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CHINESE LITERATURE

Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung

In socialist revolution and socialist construction we must adhere to the mass line, boldly arouse the masses and launch vigorous mass movements.

Successors to the revolutionary cause of the proletariat come forward in mass struggles and are tempered in the great storms of revolution.

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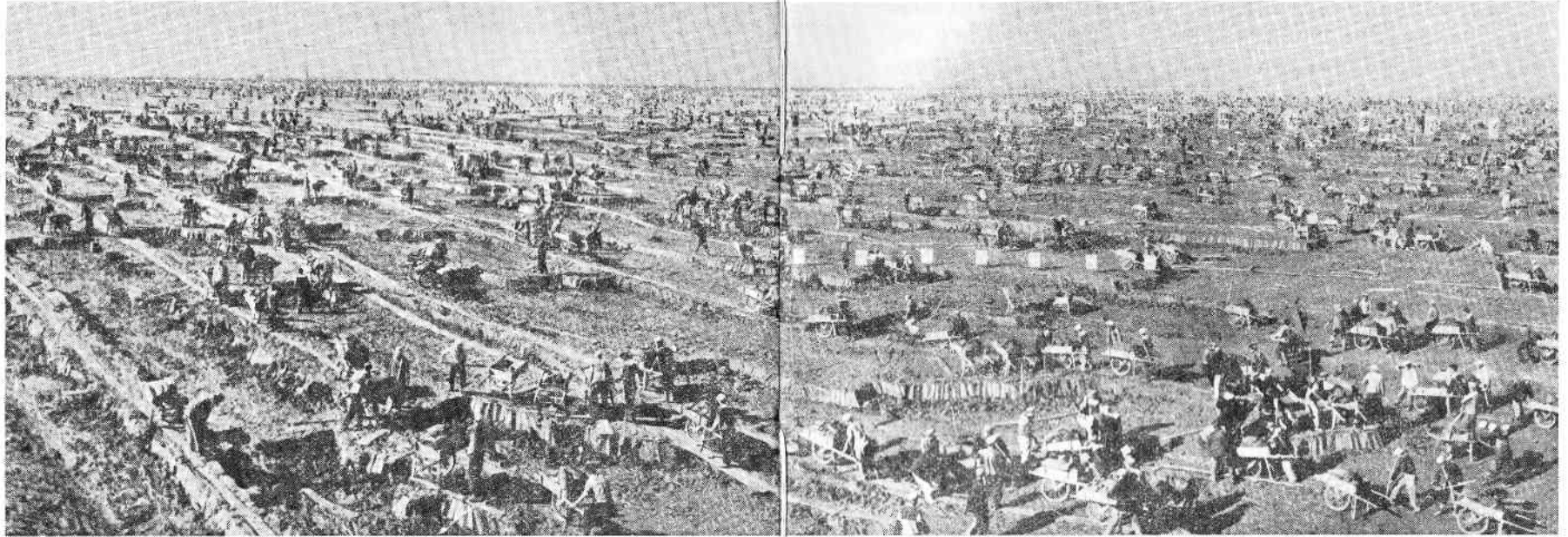
Chin Chao-hui

Spring Comes to the Battlefield

Thousands of people were battling against a violent deluge that ravaged the vast plains of north China on an unheard-of scale. On November 17, 1963, our great leader Chairman Mao wrote in his own hand: **"The Haiho River must be brought under permanent control!"**

This directive, crystallized the aspirations of generations of north China people and sounded the call to attack. Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, like a bright red lantern, illuminated the road to battle. From the foothills of Taihang Mountains to the shores of Pohai Sea, from inside and outside the Great Wall to the banks of Changho and Weiho Rivers, huge armies of working people plunged into the battle. They fought year in and year out, scoring one victory after another.

In 1970, large masses of militiamen and PLA units from Peking camped in the water-logged areas and set to wiping out flood, swamps, drought and salinity in the land. The work site extended to a hundred *li*. Red flags fluttered and songs soared. Study classes in Mao Tsetung Thought were held on all the river banks. Every tent



became a forum for revolutionary criticism. Defying wind and sands and icy water, a hundred thousand river-harnessing workers, with the morning sun in their hearts, were determined to free the people for ever from natural disasters.

A hundred and eighty militiamen of Laoyukou Commune, Changping County, came down from the hills in the morning sun, each pushing a hand barrow, red flags flying.

At the end of the line walked Shan Fu-hai, secretary of the militia battalion's Party branch. The splendid militant column marching ahead of him reminded him of the exciting argument which had taken place a few days ago.

When news of the river-harnessing project reached the mountains, the poor and lower-middle peasants flocked to volunteer.

"In response to Chairman Mao's call we must stand in the foremost ranks."

But there were a few individuals who thought otherwise.

"Up here in the mountains," they said, "floods can't reach us. What benefit will we get from the project? Digging river is a hard job, and it's far away from home! It's not worth it."

The Party branch of the militia battalion organized the villagers to study the brilliant Three Constantly Read Articles so that they could arm themselves with Mao Tsetung Thought.

Pai Chao-kuan, veteran guerrilla fighter and Communist, stood up. He told the audience a story about the Eighth Route Army when it was fighting the Japanese aggressors at this very Laoyukou. A guerrilla leader, who had annihilated scores of the enemy against tremendous odds, gave his life in action.

"He was not a local man," Pai said. "But he wasn't fighting for himself. Our Laoyukou is an old revolutionary base. We follow in the foot of our heroes. Beware of the poison the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi spread in his counter-revolutionary revisionist line."

Shan Fu-hai raised the precious red book.

"Comrade Norman Bethune was a Canadian," he said. "He came to us across the ocean, a much greater distance than from here to the work site. Why did he travel so far to help us fight the Japanese aggressors? Why did he die? To win liberation for the people of China and the world. We must not confine our thought to this valley of ours. Once we harness the Haiho River, there will be larger grain harvests. Both our national construction and world revolution will benefit. This is our revolutionary responsibility."

The crowd was seething with agitation.

"Harness the river for the sake of revolution!" they shouted. "Harness the river for the sake of revolution!"

Now the militiamen advanced steadily and resolutely on foot. In two days' quick march they covered 250 *li* and arrived at the shores of Wenyu River.

Chairman Mao teaches: **"Politics is the commander, the soul in everything."** The Party branch put politics in command of all work right from the very first day. Old poor peasants told the militiamen about the havoc wrought by the flood and the revisionist line pushed by Liu Shao-chi in the river-harnessing project. This aroused proletarian feeling among the militiamen. On learning that peasants from Kwangping County, Hopei Province, had marched over a thousand *li* to take part in the project, they realized all the more the significance of their work. They were fighting shoulder to shoulder with comrades from all corners of the country for a common cause — that of revolution.

For the emancipation of mankind everyone was prepared to shed his warm blood. The militiamen of Laoyukou who dared to climb the mountain of knives or plunge into the sea of fire, conquered all obstacles under the leadership of their Party branch.

They became the first advanced unit of Changping County for high speed and high quality work.

On December 10, they removed the last shovelful of earth from the 52 metre section of the project allotted them. Shan Fu-hai, soaked in perspiration, made a final inspection of their work. The banks were neat and smooth, the river-bed broad. He could visualize how swiftly water would pass through here while irrigating the crops on

both sides. Lifting his eyes, he saw teams at neighbouring work sites still hard at work under the red flags that fluttered above them. A question sprang to his mind: "What next after the project is completed?"

Chairman Mao's great call echoed in his ears: **"We cannot speak of final victory. Not even for decades."** He called a meeting of the committee members of the Party branch at once, and organized them to study Chairman Mao's article *Carry the Revolution Through to the End*.

"Compared with the entire Haiho River project," he said, "what we've done is nothing."

"Absolutely right," everyone agreed. "We must go on fighting. Let's go to headquarters and ask for another assignment."

Standing on the newly built river bank, they gazed into the distance. How vast is the north China plain, with its splendid hills and rivers, as it stretches into the horizon!

"The Haiho River starts in the Yenshan Mountains in the north and extends to the Yellow River in the south, a distance of over a thousand *li*," they thought. "It will still inundate farmland if it is not harnessed in time. Our fifty-two metres is nothing indeed compared to the entire project, a shovelful of soil for the Chinese revolution, a pinch of earth in the support of the world revolution."

Yes, the revolution still had a long way to go. With long strides they marched in the direction of the project headquarters.

The day dawned windy and dull. Militiamen were working vigorously on the Fengho River project when suddenly they were drenched with rain. Their clothes were soaked, they could scarcely see. The sloping banks were turned to mud.

"We'll pull the cart of revolution all the way to communism," shouted Liu Kuei-wu, a man in his forties, leader of a militia squad. "This rain isn't going to let up. What are we going to do about it?"

Eleven young voices yelled replies: "Revolutionaries aren't afraid of a little rain. Storms only toughen us. The harder it rains, the harder we'll work."

"Right," exclaimed Liu. "Remember what Wang Kuo-fu used to say? 'Let it rain. We'll get on with the job. Who cares about a few drops of water?' We're carrying on the unfinished task he left us and nothing's going to stop us."

These men were all from the Tapailou Team which had been headed by the fine proletarian fighter Wang Kuo-fu, who died serving the people. The team is part of the Hunghsing China-Korea Friendship Commune. In leaving their village they had vowed to display Wang Kuo-fu's spirit at the work site.

Deeper and deeper grew the river-bed. The militiamen dug a ditch to drain off the accumulating rain-water in the section they were responsible for. Because they worked quickly, water and mud from the neighbouring section flowed into theirs. The following morning, their drainage ditch was full. They cleared it, but it only filled up again.

"All we seem to be doing is moving earth for others," one of the young fellows grumbled.

Liu pointed at the vast surrounding scene. "Is this Fengho River project big or not?"

"Of course. Who says it isn't?"

"But we still have to link up with the Wenyu and Kangkou River projects before we can end the water-logging in the southeastern suburbs of Peking. And we can't finish the entire Haiho River project until we link it with the Hopei and Tientsin projects as well."

"I know that!"

"All right, then, I ask you: When our region had that flood that year, what did our team leader do?"

"He broke the dyke and let the water drain off through our team's fields, saving state property and other teams' crops."

"That's right, because he was thinking of China as a whole. We have to do the same. We have to see not just this section we're working on, but the entire Haiho River project. It's the whole country we must think of, the whole world. As long as it's earth from the Fengho River-bed, we excavate it. Every cartful removed is one cartful to the good. It doesn't matter who digs it."

The young fellow got the point. He clapped his hands together. "Of course. The more earth we shift, the more we contribute to the revolution."

They cleared their drainage ditch for the third time, deepening and widening it simultaneously. As the water which had seeped in from the neighbouring section flowed away and the mud in their section dried, their spirits rose and they wielded their shovels with increased vigour.

The new banks of the river were nearly finished. Liu checked the work his militiamen had done so far and found some frozen clods embedded in the soil. To some young men who were going to report their work to headquarters with a red flag he said sternly: "Put that flag back, and all of you come over here."

He took out his little red book and read aloud: "**Comrade Be-thune's spirit, his utter devotion to others without any thought of self, was shown in his boundless sense of responsibility in his work and his boundless warm-heartedness towards all comrades and the people. Every Communist must learn from him.**"

Liu pointed at the frozen clumps. "Look at that. Is that in keeping with Chairman Mao's teachings?"

"What's wrong?"

Liu dug one of the clumps out. "Next spring they'll melt, and break up. Don't you remember when we first came here what the old peasant told us about the floods they have in these parts? If we're sloppy, the flood waters will break through the weak points and bring disaster to the peasants on both sides of the river."

The young fellows gazed at Liu in embarrassment, as they recalled the stories of flood damage the old peasant had related. The old man, pointing out the ravages the water had left, explained how this had been intensified by the exploitation the landlords had practised in the old society. The poor had no voice in the government, and the reactionary ruling class didn't care whether they lived or died. Like the rivers, the people's hopes of flood control year by year flowed silently by.

After Liberation, under Chairman Mao's leadership the poor and lower-middle peasants attacked the Haiho River and won a number

of victories. But they were hampered by Liu Shao-chi's revisionist line. Now, thanks to the Cultural Revolution, Chairman Mao's stirring call to tame the Haiho River was about to be realized. The peasants' dream was coming true.

The young fellows realized that any relaxation on their part meant letting down Chairman Mao and the peasants living along the banks. "We must do a good job. Let's work at it again," they said. They seized their shovels, dug out the frozen clods, replaced them with fresh earth, and tamped the banks down hard and firm.

At dawn, men waited at the ferrying point on the Wenyu to cross and go to work. From the boat in the centre of the stream excited shouts rose. It had been overladen and was being swamped. "We're sinking, we're sinking," the passengers cried.

"Keep calm. Don't lose your heads," yelled a man with only one arm, as he ran towards the water. He waded rapidly in.

Suspended across the surface was a thick rope, secured on either bank. It was by this means that the ferrymen pulled the boat from shore to shore. Standing deep in the icy water, the man supported the rope with his shoulder and recited: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**" With his single arm he signed the passengers to grasp the rope and wade ashore one by one.

His name was Li Shih-hsi, and he was a Communist and a member of the district militia. People called him the one-armed hero. He had done model work on several of Peking's water conservancy projects. His sweat had watered both the Ming Tombs and Miyun reservoirs during their construction. In spite of having only one arm, he could shovel quickly and well, and when he pushed a wheelbarrow many young fellows couldn't keep up with him.

Not long after they started on this project, they hit a layer of rock nearly a metre thick. Shovels couldn't dig through it, picks couldn't raise it. One boy threw down his shovel in exasperation.

"At this rate we'll never finish. We ought to ask our commune to send us some machines."

Quotations from Chairman Mao were being read over the loud-speaker network. Li thought back on that unforgettable day in 1958 when Chairman Mao came to work on the Ming Tombs reservoir project.

It was a warm sunny afternoon, the twenty-fifth of May. Cheers and shouted slogans volleyed like thunder over the site. Li felt bathed in joy. His eyes, his heart, were filled with Chairman Mao. The great leader waved to the cheering crowd, picked up a shovel, and began loading earth into a wicker basket. He looked fit and glowing with health. Li had a lot of things to tell Chairman Mao. But he could express them only in one sentence, "Long live Chairman Mao!" Then he said to himself, "Dear Chairman Mao, I'll go with you and wage revolution always."

Now, staring at the layer of rock, he recalled Chairman Mao's teaching: "**This army has an indomitable spirit and is determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield.**" Strength filled his frame. For the revolution, for communism, a man must give his all. Any selfish tendencies had to be discarded completely.

He grasped his shovel and said to the others: "We can't wait for machinery. We've got to encourage each individual to bring his entire potential into full play, as Chairman Mao teaches."

While Li was working with might and main, a man came from his village to say that Li's old mother was seriously ill, and that he should go home and take her to the hospital.

Li hated to leave, for they were just beginning to break through the rock. But his companions said: "Take a couple of days off and get the old lady taken care of, then come back."

He went home. As soon as he had made arrangement for his mother to go to the hospital, he prepared to return to the work site. His mother had already had an extra bed made for him. "Stay just for the night," she said lovingly. "You're tired."

"Don't you remember what it was like before Liberation, ma?" said Li. "Pa was beaten and blinded by the Japanese. My arm was broken by a train when I was picking cinders by the railway tracks. We had no money to treat either him or me. We lived in a shack of mud bricks. You could see the stars through the holes

in the roof. Today we have a tile roof and a five-room house. If it weren't for Chairman Mao, where would we be?"

Gazing at a picture of Chairman Mao he recalled that memorable day when he saw Chairman Mao at the Ming Tombs reservoir project. Not long after that Li had joined the Communist Party. "A Communist must follow Chairman Mao's teachings in all things," he said. "Chairman Mao won't be easy in his mind until we bring the Haiho River under control."

Late that night there was no moon and no lights on the road, but a bicycle raced towards the Haiho River project site. The rider was Li, a warm, ardent heart beating firmly within him.

A winter night. Kang Wan-chiang, commander of "Red First Company" of the People's Liberation Army, was leading a dozen of his soldiers along a rutted path to call on a militia unit working at the river repair project twelve *li* away.

They found the battalion of militia, who were from the Black Mountain Fort Commune, full of revolutionary enthusiasm, and this moved them. But they also found that work sections were partitioned off from each other by the so-called "marking walls," which hindered a unified approach to the job.

The leadership of the PLA company's Party branch convened a political study session. Its key point was Chairman Mao's teaching: **"We Communists are like seeds and the people are like the soil. Wherever we go, we must unite with the people, take root and blossom among them."**

"Red First Company," praised by the troops garrisoned around Peking for its revolutionary thinking and crack style of work, made a point of teaching Mao Tsetung Thought wherever it went. Determined to do this, while learning from the poor and lower-middle peasants at the Haiho River project, they had organized what they called "visiting teams."

Now the PLA team and the militia group sat around a lamp studying Chairman Mao's works together. Kang said: "To dredge the river well, we first have to dig the selfishness out of our own minds. We can't just excavate soil. We must pay attention to political orien-

tation and line as well. Peasants are all melons on the same vine. We can't have earthen walls separating us in our fight to control the river."

Everyone was stirred by the company commander's words. They hotly excoriated Liu Shao-chi's revisionist line, pointing out the danger of cliquishness. One of the peasants jumped to his feet.

