

IN MEMORY OF

NORMAN BETHUNE



THE GREAT CANADIAN INTERNATIONALIST

PRODUCED BY THE INTERNATIONALISTS

(reprinted from Progressive Worker, Vol. 7, No. 12,
pp. 18-19)

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QUOTES FROM CHAIRMAN MAO

"WHAT KIND OF SPIRIT IS THIS THAT MAKES A FOREIGNER SELFLESS-
LESSLY ADOPT THE CAUSE OF THE CHINESE PEOPLE'S LIBERATION AS
HIS OWN? IT IS THE SPIRIT OF INTERNATIONALISM, THE SPIRIT OF
COMMUNISM, FROM WHICH EVERY CHINESE COMMUNIST MUST LEARN.
LENINISM TEACHES THAT THE WORLD REVOLUTION CAN ONLY SUCCEED
IF THE PROLETARIAT OF THE CAPITALIST COUNTRIES SUPPORTS THE
STRUGGLE FOR LIBERATION OF THE COLONIAL AND SEMI-COLONIAL
PEOPLES AND IF THE PROLETARIAT OF THE COLONIES AND SEMI-
COLONIES SUPPORTS THAT OF THE PROLETARIAT OF THE CAPITALIST
COUNTRIES. COMRADE BETHUNE PUT THIS LENINIST LINE INTO
PRACTICE. WE CHINESE COMMUNISTS MUST ALSO FOLLOW THIS LINE
IN OUR PRACTICE."

"COMRADE BETHUNE'S SPIRIT, HIS UTTER DEVOTION TO OTHERS WITH-
OUT ANY THOUGHT OF SELF, WAS SHOWN IN HIS BOUNDLESS SENSE OF
RESPONSIBILITY IN HIS WORK AND HIS BOUNDLESS WARM-HEARTED-
NESS TOWARDS ALL COMRADES AND THE PEOPLE. EVERY COMMUNIST
LEARN FROM HIM."

"WE MUST ALL LEARN THE SPIRIT OF ABSOLUTE SELFLESSNESS FROM
HIM. WITH THIS SPIRIT EVERYONE CAN BE VERY USEFUL TO THE
PEOPLE. A MAN'S ABILITY MAY BE GREAT OR SMALL, BUT IF HE HAS
THIS SPIRIT, HE IS ALREADY NOBLE-MINDED AND PURE, A MAN OF
MORAL INTEGRITY AND ABOVE VULGAR INTERESTS, A MAN WHO IS OF
VALUE TO THE PEOPLE."

(reproduced from "In Memory of Norman
Bethune", December 21, 1939, Selected Works,
Vol. II, pp. 337-338)

QUOTE FROM COMRADE BETHUNE

"THEY OBEY THE LAW, THEIR LAW, THE LAW OF PROPERTY. BUT, THERE
IS ONE SIGN BY WHICH THESE GENTLEMEN CAN BE TOLD. THREATEN A
REDUCTION ON THE PROFIT OF THEIR MONEY, AND THE BEAST IN THEM
AWAKES WITH A SNARL. THEY BECOME AS RUTHLESS AS SAVAGES,
BRUTAL AS MADMEN, REMORSELESS AS EXECUTIONERS. SUCH MEN AS
THESE MUST PERISH IF THE HUMAN RACE IS TO CONTINUE. THERE
CAN BE NO PERMANENT PEACE IN THE WORLD WHILE THEY LIVE. SUCH
AN ORGANISATION OF MEN OF HUMAN SOCIETY AS PERMITS THEM TO
EXIST MUST BE ABOLISHED.
THESE MEN MAKE THE WOUNDS."

(reproduced from Progressive Worker, Vol. 3, No. 12,
pp. 18-19)

-----Understanding requires conscious participation of the individual
----- an act of finding out -----

IDEOLOGICAL FORUM

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A BRIEF NOTE

This document, In Memory of Norman Bethune, is the first part of the material to be produced under the headings: Ideological Forum and Advance! News.

Ideological Forum will deal with the topics of importance to the anti-imperialist, anti-revisionist struggles and invites reader participation. The target of attack will be modern soviet revisionism, the 'revisionist' parties in the imperialist countries and else-where, trotskyism, 'Castroism' and various other shades of liberal bourgeois ideologies vying for influence in the revolutionary ranks, e.g. "new left ideology".

Advance! News will cover anti-imperialist, anti-revisionist struggles in general and emphasize particularly youth and student struggles -- struggles against imperialism, against the bourgeois, reactionary educational system, against imperialist and fascist culture, and against anti-democratic forces which oppose conscious participation of the broad-masses in the act-of-finding-out.

ALL THE MATERIAL IS RESEARCHED BY COMRADES WORKING IN THE "NECESSITY FOR CHANGE INSTITUTE OF IDEOLOGICAL STUDIES". ALL MATERIAL IS PRODUCED BY THE INTERNATIONALISTS. Further information or ordering of publications, write to: 3539-Jeanne M. Montreal, 18, Quebec or The Internationalists, Trinity College, Dublin, 2, Ireland

DR. NORMAN BETHUNE: INTERNATIONALIST
FIGHTER IMBUED WITH MAO TSE-TUNG'S
THOUGHT

(This is a series of articles on the Peking "EXHIBITION IN MEMORY OF DR. NORMAN BETHUNE" in commemoration of the heroic deeds of Dr. Norman Bethune, great Internationalist fighter.)

It opened last December 21 on the occasion of the 28th anniversary of "In Memory of Norman Bethune", one of the three constantly read articles, including "Serve the People" and "The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains", written by our great leader Chairman Mao.

The exhibition was sponsored by the leading organs of the Chinese people's Liberation Army units stationed in Peking. So far nearly one million visitors have seen the presentation of the militant life of the Canadian surgeon who came to China to serve the people, and to serve the Chinese and world revolution.

Similar exhibitions are taking place in scores of major cities and towns throughout the country and have received a warm welcome from vast numbers of the people.

Comrade Bethune's great spirit of Communism has enormously inspired China's proletarian revolutionaries, young red guards and the revolutionary masses who are striving for all-round victory in the great proletarian cultural revolution.

In memory of Norman Bethune, Chairman Mao wrote: "What kind of spirit is this that makes a foreigner selflessly adopt the cause of the Chinese people's liberation as his own? It is the spirit of Internationalism, the spirit of Communism, from which every Chinese Communist must learn."

The harsh reality of class oppression and class struggle in capitalist society made Comrade Bethune gradually understand and accept the truth of Marxism-Leninism. He plunged himself into the Canadian workers' struggles and went to Spain to fight the fascists with the Spanish people. He joined the Communist Party of Canada and vowed to fight to the end for Communism -- the greatest and most magnificent cause of mankind.

In the Spring of 1938, the Communist parties of Canada and the United States sent Comrade Bethune to China to help the Chinese people in their war of resistance against Japan. He said: "I am going to China because I feel that is where the need is greatest; that is where I can be most useful." In the anti-Japanese base areas which were under the leadership of Chairman Mao, Norman Bethune absorbed the thought of Mao tse-tung. Finally he became a great internationalist proletarian fighter.

From the first day he arrived in Yen-an -- then the centre of the Chinese revolution -- in the Spring of 1938, Comrade Bethune hoped to meet Chairman Mao.

The meeting between Chairman Mao tse-tung and Bethune in a simple cave at the foot of the Pagoda Hill by the Yenho river is brought to life in an oil painting at the exhibition.

Chairman Mao gave Bethune a brilliant analysis of the Chinese People's War of Resistance to Japanese aggression and the anti-fascist war of the world's people in general. The revolution in China and the world would be victorious, he assured Bethune. Chairman Mao encouraged Dr. Bethune to make his contribution to the great war of resistance to Japanese aggression.

"As I sat in the bare room opposite Comrade Mao tse-tung," Bethune wrote in his diary that night, "listening to his calm comments, I thought back to the Long March, to Comrade Mao tse-tung as he led the Communists on the great trek from the south -- six thousand miles to the Loess country of the hills. It was his strategy then that made it possible for their strategy now to harass the Japanese by guerrilla warfare, to nullify the effects of the invaders' superior equipment, and to save China. I now know why Comrade Mao tse-tung impresses everyone who meets him the way he does. The man is a giant! He is one of the great men of our world."

After that he often said to Chinese and foreign comrades: "What glory for the Chinese people that they have got Mao tse-tung! What happiness for the Chinese people that they have got Mao tse-tung!"

