My Most Embarrassing Moment

He Made a Combination of Errors

I WAS in the eighth grade in Somonauk, Illinois in 1944 and a bit of a nerd.

One day, during lunch hour, a friend and I were in the gym watching girls play volleyball. When they finished, they went to the shower room.

It was time to head back to class when I suddenly remembered something I needed—in my locker in the men's shower and dressing room.

I scampered over to the door, went in, crossed over to the far side of the room and sat down between two girls and started turning the dial on the combination lock.

"What are you doing? Get out of here!" I heard.

Having been awakened from my stupor, I ran out quickly amid various screams and shouts.

I caught up with my friend, who by then realized that I had gone in the wrong locker room and was in stitches.

Our teacher, who also was aware, made some remark to calm the situation as girls who had been in the locker room were entering the classroom.

It was not my finest hour.

—Bob G., Rolling Meadows, Illinois