My Most Embarrassing Moment

Thank Heavens for Lather

DURING THE 1960s, an embarrassing moment taught me to follow my husband's instructions exactly.

He was expecting an important call, but had work to do outside, so he asked me to stay very near the phone to answer it for him.

After what seemed like hours of waiting, I took a quick shower. Just as I lathered up, I heard the phone ringing. I grabbed a towel, clutched it around me with both hands, raced through the laundry room and made a dive for the phone on the kitchen desk.

My soapy feet began sliding and, to keep my balance, I was forced to let go of the towel, arriving in the kitchen sliding and in my birthday suit.

My husband, whom I had not heard come in, was just getting up to answer the phone when I slid past him, wearing nothing but soap.

Surprise is not an adequate word for the expression on his face. What if someone had come into the house with my husband?

—Sug Budnik, Waelder, Texas

Now They're Here, Now They're Not

I WAS 19, in 1943, when I was attending Navy electrical school in St. Louis.

One day, early in my studies, I carried a six-volt battery back to its shelf at the end of class without replacing the battery caps, which allowed a weak acid solution to slop onto the front of my dungaree pants.

About a week later, I was wearing those pants to school when I

noticed—with horror—that the entire front of my pants was disintegrating.

Soon, my shirttail and Skivvies were exposed.

Since civilians also were still using the school, we marched from class to class. Since the school was located so far from our base, there was nothing that I could do but continue through the day.

All day long, I marched with my books held in front of me as I attempted to cover my…embarrassment.

—Harry Mittendorf, Bradenton, Florida