

# My Most Embarrassing Moment

## Chili, Chili, Always Chili

I STILL RECALL an embarrassing moment, from 57 years ago, when I was a new bride, struggling with cooking and meal planning.

A co-worker of mine frequently asked me what I was serving for dinner. My repertoire was limited, and it seems every time he asked, I was serving chili.

On this occasion, my pride got the best of me, so I told him we were having pork chops. The next day, he met my husband and asked him, “So how were the pork chops last night?”

My husband, in surprise, replied, “Pork chops? We didn’t have pork chops; we had chili!”

My co-worker confronted me with my lie and lowered both my credibility and confidence considerably.

I learned that truth is truly the better part of valor, and that crime does not pay.

—Dorothy Birch, Fairfax, Virginia

## Oh, Please!

I WAS EXCITED to have a job when I graduated from the University of Texas, in 1942. I was to be a home economist for the Farm Security Administration in Palestine, Texas.

After a few months, I was transferred over to Jones County and the tiny town of Anson, which was the county seat.

Knowing that first impressions were very important, I hurriedly dressed before departing for my first day on the job. I wanted to arrive early and show that I was dependable.

I arrived at the federal building before opening hours, so the building was still locked. As I waited outside the building, another woman approached the entrance, stopped and looked at me.

“You couldn’t be Hazel McCoy, could you?” she asked. I heard her say, “Oh, please, don’t be.”

Those words took the wind out of my sails, and I dropped my head in embarrassment. That’s when I saw my hose around my ankles and my garters snapped around the calves of my legs.

I screamed, but my district supervisor laughed.

I made my first impression a memorable one, all right. She enjoyed my reaction and never let me forget it. In fact, she told it in every county in our district.

—Hazel McCoy Dooley, San Angelo, Texas