

ANECDOTAGE

**The Greatman
Kim Jong Il
2**

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1. Art of Leadership and Devotion

The Lake Is Linked with the Sea

The dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il was strolling around Lake Jangyon, a freshwater lake on the east coast, in the sweltering daytime heat of late July 1967.

Officials following him answered his questions with a guilty conscience.

He was making a field guidance of South Hamgyong Province in sultry heat without taking time to relax. They were grateful to him for that, but felt small because they failed to give him pleasure.

He acquainted himself with the situation of the members of the fishery cooperative, who were badly off despite the vast East Sea and beautiful Lake Jangyon. Deep in thought, he listened as fishery cooperative officials gave him a detailed account of the situation.

"It is difficult to moor ships because of the huge waves here. Moreover, the site is unfavourable for inshore fishing and shallow-sea culture, because no sooner are the nets cast than the big surf catches them and throws the floats back on shore.

"In addition, seaweed cannot be cultured in the freshwater lake, and freshwater fish cannot breed there, because seawater often flows in through the shallows.

"So people call the lake 'rice cake in a picture'."

He repeated the words in a low voice.

The officials followed him, hanging their heads as if they were to blame for the vagaries of nature.

He unbuttoned the top of his coat as if he were stifling and, standing on the beach near the lake, looked from the lake to the sea.

He seemed to be seized with pity for the sorry plight of the inhabitants, who, from generation to generation, had adapted themselves to the unfavourable natural environment produced by a freak of nature over long years. He said, "Seawater often flows into the lake, I am told. The lake seems to be connected with the sea. Where are the shallows?"

The officials conducted him to the shallows, a narrow ditch barely passable by a boat.

Standing on the sandbank, the dear leader seemed to be measuring the length and depth of the shallows and the lake. He was absorbed in deep thought when suddenly his eyes flashed and his voice rang out full of confidence.

"If you dredge the shallows, boats will be able to enter the lake and marine fish will migrate into it. Even if the shallows are dredged deep, the surf may fill them up, so a solid breakwater should be built. The key to shoring up the fishery cooperative here is the shallows," he said, laughing heartily.

Their eyes opened right away.

If the shallows were dredged like a canal and the lake was connected to the sea, seawater would flow into the lake, sea fish would teem there and a fishing port could be built in the lake, where waves did not rise. This would be good in every respect.

Lake Jangyon has existed for several thousand years, but people simply blamed the unfavourable natural environment for their plight from generation to generation and did nothing about it. Many officials who went there to help did not hit on

any idea, but the dear leader solved the problem at once with clairvoyance.

"How about it?" he asked the officials, who were seized with excitement.

The official who had gloomily described the situation there replied, overjoyed, "Then Lake Jangyon will become part of the sea and all problems will be solved. I will undertake the big project you suggest. Now Lake Jangyon is no more than a 'rice cake in a picture' but it will become a 'rice cake on the table'."

The dear leader smiled, confident. A change would soon take place on the lake and the sea.

After the tour of the site the dear leader saw to it that workers, equipment and the materials needed to dredge the shallows and build a breakwater were supplied.

The neck of the shallows was dug deep and wide and a breakwater was built.

In Lake Jangyon fishing docks unaffected by tidal waves were built and vast Lake Jangyon was converted into good fishing and seaweed cultivation grounds.

Designing a Fountain

The dear leader, who was looking at blueprints for Mansudae Art Theatre late on the night of October 24, 1975, unexpectedly asked why the fountain was to be built on such a small scale.

The designer replied that it was in consideration of the size of the theatre building and the limited lot.

Looking around at the officials from the Party Central Committee, the dear leader asked whether they were of the same opinion.

Guessing the fountain was not laid out as he wanted, they nevertheless told him the design had gone through collective discussion and was agreed upon. Fountains near big buildings were usually not so big as those in parks, in keeping with the surrounding buildings.

The dear leader thought for a while, then said that the fountain in front of Mansudae Art Theatre should not follow the usual pattern; instead a big fountain should be built in a part that would extend from the theatre to the Department Store No. 1.

He said, "Whatever you undertake you must think of the people. If the fountain is built, people will enjoy relaxing there. As there is now no such thing, people go only to Youth Park.... If a big fountain is built there, Mansudae Art Theatre may become a favorite with the people. It will be our gift to the people."

His remark made them realize how wrong they were to stick to conventional ideas.

It was already four o'clock in the morning. The previous day he had discussed the work program with them for six hours, until late at night, and that day, too, he hardly got a wink of sleep.

Receiving later instructions on several occasions, the builders made a new design for the fountain park and began to build.

Informed on August 25, 1976, that the fountain was finished, the dear leader went to see it, delaying his dinner.

He first stepped toward fountain No. 1, which threw its silvery spray into the air.

Pacing around it for a good while, he examined the height and form of the water jet. He said it seemed low and suggested increasing its height. Since it was entertaining to watch the jet take different forms, he suggested a device to vary the form be installed.

Still not satisfied, he continued to pace around the fountain. He examined the depth of the pool to see whether it would be dangerous if children fell into it. He told the builders what should be done to enhance the fountain's sculpture.

Reaching an umbrella-shaped fountain, he looked around for a while, then he said, "It is good to look at, but it may not be visible to passersby on the road, because it is installed in a spot higher than the road and, moreover, shut out by the pool wall." He suggested that umbrella-shaped fountains be installed in different places in a tier so that they would be visible to passersby.

He advised placing many rocks around the fountain pool to create beautiful scenery evocative of the Kungang Mountains.

The noonday sun beat down mercilessly.

He paced around the fountain as if unmindful of the heat, then asked, "Is the fountain fitted with filtering devices?"

The question was so unexpected that no one could reply.

No one had thought of filtering water that would be used in such great volumes. It was not drinking water, so the designers had thought that sending up a jet of water was enough. They had thought that if water was sent up high, its fall would kill germs even without filtering and disinfecting devices.

The dear leader said to them, "If filtering devices have not yet been installed, they must be installed. Since many people will gather here, the water must be clean."

Only someone not shackled by conventions, someone who loved people boundlessly, could have made such a remark.

The builders resolved to filter the water so it would be as clean as spring water, as he had said to do.

Later the water in Mansudae Fountain Park was filtered, sending up sprays that created rainbows.

Bold Operation

On July 1, 1975, the dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il visited Komdok Mine in a deep valley of the Machon Mountains.

At the April 5 Pit, which was eight kilometres from the entrance, he discussed with miners how to increase production.

After making round of pit faces he in the pit office attentively looked at the blueprint the mine workers spread before him. He acquainted himself with details of the location of workings, mining method and the state and prospect of production and made some calculations. He asked why the volume of dressed ores was not large, while the ore-dressing capacity of the mine was high.

Mine officials offered no reply. They had failed to solve the problem of running the ore-dressing facilities at full capacity, although they had long tried.

After some hesitation one of the mine officials guiltily explained that although they had tried hard to increase the number of carts and haulage, they had not found a basic way out because of limited haulage capacity.

The dear leader sank into thought for a while, then asked what could be done to solve the problem of haulage.

"It can be solved in some measure if one more track is built and carts are made larger, but for the time being there seems

no alternative but to increase the number of carts", said one of the men.

At this the dear leader looked grave and asked how much ore was loaded in a cart, how many carts one electric engine hauled and how many hauls were made in one shift.

They replied that 315 tons of ore were hauled a day by hauling 35 tons of ore nine times. He said, "In future, pits will be modernized and several thousand tons of ore will be mined in one day. How many carts and engines will be needed then?"

No one offered a reply.

It was evident to all that the problem could not be solved simply by electric engines and carts. Silence reigned for a while.

The dear leader said resolutely, looking around at them, "The problem of haulage can be solved by installing a large-scale long-distance conveyor."

This evoked much excitement. It had been beyond their imagination to install a large-scale long-distance conveyor to the workings, which were ten-off kilometres from the entrance.

All present admired him.

The dear leader said, looking around at them affectionately, "The distance for which the conveyor is to be laid is said to exceed fourteen kilometres. It may be difficult to lay a conveyor at once in the whole section. Therefore a conveyor should be laid in a five-kilometre section in the first stage and in the remaining section in the second stage."

He told them to lay a conveyor from the ore-dressing plant to the intermediate pile by mid-April of the next year and from there to the depth for the second stage.

The miners felt as if their eyes had been opened. Up to then they had not thought beyond increasing the number of engines and carts and they could see ahead only one or two years.

The dear leader, however, had grasped the bottleneck in production with unusual wisdom and showed a bright future by indicating the way to break it through a bold operation. His thoughts had no bounds.

Later a great change took place in Komdok Mine.

Visitors to Komdok Mine will see a chain of large conveyors installed across the waist of the mountain and manifold ores being carried away.

On a Torpedo Boat

One mid-October day in 1975 the dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il unexpectedly visited a navy unit on the east coast. That day the wind was strong and the waves were high. He proposed going to sea in a boat.

An officer, embarrassed, told him that the rough seas made it difficult to sail that day.

At this the dear leader said, laughing heartily, "I especially like sailing on a navy ship. You say today it is difficult to sail because of high waves, but it is good to sail on a ship in rough seas. The arena of sailors is the sea. If one is to acquaint oneself with the life of sailors, one has to go to sea. Don't worry, please issue an order for sailing."

The torpedo boat squadron put out to sea, placing him in the flagship.

The torpedo boats ploughed through the waves like arrows.

"Look! Our sailors have developed beyond recognition. Their combat readiness is very good."

Standing on the rocking deck washed by waves, he watched the sailors at work and was satisfied.

He chatted with sailors on the deck and gave commanding officers important instructions for developing the navy.

The torpedo boats were soon in open sea, and the waves rose higher.

Monstrous waves swept over the deck of the boat one after another, as if to swallow it.

The sailors suggested the dear leader withdraw to the cabin, but he remained standing on deck, holding the handrail of the conning tower, and said, "Never mind about me; please go ahead. I have come to see the life of sailors and so ought to see them fighting these waves."

He told the commanding officer to brief the squadron on a new combat situation.

The waves rose higher and the wind became stronger.

Wave after wave hit the boat, causing commotion and shock. Even sailors accustomed to waves found it difficult to hold on.

Waves swept over the deck and wet the coat of the dear leader.

The torpedo boats veered around and began to sail toward the coast.

Noticing it, the dear leader asked why they had veered around and slowed down instead of sailing as planned.

When the commanding officer failed to give a proper reply, the dear leader said affectionately, as if reading his mind, "Sailors should not avoid waves. You seem to be doing so because I am aboard the boat, but that will not do. I have boarded this boat to see how brave sailors sail."

The commanding officer still hesitated. Tapping him on the shoulder, the dear leader said, "Sailors should not fear waves. Sailors who fear waves cannot defend the vast sea of the

homeland. One of the main qualities of a sailor putting out to sea is courage and he has to cultivate it."

He told the commanding officer to continue sailing as originally planned.

The commanding officer gave new orders, but the torpedo boats hesitated to turn back and instead gathered around the boat the dear leader was aboard, showing the sailors' keen anxiety for the safety of their dear leader.

Standing on the deck and viewing this scene, the dear leader told the commanding officer in a vigorous voice, "Give again the command to sail as ordered previously."

Looking with reverence at the dear leader, the commanding officer again gave a command to the squadron.

The torpedo boats began to tear through the waves with a terrible roar.

The dear leader, looking through binoculars with satisfaction at the brave sailors on the boats rushing ahead like arrows, said, "How brave our sailors are! The sea of the homeland requires such brave sailors."

Waves continuously swept over the deck. Nevertheless, the dear leader remained on deck, holding the handrail of the conning tower.

The torpedo boats continued to sail at full speed on the set course.

The rough waves tested the will and courage of the brave sailors, but were helpless before them.

The vigorous voice of the dear leader drifted over the sea. "... Splendid. The sea of the homeland is impregnable, because we have such brave seamen."

At these words the commanding officer felt warm inside and exclaimed inwardly, "No! Our sea is an impregnable stronghold because we have the dear leader, an iron-willed

commander and military genius, at the helm, who has trained such brave seamen."

Tenfold

On June 21, 1984, the dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il visited the exhibit of silica bricks.

In those days silica bricks were new building materials being produced for the first time in Korea on the instructions of the dear leader.

He looked very satisfied, feeling and tapping the gray silica bricks.

He said pleasantly, looking around at the officials, "Silica bricks are interesting. The surface is even and clean, so a house built of the bricks does not require outer plastering or an outer coating. It suffices to treat the joints well when laying bricks."

He expalined the merits of silica bricks.

"Different coloured bricks can be made by mixing the proper amount of iron oxide and thus create colour harmony in buildings. In addition, fifteen-storeyed buildings can be built with these bricks without reinforcing the walls with steel rods, because the strength of the bricks is great." He stressed the need to encourage production of silica bricks, which are made of a mixture of unslaked lime and sand, abundant in Korea.

After looking at the brick samples, the dear leader asked what size factory it would be advisable to build.

One official said confidently, "It is desirable to build a factory with a yearly production capacity of a hundred million bricks."

Another official chimed in, "That's an impressive size." They had made a bold estimate, discussing the matter in earnest.

One silica brick equals six ordinary bricks, so it would be tantamount to building a new brick kiln with a yearly production capacity of 600 million bricks. Was that not impressive? So they all thought.

Listening to their opinions, the dear leader thought for a while.

They looked at him in suspense. Was it possibly too bold an estimate? They were seized with uneasiness.

The dear leader said after a while, "If buildings are to be built of silica bricks alone, a hundred million bricks or so are far from sufficient. We should consider building a silica brick factory on a large scale. If a silica brick factory is to be built it should be done on a large scale.... If you build a small silica brick factory with a yearly production capacity of one hundred million bricks, you may regret it later, so it is better to build a large one, if any."

They blushed at the remark, ashamed of having talked big while making a small-minded estimate.

Later they repeatedly and earnestly discussed the size of the brick factory, designing it to suit his recommendation.

"Comrades, so far we have built many modern factories, but each time we have failed to design them boldly on a large scale as the dear leader wanted, and he has had to correct the designs. We should design a silica brick factory in accordance with the dear leader's great aim of building excellent and comfortable multi-room flats for our people, I propose building a factory with a yearly production capacity of five hundred million bricks," one official said, deeming it a bold proposal.

Silence reigned for a while. Some officials wondered if it was too large.

"It is tantamount to building a brick kiln with a yearly production capacity of three billion bricks. It is really an impressive target. Let us try," they said.

The figure was fixed at 500 million after an exchange of opinions.

The figure was conveyed to the dear leader.

One day he summoned them in connection with the matter.

They thought there was no need to worry about production capacity any more.

