

My Kentucky Fried Ascension (Memoir)

by Rick Rofihe

In the Nova Scotian Hotel in Halifax, Canada, as a boy I rode once in an elevator with Colonel Harland Sanders; he was there for a food-service convention and I was attending a wedding reception. At the time, we were both about the same height, and that day we were both wearing white suits—his had no grease spots, and he left no fingerprint on the "up" button.

