

For And About You

By Harriett Muhammad

DEAR HARRIETT: Ever since I was a youngster, I've had a fear of death. I don't quite remember when it all started, but I believe it was when I was seven—when I first understood about death. I used to have such nightmares—dreadful ones that would cause me to become short of breath upon awakening—that would make my heart pound.

Then the nightmares stopped. When I was about 12 they started again — the details of some I still remember to this day. Usually, it was a relative or a close friend who would be dying the most exasperating death imaginable. I was forced (as I could not voluntarily wake up in time) to witness such scenes time and time again.

Then they stopped again. I can't connect them with any period of crisis through which I could have been passing, and, to my knowledge, they never have influenced my personality. Yet, to this very moment, I fear death something terrible — and wish that I had not been born!

I've never discussed this with anyone because this fear seems so senseless. I know I'm not mentally unbalanced, but it bothers me. Why do I let death and pain upset me so? Do you have any explanations that may help me?

—G. B., Boston, Mass.

DEAR G.B.: All of us have a fear of the unknown — to some extent. People can overcome the fear of death in many ways. For some, it's through a belief in a religion — for others, through practicing a philosophy or ideology. Some welcome death because, to them, life is so much worse or just not

worth living. Some willingly die to keep other loved ones from dying. Some willingly die for values that they place higher than human life.

I think that your ATTITUDE towards pain and death are the basis for your reaction. Just consider for a moment how life would be without death. Then think about how life would be without pain. At first you might think that it would be so heavenly, but on second observation, you could see how it would be a living hell. If we had no pain, we would not live long at all. Is it not pain that tells us something is wrong with our bodies? Is it not pain that forces us to care for ourselves and others?

Is not death a friend? Think of all the people who meet with terrible accidents — whose bodies are mashed or burned or torn beyond repair. Suppose they could not DIE. Think of your loved ones who grow old and become dependent — how long could men prevent widespread suffering from hunger and lack of care? Then remember that other species also would not die — not the

filthy rats, not the ugly insects, etc.

If you can come to accept death and pain as being necessary and welcome in the scheme of life, you will be

able to live with the concepts of death and pain — and fear them no more than you do birth and feelings of physical and mental satisfaction. At death, you will be as you were before you ever existed. It's life that should concern you.

Something on your mind? Write and tell me about it.

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Black Woman Runs For Aldermanic Post In Upper-Class Evanston

A seven-point platform, featuring anti-urban renewal is the battle cry of Mrs. Josephine Edens Robinson, 5th ward aldermanic candidate in the heated April 6 Evanston election.

Mrs. Robinson, an outstanding business woman and civic leader, is basing her aldermanic campaign on: (1) Stop urban renewal in Evanston; (2) rehabilitate and conserve our neighborhoods and recreation areas in the city; (3) establish true representation; (4) work to end the Foster School problem; (5) redevelop downtown Evanston; (6) solve the parking problem and (7) develop more parks.



Josephine Robinson

Bipartisan
Backed by the Independent Democrats and Republicans Citizens Committee for Better Government, Mrs. Robinson is a member of Citizens Advisory Committee on Community Conservation, charter member of Evanston NAACP branch, former member of Board of Directors of the Community Hos-

pital and she is the recipient of the sixth annual brotherhood award.

"We want the city government to build houses," she explained, "and not tear down homes which have been paid for with the honest work of some of our oldest homeowners."

Mrs. Robinson, mother of three children and the wife of Leon G. Robinson, local businessman, was named one of the 10 best-dressed women of her community in 1954.

"There should be some program to stop the disturb-

ing practice of issuing tickets to law-abiding citizens who park their automobiles in front of their house at night on rarely traveled side streets," she said. "This method of collecting revenue must be ended and this harassment of citizens should be stopped."

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