

Bombeck, Erma, House  
Name of Property

Montgomery, Ohio  
County, State

## Attachment A – Historic Documentation

JAN. 9, 1964

# Zone 59

By ERMA BOMBECK



Next to the virus and pregnancy nausea, no other disease hits the homemaker as hard as mid-winter "Stir-phobia."

It's brought about by too much sams, too many children indoors and too little precious time to devote to oneself. The symptoms are short temper, door pacing and occasionally throwing yourself under a garbage truck to start a conversation.

The YWCA doesn't pretend to have a full cure . . . but it's got a treatment more effective than rest. This year for the first time, the South of Dayton YWCA is moving its entire daytime program to St. George's Episcopal church, 2020 Far Hills Ave. Beginning Jan. 20 and continuing for eight weeks Tuesday and Thursdays will be packed full of interesting things to do.

Assisting with the "cure" for Stir-phobias are some specialists from Centerville.

Betty Rodman, for example, lives with her husband and three daughters (two daughters are twins) at 482 Southbrook Dr. Her specialty is rehabilitating women with 18 fingers — all of them thumbs — who strive to win a race with two knitting needles. Betty has been teaching knitting at the South of Dayton YW for about six years.

Yvonne Spoon, 6247 Hollings Way Dr., prescribes an "art workshop" for women who like to fiddle in oils, water colors, charcoals or pastels. Yvonne, a teacher for several years, is the mother of a boy and a girl.

She Stadelbauer lives in the oldest house in Centerville at 241 W. Whipp Rd. For the second year, she will offer lectures on Antiques Appreciation, to local residents who are addicted to collecting. (Not recommended for those who want to kick the habit.) She's specialty is furniture and how to decorate with antiques. The series will feature other lecturers who will go into furniture refinishing, clocks, glassware, etc.

For women who would like to spice their personality and emerge into something more actually than uit, there's a Wardrobe Counseling course conducted by Jean Grifflin, 271 Brandywine Ct. Jean, a former fashion and photographic model at Marshall Field's and Bonwit Teller in New York, is a graduate of Bowling Green and attended Harvard. She'll impart information on what to do with the wardrobe you now have, what colors and styles are good for you and how to stay within a clothes budget.

Suffer from a guilt complex everytime you pass that sewing machine your husband bought you two Christmases ago? Hese Sell has an answer to your problem. She'll teach you how to use it. Hese formerly taught sewing at the University of Dayton. Now she devotes her time to teaching at the YW and Putnamson Night school and running a home for her family of two daughters. She lives in Waynesville.

And of course, there's Glenn Kelly, 229 Mansuch Dr., who has a way with stitches. She uses them to make hats and she loans her classes in them at the same time. Her ready wit and skill in creating hats at home has kept Glenn on the YW staff for the past six years.

These are just a few of the classes. There are flower arranging, bridge, needlecraft, chess and rock carving, but you get the idea. The YWCA program arrived in the South of Dayton area in 1926 just ahead of the crab grass and picture window jokes. It draws women from Kettering, Oakwood, Centerville and as far south as Leba, Ohio. Its classes have run the gamut from roller skating to conversational Russian.

Add to the skills the coffee break and the nursery which feeds pre-school youngsters and you have a proverbial miracle drug.

Program director Betty Ellen Hamilton says registration is now in progress at the program office, 2020 Far Hills Ave. Quite modestly, she's holding out for an epidemic of mid-winter "Stir-phobia."

"Zone 59" column, *Kettering-Oakwood Times*. Courtesy of the Bombeck family.

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### By Erma Bombeck

Sixteen years ago, in the throes of the do-it-yourself era, my husband nailed two cigar boxes together, painted them dark green, attached them to the kitchen wall and declared them "Shadow boxes."

Despite the fact they looked like two cigar boxes nailed together with "King Edward" bleeding through the green paint, I avowed they belonged in the Sistine Chapel. While showing guests through the apartment I would chin myself on them to prove their strength and exclaim that if I had known how clever a bridegroom he was going to be I'd have married him in his playpen.

