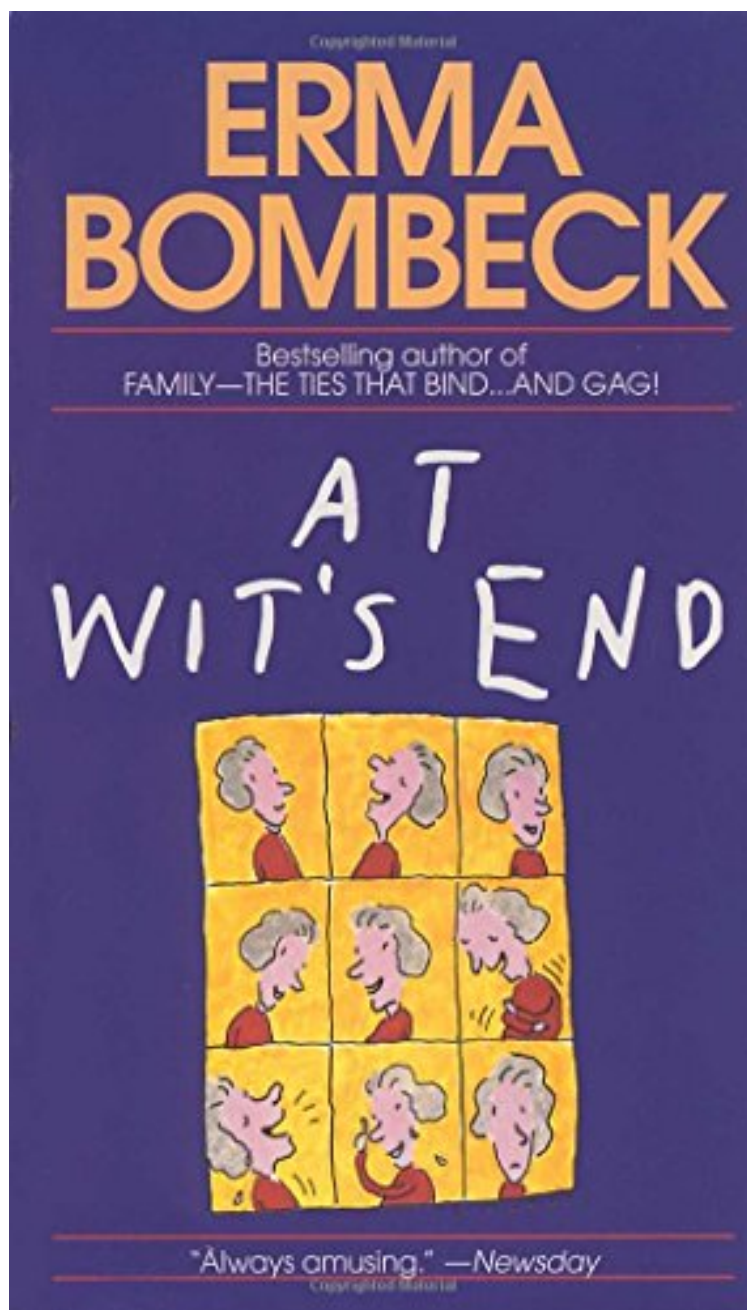


At Wit's End

Erma Bombeck

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#179565 in Books Bombeck, Erma 1986-05-12 1986-05-12 Original language: English PDF # 1 6.90 x .50 x 4.20l, .25 Binding: Mass Market Paperback 224 pages | File size: 23.Mb

Erma Bombeck : At Wit's End before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised At Wit's End:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. The American Housewife Of Yesteryear By Franklin the Mouse Maybe it was my head cold but Ms. Bombeck's first book, which was published in 1967, was not the pick-me-up I was hoping. I write this short review with trepidation. Being even slightly critical of Erma Bombeck here in the United States is comparable to whizzing on Mother Teresa's grave. The book mused about the lives of stay-at-home suburban moms while their husbands went off to work as the family's sole breadwinner. You will find no profanity nor blue comedy in 'At Wit's End'. That's fine. It wasn't Ms. Bombeck's style. There were a handful of observations that made me smile but nothing that left me laughing out loud. The author described the less appealing aspects of being a stay-at-home mom. It is loaded with self-deprecation and exaggeration to drive home a point. Ms. Bombeck's book has evolved into a more nostalgic piece of work. She penned it during a time when going to the library was the norm, everybody had landlines, people collected trading stamps such as Green Stamps to redeem items, a milkman delivered goods to your doorstep, and no one wore seat belts. Some of the topics covered are vacationing and camping as a family, a husband's unfinished house projects, attempts at self-improvement, snow days, marital nagging, joining clubs, buying antiques, and raising children. Many of the cultural references used in the book will have the reader searching the Internet for answers. Alf Landon, William Powell, Myrna Loy, John Hall and Sabu, Bert Lahr, and a Jack Armstrong signet ring are examples of people gracing the pages of Ms. Bombeck's work who would likely give Jeopardy contestants frop sweat. 'At Wit's End' is a quick undemanding book and an enjoyable read for people who like to indulge in yesteryear. However, despite it being a nonpolitical book, it unintentionally kept reminding me that women had limited options back then. Ms. Bombeck mined much humor from the suburban housewife life, but I'm glad women have more choices today.

3 of 3 people found the following review helpful. A wonderful nostalgic re-read! By Pushing 70 I first read this book while in high school in 1967 and many times in the 1970's and '80's while raising my son. My paperback edition is buried "somewhere" with books that haven't been read in many years. Having just finished the Kindle edition, I am amazed at how much things have changed since the book was written. What struck me most was descriptions of the family dinner...something that seems lost in the over-scheduled lives of suburbanites. Although I was a "housewife" as described in the book, I can't help but wonder if that role is also something of the past. References to smoking and wanting a color TV were eye-opening for sure. Knowing that Erma Bombeck passed away more than 15 years ago is also quite sad. To think of her observations about a computer-driven, cell phone toting teenage experience would be insightful and probably quite funny. In my opinion no one in the years since her death has filled her shoes. Read the book if you loved Erma Bombeck...read the book if you want a view of a simpler time.

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Funny and delightful! By Terri Mabry Funny never goes out of date! The situations and references tell when this was written, but the nutty stuff that every family goes through are well represented here, as only Bombeck can deliver, and are relevant today.

"America's irrepressible doyenne of domestic satire." THE BOSTON GLOBE Madcap, bittersweet humor in classic Erma Bombeck-style. You'll laugh until it hurts and love it! "Any mother with half a skull knows that when Daddy's little boy becomes Mommy's little boy, the kid is so wet, he's treading water. What do you mean you're a part of the school play and you need a costume? Those rotten kids. If only they'd let me wake up in my own way. Why do they have to line up along my bed and stare at me like Moby Dick just washed up onto a beach somewhere?"

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About the Author Erma Bombeck was America's favorite humorist at the time of her death in 1996. Ten of her 13 books, including *Forever, Erma*, appeared on the New York Times bestseller list. She claimed her first fiction writing was the weather forecast in the Dayton Herald. Her favorite food was pasta, and her hobby was dust.