When he met them, he smiled meaningfully and said that a factory with production capacity of 500 million silica bricks could not satisfactorily meet the housing needs of the people.

They looked at him in astonishment, repenting their failure to understand his intentions.

The dear leader said resolutely, as if reading their minds, "If we are to build any silica brick factories, we must build one with a production capacity of a billion bricks instead of five hundred million bricks."

He added that a silica brick factory with a production capacity of 500 million bricks should be built in Anju district, which was favorable for production of silica bricks, one capable of producing 250 million bricks in Hamhung district and another of the same capacity in Phihyon district as soon as practicable to provide people with good houses.

They admired his boldness and wondered when they would be able to emulate it.

Thus silica brick factories with a production capacity ten times as high as the original figure were built.

Always Insufficient Time

The dear leader used to tell officials that the one thing he never had enough of was time.

He who did an unimaginable number of things needed no end of time.

One episode took place in mid-October 1979.

Early in the morning he set out on the tour of North Hwanghae Province for field guidance.

He toured without stop until nearly noon, when those accompanying him entreated him to rest, if only for a moment, out of anxiety for his health.

He said, "You are as tired as I, but we are pressed for time, so there is no help for it. A little farther on, we shall reach the Hwangju River. There must be a fishing place there where we can rest."

After a while he and his party reached the Hwangju River.

Getting out of the car, he climbed a low hill on the riverbank and looked down with a pleasant smile.

"It has changed beyond recognition," he said.

His eyes were filled with emotion aroused by recollections.

At the news of his arrival local cadres came running.

He warmly greeted them and asked about the general farming and harvest situation there.

Their conversation seemed endless.

His companions were irritated at this unexpected happening during the hard-won rest.

Sensing this, the dear leader said, "Why do you stand about? Go ahead; take a rest."

They hesitated to go down while he was conversing.

He said, "People in the revolutionary era should energetically work and positively rest. Please go down to the riverside and take a rest. I shall follow you."

They were compelled to go down to the riverside.

Soon shouts of joy rose from the riverside. They began to catch one fish after another.

Time passed.

They were so engrossed in angling that they belatedly realized his absence. Looking toward the hill, they stiffened at once.

The dear leader was still lively talking with local Party workers. He had compelled his followers to rest though he was giving guidance, sparing the time for it despite his being pressed for time.

Fearing they were intruding on his rest, the local Party workers at first entreated him to rest, saying they would report the progress of their work at the next destination.

Reading their minds, he said, glancing at the riverside, "If those fellows were beside me, I should feel fretful and you would feel ill at ease, so I sent them down before me. Don't hurry; bring up any problems you have. We'll have the same shortage of time at the next destination. Moreover, that place is not under your charge. Why should we discuss the problems of this place in some other place?"

Finally they went down the hill to the riverside.

"Well, let me see how many fish you landed."

When one of his suite said guiltily that only they, not he, had rested, he said with a smile, "...Rest is nothing special. You rested, enjoying angling. As for me, I talked with the local people and accomplished one of my aims, so it was tantamount to rest. My rest here was quite satisfactory. Since we have been detained in a place not included in today's

schedule, we must make up for lost time. Please give the fish you caught to these comrades to give to the children in the village and let us resume our trip."

It was late the next night when the dear leader returned to his office in Pyongyang after guiding the work of several units in haste, because of the delay at the Hwangju riverside.

Members of his suite earnestly entreated him to relieve the fatigue of his two-day journey, as the night was far advanced.

When one official entered his office, he got a phone call from the dear leader, who told him to retrieve the document he had submitted the morning before.

The official was nonplussed. He could scarcely believe the dear leader had already looked over the document concerning the work of his section that he had submitted to him for consideration the morning before. The dear leader has just returned from field guidance to different units, begun early in the morning. The official wondered when the dear leader had had a chance to look over the document.

He hurriedly entered the dear leader's office.

The dear leader said, "I had intended to return the document tomorrow morning, but considering its contents, I feared it might interfere with giving out work assignments in the morning session in the section, so I called you." With these words he took his briefcase from the table and opened it. It was the same briefcase he carried on field guidance tour and also when he returned home late at night. It was obvious that he had looked over that and many other documents in his briefcase while travelling in the car to many units that day.

The official was sorry he had laid an excessive burden on the dear leader.

"Work assignments surely should be given tomorrow morning. You must be tired. Return home and rest," the dear leader said affectionately.

He bid good-bye to the dear leader and left his office. In the waiting room he saw the familiar faces of many who seemed to have come for documents.

It was evident that the dear leader was continuing to work after returning to his office from the field guidance tour.

The night advanced....

Using Time in a Three-Dimensional Manner

The dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il, endowed with unusual leadership skills, performs different tasks at the same time.

His close coworkers unanimously admire the unusual wisdom and energy with which he carries on different work at the same time and does a lot of work in short time.

Here are the recollections of one official:

I entered his office on several occasions. Each time I found his desk laden with written suggestions, draft measures, conference documents, written information, lecture plans, reports on political situations, editorial comments, poems, lecture materials and architectural designs.

He had many papers, works of art and designs to look at. Moreover, he had many audio and video tapes on the desk that he had to listen to and watch.

One day when I was called into his office, I found him revising a document with bold strokes.

From a tape recorder near the wall came melodious music performed by an art troupe. At that moment the telephone rang. It was long-distance phone call.

He picked up the receiver while turning down the tape recorder. Catching the gist of the caller's question at once, he made a conclusive reply.

He was carrying on different kinds of work at the same time.

I decided to wait in another room and return after a while, lest I disturb him while he was so busy. I would speak to him after he had dealt with one or two other matters.

But when I was about to leave, his sonorous voice stopped me. "How have you gotten along with the task I gave you the other day?" he asked.

When I suggested I return after he had finished the work at hand, he urged me, with a genial smile, to speak immediately.

I told him how I had carried out the task.

He nodded at some points while listening to me attentively and gave me another task.

When the tape on the recorder came to its end, he switched the machine off and summoned a person concerned, describing the merits and demerits of the song in terse special terms. Then he picked up another document from the pile and opened it.

Meanwhile he indicated the difficulties that might arise in performing the task he had given me and the way to combat them.

This three-dimensional performance was in perfect harmony, like a successful painting. His thoughts and decisions dovetailed flawlessly.

It was really impressive. Ordinary people can at most consider and settle one matter at a time, but he considered and

arranged different complicated matters at the same time. He is really a great man.

I watched him admiringly for a good while as he worked with superhuman thinking and energy.

People usually read one line after another, but he reads three or four lines at once. His unusual thinking and energy astonish geniuses in the world.

I remarked anxiously that it must be very tiring to attend to different matters at the same time.

He said, smiling, "Of course, it is difficult to look over many papers, but if I do not examine the papers submitted by different departments on the day they are submitted, the engine of revolution may stop...."

"I like to look over documents. Needless to say, I sometimes get tired. Nevertheless, I have to attend to many matters, so I look over documents and listen to the tape recorder or watch the video recorder, enduring fatigue. I like working this way.

"By the way, please watch this videotape."

A performance by an art troupe appeared on the screen.

After watching it, he told the person concerned how to revise the production and how a certain actress could improve her performance.

Then he wrote comments on papers that he had managed somehow to read.

In the past I had seen many diligent readers, but his three-dimensional thinking and speedy reading surprised me.

When I asked him how he could read so quickly, he replied, smiling, "I must read quickly in order to look over all the submitted papers, so when I read, I put all my energy into it. My time is limited and there is no end of things to read, so I must read a great deal per hour. I am short of time. How good

it would be to have ample time. I always say, I am sorry that a day has only twenty-four hours."

2. Fidelity to the People

First "Visitor" to the Funfair

Toward dusk on October 2, 1977, the dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il, receiving a report of its completion, appeared at the fashionably built funfair in a corner of Taesongsan Pleasure Ground.

The workers showed him around, happy and excited to test the funfair facilities in his presence.

After taking in a general view of the funfair, which occupied much of the valley, he walked toward the Roller Coaster.

Explanations were given about the Coaster. Turning to his aides, he suggested riding it.

An official was apprehensive, but the dear leader laughed it off and went up the stairs to the landing.

The workers followed him hesitatingly.

Indeed, the Coaster gave a real thrill when it shot down the track at flying speeds, climbing a sharp incline as high as 30 metres, then nose-diving breathlessly.

By force of inertia it zipped along the circular track, now rising, now falling, until it finally slowed to a halt.

Alighting from the Coaster, the dear leader said gravely, "Strict rules should be applied to riders of the Coaster, just like passengers in a plane. A plane cannot take off if the pilot says no, no matter how earnestly the passengers wish to.

"Keen attention should be paid to running the Coaster; otherwise a terrible misfortune may occur."

After a short silence he told the officials concerned in an apprehensive tone, "Sharp curves in the track are dangerous spots." Pointing to a curve on the right, he said, "It squeaks there".

The engineers were greatly touched; he had spotted a dangerous place that had escaped their notice the instant he rode past it and told them to take full measures for safety.

His instructions, brief as they were, were brimming with boundless love for the holidaymakers who would enjoy the Roller Coaster.

That day he rode or operated in person every merrymaking facility, learning how to run them and seeing for himself whether they were safe or not.

He advised running high-speed revolving rides a little more slowly and for a short time so that old people and children would not get dizzy. His advice went into detail, urging caution in the running of every facility.

Time flew and dusk was beginning to settle in.

After the sun set, autumnal wind turned chilly.

Thinking he was staying too long, the officials proposed inspecting only selected facilities, but he said that unless he made the rounds of them all, he could not feel easy about letting children play on them. It would be hard for him to find the time to visit again, he said, so he should stop at every device, though it would take him hours.

Then he strode ahead of the officials as if forgetting his fatigue.

He was about to get on Mad Mouse when an official stood in front of him, urging him not to ride it. It was getting dark and it was dangerous.

Mad Mouse darts, circles and flies high and low at a mad speed.

He took a seat, saying this was a ride to be placed at the disposal of all people.

Gazing up at their embarrassed faces, he laughed heartily and remarked that in the darkness he wouldn't feel dizzy.

Mad Mouse started. The officials followed it, shooting along its winding course, with keen interest.

Getting off, the dear leader remarked that though it rocked it would suit young people, and he once again urged strict observance of the rules to prevent every possible accident.

After dark it got chilly, yet the dear leader had a monorail car trip with the accompanying workers before concluding his inspection of the funfair.

He ensured a wonderful funfair for the people visiting it before others to make sure every device was faultless. Even insignificant spots were mended the instant they were discovered. Looking at his noble image, the officials were overwhelmed with emotion.

The House of Happiness

On November 30, 1981, respected Comrade Kim Jong Il called at the Chongryu Restaurant on the eve of its commissioning.

Before entering the restaurant, he looked at the building, which resembled a boat floating on the water.

The workers first showed him a family dining hall. When he had been examining the blueprints for the restaurant, he had said there should be rooms where families could dine.

Glancing around the room, he said, "The tables are very good. These are Korean-style tables."

He examined closely a lacquered table inlaid with mother-of-pearl, bending over it, viewing it from the side and stepping back to see it from different angles. Suddenly he said it looked tall.

The workers had not paid attention to this, so they remained silent. He told an official, "Go and sit down at the table, please, to see whether it is too tall or not."

The official sat down at the table and placed his hands on it. Pretending to eat, he said he didn't feel too tall.

The other officials, watching him moving at the table, comparing his height seated to that of the table, said the table seemed of moderate height.

The dear leader, however, thoughtfully measuring the height of the table with his eye from various angles, finally shook his head.

The workers couldn't understand why he was so serious.

He remarked that they shouldn't forget this was a room for family use. The whole family would sit at the table. If the children found it inconvenient to dine at the table, the parents would feel sorry, wouldn't they? Then he kindly suggested that the table be made a little lower for the convenience of little children. Suppose a family are at table; the parents are tall, while the children are small. If the table fits the adults, it's plain it would not be convenient for children.

The officials were touched by the motherly love shown by the dear leader, who was sensitive to the least show of displeasure on people's faces.

Not a hall or a room of Chongryu Restaurant escaped his kind concern and benevolence.

Entering the lounge on the second floor, he asked the workers how many customers the restaurant could accommodate per day and how many minutes they expected it would take a guest to have a meal.

"Fifteen thousand people can dine here every day; forty minutes for a guest to eat."

The worker answering him was afraid the dear leader would say the dining time was too long.

Upon completion of the restaurant there had been a serious debate over questions regarding its management. The dining time of a guest was hotly debated; some insisting that thirty minutes was sufficient time for a guest to have a meal, and others saying it would take at least forty minutes for a guest to enjoy a happy and relaxed meal.

After heated discussion a consensus was reached on forty minutes. This was the maximum estimation.

Thus it was not without reason that the worker was apprehensive lest the dear leader say the dining time was too long.

"Forty minutes is too short for a diner, I think."

The workers exchanged doubtful glances.

Smiling at them, he said that if one had an honored guest or happened to meet a friend on the street, they would come to Chongryu Restaurant. Would they say good-bye to each other as soon as they had finished their meal? No, they would chat, spending impressive time. "In my opinion," he said, "one hour and a half would not suffice. It's important to run a thousand-seat restaurant properly."

His instructions struck home to the workers, who blushed for shame, since they had been regarding it as an ordinary restaurant.

How warm the love of the dear leader Kim Jong Il, who wished to build Chongryu Restaurant into a house of happiness to suit a flowering society of people enjoying highly civilized lives, not a commercial establishment.

The Railway Shifted to Another Direction

A spring generally gushes icy cold water even in summer, but there was a strange sort of spring in Naegok village, Pochon County. Hot water welled forth, raising a vapor even in winter.

It was in an overgrown mountain valley, little known to the public. In winter housewives from nearby villages came to wash clothing. A bathhouse run by local inhabitants looked shabby.

One day in July 1976 respected Comrade Kim Jong Il, on a field guidance tour to the Mount Paektu district, said to the provincial officials, "Let's drop in at Naegok spa. It is a hot spring in the area of old revolutionary battlefield. We must build it up splendidly, as desired by the leader."

The provincial officials were embarrassed. Though it was called a spa, Naegok spa was little different from any natural spring. There was no resting place around it. How could they conduct him to such a place?

With a pang of remorse the workers proposed he visit the spot during his next tour of their province.

Not heeding their suggestion, he said, "According to an analysis of the water of Naegok spa, it contains a variety of elements good for curing diseases. It is a good spa, so a sanatorium should be built there. Then the people of Ryanggang Province would be able to receive medical

treatment there, and visitors to the old revolutionary battlefields could have a restful bath. How delighted they would be!"

His car arrived in Naegok village.

At the spa he dipped his hand into the water to feel how hot it was and looked at the surrounding scenery.