As usual, I overreacted.

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How was I to know he would later saw an opening in our back door to let the dog IN, then ponder how to keep the snow OUT. How could I suspect he would enclose our garbage cans with a fence so high, you had to catapult the garbage and hope for the best. How would I imagine his eighth-grade practical arts course would become a way of life.

The do-it-yourselfers have declined, resurrected, waned and reappeared, but the sawing in our house goes on forever.

First, they were small things

... like a divider made from pink plastic clothesline that held our guests virtual prisoners in its web in the hallway. Then, large ceiling beams that gave the house a Masonic lodge flavor. Eventually, he went into electricity with large fluorescent tubes in the kitchen ceiling that made you feel like you were following the seal act at the Palace.

Now, he is in his "compact built-in" syndrome. Ev-

everything in the house must be stacked, doored, enclosed and out of reach.

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Our garage has shelf units to the ceiling that rack dried-up cans of paint, old coffee cans and discarded license plates. Our television set is built in. Our books are built in. Our stereo, washer and dryer are built in. Our bar is built in. Our clothes chests and blanket and bedding storages are built in.

Ditto our linens, sewing machine and notions. Amen for the kitchen utensils, cleaning supplies and floor polisher. All are contained in some wall somewhere.

April 20, 1965

Do It Yourself

It has almost become a mania. Just the other morning I stepped in the kitchen to stretch and yawn. Before I could get my arms down, I was supporting five shelves of cookbooks and a cupboard of antique glassware.

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The pitiful walls of the women who complain, "My husband won't do a thing around the house," fall on unsympathetic ears, clogged with sawdust. Just the other evening, I fell into a chair (without paint since 1933) and grumbled, "Why don't you go out and drive around in a convertible and whistle at girls or something?"

"WHAT DID YOU SAY?" he shouted over the whirring motor.

(missing words) right to get out

more or, better still, act normal like other men. They just come home, eat, watch television and fall asleep in their chairs. But not you. Oh, no, you've got to hammer and saw and sand and strip furniture and turn off the water for three days and block

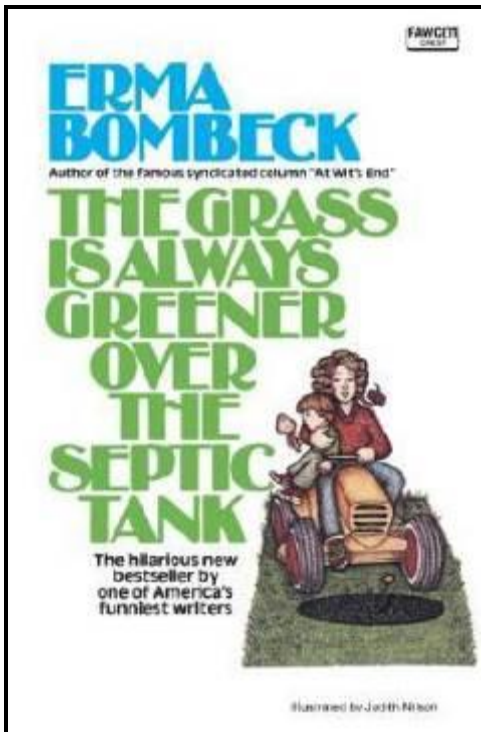
doors and make dust and keep the kids awake half the night. What are you making now?"

"My biggest project to date," he smiled. A door for your mouth."

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**Dedication page to the Centerville, Cushwa Drive neighbors.**

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**Attachment B – Historic Photos**



**162 Cushwa Drive under construction. Photo courtesy of the Bombeck family.**

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### Attachment B – Historic Photos



Erma's writing nook in the bedroom. Photo courtesy of the Bombeck family.



In the dining room. Photo from Dayton Daily News Archive, Wright State University online archive