn and I chorused weakly.

"What do you want on it?"

"Everything," we answered. With this, I plucked a \$10 bill from my wallet, knowing the offer was for pick up and delivery only.

Oh, how delicious that crisp crust, that cheese, bacon, ham, green peppers, mushrooms, sausage and onions tasted.

The stomachs were full. Now the muscles were well into their yowls of protest.

Come Saturday morning, every sinew of my 57-year-old body was wracked with pain. My eyes blinked plaintively as if I'd been on a three-day bender. My insides felt like a bulldozer had done a number on them.

I vowed, right then I will never move again.

Untreated overbite can cause serious problems

Dear Dr. DeFrancesco: My daughter, 15, has been told by an orthodontist that she has an "overbite." He said that unless the condition is treated, it might affect her ears and the permanence of her teeth. Is it possible? Will time correct it without braces?

A.B.

Your orthodontist is well informed. It is established that a bad "bite" can affect the entire structure of the teeth and the joint.

Bony changes within the jaw joint affect the opening and the closing of her mouth and can cause pain that can be referred to the ear. In many instances, patients are suspected of having ear disease when in reality the jaw joint is the seat of the trouble.

If you were to put your small finger inside your ear and open and close your mouth, you would feel the motion of the jaw joint. This will give you a better understanding of how closely the outer ear is related to the joint and how it can be affected by it.

The correction of the malfunctioning bite will be a significant contribution to your daughter's dental health during this period and in her adult life.

Time will make the condition worse rather than correct it.



and so this emblem shall forever be a sign of immortality.
—J. Jefferson

Dear Dr. DeFrancesco: When does a child make his first visit to the dentist?

Mrs. J.L.

A child should make his first visit to the dentist somewhere between 2½ and three years of age so that he will become accustomed to regular visits later on.

After the youngster has become familiar with office procedures and has gotten to know and trust

the dentist, he will explain to the youngster what he's about to do and tell him if any pain treatment is necessary. At the first visit, the dentist will give his young patient time to look at the office.

When the youngster is relaxed enough, the dentist will proceed to clean his teeth and take X-rays.

The writer is a retired dentist. He will answer questions of general interest through this column. Please send any questions to this newspaper.

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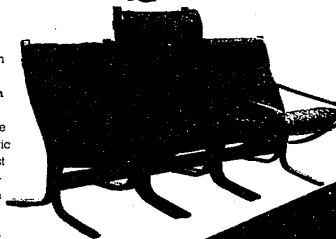
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