"Tomorrow we'll level those walls."

Kang clapped him on the shoulder. "Fine. But even more important is to dig the roots of selfishness out of our ideas. Then we'll have prospective and vision."

While the militiamen were going at the job hammer and tongs, the "Red First Company" noticed that a platoon, which had been one of the commune's most advanced units in learning from Tachai by taking the road of self-reliance was now falling behind.

Why was that? The soldiers and the militia analysed the problem together. It seemed that the platoon cadres had been putting the stress on rushing through a certain job and neglecting ideological teaching. As a result, the work also suffered.

The political instructor of the PLA company organized a Mao Tsetung Thought study class with the militia platoon cadres. "What is it that made you outstanding before?" he asked.

"Relying on Mao Tsetung Thought."

"Right. That's what we must rely on here, too, if our work is to be outstanding." He read them a quotation from Chairman Mao's *On Contradiction*: **"In given conditions, each of the contradictory aspects within a thing transforms itself into its opposite."**

"The advanced and the backward form a unity of opposites. They transform themselves into each other in given conditions. When we grasp Mao Tsetung Thought, the backward can become the advanced, and the advanced can become still more advanced. When we abandon Mao Tsetung Thought, the advanced can become backward."

Light dawned on the platoon leader. "We mustn't forget to stress proletarian politics and Mao Tsetung Thought," he said.

From then on, the militia platoon worked better and faster. Once again it became an advanced unit.

The weather was cold the day the "Red First Company" prepared to leave the work site. One of the militia units was having difficulty removing the last mud and gravel from the river-bed and carrying it up the frozen slippery bank.

"We must give them a hand," said the political instructor.

The soldiers stripped off their uniforms and undauntedly plunged like young tigers into the fray, finishing the work at a stroke. The militiamen crowded round and pumped the hands of the political instructor and the fighters.

"The PLA is revolutionary in its thinking and decisive in its actions. It sets an example wherever it goes," they cried. "We must learn your spirit and follow the example of Tachai when we return to our communes."

Spreading revolution is a glorious tradition of the people's armed forces. The red seeds sown by the PLA comrades, warmed by the sun, sprouted and grew on the vast land, welcoming the spring breeze.

The men working on the river project in the southeast suburbs of Peking are all ordinary folk but also heroes educated by Mao Tsetung Thought.



There are thousands of them — Red Army veterans with grey-streaked hair, who more than thirty years ago followed Chairman Mao over the Snowy Mountains and across the Marshlands, who more than twenty years ago followed Vice-Chairman Lin Biao and fought their way down from the Sunghua River to the outskirts of Peking; workers, PLA soldiers, office personnel, revolutionary intellectuals, medical staff, people in the arts, Red Guards. As they harness the rivers they receive a political education, fighting self and refuting revisionism, continuing the revolution.

Consciousness can be transformed into matter. Men harness the Haiho River, and the Haiho River tempers men. It used to flood nine years out of ten and bring untold misery. But now we are putting an end to this. Green crops will grow on the formerly saline flats, and contribute to our socialist construction and to world revolution. The work chants on the Haiho River project actually blend with the thunder rumbling on every continent.

"We are now engaged in a great and most glorious cause never before attempted by our forefathers."

The heroes of the Haiho River harnessing project gaze at the sun rising from Pohai Gulf, crimsoning the fleecy clouds. Filled with revolutionary militancy, they greet another day of battle of the great 70's.

More About Comrade Hu Yeh-tao

EDITORS' NOTE: At the end of last year the Military Commission of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party publicly commended the advanced thinking and heroic deeds of Comrade Hu Yeh-tao, a soldier in a control tower company of the Naval Air Force. It conferred on him the title of Model Communist Youth Leaguer and called on all members of the armed forces to learn from him.

The January, 1971 issue of *Chinese Literature* carried an article about Comrade Hu Yeh-tao entitled *A Blank Application Form for Party Membership*. Here we continue to relate how he lived and fought.

Our great leader Chairman Mao says: **“What role have China’s young people played? In a way they have played a vanguard role.... What is a vanguard role? It means taking the lead and marching in the forefront of the revolutionary ranks.”** Hu Yeh-tao was just such a young person.

Born the son of a hired hand, Hu from childhood was taught and cared for by the poor and lower-middle peasants and by the People’s Liberation Army. He grew up educated by Mao Tsetung Thought.

A PLA unit was stationed in his village in Anhwei Province in 1961. The boy simply adored the people’s fighters. He was always running over to their quarters, helping them feed pigs, gather vegetables, sweep the floor, and grind soya beans. But the moment their meal time began, he left. Nothing they said could make him stay.

They were very fond of him. Political Instructor Tang often went to Hu’s cottage and explained revolutionary principles. A squad leader and one of the soldiers taught the boy how to write quotations from Chairman Mao, patiently guiding his hand. They told him stories of the revolution, gave him a map of the world, and talked of domestic and international affairs.

The PLA men and the villagers held a recollection of bitterness meeting. Those who had suffered most told angrily of the cruelties inflicted on the labouring people in the old society. Little Hu listened intently, tears rolling from his eyes.

One of the speakers related how, forty years before, a local landlord had barged into the home of a poor peasant, his tenant. The landlord took every bit of grain in the house, but it still wasn’t enough to meet the rent. He seized the peasant’s four-year-old son and snarled: “You can’t pay the rent, so I’ll take your boy!”

That four-year-old boy was Hu’s father. Furiously Hu clenched his fists and joined his voice in the slogans the peasants were shouting.

Though he bore none of the scars of the old society, hearing about the suffering of the labouring people, Hu could better appreciate how sweet the new society was to them today. Both he and his elder brother had grown up under socialism, benefiting from Chairman Mao’s wise leadership, and from the concern of the Party and the government. When, as orphans, they were issued new padded clothes by the government, tears came to their eyes.

“If it weren’t for Chairman Mao, who knows where our corpses would be lying now,” cried the brother.

“We’ll never forget our benefactor Chairman Mao,” said Hu.

From then on, the boy’s simple class feeling for Chairman Mao began to be expressed in the diligent study of Mao Tsetung Thought. Hu made a special pocket in his tunic, and kept in it the booklet of the Three Constantly Read Articles which one of the soldiers had

given him. These articles by Chairman Mao, which set forth the fundamental requirements of a revolutionary, were with the boy always. When he tended ducks he studied by the side of the pond. When he grazed cattle he studied on the broad back of a water buffalo. Cooking at home, he studied as he sat before the stove. Often he became so engrossed that the rice gruel boiled over, or sparks burnt his shoes, and he didn't even know it. Whenever there was something in a quotation from Chairman Mao he didn't understand he made trip after trip to the PLA encampment until he got it straight.

The Three Constantly Read Articles gave Hu a direction and a method. Life now had an aim, a meaning. Hu's every act became a practical manifestation of Chairman Mao's great teaching: **"Serve the people whole-heartedly."**

He was also considerably influenced by Li Hsueh-hung, a Communist, who was a leader of the brigade to which Hu belonged in the commune formed in the late fifties. One day heavy rain breached the retaining bank around the paddy field. Li blocked the escaping water with his own body. Little Hu started to jump in beside him. Li tried to stop the boy, but Hu said: "Wherever you go, I go. Whatever you do, I do."

The brigade leader's whistle was kept in the boy's pocket. Every day, when it was time to go to work, Hu blew it. And at the end of the day, when Li made his round of the fields to look things over, the boy followed.

Li took the lead in the hard work of levelling the seedling plot. "Why do you always do such tiring jobs?" Hu asked him. "A Communist must carry the heavy loads," Li replied, "and serve the people heart and soul."

Hu earnestly learned from the fine traits of the peasants — their scorn of self-interest, their devotion to public welfare, their love of the collective and of labour. Ash fertilizer was needed when the rape-seed was being sown, and Hu contributed his private stock to the brigade.

"What are you going to use on the rape-seed in your own garden?" someone asked him.



"If my rape-seed grows well it benefits only me," Hu replied. "If the brigade's rape-seed grows well it benefits everybody."

During the winter the brigade dredged ponds and repaired dykes. Carrying the mud was heavy tiring labour. Hu toted two large baskets on the ends of his shoulder pole, and he worked the entire day. His brother was afraid it was too arduous for a growing boy.

"You have to give all you've got to the revolution," Hu said. "As long as you live, you have to serve the people, without reservation."

Tending ducks is a hard job in winter. Hu went to Li and volunteered. The brigade leader commended him and agreed. Hu got soaked to the knees, crossing muddy ponds and fields. At night he herded the ducks together on a stretch of dry land surrounded by water, and kept watch from a rough shelter which he built. His brother brought his meals there. Although Hu's hands and feet were chapped and bleeding, he cheerfully amused himself by singing.

"Aren't you cold?" his brother asked.

"My body's a little cold, but not my brain," the boy replied. "A person's thinking must never get cold. If his ideology gets chilled, he can't serve the people."

Their father had been a hired hand, and Hu always had the workers and peasants in mind. He was constantly concerned about his class brothers.

Wang Wei-ken, an orphan from a poor peasant family, was having a hard time. Hu took him into his own home and looked after him like a brother. He washed the younger boy's clothes, mended his shoes. When Wang got sick, Hu brewed medicine for him and kept vigil by his bedside. Wang developed sores on his head. Hu cut his hair and washed the sores with warm water. "Don't mind if it hurts," he urged the younger boy. "This will make them well." After a year of his patient ministrations, Wang's head was completely healed.

Chang Tao-sheng, leader of the militia platoon, was having economic difficulties. Hu, only thirteen at the time, skimped on his own rice and, one night, delivered what he had saved to Chang's house. "Here's some rice, uncle," he said to Chang's father.

"You shouldn't do this, son," exclaimed the old man with tears in his eyes.

"We must care about and help each other," said Hu. He put down the rice and left.

One evening an old grandma named Chou slipped and fell when she was drawing water at the well. Hu, who had been passing by, carried her to her house on his back, and filled her water vat. Then he went home and started preparing supper. It occurred to him that the old granny would have trouble cooking, since she had injured her leg. Again he went to her house and cooked rice for her. The next morning he arrived at her door with a wheelbarrow, carefully padded with a comforter.

"Come on, granny," said the boy. "I'll take you to the hospital."

The old woman looked at him and wept.

Hu was one of the most ardent revolutionaries in the village and a model of productive labour. He joined the propaganda team of the Communist Youth Leaguers and poor and lower-middle peasants. Three times he was named an activist in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought. The production brigade and his Youth League group posted his name on the honours board in the club room. Hu removed it.

"I'm a long way from deserving this," he said.

The more people praised him, the more uncomfortable he felt. He asked a PLA soldier to write this quotation from Chairman Mao for him on a placard, and hung it on the wall of his shack: **"It is not hard for one to do a bit of good. What is hard is to do good all one's life and never do anything bad, to act consistently in the interests of the broad masses, the young people and the revolution, and to engage in arduous struggle for decades on end. That is the hardest thing of all!"**

Hu always looked at the quotation on leaving the house and returning. He vowed to do good every day, all his life.

In 1962, renegade, traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi and his representative in Anhwei Province took advantage of the temporary difficulties the country was suffering to make an all-out drive for the restoration

of capitalism in the countryside. Hu could see that the collective economy was being sabotaged and the livelihood of the commune members being endangered.

He was angered and disturbed. One day he accompanied Comrade Tang, political instructor of a PLA unit, on a visit to the peasants.

"If things go on like this," said a peasant, "we're going to end up with the rich being rich and the poor being poor again."

Tang agreed. "We peasants would go back to a life of misery. We can't allow that to happen."

Hu listened, seething with rage. He returned to the brigade office. Some fellow was expounding "ten reasons why management of the land by individual families is good."

Hu pushed through to the front of the crowd. "What's good about it?" he shouted. "It will bring nothing but misery and death."

He and the poor and lower-middle peasants angrily exposed the true nature of this crafty piece of revisionist trash touted by Liu Shao-chi.

The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution began in 1966. Hu was the first to become a Red Guard in his village. He and a few other young people wrote the first revolutionary posters, strongly attacking the class enemies.

"Who wrote these?" a local rascal demanded menacingly.

"I did," said Hu. "What about it?"

"Who told you to write them?"

"Chairman Mao!"

Since pressure was of no avail, the enemy tried soft tactics. A day or so later the fellow prepared drinks and fancy dishes and said stealthily to Hu: "Come to my house. I've something to talk to you about."

Hu saw through his tricks at a glance. "Who wants to go to your house?" he snapped. "If you've anything to say, say it in front of everyone."

A cadre, his mouth still greasy from rich food, emerged one day from the house of a landlord who had done a poor job of reforming himself. "We peasants shouldn't get mixed up with landlords,"

Hu said to him sternly. "You're a cadre. You should be taking the lead in the struggle against the class enemy."

That night he went to the cadre's home immediately after supper. "In the past when we poor were starving, did that landlord ever give you so much as a grain of rice?" he asked earnestly. "Today he invited you to a meal. That's like a weasel paying his respects to a hen. Of course, he's up to no good."

The cadre was very moved. He took Hu's hand and said, "I was wrong. Come on. Let's have a meeting."

At a large mass meeting he criticized himself and exposed the attempts of the class enemy to sabotage the Cultural Revolution.

Round after round of fierce class struggle followed. A handful of class enemies spread rumours and slanders against Li, the old brigade leader. They wanted to force him out of his job. Li had been firmly following the socialist road, but these dirty attacks disgusted him and he wanted to quit. Hu and the peasants promptly exposed the manoeuvres of the class enemies and stood squarely behind the brigade leader.

"We peasants had no power in the old society," Hu said to Li. "Today, Chairman Mao wants us to rule. We must keep a tight grip on our power. You've got to stand forward and fight!"

Hu's words warmed the old brigade leader's heart. "You're only a young fellow," he said to Hu emotionally, "but your mind's mature. What you've said is absolutely true."

From then on he grasped revolution and pushed production, shouldering his responsibilities with a will.

Hu had loved weapons since childhood. He took part in the village militia activities when he was too young to be accepted as a militiaman and practised diligently. Later he became assistant squad leader and was issued an old Japanese .38 rifle captured during the war. Hu kept it scrupulously clean, wrapping it in a white cloth and hanging it on the wall beside his bed during the day. At night he slept with the rifle lying beside him.

People praised him for the care he took of his weapon. He said: "Our country's freedom was won by the elder generation. We must defend it with our guns."

In the course of revolutionary battle Hu raised his consciousness of class struggle and the fight between the proletarian and bourgeois lines, and bravely took the offensive against the class enemies.

At three in the morning on the third of March 1969, a passenger train filled with new soldiers pulled into a railway station. It was snowing hard. Army leaders heartily greeted the new arrivals. Hu could immediately feel the warmth of this large revolutionary family.

When the news that the social-imperialists had invaded our territory reached the army camp, the soldiers were furious. They showered headquarters with their statements of determination. Hu rushed to his company commander.

"Send me to the front," he begged. "I want to defend our motherland."

The commander gazed long at this spirited lad with the shining eyes. "The front is a battlefield where we defend our homeland," he said kindly, "but so is this. A revolutionary fighter does whatever the Party asks of him." The commander straightened the boy's uniform and continued: "If you really want to be a fighter who defends the motherland, you must study and apply Mao Tsetung Thought in a living way."

Hu pitched into the study of Chairman Mao's works with a remarkable determination. He used every available moment. In the summer there were a lot of work to be done for preparedness against war, so Hu studied during the noon rest period. He sat out in the corridor in order not to disturb the others and copied the Three Constantly Read Articles. The assistant political instructor found him there and said quietly:

"Your spirit is excellent, but we have still a lot of work to do this afternoon. Go back and get some rest."

A little later, he noticed that Hu had closed the mosquito netting around his bed. He opened it and looked in. There was Hu, drenched with perspiration, copying the Three Constantly Read Articles. The assistant political instructor was very moved. "What can I say to a fine soldier like this?" he thought. He dropped the netting and softly walked away.

At night, after "lights out," Hu studied in the office while the company clerk calculated his accounts. The clerk saw that his eyes were red and urged him to sleep.

"If I don't learn Chairman Mao's works," said Hu, "no matter how much sleep I get, I still won't have any energy."

What he learned, he put into practice.

For a time he was a kitchen helper. His job was slicing vegetables. But he also cut fuel, cooked rice, fed the pigs — doing anything and everything that had to be done. He gave the best food to the soldiers, making his own meal from the left-overs.

"You're a southerner," someone said. "Why do you eat coarse grain instead of the rice you people are so fond of?"

"The more unaccustomed to a thing you are, the more you need to get accustomed to it," replied Hu.

One day he overheard someone say there was a bad smell coming from somewhere. During the noon rest period he searched until he found the source. One of the drains was blocked. Hu peeled off his clothes and jumped in. Disregarding the stench he cleared the mud and slime, and the water flowed clear again.

Forged in the fires of the revolution Hu matured quickly. Three months after he joined the army he was accepted to membership in the Communist Youth League. A short time later he became a group leader. Under the leadership of the secretary of the Communist Party branch he organized the Youth Leaguers and other young men into groups which sought to study and apply Chairman Mao's works in a living manner. Together, they hotly refuted the revisionist line of giving military technique precedence over political stand. This deepened everyone's understanding of Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line of putting the main stress on proletarian politics.

