DORIS. First time I saw Abe was in my father's store. I was

nineteen, working behind the counter. He was in the

second aisle over. I couldn't see his face but I see through

the bottom shelf that he's wearing an old pair of pants and

there's a big hole in the top of his right shoe. This was

definitely not a boy with money so I keep a careful watch.

All of a sudden he bends down, grabs a loaf of bread, and I

see he's putting it inside his jacket I run over and stand

behind him. He gets up, looks me straight in the eyes ... I

felt my heart pound. I don't know what came over me. As

he started to walk out I yelled at the top of my lungs

"Crook! Crook!" It was the only way I could think of

keeping him there. And it worked. My father ran out and

grabbed him. A month and a half later we were married ...

My father always used to joke "This is my son-in-law the

crook. First he stole my bread ..." *(SHE smiles.)*

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