He indicated how to build a modern sanatorium and other facilities for rest and rehabilitation.

At that moment a lumber train whistled as it rattled along the track that ran through the village, disturbing the quiet of the mountain village.

The dear leader watched the lumber train until it went out of sight around a bend. Turning toward the workers, he said, with a worried look, that if a sanatorium were to be operated there, it had to be tranquil and calm. It was not good for a railroad to pass through the village. He went on: "The lumber railway is also an obstacle to building bathhouses using the water from the spa. Change its direction, then you can build a lot of bathhouses. You should, if possible, change its direction."

He walked leisurely toward the mountain.

In order to change the direction of the railway track, he said a tunnel would have to be built and he asked how much labour building a tunnel would require.

No one replied, because no one had thought of that.

Running his eyes over an ideal mountain ridge for a tunnel, he said they would have to dig a tunnel of four to five hundred metres. The undertaking would be good for people's health. They shouldn't hesitate. "Let's change the route of the train boldly!" he declared.

That day he taught them how to build bathhouses and what was necessary for a sanatorium. He continued: "Korean rice

cake and noodles made of potato flour and other specialities of Ryanggang Province should be on sale in Naegok, so that after a bath visitors can have treats of potato cake, potato noodles, beer, wine and other specialities of Ryanggang Province."

Today the area of Naegok spa has changed beyond recognition, just as he planned it. The railroad track was shifted to another direction.

Anyone who visits the historical place, converted into a beautiful health resort, is naturally filled with admiration for him.

The Question of Grocery Vans

One mid-August night of 1978 a senior official of the Pyongyang City Committee of the WPK was intent on his work in his office. After midnight he received a phone call from the respected Comrade Kim Jong Il.

The worker thought that he had rung him up on some important matter. He became tense, the receiver in his hand.

After returning his greeting the dear leader said, "I'd like to send you twenty grocery vans provided by the leader. I want you to submit a list of the creches to which you would like to give them."

This was all he said, but the worker's excitement was immense. Had the dear leader telephoned him at that hour of the night simply to convey this news to him?

Of course he might have chosen other ways to let him know that he would send grocery vans, but he had reason to call him even after midnight.

A few days before, the responsible worker had told him at a meeting that some of the agencies in charge of supplies to creches were short of grocery vans.

At that time the dear leader was occupied with other pressing business. Later the worker blushed at having bothered him with such matters, seeing how busy he was. He was so intent on important questions that he might have failed to note what the worker had said.

Time passed. The responsible worker of the Pyongyang City Party Committee, himself pressed by other urgent and weighty problems, clear forgot the matter.

However, the dear leader had remembered the question raised by the worker, had secured as many as 20 grocery vans and now wanted him to submit a list for allotting them.

What a touching story!

The following day the responsible worker submitted the list.

A few days later the dear leader sent the city Party committee papers bearing his written instructions:

"... the drivers of vans that serve kindergartens and creches should be admonished not to drive them for other purposes."

Driving along the streets of Pyongyang, he had witnessed a grocery van of a creche carrying other goods.

What close attention and what tender care! His fatherly concern for the babies in need of special patronage! The workers felt conscience stricken when they looked back on their own work and lives.

Indeed, he was the paragon of noble morality!

He Cares for Everything

On the afternoon of August 17, 1975, the dear leader Kim Jong Il appeared on Ragwon Street to inspect the newly built flats.

He first looked at flat No. 4 on the second floor of block No. 4.

Standing in the bright, spacious entrance hall, he seemed very satisfied. "This has three rooms, I see," he said.

He looked into the three rooms one after another and asked the officials whether the furnishings would be the same in the other flats as well.

In the kitchen he carefully examined a complete set of kitchen utensils, the cupboard and the refrigerator. Saying that they were very good, he ordered the furniture factory under the Administration Council to supply the citizens with a great deal of furniture.

He told the officials to supply the apartments in Ragwon Street with superfine furniture. TV set, refrigerator, washing machine and all kinds of furniture should be supplied to every flat, and they should be paid for by monthly installments. The terms of payment should be set favourably for the dwellers.

In the living room he said a low table would be more agreeable for the heated floor room than a desk and advised providing a Korean-style bookstand, low dining table and foam-cushion bed with 20-centimetre-high legs. How delighted people would then be, he remarked.

Concluding his close inspection of the flat, he could not rest content and stepped into the next flat.

Inspecting at every corner, he asked the workers to provide a good wardrobe and shoe chest and choose prettier faucets than the ones supplied.

Hours flew by while he inspected the two flats.

The officials suggested moving on to the next item on his schedule following his inspection of the flats. However, the dear leader wanted to visit one more three-room flat and walked into the one opposite.

There he gave his opinion that the bed and the single-pedestal desk suited the three-room flat and so should be supplied to every three-room flat and that the wardrobe should be set into the wall. It would save wood, be easy to set and convenient for users.

He took a close look at the kitchen, staying there for a good while.

Then he proposed setting the cupboard about 20 cm higher, so that the tableware for everyday use could be kept on the lower shelf, while the dinner set for guests could be on the upper shelf.

The sun was setting by the time he finished looking around the flats, giving his opinion on every trifle.

The workers asked him to rest before resuming his inspection.

The dear leader remarked how pleasant it was to look at flats to be occupied by the people and said that he would like to see one more flat.

The workers obediently followed him into another flat.

There he emphasized that furniture should be supplied equally to all flats, but that a TV set should be supplied only to families that wanted it; a dining table and all other furniture should be provided without exception. Joking, he added that the people moving into these new flats should be forbidden to take their old furniture with them.

Concluding his inspection, he stopped at the ground-floor entrance to the block. For the delivery of newspapers and magazines it would be well to instal newspaper boxes, he said.

The workers thought his inspection of the flats was over, but he headed toward the adjoining block, saying he wouldn't feel at ease unless he looked at one more block.

Following him, the workers were moved by his benevolence and deep concern for the people's living arrangements.

It was his belief that not an atom of defect or flaw should be discovered in things to be offered to the people. The greater the workers' admiration for him, the sharper the twinge of conscience for their unsatisfactory work.

In the next block he looked at the kitchen of a flat after inspecting the living room. Noting that the cupboard looked very nice, he personally tried its door and also examined the refrigerator closely to spot any defect.

In the bedroom he sat on the bed and, satisfied, said, "The flat is really fine. This is up to world standards." Then he looked at the toilet, pointing out that the toilet was a barometer of people's living standard. He mentioned that at present some workers liked to exaggerate little achievements, recalling their poor lives of the past, but this was unwelcome in current work.

Beaming with satisfaction, he remarked that the new settlers need not bring anything but quilts and tableware.

"The benevolence of the leader was really great. Everything one required in life was provided," he said.

The workers told him over and over again that it was high time to leave, but he seemed to be asking himself if they had overlooked anything vital. Then he warned them that if the furniture of the new flats proved worse than what he had seen that day, it wouldn't pass. A house-warming could be held after every flat was equipped with furniture as good as that he had seen that day. He would come again and see for himself whether it was up to the mark or not. He'd visit any house he

wanted to. The Party Central Committee would see how loyal they were to the Party through the housing constructed in Ragwon Street, he emphasized.

His fatherly concern was not confined to Ragwon Street. Apartment blocks in Changgwang, Munsu and Kwangbok Streets, which appeared in succession, bear similar heartwarming stories about his love for the people. How can the people see a dwelling room and furniture without feeling gratitude toward him!

Concern for the Miners' Path to Their Work Place

On May 16, 1984, the dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il, accompanied by local cadres, visited Musan Mine at the northern tip of our country, climbing Cholsan Peak along a rugged path.

He indicated how to increase output at the mine and the measures to take to solve difficult problems in mining and other fields. Then he looked at the winding footpath that led from the bottom of the valley to the top of Cholsan Peak.

"Do the workers climb to the work place on foot?"

His sudden question made the officials realize that he was worried about the miners, having to walk along that path to and from the work place every day.

"The workers had to use that path after the cable-car rails were removed," answered an official.

The dear leader asked seriously how they could work if they spent so much energy climbing the hill.

The officials hung their heads in shame, conscience stricken at the thought that they, the masters of the mine, had

been so little concerned about a matter that he had observed at once and taken to heart so seriously.

When previously the cable car had taken material and equipment to Cholsan Peak, the officials attached great importance to it and the miners had used it to go to and from work. As the stope gradually descended, the cable car became useless for the conveyance of material, so the rails were withdrawn. The cadres thought only of the supply of material; they didn't care about the miners. No one had ever proposed to lay a new cable railway to suit the mine's situation.

The dear leader, however, sympathizing with the miners, grasped this idea at once and proposed measures to lay a cable railway and run buses for the miners.

As for better supplies for the workers, the dear leader asked the officials if they knew that Korean melon and watermelon grew well in Musan district.

The officials were puzzled as to why he spoke of melons of the blue in the spring. It was also news to them that melons did well in that northern area.

The dear leader explained that from olden times Musan and Hoeryong were famous for sweet melons and told them to grow melons over wide area and supply them to the miners in summer.

His words touched the hearts of the officials.

He had even hinted at a question that had escaped the attention of the cadres directly responsible for the miners' lives. What great fatherly love!

He also asked the cadres whether TV broadcasts from distant Pyongyang were well received there, whether the drinking water was good and whether married demobilized soldiers were provided with houses, listening to their replies

about the minutest details of the miners' lives like a mother anxious about her children.

Thus he acquainted himself with the production of minerals at the mine and the lives of the miners there and took the necessary measures to multiply the output of minerals, an important raw material to feed industry, and enhance the living standard of the miners. The cadres, responding to his appeal, pledged to work better.

Promise

One Sunday in May 1987, when briars and roses were in full bloom along roadsides and in pleasure grounds of Pyongyang, the dear leader found time to inspect many places including Puksae Street, which was lined with apartment blocks nearing completion.

The former low, shabby huts, clustered eave to eave, had given way to huge blocks of high-rise apartments. Varied in shape and size, each block, gigantic and attractive, had its own unique features.

The eyes of the dear leader, gazing up at the fashionable buildings, shone with satisfaction.

"The layout of Puksae Street is remarkable on the whole. Buildings harmonize well with each other and they have good form."

He acknowledged the skill of the builders. He made the rounds of blocks of flats for 4,000 families. The original plan was for the people to move into the new flats by April 15, but, regrettably, they were not completed as expected, he said.

The officials were ashamed for having caused him anxiety.

He said thoughtfully, "The people whose houses were removed for the building of Puksae Street have been in difficulties, since they have been living in other people's houses for years. When we asked them to vacate their houses in Puksae Street, we promised them new flats, so we should quickly let them move into the flats in Puksae Street. Otherwise, the Party might make itself unpopular.

"These apartment blocks are the ones I promised to give to the inhabitants of Puksae-dong village." He made it clear that no one was permitted to allot them as he pleased.

He had foreseen that upon completion of construction some officials might cheat the evacuees by allotting flats to other people and has seen to it that a certificate recognizing the right to occupy the newly-built flats in Puksae Street was handed out to the former residents of Puksae-dong when they vacated their old houses.

This was an agreement between the Party and the people. If even one certified family was denied a new flat because of mismanagement by some officials, it would amount to breaking the agreement.

Sympathizing with the former inhabitants of Puksae-dong for having to live in others' flats, he told the officials to finish construction as soon as possible.

The officials recalled what he had told them a few days before.

That day he had been informed about the lives of the former inhabitants of Soje-dong, whose houses were removed for the construction of Puksae Street. He had said at the time, "The owners of certificates for new flats among the evacuees from Soje-dong should be allowed unconditionally to take new flats as soon as they are completed."

He had been so keen about the people's housing that once he had issued a stern admonition to the effect that when construction of industrial establishments was behind time, matters might be mended by criticizing the officials and taking appropriate measures, but those who had caused difficulties in people's lives by the slow progress of housing construction could neither lessen nor escape their responsibility for it, no matter what excuse they made for it.

"The apartment blocks in Puksae Street can accommodate about 4,000 families. Ten days should suffice for them to occupy the new flats. If the expectant occupants of the new flats in Puksae Street are told to move in, they will come even by pulling carts laden with household goods."

His voice resounded merrily, but the officials were choked with emotion by his sincere devotion to the people.

Owing to his profound love and benevolence, the housing in Puksae Street was completed successfully within a short period, and people began moving into the new flats.

Needless to say, the new flats were allotted without exception to the former dwellers of the shabby huts of Puksaedong, as guaranteed by the certificates for new flats given in advance. A great many other families occupied three- or four-room flats.

The scene incited emotional outbursts among the people.

Nothing on earth can match this promise based on great faith; this was an inviolable agreement imaginable only in the relations between our Party and the people. Anyone recognizing the greatness of this promise admires the dear leader from the bottom of his heart.

Indeed this is an epic of trust and benevolence between our Party and the people.

The Experimental Plot

One Sunday in June 1964 the young tree leaves were rustling in the early summer breeze.

As usual the acacias were wonderful that June, giving off their sweet fragrance everywhere.

That day an official who worked with the dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il called on him at his residence.

In the garden he was taken aback by the unexpected scene, so far removed from what he had pictured in his imagination.

Instead of decorative plants and flowers and a green carpet of lawn, there was a variety of trees of economic value. No flower beds were visible, only small green patches of fresh crops. Growing there were rice, maize, beans, wheat and other cereal plants, as well as crops for industrial use and vegetables such as cabbage, radish and costmary, even fodder plants, including common knotgrass.

At the edge of each plot stood a stick with a sign. The sign at the maize plot was inscribed as follows:

Maize Experimental Plot (1)

Species: Uiju No. so-and-so

Seed sown: May 5

Number of plants per <i>phyong</i>: 19

Amount of fertilizer applied per <i>phyong</i>:

Initial manure3 kg

After-manure1 kg

*<i>phyong</i>=m²

It was similar to the trial plots of an agricultural research institute. Looking around the plots, the official found the dear leader working in a patch, sowing beans. He was glad to see

the official and urged him to join him, saying that there was a hoe at the edge of the plot.

The official took up the hoe and set to work side by side with the dear leader, immensely happy to spend pleasant hours helping him plant beans. He was even more impressed at his growing crops in experimental plots.

The dear leader said that as the beans sown after wheat were not thickly leaved, a close planting of seeds would make little difference to sunshine, and he taught him the required space between plantings.

"When densely sown like this, I imagine the per-hectare yield of the aftercrop will be around two tons of beans," said the official, sowing seeds after him.

The dear leader moved on, skillfully planting seeds. He said that he was looking forward to reaping three tons in the aftercrop, six tons altogether, including the first crop.

The official's eyes widened at this remark.

