ONE

“Can you conceive of the disasters of a war when even in peace time the Chinese people live on the verge of starvation? The rich may not suffer so much, but 95 percent of the people will suffer dreadfully and countless of them will die.”

—Agnes Smedley, writing from Yan’an, Shanxi Province, September 5, 1937

TWO

Be Gone!
Of pesky pest infections
there’s a plethora of kinds,
but the worst of the lot
is malaria, you’ll find

You pop pills,
take your shots,
waste all your strength;
still you’re in knots

Our marvelous cure:
an external plaster
takes one day to stop and
root out all disaster
Send it packing -  
save your countrymen and friends;  
come in to the store yourself  
and it doesn't cost a cent

Protect your tummy,  
turn things to your benefit;  
come and get it for others  
and it's only 10 cents

Comes in a nifty pack,  
could even call it convenient;  
add another 10  
and have it mail-sent

If you've yet to be cured  
and Western drugs have set you back,  
let us show you the facts:  
our prestige can illuminate

Come to People's Avenue  
number 178:  
our National Medicine Pharmacy  
is the brightest bloom of the state.²

—NATIONAL MEDICINE PHYSICIAN XIONG LIAOSHENG,  
ADVERTISING IN DAGONGBAO NEWSPAPER,  
CHONGQING, 1942

THREE

The Japanese bomber pilot (red-robed skeleton) and his Rising Sun airplane (an outsized mosquito) bring the scourge of death, the proboscis and legs of his mount tracing the trajectories of bombs (malaria Plasmodia) aimed at the very heart of Chinese civilization (a Buddhist pagoda and farmland). We must eliminate this enemy of life!