



Note cards with the remarks Erma Bombeck gave on April 26, 1981, when she received an honorary degree from the University of Dayton.

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You got a minute?

I don't get back to Dayton often and I'd like to say something about the Alumni Newsletter,

The year after I graduated, there were 18 pages of news from my class. We were having babies, getting promoted, winning awards. I mean, you'd have thought the class of '49 was running the country.

About five years after I graduated, there was less news. Once in awhile, someone would move to Pittsburgh or win a microwave oven on Hollywood Squares, but it was sparse.

One month about five years ago, I opened the newsletter to my class and it said, "See In Memorium".

I'm no fool. I know it's only a matter of time before I ~~open~~ look under my class and see, Howard Farnsbacher reports he's in Florida and no longer has terminal irregularity....  
~~or Don't send cards of congratulations. The excitement could kill him.~~

God knows, I'm not blaming anyone. Mary Shay has tried. She called one day and wanted to know what I was doing and I said "Eating Soup?" And she said, "Is the soup hot?"

But once before I ~~got in the ink~~ have a phantasy. I'd like to open the Alumni newsletter to the class of 49 and see where someone has given birth, ~~or~~ gotten picked up on a morals charge. ~~or~~ I cannot tell you what it would do for those of us between Estrogen and death.

Needless to say the honor you have bestowed on me today will do a lot for the class of '49. It has certainly done a lot for me. You cannot imagine what it is like to be honored by your own university. It's special and is like no other award because they know better and they still do it.

Everytime I receive ANYTHING some reporter somewhere will ask me what my philosophy of life is. I never had one and each year I swear I'm going to get one..but all the good ones are taken by Miss America.

The closest I can come to a phil. is a line from a song in the musical Pippin. Pippin..son of charlemagne.. can't yousee, want life to be something more than just long.

I spent four years and two summers at this uNiversity. It gave me an academic background, heavy in English and literature. It gave me muscular thighs from walking that lousy hill every morning. It gave me the religion which I have embraced for 33 years. It gave me pride in myself and love that has carried over into my children, my fami~~y~~y and my husband.

Bill could not be with me today. Actually, Bill could be with me today, but the bass in Lake Erie are not biting until the second week of May. I assume most of you know that Bill received his B.S. in Ed. from U.D. We met here and married. All of you women know how it is. Men just come to college to ~~hook~~ find a wife.

Seven years ago when he re'd his doctorate dedicated dissertation to me: It read; To Erma: Whose cold coffee and cold cuts have finally driven me to seek employment again.

I should like to dedicate my honorary doctorate the University of Dayton to him:

To Bill: Who shares the only part of my life worth writing ~~x~~ about...the part that no publisher in this world can afford to buy.

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