

## *The Betty Letters*

*My Dear Grandchild,*

*As a young girl, I was given a doll with which to play. As I recall, I played at being the 'mother' to this plastic doll and pretended to feed it, change its diapers, and all of those things that I perceived that a real mother has to do in looking after a real baby. It is natural, of course, for a woman to want to have a baby when she is sexually mature and gets married. After all, that is one of the functions that has been bestowed on womanhood by nature: Our plumbing system is well suited for this task. It is interesting, however, that my mother did not give me a plastic fish, dog, cat, lion, etc, with which to play instead of a plastic doll. Perhaps, this is because a child cannot relate to other kinds of animal life as she can to one of her own kind? But, what I wonder would have happened if my mother had given me a representation of some other life-form, other than a doll. Would it have changed my outlook toward womanhood and the bearing children? Was the doll part of this civilisation's brainwashing programme for young female children? When I was in school, I was taught that homo sapiens do not possess instincts, but only drives. Birds possess instincts, such as nest-building, since instincts are defined as being rote actions, directed at achieving some inner need without the requirement of being formerly taught. On this subject, I was reading a newspaper, just last week, and there was a photograph of 3 little girls, aged, I estimated, between 8 years and 10 years, playing at being soldiers, complete with uniforms and plastic, made-to-resemble automatic weaponry. The essence of the game of these 3 little girls, clearly, was to kill the perceived enemy. There were lovely smiles on the little girls' faces. They were having a good time, no doubt. 'How is this world of ours evolving,' I thought to myself, 'when we start programming our children to be legal killers before they even understand that war is an extension of diplomacy when negotiations between heads of state have completely failed to achieve the desired, peaceful effects?' I do not consider such things as having little girls, dressed in the camouflaged uniforms of soldiers, carrying toy automatic weapons, as being ordinary play. I know that I may well be considered a crank to think in this manner, but to my mind, such games tend to programme the minds of youth to think that war is a game, which is fun to play. War is not a game, but a horrid attribute of man – sadly! Man appears to have a natural inclination to kill: He enjoys killing. Only mankind kills for the sheer sake of killing; all other animals kill to eat, only, with very rare exceptions. Man, also, loves to hate; lower – I used this term, reservedly – animal forms do not hate, but kill out of necessity. I recall, also, that, in the 19<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> Century England, the nobility expected its male heirs to enter 'The Regiment' and, to this end, they were enrolled and attended military academies in order to have them instructed in the fine art of being a soldier of the realm. 'It will make a man of him!' fathers would tell mothers and relatives – and it was widely accepted that such was the case. Unfortunately, for the male heirs, they had no say in the matter because it was expected of them and they, rarely, shirked what they saw as the duty of their birthright. They were mentally programmed to think in this manner. It was considered an honour to don the uniform of The Regiment in order to serve one's country on some, far-away battlefield and, if a nobleman died in a battle, well, what better way could a man die than in the service of his country? Honour him for his sacrifice! What a waste of the youth of a country! During World War I, one saw the battlefield take to the sky for the first time. There was, for few years, during that horrible conflict, an unwritten code of conduct between the German airmen and their sworn enemies – the English, Americans, and the French, mostly – whereby rules of aerial engagement were based on what was considered honourable acts. What honour could there*

*possibly have been when a bullet entered an enemy's head, snuffing out that life, forever? What honour could there possibly have been, being burned alive in a cockpit, due to an enemy's bullet, having caused an explosion in the petrol tank of a World War I fighter aircraft? Man, truly, is a strange animal, don't you think, to maintain that legal murder is a glorious end to life? I wonder, truly, if there is a way in which man could be mentally programmed, at an early stage in his development, whereby his innate propensity to be a killer of his own kind, as well as other animal life, could be curtailed. It is an interesting concept, 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](mailto:editor@targetnewspapers.com). **TARGET** does not guarantee to publish readers' views, but reserves the right so to do subject to the laws of libel.*