Planes are piloted by men, and men must be guided by Mao Tsetung Thought. Hu had very little formal schooling. When he was assigned to an airfield control tower it was great effort for him to learn the job. But he adhered firmly to proletarian principles. In his mind he linked every lever and switch with the revolution.

He listened intently during the lessons conducted by the control tower commander. He drew diagrams of the various lines, circuits

and buttons not only in his notebook but on his hand, so that he could study them at every possible moment. He made jingles of the operational procedures to help him memorize them. In the examinations, although he had the lowest literacy level, he got the highest marks, and was one of the first to qualify for control tower duty.

His comrades all commended him. "Hu is a model of learning technique for the revolution," they said.

Hu did not become complacent, but kept striving to improve his ideology. Although he had been previously cited three times as an activist in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought, he never mentioned it after joining the army. The company commander frequently commended him.

"I'm only doing what I should," Hu said. "I'm a far cry from what the Party requires. I need more criticism and help." He was named a Five Good Soldier and an activist in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought during his very first year in the army.

A revolutionary fighter with a high level of political consciousness, Hu glowed redder and redder in the furnace of revolution, until he was forged at white heat into the finest steel.

The great news that the Ninth Party Congress had been convened shook the land like spring thunder. Joy filled barracks and the work sites. Hu and his mates, steeped in great happiness, read avidly the congress documents and the new Constitution of the Party, and their thinking took a new leap forward. Hu was determined to follow Chairman Mao's teachings and strive to attain the highest proletarian standards.

The interests of the masses were his concern. He talked things over with the masses when he ran into problems. One day he and his mates were digging a ditch for an underground electric cable. The line had to cross a highway and the question arose whether to dig through it or tunnel beneath it. The first method would be easier and was less work, but it would disrupt traffic and affect the output of the commune members. The second method was a big job that required a lot of effort, but it would not inconvenience the people or hurt production. Which should it be?

Hu discussed the question with the others. "We ought to be concerned always about the interests of the people," he said. "We must put their convenience first, no matter how much trouble it means to us."

They all agreed. They pitched into the job energetically. The opening was small, and it was full of pebbles. Hu was the first to crawl in, working prone. With everyone enthusiastically co-operating, they finished the job ahead of time.

Boldly self-critical, Hu made strict demands on himself, even in the smallest matters. One day, because the road was slippery with snow, Hu and a few of his mates arrived one minute late at a Party class, which was conducted a considerable distance from the control tower. After class he went up to the political instructor and said, "I was a minute late today. That shows my sense of discipline is weak. If I acted like this in battle it might cause very serious consequences."

"That's the spirit," said the political instructor. "To be an advanced member of the proletariat you must have high standards, make strict demands on yourself, and sincerely remould your ideology."

Thereafter, in travelling to and from company headquarters Hu and his comrades always walked, and never came late to any meeting.

January 25, 1970 was the last day of Hu's life.

That morning Liu Wan-sheng, one of Hu's mates in the company, was assigned to another post. Hu carried his pack and saw him off. As they walked together, Hu said: "A revolutionary in his every word and deed should be able to make Chairman Mao feel satisfied, not worried."

Before the two close comrades-in-arms parted Liu tightly wrung Hu's hand and said, "You've been a tremendous help to me. Tell me a few more words before we part."

"This says it all," replied Hu. He presented Liu with two quotations from Chairman Mao, which he had written out in advance. They read: "**Never forget class struggle**" and "**Heighten our vigilance, defend the motherland.**"

In the afternoon Hu returned to the control tower. There he re-read a collection of stories about heroes who feared neither hardship

nor death and wrote on the flyleaf: "Enduring hardship for the revolution is the greatest pleasure, devoting one's life to consolidating the dictatorship of the proletariat is the greatest honour."

The sun tinged the hills scarlet against a background of silvery white. Hu and his mates were busily installing military electrical equipment.

"Hu Yeh-tao had an electric shock while saving a comrade!"

The news upset everyone.

People rushed across fields and valleys to the hospital. Commanders, soldiers, workers, commune members, Red Guards watched with bated breath. Although the Party and the people did all they could to save this fine son of theirs, his heart never resumed beating.

Hu's life had been a great one. In keeping with his previously expressed wish, he was posthumously granted membership in the Chinese Communist Party.

In life he had been a torch of revolution. In death he became a legend of heroism.

Thousands of people visit his grave in his native village and pay homage to him, admiring his courage and learning from it. For he has shown how a man ought to live and fight for the beautiful cause of communism. This splendid son of the proletariat invariably put the public good first. He was "**noble-minded and pure, a man of moral integrity and above vulgar interests, a man who is of value to the people.**"

His heroic exploits are an inspiration to our youth. By the millions, they are following in his footsteps.

A Young Battalion Commander

Wang Ying-chou, now the battalion commander of a PLA unit stationed in Wuhan, lost his right hand in 1964 when he was a company commander while rescuing a comrade-in-arms.

Confined to a hospital, he kept racking his brain over one problem: Without a right hand, how can I return to my fighting post as a qualified fighter in the company?

He remembered his experiences as a combat fighter under the guidance of Mao Tsetung Thought. He never forgot the sufferings the labouring people had endured in the old society and the valiant struggles the revolutionary martyrs had waged to seize political power. He felt all the more the importance of his duty to safeguard proletarian dictatorship. His mind was made up: my hand is lost, but my determination to follow Chairman Mao in making revolution must remain unchanged. I'll defend our political power with my life blood, for it was won by the life blood of my revolutionary predecessors.

Deep in thought, he lay in bed fully awake all night. At day-break, he asked a nurse to read to him Chairman Mao's article *In*

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

While the morning sun flooded the room, Mao Tsetung Thought lit up Wang's heart. "A man's ability may be great or small, but Mao Tsetung Thought is of infinite power," he thought to himself. "So long as one is loyal to Chairman Mao, there is no difficulty he cannot overcome. Armed with invincible Mao Tsetung Thought, with one hand I can still charge the enemy and storm enemy positions in defence of our socialist motherland!"

Firmly confident that he could return to his fighting post, Wang Ying-chou studied Chairman Mao's works even more diligently. After six days of treatment, when he was barely able to get up and move about, he started to copy quotations from Chairman Mao Tsetung with his left hand and also write down what he had learned from his study. He wrote: "A good fighter of Chairman Mao must keep in mind: '**The People's Liberation Army is always a fighting force.**' I must closely follow Chairman Mao, uphold the fighting banner to my last breath and for ever go forward along the revolutionary road!"

Thanks to his living study and application of Chairman Mao's works, Wang strengthened his determination to return to his company and fight at the forefront. Time and again, he wrote letters to the company Party branch and expressed his feelings in these words: "I pledge to accomplish with my left hand what I did with both hands in the past. I am willing to give my left hand and my whole being for the glorious cause of communism!"

When he was nearly recovered, he asked to return to the army.

His application was finally approved and he was discharged from the hospital in January 1965. Soon he would be back with his comrades-in-arms and able to grasp a gun and stand guard for Chairman Mao. This thought made him feel extremely happy.

He was up very early that morning. He put on his olive green army uniform and fastened his belt, then staunchly returned to First Company.

The first day back, Wang Ying-chou set strict demands upon himself, asking the Party branch to supervise his ideological remoulding and not give him less work or pay particular attention to his living conditions.

Lacking his right hand, he was greatly handicapped, being unable to wring out a cloth, tie his shoe-laces or fold his quilt quickly. What's more, to be a company commander, he not only had to adapt to the intense life of the company and set an example in style of work, but also he had to be a model in military training. . . . He had once been successful in all this, but now he had to learn all over again.

Wang was not in the least scared by such difficulties. Following Chairman Mao's teaching, **"We must recognize difficulties, analyse them and combat them,"** he made up his mind to train his left hand to do the work of two. In order to dress himself quickly, he purposely took off some of his clothes, especially his shoes and socks when he took a nap at noon; he bought a cigarette lighter and learned to dismantle and assemble it in order to limber up his fingers; he wore out two pairs of shoe-laces in just a few days because of his constant efforts to tie them. Before long, he was well adapted to the intense life of the company.

Once a young recruit challenged Wang to a match in packing up bedding but the recruit lost several times. "You must find it very difficult to fold things with one hand, company commander," the youngster said. "How are you able to do it so quickly?"

"Chairman Mao teaches us: **'What really counts in the world is conscientiousness,'**" Wang answered. "Our attitude towards difficulty is the same as that towards the imperialists and reactionaries. So long as you tackle them with conscientiousness you'll certainly win."

To deal with difficulties as though they were enemies, overcome them and defeat them as enemies. This was Wang Ying-chou's



attitude towards any difficulty and the ideological basis for his military training.

Wang had been a good shot. Now he had to practise using his left hand to pull the trigger. When he was learning to shoot from a prone position, the stump of his right arm was often rubbed till it was raw and bleeding. The fighters made a pad for him to cushion his stump. This warmed his heart, but he refused to use it.

"In military training ideology and working style must be first trained," he said earnestly. "We must practise as if we were in real battle. Only when we defy pain and hardship in ordinary times can we defy wounds and sacrifice in battles."

With unyielding proletarian iron will, Wang mastered many skills in enemy combat with his left hand. He could not only shoot a rifle, pistol and submachine-gun well but also a light machine-gun. On the parade ground, he daringly practised sharp, clear-cut actions. When he nimbly vaulted on to a galloping horse with a rifle, or when he grabbed a charge under the stump of his right arm and crawled forward speedily to set off an explosion, people could hardly believe that he had no right hand.

Wang Ying-chou deeply understood the task which the Party and people had entrusted to him. He paid attention not only to training himself to be a competent fighter but also, together with all the comrades, to forge the company into a sharp sword with Mao Tsetung Thought.

"The style of work of the leading members in an army unit directly influences the unit's style of work. Whatever the style of the commander's work leads to a similar style throughout his unit." This instruction of Vice-Chairman Lin made Wang see clearly his responsibility for training and he put it strictly into practice.

To grind a sword one must sharpen its blade; to train soldiers the commander must train himself first. Under a hot sun, he was always the first to throw himself on the scorching sand in a prone firing position; in a rain storm, he trudged at the head of the column on a march along a muddy trail; during a bivouac in a keen wind, he inspected every tent to make sure the fighters were covered with quilts at night, but he himself slept in the open, lying on his rain-coat.

His comrades said to him, "You've been badly wounded and have lost one of your hands. You must take care of your health." They were very concerned about him.

"Good steel depends on hard tempering, a sharp sword depends on fine grinding," he answered with a smile. "A company's like a sword, the commander must be its point. It's just because I've lost one hand that I need more training."

A course in swimming started. Following Chairman Mao's teaching, "**Swimming is an exercise in struggling with the forces of nature, and you should toughen yourselves in big rivers and seas,**" Wang Ying-chou saw it as a good chance to improve his working style and that of the company. He led his men and was the first to step into the water. It was cold at the time, and before long his arm stump turned purple.

Some comrades urged him to go ashore and do some organizational work instead. "Company commander," they said. "We guarantee to carry you across rivers on future marches."

"You may help me to cross rivers," he replied. "But you cannot help me to strengthen my ideology and style of work." His words greatly encouraged his comrades and they redoubled their efforts.

After a period of training, the company was set a swimming test. Wang thought to himself: "The test is in the first place a trial of determination and courage. I am no match for others in skill, but I should not lag behind in style of work." Thinking this, he enrolled for the test.

Wang, previously, had not learned to swim. Now to learn with one hand was certainly difficult. One of the soldiers joked: "Company commander, suppose you only swim like a stone." "If I'm the last to learn, I'll still persist in training," Wang assured him.

After some training, Wang learned how to swim a little. But his comrades were worried as to whether he would be able to pass the test.

When it began, Wang swam 200 metres at a stretch. The comrades all shouted their congratulations: "Company commander, you're right up to the mark now!"

What Wang Ying-chou wanted was not so much to pass the test but to forge his revolutionary will. He persisted unswervingly forward. When he swam 900 metres, the crowds on the bank were really excited. Several times the comrades of the safety-first team urged him to hold on to a pole and give up. He was really tired out but, inspired by Chairman Mao's teaching, "**Frequently a favourable situation recurs and the initiative is regained as a result of 'holding out a little longer,'**" he gathered up his courage and continued to swim stroke after stroke, one metre after another.... He finally swam 1,700 metres!

Greatly encouraged by Wang's good example, the fighters claimed: "We should certainly do as well with both hands as our company commander does with one." It was not long before all the comrades in the company had learned to swim.

Soon afterwards, the company was given the task of swimming fully armed across a big river at night and Wang was appointed leader of the shock team.

It was a pitch-dark night at the high water season. Dark clouds shrouded the surface of the broad river. Full of pep, Wang led the company to the river bank. Looking at the fast flowing water, each wave crested with white foam, he composed a little verse right on the spot, which fully expressed his revolutionary enthusiasm:

Chairman Mao's fighters dare all hardships,
On the river bank we make our pledge;
Defying fierce wind and rolling billows,
With boundless confidence we'll charge ahead!

The order was given. Wang led the shock team in jumping into the river. Braving wind and waves they swam towards the sparkling red lights far off on the other bank.

The current became swifter, the waves higher. When they reached mid-stream, the force of the water bore down upon them like a herd of stampeding horses. Suddenly one great wave swamped Wang and threw him into an eddy. Firm and calm, he broke loose from it and shouted to his comrades-in-arms who were wrestling against the strong current: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."**

This teaching of Chairman Mao resounded over the rolling waters, inspiring the whole company to swim on towards the red lights on the opposite bank.

A red flare lit up the sky and river. Triumphant cheers resounded everywhere. The whole company succeeded in their fully armed swim across the river!

Wang Ying-chou gave first place to proletarian political and ideological work in training the company to pass stiff tests. He said: "We should temper the fighters to be loyal to Chairman Mao and help them to follow Chairman Mao closely."

His fighters praised him as a "political company commander" and "red guard" in defending Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

Under the guidance of Mao Tsetung Thought, First Company became very brave and staunch and won the honour of being a Four Good Company for nine years running.

Wang Ying-chou became deputy commander of the First Battalion in March 1969. The first thing he did then was to live and work with the machine-gun squad of Second Platoon. Although his rank was raised, he continued to inspect the barracks and sentinels at night as usual; his position had changed, yet he remained as an ordinary fighter: washing his own clothes, packing up his bedding, and doing daily chores all by himself.

Chairman Mao issued the call: **"People of the world, unite and oppose the war of aggression launched by any imperialism or social-imperialism, especially one in which atom bombs are used as weapons! If such a war breaks out, the people of the world should use revolutionary war to eliminate the war of aggression, and preparation should be made right now!"**

When the army was strenuously studying and carrying out this great call, Wang Ying-chou was appointed commander of Third Battalion.

He came to Third Battalion on October 29, 1969. As soon as he put down his pack, he started off to visit the companies. The battalion political instructor tried to persuade him to have a rest first. He replied meaningfully, "Transfer to a new post is just like a change of position in the battlefield. It means the start of a new battle. The sooner we are acquainted with the situation, the sooner we can start."

That afternoon, Wang and the battalion political instructor inspected the whole battalion, going from one company to another, even to the stock farm and kitchen squads. He made himself familiar with the cadres and the situation and at the same time consulted them about their work. He talked with one squad in Ninth Company about the problem of strengthening political and ideological work, and discussed with the cadres of the artillery company certain measures to avoid accidents. When he came to the battalion's stable, he discovered one mule's shoe was loose, and saw that it was nailed firmly.

Late at night, lying in bed and thinking over his work during past twelve hours, he wondered whether everything had been done in preparedness against war. It occurred to him that two caldrons of

Ninth Company had been lent elsewhere. He got up at once and went to investigate. He didn't come back to rest until he was sure that they had been returned.

This very night, an urgent order came to the battalion: The unit will start for a camping exercise early next morning.

At dawn, Third Battalion set out on time, scarlet fighting flags fluttering in the wind, and Wang Ying-chou, full of vitality, firm and determined, strode at the head of the marching column!



Wang Ying-chou Saves His Comrade-in-arms (gonache)▶

Lu Chao-hui

Third Time to School

The rays of the rising sun poured in through the window.

In the office of the mechanical engineering department of the university Hung Kang, secretary of the department's Communist Party organization, examined with interest the entrance forms of the newly arrived worker and peasant students. A smile beamed over his thin face.

Chao Ping-chiang? Hung's brows rose. That name was familiar. The photo attached to the form showed a man in his thirties, with a fine forehead, a serious mien and an expression of implacable determination in his eyes. Hung took a deep drag on his cigarette. On page two of the form, under "previous schooling" he read: "1945-1948 — Puchiang Primary School, Shanghai."

Puchiang Primary? Hung's heart gave a leap. Chao Ping-chiang? Of course, it was he! Chao had come! Hung rose abruptly. Excitedly, he unbuttoned his tunic, walked over to the window and pushed it open. It was a sunny day, with a fresh breeze blowing. But Hung was thinking of a very different kind of day, twenty-two years before.



Snow was falling, and it was dusk. Young teacher Hung Kang and twelve-year-old pupil Chao Ping-chiang were plodding along the banks of the Huangpu River in the teeth of the storm.

That morning a crowd had gathered before the school bulletin board. They were animatedly discussing an announcement. Though he stood on tiptoe in the rear, thin little Chao could see only a few lines: "Teacher Hung Kang . . . stirred up discontent among the pupils . . ."