The meeting with Chairman Mao was a turning point in Norman Bethune's life. He began to study Mao tse-tung's works with the aim of combining Mao tse-tung's thought still better with his medical practice that served the anti-Japanese guerrilla warfare. He asked interpreters to give him oral translations of Chairman Mao's articles including "Analysis of the Classes in Chinese Society" and "Report on an Investigation of the Peasant Movement in Hunan." The more he studied, the more he realised the invincible truth of Mao tse-tung's thought. Whenever he faced a problem in his life or work he would turn to Chairman Mao's works to guide him in finding a solution.

The War of Resistance started in 1937. The Kuomintang armies under the traitor Chiang kai-shek melted away before the Japanese invaders, but actively opposed the Communist party. Vast expanses of Chinese territory were occupied by the Japanese aggressors. The Communist party organized the people. In late September 1937, Comrade Lin Biao, the close comrade-in-arms of Chairman Mao, applied Chairman Mao's great military theory and commanded the battle of Pinghsingkuan Pass. The heroic 115th division of the Eighth Route Army wiped out more than three thousand Japanese aggressor troops. This was the first big defeat for the Japanese invaders.

When Bethune arrived in the Shansi-Chahar-Hopei border area, the very forefront of the resistance war against Japan, in June 1938, he shook hands with the comrades and said:

"While in Canada I heard the report about the Pinghsingkuan victory. In Yenan, I asked Chairman Mao where Pinghsingkuan is located. And so I asked to come here."

He was enthusiastically welcomed by army men and civilians. At a meeting of welcome, gazing at the masses of army men and civilians armed with Mao tse-tung's thought, Bethune declared:

"I have the inestimable good fortune to be among and to work among people to

whom Communism is a way of life, not merely a way of talking and thinking." "I assure you that I'll fight shoulder to shoulder with you Chinese Comrades till victory in the resistance war."

Having made his pledge, Dr. Bethune began his living study and application of Chairman Mao's writings, and put himself "wholly" and "entirely" at the service of the Chinese People's Resistance War against Japan.

Chairman Mao has said, "Comrade Bethune's spirit, his utter devotion to others without any thought of self, was shown in his great sense of responsibility in his work and his great warm-heartedness towards all comrades and the people."

The first project Dr. Bethune undertook to improve the medical service for the wounded was a shock "five-week campaign" to re-build a poorly equipped clinic into a comparatively regular hospital.

Soon after, the Japanese invaders came, implementing their fascist policy of "kill all, burn all, loot all." The hospital was set fire and the equipment smashed. Wrathfully, Dr. Bethune said, "I've underestimated the brutality of the fascist bandits."

Should the hospital be re-built? How should medical work be adopted to guerrilla warfare against Japanese aggression? How could the army, composed of the sons of the working people be served better? With these questions in mind, Dr. Bethune studied "On Protracted war", "Problems of Strategy in Guerrilla War Against Japan" and other writings of Chairman Mao.

Chairman Mao teaches: "The nature of guerrilla warfare is such that guerrilla forces must be employed flexibly in accordance with the task in hand and with such circumstances as the state of the enemy, the terrain and the local population, and the chief ways of employing the forces are dispersal, concentration and shifting of position." "From the particular characteristics of war there arise a particular set of organisations, a particular series of methods and a particular kind of process."

After studying this teaching and reviewing his experience, Dr. Bethune said: "In the past I did not understand the characteristics of guerrilla warfare. This incident has given me a very profound lesson. My ideas of building a regular hospital in the rear area of the enemy was one-sided."

Under the guidance of the illuminating thought of Mao tse-tung, Dr. Bethune asked for opinions from many Chinese comrades and a "special surgery" was finally built up. The wards were located in the houses of the local villages. The villagers' beds, which were made of bricks, served as the beds for the wounded. A hospital like this could never be destroyed, for the people are everywhere. This is one instance of Bethune's living study and application of Chairman Mao's works.

Bethune's recognition of the necessity of arming himself with Mao tse-tung's thought increased. In his "Manual of Organisation and Technique for Divisional Field Hospitals in Guerrilla War", Bethune wrote in 1939: "In the present guerrilla war, new forms of various types of fighting have been worked out

which were seldom seen or never even invented twenty five years ago. The main difference is the extreme mobility of army units, which means no fixed or permanent positions. All moves are rapid and flexible. Therefore, the medical service under these circumstances must be suited to these conditions."

In late April 1939, on the plain in central Hopei Province, the heroic Eighth Route Army launched the Chihuichen Battle and completely defeated a frenzied offensive by Japanese troops. Bethune was prompted to consider this question: in the mountains the Eighth Route Army was able to take advantage of the terrain to wipe out the enemy; but on the plains, the Eighth Route Army, armed with just millet and rifles, is still able to defeat the well-equipped enemy. What is the reason?

Bethune once again read Chairman Mao's "On Protracted War", lines of which say: "Weapons are an important factor in war, but not the decisive factor; it is people, not things, that are decisive. The contest of strength is not only a contest of military and economic power, but also a contest of human power and morale. Military and economic power is necessarily wielded by people."

In the battle of Chihuichen, a company leader fought heroically until victory, though he had received serious abdominal wounds. Comrade Bethune thought of Chairman Mao's teaching that man is the decisive factor, so he exerted his best effort to operate on the company leader to restore him to action soon. Bethune even prepared meals for him to speed his recovery.

When this comrade left for the front again, he warmly shook Bethune's hand and said gratefully: "I'll kill more enemies at the front!"

Recalling this later, Comrade Bethune said: "The lad is so resolute and brave! It gives me the greatest pleasure to serve such fighters!"

To solve the problem of blood supply in the specific circumstances of guerrilla war, Dr. Bethune also learnt this from Chairman Mao: "The richest source of power to wage war lies in the masses of the people."

When Bethune, in view of the needs to support the front in this people's war, suggested the setting up of a mass voluntary blood transfusion team, his idea won immediate support from the leadership of the medical teams and great numbers of the local people, who signed up as blood donors. Dr. Bethune said: "To save a fighter by using our own blood will mean killing enemies." Every team member had his blood-type noted so that he could give a transfusion when needed.

This kind of mass blood bank was a new thing. In the liberated areas of China, Dr. Bethune saw the army men and people enthusiastically offer their blood. Thus Bethune came to understand and apply Chairman Mao's mass line.

Comrade Bethune declared: "The masses are our blood bank. This is something unheard of in medical history abroad... Chairman Mao says: Mobilize the masses and rely on them. Then every difficulty can be overcome. What a magnificent concept!"

Chairman Mao teaches: "We must all learn the spirit of absolute selflessness from him (Norman Bethune)." With this spirit everyone can be very useful to the people. A man's ability may be great or small, but if he has this spirit, he is already noble-minded and pure, a man of moral integrity and above vulgar interests, a man who is of value to the people."

Dr. Bethune, once he arrived in the liberated areas of China, threw himself heart and soul into serving the Chinese and world revolution.

In the liberated areas, Bethune saw how the army men and people enthusiastically responded to the call of their great leader Chairman Mao to serve the people whole-heartedly and to be self-reliant and prepared to endure arduous struggle; he saw how they defied all difficulties and sacrifices to fight the enemy and how they led a plain life of "millet plus rifles."

"Victory definitely belongs to the Chinese people under the leadership of Comrade Mao tse-tung, to the heroic Eighth Route Army," Dr. Bethune said.

Norman Bethune worked selflessly to serve the front and his class brothers, with no thought to his personal well-being.

A large photograph on exhibit shows him performing an operation in a temple. The caption quotes this passage from a letter by Bethune to friends in Canada: "I find I can get along and operate as well in a dirty buddhist temple with a 20 foot statue of the impassive faced, gilded god staring over my shoulder, as in a modern operating room, with running water, nice green glazed walls electric lamps, and a thousand other accessories... the kind of life I once led was alluring, but to live up to my ideals I'd like to say good-bye to that kind of life forever."

The exhibition shows how Bethune's ears were always attended to the needs of the wounded, his eyes concentrated on creating better methods of medical work to meet the needs of battle and his hands were always busy with scalpel, cooking pot, or forge, improvising surgical implements, to speed his comrades back to health and to the front line.

He was one with the fighters of the Eighth Route Army, living in adobe houses, eating millet, wearing coarse clothes and straw sandals. Like them, he always carried a sewing kit to mend his clothes.

