My Most Embarrassing Moment

Victory Was Sweet, But Short

IN THE EARLY 1950s, when I was in third grade, we lived one block from school.

My mother made me wear leggings—not the sleek kind of today but the cumbersome wool ones.

None of the other girls wore them, so I decided to take them off and hide them under the fire escape.

I went into the classroom feeling as though I got one over on my mother.

About 10 minutes into the lesson, the nun teaching the class answered a knock on the door. It was my mother, handing me my leggings.

Yes, all the third graders were laughing their heads off and all I could hear was “when she gets home…”

I was in high school before the girls stopped teasing me about the incident. I’m 63, and that is one lesson I never forgot.

—Dolores Hart, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Case of Mistaken Identity

IN 1962, we visited my sister at her home in Dallas, Texas.

We were having a wonderful time until she showed us her lovely new home.

I noticed a really pretty lamp shade on her dresser and asked her if it was for a lamp.

“No, it isn’t a lamp shade,” she said. “It’s my hat.”

Since she was always kidding me, I assumed she was joking until she put it on her head.

I kept laughing until I realized that I was the only one laughing. It really was a hat.

She was a sweetheart and forgave me. I still think it looked like a lamp shade.

—Frances Kalmett Dohr, Affton, Missouri