



The Betty Letters

My Dear Grandchild,

What a ridiculous and preposterous idea that that silly Legislative Councillor had in trying to bring down the House of Tung Chee Hwa! He can never succeed, of course. Legislative Councillor Albert Chan Wai Yip makes claims that nobody in his right mind could accept. He said, in the middle of May, that if Chief Executive Tung Chee Hwa did not resign, or was kicked out of office, there was a possibility of there being riots in Hongkong. This is such errant nonsense that I find it difficult to drum up a suitable reply. In the event that there was the slightest possibility of riots in Hongkong, then, in would come the People's Liberation Army to take control. Then, I would be willing to bet my new brassiere that that Legislative Councillor would be brought to book and made to pay the piper for leading the people of Hongkong to riot and affray. It strikes me that if Chief Executive Tung Chee Hwa were to resign, there would, indeed, be riots. The people of Hongkong would not stand for it: They have chosen their leader – and that is that. If the people of Hongkong did not want Mr Tung Chee Hwa to lead them, then, they would have voted for another candidate ... if there had been one, that is. Politics, my dear, is a horrible disease because many people, who are elected to office, have a secret agenda, the aims and objects of which benefit the politician, often to the detriment of the people, who voted him/her into office. It is one of the drawbacks of the so-called democratic system. I know of one Legislative Councillor who, openly, flaunts his flossy in some of the five-star hotels of Hongkong, while his dear wife stays at home, awaiting his return. This chain smoker of cigarettes even advocates that all people ought to be permitted to smoke, whatever they choose, where-ever they choose, and however, they choose. The statistics are in, you know: Smoking will shorten one's life; it is a contributory cause of the incidents of cancer of the lungs – if one does not contract emphysema, first, or a heart attack. What Hongkong people have to remember, always, is that the Chief Executive is elected by the people of the territory. In addition to the Hongkong elections for the Chief Executorship, he is required to be endorsed by the National People's Congress before he is, truly, the bossman of Hongkong. Only those people who are in the in in Beijing have the opportunity to be the Chief Executive of Hongkong, regardless of the number of votes that he/she receives at the Hongkong polls. In essence, therefore, a candidate for the seat of Chief Executive of Hongkong has to endure two elections: One in Hongkong; and, one in Beijing. Now, which one do you think is the more important? There is no way for Mr Tung Chee Hwa to resign, or be kicked out of office: He has to hold his ground for the sake of the seven million people of Hongkong. Just like High Court judges, so Chief Executives, of the ilk of Mr Tung Chee Hwa, are in for life ... or until they are gaga or reach the age of seventy years, whichever comes last.

Changing the topic, I was not glad to hear that thousands of people in Toronto, Canada, have contracted Severe Acute Respiratory Syndrome (SARS). How did they get it? Do you think that SARS is airborne and can fly so many miles, from Guangdong to Toronto, and then Vancouver? It must be a local SARS, not the imported variety. Now, Hongkong will not be the only territory in the world to be singled out as being infested with SARS. It is said that misery likes company ... so, now, we, in Hongkong, can commiserate with Canada, can't we? Canada has enjoyed the moneys of Asians for many years: Today, Canada can suffer its particular brand of SARS, mixed in with the SARS of Asians. I wonder whether or not SARS will mutate in Canada, again, to create a new species:

CANSARS? It is so easy to criticise, but criticism leads to nowhere. That is the problem with so many Hongkong politicians: They know how to criticise, but don't know how to give constructive advice as to what to do about this and that. I feel so sorry for anybody, who is ill and, when I am able, I think of ways to alleviate their suffering. In the case of Hongkong SARS, I suppose you know that I donned my medical bubble and went among my people in order to show them that I was one of them: Misery likes company, again, you see. My very presence was sufficient to cheer up one entire district where the lower classes live. I was so happy to see and to hear them laugh, as I walked by their little human filing cabinets (eight cubic foot per person, my social secretary tells me). Laughter is good for the soul, I have been told. As my mother taught me: Laugh and the whole world laughs with you; cry and you cry alone.

Well, that's all for today.

Love you,

The Chief Lady of Hongkong

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