The words struck him like a bolt of lightning. He had an ominous presentiment. Chao didn't have to see any more. He looked at

the angry students beside him, many of whom were from workers' families like himself. He waved his arm.

"Come on. Let's see the principal about this."

"We'll all go together." The students followed Chao in a body and swarmed into the principal's office. Chao planted himself in front of the reactionary bureaucrat.

"You have no reason to fire Teacher Hung."

"That's right." The pupils were all shouting at once. "Teacher Hung must not go."

The principal's face turned purple. He pounded his desk. "This is rebellion," he screamed. "I can have every one of you paupers' brats expelled."

"You can't scare us." Chao felt ready to burst. "We don't want to stay in a school like this."

That same afternoon another announcement, its ink not yet dried, appeared on the board.

Later, walking by the river with Hung, Chao could hear the muffled tones of the school's evening bell ringing in the distance. He halted and looked back towards the rickety entry arch being buffeted by the snowstorm. Through lips marked by the angry indentations of his teeth, he exclaimed: "Schools! A fine thing! I'll never go to school again!"

"No, Chao, don't say that." Hung's heart warmed towards this boy to whom adversity had brought a too early maturity. "The day will come when we'll meet in a school of our own."

"Our own school?" The boy's eyes flashed.

Snow whirled in the howling gale . . .

Hung expelled a long breath as he extracted himself from reverie. With mounting excitement he glanced at his wrist-watch. It was almost time for the big meeting to welcome the new students. As he hastily put the pile of entrance forms in order he happened to see a remark in Chao's form: "Political status — Communist. Present position — member of the standing committee of the factory's revolutionary committee."

II

The paper of various hues, bearing quotations from Chairman Mao and slogans, which covered the walls, gave the assembly hall a festive air. Cymbals clashed, drums throbbed, slogans were shouted, there was applause and laughter.

A young PLA soldier, a red star on his cap, red tabs on his collar, addressed the meeting. He was followed by a woman commune member in straw sandals, a conical straw hat hanging down her back. The comrade who chaired the meeting announced: "Next, we invite workers' representative and new student in the mechanical engineering department, Chao Ping-chiang, to speak."

Hung watched attentively, thrilled at the sound of this familiar name.

Amid warm applause, a broad-shouldered worker walked spiritedly to the speakers' platform. Hung stared. There was no trace of the thin little boy he had known twenty-two years before. The man was big and robust.

Chao stood with one hand pressed on the lectern, the other grasping the microphone. His heart beat wildly. For years the word "school," or even the sight of a school gate, had roused in him mingled emotions.

"Comrades," he began, "I entered this university for the first time eight years ago." He gazed around the assembly hall, which seemed familiar, yet strange. His voice trembled a little. "But in less than a year, I was driven out."

A ripple ran through the crowd. There was a low exchange of comments, which settled into a grim silence. Chao took a sip from a glass of hot water to steady himself.

"My mates in the factory saw me off, beating drums and cymbals. But after only a few days here I began feeling very uncomfortable. The bourgeois professors wagged their heads learnedly and bleated that this university was a 'cradle of engineers.' I thought to myself: 'If you keep swinging your noggins like that, you birds will get dizzy and make us dizzy too. To hell with your blather!' Every Sunday, we worker students went back to help out in our factories.

When the head of our department heard about this, he was irritated. 'We're training engineers, here,' he said. 'You're just wasting what we're teaching you.' And he snorted: 'It's our own fault for putting elegant flowers into crude vases.'"

Chao looked at the quotations from Chairman Mao on the walls of the hall. How different from the old exhortations, previously posted by the revisionists, urging the students to bury themselves in their books!

"One night I was reviewing for my last two exams, to be held the following day," he continued. "My factory phoned and said they were making a new type of lathe, which they hoped to have finished by July First, the anniversary of the founding of the Party. But they had hit a snag. When I and two other of my mates heard that — we were in the same dorm — we left a note for the department head and rushed over. I can't tell you how glad the fellows at the factory were to see us. We rolled up our sleeves and said: 'All right. Let's get at it.' Everybody offered ideas. We talked them over, experimented, made dozens of trials. We worked right through till noon the next day, and finally got the problem licked. Suddenly we remembered those exams. My two classmates and I hurried back to school. But the exams were already over."

Everyone in the hall was listening intently to Chao's recital. Hung felt a stinging pain in his hand, and instinctively shook it. His cigarette had burned down to this fingers.

"We went to the department head and asked to be given make-up exams. He said coldly: 'You've missed your exams in two majors. You'll have to do the whole year over. That's the rule.' We were furious. A whole year, and he was being so casual about it. He was deliberately making things tough for us worker students.

"I've discussed this with the school authorities,' he said craftily. 'We feel that since your factory needs you, well....' He gave a nasty laugh. 'This is an institution of higher learning, not a factory. Understand?' We were being pushed out.

"We told the other worker students about this. They were hopping mad. 'Chairman Mao sends us to the university, and these men drive us away. Whose university is this, anyhow?'



"We went together to the school authorities and argued with them. We criticized their educational aims, their teaching materials, their examination system. They sat there sweating, unable to say a word. Then we marched out, rolled up our bedding, and left. Later, we found out it wasn't only in our school that things were like this. Liu Shao-chi and his gang had turned the entire field of education over to the bourgeois intellectuals."

Chao's audience seethed with rage. A member of the workers Mao Tsetung Thought propaganda team stationed in the university leaped to his feet and waved his fist.

"Down with Liu Shao-chi!"

Angry shouts rang throughout the hall.

"Comrades," cried Chao, "with the hopes of the Party and the trust of our class resting on our shoulders, we workers, peasants and

soldiers have again entered the university, heads high. We are the grave-diggers of the old educational system, the builders of a new-type socialist university. Chairman Mao has issued the call to battle: **'The phenomenon of our schools being dominated by bourgeois intellectuals must be completely changed.'**" Chao's sinewy arm chopped downward decisively.

"Long live Chairman Mao!"

"Long live the victory of Chairman Mao's proletarian educational line!"

Stirring slogans rocked the hall. The very walls trembled.

Even the usually quiet Hung was excited. Twenty-two years before, Chao had been expelled from primary school by a reactionary principal, eight years ago a capitalist roader had forced him to leave the university. But today, in a mass meeting refuting revisionism in a "school of our own," they were together again at last.

The joyous cheers were like thunder.

III

That afternoon the various departments arranged their own activities. Hung sat in on a discussion of the students of the mechanical engineering department on why they were attending the university. Many students spoke, and their words were stirring: "We're here for the sake of the revolution . . . Chairman Mao is supporting us. We must be worthy of his trust. . . . We've come to attend the university, run the university, use Mao Tsetung Thought to reform the university. . . ."

"What latent power in these worker, peasant and soldier students," Hung mused. "What enormous determination."

He was eager to talk with Chao. That evening he went to Chao's dormitory, but no one was there. Where could he have gone? Then Hung remembered that the teachers and students of the mechanical engineering department were holding a refutation of revisionism meeting that night in the university-run factory. He walked quickly across the broad campus to the brightly lit factory building.

It was a large structure, redolent of oil. A big eye-catching banner running the entire length of the room read: "Education must serve proletarian politics and be integrated with productive labour." Thirty or forty people surrounded a gleaming machine. Beside it a tall powerfully built worker was animatedly speaking, waving his arm for emphasis. Hung immediately recognized Chao.

A man whose hair was streaked with grey turned around and saw Hung. He was about to hail him, but the Party secretary smilingly gestured not to disturb the others. Hsu Ming by name, he was an assistant professor in the mechanical engineering department.

"That was a good meeting, this afternoon, comrades. Before, Chairman Mao's directives were openly flouted in the universities. Education didn't serve proletarian politics, it was divorced from productive labour." Chao waved his little red book. "We in the mechanical engineering department are going to strike a telling blow against the revisionist educational line tonight by our own practical actions."

"Right," shouted the crowd. "We're going to bring this 'dead' machine back to life."

"It's an imported universal cylindrical grinder," said Hsu Ming. "Not long after it was installed, it broke down. Experts and professors conferred, but not one of them had the nerve to tackle it. They were afraid if they took it apart, they wouldn't be able to put it together again. So it's just been standing here, useless, for seven or eight years."

A happy gleam came to Hung's eye. Chao's ringing voice rang again:

"Who says we can't dismantle imported machines? At that time we students said we ought to apply the theories we were learning to practice and repair it. But the 'experts' wouldn't let us try." Chao glanced coolly at the complicated grinder. "There's nothing so remarkable about it. Big as it is, we'll take it to pieces and make it as good as new."

Chao patted the grinder with his strong thick hand. The machine crouched there like some broken-spirited horse.

"Chairman Mao teaches us: **'Those experienced in work must take up the study of theory.'** Several professors have come tonight. That gives us a good chance to learn some theory in the course of practice."

"Right." The teachers and students applauded. Most of them had met only recently, but a common purpose already tightly linked them intellectually and emotionally.

"Although this so-called 'cradle of engineers' has rocked for years," Professor Hsu said with a sigh, "the students it raised were afraid of imported machinery. But the students today—"

"Are students of a new-type socialist university," interrupted Hung, with strength and pride in his voice.

All eyes were drawn to him. Several professors who recognized him said: "So you're here too, Secretary Hung."

The new students crowded around. Chao pushed forward and warmly shook him by the hand. "We wanted to invite you to this meeting, Secretary Hung," he said, "but I couldn't find you."

Hung smiled and nodded. For the moment, he didn't know what to say. Holding Chao's thick calloused hand, he was very stirred. He remembered Chao as a boy, his head held stubbornly high, his eyes angrily gleaming. Now, he was a young man who furiously excoriated capitalist roaders.

"This is the second time Comrade Chao has entered school," Professor Hsu said by way of introduction.

"Not the second," Hung laughingly corrected him, "the third." He turned to Chao. "Isn't that so?"

"Yes, yes," agreed the startled Chao.

"The first time was the Puchiang Primary School," Hung continued. "In his fourth year, he led a strong protest in the principal's office."

Memories came back to Chao in a rush. "But, secretary, how do you know so much about me?" he asked, puzzled.

His right hand still grasping Chao's, Hung placed his left on Chao's broad shoulder. "Do you remember what one of your teachers said to you then?" he asked in a moved voice. "'The day will come when we'll meet in a school of our own...'"

Chao began to understand. "You were my teacher, Hung Kang!" he cried with joy and amazement.

Hung smiled, his eyes shining.

They tightly clasped hands in silence. The reunion was so unexpected. What could they say to express their emotion?

Chao was tough. He had twice been driven out of school and never shed a tear. But now his eyes were damp as they turned slowly to the picture of Chairman Mao on the wall. Warmth laved him from head to toe.

"We have indeed met in a school of our own," he said. "Chairman Mao has given me the right to enter school for the third time."

"Chairman Mao has led us workers, peasants and soldiers in recapturing the field of education," said Hung. "The schools will always be ours."

Proudly, the big arch stands at the university entrance. A solemn row of flags, red as fire in the glow of electric bulbs, ripple on high 'neath the moon and the stars.

Date Garden of Yanan (traditional painting) ▶

This was where the great leader Chairman Mao lived from 1943 till January 1946 guiding the revolutionary struggle of the whole country.



Raiser of Sprouts

When spring planting started, our team leader said I would learn raising rice sprouts from Uncle Ken-fa. Naturally, I was very pleased.

Uncle Ken-fa was a man in his sixties, a member of the Communist Party, and an activist in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought. He was famous for dozens of *li* around. Even the kids knew about him.

Our team leader took me to his house and explained why we had come.

“Another proof of the trust Chairman Mao has in us peasants,” said Uncle Ken-fa heartily, “and a duty we must do our best to perform. I accept you, son, as my apprentice.”

“You’re right,” the team leader said with a smile. “We peasants have the duty to educate the younger generation. With this lad lending you a hand, I’m sure you’ll raise the sprouts especially well this year.”

Hearing our voices, Ken-fa’s wife Aunt Lo also came out, patting kindling chips from her apron. “This boy has had book learn-



ing, old man," she said to her husband, "and was a leader in the Red Guards. You've got to do a good job and teach him well."

"Don't you worry," said Uncle Ken-fa. "If a person with book learning feels the same as us, we welcome him from the bottom of our hearts." He turned to me. "Work hard, son. There's a real future for young people in the countryside."

I nodded, "I'll modestly learn from you, uncle. I've made up my mind to be a revolutionary in the countryside all my life."

Uncle Ken-fa lit his pipe and puffed thoughtfully.

"Liu Shao-chi used to say young people should go to school so that they could become officials. He wanted to make 'gentlemen'

out of you who would ride on the backs of the workers and peasants and be his tools in restoring capitalism. Now Chairman Mao has issued the call: 'It is highly necessary for young people with education to go to the countryside to be re-educated by the poor and lower-middle peasants.' He wants you to be trained into worthy successors of the proletarian revolution, so that you can take over from us poor and lower-middle peasants. You must listen to Chairman Mao."

Aunt Lo laughed. "The boy's just come, and already you're giving him lessons."

"That's the idea," our team leader said to the old man. "Give him plenty of lessons like this, from now on."

Uncle Ken-fa told me that in order to raise sprouts well you have to put politics first, to give your heart to the countryside and be one with the poor and lower-middle peasants. You have to be streaked with earth outside before you can be revolutionary inside.

His words filled me with strength. I silently vowed that I would learn all his farming technique and raise rice sprouts well.

One day we were selecting seed on the threshing ground outside the village. "These have been picked over already," I said to Uncle Ken-fa. "Why do it again?"

"These seeds are for the brigade's superior strain field. We have to be very careful and select the best."

Her bifocals on her nose, Aunt Lo was also cheerfully picking seed. Uncle Ken-fa was sitting beside me, and I kept watching how he worked. Suddenly he grabbed a handful of my seed and examined them. His face fell.

"Look, two tare seeds. 'Good seeds give good rice, tare seeds give tare weeds.' You can't be sloppy in farming, son. If you cheat your crops, your crops will cheat you."

I blushed, but my heart was warmed by his kindness.

He was very helpful. Take the way he taught me to sow. One morning I went to the field. The other team members were already at work. Uncle Ken-fa evidently decided to give me a free hand. After a few words of instruction, he rolled up his trousers and went

into the field with a basketful of seed. I followed behind him in another patch.

But I couldn't bring myself to start casting. I had heard others say it was a meticulous job. If you did it poorly you wasted seed and affected the quality of the sprouts. I had been practising with gravel for several days, sometimes until quite late at night, and I thought I had got the hang of it. But now I hesitated, conscious of my responsibility.

Uncle Ken-fa saw me, and called from a distance: "What are you standing there for? Don't be afraid. Just keep a steady pace." He came over and took my hand. "Like this. Keep your hand more level. Don't take too many seeds at one time. Cast! Chairman Mao teaches: **'If you want to know the taste of a pear, you must change the pear by eating it yourself.'** The same thing applies to sowing. Do it boldly. If you don't, how will you learn?"

I screwed up my courage and began casting on the field, which was as smooth as a mirror. Strange enough, once I made up my mind, my hand grew sure.

Uncle Ken-fa's encouragement made me feel fine. It heightened my determination to wage revolution in the countryside as long as I lived.

II

Daily the sprouts grew, they became a tender green in colour. Just at this crucial stage, Uncle Ken-fa's stomach trouble flared up. His wife was very upset. I also was worried about him. But his only concern was the seedling plot. He was always going out there to see how the sprouts were faring.

Aunt Lo scolded him. "What you need is a few days in bed, and to stop all this running around."

Uncle Ken-fa was unperturbed. "A little ailment like this," he said cheerfully. "What does it matter?" He turned to me and explained: "I got this bad stomach before Liberation, when I worked as a hired hand for a landlord. Who had money for treatment in those days? I've had it so long it's hard to cure. Still, it's not a bad

thing. Whenever it flares up, it reminds me of that black-hearted landlord, and how our class had to suffer."

Aunt Lo sighed. "We weren't even treated like humans. You've grown up soaked in sweet water," she said to me. "You've never seen what we poor folk had to go through. Tomorrow I'll make you a few chaff muffins and some wild herb soup. While you're eating what we used to eat, we'll tell you about our bitter past."

"I want to hear, aunt," I said.

"Not a bad idea," said Uncle Ken-fa. "Make some for me, too."

His wife laughed. "Don't worry. Just as soon as your stomach is better, I'll cook up a meal for you, special."

Our team leader opened the door and walked in. Aunt Lo greeted him like a member of the family. "Make this uncle of yours rest a couple of days at home," she pleaded. "I've been talking myself hoarse, but he won't listen. Just see what he looks like. The minute he takes his pills, he goes running off to the sprout field."

From the tone of her voice, however, it was obvious she was praising, not criticizing Uncle Ken-fa.

"It's his illness that I've come about," our team leader said with a smile. "He's got it pretty bad. The Party branch and the brigade revolutionary committee have talked it over. We want him to spend a few days in the commune hospital."

"Nothing doing," said Uncle Ken-fa grumpily.

"It's only for a couple of days, uncle," I said. "You can't keep dragging this ailment along. I'll look after the sprouts."

"I know a little about them, too," said Aunt Lo. "I can help."

Although his stomach plainly was giving him discomfort, the old man said stubbornly: "It's nothing. I won't go."