The great leader, Chairman Mao, expressed cordial concern for Comrade Bethune. Chairman Mao cabled an instruction to the command of the Shansi-Chahar-Hopei military area, on this matter. Deeply moved, Norman Bethune wrote a reply to Chairman Mao the very evening he learned of the instruction, thanking him for that cordial concern. Bethune said: "I came from Yen-an. I know even Chairman Mao gets very little pay. The officers and men of the Eighth Route Army receive only a few cents a day for vegetables, etc. As a Communist fighter, I shouldn't get any special treatment."

Vice-Chairman Lin Piao, Chairman Mao's close comrade-in-arms, points out, "In a sense, Communism is precisely for the public interest." "In essence,

the new proletarian ideology means 'the public interest' and the old ideology of the exploiting classes is nothing but 'self-interest.'

Communist fighter Norman Bethune set a brilliant example of eliminating self-interest and fostering public interest.

The sole concern of Bethune was to give prompt, effective medical aid. During a battle in April 1939, Bethune and his medical team set up an improvised operating theatre in a small temple only three and a half kilometres from the frontline. A shell exploded nearby and ruined part of the walls of the temple. The other comrades advised him to move to a safer place. "How could one who makes revolution and fights against the fascists think of his personal safety! A Communist must never think first of his own safety," Bethune said.

During another fierce engagement, a soldier of the Eighth Route Army was seriously wounded. When the news came, Dr. Bethune at once mounted a horse and galloped 25 kilometres to operate on the man. Although it was pitch dark, when his mission was completed, Bethune immediately rode back to operate on many more wounded comrades.

In another case, a blood transfusion was imperative. Bethune volunteered, saying: "My blood is o-type, which will do in all cases." In view of his poor health, the Chinese Comrades disagreed. Bethune insisted, saying:

"Our soldiers at the frontline are sacrificing their lives. It's matter of course for me to donate my blood. Don't delay, the most important thing is to save the wounded!"

An oil painting at the exhibition captures the moment when the grey-haired Canadian Communist this proletarian internationalist, gave blood to the people's fighter, infusing him with new life.

Bethune said: "What is the duty of a doctor, of a nurse, of an orderly?.... It is the duty to make our patients happy, to help them fight their way back to health and strength. You must consider each one as your own brother or father, for he is, in truth, more than either, he is your comrade."

Bethune showed the same concern for civilians. In June 1939 when Bethune and his medical team had to pass through an enemy blockade zone along a railway to reach their destination, they came across a groaning peasant. Bethune examined him and said he required an immediate operation. Members of the team advised him to leave the dangerous zone as quickly as possible, but he insisted on performing the long operation. The village folks said: "Comrade Bethune is truly a good surgeon sent by Chairman Mao!"

Chairman Mao says: "No one who returned from the front failed to express admiration for Bethune whenever his name was mentioned, and none remained unmoved by his spirit. In the Shansi-Chahar-Hopei border area, no soldier or civilian was unmoved who had been treated by Dr. Bethune or had seen how he worked. Every Communist must learn this true Communist spirit from Comrade Bethune."

A picture on display shows Bethune, his hand bandaged, going to the front with the aid of a stick in a snow storm, along with other members of the medical team.

On November 10 Bethune's health deteriorated and the command of the Shansi-Chahar-Hopei military area sent a messenger with an urgent letter appealing for all-out efforts to save him. Doctors were dispatched by the Public Health Minister of the military area command, but nothing could be done.

Turning to the Chinese comrades at his bedside, Bethune made a last request:

"Please convey to Chairman Mao my thanks for the education I received from him and the Chinese Communist Party. I am confident that the Chinese people will win liberation. My only regret is that I shall not be able to see the birth of new China with my own eyes!"

Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches: "All men must die, but death can vary in its significance...to die for the people is weightier than Mount Tai, but to work for the fascists and die for the exploiters and oppressors is lighter than a feather."

Comrade Bethune's death was weightier than Mount Tai.

For Bethune's funeral in Yen-an, Chairman Mao wrote: "Learn from Comrade Norman Bethune's spirit of internationalism, spirit of sacrifice, sense of responsibility and warm-heartedness in work."

On December 21 of that year, Chairman Mao wrote the essay "In Memory of Norman Bethune" which has become a guide for the revolutionary people in learning from the great internationalist. Chairman Mao calls on the entire Chinese people to learn from Bethune's spirit of internationalism and Communism, his utter devotion to others without any thought of self and his utter devotion to world revolution.

Twenty eight years have elapsed. Chairman Mao's clarion call to learn from Norman Bethune is studied throughout China and all over the world. Many internationalist fighters of the Bethune type have come forward.

In adhering to Chairman Mao's teachings, the Chinese people, taking Norman Bethune as an example, look on the cause of the oppressed nations and the oppressed people's liberation as their own. In the spirit of proletarian internationalism, they are ready at all times to give up their lives for the cause of the liberation of the whole of mankind.

In his brilliant article "In Memory of Norman Bethune," Chairman Mao teaches: "We must unite with the proletariat of all the capitalist countries, with the proletariat of Japan, Britain, the United States, Germany, Italy and all other capitalist countries, before it is possible to overthrow imperialism, to liberate our nation and people, and to liberate the other nations and peoples of the world. This is our internationalism, the internationalism with which we oppose both narrow nationalism and narrow patriotism."

In the exhibition hall, a veteran red armyman, who was a battalion commander in 1939, described how he was moved by Dr. Bethune's internationalist spirit and his love for Chairman Mao. The first thing Bethune said was how happy he had been to have been received by Chairman Mao in Yen-an. He spoke of the great leader Chairman Mao as "The glory of China and of the whole world!"

When he visited a company of the battalion, the veteran red armyman continued, Bethune went first to the soldiers' quarters. One soldier was running a fever, and Bethune immediately treated him.

In an engagement in April 1939, the then red army battalion commander was seriously wounded in the leg and, routinely, the leg would have been amputated. Dr. Bethune was able to operate successfully so that the commander could return to the battlefield.

The veteran red armyman said: "I'll continue following Comrade Bethune's example and study and apply Chairman Mao's works in a living way, always be loyal to Chairman Mao and his thought."

A school teacher wrote in the visitor's book of the exhibition, "I would like to add something about Comrade Bethune. When he visited our village on his way to somewhere else in the summer of 1939, he heard that a young villager had been wounded by the Japanese aggressors. He immediately operated on the young man and stayed two days to look after him. The young man recovered."

"Bethune's great image is forever imprinted on my mind. I'll study Chairman Mao's works even harder and serve the people and make revolution for the whole of my life."

Chairman Mao instructs: "Leninism teaches that the world revolution can only succeed if the proletariat of the capitalist countries supports the struggle for liberation of the colonial and semi-colonial peoples and if the proletariat of the colonies and semi-colonies supports that of the proletariat of the capitalist countries. Comrade Bethune put this Leninist line into practice. We Chinese Communists must also follow this line in our practice."

In a speech in the Shansi-Chahar-Hopei border area, Comrade Bethune said: "You and we are internationalists. We recognize no race, no colour, no language, no national boundaries to separate and divide us."

In the hall of the exhibition in commemoration of Norman Bethune, people listen to the guide recounting how Dr. Bethune died at his post. On November 12, 1939 Norman Bethune gave his life for the great cause of the Chinese and world revolution. He will always be remembered by the Chinese people and revolutionary people throughout the world as a fine internationalist fighter.

On the afternoon of October 21, during an operation, one of Comrade Bethune's fingers was infected, and septicaemia developed. Though suffering, Comrade Bethune went on with his work, although Chinese comrades advised him to rest. He said:

"What I worry about is the fighters at the front. What's an infected finger? I shall be able to operate again. You should use me like a machine gun!"

Following Chairman Mao's teachings, the Chinese people support the revolutionary struggles of the oppressed nations and oppressed people of the whole world, resolutely oppose narrow nationalism and narrow patriotism and resolutely oppose modern revisionism for its betrayal of the world's revolution.

During the war to resist U.S. imperialist aggression and to aid Korea, a fighter of the Chinese people's volunteers, Huang Chi-kuang, laid down his life to guarantee the victory by throwing himself against the machine gun slit of a U.S. aggressors' dugout.

Another of the Chinese people's volunteers, Lo Sheng-chiao, lost his life saving a Korean child in an icy river.

The Chinese People's Volunteers, armed with Mao tse-tung's thought, fought shoulder to shoulder with the Korean people, at the cost of their blood and lives to defeat the barbarous aggression by U.S. imperialism and its accomplices in Korea.

Today, Chinese experts and workers are serving the people in many countries with the great internationalist spirit of Comrade Norman Bethune.

