



*FRIENDSHIP  
FOR PEACE*

# **FRIENDSHIP FOR PEACE**

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Picture on cover reproduced  
from an oil painting  
by Li Ping-hung

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## FOREWORD

Since the U.S. invaders landed on Korean soil the horrors of war have disrupted the life of every Korean. But the heroic Korean people have not surrendered. On the contrary, they have fought on undaunted against the American aggressors.

During the most difficult days of the Korean people's struggle, the American aggressors extended the war to the Yalu River and the northeast border of China. As a result of this provocation, the Chinese people sent their best sons and daughters—the Chinese People's Volunteers—to Korea to defend their own Motherland and help to save their neighbour, Korea.

Aid to the Korean people, resistance to American aggression, and the defence of their own country, are part of the sacred cause of world peace; and in that cause the Chinese People's Volunteers have not hesitated to shed their blood or lay down their lives. In their fighting they have performed miracles, and the Korean people in heartfelt gratitude are everywhere circulating stories of their heroism. The purpose of this

booklet is to tell some stories of the friendship that exists between the Chinese and Korean peoples.

The feeling of some after reading these stories may be one of amazement, but the stories told here are common occurrences in Korea. Every day, whether in the heat of battle or in the intervals between encounters, whether at the front or in the rear, things of this kind take place. Readers may ask: "What has caused the deep friendship between the Chinese and Korean peoples?" To answer that question, we can do no better than quote one of our volunteers. "We've been through a tough time in China, and we're going to see that we don't have to go through all that again. Nor are we going to stand by while our neighbour is being kicked about. We feel as badly about the sufferings of the Koreans as if they were our own folk, and rescuing the Koreans is like rescuing our own folk!"

Such deep, disinterested friendship is an invincible force.

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## **SPRING PLOUGHING AND AUTUMN HARVEST**

**Li Ming**

These two years of war in Korea have witnessed the daily growth of the friendship between the Chinese People's Volunteers and the people of Korea.

Countless tales are spread of the heroism of the volunteers, and how they have shed their life blood on Korean soil. There are innumerable stories too about their warm friendship for the Korean people, how they spare clothes and food, and how they forget their exhaustion after hard fighting and strenuous work, to help the Koreans in their toil. Many volunteers, while enemy planes are bombing and strafing, risk their lives to rescue Korean children, women and old people. Many build houses for the Koreans with their own hands. Not a few comrades have given their lives through acts of friendship for the Korean people.

Kozik Village lies at the foot of Paekyok Hill. The villagers there will never forget Jen Tingchang, a 24-year-old volunteer. Kozik Village is only ten miles from the front, and long-range U.S.

guns had reduced it to ruins. But the Korean people are unconquerable, they moved to the caves at the foot of the hill, and ploughed and sowed the shell-pitted soil. Owing to the shortage of manpower, however, a good part of the land was still uncultivated by the end of April. The volunteers, who were working day and night to build defence works on the hill, decided to organize a shock brigade to help the Korean peasants. The brigade was led by Deputy Platoon Leader Jen who had been decorated three times for valour. Jen took the other fighters down to the fields to share in the work of the peasants. The soil was glowing in the sun and wild artemisia scented the air. The mountain slopes and rich dark earth reminded him of the graceful mountains of his native province, Szechuan.

On May Day, festival of workers throughout the world, he went again to the fields to sow corn for Granny Kim of the village. At noon the U.S. guns suddenly opened fire. Jen was hurriedly directing others to shelters, when a shell exploded right beside him and he fell to the ground, his blood staining the soil he had just turned over.

Just before he died he regained consciousness enough to mumble, "Comrades, I'm proud...to die helping...the Kor..."

When I visited Kozik Village in the middle of June, Granny Kim told me: "Last year when my husband died, I never knew where my next meal



was coming from. This year, thanks to the volunteers, my three acres of land are all cultivated. Look!" She pointed at a corn field where the corn had already grown knee high, with glossy dark leaves waving in the sun. "It's going to be a good crop! Only...there lies...." Granny Kim broke off, and tears ran down her cheeks.

The chairman of the People's Committee in the village took up the subject, speaking emphatically: "The Chinese People's Volunteers not only risk their lives to fight the American aggressors for us, they risk their lives to help us in the fields too." He turned and gripped my hand warmly. No other words were needed.

