

The Betty Letters

My Dear Grandchild,

The world is in a Hell of a mess! There is no question about that. Greece, Spain, Portugal, Ireland and, now, Italy are all spending more money than they are earning and, as a result, they are on the precipice of defaulting on international obligations – if they have not done so, already – unless the European Union and the International Monetary Fund do not continue to offer hand-outs to these eurozone nations. Has anybody ever pondered how it is that most households, the world over, rarely have major financial problems, with the wives of the world, causing their families to live within their means ... on the money, brought in by the wage-earners, with the wives, apportioning it out as they deem fitting, correct and proper. No matters whether or not the monthly income is small or large, the wives of the world, always, make certain that food is on the table at supper-time, the children are clothed, appropriately, the utility bills are paid on time, as are all of the bills, pertaining to the smooth running of their homes. For what reason cannot countries live within their means, without having to go, cap in hand, asking for money from entities with which they are associated? In the case of Greece and Ireland, it was the European Union and the International Monetary Fund that came to these countries' assistance with huge amounts of money, sufficient, according to Bo-Bo, my froglike husband, to purchase New Zealand, sheep and all. Actually, if I had been Mrs Angela Merkel, Chancellor of The Federal Republic of Germany, I would have rejected the applications from both Ireland and Greece for bailout money. I recall the sage words of the late economist Milton Friedman who said that one should not give a person a fish to eat when he or she is hungry, but give that person a fishing line and teach him or her how to catch fish in order to feed himself/herself. It is true, you know: There is little sense in breast-feeding a grown man or woman because, being mature homo sapiens, they should have learned to feed themselves.

The trouble with many men is that they can become greedy little buggers, you know. I recall the Jewish joke about an elderly man who had lost his teeth and, being unable to afford to go to a dentist in order to obtain false teeth, his daughter-in-law, who had recently given birth, volunteered to allow her father-in-law to drink some of her breast milk on a daily basis. It was an act of kindness on her part, but she never expected that which followed. As the days past, the elderly man grew stronger and stronger on his daughter-in-law's breast milk; and, the daughter-in-law came to enjoy feeding her elderly father-in-law, too. One day, after the daughter-in-law had finished feeding the elderly man for more than one hour and, feeling rather excited at the manner in which he had taken to her gentleness in administering to his needs in the feeding process, she asked the elderly man if there was anything else she could do for him. The elderly father-in-law looked up at his daughter-in-law and asked: 'Vell, my dear, you don't have a little cookie to go with the milk, do you?'

Greed! It is a terrible attribute of most men. Of course, women are not endowed with such greed genes and simply make do with whatever they have. When times are good, of course, we do a lot of shopping in order to make ourselves appear attractive to our spouses because, when a spouse is happy, he is more generous and he will work harder for his wife. When times are bad, then, we do less shopping, of course, and remember the good days, awaiting the time to return to the brand-named shops with a vengeance. Being

optimists, women know that the good days will return, sooner or later. We are patient; and, know how to wait. To put it another way, after waiting for a bus for a long period of time, when, eventually, the bus does come into sight, a woman does not run to the bus, but walks to it, demurely. Women think with their brains; men think with a certain, centrally-placed appendage. Men run to women; women do not run to men. A woman will run from a man until she catches him. It is similar to the fact that bees fly from flower to flower in search of pollen; flowers do not fly from bee to bee, offering them their pollen. It is a fact that a woman is wiser than a man, but she has to have a man in order to procreate. It is sad the way in which it was determined how we should multiply in order that our species should survive. When I was in school, I was taught that ontology recapitulates philology. What this mean, simply, is that all living things pass through the same, or very similar, physiological developmental changes as they grow from conception to full-term birth. But it is from the time that a male child grows to maturity and learns that he is anatomically different from his mature female counterpart that he starts to become greedy. This is when the real trouble starts.

*What all of the above means, My Dear Grandchild, is that women should play a larger role in the economics of the world because all women are born with fully mature economic genes whereas all that men have is an ugly dangling piece of flesh that fashions their thinking and, only too often, gets them into a great deal of trouble. Come to think of it: For what reason were men ever invented? Why cannot a male be more like a female? The world would be a much better place in which to live if females were the dominant species of *Homo sapiens*, don't you think?*

Talk to you, next week.

Chief Lady

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