A Chinese medical team, that did not include eye specialists, went to work in Yemen. The Chinese medical personnel drew courage from the "Three Constantly Read Articles" and successfully removed a cataract that had affected a Yemeni patient's sight for many years.

The patient had a photo taken with Chinese doctors in which he held Chairman Mao's portrait to his chest. He said: "I shall forever be grateful to Chairman Mao for sending the doctors who gave me back my sight."

While helping a Tanzanian worker to fix a machine, a Chinese worker had his left arm injured. The arm had to be amputated, and his comrades there suggested that he go back to China to recuperate. He insisted on staying so that he could continue working for the Tanzanian people. He said: "Comrade Bethune was a foreigner who laid down his life for the cause of the Chinese Revolution. I have dedicated myself to the cause of the African people. Any Chinese worker armed with Mao tse-tung's thought would continue serving the African people, even with just one arm left."

Shih Yao-kang, a Chinese expert working in Mali, sacrificed in a struggle to prevent a flood. He had insisted on joining the battle on the side of the people, even though he was ill. "Essor," organ of the Mali Sudanese Union Party, in a commentary praised Shih Yao-kang as a proletarian internationalist fighter of the Bethune type. The commentary declared: "The 700 million dauntless Chinese builders of Socialism will always stand on the side of the peoples struggling for national liberation, and will always fight against imperialism, colonialism, neo-colonialism and international reaction." They are steadfast defenders of the principles of proletarian internationalism, the commentary added.

A young red guard wrote in the visitor's book of the exhibition: "I pledge to learn the spirit of Comrade Bethune and be ready at all times to devote myself

to the unprecedented Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, the Socialist Construction, and the World Revolution."

Other visitors expressed their determination to follow Chairman Mao's teaching to take Comrade Bethune as example and the "Three Constantly Read Articles" as their ideological weapon, fight self-interest and repudiate revisionism, thoroughly remould their world outlook, closely follow Chairman Mao's great strategic plan, win all-round victory in the Cultural Revolution, support the World Revolution, and strive for the final elimination of imperialism, revisionism and all reaction, and to advance toward Communism.

--reproduced from HSINHUA NEWS AGENCY, June 12, 13, 14, 1968--

IN MEMORY OF NORMAN BETHUNE

MAO TSE-TUNG,
December 21, 1939

COMRADE Norman Bethune, a member of the Communist Party of Canada, was around fifty when he was sent by the Communist Parties of Canada and the United States to China; he made light of travelling thousands of miles to help us in our War of Resistance Against Japan. He arrived in Yen-an in the spring of last year, went to work in the Wutai Mountains, and to our great sorrow died a martyr at his post. What kind of spirit is this that makes a foreigner selflessly adopt the cause of the Chinese people's liberation as his own? It is the spirit of internationalism, the spirit of communism, from which every Chinese Communist must learn. Leninism teaches that the world revolution can only succeed if the proletariat of the capitalist countries supports the struggle for liberation of the colonial and semi-colonial peoples and if the proletariat of the colonies and semi-colonies supports that of the proletariat of the capitalist countries. Comrade Bethune put this Leninist line into practice. We Chinese Communists must also follow this line in our practice. We must unite with the proletariat of all the capitalist countries, with the proletariat of Japan, Britain, the United States, Germany, Italy and all other capitalist countries, before it is possible to overthrow imperialism, to liberate our nation and people, and to liberate other nations and peoples of the world. This is our internationalism, the internationalism with which we oppose both narrow nationalism and narrow patriotism.

Comrade Bethune's, his utter devotion to others without any thought of self, was shown in his boundless sense of responsibility in his work and his boundless warm-heartedness towards all comrades and the people. Every communist must learn from him. There are not a few people who are irresponsible in their work, preferring the light to the heavy, shoving the heavy loads on to others and choosing the easy ones for themselves. At every turn they think of themselves before others. When they make some small contribution, they swell with pride and brag about it for fear that others will not know. They feel no warmth towards comrades and the people but are cold, indifferent and apathetic. In fact such people are not communists, or at least cannot be counted as true communists. No one who returned from the front failed to

express admiration for Bethune whenever his name was mentioned, and none remained unmoved by his spirit. In the Shansi-Chahar-Hopei border area, no soldier or civilian was unmoved who had been treated by Dr. Bethune or had seen how he worked. Every communist must learn this true communist spirit from Comrade Bethune.

Comrade Bethune was a doctor, the art of healing was his profession and he was constantly perfecting his skill, which stood very high in the Eighth Route Army's medical service. His example is an excellent lesson for those people who wish to change their work the moment they see something different and for those who despise technical work as of no consequence or as promising no future.

Comrade Bethune and I met only once. Afterwards he wrote me many letters. But I was busy, and I wrote him only one letter and do not even know if he ever received it. I am deeply grieved over his death. Now we are all commemorating him, which shows how profoundly his spirit inspires everyone. We must all learn the spirit of absolute selflessness from him. With this spirit everyone can be very useful to the people. A MAN'S ABILITY MAY BE GREAT OR SMALL, BUT IF HE HAS THIS SPIRIT, HE IS ALREADY NOBLE-MINDED AND PURE, A MAN OF MORAL INTEGRITY AND ABOVE VULGAR INTERESTS, A MAN WHO IS OF VALUE TO PEOPLE. (caps ours.)

NORMAN BETHUNE : A GREAT COMMUNIST FIGHTER

- YEH CHING-SHAN

Comrade Norman Bethune was a member of the Canadian Communist Party and a thoracic surgeon with a world reputation. During the first world war he served as a front-line doctor, and later he went with Canadian Volunteers to join the Spanish people's just war against Franco. Barely three months after his return from Spain, he came to China. On the afternoon of June 17, 1938 he arrived at Chinkangku Village in the Wutai Mountains in Shansi, the headquarters of our Shansi-Chahar-Hopei military area.

The facilities for medical work there were extremely poor at that time. We had many wounded soldiers but few medical workers. More serious still were the relatively low technical skill of our medical personnel, the acute shortage of instruments and drugs and our poor organisation and working methods. This was explained to Bethune on his arrival, and the very next day he went first to our Health Bureau and then to our base hospital. For four weeks he worked without any respite, attending to patients and suggesting many ways of improving the hospital's work. Every day he rose early to treat the wounded soldiers. After supper he lectured to our medical staff. Late at night, by flickering candle light, he raced against time to compile a medical text-book suited to our needs, or wrote work reports for Chairman Mao, General Nieh Yung-chen and the Communist Parties of Canada and America. Once I called and found him busy studying. I said, "You're over fifty, you should rest more." He gripped my hand and answered with a smile, "As your good Chinese proverb says, 'A man should study till his dying day.'" That was Comrade Bethune all over -- he worked without sparing himself and with boundless zest for the

cause of the Chinese people. Bethune took a responsible attitude towards his work. When he noticed that the medicament used by a nurse in changing a dressing was different from that labelled on the bottle, he indignantly scrapped off the label with a knife. Then, patting the nurse on the shoulder, he said, "My dear young comrade, you could kill patients, doing things in this sloppy way. Don't ever let it happen again. Remember, we're responsible for our patients." His words made a lasting impression on the nurse.

Bethune always grappled boldly with difficulties, worked hard and lived very simply. To reduce the wounded men's suffering, he believed in going round the wards personally to change their dressings, and he designed a wooden dressing tray which facilitated this. At his suggestion, "Thirteen Steps" for sterilizing were put into practice. These resulted in a great cutting down of all forms of waste as well as in more effective sterilization of dressings and bandages.

Life was hard in those days in the rear of the enemy. Out of concern for Bethune's health, the Party allotted him a monthly allowance of a hundred yuan. At once he wrote to Chairman Mao refusing this money and suggesting that it should be used for the wounded men. It was not right, he said, for him, a communist fighter, to have special privileges. He wrote in his diary: "I have no money or the need for it. I have the inestimable good fortune to be living and working among these people...."

Towards the end of September the enemy mobilised over 23,000 infantry, cavalry and artillery troops, in co-ordination with the air force and mechanized units, to make a converging attack from ten directions against our Shansi-Chahar-Hopei anti-Japanese base. Bethune's immediate response was to raise this splendid slogan: "Doctors! Go to the wounded. Don't wait for the wounded to come to you." Army headquarters, acting on his proposal, formed a number of medical teams and sent them out.