Ice and snow had not yet completely melted when the time for spring ploughing came in Korea. But as a result of the destruction caused by the U.S. aggressors, the Korean people lacked the necessary manpower and material resources to plough their land in good time. Accordingly, the Chinese People's Volunteers went actively to their aid in their spring ploughing. The volunteers spared clothes and food to help refugees to tide over the spring famine, and a number of units even proposed: "Provided it doesn't injure our health, let's each save an ounce of grain per day." According to available statistics, 2,450,715 catties<sup>1</sup> of grain had been distributed for relief by the volunteers by the end of October, 1952. Over 257,000 people had

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<sup>1</sup>One catty is about 500 grammes.

received timely aid. At the same time the volunteers organized a large-scale movement to assist the people of Korea in their spring ploughing. Even while steadily repulsing enemy attacks, they organized at the front fighters with rich farming experience into spring-ploughing shock brigades, which braved attacks from enemy planes and artillery in an all-out effort to help the Koreans rush through their ploughing and sowing. Special guards were assigned to watch the activities of enemy planes while the fighters and Korean peasants worked together in the fields. Administrative cadres too devoted their spare time in the early mornings and late evenings to helping reclaim waste land and cultivating the fields. By the middle of May, 1952, the volunteers had helped the Korean people to plough about 22,000 acres of land, sow over 2,100 acres, and reclaim nearly 200 acres. Thanks to this assistance, wherever our men were stationed, the Korean people were able to sow their crops on time.

Floods are common in the rainy season in Korea. The Chinese People's Volunteers have dug countless ditches for flood prevention, besides constructing dikes, and repairing and undertaking water conservancy works. One unit in Kangtong County constructed a huge channel 2,400 metres long, 6 metres wide and 6 metres deep, the bed paved with slates. This channel has solved the problem of irrigation for the whole of Kangtong County. Another unit devoted 14,000 work-days to the construction of a dam 3,000 metres long. This

dam, guaranteeing irrigation for 500 acres of fertile land and the prevention of flood, has resulted in an increase of over 93,000 catties in grain production. In the spring and summer of 1952 alone, the volunteers constructed 109 kilometres of ditches, capable of irrigating 3,500 acres of land.

Since Korea is liable to autumn gales and early frost, crops have to be harvested speedily. The volunteers not only crushed the so-called "Autumn Offensive" of the American aggressors, so as to safeguard the harvest for the Korean people, they also used every spare minute to help the peasants gather in the crops. A certain unit alone helped to harvest crops from over 1,706 acres during the autumn.

The unparalleled friendliness and concern of the volunteers have won the whole-hearted love and respect of the Korean people, who call the volunteers the best fighting men in the world, and do all in their power to support the volunteers. Korean women voluntarily organize themselves to wash and mend clothes for the volunteers. In time of fighting too they willingly risk their lives, regardless of all difficulties, to help deliver munitions or supplies, carry or nurse the wounded. Whenever fighting is fiercest, sturdy young women brave the bombing and strafing of enemy planes to set up stations supplying water and tea to the fighters, or attend to the wounded. Some have even formed blood donation groups to offer their own blood to the wounded in the volunteers' hospitals. In this

way they have saved many lives. This is how the Chinese People's Volunteers and the Korean people are struggling, shoulder to shoulder, to resist American aggression, defend their motherlands and safeguard peace in the Far East and in the rest of the world.

## AN ORDINARY MAN

Yang Suo

Late autumn in Korea is likely to be cold one day and warm the next. When you hit one of those warm days, there's not a bit of wind and the hot sun laves the chill out of your bones. It's just like spring.

Not long ago, after the American brigands were routed on the western front, groups of Korean peasant refugees made their way back to their homes. The area was ravaged almost beyond recognition. Houses had been gutted by flames or blown to bits by the bombing. Charred timber was all that remained of the fine old cypresses on the mountain sides; the stacks of rice stalks piled outside the villages were reduced to grey heaps of flaky ashes. In the few thatched houses which miraculously remained intact the furnishings had been flung about in mad disarray.

Grimly, the peasants—mostly old people and children—began working to bring back some semblance of order. The heavy heads of the neglected rice crop were dragging to the ground, and the peasants wielded their knives day and night to save what they could of the harvest. No one had

time to pick the cotton dangling from the split over-ripe bolls, and covering the fields like a mantle of snow.