In those days it was general practice to grow a single crop a year in dry fields. Even with aftercrop cultivation the per-hectare output did not exceed four tons.

Straightening up, the dear leader smiled at the wonder-struck official. He said that, following the leader's instructions, he had double-cropped rye and dry-field rice, rye and Italian millet, rye and beans for years; the first crop was sown around October 5 and the aftercrop around June 28. The per-hectare output rose as high as 6.5 tons.

He added that obtaining new species was the ideal way to increase grain output, but it would take much time. To increase the grain output to six million tons a year, as indicated in the seven-year plan, it was necessary to encourage double cropping and dense planting. If double cropping were introduced in 100,000 hectares of land and seeds were sown

closer together than currently practised, 250,000 additional tons of grain would be produced.

"In our country, with limited arable land, crops should be harvested twice per annum in the plains and three times every two years in the intermediary areas. Close planting should be introduced in the growing of all crops," he emphasized.

His instruction was the precious key to the increment of grain production.

The official realized more deeply that the trial plots in the compound of his residence were not patches designed simply for ecological study, but the cradle and seed plot for the Party's agricultural policy and the promotion of a Juche-oriented method of farming.

Lunch Served on the Table

On the morning of June 12, 1964, the dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il was looking at a map, his eyes fixed on part of South Phyongan Province.

That day he chose to tour the rural areas of South Phyongan Province in the course of his field guidance.

Presently he told his aide of his planned trip for on-the-spot guidance. "Today I'm going to tour Yoldusamcholli Plain. I plan to have lunch in Ripsok-ri, Mundok County."

The aide said he would notify the official there to prepare lunch.

The dear leader said, "No, you needn't do so. It's not good to give people trouble. I've prepared our lunch, so don't forget to take a bottle of cold water with you."

The official had to follow his plan.

The dear leader, accompanied by officials, got into his car. In the suburbs of Pyongyang his car sped through fields turning green.

Before long the car was in Yoldusamcholli Plain and entered Mundok County via Sukchon Fruit Farm and Komhung Cooperative Farm.

It was high noon when the car arrived at Ripsok-ri village.

The officials there were beside themselves with joy and the honour of meeting the dear leader. As he had come without advance notice, they began busily preparing lunch.

Catching a hint of this, the dear leader called an official over and said to him, "Don't bother, please. We've brought our lunch. Would you please allot a room to us?"

At his persistent dissuasion the workers stopped preparing lunch and conducted him and his party to the living room of a comfortable house.

He saw to it that the round dining table was set in the middle of the room and the lunch and bottle of water were put out on the table.

The officials looked with curiosity at the lunch he had prepared. It turned out to be rice balls. There were not many, about two balls per person.

The dear leader humbly shared the table with the officials, helping them to rice balls.

Eating the rice balls, the officials felt something warm filling their hearts.

The rice balls were stuffed with seasoned dried radish slices and pickled cucumber and radish.

Urging the officials to help themselves, the dear leader ate with relish.

Taking the lunch, the officials gulped down tears of emotion.

The lunch they had that day was, of course, neither sumptuous nor delicious, but they felt happier than if they had had their fill of delicacies.

The dear leader's plebeian habits and simple way of living left a great impression on the officials, and this was dearer to them than rich food.

One day an official was honoured to accompany the dear leader to Suphung Lake and he asked him frankly, "Dear leader, why do you eat rice balls so often? I'm afraid it will spoil your health."

The dear leader asked in return, "What's wrong with them?"

The official offered his frank opinion, urging him not to eat rice balls in future.

The dear leader deep in thought, said, "Just as all our people did, I ate rice balls during the years of the Fatherland Liberation War and in the days of postwar reconstruction. When I went to construction sites, I used to wrap rice balls in paper and thrust them into my pocket to eat with my friends during a break on the grass. Nothing was more savory.

"So I love to eat them now and then, recalling the difficult bygone days and gaining strength from the recollection."

In order not to forget the thorny days of the past, he eats the same simple meal he ate before.

What a grave lesson for those who overfed by the happiness of today might easily forget the bygone days, the official thought, his eyes blurred with tears of emotion.

Love for the Builders of the West Sea Barrage

The People's Army units called out to construct the West Sea Barrage were making preparations to start the project. One night the dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il rang up a responsible worker of the Ministry of the People's Armed Forces and asked him if he had been informed of a problem that had cropped up on the construction site.

Since his phone call had come in the dead of night, the responsible worker supposed that he meant the principal problems of the project, so he reported that in order to put the project into full swing, forming a new unit that would specialize in technological processes and a series of other important questions had been discussed.

The dear leader remarked that they were, of course, matters of weighty importance, but if he meant such things, he wouldn't have called him at midnight.

The responsible worker was embarrassed at his remark. If he hadn't meant problems in capital construction, what else could it be? He had just finished serious discussion with personnel in charge of the construction of the barrage. No other problems had been raised. What troubled the dear leader, he wondered.

At that moment the dear leader's voice rang out over the phone:

"I've learned just now that the soldiers who were mobilized for construction of the barrage are in a difficult situation owing to the short supply of drinking water... The undertaking is important, but more important are the people. Even if it means delaying construction, the problem of drinking water should be solved first. I won't receive any report concerning the construction of the barrage until I'm informed of the solution of the drinking water problem."

The responsible worker was so moved he could not utter a word.

Of course he knew the supply of drinking water was a headache at the construction site. Naturally it was difficult to supply sufficient drinking water to a large army of construction workers crowded into a limited zone on a shore short of drinking water. However, the leading personnel had concentrated all effort on the building of the dam, regarding drinking water as a question of secondary importance.

In short, engrossed in the project, they failed to consider the people.

However, the dear leader's primary concern was directed to the people.

When the responsible worker was at a loss for an answer, the dear leader generously told him that waterworks were said to need 200 tons of pipe and he had directed the Chollima Steel Complex to supply them, so the worker should get them from there without delay and settle the question of drinking water.

This was the first direction the dear leader gave to the People's Army units dispatched to build the barrage.

One sultry midsummer day a responsible worker of the Ministry of the People's Armed Forces went to the office of the dear leader, since a question had arisen that required his approval.

"How is it going with the building of the dam?" the dear leader asked, showing great interest in the progress of the project.

"This morning's report said it had surpassed a thousand metres."

Satisfied, the dear leader said it was wonderful speed in construction. Then he asked how the soldiers building the dam were fed.

The responsible worker answered, "They take meals at the mess halls of the barracks, three times a day."

"At the mess halls of the barracks?" the dear leader said, "At present it is not a long way from the work place to the mess hall, so it doesn't matter, but what will they do when the distance is greater? The work itself must be trying. If in addition they have to trudge a long way to the mess hall, how tough it will be for our soldiers!"

Besides those at the dam construction site, many soldiers must be working far from the dining halls. He told the responsible worker to find a way to serve them hot rice and soup without making them cover a long distance from the work place to the mess halls.

Although it was the midsummer dog days, he was already worried about how to give them hot rice and soup in the cold winter.

Upon his advice the leading personnel repeatedly discussed the matter. However, since the soldiers were working in all directions, it was not possible to open kitchens everywhere. A few months passed without the matter being solved.

One early autumn day, when it had become chilly in the morning and evening, the construction site of the barrage rang with the loud cheers of the soldiers. Dozens of special vans for food supply, sent by the dear leader, had arrived there.

The dear leader had personally inspected the trial van built at his direction and assigned a tractor plant to produce the special vans, which kept food warm despite the cold weather.

The faith and love the dear leader extended to the builders, attending to the minutest details of their health and living

before listening to the results of projects and work achievements, spurred the soldiers on to new feats.

Even in the biting cold of winter the soldiers ate hot meals with broth supplied by the special vans. It was quite natural for them to boil with energy and zeal.

One September day of 1984 the dear leader said to the responsible worker of the Ministry of the People's Armed Forces, "The completion of the barrage is in the offing. What do you think should be done for the builders of the barrage?"

After deep thought he answered, "When cutting the red ribbon, high commendations should be conferred on them, I suppose."

The dear leader said, "Commendations? Of course. There is nothing to grudge them. I don't mean the commendations. We don't need to talk about them yet."

There was still a long way to go before the barrage's completion, but he had a suggestion that needed to be started right away, he said.

The responsible worker failed to catch his meaning, and no other idea that might please the dear leader flashed into his mind.

The dear leader stated in grave tones, "I suggest building a monument to the construction workers."

A monument to the ordinary builders? The responsible worker looked bewildered.

The dear leader said that just as war heroes were immortalized by monuments built in their memory, a monument should be built to memorialize forever the feats of the builders of the West Sea Barrage. He had already given sculptors the task of designing the monument, so if he or others had any good ideas, they should let them know.

As a result, on the impressive day of its commissioning the people could admire with great emotion the grand granite sculptures depicting the heroic features of the construction crew that stand high at both ends of the dam.

3. Love and Trust

The Man Entrusted with Destiny

On October 25, 1985, the officials of a publishing house had the honour of posing for a souvenir photo with the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung and the dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il on the occasion of the fortieth anniversary of its founding.

One official was not present. When all the others had gone to sit for their photograph, he had remained alone in his office, deep in thought, looking back on his past career.

He had a complicated family background, but the great leader and the dear leader had trusted him and seen to it that he became a Party writer with degrees of doctor and associate professor.

He was always mindful of the great favour and worked hard for the Party and the leader, counting every moment.

He was very sorry that he had not the honour of sitting for a souvenir photo with the father leader and the dear leader.

How to explain that he who had worked until his hair turned grey was denied the honour? He had nobody to whom he could unburden himself and it pained him to swallow his bitterness. At home he tried to show no sign of distress.

Returning home from work the evening of the third day after the honourable souvenir photo had been taken, he was transfixed at his two daughters, who had returned home before him and were eagerly seeking something in the newspaper.

The souvenir photo had been carried in that day's newspaper and they were seeking their father in it.

When they saw their father, they asked him, "Father, why didn't you tell us about such a happy event? We find it difficult to find you in the photograph. Where did you stand?"

At this he was tongue-tied. He had not the heart to tell his daughters that he had not been accorded the honour of being present.

His sensitive daughters got some inkling from their father's behaviour, however.

The eldest daughter took his portfolio from him, put it down and asked, tears in her eyes, "Why did you not sit for your souvenir photo?"

The younger daughter grumbled tearfully, "Today my friends congratulated me, bringing me the newspaper. They asked me to find my father, but I was unable to find you, so I promised to tell them tomorrow morning. What am I to tell them?"

He pretended not to care, but he felt ashamed.

That night he hardly slept. He was sorry to think that he had cast a shadow over his daughters, who had so far enjoyed only happiness, not knowing what worries were.

Some senior officials for the publishing house had dealt with the matter narrow-mindedly and caused pain to an intellectual by carrying out our Party's mass line in a distorted manner.

The dear leader was informed of the incident on November 4. He sent an official to inquire into the matter. Hearing his report late that night, the dear leader was so troubled that he could not sleep. The next morning he convened a consultative meeting of the officials concerned, regarding the matter as a serious deviation from the mass line of our Party.

"Informed of the matter, I hardly slept last night," he said.

Dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il intelligently analyzed the serious shortcomings in the work among the masses and gave important instruction for rallying the broad masses around the Party by correctly carrying out our Party's mass line.

"You should trust people, not in word, but in deed," he said earnestly. "No matter what we do now, it will not heal the mental wound of that comrade who was left out of the souvenir photograph with the great leader. I shall see that a souvenir photograph is taken of him with the great leader at a grand celebration in future and carried in the newspaper for all to see."

He asked the officials concerned to visit the man that very evening and tell him that he should not be concerned about the narrow-minded behaviour of some people.

Later the dear leader launched an all-Party movement to thoroughly carry out the mass line of our Party.

At last the day came.

On December 25, 1985, the above-mentioned official, his heart swelling, went to the place for photographing. An official led him to the middle of the first row of people. He hesitated to take his place, wondering whether he had been misled.

The guide told him a moving story of what had happened the previous night.

When late at night the dear leader was acquainting himself with the preparations for the souvenir photograph to be taken the following day, he asked which group the publishing-house official belonged to and saw to it that he would stand near the great leader to give him prominence, because he had been left out of the photograph taken previously. The dear leader showed benevolent solicitude for him and saw to it that his

name would be mentioned in the newspaper carrying the souvenir photograph.

Some time later the dear leader, accompanying the father leader, went to where the photograph was to be taken.

The father leader responded with a wave to the enthusiastic cheers of the people, while the dear leader looked at those on the stand as if seeking someone.

Finding the official, the dear leader responded with a smile, recognizing his university instructor of twenty years before.

Moving closer to him, the dear leader firmly grasped his hands, while the official bowed reverentially to him. The dear leader was about to say something, but thought better of it and simply shook his hand meaningfully.

Meanwhile, the father leader was approaching, receiving greetings from each of them in turn.

The dear leader introduced the official to the great leader.

The father leader warmly took his hand, saying, "You are the man? I am very pleased to meet you."

The souvenir photograph was taken, but the official was unaware of the exact moment for this eternal token of his greatest honour and happiness.

Cheers again burst out when the father leader stepped towards the exit. The dear leader followed him, but stopped after a few steps to wave to the official. The day the souvenir photograph was carried in *Rodong Sinmun* the official hastily returned home from work to share his joy with his family as soon as possible. His daughters were already at home. He said with a serious expression to his daughters, who clung to him, intoxicated with joy and happiness, "My dears, from olden times the preserver of one's life has been called the greatest benefactor. The dear leader, who accorded your father, mother and you the most precious and everlasting political

integrity, defending and glorifying it, is the benefactor of our family forever. Bear this in mind forever."

Gratifying Even the Wish of an Overseas Korean

In the summer of 1973 the Mansudae Art Troupe was performing successfully in Japan. Wherever it went its performance won generous applause and was praised as a wonderful art performance never seen before.

A performance in Fukuoka Prefecture was also successful. The audience clapped heartily throughout the performance. They did not disperse, but stayed in and outside the theatre even after the end of the performance. Many went backstage to meet the actors or actresses.

Among them was an old Korean resident in Japan with his daughter. He spoke to them affably.

He was chairman of the Korean Traders and Industrialists Federation of the prefecture. He was so impressed by their performance that he came to have a talk with them, he said.

Even after a long talk he did not leave and hesitated to say something.

His daughter kept eyeing the senior official with a look of wanting to ask a favour of him.

Noticing this, the senior official said casually, "You seem to want something of me. Please speak out."

Then the Korean resident in Japan started to speak his mind.

"I was so impressed and charmed by the performance of the Mansudae Art Troupe that I was reluctant to leave. I clearly saw the great leadership of the dear leader in the performance. I keenly felt that such a wonderful art could bloom only under

his guidance. So I was seized with the desire to have my daughter, who has a musical bent, study in the conservatory of music in my homeland. I should like to leave my daughter in the care of the dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il."