Bethune took one of these teams to the first army hospital. They had been there less than three days when news arrived that the 359th Battalion was engaged in a fierce battle at Yenpei. Without even stopping for a meal, he set out that same evening for the front. It is very cold there in the mountains in November. Bethune travelled 80 li through this high country in the whirling snow, arriving at dusk the next day at the battalion's health centre in Hocheh Village, Lingchiu. His first words to the man in charge were, "Where are the infirmaries?"

"Not far," was the reply. "Let's go after you've had a meal." "How long will it be before the food's ready?" "Twenty minutes." "Then I suggest we go along right now."

Among the casualties whom he examined were several just brought back from the front. One of these was lying on the operating table, and it was clear from his white face and suppurating leg wound that he had been left untended some time. Bethune demanded, "Who's responsible for this case? Why hasn't his leg been put in splints? The Chinese Communist Party hasn't been able to give the Eighth Route Army good weapons but has armed it with good cadres and fighters tempered by the Long March. We must take the very best care of them. It doesn't matter if we're tired or hungry ourselves, we mustn't leave the wounded men in pain." With that he bent down and gently

told the soldier, "There's been too much delay, son. It'll have to be amputated."

It was midnight when this operation was completed. Then Bethune went back for a meal. But no sooner had he taken off his coat than he hurried back to the infirmary and in his broken Chinese asked the men who had just been operated on "How do you feel?" The soldier answered calmly, "All right." Bethune turned to someone beside him and remarked, "You can't think how happy it makes me to hear this."

During his meal he kept deploring the fact that the young man had had to lose his leg and considered ways to ensure the wounded attention without delay, so as to avoid unnecessary losses. Finally, he decided to set up dressing stations near the front, and in this way the wounded received proper treatment. This greatly relieved their suffering as well as their overall loss of life.

On his return from the 359th Battalion to the First Hospital, Bethune operated on an average of more than ten cases a day. At the same time he was busy setting up a model hospital to train medical personnel.

Once he had to amputate the leg of a soldier who had broken a thigh bone, and who had lost so much blood that he needed a blood transfusion. Bethune insisted on donating his own blood, which was of the Universal Group O. In view of his age and poor health, we tried to dissuade him. But he retorted sternly, "The officers and men at the front are shedding blood and giving their lives for their country and people. I work in the rear. Why shouldn't I donate a little blood? In future we must set up a group of voluntary blood donors and get their blood types established in advance. But now we can't afford to wait. We must save this wounded man. Come on, let's not waste any more time." He held out his lean, wasted arm, and so 300 cc. of blood of Bethune, a fine son of the Canadian people, was transfused into the veins of a soldier of the Chinese people, giving him a fresh lease of life.

After the Japanese launched a large-scale attack against our base in central Hopei, Bethune and eighteen comrades of the Health Bureau of the Shansi-Chahar-Hopei military area formed themselves into a mobile medical team. On February 19, 1939, at considerable risk they ran the enemy blockade, crossing the Peiping Hankow Railway and making their way to central Hopei.

The Battle of Chihue started early in May. Bethune's medical team set up an operating theatre in a small temple in Wenchiatun Village. One evening while he was working there with his usual devotion, a shell exploded near the temple wall, rattling the tiles on the roof. The chief of the 120th Division's health service urged him to evacuate, but Bethune remained where he was.

A moment later, Hsu Chih-chieh, commander of the Third Company of the 716th Regiment, after leading a charge against the enemy, was brought in with abdominal wounds. He had lost so much blood that he was on the verge of death. Bethune discovered ten perforations of the intestine, which he stitched up one by one. He then got hold of some carpentry tools and made

Hsu a backrest. Previously he had impressed on his Chinese colleagues, "A doctor must be able to turn his hand to anything." Now, while he sawed, he said, "A front line surgeon must be able to do the work of a carpenter, a tailor, a blacksmith, and a barber. If he can't, he's not a real surgeon." After seeing that Company Commander Hsu was comfortably settled, he came to operate on another patient, checking up on Hsu every hour. He went without milk and coffee himself to save them for the company commander, and put the pears someone had given him by Hsu's pillow. He also placed a cigarette between Hsu's lips and lit it for him. When the unit left for another front, he had Hsu taken along on a stretcher and walked beside him. Twenty-eight days later, Bethune judged him sufficiently recovered to be sent to the rear. On the day he left, Hsu caught hold of Bethune and burst out sobbing, so unwilling was he to leave him. As Bethune dried his tears for him, Hsu vowed, "To show my gratitude, I shall kill more of the enemy."

In those brief months in central Hopei, Bethune treated over a thousand casualties and saved the lives of many who, like Hsu Chih-chieh, were on the point of death. Bethune became quite a legend in the army. His stirring deeds boosted everyone's morale.

In October, when the Japanese launched a large-scale "winter mopping-up campaign," Bethune led his mobile team to the first sub-area.

Casualties were brought from the Motienling front to Sunchia Village in Laiyaun, where Bethune was soon hard at work again in his mobile operating theatre.

In the afternoon of the second day of the battle, the enemy suddenly struck at our rear. On the mountain north of Sunchia Village, a number of Japanese helmets could be seen glinting in the sun.

Bethune, not pausing in his work, asked, "How many wounded are there, outside, who haven't been operated on yet?"

"Ten. Mostly serious cases."

Bethune issued rapid orders: "Have those already operated on evacuated at once. Set up two more operating tables in here immediately. Bring in the wounded three at a time. Station one guard north of the theatre. Send another to the porters with instructions that the mules must be ready to leave at a moment's notice."

At this point his interpreter said, "Dr. Bethune, this isn't like the situation at Chihui and Sungchia. All the rest of us are ready to stay, if necessary. But you --"

"What about me?" Bethune cut in. "Pulling out now would endanger the lives of the wounded and increase their pain. The enemy are still some distance away. We've time to finish operating on these cases." He strode to the operating table and shouted to the medical orderlies, "Bring in the wounded."

Three operating tables were in use together.

A few minutes later a guard ran in to report that at least seven hundred Japanese had come over the mountain. Bethune ignored him, concentrating on his patient.

A rifle volley suddenly clattered across the valley, sounding ominously close.

"Damnation!" Everyone whirled about as Bethune cursed loudly. But he motioned them back to work. "It's nothing. I've just cut my finger." He held up his left hand, plunged it into iodine and went back to work.

Twenty minutes later the last casualty, a youngster with a bullet through his leg, was lifted on to Bethune's table. The rifle fire was closer now. The guard came rushing in, panting, "Doctor Bethune, you mustn't wait a minute longer!" Dr. Lin seized Bethune's arm. "Let me take over... You mustn't stay here..." The boy on the table raised his head too and urged, "Please go, Doctor Bethune. My wound's not serious. Take me with you or leave me here, it doesn't matter..But please go before the enemy comes!"

"It'll only take a minute, son," replied Bethune gently. "If I leave it you'll lose your leg."

Bursts of machine-gun fire were rapidly coming closer. But now the operation was finished. All the casualties were carried away.

Bethune mounted his roan horse and rode behind the stretchers. Scarcely had the wounded men been carried into the mountains than the enemy vanguard entered Sunchia village.

The medical team went back to the first health centre in the first sub-area. Although Bethune's injured finger was inflamed, he went on performing operations. On November 1, he operated on a septic case without using rubber gloves, and so contracted blood poisoning. His finger became swollen and very painful. Dr. Wang lanced it for him to drain off the pus.

On November 7, the Japanese launched a powerful assault. The fighting at the front became fiercer than ever. Regardless of his debilitated condition, Bethune insisted on going there. When urged to rest for a few days he flared up, "Stop treating me like an invalid! I can work. What's little cut on one finger? You should use me like a powerful machine-gun!"

He paid no attention to anyone's advice, and the medical team set off. Bethune swayed in the saddle as he rode along. When they met some casualties being carried back from the front, he reproached himself, "We've come too late, too late!" By the time they reached the regimental medical office in Wangchia village, his finger was badly swollen, the spreading infection had engulfed his elbow, and he was running a fever. But he took some medicine and stubbornly concealed his pain. Since there was no way of telephoning from the village to the firing line, he told his interpreter to dispatch messengers to the various combat units with word that they should send all their casualties there. At the same time he gave orders that all those with head, thoracic or abdominal wounds should be brought to him, and even if he was asleep he must be woken up.

On November 9, he had his infected left forearm incised, and this gave him

some relief. That afternoon, however, his temperature went up. The enemy were attacking from Wumouti and Paichia village, making it imperative for him to leave. But Bethune refused to go. "In a few hours I shall be able to operate again," he insisted. It was only when Regimental Commander Chi arrived in person to express his concern and to order his evacuation that he finally agreed. He left Wangchia village on a stretcher, to the sound of concentrated machine-gun fire. On the road he started shivering violently and vomiting. He became delirious.

