

My Most Embarrassing Moment

They Are Slippery

MY HUSBAND and I were married in September 1963 and honeymooned in New England.

While in Bar Harbor, Maine, we stopped at the fishermen's wharf and my husband urged me to try lobster, which I had never eaten.

Everything went fine until I was cracking one of the lobster claws open and it flew out of my hand onto the table behind me and onto another woman's plate.

The woman turned around, smiled, held up the lobster claw and said, "I don't believe you want this back, do you?"

Boy, was my face red!

—Barbara M., Rhodes, Michigan

Attention Wasn't the Kind She Wanted

WHEN I WAS a junior at Richard Henry Dana Jr. High School in Arcadia, California, in 1956, crinoline petticoats were all the fashion.

The more of them you wore, the better.

There was an unspoken competition among us girls at school to see who could make her dress stand out the most.

One day, I decided to go for broke and donned all my petticoats, although some were slipping before I left. My solution was to pin them all together with four hefty pins before heading to the bus stop.

When I stepped off the bus at school into the crowd, my legs were engulfed in a sea of pink, yellow and white crinolines. The pins gave way, but it wasn't until I tried to step forward that I discovered my

predicament.

The boys all started whistling, and I stood petrified. A voice from behind said, “Step out, step out.”

It was a girlfriend who quickly gathered up all my petticoats and whisked me off to the lavatory.

I wanted to die on the spot.

The rest of the day proved to be my day to shine, after all. Every class brought me attention, the unwanted kind. It took a month for the remarks to subside.

—Jeanne D., Hardin, Montana