If he could send his dear young daughter to his homeland for study, it would set his mind at rest, he said.

It is no easy matter for parents to put their adored child in someone else's care. If one wants to send one's child to a strange land across the sea where there are no relatives or anyone to take care of the child, it must be a reliable land where there are guardians like one's parents.

For the Korean residents in Japan such was the homeland led by the great leader and the dear leader. That was why they did not hesitate to send their dear children to the homeland.

Informed of the matter later, the dear leader complied with pleasure with the wish of the chairman of the Korean Traders and Industrialists Federation in Fukuoka Prefecture of the General Association of Korean Residents in Japan. The dear leader arranged for his daughter to study in Pyongyang University of Music and Dance.

The young girl went to the homeland alone. She was still young and it was early yet to speak of her talent. The teaching staff and students of the university warmly welcomed her and sincerely helped her in her studies, in pursuance of the intention of the dear leader. When she graduated from the university, she became an actress in the Phibada Opera Troupe.

The dear leader assigned her to play the part of a mother in the revolutionary opera <i>Sea of Blood</i>.

She performed the part well of a mother who became a revolutionary, treading a thorny path and wading through a sea of blood.

The revolutionary opera created a great sensation among audiences.

The young woman was awarded a special prize in a world music contest held in an European country.

The dear leader brought her up to be a famous singer and saw to it that she was awarded the title of Merited Artiste.

When her mother visited Pyongyang as a member of a homeland-visiting group and saw her daughter, who had grown up beyond recognition, she said, shedding tears of emotion, "I gave birth to her, but she is a daughter of the Workers' Party whom the dear leader brought up and gave prominence to. She could not even have dreamed of becoming a singer had she stayed in Japan. The dear leader is a benevolent father who understands the wishes and thoughts of the Korean residents in Japan and brings them into full bloom."

Logs and a Helicopter

On September 1, 1975, heavy rain fell in the basin of the Chongchon River. However, the members of the Speed Campaign Youth Shock-Brigade continued building a railway bridge across the river. Their persistent efforts had brought the bridge near completion, except for the pier in midstream and the span on both sides of it. The youth-brigaders didn't stop work despite the rain, which fell for three days.

A heavy rain in the upper basin made the river swell, threatening the newly built piers.

Here and there the voices of the chiefs were heard ordering them to stop work and withdraw, but the brigaders did not heed them and hurried on with their work.

"How can we say we are young people if we yield to this kind of difficulty? Even at this moment the dear leader is waiting for the report of completion of the bridge. Let's brave the difficulty," they thought.

The brigaders were hurrying with preparations for laying the structures spanning the piers, reciting poems and singing revolutionary songs.

At that time a chief came running to the bank of the river and shouted, "Comrades, get out of the river quickly. A big flood is coming!" When the brigaders picked up the hardly audible voice drowned in the rumble of the stream and looked upstream, they saw the head of a big flood rushing toward them, rolling logs and rocks before it. It was like a big mountain falling down.

It was evident that the newly built piers would not be able to withstand it.

"Let's withdraw! Let's withdraw quickly!"

No sooner had the brigaders reached the shore than the pier was swallowed up by big waves and crumbled with a roar. The makeshift bridge spanning the piers was submerged by the flood.

Then a scream was heard:

"There are some brigaders on the pier in midstream!"

"Let's save the comrades!"

Several brigaders were on a pier beyond the one that had just crumbled. Standing in the swirling stream, they asked for help, waving their hands.

To save them, several audacious brigaders and their chiefs jumped into the stream, binding their waists with a rope, but the swift stream threw them back to shore.

If they had swum to midstream, they would have been hit by the floating logs and rolling rocks. They could do nothing but run up and down the shore in agony.

Among them was an old man who lived on the riverbank.

His youngest grandson was among those on the endangered pier. Pained more than anyone was the old man, who had lived all his life by the river and lost his family and house in the flood.

The headquarters of the railway bridge construction was obliged to send an urgent telegram to the Youth Shock-Brigade Guidance Bureau in Pyongyang.

A reply came a few minutes later:

"to headquarters of railway bridge construction stop encourage brigaders on pier stop steps be taken immediately stop"

Urgent telegrams were also exchanged between the local Party committee and the responsible department of the Party Central Committee. The telegram sent to Pyongyang was immediately conveyed to the dear leader.

"Why do you only now inform me?" The dear leader reproached the officials, a look of anxiety on his face.

"Members of the Speed Campaign Youth Shock-Brigade building the railway bridge across the Chongchon River are endangered by the flood, I am told. We value them highly, so we should save them by all means."

Putting aside all other matters, the dear leader called an official of the Ministry of the People's Armed Forces on the telephone, giving him urgent instructions to send a helicopter immediately to save the endangered members of the youth shock-brigade.

Some time later another telegram reached the youth brigade: "to headquarters of railway bridge construction stop dear

leader sent helicopter to save brigade members on pier stop it will arrive soon stop hold out a few minutes longer stop"

The officials sending and receiving telegrams could hardly keep the tears from streaming down their cheeks.

A few minutes later a helicopter appeared in the sky over Chongchon River.

"Hurrah!"

"Long live the dear leader!" Shouts of joy burst from the shore and the pier.

The helicopter gradually flew lower, circling over the bridge construction site, and an announcement rang out from the loudspeaker for all to hear.

"Members of the Speed Campaign Youth Shock-Brigade! The dear leader sent this helicopter to rescue you by all means."

Shouts of hurrah once again burst out, drowning the roar of the overflowing river.

Stopping low over the pier, the helicopter sent down a ladder.

The brigade members burst into tears, holding the ladder instead of climbing it.

They had never thought of its coming to rescue them from the jaws of death. They were so grateful for the dear leader's favour that they broke into fits of sobbing.

Meanwhile the stream rose rapidly and was about to submerge the pier.

"The stream is overflowing!"

"Be quick and climb the ladder!" chorused the crowd on the riverbank.

The shock-brigaders on the pier helped the youngest and weakest up the ladder first, then all climbed up one by one.

The moment the last one grasped the ladder an enormous wave swallowed the pier with a roar.

The helicopter carrying all of them flew up, drowning the roar of the river, and slowly landed on the riverbank.

The crowd on the riverbank rushed to the helicopter and surrounded it in a moment.

The door of the helicopter opened and the members of the shock-brigade who had been rescued from the jaws of death got off, their faces beaming with happy smiles.

"Let me look at you!"

"Am I awake or dreaming?"

They hugged each other and turned around and around as if dancing, tears in their eyes.

The old man, in a flurry, elbowed his way through the crowd to his youngest grandson, who was being carried on the shoulders of the people. Tears of joy running unchecked down his cheeks, he said, "Friends, I lost sixteen of my family and relatives in the big flood of the Chongchon River in the Kapsin year and had a narrow escape from death. I barely saved my life, riding a log floating downriver.

"Now my youngest grandson has been rescued from the jaws of death by a helicopter sent by the dear leader. It's something undreamed of in the old days. Our dear leader is really a saviour for all."

Everyone was moved by the old man's story about the rescue of his grandson by the helicopter sent on the instruction of the dear leader, which was in marked contrast to his own narrow escape from death by holding on to a floating log.

Early Cucumbers Carried by Plane

On April 14, 1975, the day before the birthday of the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung, the dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il was looking over a report about preparations for the holiday for the members of a youth shock-brigade who were building monuments on the revolutionary site on Mount Wangjae, although he was busy with affairs of state on the eve of the greatest national holiday.

The holiday preparations were unusual.

A brief glance over the list of meats, cans, sweets and cakes, fruits and other gifts sent by the great leader and the dear leader and the eggs, vegetables, bean curd, bean sprouts and other foods from the local Party committees and the people suggested a sumptuous table for the holiday.

The dear leader, however, was not yet satisfied with it.

He seemed to be deep in thought, attracted by the young builders who were working up a sweat on the revolutionary site in the northern part of the country, like a mother thinking of her children spending the holiday far from home.

He called an official, who stood at attention in front of the dear leader, thinking he wanted to assign him an important task.

The dear leader said unexpectedly, "I should like to send fresh cucumbers to the young builders working on the revolutionary site on Mount Wangjae. Do you know whether the first cucumbers have been picked in Pyongyang Hothouse?"

The official replied promptly, "They picked many cucumbers in preparation for the April 15 holiday."

The dear leader's eyes brightened.

"I sent them holiday gifts, but I want to sent them more. Cucumbers have been picked just in time. I should like to send all the cucumbers picked in Pyongyang Hothouse."

The official answered enthusiastically, "I'll see that they're sent."

The dear leader asked him, "When will you have early cucumbers sent to Mount Wangjae?"

"I shall have them sent to them by the evening of April 15 at the latest," the official replied. Transport by train from Pyongyang to Onsong, in the northern part of the country, would take a day and a night, so, when their transport by road from there to Mount Wangjae was taken into account, his estimate was approximately correct, leaving a narrow margin.

The dear leader repeated his words as if not satisfied with his reply.

"By the evening... It is too late. Can't you send them earlier?"

The official tried unsuccessfully to think of a way.

The dear leader continued: "Of course, it will do to send them by evening, but we should see to it that one more dish, even though only cucumbers, is on the holiday table for the members of the youth shock-brigade. We must make arrangements for cucumbers to reach them before breakfast time on April 15th by all means."

The official felt tears of emotion swelling beneath his eyelashes at the dear leader's show of affection for the young builders. The official thought about how to transport the cucumbers in a short time, as the dear leader wanted. However, he was at a loss for a good idea.

The dear leader gazed at the official for a while, then spoke resolutely: "If cucumbers are transported by plane from Pyongyang to Chongjin and then by truck in relays from Chongjin to Onsong, it will do. What will you be using the airplanes for? The cucumbers are for the members of the youth

shock-brigade, whom our Party holds dear and loves. We should fly a plane at this time."

It was really a benevolent measure.

Thus that day an airplane carrying cucumbers flew from Pyongyang to Chongjin.

Trucks waiting at Chongjin airport then relayed the cucumbers to Mount Wangjae.

On the morning of the significant April holiday cheers rose from the dining hall serving the builders of the revolutionary site on Mount Wangjae. The table was laden with good things, wanting nothing. Conspicuous among them were early-cucumber dishes.

Of course, cucumbers are not rare in season, but it was really wonderful to eat the early cucumbers, with their special aroma and flavour, in mid-April, when seeds were not yet sown and even the grass had not sprouted.

When the young builders learned how the cucumbers had come to be put on their table, they had lumps in their throats. They could not take up spoons and chopsticks readily.

They ate the food in tears.

Title of Hero Instead of Dismissal

On November 24, 1976, when the dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il received a work progress report from a senior Party official of Pyongyang city, he learned that the question had been raised of the dismissal of Comrade Kim Pyong Sik, director of the General Bureau of Construction of Pyongyang City. The reason was that he was too old to guide the vanguard of construction.

Informed of this, the dear leader sank deep in thought.

He recalled the faithful career of Comrade Kim Pyong Sik, who had long worked diligently on major construction projects.

In the spring following liberation the great leader had visited Hungnam Fertilizer Plant. In a talk with workers there the father leader had asked them whether the destroyed plant could be rebuilt by their own efforts. A young man had sprung to his feet and replied vigorously. "General, we will rebuild the plant by ourselves at all costs and produce a large quantity of fertilizer. General, do not worry, please. There are workers at Hungnam Fertilizer Plant, aren't there?"

It was Comrade Kim Pyong Sik, replying on behalf of the workers there.

He led the rebuilding of the plant as he had pledged. Later he worked long years, loyally carrying out the wishes of the father leader in leading posts in the construction and building material industry.

The dear leader spoke sternly over the phone to the senior official who was waiting for an answer from him. "You will never find anyone with as much experience and creditable service in the building sector as he has. He must stay in the post of director of the General Bureau of Construction of the City."

At his the senior official felt guilty and replied that he would see to it.

The senior official repented having caused the dear leader anxiety and reviewed his work.

Physical senility by no means implies mental senility. He keenly felt how wrong he was to have intended to dismiss for old age the meritorious worker whom the Party had trusted and trained.

Several nights later the senior official unexpectedly received a telephone call from the dear leader.

After responding to his greeting affectionately, the dear leader said, "We are going to confer the title of Hero on the director of the General Bureau of Construction of Pyongyang City."

His remark was brief, but it greatly impressed the official. To think that the title of Hero was going to be awarded to some one who had nearly been dismissed from an important post!

Dismissal and title of Hero! At the thought of these opposite extremities the official again keenly felt the great care of our Party.

Owing to the trust and care of the dear leader the shiny gold star of Hero was pinned to the breast of the man who had nearly been removed from a heavy and worthwhile responsible post for old age.

Later Comrade Kim Pyong Sik acquitted himself well of his duty, loyal all his life.

Scholarship

There is a tiny islet named Al (Egg) off Sonbong District, Rajin-Sonbong City, in the estuary of the Tuman River.

The egg-shaped islet, a dot in the sea, has been called Al Islet since olden times because sea gulls flock there in spring to lay eggs and breed.

In the past only lighthouse keepers lived on the islet, leading a lonely life, but now, by favour of the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung and the dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il, a ferryboat plies regularly between it and the mainland to supply daily necessities and their children attend school on the mainland. The islet is alive with peals of merry laughter.

One Saturday night in late October 1974 the children who were studying on the mainland returned home by ferryboat.

"What's the matter? You are not yet on vacation. Why do you come home? When will you study?"

Mothers were glad to see their children, but they put on a grave face intentionally for fear coming home might interfere with their study.

However, the children, smiling, threw themselves into the arms of their parents and produced an envelope.

"What is this?"

"Please read what is written on the envelope," the children said with merry smiles

Sensing something unusual, the parents studied what was written on the envelope: "Scholarship".

When they looked into the envelope, they found money.

"What's the matter? You are primary and middle school pupils. Why are you given scholarships like university students?"

The parents gazed at their children in surprise.

Then the laughing children became sober and a senior middle school pupil said, "Some time ago, when the dear leader met an official who had been on our Al Islet, he inquired about the situation on this islet and asked how the children were getting on with their studies."

The official had told him what he had learned on the islet: All the children studied on the mainland, staying in a hostel; when they returned home on vacation, the islanders met them gladly on the quay, saying, "'Our students studying abroad' are coming!"

The dear leader had smiled, listening to him.

"They say they send their children 'abroad to study'?" he asked and inquired they received scholarships.

The official was nonplussed, because primary and middle school pupils were not granted scholarships. The dear leader, smiling, looked at the official, who was at a loss for reply, and said the children were like students studying 'abroad' and deserved to receive scholarships.