Aunt Lo was getting frantic. "You must go, whether you want to or not. Once you're cured, won't you work even better? If you won't listen to me, you at least ought to listen to the team leader."

The team leader added his entreaties to ours. At last, Uncle Ken-fa said reluctantly: "All right. If I must, I must." But first he took me to the seedling field, examined the sprouts carefully, and gave me detailed instructions. Only then did he return home, get a few things together and depart for the hospital. A set of *Selected Works*

of *Mao Tsetung* was in his bag. Aunt Lo said this had been presented to him by the commune as a commendation, and that he took with him wherever he went.

III

One evening a day or two later I went to have a look at the sprouts. They were growing beautifully, all glistening and supple. The sunset clouds were the colour of peach blossoms in a deep blue sky. White mist drifted like veils across the fields. Really lovely. It seemed to me that in weather like this I ought to drain the water out and let the sprouts absorb the night dew. That would be better than any amount of fertilizer.

Uncle Ken-fa sent word from the hospital that a big storm was brewing. I couldn't help laughing. He had always been very responsible in his statements. Probably his illness had made his brain a little fuzzy. I just didn't believe it. I removed the earth from the openings in the mound that encircled the field of sprouts and let the water out.

Then I went over to the sprout field of Team Four. I thought: "It won't take very long. I'll let the water out for them, too." I knocked a few openings in their retaining mound, drained the field, and went home.

But I wasn't quite easy in my mind. Suppose it rained, after all? From my bed, I looked out of the window. The moon rode on the tree tops, and the stars were as thick as the seed I had cast. Frogs in the fields croaked loudly and clear. How could it rain? Impossible. Drowsily, I drifted off into slumber.

I was awakened by a heavy clap of thunder. The sky, as black as pitch, clamped down on everything like an inverted cauldron. Fiery lightning ripped across the firmament. It was going to rain! With a groan I leaped out of bed. I grabbed my flashlight and a hoe and rushed out.

Oppressive thunder rumbled overhead. I cursed myself for not having heeded Uncle Ken-fa's warning. I ran, panting, towards the sprout field. Suddenly, the rain poured down in a deluge. I

was instantly soaked to the skin. "With no water to support them, those delicate shoots are sure to be flattened in the storm," I thought.

I put on an extra spurt. Stumbling and skidding, I reached the field. With my hoe I started reblocking the openings I had made in the retaining mound. In the darkness the rain pelted against the sprouts. Each hissing splash cut my heart like a knife.

"Ho," called a familiar voice.

I swung the beam of my flashlight. "Is that you, team leader?"

"Yes. It's raining so hard, I thought I'd better have a look. Did you let the water out?"

"It was very wrong of me. Have you blocked the openings on that side?"

"One more to go."

"Will the sprouts be ruined?"

"Not necessarily."

I finished blocking my end of the field and went over to the team leader. He was soaking wet. Lightning flashed. I saw another man beside Team Four's sprout field. That reminded me — I had let the water out there, too. Why hadn't I thought of it before?

The team leader nudged my arm. "Someone's there. Let's take a look." We hurried over. It was Uncle Ken-fa.

Before I could speak, he said to us: "There are still a few openings. Block them, quick."

He was absolutely drenched. It tore my heart. Our team leader said: "What are you doing out of the hospital, uncle?"

The old man continued pushing earth into the breaches. He plainly considered this a superfluous question. After a while he said: "How could I lie there with the rain coming down like this? I sent word this afternoon, but I know you young fellows sleep soundly. I had to come and see for myself."

Thunder blotted out the rest of what he said. Lightning flashed. I saw rain water streaming down his face. He didn't bother to wipe it away.

Working rapidly, we repaired the retaining mound. "I'm going to write a poster criticizing the man in charge of this sprout plot tomorrow," Uncle Ken-fa muttered. "How could he let the water out

in such weather? What kind of a farmer is he if he doesn't understand a simple thing like this? And he doesn't even come to block the holes up again. Where's his sense of responsibility?"

I prickled all over, as if I had fallen into a pile of wheat awns. But I gathered my courage and said: "It wasn't a Team Four man, uncle. I did it."

"What? How could you have done such a stupid thing?"

"I . . . I thought . . ."

"Of course you meant well. You didn't know it was going to rain so hard. There's a lot of technique to farming, son. You can't just go at it blindly. You've got to understand weather, and soil, and sprouts. And you must be responsible to the people. It's conscientiousness that counts. You mustn't think you know everything."

"If you opened up their field, why didn't you block it again?" the team leader asked.

"I forgot," I stammered. "I was so worried about our own sprouts."

Gradually, the rain slackened. Uncle Ken-fa finished filling in the breaches. At the edge of the field he washed his hands.

"That's it, you see," he said to me. "You thought only of your own team. You meant well when you drained their water. But your concern for them didn't go far enough, so you forgot to block it again. All our sprouts are for the state. There's no difference between this team and that."

I hung my head, my face burning.

On the way back, Uncle Ken-fa put his big calloused hand on my shoulder. "Why do we till the fields?" he asked kindly. "For the revolution, of course. If we raise good sprouts and get a bumper harvest, we strengthen the state and are prepared against war and natural disasters. We also have to support world revolution."

His every word went straight to my heart. I walked with head down, not speaking. I certainly respected this man who had been born a poor peasant.

Our team leader said: "You've learned the technique of raising rice sprouts from Uncle Ken-fa, you've paid a lot of attention to

that. But you haven't put enough stress on learning his consciousness of the struggle between classes and lines, his spirit of serving the people wholly and entirely. From now on —"

"From now on I definitely am going to learn from his fine qualities," I vowed. The team leader's advice cleared the fog from my mind.

"We've got to take special care now, son," said Uncle Ken-fa. "Those sprouts have been soaked. If the weather turns cold, we'll have to work like blazes. But don't worry. I'll get my discharge from the hospital tomorrow. We won't let difficulties get us down."

"It's going to be a battle," said our team leader. "We must be ready to fight."

IV

After the rain, there was a cold wave. The temperature dropped. In a single night the sprouts drooped considerably. As I lightly ran my fingers over the withered leaves I felt so heartsick I nearly wept. It was all my fault! And I not only hurt my own team but Team Four as well. None of the members of Team Four berated me, in fact they encouraged me. But I felt very ashamed. If, as a result of injuring the sprouts, the transplanting was affected, my mistake would be even more serious. I was quite depressed. I decided to criticize myself before Uncle Ken-fa.

When I got to his door I heard voices inside. He and the team leader were talking about me. I halted and listened.

"The boy is a good sprout," Uncle Ken-fa said.

"With the help of a sprout-raiser like you, good sprout should mature well," said the team leader.

Aunt Lo put in a word. "That's right. I said so right from the start. He's a fine boy. He and we are of one heart."

"He's very happy here in the countryside, and he's got determination and lofty aspirations," said the team leader. "But he doesn't stand quite high enough, or look quite far enough. It's up to us to teach him."

"Right," said Uncle Ken-fa. "We certainly will act according to Chairman Mao's directives and help this sprout from the city come to full flower in the countryside."

"Well put, uncle," said the team leader. "Raising political levels is even more important than raising rice sprouts. It's extremely important in our fight to prevent the bourgeoisie from winning over the younger generation. We must train revolutionary fighters for the cause of communism. With you raising both sprouts and young folk's political consciousness, uncle, our team is bound to have a double bumper harvest this year."

They all laughed. My eyes were moist, I don't know why. I pushed open the door and said: "Team leader, uncle, I've let you down."

The team leader ruffled my hair. "Not at all. Learn well, work well, stick to the road pointed out by Chairman Mao, and you're sure to become the kind of commune member we peasants welcome."

I thought of those yellow drooping sprouts and I asked miserably: "What can we do about the sprouts, team leader?"

"What's your idea?" he countered.

"Uncle Ken-fa must have a plan," I said.

"You, also, should be confident that we can save them," the team leader said firmly.

I understood, but could think of no reply.

Uncle Ken-fa slowly lit his pipe, a kindly smile on his face. "When we're armed with Mao Tsetung Thought, son," he said, "we can lick anything in heaven or on earth. It's man, not nature, that decides whether we have a bumper harvest. Don't lose courage. What's frightening about difficulties? If the Foolish Old Man could remove mountains, are we going to let a little difficulty scare us? Let's see that spirit you showed when you were a Red Guard rebelling against the capitalist roaders. As long as we listen to Chairman Mao, the sprouts will have to listen to us."

Sunlight seemed to flood my heart. I felt all warm inside, and filled with confidence and strength. "I'm going to **'Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory,'**" I said.

"Are you sure you can do it?" asked the team leader, with a significant glance.

I smiled and nodded. "I've discovered the reason why Uncle Ken-fa raises good sprouts every year."

"That's fine," said the team leader. "Uncle Ken-fa and I have just talked it over with the former poor peasants. We've figured out a way to save the sprouts." He turned to Uncle Ken-fa. "That's how we'll do it, then. We'll raise good sprouts and reap a bumper crop."

A few days later, thanks to the emergency measures we took, the sprouts began to thrive again. Absorbing sunshine and dew, they looked vital and lush, swaying in the breeze. Uncle Ken-fa gazed at them with a contented smile.

I recalled what Chairman Mao had said: "**It is highly necessary for young people with education to go to the countryside to be re-educated by the poor and lower-middle peasants.**" This teaching now seemed particularly dear to me. It warmed my heart like a glowing sun.

Yu Tsung-hsin

Our Olunchun Girl

She was born in a birch grove
And raised on horseback;
At ten she was a rider
Skimming the vast grassland.

Across her shoulder
Her shotgun she slung;
While deep in her heart
The red sun shone.

Each time she aimed
A wild goose fell;
When she spurred her horse,
Swift as lightning she rode.

Twenty springs and winters
Her bayonet gleamed;
As she and her steed
Braved sleet and snow.

Ayima's steady gun
Ended many a wolf's life,
As Ayima scaled
The steepest peaks.

Lilting on the spring breeze
Came Ayima's sweet melodies;
Ayima's songs
Were rippling streams.

"Oh, dear Chairman Mao,
Red sun in our hearts!
Our Olunchun will fly
Towards the bright future."

Then the saddle she left,
Into the cockpit climbed;
A brave Olunchun rider
Now pilots a plane.

Ayima! Ayima!
Brave Olunchun girl,
From the Greater Khingan Range,
Now she skims the skies.

Against the wind
A silver eagle flying;

Above her wings
The red sun shining.

The sky o'er our motherland
Is broader than our ranges;
But with Chairman Mao's guidance
Ayima wings her way.

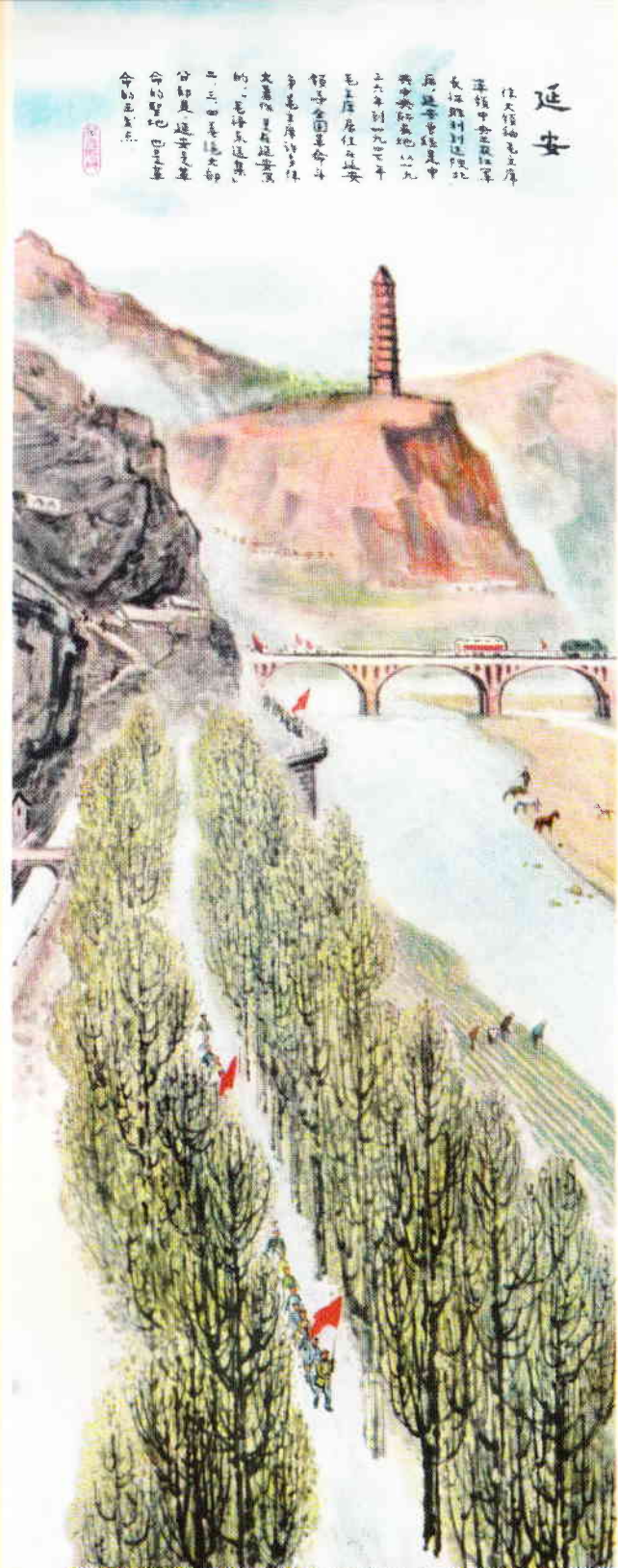
Far down there below
Are mountains and rivers;
Beneath her eyes, stretches
The whole wide world.

Brilliant Mao Tsetung Thought
Lights the way ahead;
The Cultural Revolution
Is a clarion call to battle.

Ayima's proud songs
Echo through the azure blue;
"Chairman Mao, you've given me wings,
For ever I'll fly toward you."

Yenan (traditional painting) ▶

Yenan was a revolutionary base in north Shensi where the great leader Chairman Mao directed China's revolutionary struggle from 1936 till 1947.



The Golden Bridge

Our commune's built a golden bridge,
Beneath it the rippling river flows;
Water and songs in a chorus rise,
People's communes are fine.

In the bad old days, now gone,
Just rotten planks, thin and narrow,
Spanned the river. With one false step
You fell. A dangerous bridge to cross.

One day when I was just a child
In howling wind and swirling snow,
I was sent to beg beside this bridge.
My back and feet were bare;

I clutched what tattered rags I had
And a broken gourd, for begging.
As my poor mother sent me off,
Scalding tears furrowed her face.
“Watch out for the landlords and their ravenous dogs,”
She called, but loud sobs choked her words.

Our new bridge of re-inforced concrete
Is long and high, broad and fine,
With carved railings on either side.
Shining in the golden sun,
Five-starred red flags each end unfurl.
Our Liberation trucks drive to and fro.
This golden bridge our commune built,
It leads to Chairman Mao’s bright road.

The red flag of Tachai waves on high.
Gongs and drums announce our coming
To deliver grain to the state.
Proudly I drive my cart to our new bridge;
Our mules are sleek, well-built,
The red-maned horses stout and strong;
Even the mountains and rivers are singing now.
I crack my whip, keeping time to their song.

My mother sees me off to the bridge
Bidding me to take great care.
“Now hurry up and make good time,” she says,
“Take our grain as fast as you can.
To the Communist Party we owe our life
And Chairman Mao’s concern for us is great.”

Each grain is a symbol of a red heart;
The rays of the red sun warm me,
For my heart is loyal to Chairman Mao;
I’ll always follow the course he charts.

I flick my whip and my cart starts off
In the spring breeze and the glowing sun,
Loudly our songs rise to the very skies,
People’s communes are fine.

Chang Chao-shun

Loving Care of Poor Peasants

Through piercing wind and driven snow,
Full of pep on a march we went.
In the forest at dusk the wind howled,
Where could we ask some shelter for the night?

Beside the trail we glimpsed a cottage,
Its smoke entangled in the overhanging trees.
What a welcome sight! We ran to it eagerly,
Its red lantern showed it was a soldier's family.

Our commander was about to rap on the door
But a smiling old peasant flung it open wide.
"We've been expecting you. Now you're here," he said,
"Come in, come in and warm yourselves."

Old uncle gave us hot water for washing,
Old aunty wondered were we tired or not;
Around the oil lamp we recalled our bitter past
And together pledged the revolution to continue.

While we lay down on the warm *kang* bed,
Our guns clasped tightly against our sides,
Uncle dried our shoes beside the stove,
Aunty smiling, watched us while we slept.

With our whistle at dawn, we fell in line,
To these two poor old peasants we said "Goodbye";
On we went through wind and driven snow,
Our hearts warmed for ever by their tender care.

Chien Kang

The Film Boat

Sailing swiftly before the night wind
The boat came, bringing films for us;
Red flags fluttering at its prow
Tinted the water crimson all about.

With welcoming smiles we began to ask,
"Which film will you show tonight?"
"*Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* in colour."
Even the waves began to dance.

On the threshing ground the screen was set;
The splendid arias held us spellbound,
While the stirring scenes touched our hearts
And deafening applause shook the stars.

