Dictation 11-24-04

The grocer had so many bad habits that my mother got awfully tired of him pretty soon. For one thing, he ate too much garlic and his breath was something fierce. He carried garlic around in a sack in his pockets and he used to toss it up in the air and catch it in his mouth the way you eat salted peanuts. He took my mother to different places, like Lakeside Park and to the theatre and the movies. On account of that garlic you could smell him coming for miles. Every time they went to the movies people got up and found other seats. And my mother wanted to become a nun! It was very embarrassing for her. After the show they used to sit in front of the big stove in grandmother's parlor (parlour) and talk. He was so thick that my mother yawned right in his face and he never did catch on that she was hinting and wanted to go to bed.