



The Betty Letters

My Dear Grandchild,

I am very concerned about the situation in the Motherland in respect of the Muslim population. As you are well aware, when one dog barks, one hundred dogs bark, sometimes in unison. I was in Beijing, just the other week, and was told, secretly, that a number of people have been slaughtered in ethnic clashes in Henan Province. The clashes were between the Han and the Hui ethnic groups. The Han represent about ninety three percent of the entire population of the Motherland while the Hui are descendants of the Han and form a miniscule part of my country. But, as with any fungus, one must pay immediate attention to its appearance lest it spread. And, then, it is too late to stop the onslaught of the unwanted growth. There are only about nine million Hui members in China, but that it is a sufficient number of potential malcontents to cause problems to my Government. And I suppose you know that the Muslims believe that it is their sworn duty to spread the 'word' to infidels. This is not very different from the European Evangelists, actually, but the major difference is that Evangelists, if they fail, will go away with the sentence, 'I shall pray for you.' The Muslims, on the other hand, believe that if they cannot convert an infidel to Islam, it is better to chop off the infidel's head so that his/her soul can go to a Muslim Heaven. I have been told that martial law has been imposed in Henan in order to try to quell the uprisings, brought about by the Muslim Hui population. I doubt, seriously, that that will be enough, however, since the only way to deal with such a situation is to cut out the fungus at its very roots. When you pluck a weed, which is an unwanted plant by definition, from a garden, you must make certain that you get out the roots of the weed otherwise, it will regenerate itself. That is not to suggest that Muslims are like weeds, but just look at what is happening in Iraq. Need I say more?

Changing the subject, slightly, during my last trip to Beijing, in a conversation with Mary Wang – she is the wife of a Director of Beijing Municipal Commission on Population and Family Planning – the fact was brought out, and this is in strict confidence, by the way, that the Motherland will stick by its determination to keep down the population of the country. China will not offer gifts to men who cut their cords, however, but teach them to abstain from sexual intercourse with their wives. I was shocked to hear Mary's explanation and asked her for a little elaboration. She explained that shock treatment was the answer. Whenever a husband gets a little 'hot', Mary explained, the answer is, simply, put him under an ice-cold shower and stay with him until you see the 'thing' shrink back. And, then, the heat goes out of his appendage, making it inoperative for a long time. It has been about thirty years since China adopted, with the will of the people of the country, a one-child per family policy. There are said to be about one hundred million families in China, which have abided by the one-child per family policy. So you see, education is the key to success in population control. In India, during the time that Prime Minister Indira Gandhi (1980-1984) was running the country, males, be they single or married, were forcibly castrated or sexually 'neutralised' and, then, given transistor radios for their 'cooperation' in controlling the birth rate. As you can see, the Gandhi policy was unsuccessful because, today, there are more than one billion ethnic Indians on the Continent of India. During the Prime Ministership of Indira Gandhi, there were only about six hundred million Indians, making chapatis and curry. One cannot force birth control on a population because when the sap is at the high-water mark, it must be evacuated. Ice-cold water does the trick,

Mary Wang told me, and she should know because she has tried it out with her husband. But there is a downside to this solution, as Mary pointed out: It seems that her husband has a chronic upper respiratory infection, also known as a common cold.

Ah, well! One cannot have everything.

*Must go.
Love you.*

The Chief Lady of Hongkong

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