"Well I know there's danger ahead,
But I'm all the more set on driving forward."
The battle drums echoed in our ears,
The heroes indelibly imprinted on our minds.

The film ended. Bright lights lit up happy faces,
Around us was piled the golden grain;
The thresher singing day and night,
With joy we sent the film boat on its way again.

Tai Mu-jen

A Night in "Potato" Village

The express curved smoothly through the snowstorm into a small station in the northeast — Tungfeng. The conductor opened the door with some effort. The steps were coated with ice.

A year ago when I escorted a group of young people here to settle down in the frontier countryside to do farm work, I had gotten off at this very station. It was spring. The majestic Lesser Khingan Range was dressed in luxuriant green. Now the landscape, cloaked in white, was quite different. It was the season for cutting trees. Carts and lumbermen shuttled to and fro. The atmosphere was a joyous one. I gingerly made way for huge trucks. Loaded with giant fir logs, it trailed the fresh smell of resin.

As I stood waiting for a lift from a passing car, I heard thumping steps behind me. I turned and saw a tall old peasant, sheepskin coat yanked open, a bag over his shoulder, walking towards me with big strides. His breath clouded in the sharp air and settled on his beard and eyebrows as frost.

"Where to?" he asked.

"To the Vanguard Production Brigade."

He glanced at the sun setting on the western hills.

"You've still got about 50 kilometres to go," he said, "you won't get there before midnight."

I mumbled a few anxious words. The old peasant immediately detected my accent. He looked at me for a second, and then asked, "From Shanghai, eh?"

"How do you know?" I said, surprised.

"My ears are used to the Shanghai dialect now," he answered mysteriously. "What makes you go to the Vanguard Production Brigade in such a hurry?"

I told him we were going to have a congress in Shanghai of parents who had sent their children to the countryside to become farmers and my job was to help summarize the advanced deeds of these youngsters in the Vanguard Production Brigade so that I could report to their enthusiastic parents in Shanghai.

The old fellow took in every word I said. "Yes, the Vanguard is a model brigade in these things," he said. "But have you ever heard of the youngsters from Shanghai in our village?"

"Which village?"

"Potato Village." He waved his arm vigorously, settled his finger on a sturdy fir tree by the side of the road and added, "They're all like that tree, every one of them a little tiger."

He had taken away my bag without my being aware of it, and now insisted that I should go with him over the slope ahead.

"Let's go," he said. "You can stay overnight in our village. It's not far, only 15 kilometres or so from here."

I hesitated. But he pressed hard.

"Let's hurry," he urged. "It won't delay you. We'll take you to the Vanguard Brigade in a cart early tomorrow morning. You know, we've had some trouble with our Shanghai youngsters."

So that's why he was so insistent that I stay for the night in his village. "You want me to do some ideological work with your young intellectuals, eh?"

"That's right," he said frankly, smiling.

"Don't they like their work? Or maybe it's the approach of the Spring Festival. Are they homesick?"

He shook his head. "No! I asked them if they wanted to go home to visit their parents during the Spring Festival and promised to give them leave. But they refused. Said private affairs must be regulated by collective interests and our efforts to prepare against war. They said their home is right here in the village. They want to share the joy of the festival with us. Won't hear of anything else!"

"Did they argue or fight with you over it?"

"They never fight. They say they keep their fists for imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries."

His "explanation" made me all the more confused. He saw it and said sympathetically, "Never mind. Let's go on to the village and have a meeting to solve the problem. All you need to do is to speak a few words in our favour. You mustn't side with them, though."

"Well," I said ambiguously. The riddle couldn't be answered then and there, that much I knew. So I changed the subject and talked about the queer name of his village.

"Yes, people are always curious about it," he said, smiling. "When the Shanghai youngsters came here, they all laughed. One could call it anything. But why 'Potato'? It's an ugly name. They talked and laughed among themselves. We got wind of it. The Party branch decided to give them a first lesson by introducing them to the history of the village."

Potato Village is a living witness of the life in the old society. Originally the country was uninhabited primeval forest. The Japanese aggressors occupied this part of the country and forced a large number of peasants to come here to reclaim land. Most of them died of hunger and cold within a few years, and by the time China was liberated only twelve families still survived. They had no draught animals. With their few primitive farm tools they could only grow potatoes, which barely kept them alive. That was why the place was called Potato Village.

Liberation saved Potato Village. Now they grew other crops and began to cut timber and establish other side lines. But traitor Liu Shao-chi's revisionist line caused all the people with a little education to flock to the cities. The villagers couldn't even find anybody to keep simple accounts.

Having vented his grievances, the fellow beamed, his anger gone. "We're much better off now," he said. "Chairman Mao has sent us a batch of successors — a great event for us farmhands in these mountain gullies."

"But you must make strict demands on them," I said. "They came here to be re-educated by you."

"Of course. When they first came, they were very clumsy. They didn't know a thing about farm work. They even had to learn how to walk here! You know, a slip in the snow can make you fall like a bear on its back. Chairman Mao charged us poor and lower-middle peasants with the re-education of these youngsters. We must do our job well in order to live up to his confidence in us. They endure every hardship. They said one year in Potato Village had done them more good than several years in school. The peasants now call them propagandists of Mao T'stung Thought, fighters in the class struggle and good students of the poor and lower-middle peasants."

Good. But I was still puzzled. What troubles could such good students get into under the care of such good teachers?

"Chug, chug, chug..." Noise from a motor sounded in the air through the deep forests. Startled pheasants and other birds darted into the sky and vanished. The old peasant halted and murmured to himself, "Here comes the wild horse!" And he waved his cap. I followed his gaze and saw a tractor bumping along through the woods. The snow on the branches of shaken birches plopped on the driver's leather cap.

He looked very young. In a tight-fitting padded jacket and no coat, he still seemed to radiate heat. I was astonished to see him driving with only one hand — the other was in a sling. I could not help being impressed by his daring and ingenuity. Skilfully he dodged a thick clump of trees and piles of timber which lay in every direction in the snow, and drove towards us. The tractor came to a sudden halt beside us, chugging noisily. He jumped down and stood before the old peasant.

"Who let you loose?" the old man asked unceremoniously. "I've told you more than once: you're not allowed to drive the tractor until your arm is healed."

The young man grinned sheepishly and said, "Well, didn't you say that whatever we did we must not forget preparedness against war? In case war breaks out, do you think I must not drive simply because one of my arms is wounded?"

The old man tried to suppress a laugh. The severity on his face relaxed.

"You always think you're right. We won't argue about it in front of a guest. We'll straighten it out when we get back." He pulled out a pair of padded galoshes from somewhere under his coat and handed them to him. "Put these on."

The young man backed away. "Me put on...?"

"Yes," the old man said firmly. "You had a pair, yes? But that pair is now on Young Lin's feet. Don't think I don't know about it."

There was nothing he could do but accept the galoshes. The old man looked around. "Where is Tieh-ying and her crowd?"

"Cutting branches over there." He pointed to a slope ahead. "They're coming."

A group of young people appeared, singing and laughing, with axes in their hands. They were divided into three teams, two each, pulling a sled loaded with wood. When they saw the old peasant and me, they stopped laughing and shouted, "Old secretary!" The love and warmth in their voices revealed the status of the old man.

"So you are..." I began.

Instantly he interrupted me and finished the sentence, "... serving the people."

The old secretary smiled at the youngsters. Now I had a good look at them. The first three were girls, brisk and lively, ruddy with health. They crowded round the old secretary, jabbering noisily.

"Old secretary, three days you've been away! You can't imagine how we missed you."

"Did you get me the acupuncture diagram?"

"And the new Constitution of the Party I asked you to buy?"

As they chattered they kept trying to search the old man's bag. He pressed it tight.

"Wait, wait!" he shouted. "Wait until we get home. You'll all get what you wanted!"

"What good news did you bring us from the county meetings?"

"A lot. But for now I'll only tell you one thing — a comrade has been sent here from your home town, Shanghai, to see you."

"Where is he?"

Only now did they notice me. They besieged me as soon as the old secretary introduced me, asking a thousand and one things so that I did not know what to answer first. The secretary saved me. "It's getting dark," he said. "Let's get the sled ready. Our guest is freezing. He'll answer you when we get home."

The old man and youngsters hooked a large sled to the tractor. In a minute they piled all the wood on the sled, their movements quick and nimble. Then they pushed the old secretary and me into the driver's cabin and they themselves settled on the sled behind. Just as our one-armed driver was about to start the engine, a girl in a green padded army coat jumped in and seized the steering wheel.

"I'll drive," she told him shortly. "You'd better take a rest in the back seat."

But the young man refused to give in. He shot a defiant glance at the girl.

"What does that look on your face mean?" she demanded. "Do you think you could have driven this thing at all today without our support?"

The young fellow had to give up his seat, and with a smile. But as he jumped off he made a face at the girl.

"Instead of riding an aeroplane," he said, "now you come here to drive a tractor."

I asked the old secretary in a whisper, "Can she drive a tractor?"

"Of course," the old secretary said. "They all can."

"The young fellow was pulling her leg. What did he mean?"

"Well, there's a story behind it. This girl — Wu Tieh-ying is her name — was originally given a job as a hostess on an airline with the Shanghai Civil Aviation Bureau. She turned it down. Wanted to be an anti-imperialist and anti-revisionist fighter in frontier regions,

and insisted on it. Now she is secretary of the Communist Youth League branch here. Although she is a regular accountant for the team, she works in the fields just like the others. She does her accounting job in the evenings. A tireless worker, she is."

"That young chap has a northeastern accent. I guess he is a local man."

"No. He also comes from Shanghai. Niu Chih-nung is his name, but people call him Wild Horse. He used to be a head of the Red Guards in Shanghai, now he's leader of our militia platoon."

The tractor bumped onto a level road. The old secretary gave me a nudge, saying, "Here we are. Arrived."

Three orderly rows of low houses mantled with thick snow came into sight. White smoke rose leisurely from the chimneys, and lamp-light winked from behind green window frames. The loud-speaker in the centre of the village was sending out revolutionary songs. Draught animals, aroused by the noise of the tractor, neighed and moaned. A whiff of cooking meat assailed my nostrils. The youngsters told me that they had shot a fat bear and we were going to have potato and bear's paw stew, a highly prized and rare dish in our traditional menu. I could not picture this as the once desolate Potato Village.

After supper the old secretary took me to the youngsters' house. Three whitewashed rooms. The one on the right was for the girls. The other two on the left, with the partition removed, were for the boys and called "preparedness against war" room. There were two long brick beds, one along the north wall and the other along the south. On the north one were displayed some shiny, well-oiled guns and above them on the wall a map of the world, dotted with small red flags pinned on the Asian, African and Latin American continents. Below, a few lines read:

This map we hang purposely on this wall
So that we can look at it every day.
It reminds us where people are suffering
And where they have taken up guns.
When the people of the world rise up to fight together,
Imperialism, revisionism and reaction will meet their doom.

The room was so warm and cosy that most of the youngsters wore only jerseys. Niu Chih-nung blew a whistle and instantly all the young folk crowded into the room, followed by several poor and lower-middle peasants. The old secretary opened his bag and distributed all the articles the youngsters asked him to buy. He gave them books he had bought them. Laughter and joyous shouts filled the room.

This reminded me of what the old secretary had told me during the day. The youngsters were supposed to have created a lot of troubles. Just as I was about to ask about it, the old secretary raised his voice, "Now that this comrade from Shanghai is here, the question about your work points must be settled at once. We have to make up the account for the end of the year, the commune members won't stand any more delay."

I was amazed and worried that the trouble should be so serious. "What's the matter with you?" I asked Tich-ying next to me. "Do you fight over work points?"

"Yes," she said, smiling, "and we fight very hard."

The poor and lower-middle peasants turned to me. "Comrade from Shanghai," they said, "please say what's right. In our socialist society we work on the principle: to each according to his labour. When we fixed work points for these youngsters by common consent, they refused to accept them."

"It's not that we refused to accept them," Tich-ying said in a conciliatory tone, "but the rate is too high for us. We don't deserve it."

"You've worked as much as we did. Take you, Tich-ying. When you were sowing beans behind the plough, you always kept up with the horse. No one in the village can do that as skilfully as you."

"But we came here as pupils to be re-educated," said Niu Chih-nung. "We've been taught here by the poor and lower-middle peasants in person, and have taken much of your working hours. Do you think we should receive work points at the same rate as you?"

No sooner had the youngster finished his words than an old peasant gave him a gentle slap on the back.

"You're the author of all these devilish ideas," the old man said. "You're the leader in this row."

Jerking his head towards the others, the young man smiled and said, "Ask them, please."

All the youngsters spoke at once: "You've spent much time and thought on our political education, but suffered much loss economically on your part. What contributions have we made?"

"A lot. You've spread Mao Tsetung Thought, wiped out illiteracy among us and given us medical care. Apart from that, do you think we could have had such a good harvest on those thirty hectares of land we newly reclaimed and completed the reservoir in one winter without the help of you young tigers?"

"But to deserve that rate of work points we have to make fresh efforts in the coming year," some of the youngsters said.

"No, we won't accept it!" others shouted.

The old secretary coughed, meaning that it was time for me to arbitrate and speak in his favour. I was at a loss for words, being excited as well as embarrassed. Tieh-ying took the offensive, pulling my sleeve and whispering in Shanghai dialect, "You must speak on our behalf."

I was now between the devil and the deep blue sea. At my wit's end, I tried to wriggle out of the dilemma. "In my opinion," I said, "you ought to let the local Party organization deliberate over the rate and decide on it."

"This is the standard rate fixed by the Association of Poor and Lower-middle Peasants," said the old secretary and the representatives of the poor and lower-middle peasants, exasperated.

The youngsters looked at each other and laughed.

I was so moved by the high proletarian consciousness of "my" Shanghai young people that I could not fall asleep that night. Early next morning reveille woke me up. When I opened my eyes I found everyone gone, their quilts folded up neatly on the brick beds. I gazed out the window. A red sun was rising from behind a hill, flooding the great earth with golden rays. The youngsters, bathed in the rosy light, guns across their shoulders, looked all the more lively and brave. They were beginning another revolutionary day.

Daughter of the People

I went to settle in the Chungaitou Production Brigade in Hopei Province in June 1969. Being in the countryside for almost two years has made me understand the correctness of Chairman Mao's instruction, "**It is highly necessary for young people with education to go to the countryside to be re-educated by the poor and lower-middle peasants.**"

Speaking of the ideological transformation of intellectuals, Chairman Mao pointed out that if they wanted to be one with the masses, "**they must change and remould their thinking and their feelings. Without such a change, without such remoulding, they can do nothing well and will be misfits.**"

Working, living, eating, going to meetings and studying with the peasants has taught me their fine ideas and qualities and helped transform my ideas and feelings.

First and most important, the poor and lower-middle peasants set a good example in class struggle, the main thing we young people

must learn. When we were electing our team leader, for example, some bad people tried to persuade us not to re-elect our old team head, saying that he only knew how to do farm work but not how to be a leader. The peasants saw through that plot. They criticized these people sharply and supported the old team leader. One peasant said, "When the enemy offers cigarettes and tea to leaders and pretends to be intimate with them, watch him. The chopsticks in his hand are bayonets!" The sharp eyes of the poor and lower-middle peasants and their firm proletarian stand taught me a lot. Chairman Mao pointed out, **"The peasants are clear-sighted. Who is bad and who is not, who is the worst and who is not quite so vicious, who deserves severe punishment and who deserves to be let off lightly — the peasants keep clear accounts."** If I want to learn from them, the first thing is to learn their clear-cut proletarian stand towards what to love and what to hate.

They are good teachers in the three great revolutionary movements — class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment.

When it rains, they rush to the threshing ground to cover the collective's grain while their own grain gets wet. A peasant whom I call uncle once went in the rain to the fields to check on the crops. When he returned, his cotton-padded jacket was soaked. I felt sorry for him and said, "What weather! Once it starts raining, there's no end to it!" But he replied, "It's a good rain. Let it keep raining and we'll have a good harvest next year." His concern for the collective moved me. This is the finest characteristic of the poor and lower-middle peasants.

Chungaitou Brigade's third team does not have enough manpower. Girls do every kind of job. They built the houses the students live in. They vie with one another to do the heavy, dirty work. They are really something. They never speak about it, but their high spirits gives you confidence.

When we were threshing the wheat, it was very dusty around the threshing machine, and I did not want to go near it. But though the dust choked them and their arms were cut by the flying chaff, the girls worked in high spirits. This encouraged me and I joined

them. They laughed and said, "Yin-ko, now you're like us, all covered with dust."

Nothing I have done well in the countryside can be separated from the help the peasants give me. An example was the herb pharmacy which we set up with the support of the villagers. Children helped us collect local materials to make medicines, vying with each other to do different jobs for us. Once we needed hair to make up some medicine and several children said, "Good, we'll have our hair cut tomorrow." I protested that their hair was already too short. But they replied, "It doesn't matter, we'll cut it all off. It will be cool." Early the next morning, bunches of hair, from grandmothers and girls and boys, were brought to the pharmacy. Looking at those lovely children who brought us the hair, my heart was filled with warmth.