They spent the night of November 11 at Huangshih village in Tanghsien. Here a courier came from General Nieh with instructions that at all costs Bethune was to be brought safely out of the menace area. A messenger was also sent from the Health Bureau of the military area.

This illness, following a long period of overwork, had drained all the colour from Bethune's pale lean face. He lay shivering with cold, his condition critical. The other doctors did all in their power to save him, but there was no improvement in his condition. In desperation they suggested amputating his arm.

"No." Bethune shook his head. "It's not that I haven't every confidence in you, but there's nothing you can do. I'd give both my arms to live, comrades. But it's no longer a matter of my arm. It's in the blood. Septicemia. Nothing can help me... Leave me for a little while. I'd like to be alone."

When the villagers knew that the foreign doctor's life was in danger, they gathered outside the compound and waited there in silence. A contingent of troops passing that way stopped here when they heard the news. Quite a few of them had returned to their units after being cured by Bethune, and some of them even had his blood in their veins. After some consultation they sent a few representatives into the compound. The doctors would only allow them watch Bethune through window, gazing in silence at his familiar face and thin, wasted arms, they all shed tears. When they left, they begged the doctors to save Bethune. They said, "We shall help by fighting. News of our victory will certainly please him."

Bethune forced himself into a sitting position and, breathing with difficulty, set about making his will. He urged General Nieh to send a surgical team to the front immediately to care for the wounded, and asked him to give this message to the Communist Parties of Canada and America: "The last two years have been the happiest, the most meaningful years of my life... My only regret is that I shall now be unable to do more... To you and to all my dear comrades, a thousand thanks."

At dusk, he gave his will to his interpreter and earnestly told him and the doctors:

"DO YOUR BEST AND PRESS FORWARD TOWARDS THE GREAT GOAL AHEAD!"

At 5:20 in the morning of November 12, 1939, Dr. Norman Bethune, fine son of the Canadian people and GREAT INTERNATIONALIST FIGHTER, ended his glorious life.

The news over the Eighth Route Army's wireless system. At his army headquarters, General Nieh and many of his staff wept. At the front, the troops

cried "BETHUNE!" as they charged the Japanese. In the hospitals in the military area, medical workers transformed their grief into strength and did their work in the spirit of Norman Bethune.

COMRADE BETHUNE'S GLORIOUS LIFE WILL ALWAYS BE AN INSPIRATION TO US!

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A TRUE INTERNATIONALIST

LANG LIN

First Impressions

In the spring of 1939 I was working in a base hospital in the Central Hopei military area, when word came that the Mobile Medical Team of the Shansi-Chahar-Hopei military area had arrived, and the leadership wanted me to interpret for a foreign doctor. Frankly, the prospect did not please me.

I had previously worked in the Peking Union Medical College. This was a tool for foreign aggression set up by the American Rockefeller Foundation. All the foreigners there behaved like members of a superior race, lording it over us Chinese in the manner of imperialists. Even more revolting was the way in which, posing as philanthropists, these doctors experimented on their patients and caused the death of Chinese working people. To test the effectiveness of a new drug, one of them injected it into 69 Chinese patients, who died then after painful convulsions. This imperialist actually made a film of his victims writhing in agony, and wrote a paper which he published in a journal abroad to win a name and money for himself. Another time, a child less than one year old had a peanut lodged in his gullet. This could have been extracted with forceps, but because another of these P.U.M.C. doctors wanted the child's lungs for an experiment he used a rubber tube to push the peanut down the windpipe, so that the child choked to death...Outrages like this, which I heard of or saw for myself, aroused the deepest national indignation in me and made me eager to leave this hospital controlled by the imperialists. I finally succeeded in making my way to the anti-Japanese base. And now the leadership wanted me to work with a foreigner again. I found this hard to take. But of course I did as I was asked.

To my surprise, Comrade Norman Bethune made a good impression on me from the start. He was wearing a faded grey Eighth Route Army uniform, a broad leather belt and a pair of stout cloth shoes. He was full of energy, very warm and friendly. As soon as we met, he gripped my hand cordially. This was the first foreigner I had ever met who treated Chinese as equals - not only the cadres and the men of the Eighth Route Army, but villagers as well. He would stroke the heads of the children who flocked round him and chat with the old people. When challenged by militia men with red-tasselled spears on sentry duty outside a village, he would submit cheerfully to their inspection; and if any of the villagers were ill, he did all in his power to cure them. It was obvious that he loved the Chinese people from the bottom of his heart.

But in spite of the good impression he made, I was puzzled. Why should this surgeon of world repute not spend his old age in comfort in Canada? Why come

to China's liberated area where life was so hard, to the shell-raked battle-filed? I soon learned that Bethune was a member of the Canadian Communist Party, a true internationalist; and after eight months in his company I began to understand him better. Later, studying Chairman Mao's article 'In Memory of Norman Bethune' deepened my understanding. Chairman Mao wrote: "Leninism teaches that the world revolution can only succeed if the proletariat of the capitalist countries supports the struggle for liberation of the colonial and semi-colonial peoples and if the proletariat of the colonies and semi-colonies supports that of the proletariat of the capitalist countries." Bethune had made the long journey to China for the sake of the world revolution, to liberate himself and the whole of mankind by putting this Leninist into practice.

Three Unforgettable Days and Nights

The latter part of April 1939 saw the start of the celebrated battle of Chihui. The town of Chihui is situated in the far-stretching central hopei plain. The evening of the first day of the battle our medical team took over a temple in Wenchia village, seven li from the firing line, where we were very soon treating casualties. The thunder of artillery was clearly audible here, and the sky was lurid with the flames of battle. One shell landed in the back courtyard of the temple, its blast rattling the whole building. Tseng, chief of the Health Service of the 120th Division, urged Bethune to evacuate. He shook his head with the answer, "This is what fighting means. An army doctor has got to stay with the soldiers. If he loses his life, it is in a glorious cause." He went on operating or visiting the wards for three whole days and nights, throwing himself whole-heartedly into this fight. Sometime we dragged him away and forced him to rest, but after ten minutes or so he would reappear in the operating room or the wards. His orderly, Young Ho, kept circling round outside his operating theatre with food he had prepared, and sometimes tears of desperation came to his eyes because Bethune had no time to eat - at the most he would take a few mouthfuls, then get back to work. We were all afraid he would wear himself out. The commander of the military area sent frequently to ask after him and urge him to take good care of health. His answer invariably was: "My health may be important, but the health of the wounded is much more important. A doctor lives for his patients. What meaning has life for a doctor if he doesn't work for the sick and the wounded?"

Thoroughgoing Concern for the Wounded.

Bethune's great warm-heartedness towards his comrades and the people was a lesson to us all.

At five one afternoon, a casualty was brought in from the front, unconscious, wounded in the temple. Unfortunately the team had not brought the instruments for head operations; Bethune was frantic and ordered these to be fetched at once. A few minutes later we discovered him kneeling on the 'kang' by this wounded man applying disinfectant drop by drop to his wound. It grew dark and without a word nurse lighted candles. Our legs ached after standing all day, yet Bethune remained kneeling there, too busy attending to his patient to eat. Not until after seven did the Head of the Health Service succeed in dragging him away for a meal. As soon as he had finished he hurried back to his patient. It was midnight before the wounded man recovered consciousness. When he did, Bethune's lean face lit

up with a smile.

There was another occasion which I shall never forget. A badly wounded soldier had been brought in. Amputation was indicated, but loss of blood had made him so weak that it was doubtful whether he could stand the operation. Bethune decided to give him a blood transfusion. There were no donors available as most had given blood already. Yeh, the head of the Health Service of the military area, said, "Take mine."

"You've already given blood," objected Bethune. "It's my turn." In view of his age and health, we all tried to dissuade him.

"Don't let's waste time." He brushed our protests aside. "My blood belongs to the Universal O Group. The soldiers shed blood and give their lives for their country. Those of us working in the rear should be willing to give a little blood."

That was how 300cc of a Canadian Communist's blood was transfused into the veins of a Chinese revolutionary fighter, restoring him to life.

Bethune showed the most thoroughgoing concern for the wounded. One day he was examining the wounds of a soldier lying on a stretcher in the courtyard, when Dr. Lin passed on his way to deal with some business. Bethune called him back and asked, "Don't you think what you did was wrong, Dr. Lin?"

"What do you mean, Dr. Bethune?" was the puzzled reply.