He went on to say, "Let's grant scholarships to all the pupils studying on the mainland. If we give scholarships to them, they will be students studying abroad in want of nothing."

At the direction of the dear leader a benevolent national measure was taken immediately to grant scholarships every month to all the pupils from the big and small islands in the west and east seas who were studying on the mainland, including those from Al Islet.

That was why the children from Al Islet had returned home before their vacation to tell the happy news to their parents.

When the schoolchild ended his story, everyone was silent. It seemed like a dream.

They were very grateful to the Party for enabling them to send their children to the excellent schools on the mainland. They had jokingly called them "students studying abroad".

"Such kindness is rare in the world. We will do our lighthouse duty well and you must study hard to repay the favour of the dear leader who brought happiness to us."

Through the night the beacon light shone steadily as if reflecting their grateful hearts.

Artificial Lawn

One spring day in 1977 the dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il visited Kim Il Sung Stadium (then Moranbong Stadium) at the

foot of Moran Hill covered with full-blown flowers to see the full-dress rehearsal of the grand mass games "Song of Korea".

The sky was cloudless and blue.

A warm spring breeze diffused the sweet aroma of flowers.

The mass games started to the majestic tune of the immortal classic "Song of Korea."

The background showed a solemn scene with the red sun rising behind the historic birthplace in Mangyongdae.

With the change of scene stormy applause burst from the audience.

The dear leader gave them a radiant smile, clapping his hands.

After the change of several scenes kindergarten children appeared. The files of standard-bearers parted and sweet children rushed out toward the platform in rows with a cry of "Hurrah!" They rushed so vehemently that there was fear they might trip and fall.

Soon after filling the stadium, the children started performing and dancing to music.

The dear leader asked an official in front of him if he felt relaxed.

"Won't they trip and fall, running that way?"

The official replied, "During rehearsals some children fell, but were not hurt, because of the straw mat."

"Straw mat?" The dear leader repeated the words, thinking deeply.

The official showed signs of embarrassment, not knowing why the dear leader had done so.

Farmers had plaited and sent the straw mat to the children, saying it was not desirable for the children to play mass games on the bare ground in the presence of the father leader.

The straw mat, dyed light green, felt soft and was agreeable to them.

The dear leader slowly brought binoculars to his eyes.

He gazed at the mat under the feet of the children for a good while.

That day's full-dress rehearsal of the mass games was successful.

That evening the dear leader called the official. He said, "On returning from the mass games I watched them again on videotape. Something weighed on my mind, so I called you."

He asked the official what he thought of the straw mat spread on the stadium.

"The children like the straw mat very much," said the official, who had thought the mat covering a good idea.

The dear leader replied, "However good the mat may be, it is not so good as an artificial lawn. While running on the straw mat, the children may fall down and hurt themselves. In addition, the straw mat does not satisfy the aesthetic tastes of the times. Let's spread an artificial lawn instead of the straw mat."

The official could hardly suppress his surprise. Although he was greatly moved by the dear leader's boundless love for the children, he feared that spreading an artificial lawn over more than ten thousand square metres would cost an enormous amount of money. The dear leader said, as if reading his mind, "The price of artificial lawn is high, but never mind the cost. What good is money if we don't use it? It doesn't matter if we spend all the country's money on the children. Let's spread the best artificial lawn in the world for them, then they will not be hurt even if they fall while playing mass games and it will add to the looks of the stadium."

The official felt a lump rising in his throat.

Later the dear leader instructed responsible officials to import artificial lawn.

"The children exercise in pretty outfits, but the straw mat on the ground does not match them... It will be good for them to play mass games in a stadium spread with artificial lawn. It will match the colour of their clothes. Artificial lawn must be imported by early August at the latest. The mass games can be staged after rehearsing on artificial lawn. You must make arrangement lest the function be ruined on account of failure to import artificial lawn in time."

Later artificial lawn was imported and spread on the stadium ground as he had instructed. The dear leader visited the stadium, looking at the soft green artificial lawn spread on the broad ground of the stadium and testing it to see if a fall would hurt the children.

"Good! Even if children tumble over, they will not be hurt," he said.

He smiled genially as if relaxed.

A New Kind of Chart

In July 1976 a speed-campaign youth shock-brigade was carrying out the project to electrify the Chongjin-Musan railway line.

It was not easy to proceed with the project while ensuring train service along the existing line.

Working in the tunnel was more difficult, because the ground had to be lowered in order to lay electric wires overhead. Working in the narrow and dark tunnel, with trains passing regularly, posed a great many difficulties.

One day the dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il received a report from an official about the progress of the electrification project along the Chongjin-Musan line.

The official gave a detailed account of the project—the laying of the roadbed and electric wire and the cutting of the ground at the tunnel through Chayu Pass, the most difficult section in the project then.

The tunnel work was hard sledding indeed.

Twin tunnels allowed two trains to pass simultaneously, and openings in the wall at intervals allowed passage between them. Thus if a steam engine puffed through one tunnel, the coal smoke filled both tunnels at the same time.

Since the long tunnel was not always clear of smoke, it was difficult to work inside it, but it was impossible to suspend the running of trains for the project. Suspension of traffic in that part of the trunk line would stop the supply of iron ore from the Musan Mine to the blast furnaces of the Kim Chaek Iron Complex and cause an enormous economic loss.

The responsible cadres hesitated, but the youth shock workers did not flinch from difficulties. They worked intensively day and night. Although they were ordered to leave the work site, they kept working, taking no heed.

What a member of the shock-brigade said to his commander is representative of their ardour: "Comrade Company Commander, we know it is possible to work in shifts and leave the work place to take meals outside if we do not allow trains to pass here, but they should never be delayed, even for an hour. How can we add to the country's prosperity if we think only ourselves? The dear leader will be delighted at the report that we've finished the project, letting the trains pass. It will be finished in a few days. Don't stop our work, please."

Their feats were admirable.

After having heard the official out, the dear leader was silent for a while. He seemed anxious about the workers' health.

Then he said to the official persuasively, "You should take good care of members of the speed-campaign youth shock-brigade working on the electrification project of the Chongjin-Musan line. Of course it will not affect their health seriously, because they don't work in the tunnel for hours, but you shouldn't feel easy, since they work with great intensity in the smoky tunnel."

After a pause he said, "Supply tonics to the speed-campaign youth shock-brigaders and send a medical team to give them physical checkups."

A medical group was dispatched from the centre to comply with the dear leader's special wish.

The medical team took a lot of tonics and drugs for preventive and curative use, plus 20,000 ampules of *insam* (ginseng) and antler injections sent by the dear leader.

A physical checkup of the speed-campaign youth shock-brigaders was conducted. All, in the prime of youth, proved to be in good health.

Nevertheless the medics filled in a chart for everyone after the medical examination and gave them injections of tonic laden with the love of the dear leader.

Although the shock-brigaders declined it, saying they were all right, the doctors administered a tonic injection to everyone daily, in accordance with strict regimen, as if they were patients.

Take a look at a chart filled out by a doctor:

Name: Kim Chol
Song

<P style="MARGIN-LEFT: 40px;">Diagnosis: No disease. Healthy and normal.

<P style="MARGIN-LEFT: 40px;">Anamnesis: No previous illness.

<P style="MARGIN-LEFT: 40px;">Prescription: One ampule each of <i>insam</i> and antler injections per day for 30 days.

<P style="MARGIN-LEFT: 40px;">* Although the worker was healthy, <i>insam</i> and antler injections, sent by the dear leader, were given to him, since he had worked in a place harmful to his health for a certain period.</p>

No one had ever seen or heard of such a chart before.

It is common practice to administer medicine and injections to a patient, who has to pay for them, but the workers, although healthy, were given injections containing <i>insam</i> and antler, rare, efficacious and expensive drugs, free of charge. It was unimaginable.

Their eyes were wet with tears of boundless gratitude to the dear leader for taking care of them with warmest human love.

Judging by One's Looks

Late in March 1977 the dear leader was giving on-the-spot guidance in a county. One day he was inspecting a workshop when he noticed a trace of anxiety in the face of a woman worker.

Though busy, he went toward her. Deep in her own thoughts, she was looking absently out the window, unconscious of what was happening around her.

An official was about to give her a prod. Stopping him gently, the dear leader told him not to disturb her. He watched her with tender affection.

Feeling some one's eyes on her, she turned around hurriedly. At the sight of the dear leader she stiffened, then hastily stepped forward and paid due reverence to him.

Beaming brightly, he addressed himself to her: "What were you thinking of?"

"Nothing, sir. Nothing special, sir!" she answered, blushing.

He said that her face, nevertheless, betrayed her anxiety.

She felt too timid to tell him of a purely personal matter and so stood silently, her head bowed.

Finally she was persuaded to unburden herself to him, moved by his kindheartedness and generosity.

Her second son, now in active service, had married. A widow, she had had no chance to visit his home yet, and she was eager to see what his home life was like. They say age is the giver of care. She was worrying herself for nothing, she said sheepishly.

Smiling genially, the dear leader said it was natural for a mother to think of her son, who had established a new home, so she need not feel ashamed of it.

After a while he said to the officials, "Give her a car to call on her son. The newlywed son must be missing his mother, too. Be sure to prepare a present for her son, instead of sending her empty-handed."

The officials, touched by his profound care, felt a lump in their throats.

One can easily imagine the feelings of the woman worker when the dear leader let her travel by car, taking a box of confectionery with her.

She was dumbfounded at his keen observation of her anxiety after just a glimpse of her face, and his warm care pulled at her heart-strings. Sympathizing with a widowed mother thinking about a happy trip to visit her son's new home, he took the trouble of arranging a car for her and preparing a present to make her visit more meaningful.

Helicopters Sent by the Dear Leader

In the middle of November 1983 the construction site of the northern railway resembled a seething pot.

The icy, snow-blowing wind of early winter could not deter the zealous young men.

As the road was not open yet, travel between different work places was not allowed and the supply of food and materials was not satisfactory. There were other difficulties as well. Undaunted, the construction crew worked heroically, opening a new way over steep ridges and deep valleys.

It was difficult to maintain unified command over teams working in different places, and they were helpless if an alarming case of illness occurred in an isolated spot.

Nevertheless, they pushed ahead with the project successfully, displaying unexcelled enthusiasm.

One day two helicopters flew low over the railway building sites, which extended over scores of kilometres, and through the loud speaker came the following message:

"Members of the speed-campaign youth shock-brigade and young builders, we have come at the bidding of the dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il to assist you in your work and life.

"From today, these helicopters are at the disposal of the personnel commanding the project and the patients who have

to be sent to hospital. Supply of food and materials will also be undertaken by us."

Instantly young builders burst into loud cheers, waving their caps.

"Long live the dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il!"

The outburst of emotion came from the bottom of their hearts. It was an expression of their loyalty and thanks to the dear leader for sending helicopters to them after hearing about their working conditions.

From that day on, the two helicopters became inseparable companions to the builders of the northern railroad.

Everywhere flames of innovation rose higher when the helicopters made a flight.

The foodstuffs supplied by the helicopters made the builders' table richer. The helicopters also brought newspapers and magazines carrying news from all parts of the country and letters from home, which often excited merry laughter.

The command personnel directed the work, covering the long distance by helicopter, and a serious case of illness or injury was flown quickly to a large hospital.

"Has the helicopter been here today?"

"Yes, in the morning."

"Then why didn't I hear its drone?"

"Perhaps you were lost in your work. Never mind!"

"No, on days when I haven't heard its drone, I cannot get to sleep, you know."

"It's all the same with me."

One heard such conversations everywhere. The helicopters became part and parcel of their life and endeared themselves to them. They were their "flying companions".

Time passed. The project was pressing toward completion at an amazing speed.

One day the workers received unexpected news. The state had temporarily banned all flights except by regular airliners. The helicopters had to fly back to their base.

The need for helicopters was not so great as before, since roads now linked every section, making it possible to oversee work on the spot and convey materials.

The workers were deeply attached to the "flying companions", however, so their departure made them sad.

The morning they were to leave, the long railroad under construction was covered with waves of builders, wanting to see them off and bid farewell to them.

At last the helicopters appeared.

The young builders waved, crying in chorus, "Dear copters, farewell! Farewell!"

Warm tears rolled down the cheeks of some.

The helicopters flew low over their heads as if in farewell. Then a voice was heard over their loudspeaker, saying, "Builders of the northern railway! Builders of the northern railway! Listen, please! We are not leaving."

"What, they aren't leaving?"

The shouts suddenly subsided and the workers held their breath. They were stunned by the news.

The voice continued, finding an echo in their hearts.

"The dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il has told us to stay and help you."

Instantly, the sea of emotion rose high.

The hurrahs shook the earth.

The eyes of all the workers were glistening with tears.

The helicopters kept broadcasting the news.

The evening before, the dear leader had received a report about construction of the northern railway and had learned that

the helicopters would be withdrawn from the railroad building sites.

Hurriedly summoning a responsible official, he had told him to keep the helicopters at the construction sites of the northern railway, though planes were forbidden to fly in other places.

"As the leader said that construction of the northern railway should be completed by the end of this year, the helicopters of the Civil Aviation Administration now used to direct the project should continue their service."

Thanks to his concern, the recall of the helicopters was cancelled at once.

As the voice continued reverberating in the air, giving news of the previous evening, the railway builders cheered at the top of their voices, overwhelmed with feelings of thanks and loyalty, their cheers echoing through the skies over the northern railroad building sites.

Triplets Born Abroad

In May 1981, when beautiful flowers were blooming and nature's verdure was deepening in the gentle breezes of early summer, the SS Samjiyon, bringing Koreans from Japan on a visit to the homeland, was nearing her destination, breaking through waves of the East Sea.

"The homeland's in sight!" someone cried. All burst onto the deck, giving loud cheers and feasting their eyes on the picturesque mountains of the the motherland.

Some, waving the flag of the Republic, were too excited to feel the tears of joy wetting their cheeks.

Among them was a woman who belonged to the short-term homeland-visiting group. She whispered to her girl triplets, making room for them.

"Take a good look. That's our homeland."

Tears glistened in her eyes.

Her hardships in the alien country, where everything humane was trodden down by gold, had left her tearless, but the moment she saw the motherland, she could not quiet her excitement.

Gazing at her young triplets, who were dancing for joy, she lapsed into retrospection.

They were poor wretches. When the triplets were born in the alien land where money is everything, mournful sighs escaped the lips of the family. Even one child was too much for the parents, but they had been given three babies all at once. They were quite at a loss.

Her husband grieved, and the mother turned her back on the newborns, biting her lip. She decided not to nurse them and to desert them before she became attached to them.