Re-education by the poor and lower-middle peasants changed my thinking and feelings. When I see the peasants' children getting dirty, I help clean them. It used to make me ill at ease to see girls working barefooted in the fields. Now I do it without thinking. The peasants are pleased with the progress I have made. "Yin-ko is becoming one of us," they say. In school, I did not like to wear patched clothes because I was afraid people would laugh at me. But my ideas have changed. When my clothes are torn, I mend them again and again. Once when I went back home to visit, I wore patched clothes. My grandmother said, "You should change your old clothes while you're home." I replied, "If I can wear them in the countryside, why can't I wear them in the city? These clothes bring the honour of good, hard labour home."

I had learned acupuncture before I went to settle in the village and I treated people almost every day after work. Once I treated a woman for a rheumatic pain in her side. After the acupuncture, I applied moxibustion and moxa rolls. I told her, "Tell me if it's too hot." She replied, "All right!" But I was so tired that I dozed off and the glowing end of the moxa touched her skin. She jumped and I woke up and saw that I had burned her. I had a guilty conscience.

The past flashed through my mind. I had gone to live in the home of a peasant woman outside of Peking to learn acupuncture and moxi-

bustion. She treated me like her own daughter and even asked me to practise needling on her. When I refused, she scolded me and said, "Silly girl! If you do not practise, how can you master it?" Her neighbours were glad that I was learning acupuncture for the villagers among whom I was going to live. The woman next door said, "How we suffered from the lack of doctors and medicines in the old days. Poor people are all one family. You're learning acupuncture to help us. If you want to practise on us, just say the word." When I left, the woman held my hands with tears in her eyes and gave me this advice, "Well lass, now you've learned acupuncture. Mind you, don't forget us poor and lower-middle peasants!" It all came back to me now. The poor and lower-middle peasants showed such concern for me because they hoped I would devote my life to the revolution. I should honour them and serve them all my life.

I have not found it easy to think only of serving the people wholeheartedly. The minute I slacken in my ideological remoulding, I slip back and bourgeois selfishness crops up. Not long ago, two little pigs of the brigade became sick. I tried to save them, but failed. I was so sad that I cried. The peasants and leaders said to me, "It is not skill that counts, but your thinking."

Lying in bed that night, I pondered on Chairman Mao's praise of Norman Bethune for his spirit of utter devotion to others without any thought of self. Chairman Mao teaches, "**A man's ability may be great or small, but if he has this spirit, he is already noble-minded and pure, a man of moral integrity and above vulgar interests, a man who is of value to the people.**" I analysed why I had failed to cure the piglets. I couldn't stand how dirty they were and I didn't want to carry them from the pigsty to the house for treatment. The essence of the matter was that my thoughts were unclean. The more I thought it over the more ashamed I became. Pictures of the selfless peasants floated through my mind. I thought of the weather-beaten Party secretary who has worked hard for the revolution for several decades and been a leader for more than 20 years. He is still hard-working and takes the lead in everything. How could I be compared with him and other peasants!

A few days later, I was hoeing in the afternoon. An old peasant shouted, "Yin-ko, come over here, another piglet has fallen sick." It was sick just like the two that died. I told him, "I'll take it to the house for treatment." He was afraid the piglet would smear my clothes and went to get a piece of cloth to wrap it in. I thought of what happened last time. I said honestly, "No, uncle. This time I'm not afraid of dirt." As I rushed towards the house in the cold wind, the piglet trembled in my arms. I wrapped it up in my tunic. I told myself that this time I must follow Chairman Mao's teachings and do my best to cure the piglet, which was collective property. I pressed it to my breast to warm it. After giving it an injection I wrapped it up in my shirt. It soon got well.

Then I understood that it is not one's skill but one's thinking that determines whether he can serve the people well. In the past, I hadn't devoted myself to the revolution, didn't do all I could and the piglets died. This time I listened to Chairman Mao's teaching, served the peasants wholeheartedly, and the piglet was cured. Those who are loyal to Chairman Mao are strong and those who follow Chairman Mao's teaching are wise.

I am not good at singing. But this time, walking back with the cured piglet in my arms, I sang:

Ride a donkey to Peking,
As if I see Tien An Men,
Separated by mountains and rivers,
We're still heart to heart with Chairman Mao.

The piglet was well and I was so happy that I burst out laughing. Commune members hoeing in the field called out, "Silly girl, when the piglets died she cried. Now she saves one and she sings and laughs. She really has the same heart as us."

The peasants show concern for my living conditions. The woman at whose house I lived was very kind to me. Whatever she gave her children to eat, she gave to me just as if I were her own daughter. At New Year, families in the village invited me to dinner. They said, "We take you into our family so you will not miss your own so much." A woman invited me to have the traditional mutton

dumpling with her. On December 8 of the farmers almanac, a peasant prepared sweet rice, the traditional symbol of harvest. Because I was away, he kept a bowl of it for me a whole month. Sometimes I had not time to wash or mend my clothes. Village women helped me do it. During one autumn harvest, I worked in the village. The peasants brought me some sorghum stalks to eat when they came back from the fields.

"Not a very good gift," they said, "but it expresses our good intentions. You're one of our family." The warm current of class love flowed in my heart and I was moved.

I shall never forget something that happened last summer. Some children of the village and I were spraying insecticide to kill flies. Some cuts on my hand got infected, my arms and neck became swollen and I ran a high temperature. I didn't tell others that I was sick. But two days later, my tongue had blisters. Because I couldn't speak well, the commune members discovered that I was ill. Many of them came to see me. I was not allowed to work in the fields, but I went stealthily to gather medicinal herbs. Some children saw me and brought the Party secretary. They took me to the dispensary, which was soon crowded with peasants who had come to see me. The secretary said with warm affection, "If you don't take medicine, we'll send you to the commune hospital. And if you go out secretly again, we'll send you to the county hospital!" The peasants echoed his concern.

I had never cried when I was ill, but now tears streamed down my face. The class feelings shown by the poor and lower-middle peasants showed me that great are heaven and earth, but greater still is the goodness of Chairman Mao; deep are rivers and seas, but deeper still is class love. Looking at the portrait of Chairman Mao on the wall and the peasants around me, I had a thousand and one things to tell them, but I did not know where to begin.

The peasants give me affectionate care and I love them with all my heart. I am always thinking what I can do for them. At night after work I knitted socks for mothers of large families. I mended clothes for old people who have no relatives. It seemed as though every stitch linked my heart with theirs. One old peasant in our team

has no relatives and is often sick. I give him acupuncture treatments, fetch water and do jobs around the house for him. I want him to feel that he has Chairman Mao's concern and the warmth of the big family of our socialist society. I go regularly to the homes of people who have chronic diseases to give them acupuncture and other treatment. One patient said, "In the old society, we poor people could not afford any medical treatment. But now doctors come right to our homes. You are really our own doctor."

I am a daughter of the people. I will always follow Chairman Mao's teachings and devote my life to the revolution and the people.



Strike Roots in the Grassland

Chou Wei-min, Liu Pin-pin and I came from No. 29 Middle School, Shenyang. In December 1969 the three of us came to settle down in the Arukhorchin Banner of Uhsaota League, Inner Mongolia — our new home on the grassland. Since then, for more than one year, nurtured by Mao T'stung Thought, we have grown into new fighters in pasturing.

When we arrived, the members of the league and banner revolutionary committees were very concerned about us. Seeing we were all teen-agers and especially that I was then only fifteen, they suggested that we had better settle where living conditions were good. But we explained to them that we had made up our minds to dedicate ourselves to the safeguarding and construction of the motherland in a border area. They gladly supported us in this and arranged for us to join the Supulika Production Team on a northern pasture. Here we began our new revolutionary life.

We had long been hankering after a life on the pasture-lands but none of us had had any practical experience. We were filled with illusions. In textbooks and novels we had read about the icy winters in Inner Mongolia and the frequent sandstorms. However, in spite of this we retained a false picture of beautiful green pastures, lusty

horses and snow-white sheep. . . . Chou Wei-min was always talking about how he would gallop his horse over the grassland. But when we reached the Kundu Grassland we found it entirely different. Looming in the distance were bald and barren mountains; around us a vast wilderness of withered grass. And the cold there was more intense than I had experienced in my life. Our hands and feet were numb even in the bus. As soon as we got off a cutting wind struck our faces like a lance. "What can we do?" I asked myself. "How can we work and temper ourselves in such a place where we can't even expose our hands?" Chou Wei-min felt the same as he huddled deeper into his padded coat. Only Liu Pin-pin retained his revolutionary romanticism. His cheeks were frozen stiff, his teeth chattering, but he still sang, "What a magnificent scene of the north!" — an aria from a model revolutionary Peking opera.

That evening we studied Chairman Mao's works together. We recited aloud these teachings of our great leader: "**Will the Chinese cower before difficulties when they are not afraid even of death?**" and "**A good comrade is one who is more eager to go where the difficulties are greater.**" We realized that we were inexperienced youngsters who needed tempering in a place like this. Without being aware of hardship we should never know what revolutionary struggle meant. Hard conditions raise better men. Being three loyal Red Guards of Chairman Mao we decided we would never step aside from our revolutionary path no matter what difficulties lay ahead.

We lived with three different families. The former poor and lower-middle herdsmen gave us each a copy of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung* and a Chairman Mao badge. They also hung a radiant portrait of Chairman Mao on a wall of our reading room and subscribed to a Han newspaper especially for us as they themselves read only Mongolian. They let us attend struggle meetings against despotic livestock owners and rich herdsmen in order to raise our awareness of class struggle. Whenever they sensed any bourgeois ideas sprouting in our minds they educated us by recalling their bitterness in the old society and savouring the sweetness of the new. On one occasion when I had torn my trousers, I threw them aside, not intending to wear them any more. My new Mama Shentan spotted

them and said, "Lass, do you know what I wore when I was your age? I had no clothes to wear at all. I just wrapped myself in a ragged sheepskin." She said so little but her words meant much to me. Ashamed, I washed and mended my trousers and put them on again.

The former poor and lower-middle herdsmen often said, "Now Chairman Mao has entrusted you to us we must take good care of you." Once when we were in serious trouble our new pa's and ma's got wind of it and came to help us straighten the matter out. Our team leader helped us to fight self and criticize revisionism. He also explained to us the need for unity in revolution. The chairman of the commune revolutionary committee made a special trip of more than five miles to join us in our study class. Liu Pin-pin's pa reminded Liu time and again. "Unity is good," he said. "Unity means strength!" Through criticism and self-criticism we solved the problem and strengthened unity. Everyone was pleased. It almost seemed as though they had helped us to get over a serious illness. Their concern for unity was actually concern for the revolution. We were greatly touched by their help. If we had not taken the initiative and been willing to be re-educated by them and remoulded ourselves properly we would have let them down and been unworthy of Chairman Mao.

Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches us, "**Many so-called intellectuals are, relatively speaking, most ignorant.**" To be frank, even with some schooling we are certainly not intellectuals. And having had no practical experience we know very little. This shortcoming of ours was fully exposed from the very beginning of our new life. For instance, we did not even know how to do a job as simple as collecting manure. The first time we went out to do it, one of us shouldered the basket, another carried the fork while the third acted as assistant. We really made a laughing-stock of ourselves.

One day before Mama Shentan left home for a while, she asked me to cook the meal. I washed and sifted the grain again and again, poured it into a pan and began cooking it. After a long time I tried it, but it still wasn't soft. My younger Mongolian sister noticed this and asked, "Sis, what are you cooking there?"

"Do you think I don't even know what I'm cooking?" I retorted. "Why, it is millet. If it isn't millet what else is it?"

She ran to find her mother. When Mama Shentan came home and saw what I was cooking she almost choked with laughter. Then she asked, "Lass, why are you cooking unpolished millet?" I blushed with shame, forcing back my tears.

We three had been poisoned by Liu Shao-chi's revisionist educational line and we often assumed airs of superiority because we had a little superficial book knowledge. Liu Pin-pin had long dreamed of being an educated shepherd using scientific methods. Knowing this, the leadership sent him off to herd sheep with his new pa. Liu was overjoyed. One day his pa went to a meeting. Liu thought it a good chance to demonstrate his superior knowledge. He believed that the orders his pa had given him about the sheep were not scientific. He ignored them and worked out his own ideas. Bewildered at his "scientific" orders 900 sheep scampered away in all directions. He had to run after them and bring them back one by one. When he brought them back in the evening angry and tired, he singled out those rams which had disobeyed him and whipped each one several times.

The team cadres and the former poor and lower-middle herdsmen did not regard this as a laughing matter. They felt very responsible. Liu Pin-pin had long wanted to carry the long shepherd's crook which his pa used. "I want to be a real herdsman," he thought, "a man on horseback with a shepherd's crook in my hand." But his pa always shook his head, saying, "Not yet my boy! Not yet!" The same night that Liu whipped the sheep his pa told him, "We should consider all collective property dear to us. The sheep will never obey you if you treat them like that."

One evening, when Liu drove the sheep home some of them slipped back behind the yurt and Liu did not notice them. Immediately he went back to a gully to search for them. It was already pitch-dark and bitterly cold. The gale was so strong that Liu could hardly walk. Nevertheless, he struggled straight on to the gully. His pa, back from a meeting, was worried. He jumped on a horse and galloped off to look for Liu. When the old man found the boy in a far-off gully he said, "Son, what if you had lost your way on such a dark night?" Liu did not answer but kept asking about the sheep. He learned that all of them were safe at home and when he returned he was so happy,

he skipped about with his arms round the neck of a sheep. Holding a crook in his hand, his pa said, "Now I can give this to you, son!" From then on Liu grazed his sheep very carefully, his affection for them growing greater all the time. Sometimes we had meetings in the commune office. If we could not be back by dusk, Liu would be so worried that he chattered about his 900 sheep all the time.

Before he came to the grassland Chou Wei-min had always wanted to be a horseman. The first day we arrived, he ran to see the horses. But he was assigned, with another young herdsman, to supply drinking water for 500 horses. The job was not light but he accepted the task willingly. Later, his companion was shifted to another job and Chou took on the work all by himself. When any difficulties occurred, he recited Chairman Mao's teaching, "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory,**" to encourage himself.

Continuous effort and tempering have toughened Chou. During the spring ploughing he was sent to care for the oxen. With the same enthusiasm he accepted the task. He regarded this as the former poor and lower-middle herdsmen's confidence in him and a chance to show his devotion to the struggle to change methods of agriculture on the grassland. Green hand that he was, he learned from seasoned herdsmen. To sum up experience, he often squatted by the shed and watched the oxen eating their fodder. In ninety days of hard work he took such good care of oxen that the brawny animals ensured smooth spring ploughing.

Liu Pin-pin did as well as Chou Wei-min. Our team planned to sink a well some distance away. Liu volunteered to go. The team leader did not agree to his application, saying that he was too young for the job. But Liu waited till the others had left, then followed them with his bedding-roll on his back. Scorning the cold water and deepness of the well, he stayed till the finish.

The correct education given to us by the former poor and lower-middle herdsmen has enabled us to remould our world outlook along the revolutionary line and we have come closer to our earnest teachers.

We study the Three Constantly Read Articles very frequently and are determined, in accordance with Chairman Mao's teachings, to



serve the people with all our hearts and all our life. The deep class feelings of our teachers stimulates our resolution. We help them to do many odd jobs, and carry water for them all. Chou Wei-min's new pa is weak and sometimes ill. More than once Chou has taken him in a hand-cart to the commune clinic for treatment. If there is no convenient place to stay for the night he sleeps in the cart. People praised him as "the youth like the army hero Lei Feng."

We have achieved only a little. But the former poor and lower-middle herdsmen appreciate this very much. They say we are really following Chairman Mao's teachings. They first called us "those educated youngsters" but now they say, "our lads," or "our lass." They have given us Mongolian names which indicates their expectations and hopes for us. We have learned Mongolian so that we can be re-educated more easily and strike deeper roots in the grassland. The first sentence we learned was "Long live Chairman Mao." We decided that each of us should learn three different sentences every day and teach them to each other in the evenings. The cadres and the masses all regarded helping us as their duty. They taught us with pleasure, correcting our mispronunciation with great patience. Now

we can understand simple Mongolian and recite in that language some quotations from Chairman Mao and sing those set to music.

Everything in our life is well-planned. Chou Wei-min and Liu Pin-pin first lived in the team's apartments while I lived with Mama Shentan. Worried that the boys might not be used to the cold platform bed the team leadership moved Chou Wei-min to the house of old poor herdsman Papa Fuenpu and Liu Pin-pin to Papa Tarmusoak's house. As commune members we were allotted milch cows, and when meat is distributed they choose some of the best for us. Last winter, afraid that we would catch cold, without our knowledge, they wove extra quilts and then gave them to us. The care our new pa's and ma's give us is beyond words; their affection is without end. Mongolians do not eat special meat dumplings on festivals yet, thinking that we might feel homesick they made some for us at Spring Festival. Once before we set off to plough land some distance from the village they carried delicious cream and meat for us and wrapped some of their own quilts in our bundles.

We know very well that they do such things in loyalty to Chairman Mao and because of their desire to carry out his directives. All they hope is that we will always follow Chairman Mao, make revolution and remould our world outlook properly in the three great revolutionary movements of class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment so that we become worthy successors to the revolutionary cause of the proletariat.

