

The Betty Letters

My Dear Grandchild,

You will, most likely, criticise me for talking about the resident Filipinas and Filipinos of Hongkong, again, but I just can't help myself. Recently, during a television news programme, the main topic of which was Swine Flu, a Filipina, interviewed at Statue Square in Central Hongkong, complained that the Hongkong Government was wrongly and improperly singling out the Filipina maids and Filipino drivers of the territory for congregating in places, such as designated, traffic-free pedestrian walkways in Central Hongkong because the Filipinas and Filipinos, being in such close proximity to each other, Swine Flu could easily pass from one to another. One Filipina maid commented on camera: 'It's (Swine Flu) only a cold! I get them from time to time. No big deal! Huh!' Another one commented that the Hongkong Government was singling out the Filipinas – and it was not fair. Then, came the clincher from a real dumb-dumb Filipina: 'I don't think I need to worry (about catching Swine Flu), but I don't like the way that my ma'am is treating me. Now, as soon as I return home, I have to wash my hands!' The suggestion among some members of the Hongkong Government is that the Filipinas and Filipinos should be dissuaded from congregating in Central Hongkong, outside The Mandarin Oriental, in The (old) Star Ferry Concourse, along alleys in Central, just to name some of the places that they stay on Sundays and public holidays, because of the likelihood of speeding up the spread of Swine Flu in the territory. If you, My Dear Grandchild, have not seen what these maids and drivers do on Sundays and public holidays, go to the areas and see for yourself. Aside from the foul filth that they leave in their wake, they are like cockroaches, coming out of the earth to look for food or for mates. Yes, I know, you will say that these are poor people, for the most part, and that, on their one day of rest per week, they need a place to sit and to chat with their fellows. That is true enough, but when one sees the throng of them, at least 10,000 strong, all huddled round a relatively small, enclosed area, munching on chicken bones, picking the dirt from between their feet, combing each other's hair, giving each other manicures and pedicures, gambling, selling their goods, cuddling up to one another – many are lesbians, you know – then, you may have an entirely different view of them. Also, and this is something that you, probably, do not appreciate, the Filipinas and Filipinos have, completely, monopolised the areas that they determine as being preferable areas that fit their personal requirements. In fact, it is difficult to walk in certain parts of Central Hongkong on Sundays and public holidays because there is, just, no room to walk due to the crowding of these people who will not make way for anybody. In short, what the Hongkong Government has said is absolutely correct: Where the Filipinas and Filipinos congregate on their holidays are the breeding grounds for all sorts of horrors, Swine Flu, being just one of them. Gambling, prostitution, hawking and the passing of all kinds of communicable diseases proliferate where these people like to go on their holidays. I must tell you, also, that, in the red light district of Wanchai, Filipina prostitutes outnumber any other ethnic group of ladies of the night by a wide margin. Something should be done about these situations.

The idea of having pedestrian open areas of Hongkong on Sundays and public holidays, where motor vehicles of all sorts are banned, was for the enjoyment of the people of Hongkong. These areas were never meant to be the private preserves of the Filipinas and Filipinos. It is outrageous that the Hongkong Government has permitted the present situation to have materialised. But what should be done about this

situation, now? This is, of course, the big question. Well, if a survey were to be taken of the shops and the hotels of the Central Business District of Hongkong, as an example, I am certain that one would hear the owners and operators of the shops, as well as the managements of the hotels, all beg to clear up the situation. No tourist to Hongkong wants to try to pick his or her way through the throng of dirty Filipinas and Filipinos who line the streets and alleys of the Central Business District of Hongkong Island on Sundays and public holidays. Further, I am sure that, if these Filipina maids, Filipino pimps and drivers, and ethnic Indian hawkers were kicked out of places, such as the Central Hongkong, commercial businesses would be re-opened. As it is, many up-market shops do not open in the Central Business District on Sundays and public holidays because their managements are well aware of the futility of trying to obtain custom amid the din and of yelling and screaming maids, the stench of their droppings, and their propensity to monopolise the open areas outside the shops. I have, in this letter to you, only mentioned the Central Business District of Hongkong Island, but I can assure you that there are many other areas of the territory where the situation is just as bad – if not worse.

The answer to the problem, therefore, is to return the designated, traffic-free open areas of Hongkong and Kowloon back to their original designations before the idea was first promulgated by the previous Administration. With motor cars and buses, moving down the roads, once again, the Filipinas and Filipinos would have to move to the parks, up to The Peak, and so on. In addition, loitering in these areas should be stopped, completely. Such plans would be better for all. By congregating in confined spaces, such as in the Star Ferry Concourse, in the event of an emergency, I would imagine that there would be a very strong probability for the resident Filipinas and Filipinos of Sundays and holidays to be severely hurt, if not killed. The Hongkong Government must be proactive in this matter before catastrophe strikes. It is only too apparent that these Filipinas and Filipinos are unable to think for themselves, therefore, the Hongkong Government must step up to the plate and hit a home run ... for a change.

Talk to you, next week.

Chief Lady

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