"I'll show you."

Bethune walked out of the door Dr. Lin had come through and stopped by the stretcher. He greeted the casualty cordially, asked about his wound and felt gently around it, then spoke to the boy reassuringly before standing up and proceeding to the room where Dr. Lin had been going. On his return he said, "That's how a surgeon should treat wounded soldiers. Don't you agree? For those who shed their blood on the battlefield there is nothing we can do, less than to give them the utmost consideration, care and skill, in return for what they have endured and suffered for us. For they have fought, not only for the China of today, but also for the great new China of tomorrow where there will be no class exploitation." Bethune used a little incident like this to teach us all an unforgettable lesson on the need to show concern for the wounded. We were very much stirred by this.

Crossing the Blockade Line

At the end of June 1939, our medical team prepared to go back to the mountains of west Hopei. This would mean crossing the Peiping-Hankow Railway, heavily blockaded by the Japanese. To ensure the safety of our foreign comrades-in-arms, the commander of the 220th Division sent a combat unit to escort us across the blockade line. By the time we reached Chingfengtien near the railway, an evening mist was hanging over the plain, and we planned to cross the line under cover of darkness. Just then, however, Bethune noticed a man of not more than forty sitting on his doorstep with a big abscess on the right side of his chest. Bethune, after questioning him, told us, "Let's call a halt here. I must treat this man." We were in a very awkward situation, as our instruments were all in the mule-packs and this was enemy controlled territory. What if the Japanese discovered us? We begged Bethune to leave this dangerous spot, but he insisted on treating the villager first. Since there was no talking him away

our armed escort made combat preparations and, with the help of the local underground Party organisation, spread a tight cordon round the village. Meanwhile we prepared hurriedly for the operation. Bethune asked me to act as his assistant. The operation took only twenty minutes and appeared to be highly effective, as a great deal of pus was drained from the abscess. When the grateful patient's wound had been dressed, we left Chingfengtien and finally crossed the blockade-line.

The Examination of Patients

Bethune showed a great sense of responsibility in his work. He said, "A high degree of consciousness is required in medical work, because it involves the health and lives of the patients." Making his rounds of the Huapan Hospital one day, he noticed a soldier with a broken leg which had not been put in Thomas splints and, owing to careless treatment was badly distorted. Bethune stroked the injured limb with tears in his eyes, and lost no time in resetting the bone correctly and putting the leg in splints. He sternly told the doctor in charge of the case, "Your irresponsible treatment of that broken leg could have crippled this boy for life. In future you mustn't be so casual about our wounded."

Bethune abominated negligence and carelessness, failure to do a job as well as possible, and the bungling of small yet important routine tasks. He considered these inexcusable faults in the medical service. For him, no work was small or unimportant. He was thoroughly systematic, painstaking and accurate, with a scientific working method. Hence his high working efficiency. He once told us, "My table may look a mess, but I know exactly where everything is and could lay my hand on what I want in the dark." To test him, we blindfolded him and told him what to pick up from the table. He did so without disarranging a thing, without any hesitation.

Each of us learned a great deal from Bethune's painstaking, scientific and responsible methods of work.

An Invaluable Gift

In July, 1939, Bethune concentrated on writing a text-book badly needed by our medical personnel.

It was boiling hot, and he kept mopping his sweat in the thatched hut in Shenpei village where, smoking endless cigarettes, he worked away day and night on the book "A Manual of Organisation and Technic for Divisional Field Hospitals in Guerrilla War." When tired, he would douse his head with cold water. Late at night, when all was quiet, he would jump up from his camp-bed, light a candle put on his glasses, and resume typing or drawing diagrams. Even during meals, he would discuss problems connected with this book. He developed a whitlow on the middle finger of his right hand, which swelled up very painfully. To lessen the pain and cure this, it had to be lanced. Bethune could not do this himself as he was right-handed, so he asked me to do it for him. He told me, "When I've counted three, cut a cross on the tumour." He turned his face away and cried, "One, two, three, three!" I carried out his instructions. Two days later, when the finger was slightly better, he started typing again. I advised him to take more care of his health.

th and to stop working until the scar had healed. "This book is important," he said. "The sooner I finish it, the sooner our medical workers will have material to study." He completed the book in a fortnight.

That book was written in the spirit of Chairman Mao's strategy in guerrilla warfare, and broke usual conventions of medical text-books. It embodied our army's valuable experience in the mountains and plains of our resistance bases. Thus it was a summary of medical experience written with the guidance of Chairman Mao's thought which seeks truth from facts and proceeds from the actual circumstances. General Nieh Yung-chen, praised it very highly in his preface, when he said, "This is the last crystallization of his heart's blood given to each of our revolutionary medical workers, to each of our commanders and soldiers and to each of our wounded men; the last, most precious gift he gave to each of our revolutionary medical workers, to each of our commanders and soldiers and to each of our men."

Unforgettable Friendship

Chairman Mao said: "In the Shansi-Chahar-Hopei border area, no soldier or civilian was unmoved who had been treated by Dr. Bethune or had seen how he worked." This compels me tell the story how Bethune cured me.

About the middle of October 1939, ten or more comrades of our inspection team were riding to a place very close to an enemy base. We rode in single file with Bethune in the front, myself in the middle. It had been drizzling and we were cantering. My black horse, being impatient, collided with a big stallion in front. The stallion looked back and gave a savage kick which landed below my left knee and knocked me out of the saddle. When Bethune saw this he rein in and dismounted, coming back at once to treat my leg. It was not bleeding, but the shin-bone had been broken. Bethune at once sent for a stretcher and put splints on my leg. And after the stretcher was brought, he told the bearers to carry me along with the rest so that he could attend to me. The stretcher was light and swayed from side to side, jolting painfully. To prevent this, Bethune got hold of some wood and made me a frame into which to fit my whole leg. In the evening he examined me again. He got up too late the night to see how I was and gave me a drink of water. As long as I live I shall never forget his strong class feelings. We were men of different races and countries, but that was no barrier to our class friendship, because we shared the same political ideal and were both struggling for the cause of communism.

Bethune's Last Messages

To enable my leg to heal as quickly as possible, Bethune sent me to recuperate in the Huapen Hospital.

As I lay there, my thoughts constantly turned to him, and I looked forward eagerly to hearing from him. Sure enough, on November 12 I received a letter. It had been sent the previous day from Huangshih village, where he had to interrupt his journey back from the front. It read:

Huangshih Village, Tanghsien,
November 11, 1939

Dear Comrade Lang Lin,

I left the front yesterday because I am no use there at present, being

able to operate... On November 8 I had shivering fits all day. My temperature went up to 39.6, and I felt too feverish to leave my bed. I asked the medical teams of the different regiments to let me know if they had casualties with abdominal or head wounds or with broken legs.

On the 10th, because my condition was critical, the commander of the Third Regiment ordered me sent back. I spent the whole day on a stretcher, vomiting. My temperature went up to over 40.

I want to ask you to do these things for me:

1. Translate this letter and give it to Dr. Yeh. Tell him I think Dr. Lin should take a team consisting of one assistant, one anaesthetist, one chief nurse and three nurses. They should also take six packets of cotton wool and gauze brought by Dr. Yeh from the hospital in Central Hopei.

2. Make another copy of this letter for General Nieh, and ask him to sanction the above request. I am desperately concerned for the wounded... If I could keep on my feet, I would certainly go back to the front; but I can't even stand. Dr. Lin can use my surgical instruments. After doing this job at the front, he should go back to the rear to help Dr. Wang for another two weeks. Is that clear? I feel a little better today.

Hoping to see you tomorrow,

Norman Bethune

News of Bethune's illness greatly disturbed me and the comrades with me. How tragic it would be if this veteran surgeon who had come from so far away, at such great risk, to the front line of China's resistance to Japan, should really have contracted blood poisoning or typhoid fever! That night I was too worried to sleep. I tossed and turned in bed, waiting restlessly for the dawn.

On November 13, we received the shattering news that at five the previous morning the Chinese people had lost their dearest comrade-in-arms, Norman Bethune. When I heard this, I broke down and sobbed.

Later, I received the will he wished to have sent to General Nieh. Here are some extracts from it:

Never buy medicine in such cities as Paoting, Tientsin and Peiping again. The prices there are twice as much as in Shanghai and Hongkong...

Please tell the Communist Parties of Canada and America that I have been very happy here, and my only regret is that I shall not be able to any more..

To you and to all my dear comrades, a thousand thanks...

