

December 10, 2015  
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Mrs. Rubash,

I'd like to send you my warmest holiday wishes and share a story in which you are the star.

I matriculated at Rice in 1980 and was pretty pleased with the food there. Friends who went to other schools shared horror stories that only solidified my appreciation. To this day, I recall fondly the beef stroganoff and brussels sprouts with cheese. And who could deny the civilizing effect of family style dining?

One night a cloud passed over this sunny scene. On our trays were mountains of steaming red beets. To my young and smarty-pants mind, this was an outrage and I made my opinion loudly known. What's more, I took up the college input notebook to enlist the opinions of my fellow Jonesians. To my credit, I didn't edit. I let the people who liked beets also weigh in to the spiral ruled pages.

Next day after charging over to food service and barging into your office, you looked over the results of my canvass. "According to this," you noted, "this poll runs at about 50% on either side. In my experience, anything that rates over 35% is considered a successful dish. Therefore, what we have here seems like a rave review. Thank you for your work and look forward to having more beets." You would have been justified in concluding our interview with a terse "To you, sir, I say good day!" But you were kind.

As promised, we did indeed see beets more often. You may think you have the last laugh in this tale, but no! I foiled you in the end. I came to LOVE beets!

Thank you for keeping my body and soul together for the four years I was at Rice. I wish you all the best this holiday season and in the years ahead.

Yours sincerely,