But she was their mother. Nothing could tear the mother from her three babies, crying for their mother's breast.

She brought them up, doing anything that came to hand. Indeed it was a tearful hardship for her.

Before long the ship dropped anchor in clean Wonsan harbour, the port resort city.

The people of the homeland welcomed them enthusiastically.

When the passengers alighted on the quay, the doctors and nurses of the homeland asked, "Would you tell us where the triplets are?"

The mother and the triplets went toward them, not knowing why they were looking for them. The doctors and nurses were

delighted to see them and, hugging the triplets, asked if they had been seasick, lost their appetite or did not feel well. They accompanied them to the hotel.

When they arrived at the hotel, they were conducted to a special guestroom and preventive medicines were given to the triplets. The mother was greatly moved by this, but also embarrassed.

In other countries the birth of triplets is a cause for trouble and the object of mockery and scorn; no one cares for them. Yet in the homeland everyone was affectionately concerned about the triplets, and they are given special treatment. The mother's heart was brimming with gratitude to the homeland.

In the motherland they were accorded special hospitality wherever they went.

As the mother had little knowledge of the socialist homeland, everything she saw and heard was new and surprising to her. Moreover, the kind concern for the triplets alone was enough to convince her how good the socialist motherland was.

After their arrival in Pyongyang, the capital of the revolution, they lodged at Changgwangsan Hotel by the Pothong River, dense with willows.

One day they were visited by officials in charge of affairs relating to overseas compatriots.

One of them said, clasping her hands warmly, "Happy news for you. The dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il has sent you and your triplets benevolent and precious presents!"

The woman gazed at him blankly, trying to understand what he was saying.

The official said that the father leader Comrade Kim Il Sung and the dear leader Kim Jong Il were so delighted at the birth of triplets or quadruplets that they sent them gifts of affection.

Noting that this had become a tradition in the motherland, he added that the dear leader was very happy to hear about the visit of the triplets to the homeland.

The dear leader saw to it that valuable gifts of affection were sent on behalf of the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung to the triplets and to the mother, acknowledging her efforts to bring them up in the alien capitalist country.

The benevolent gifts were delivered to the triplets and the mother.

Tears of emotion streamed down the cheeks of the mother, who expressed thanks to the father leader and the dear leader over and over again.

Other home visitors from Japan, on hand to congratulate her, were also moved to tears.

Hardships in Japan had drained their tears, but they now became maudlin, touched by the benevolence and lofty virtue of the dear leader, who cares for all Koreans with parental love, disregarding which part of the earth they are in.

The mother said in a choking voice, clasping the official's hand, "I have heard that the dear leader ennobles children as 'kings' and directs special affection to triplets. Our homeland is really a wonderful country. Furthermore, he cares for my triplets, living in a foreign country, with the same love he gives those in the motherland. I shall never forget his special favour, even after my death.

"I clearly realize that the father leader and the dear leader are the very embrace of the motherland, to which all overseas Koreans should commit their bodies and souls. I shall bring my triplets up as daughters faithful to the dear leader!"

Back home in Japan, the mother became an active member of a unit under Chongryon, as she had determined. Before, she

had been reluctant to belong to it. One year later her triplets became pupils in a Korean school.

Two years later she told them that in order to be true daughters of the motherland they should have a good knowledge of the motherland, as the dear leader advised, and let them revisit the homeland during their vacation as members of a homeland-visiting group.

In this way the triplets blessed by the dear leader are growing up happily, like sunflowers of loyalty, even in the adverse circumstances of Japan.

4. Obligation

Promise Is a Law

One January day in 1970 the dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il called an official and assigned him a task at a certain institution, telling him to return by nine o'clock in the evening.

The official went straight to the institution and set to work, but he failed to finish his assignment on time and entered the dear leader's office 30 minutes later than the appointed time.

Without saying a word the dear leader kept reading a document as before.

The official felt a pang of remorse for his mistake. He explained why he was late.

Having finished the document, the dear leader got up slowly from his seat and then sat on a chair at the front of the desk.

He said in a low voice: "Anti-Japanese guerrillas were punctual about rendezvous. If the other party broke the promise, the first party left the place unconditionally. In those days one minute or even a second was of vital importance to life or death, victory or defeat in battle. So the promise was dearer to them than their own lives. If we were still in those days, what about your delay?"

He continued: "Life is manifold. It is difficult to foresee what will happen in the next moment and this is life. One should make a promise based on consideration of all

imaginable cases and be circumspect from beginning to end. In order to keep a promise, one should have full scope to meet whatever circumstances. How can one afford to fulfil a promise if one hasn't a margin of thirty minutes like you? Yours can only be judged as the deed of a man who had no thought to keep a promise."

This made him aware that his mistake was not trivial and originated from a lack of absolute and unconditional fidelity to his instructions.

The dear leader added that pledging one's word was not a simple matter and an engagement presupposed practice and a betrayed promise brew distrust among people. Noting that a pledge has a broad scope of meaning, that is, one gives a pledge to one's parents, one's wife and children, neighbours, friends and revolutionaries, he stressed that taking a pledge before a revolutionary organization, the country and the people, the Party and the leader was also a kind of promise.

Further, he said that out of their noble morality and mission not to break the pledge they had taken to their political organization and homeland not a few revolutionaries had preferred to be shot rather than tell the secrets of their organization or had gladly laid down their precious youth by blocking the enemy gun muzzle in order to make a breach for their unit.

So he did not regard the breach of one's promise as a simple matter, he said, and continued: "If one gives an empty promise or pledge, can we call him a man of faith and honour? Only one who takes a promise as a law is entitled to be called a true revolutionary and communist. Accordingly, keeping one's word by regarding it as a law is a touchstone showing the maturity of a communist."

Gazing at the dear leader reverentially, the official felt his virtue shone sublimely, owing to his firm faith and iron-willed stand that made him consider a promise as holy as a law.

The dear leader went on to say in a low voice full of affection, "You may think that I am too hard on you for being a little late, but you must not think so and must try to improve yourself. I spoke of this on purpose to help you get on the right track. Mend your fault without fail. The man who loses credit because of trivialities may fall into greater disrepute in the end. Let us keep our word honestly in the future."

Reverence for the Leader, Warm Care for the People

One day an old man in Pongsan County, North Hwanghae Province, went deep into the mountains to dig medicinal herbs.

Since he had lived all his life in a mountain village, he knew more mountain secrets than anyone else.

Although his adult sons and daughters were doing their share for the country, he did not like staying home, so he gathered medicinal herbs, climbing up and down mountains, and offered them to the country.

Once, out gathering herbs he crossed the border of North Hwanghae Province and entered Kangwon Province, untiringly picking good medicinal herbs.

Suddenly his eyes shone brightly.

He had discovered the flower of a wild *insam* several decades old.

"Wild *insam* (ginseng)!"

With a cry of joy, he rushed to it.

He dug it up, using a tool with utmost care not to hurt even a radicle.

What concerned him at the moment was the health of the father leader Comrade Kim Il Sung.

Traditionally when one finds wild *insam*, one should shout that one has discovered it, no matter whether others are present or not. In his case, the instant he saw it, he cried to himself that he would present it to the great leader.

The big, splendid wild *insam*, wrapped in moss, in hand, he wanted to offer it to the father leader as quickly as possible, before it lost its efficacy, but he had wandered into the mountains of Kangwon Province. It was over 400 kilometres from there to Pyongyang.

However, if he returned home, his trip to Pyongyang would be delayed. Yet if he was to visit Pyongyang, he should change into his Sunday best.

Various thoughts crowded upon him, but all gave way to his earnest desire to reach the leader as early as possible in order to give him the *insam* while it was most efficacious. For this he should go straight to Pyongyang, crossing over mountain ridges and streams.

He set out on the journey to Pyongyang at once.

His burning loyalty to the great leader gave him wings to cover the long distance tirelessly. At last he arrived in Pyongyang.

The old man, aged nearly seventy, was conducted by passers-by to the gate of the Central Committee of the WPK.

That day the dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il was occupied with work in his office as usual.

Suddenly an official entered his office and, finding that he was reading a document, hesitated to report something.

"What's the matter?" the dear leader asked.

"An old man paid us a call. He has travelled on foot straight to Pyongyang from Kangwon Province with a wild

insam he dug up in a deep mountain recess. He asked us to use it for the longevity of the great leader."

The dear leader listened to the account of the old man's deed, walking silently to and fro in the room, as if he saw the true heart of the people, loyal to the great leader, in the commendable deed of an old man from a mountain village.

"The admirable people!"

Betraying his feelings, he pursued his thoughts.

Then he told the official to accept the *insam* in consideration of the old man's sincerity and added earnestly, "Give him gifts in reward for his offer and entertain him cordially before he returns home."

Considering the people's duty, the old man did only what he ought to do. Nevertheless the dear leader offered him warm hospitality and gifts to be bequeathed to posterity.

The old man was taken to a renowned hospital in the capital. There he countered the fatigue of his long journey and was rejuvenated by taking tonics administered by the doctors.

Next he moved to a nice guestroom in the Ponghwasan Hotel. Every morning, as soon as he finished his breakfast, he was shown around Pyongyang by car.

"I'm an old country man, but the dear leader gives me hospitality. Little did I dream of such hospitality. I am too old to repay his solicitude. I and my descendants should return his love."

Wiping tears away with his sleeve, he could not say more, being choked with emotion.

Despite the officials' urging he stopped the sightseeing halfway through and returned home, saying he did not deserve such hospitable treatment and in order to repay it faithfully, he should work harder, wasting no time.

Before his departure he was given a dear gift provided by the dear leader.

Riding in a car, he said to himself, "We are blessed people, since we are under such warm concern for the people. This is why all the people are united single-heartedly in our country. The warm care and benevolence of the dear leader and the people's endless loyalty and sincerity toward him merge into single-hearted unity!"

In a Car

One warm day early in February a political worker of the Ministry of the People's Armed Forces was riding in a car next to the dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il. He was greatly excited at the honour.

As buildings on the main streets of the capital flitted past the car window, the dear leader suddenly muttered the name of an old singer in the People's Army Song and Dance Ensemble.

"How old is he now?"

The worker was at a loss for an answer. He knew the man, since he belonged to the art troupe under him, but he did not know how old he was.

Embarrassed, he blushed. Looking at him, the dear leader said seriously, "You seem not to know how old he is. If I'm not mistaken, he'll be sixty on April fifth this year. Check the date again."

Glancing at the worker, red with remorse, the dear leader added admonishingly, "The performance of Party work presupposes good knowledge of the people. You must be familiar with their lives as well as their work to the minutest detail. Only then can you appreciate them rightly."

His words cut the worker to the quick. He could not raise his head, ashamed of himself for having failed to prepare himself to be a political worker.

The car was speeding its way amid the monotonous drone of the engine.

The dear leader raised another question. "What kind of job will you give him after the celebration of his sixtieth birthday?"

The political worker, raising his head, answered, "He suffered hardship in childhood and gave distinguished service, so we shall prepare an august birthday table for him on his sixtieth birthday and let him enjoy the rest of his life in comfort."

Another question followed: "Are you going to pension him off?" Noting that he is a man faithful to the Party, he referred to his having joined the People's Army Song and Dance Ensemble in Seoul during the Fatherland Liberation War and, making the rounds of front-line units, sung songs rousing soldiers to battle against the enemy in the grim days of the war; he was now training many young singers in the ensemble. Listening to the dear leader, the worker was surprised to learn how well acquainted he was with the singer's life.

As the dear leader acknowledged the merits of the singer, the political worker felt ashamed, since he was duty bound to care for the singer's political life.

After a pause the dear leader said emphatically, "Let us help him well. He has worked with only devotion and loyalty to the leader and the Party. It is wrong to let him leave because he is old. The Party organization ought to take care of him.

"As you have suggested, let us arrange a splendid table for him on his sixtieth birthday and also sponsor a vocal recital and recommend awarding him an order and honorary title."

His words, overflowing with love and trust, moved the worker to strong emotion. In the midst of his guidance of the whole Party and country the dear leader had directed special concern to even a singer, but what had he, the political worker directly responsible for him, done for him?

The greater the pangs of remorse, the greater his reverence and gratitude to the dear leader.

The car was gliding along the streets.

Although the time spent with the dear leader was short, the political worker had received the great truth of an education worth a decade.

We Should Grudge Nothing

Flowering spring was setting in. The spring of 1981 was unusually fine. Forsythia and azalea in sunny areas were already in full bloom, and apricot buds were swollen to bursting.

A functionary of the Party Central Committee had his hands full preparing for the auspicious April holiday near at hand.

Suddenly the telephone rang.

The instant he took up the receiver, he rose from his seat with an air of reverence.

The speaker was none other than the dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il. He had just returned from a trip of on-the-spot guidance to a local area.

Despite fatigue from the long journey, he had rung up to see how preparations were going to give gifts to the people on the occasion of the birthday of the father leader.

After inquiring closely about the preparations and satisfying himself that they were progressing successfully, he unexpectedly told the functionary that he would like to use the tonics kept in his department in connection with the coming holiday.

They were valuable tonics the people had presented to him wholeheartedly wishing him a long life in good health.

The dear leader, however, took none of these tonics, which bore the sincerity of the people, and said to keep them in the department until the time came when they could be used effectively.

All of a sudden he had spoken of his wish to use those tonics. Presuming some urgent need, the official was anxious to learn his intention.

The dear leader said in a tender voice that his thoughts turned to the workers every year when the April holiday approached and it was his earnest wish to provide them with all he could.

Then he declared, "I should like you to send the tonics our people presented to me to the workers on the eve of the holiday. This morning I once again glanced at the list of tonics kept in the Financial Department. Let's supply tonics such as ox bezoar and canoderma to our workers on the occasion of April 15. We must grudge nothing for our working class."

The functionary could hardly answer, for he had such a lump in his throat.

The dear leader put the phone down after emphasizing that the tonics be supplied without fail to the workers on the eve of the holiday.

The functionary was standing riveted to the spot, the receiver in his hand.

Letter from a Veteran

The heart of an old anti-Japanese fighter was ever close to the dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il.

Early in March 1982, when sprouts were fresh with the advent of spring, he was undergoing a cure in a scenic place and feeling no discomfort, but his yearning for the dear leader grew stronger.

Days passed amid such longing and he wasn't conscious of the arrival of his birthday.

The day before his birthday he was unexpectedly visited by an official of the Party Central Committee who delivered to him a happy-birthday letter and a precious birthday gift sent by the dear leader.

Deeply moved by the dear leader's kind felicitation on his birthday, before he himself remembered it, the veteran was at a loss for proper words to express his thanks.