As I read and re-read these two last communications from Bethune, hot tears rolled down my cheeks, tears not of grief but of heartfelt admiration. After eight months with Bethune I was keenly aware that the revolution always came first with him, in the exclusion of any thought of self. His farewell messages to us, written at the point of death, still dealt with revolutionary work and the interests of others.

Twenty-six years have passed since then. Each time I read Chairman Mao's article "In Memory of Norman Bethune", I am stirred by Bethune's noble qualities which spur me on to follow Chairman Mao's teachings more faithfully, to learn from Bethune, and to work whole-heartedly for China's socialist construction and the promotion of the world revolution.

Comrade Bethune's revolutionary spirit will never die.

DR. BETHUNE IN CHINA

(This remarkable document was written by Dr. Norman Bethune for the People's Relations Association of the Yen-an Branch, shortly before his death in China. The world-famous fighter for democracy died on Nov. 13, 1939, after he developed blood poisoning as a result of a cut in his finger while performing an operation on a wounded Chinese soldier.)

by Dr. Norman Bethune

The kerosene lamp overhead makes a steady buzzing sound like an incandescent hive of bees. Mud walls. Mud floor. Mud bed. White paper windows. Smell of blood and chloroform. Cold. Three o'clock in the morning, Dec. 1, North China, near Lin Chu, with the 8th Route Army.

Men with wounds.

Wounds like little dried pools, caked with black-brown earth; wounds with torn edges filled with black gangrene; neat wounds, concealing beneath the abscess in their depths, burrowing into and around the great firm muscles like a dammed-back river, running around and between the muscles like a hot stream; wounds, expanding outward, decaying orchids or crushed carnations, terrible flowers of flesh; wounds from which the dark blood is spewed out in clots, mixed with the ominous gas bubbles, floating on the fresh flood of the still-continuing secondary haemorrhage.

Old filthy bandages stuck to the skin with blood-glue. Careful. Better moisten first. Through the thigh. Pick the leg up. Why it's like a bag, loose, red stocking. What kind of stocking? A Christmas stocking. Where's that fine, strong rod of bone now? In a dozen pieces. Pick them out with your fingers; white as dog's teeth, sharp and jagged. Now feel. Any more left? Yes, here. All? Yes, no, here's another piece. Is this muscle dead? Pinch it. Yes, it's dead. Cut it out. How can that heal? How can those muscles, once so strong, now so torn, so devastated, so ruined, resume their proud tension? Pull, relax. What fun it was! Now that is finished. Now that's done. Now we are destroyed. Now what will we do with ourselves?

Next. What an infant! Seventeen. Shot through the belly. Chloroform. Ready? Gas rushes out of the opened peritoneal cavity. Odor of faeces. Pink coils of distended intestine. Four perforations. Close them. Purse string suture. Sponge out the pelvis. Tube. Three tubes. Hard to close. Keep him warm. How? Dip these bricks into hot water.

Gangrene is a cunning, creeping fellow. Is this one alive? Yes, he lives. Technically speaking, he is alive. Give him saline intravenously. Perhaps the innumerable, tiny cells of his body will remember. They may remember the hot, salty sea, their ancestral home, their first food. With the memory of a millions years, they may remember other tides, other oceans and life being born of the sea and the sun. It may make them raise their tired little heads, drink deep and struggle back into life again. It may do that.

And this one. Will he run along the road beside his mule at another harvest, with cries of pleasure and happiness? No, that will never run again. How can you run with one leg? What will he do? Why, he'll sit and watch other boys run. What will he think? He'll think what you and I would think. What's the good of pity? Don't pity him! Pity would diminish his sacrifice. He did this for the defence of China. Help him. Lift him off the table. Carry him in your arms. Why, he's as light as a child! Yes, your child, my child.

How beautiful the body is; how perfect its parts; with what precision it moves; how obedient; proud and strong. How terrible when torn. The little flame of life sinks lower and lower, and, with a flicker goes out. It goes out like a candle goes out. Quietly and gently. It makes its protest at extinction, then submits. It has its say, then is silent.

Any more? Four Japanese prisoners. Bring them in. In this community of pain, there are no enemies. Cut away the blood-stained uniform. Stop that haemorrhage. Lay them beside the others. Why, they're alike as brothers! Are these soldiers professional man-killers? No, these are amateurs-in-arms. Workerman's hands. These are workers-in-uniform.

No more. Six o'clock in the morning. God, it's cold in this room. Open the door. Over the distant, dark-blue mountains, a pale, faint line of light appears in the East. In an hour sun will be up. To bed and sleep.

But sleep will not come. What is the cause of this cruelty, this stupidity? A million workmen come from Japan to kill or mutilate a million Chinese workmen. Why should the Japanese worker attack his brother worker, who is forced merely to defend himself. Will the Japanese worker benefit by the death of the Chinese? No, how can he gain? Then, in God's name, who will gain? How was it possible to persuade the Japanese workman to attack the Chinese workman--his brother in poverty; his companion in misery?

Is it possible that a few rich men, a small class of men, have persuaded a million poor men to attack, and attempt to destroy, another million men as poor as they? So that the rich may be richer still? Terrible thought! How did they persuade these poor men to come to China? By telling them the truth? No, they would never have come if they had known the truth. Did they dare to tell these workmen that the rich only wanted cheaper raw materials, more markets and more profit? No, they told them that this brutal war was "The destiny of the Race," it was for the "Glory of the Emperor," it was for the "Honour of the State," it was for their "King and Country".

False. False as Hell!

The agents of a criminal war of aggression, such as this, must be looked for like the agents of other crimes, such as murder, among those who are likely to benefit from those crimes. Will the 80,000,000 workers of Japan, the poor farmers, the unemployed industrial workers--will they gain? In the entire history of Wars of Aggression, from the Conquest of Mexico by Spain, the capture of India by England, the rape of Ethiopia by Italy, have the workers of those "victorious" countries ever been known to benefit? No, these never benefit by such wars.

Does the Japanese workman benefit by the natural resources of even his own country, by the gold, the silver, the iron, the coal, the oil? Long ago, he ceased to possess that natural wealth. It belongs to the rich, the ruling class. The millions who work those mines live in poverty. So, how is he likely to benefit by the armed robbery of the gold, silver, iron, coal, and oil of China? Will not the same rich owners of the one, retain for their own profit, the wealth of the other? Have they not always done so?

It would seem inescapable that the militarists and the capitalists of Japan are the only class likely to gain by this mass murder, this authorised madness. That sanctified butcher; that ruling class, the true State stands accused.

Are wars of aggression, wars for the conquest of colonies, then just Big Business? Yes, it would seem so, however much the perpetrators of such national crimes seek to hide their true purpose under the banner of high-sounding abstractions and ideals. They make war to capture markets by murdering raw materials by rape. They find it cheaper to steal than to exchange; easier to butcher than to buy. This is the secret of all wars. Profit. Blood. Money.

Behind all this stands that terrible, implacable God of Business and Blood, whose name is Profit. Money, like an insatiable Moloch, demands its interest, its return, and will stop at nothing, not even the murder of millions, to satisfy its greed. Behind the army, stand the militarists. Behind the militarists, stand finance capital and the capitalist. Brothers in blood; companions in crime.

What do these enemies of the human race look like? Do they wear on their foreheads a sign so that they may be told, shunned, and condemned as criminals? No. On the contrary, they are the respectable ones. They are honoured. They call, and are called, gentlemen. What a travesty on the name! They are the pillars of the State, of the Church, of society. They support private and public charity out of the excess of their wealth. They endow institutions. In their private lives they are kind and considerate. They obey the law, their law, the law of property. But, there is one sign by which these gentlemen can be told. Threaten a reduction on the profit of their money, and the beast in them awakes with a snarl. They become as ruthless as savages, brutal as madmen, remorseless as executioners. SUCH MEN AS THESE MUST PERISH IF THE HUMAN RACE IS TO CONTINUE. THERE CAN BE NO PERMANENT PEACE IN THE WORLD WHILE THEY LIVE. SUCH AN ORGANISATION OF HUMAN SOCIETY AS PERMITS THEM TO EXIST MUST BE ABOLISHED.(caps. ours.)

THESE MEN MAKE THE WOUNDS. (caps ours.)

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(We are indebted to Rewi Alley in Peking for the article by Norman Bethune, Editor)

N.B. The above article is reproduced from PROGRESSIVE WORKER, VOL.3 NO.12
The caps in the last paragraph are ours.

SUPPORT THE NATIONAL LIBERATION FRONT OF SOUTH VIETNAM!