One fine clear day, I had occasion to pass through one of those plundered little villages. A middle-aged woman, beside a well, stopped me. She wore the traditional white blouse and black skirt, and on her feet were Korean slippers with pointed curled-up toes. Placing two fingers on her lips, she sucked in her breath a couple of times; then she stretched out her hand towards me and said something in Korean. I guessed that she wanted a smoke, and taking out a packet of cigarettes which was still half full, I handed it to her. Delighted, she nodded and thanked me repeatedly. After crowning her hair with a thick ring of woven grass, she set a water jug on her head and started to walk away.

Just then, three American planes flew over from behind the mountains. Banking, they made a wide circle above the village. The woman agitatedly beckoned me and I ran with her to beneath the eaves of a small house. Panting heavily, she set down the water jug and angrily shook her fist at the departing planes. She opened the door and was motioning me to enter, when a man approaching from the other side of the house attracted her attention. She shouted a barrage of words at him.

The man limping towards us was dressed in a vertically quilted uniform and carried a big

bundle of firewood in his arms. As she hastened to relieve him of his burden, the woman continued to talk loudly in a scolding tone.

"It's all right," soothed the soldier quietly, in Chinese. "My wound is healed. Cutting a little wood won't hurt me."

Puzzled, I asked him, "Is this lady your mother?"

"You're way off on that," the soldier replied with a slow easy laugh, "—miles and miles off!"

I still wasn't clear. "Are you Korean or Chinese?" I persisted.

"Don't you think I look Chinese?" he countered, bantering.

By then I knew he was a member of the Chinese People's Volunteers. My heart warmed to him. I grasped his hand and wrung it affectionately, not wanting to let go. With words and gestures, the Korean woman urged us to enter the house. Following the example of the Chinese volunteer, I removed my shoes before stepping through the door. He wore no stockings, and I noticed that his left foot was bound with a piece of white cloth.

A Korean home is heated by running under the clay floor the flue of the stove in the adjoining kitchen, which is much lower than the main room. It was comfortably warm as we sat down on the woven grass mat covering the entire floor. The Korean woman knelt opposite the Chinese volunteer

and offered him the cigarettes I had given her. His eyes sparkled at the sight of them, but immediately a frown creased his brow and he pushed away her extended hand.

"It won't do," he said. "Why did you spend your hard-earned money to buy cigarettes for me?"

So that was why she had begged me for a smoke! It was for the sake of this volunteer. The blood coursed stronger through my veins. Quickly, I told the soldier what had happened at the well. He stared at me during my recital, and when I finished he dropped his head and sighed.

"What have we done for the Korean people, that they treat us so well?"

He accepted a cigarette. It was obvious he hadn't had one for a long time. He lit it and took several long puffs in succession, then, leaning his back against the wall, lapsed into silence.

I scrutinized him closely. He was of medium height, with large fine eyes and long lashes in a broad face. Some wispy down covered his upper lip. There was a scar on his neck. His accent placed him from Honan Province.

In response to my queries, he told me his story. The day he learned that the American bandits had set Korea to the torch and that the flames were sweeping towards the Yalu River, he gathered a few belongings. With a bag of fried flour, a water bottle and a blanket strapped to his back, he crossed



thousands of miles of mountains and rivers to come to Korea. He plunged into the fray and fought for the freedom of Korea with the same courage he would display in fighting for his own country. But this taciturn Chinese didn't think of himself in those terms at all. A simple honest fellow, he didn't feel he had done anything remarkable. His only emotion was embarrassment at discussing these matters with a stranger.

Pointing to his bandaged left foot, I asked, "Is it serious?"

"It's nothing really," he replied lightly. "A bullet went through my instep, but the wound has closed already. It'll be completely healed in a couple of days."

"How many battles have you fought here?"

His reply was brief and sketchy. "Two. One at Unsan, the other on the Chongchon River."

I wanted to get him to tell me about his battle experiences, but he didn't regard them as of any consequence. By dint of much questioning, which drew only the shortest answers, I managed to learn how he had been wounded. His squad had been assigned the task of blowing up a bridge over which the enemy was retreating. That night, they completed their mission but he was hit in the foot. Their political instructor had carried him to a ravine and was bandaging the wound when an artillery shell exploded right next to them. The volunteer passed out, and when he came to he found