Every passage of the letter was eloquent of the lofty virtue typical of the great man, the great leader, who offered wholehearted greetings to the veteran fighters who had trailed the untrodden path of the revolution, following Comrade Kim Il Sung, cherishing not only respect for them as our revolutionary seniors, but also trust in them as the comrades nearest him.

Warm tears rolled down the veteran's cheeks.

His life had had many twists and turns during its seventy years. He was rather stern and taciturn and didn't often smile. On this occasion, however, he was like an emotional boy.

Much excited, he sat at the desk with sheets of paper on it and one by one wrote big words thanking the dear leader.

Although he did not use flowery phrases, as writers did, the voice of his heart and his sincerity rang high in his letter.

He wrote that he was grateful to the dear leader for his warm care for the cure of his illness and that although he was now far from him, he was fraught with longing for him, awake or asleep. Although he had traversed thousands of miles fighting against the Japanese under the command of Comrade Kim Il Sung, he was now burning with the sole desire to reunify the country by all means, holding the dear leader in high esteem. He besought him not to work late and to pay particular attention to his health.

The letter reflecting the veteran fighter's true heart was delivered directly to the Party Central Committee.

* * *

The dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il and officials were discussing work when an official entered and placed an envelope before him, whispering in his ear.

He opened it at once and read the letter.

Running his eye along the lines of the letter, his face shone brightly.

"Comrades, all of you, read this letter."

Saying that the letter, written by a veteran fighter, had just arrived from a sanatorium, he handed it over to the officials.

They read it and were greatly touched reading the sincere desire and firm resolve afire in the heart of the veteran fighter, who had weathered storm and stress during the bitter history of the Korean revolution. His unshakable faith and sincere heart, burning with high esteem for the dear leader and desire to follow him, touched every heart.

The dear leader said warmly, looking around at the officials full of emotion, "He is one of the seniors of our revolution, who has unwaveringly followed the great leader along the road of revolution, since he started from Wangqing, to this day. In this sense, he is an old comrade-in-arms of the great leader rather than his soldier. But he has pledged to carry the revolution through to the end, supporting me, and is accompanying me now on the journey. He is my closest comrade. In other words, he has been faithful to the Korean revolution over two generations. This is why I love and esteem him."

His deep appreciation engraved in the officials' minds his firm intention to give the veteran fighters precedence in all respects and encourage their loyalty.

Their excitement had not yet subsided when he remarked, "I think his letter should be kept as a national treasure."

This pulled at their heartstring more violently.

He was thus concerned for all revolutionary soldiers unaffectedly and with his whole heart and a sense of obligation. That was why the revolutionary veterans esteemed and followed him as a leader and were attached to him, attracted by his humanity.

After a minute the dear leader gave the officials earnest advice with a grave look: "One should not be obsequious to authority. Opposing sycophancy is a prevailing principle in the Workers' Party of Korea. I hate running with the hare and hunting with the hounds. As I have said, you must feel attached to the man Kim Jong Il; I hate servility toward me for my position.

"To be obsequious is to flatter authority. Those who are servile to power are friendly toward someone when he is in office, but pay no attention to him once he leaves. People

barren of faith and fidelity, who make friends with others out of selfish interest, people of circumstance, go one way in plain-sailing times, but swerve around in times of trial, as expressed in the words of a popular song. No one knows what they will do in an emergency."

Bearing in mind his precious advice of deep meaning, which was more instructive than thousands of words, the officials realized once again what lay at the bottom of the single-hearted unity of our Party.

Eternal Embrace

On the morning of April 4, 1984, the dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il, working in his office, received a report that Comrade O Paek Ryong, a veteran revolutionary fighter, had been sent to a hospital in critical condition.

Greatly worried by the unforeseen event, he phoned the hospital to inquire about the condition of the patient.

He was told that though healthy, he had suddenly fainted that morning. The dear leader emphasized that the patient must be saved by all means, sparing nothing to restore him to health.

At his instructions a group of competent doctors and nurses was formed in the hospital and intensive efforts were made to revive the patient. However, the patient remained unconscious. No pulse or breath could be felt.

The dear leader phoned to inquire about his condition on every 30 minutes. Every time the hospital official felt guilty at giving him bad news.

The telephone rang for the sixth time. Learning that the patient was still unconscious, the dear leader said that

Comrade Kim Il Sung was now waiting for a report of his recovery and not taking meals.

"I won't call any meetings until Comrade O Paek Ryong recovers. I have decided to postpone the Political Bureau meeting due to open today. The great leader has agreed. Take decisive steps to save his life. I am waiting for good news from you."

Responding to his earnest words, the official assured him of the patient's recovery over and over again.

Despite continued treatment, his condition did not take a turn for the better.

Every time he picked up the receiver the official repeated the same answer with breaking heart.

Picking up the receiver for the eighth time, the official hesitated, at a loss as to what to say. The dear leader told him emphatically, "Every way and means should be tried to bring the patient around. He must be restored to life even if he becomes disabled. So long as Comrade O Paek Ryong is alive, it adds strength to our Party."

Hearing these words, the official could not keep back swelling tears. What warm love and great trust! They make our revolutionary soldiers devoted to the Party and our Party invincible!

That day the dear leader phoned eleven times, up to midnight, and the following morning six times to inquire about the patient's condition and insist that every step necessary to cure the patient be taken.

Such warm care and benevolent concern gave the patient on the threshold of death vital energy, though only for a few seconds.

On April 6, the third day after the patient had lost consciousness, the dear leader rang the official up several

times amidst his busy work and urged every effort for his recovery. He received a report from the official that the patient was coming round slowly.

Delighted, he reported this to the great leader and left for the hospital.

It was almost eleven o'clock at night when he entered the sick-room. Sitting at his bedside, he called to him, choking, clasping his hands tight.

"Comrade O Paek Ryong, I am here."

There was no reaction.

The dear leader felt the patient's pulse and passed his hand over his arms and legs. He put his ear on the breast of the patient to hear his heart throbs.

His hands and feet felt cold and his pulse was too feeble to be felt.

Heartbroken, the dear leader kept calling his name.

"Comrade O Paek Ryong, you must not die! Do you hear me?"

The patient's daughter, overcome with sorrow, cried, burying her face on the breast of her father, "Father, why are you so still? Please open your eyes and see who has come. The dear leader has come."

Even in hazy consciousness the patient seemed to have caught her cry that the dear leader had come. Probably this gave him superhuman power and made him open his eyes.

He seemed to be trying to concentrate his thought and tears filled his eyes as he recognized the dear leader. He tried to sit up in bed with a jerk, but fell back, his eyes closed. This was the last farewell of the veteran fighter to the dear leader before he passed away.

On April 7 the dear leader, accompanied by leading cadres of the Party and government, visited Sojang Hall, where the coffin of the deceased was placed, to express his condolences.

Amidst the playing of the dirge he stood in silent tribute to the deceased in front of his coffin and then had a long look at his face. He put his handkerchief to his eyes, unable to repress his grief.

In the lounge he said, deeply grieved over the loss, "Why did he go so suddenly?"

Drying his eyes with the handkerchief, he remarked in a husky voice, "If he had gone after a long illness, it would not have rent my heart so."

The deceased's revolutionary comrades-in-arms from the days of the anti-Japanese war and his bereaved family all burst into tears.

The dear leader consoled the bereaved family.

"What great sorrow it must be to the great leader when we are grieved so terribly. Although we tried everything we could, it seems that we were wanting in sincerity."

Greatly moved, the son of the deceased said, "No, sir. Dear leader, you favored him with as much love and solicitude as you could."

Grasping his hands, the dear leader said encouragingly, "Do not grieve too much. You must not lose courage. You must live with faith in the leader and the Party alone. Call on me any time when you are in difficulty.

"Your father was a good revolutionary, infinitely faithful to the great leader. Succeeding your father, you must be loyal to the Party and revolution."

So warm and benevolent was the dear leader's love for the father and his son.

To Keep Them Looking as Good as Possible

On June 21, 1984, the dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il visited the Revolutionary Martyrs Cemetery when its expansion project was in full swing.

He walked up the stairs at the entrance, giving his opinions relating to the construction of the monument.

Sculptors from the Mansudae Art Studio were waiting for him impatiently, having made full preparation to meet him.

They had experimented with various materials to find out which was the best for making the busts. They wanted the dear leader to give his conclusive opinion on this at his meeting with them.

Presently the dear leader stood in the yard and inspected the models prepared there.

He first stood in front of the busts made of scagliola, which were white, slightly yellowish and bronzy.

After scrutinizing them, he asked if they would weather in future.

An artist assured him that nothing would happen, since a little plasticizer had been used.

After thinking a moment, the dear leader remarked that it didn't seem wise to sculpture busts with scagliola, since they lacked experience in it, although it looked like stone. Patting the busts, he said to the officials and artists in a grave tone, "If the busts of revolutionary martyrs are made of scagliola, the people, who are not acquainted with it, will believe they are made of marble. However, our conscience does not allow us to use man-made marble for the busts of the revolutionary martyrs, who were endlessly faithful to the leader and devoted themselves to the motherland and people."

The sculptors were ashamed of themselves for having taken such a businesslike attitude. The dear leader, in contrast, viewed it as a matter of conscience and loftiest obligation; proceeding from this, he was ready even to pluck a star from the sky if it was required to immortalize their merits and give them distinction in the world.

The officials and sculptors lowered their heads.

Walking slowly to and fro in front of the models, he said that marble would weather over time and granite, though used before, wasn't fit for sculpturing people, since it was maced.

Then an official showed him a model of a bronze-coated bust, which resembled a bronze statue, in order to ask his opinion.

Tapping the bust with his finger, he remarked that it could not be as good as a bronze bust.

Then what material should be used to make the busts?

He paced up and down in deep thought and said resolutely, "In my opinion the busts of revolutionary martyrs should be made of bronze. Bronze busts will look grave and splendid. They are easy to manufacture and keep long. What is more important, they are an embodiment of our sincere heart; at the same time bronze will make the busts look dignified and reverential. Although they will consume much, the busts of revolutionary martyrs should be made of bronze."

His remarks cut the officials and sculptors to the quick.

They had thought to lighten the country's burden by using materials cheaper than bronze. This showed a lack of reverence for the revolutionary forerunners who had devoted their lives to the country, shedding their blood in action. They deeply repented their mistaken thought.

One day in October 1985 the dear leader revisited the Revolutionary Martyrs Cemetery on Mt. Taesong on the eve

of its completion and, much satisfied, declared, "The bronze busts of the revolutionary martyrs look dignified. That is very good."

He continued: "After they were criticized, the cadres of the Mansudae Art Studio successfully produced bronze busts of the revolutionary martyrs, which will prove to be eternal."

The officials noted his statement, overflowing with a sense of lofty obligation.

Awarding a Gold Medal

On November 2, 1984, the dear leader Comrade Kim Jong Il managed to find time to guide the construction of the Revolutionary Martyrs Cemetery. At the spot designated for the pedestal for placing floral tributes he acquainted himself with the construction from the official in charge of the project and, nodding thoughtfully, said; "The pedestal for placing floral tributes should be built splendidly. On national holidays the Revolutionary Martyrs Cemetery is visited by not only our people, but also foreigners, so there should be an offertory table for them to place floral tributes."

Then the dear leader said that when the pedestal for placing floral tributes was installed the people would place the wreath on the pedestal and look around the bust district by way of the right and left stairs without taking wreath to the rearmost line of the bust as they did in the past.

Listening to his earnest explanations, the officials recalled the dense crowd of people carrying wreaths to the bust district on holidays.

After a pause he said, "When the pedestal for placing floral tributes is built in the future, wreath laying ceremonies should all be held there."

Looking at the officials, who were struck with admiration, he indicated where the pedestal should be put and advised them to use black stone for the pedestal in contrast to the granite monuments to the great leader's writings and paeans.

He wisely taught them how to apply the secret of contradistinction to produce a formative effect.

He asked the officials to express their ideas as to the shape of the pedestal.

Pointing to a five-pointed star-shaped model, an official spoke of their plan to burn gas in the axis of the star.

The dear leader looked grave. He said, "You must give up the idea of burning gas at the pedestal for placing floral tributes. It was not our style to burn gas at the pedestal."

Looking round at the officials, he said that he did not think it appropriate to burn gas there, since the model of a torch was introduced to the Tower of the Juche Idea.

Although he gave concrete instructions that day, he revisited later to see the maquette of the wreath-offering table.

It began to take shape under his great concern.

In the summer of 1985 the dear leader called at the construction site again.

He stood silently in front of the star-shaped structure enwreathed with a ribbon, gazing down at it in deep thought.

At last he turned around to face the officials and said, "The medal of the Hero of the Republic, done in bold relief in the Juche-oriented manner, would suit the pedestal of the Revolutionary Martyrs Cemetery better than the five-pointed star. The majority of the revolutionary martyrs who lie in state in the cemetery were killed in the period of anti-Japanese

revolutionary struggle; all of them deserve Hero of the Republic. A bold relief of the medal of the Hero of the Republic on the pedestal of the cemetery would be more meaningful and significant than a five-pointed star."

This was the sublime culmination of unusual conception and lofty love indeed.

The officials and sculptors were overwhelmed with surging emotions.

He instructed comprehensively about a good design for the medal and the shape and colour of the pedestal before he left.

Slowly walking up the stairs that led to the bust district, he suddenly halted, finding that some busts were wearing the hero's medal.

Pointing to this, he told the officials not to attach the medal to individual busts.

The dear leader said, "Only the busts of the revolutionary veterans who continued to fight after the liberation of our country and were awarded the title of hero are wearing the hero's medal, while the busts of those who laid down their lives during the period of the anti-Japanese revolutionary struggle have nothing. This leaves a bad impression. It is wrong to regard only the martyrs who fell fighting after liberation as heroes. The bust of O Jung Hup bears no medal, but how can we not call him a hero? If the title of hero had been awarded during the anti-Japanese revolutionary struggle, all of them would have been winners of it."

He emphasized, "The revolutionary martyrs who are to lie in state in the cemetery are all heroes."

That was why their busts were enshrined in the cemetery.

The officials and sculptors blushed deeply for having thoughtlessly added medals to some busts. They had

considered everything in a businesslike way, instead of in an all-round way from a political viewpoint.

In this way, a large relief of the hero's medal was put on the pedestal for placing floral tributes in the Revolutionary Martyrs Cemetery to represent all busts, in place of individual decorations. The medal of Hero of the Republic, entwined with magnolia blossoms, in relief on the pedestal for placing floral tributes, the highest collective commendation awarded by the dear leader, will shine forever as the gold medal of great feats rendered by the anti-Japanese revolutionary fighters in bloody battles, paragons for the younger generation of our revolution, advancing along the road of struggle.