



The Betty Letters

My Dear Grandchild,

On a lighter note, this week, I thought that you might be interested in some of my astute observations of late instead of all that 'heavy' stuff that I have been writing to you over the past few weeks. I, recently, visited Scotland and, during my holiday there, I tasted haggis for the first time. In case you don't know, haggis is a round sausage which originated in Scotland and is made from the inside of a cow, bull, or sheep. Such things as liver, kidney, heart, intestine, lung, sweetbread, etc, make up the 'guts' of a haggis, those ingredients, being mixed with copious quantities of fat, some oats, a few onions and, then, the entire muck is packed in a round sausage skin, made of a sheep's stomach. It is, then, boiled. This is supposed to be considered the delicacy of the country. Well, I have tried it – and that's that. Never again! Having tasted this Scottish dish, I started to ponder about the foods of other countries of the world. I have been to most countries and have listened to the conversations of most races and religions with regard to their opinions of the foods of what they termed, 'foreign countries and cultures'. The following are some little snippets of those conversations:

The American on Holiday in Europe

'The French make a big thing about their cuisine. But, actually, for the most part, it is boiled this and boiled that, or fried this and fried that, then, pour a butter-cream sauce over it and give it a toffy name, which is almost unpronounceable in English. For myself, give me a good, old-fashioned, blood-oozing steak, swimming in ketchup, and a baked Idaho potato, smothered in butter. That's the best food in the world. I'm a meat-and-potatoes man.'

The Englishman on Holiday in Asia

'Give me Chinese food, any time. I love chop suey! I enjoy Japanese food, too, as long as it is cooked.'

The Japanese Lady on Holiday in Hongkong

'Isn't it wonderful, travelling to Hongkong! I can have sushi, here, just like in Kagoshima! It's like being at home.'

The Jew on Holiday in Hongkong

'I'm very Kosher, you know! I don't eat meat with blood. I don't eat fish without fins and scales. Last night's char siu fried rice at that Chinese restaurant was very tasty!' _

The Man from Beijing on Holiday in Louisiana, The United States of America

'I like American food: We have a McDonald's in Shanghai, now.'

The Frenchman on Holiday in Exeter, Southwest England

'English food: Some tough old meat, or greasy sausages, laced with HP sauce! English peasants!'

The German on Holiday in Tokyo

'I can't stand Japanese food: No taste; no substance; no meat. Nein! Nein! Anyway, it does not go down with Pilsner'.

The Irish Man on Holiday in Tokyo

'This is, definitely, my last visit to this land of fish-eaters! I can't stand it, having to eat my dinner with a half-dead fish, looking at me from the communal dish in the centre of the table. Barbaric people, these Japanese!'

The Indian on Holiday in Texas, The United States of America

'American food is tasteless. I always carry a box of Madras chili powder in my pocket in order to bring out the flavour in the food of this country.'

The Man from Cairo on Holiday in Rome

'Italians don't grow coffee! So why is it called Espresso? Egyptian coffee is the best: It is grown in Ethiopia.'

The South African on Holiday in Holland

'I like the food of this country because I can eat a lot of white meat, here. I prefer white meat to dark meat. We, South Africans, remember the apartheid time, which lasted from 1948 until 1994, you know.'

People are funny, don't you think?

Talk to you next week.

Chief Lady

***While TARGET makes every attempt to ensure accuracy of all data published,
TARGET cannot be held responsible for any errors and/or omissions.***

*If readers feel that they would like to voice their opinions about that which they have read in **TARGET**, please feel free to e-mail your views to editor@targetnewspapers.com. **TARGET** does not guarantee to publish readers' views, but reserves the right so to do subject to the laws of libel.*