



The Betty Letters

My Dear Grandchild,

I was casting my mind back to that former rather pretty little thing of days of yore: Ms Deborah Ann Sims. What a pity about her! She was never exactly Hongkong's answer to Miss China, but she was, nevertheless, not unattractive when she was younger. Of course, time does take its toll of some ladies, doesn't it? From a budding beauty, she is, now, a definite botched beast. Some people grow old gracefully, but there are those others, too, that do not understand the real meaning of being graceful as one gets younger. I suppose I am lucky that, at the age of forty six years, I have kept my looks and my figure. People look at me, all the time, you know: They can't believe that I am, actually, a grandmother. Can't say the same for Deborah Ann Sims, however. She is divorced, now, you know. Couldn't keep her man – even though he was an Australian. Australian men are about the easiest of races to please because they, really, don't know the meaning of social graces; and, Australians never understood about culture, having never had one. What one never had, one never misses, I suppose. I can understand the reason that Deborah Ann Sims could not keep her man when she had the opportunity. It is because, though it is said that, when the lights go out, all women look the same to a horny man, it is not quite right in all cases, as Deborah Ann Sims discovered – only too late for her. The half-light of a room often gives the show away, you know. I suppose that that is what happened to Deborah Ann Sims and her former husband, Eddie Phillips. A little lady, such as she, could not look her best with all that muck on her face. Modern cosmetics can only do so much and, then, one has to rely on nature to do the rest. It is like making a dish of bao yu dun che (abalone and shark's fin soup): If the abalone is not fresh and the shark's fins have not been cooked, sufficiently, the end result will not be edible. Without all the help of modern prosthetics, in order to make one's neighbours and admirers think that that which one has not got is, really, there and is natural, one is left to the mercy of the elements. Foundation garments may work in the ballroom, but they cannot work, ever, in the bedroom, you know.

Then, Body by Deborah International Health and Beauty SPA Ltd, the company that she started up, in defiance and in competition to her former husband, went belly up. That left thousands of office ladies, holding onto worthless pieces of paper, paper, supposedly, being printed guarantees of facials, manicures, pedicures and all the other good things in life to be performed in the future. Poor little dears! I feel for them, really I do. Grandpa says that it was lucky that I did not attend the premises of Body by Deborah International Health and Beauty SPA Ltd, otherwise, I would have been like so many of that Spa's former customers, who plonked down millions of dollars in deposits in order to secure the future services of the company's beauticians, only to find that, when the company became insolvent, officially, Management had taken those deposits and used them for something which was, completely, wrong. It is surprising that there was not an investigation into the affairs of that insolvent company and its former Management on the grounds of Management, perpetrating numerous frauds on creditors. If Management's actions were not illegal, they must have been totally immoral. When somebody is desperate, he/she tends to do naughty things, you know, then, beauty is transformed into the terrible beast. Which is what happened to Deborah Ann Sims and the company that she, once, controlled, in my opinion. I suppose that she is still looking for a man in her waning years? She had better hurry up otherwise it will be too late because

the clock of ageing is moving forward: Tick ... tick ... tick. It takes its toll on ladies of the type of Deborah Ann Sims, you know. I am lucky that Nature has been kind to me. You know, I never went to Body by Deborah International Health and Beauty SPA Ltd while it was operating in Causeway Bay, even though I could have got in for nothing.

Ever since Grandpa took up the purple of office, I have had to be very careful in lending my name to associations, and the joining of clubs. In fact, I have had to start my own club in order to socialize with my kind of people, those people, who would want to be of my claue. Grandpa warned me, some time ago, that when I visit a building, be it for private reasons or on official Government business, I must be certain to have a lift, set aside for my private use, with an attendant on duty to push the buttons for me (can't be too careful). Also, I have to be so careful about the paparazzi, especially those who are employed by that horrible Apple man, Jimmy Lai. His paparazzi are the worst. I have been told that they have special cameras that can look right through buildings and right through clothes in order to see, literally, everything. I do not mind, having people admire my body, of course, because that goes along with the job that I hold, but there is the question of the dignity of office, my dear. Also, it depends on the time of the month that I want to be photographed, too. I recall the terrible thing that happened to Princess Diana in a gymnasium in London, some years ago. You may recall that, while dressed in her tights, the owner of the gymnasium secretly photographed her and, then, that picture was sold to one of London's horrible dailies. What an invasion of privacy! Although I know that I would look better in tights than the late Princess Diana, nevertheless, it is not appropriate for a Chief Lady to be parading her wares in public, no matter how comely those wares might appear to be. Those things are private and are reserved for Grandpa ... when the sap is rising, of course.

I, also, recall the actions of the Mrs Lavender Patten, the wife of that horrible man, who was the last White Governor of Hongkong: Mr Chris Patten. Do you know she held parties in her tennis clothes and in common clubs in Hongkong, showing off just about everything she had – which is not much, mind you. But, really, allowing her naked legs to be photographed is just too much! That is the real reason that Mr Chris Patten was not even considered to be elected to be the rank of the First Chief Executive of the Hongkong Special Administrative Region of the People's Republic of China, you know. Even though it is stated in The Basic Law that the Chief Executive has to be Chinese, I have been told by my friends in Beijing that there is, also, The Definitions Ordinance, which supersedes the mini-Constitution, if Premier Zhu Rong Ji so determines. But, how could you have a White Chief Executive whose wife is close to being a trollop by her actions in public? Anyway, that part of Hongkong's history is behind us. Thank Confucius! I suppose, now, Mrs Lavender Patten spends her weekends, shopping for food in the open markets of London and in those other common supermarkets, buying tins of baked beans and frozen bangers. English, really, have no taste when it comes to food. Grandpa, of course, only eats Chinese cuisine, which is prepared by Ah-Ming, our Shanghainese cook. We keep him away from cabbage because he tends to get a lot of gas after he eats too much of it. Poor dear! Talking about Grandpa, I think I hear his motor car, coming up the drive. Must rush, my dear,

Chief Lady of Hongkong

***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 or targnews@hkstar.com. TARGET does not guarantee to publish readers' views, but reserves the right so to do subject to the laws of libel.