More than a year of practical training has convinced us that the road Chairman Mao has pointed out to educated young people, to integrate with the masses of workers and peasants, is a revolutionary road without end. Living among the former poor and lower-middle herdsmen we feel there are many things we must still learn from them for, the more we learn under such arduous conditions the more are the problems we have to solve. Only arming ourselves with Mao Tsetung Thought can we gain unlimited strength in the battle. We pledge to continue marching forward unflinchingly along the broad revolutionary road as Chairman Mao teaches us.

'Two Ears of Rice

It was 1959. The rice was soon to be harvested. One day at sunset a man was rambling in the fields, his eyes fixed intently on the paddy. He was poor peasant Chang, a 54-year-old member of the Chang Family Production Brigade near Shanghai and an expert in seed selection. He was a hale and vigorous man with a dark and ruddy complexion, strong-willed and firm in his resolutions just like the "Foolish Old Man Who Removed Mountains." One look at his strong calloused hands and people could see he was an experienced farmer.

Chang liked wandering in the fields. It was an old habit of his. Whenever he had time to spare he strolled around. People walked home from commune meetings by the main roads, but he took the small paths. Why? He was always on the look out for extra good ears of rice for seed. Why was he so energetic? Well, we have to begin from the very day when the people's commune was set up.

That day, with drums and gongs, Chang and other poor and lower-middle peasants celebrated the establishment of the people's commune. When the meeting was over, the commune's Party secretary came to Chang and said: "Old Chang, Chairman Mao says that we must select good seed. Now our commune is set up, collective pro-

duction will increase quickly. You're an expert in seed selection. You must spend more time on this job and improve our seed." Then he handed Chang a set of Chairman Mao's works.

When Chang returned home he began to study Chairman Mao's works every evening. He read attentively, word by word, sentence by sentence. The more he read, the more enthusiastic he became. Chairman Mao is busy day and night working for the Chinese and world revolution, he thought, but he's still concerned about us farmers, our seed and yields. He is so thoughtful!

Indeed, as the proverb says, "Good bamboo produces strong shoots, good seed yields a good harvest." Yet the same amount of fertilizer and the same field management may produce different yields. Seed plays a very important role in increasing production. Since the very day he was entrusted the job, Chang worked all the more energetically than ever, determined not to disappoint the Party and Chairman Mao. He spent practically all his spare time in the fields looking for suitable seed, and rarely showed up at home. His wife complained, "Look at you, dropping in for meals as if this were a canteen or just coming back to sleep as if it were an inn. If you do ever show up in the daytime it's like a bus stopping for a jiffy before it goes on again." Though she said this she supported her old man, for she knew what he was doing was correct.

One day when Chang was rambling in the fields and came to the ninth patch of paddy, he was struck by something unusual. He paused and looked. Gently nodding in the middle of the patch were two rice stalks with ears twice as big as the rest. Chang rolled up his trouser legs and went to look closer. The stems were thick, and bore heavy golden ears. He counted. One ear had 264 grains and the other 336, altogether exactly 600. What wonderful seed! The sight warmed his heart. He fingered each ear lovingly, eager to pluck the seeds. But no, they were not all quite ripe. Yet if he left them he was afraid he might not find them again a few days later. He couldn't think what to do until he noticed a cluster of green reeds nodding in the breeze by the stream. He hurried over, pulled up some reeds, and stuck them in the mud around the rice stalks like a little fence. He could not tear himself away but, since the frogs

croaked and the moon was high above the tree tops, slowly he trudged home.

A week went by and patch after patch of the late golden rice had ripened. When Chang finished work he went to the ninth patch, made his way carefully into the middle of the field, found the reeds and picked the two special ears. He went home as happy as a child with a new toy, muttering, "Six hundred seeds, six hundred good seeds."

At home, Chang found a piece of cellophane and wrapped the rice ears in it. He sunned them on the roof each morning and took them in before sunset every evening. He made a special bamboo container for them too and hung it in a corner behind the stove.

Time flies and it was soon the end of the year. On the twenty-fourth day of the lunar twelfth month, the "small New Year's Eve" in the village, it was customary for each household to have a thorough spring cleaning. Chang's wife was a model house-keeper. This year she put more energy than ever into her work. In the kitchen the bamboo container behind the stove was in her way, so she took it down, put it on the stove and went on with her cleaning.

Chang had a small grandson, Hsiao-kang, who was nine years old and had started school the previous year. There had been a drive in the school to learn from the PLA uncles and Hsiao-kang wanted to make a gun. He had all the other parts but lacked a bamboo pole for the barrel. When he came into the kitchen he saw a section of bamboo pole on the stove which was the exact size he needed. He took it without telling anybody. He shook it and heard a rattle. He turned it upside down and two ears of rice fell out. Thinking that rice was too precious to throw away, he picked up the grains and put them on a pile on the threshing floor. Then he took the bamboo container and ran off to school with it in his satchel.

When Chang came back from a meeting, he was pleased to find the house so clean. "You're really a model house-keeper," he said. "The place is spotless."

His wife was very pleased to hear her husband's praise. Beaming, she said, "Well, my dear man, didn't you help me study that quotation from Chairman Mao: **'Get mobilized, pay attention to hy-**

giene, reduce disease, improve health conditions...?" She was cut short by her husband who suddenly let out a cry of dismay, "Aiya!" Startled, she wondered what was wrong.

"Did you see that bamboo container?"

Now that Chang mentioned it the woman glanced at the top of the stove and began to worry, for she knew it was important to her husband. She had put it on the stove for a moment while she was cleaning. Where had it gone? Her husband was frantic. Her heart beating as though she had pulled fifteen buckets of water from the well, the woman thought it over carefully and remembered Hsiao-kang had showed up not long before. "Hsiao-kang! It must be Hsiao-kang," she shouted.

Hsiao-kang had returned home from school again and after finishing his home work, he took the bamboo and began to make his gun. He heard his grandma calling him. He ran into the house. Seeing the bamboo container in Hsiao-kang's hands, the woman took it. She gave it to Chang who let out another cry, "Aiya!" when he found nothing in it. After some questioning, Chang learned what had happened.

Chang was furious about the loss of his six hundred good rice seeds. He threw the bamboo container onto the floor. It rolled to the door and from it rolled two yellow grains of rice. He hurried to pick them up and knocked out four more grains. It was one-hundredth of the original number — six seeds. He carefully put these six precious seeds in a small glass jar, together with his voting card. To keep these two treasures safe, he put the glass jar inside a box.

It was time to sow again. Chang took out the jar from the box, poured out the six seeds and sunned them on the window sill. After noon when the sun was no longer so bright and warm, he put the seeds back in the jar. When he was just about to put the jar in the box he heard someone outside calling him, "Uncle Chang, one of the production brigade members wants to see you." The call sounded urgent. So Chang left the jar on the table and went out in a hurry.

After Chang had left, Hsiao-kang returned from school. The little boy had a pet hen, which he fed and whose coop in the kitchen he opened and closed every day. The hen, having just laid an egg, and hearing her little master outside, cackled, asking him for some grain.

Hsiao-kang could not get into the kitchen for the door was locked. Grandma was not at home either.

"I'll feed you soon," Hsiao-kang called out to the hen as he ran off to look for his grandma. But the hen could not wait. There was nothing on the floor, so she flew on to the table. She knocked off the glass jar, which fell on a big stone vessel and smashed to pieces. The six seeds rolled out and seeing them, the hen immediately flew down again and in six pecks she ate up the old man's last precious rice seeds.

Meanwhile though Chang had left, his heart remained inside the house. Why? Because he had not put his seeds away safely. As soon as he had finished talking with the man from the brigade, Chang returned to the house. He unlocked the door and saw the smashed pieces of the jar on the floor. He noticed the hen still pecking about. He was furious. He picked up the bird and killed her with one stroke of the kitchen knife. "Don't kill her, don't kill her, grandad!" cried Hsiao-kang as he ran in.

But it was too late. The hen flapped her wings a few times, closed her eyes and lay dead. Hsiao-kang, grief-stricken, sat down on the ground and howled. Just then his grandma came back. As she hurried in she noticed that her old husband was fumbling with the crop of the dead hen. What's possessed him? She wondered.

"This hen is laying," she said. "To kill her is like breaking a jar of eggs."

She took the hen and drew out from it a string of tiny egg-yolks. She turned to him angrily. "Look! If you had to kill her, you could have waited until after she'd finished laying." Looking closely, however, she discovered something strange: Other people plucked the feathers first and then took out the entrails, but Chang had cut open the crop first and was fumbling in it. He found two rice grains. Then he cut open the hen's gullet and found another four grains of rice there.

"I've found them, I've found them," Chang shouted happily.

Only then, when the woman saw those seeds, did she feel better about the loss of her hen. But Hsiao-kang was still sobbing, "Give me back my hen, my poor hen!"

Then, Chang remembered Chairman Mao's teaching: **"Ideological education is the key link to be grasped in uniting the whole Party for great political struggles."** Though Hsiao-kang is still a little boy, Chang thought, I must help him to understand that our work is for the revolution. He told the boy to get up, saying, "Don't cry, Hsiao-kang. I'll tell you a story." So he began his tale, without stopping to see whether Hsiao-kang was still crying or not.

"Twenty years ago, Hsiao-kang, your grandad rented seven *mu* of land from Chang Po-jen, that cruel, miserly landlord. One year I sowed some good seed called 'yellow paddy,' which yielded more than seven hundred catties per *mu*. Even after the rent was paid I still had a little grain left for myself. The news spread and many of your poor uncles from nearby wanted to exchange some seed with me, and I was willing. But when the landlord got wind of it he swore, 'Damn it, if those wretches produce more grain, they'll stop borrowing from me. I'll lose my 80 per cent interest.' There was no end to the landlord's devilish tricks. He sent several of his thugs to my house. They yelled that the landlord was going to raise my rent."

By then Hsiao-kang had stopped crying and was staring wide-eyed at his grandad, who went on, "Your grandad gave them a piece of his mind. Then the ruffians dragged me off by force. They searched our house and took away all our precious surplus and our seed grain. The landlord hung me up for a whole night and kicked me. When he let me go, he sneered, 'A fool of a farm hand, crawling barefoot through the mud, wants to be an expert farmer, eh? You're dreaming!' I was so angry I lay ill for a whole month. After that your grandad gave up. I stopped looking for good seed."

"I understand, grandad," Hsiao-kang said.

"After Liberation," Chang continued, "we poor people changed things and have become the masters of our country. But there are millions of others in the world, who are not yet free. We must answer the call of our great leader Chairman Mao, choose good seed and grow more grain to aid world revolution. These are six good seeds I've chosen. We must plant and cultivate them carefully. Don't you agree, Hsiao-kang?"

"Yes, for sure," the boy answered. From then on he helped his grandad when he could.

The night before sowing started Chang studied Chairman Mao's teaching: **"What really counts in the world is conscientiousness, and the Communist Party is most particular about being conscientious."** I had six hundred seeds, he thought, but now I have only six left. I must take care of them. He could not sleep that night for he was wondering where to sow his precious seeds. Before dawn he went to consult the brigade leader, who gave him warm support. When he learned that Chang was making an experiment he helped him to find a newly drained pond with a fertile mud bottom, so that the seeds would have a good start. They planted them.

Chang went to the pond several times every day to have a look. Three days later one seed had sprouted. After two more days another three were showing. But the last two seeds didn't germinate because they had been damaged in the hen's crop. So there were only four seedlings. Chang took the greatest care of them. Afraid they might be trampled on, he covered them with a bottomless wicker crate so that sun and rain could reach them but no animal could get at them. When the time came, he transplanted them separately. And as the seedlings grew taller day by day the old man's heart was filled with joy.

One afternoon when all the commune members were out in the fields Hsiao-kang, after he had finished his home work, went to see his grandad's seedlings. He had learned a good lesson about class struggle from the story his grandad had told him, and was very interested in his grandad's experiment. Several times a day he went to see the four plants in the pond. That afternoon, as he walked along he noticed someone loitering there. He immediately became alert, for his grandad and teacher had often told him that the class enemies were like the strings of onions hanging under the eaves — their leaves and roots might rot but their hearts were still alive.

He ran swiftly to the pond and found landlord Chang Po-jen, cutting grass around the edge. To the very marrow of his bones this landlord had hated socialism ever since the people's commune was set up. He had realized it meant his doom. He also knew that seed

selection would increase collective production. When he saw the four sturdy plants in the pond they were a mote in his eye. He raised his sickle and slashed at them, but he was stopped by a loud cry: "Don't move!" Hsiao-kang dashed over and gave him a push. The landlord lost balance and fell over backwards.

As the landlord sat up he saw Hsiao-kang, so he tried to scramble to his feet and run away. At the sight of the damaged plants, the boy was furious. He shouted and ran after the landlord. Hearing Hsiao-kang, Chang and several other commune members chased the landlord and, seizing him, they held an on-the-spot struggle meeting against him and kept him under guard. To his old hatred for the landlord Chang now added new as he said to his grandson: "Hsiao-kang, the class enemies prevented seed selection and cultivation in the old society and they are still making a last-ditch struggle even now. We must never forget class struggle." He straightened up the remaining two young plants and added some more fertilizer. There were only two seedlings left. Chang treasured and cared them more than ever.

The days passed quickly. The two plants grew well. That autumn when they were cut and threshed, the net weight of their seeds was 4.6 ounces. The commune Party committee paid special attention to Chang's work and the following year Chang was asked to organize an experimental group consisting of an experienced commune member and a few educated young people. With Chang as its leader the group worked hard planting and cultivating this good seed. When in flower, Chang hybridized it and in the fourth year produced a new variety of rice with a yield of 1,551 *jin* per *mu*. They called this "Patriot Number One." By 1964 the whole commune was using this new seed and quite a few people came from surrounding communes to learn from this experience.

One day in the winter of 1964, the commune leadership asked Chang to attend a meeting of advanced agricultural workers in the county town the following day. He was to make a speech there. That night he tossed on his bed but was too happy to sleep. He sat up, took out Chairman Mao's works and began reading.

Chairman Mao pointed out in 1956: **"China is a land with an area of 9,600,000 square kilometres and a population of 600**

million people, and she ought to make a greater contribution to humanity."

After studying this passage Chang felt his contribution was very small and that he must make still greater efforts to select and cultivate more and better seed. A few more ounces of grain means one more ounce of strength in the fight against imperialism, revisionism and reaction, he said to himself. We must listen to Chairman Mao and make a greater contribution to the revolution in both China and the world.

The next day he went to the county town and entered the hall which was crowded with people all anticipating a good meeting. Before Chang had time to take a seat, someone called him from behind. He turned and saw it was his old friend Chin Keng-ti of the Huhsi People's Commune, whom he had not seen for two years.

"Hey, there, Brother Chang. I hear you've done a fine job of seed selection."

"Not a bit of it. It's thanks to the wise leadership of Chairman Mao and the people's commune. If not for that, there would have been no me."

"That's true. In the old days your good seed only got you into trouble. I remember very well how the landlord nearly wiped out your family."

The mention of the old society reminded Chang of the landlord's former gibes. He still felt a twinge in his back where the landlord had kicked him and with it mixed feelings of anger and happiness. When it was his turn to speak, he told his story of the old society, its poor agricultural production, class struggle in the country and the revolution in the world. "All our victories are due to the wise leadership of Chairman Mao," he said. He had a thousand other things to talk about and much to say to Chairman Mao, but he was too excited and words did not come easily. After a short silence, he just began to shout: "Long live Chairman Mao!" How well it can be said of old Chang:

The red sun lights up the way.
He cares for the seed with all his heart;
To serve the people well every day,
He vows from revolution never to depart.

Of One Family

One evening in September Uncle Huo-ken, leader of the Peichuang Brigade, gulped down his supper and hurried to Nanchuang. What was his hurry? It was because the Nanchuang Brigade would finish gathering silt for fertilizer in two or three days, yet Peichuang still needed a week to complete their quota. Naturally, he was very anxious.

They were both advanced brigades and had always taken it in turns to come first in past competitions. Competing with each other, they both made progress. But this time, Nanchuang seemed to be far ahead. Uncle Huo-ken was both happy and anxious. Happy that Nanchuang was doing so well, anxious in case Peichuang should be left behind. We must catch up, he said to himself, Peichuang must catch up and surpass them. That was why he hurried to Nanchuang right after supper, to borrow a boat so that his brigade would have one more to use for dredging. That would speed up their work. Uncle Hai-lung, leader of Nanchuang Brigade, and Huo-ken had been hired hands for the same landlord in the old society. Now both lead-

ers of production brigades, they had always helped each other, being as intimate as if members of one family.

The two brigades worked less than one mile apart. Hurrying all the way, Uncle Huo-ken reached the other brigade in no time at all. As he entered the room, he found Uncle Hai-lung reading attentively *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung*.

"Ah, Brother Hai-lung," he laughed. "Aren't you marvellous. You still persist in studying when everybody is so frightfully busy."

Uncle Hai-lung raised his head and saw his old friend. "One mustn't forget the basic thing, that is learning from Mao Tsetung. Thought, however busy one may be. The busier one is the more one should study."

The two old friends were happy to see each other. Uncle Hai-lung offered his friend a pipe, poured him a cup of strong tea and became talkative. But Uncle Huo-ken, who was not in a chatty mood, just asked about the work. He learned that the Nanchuang Brigade members were really full of go and had raised their quota still higher, so he decided not to borrow their boat. They'll need it themselves, he thought. That made him eager to leave, to borrow a boat somewhere else. But his old friend Hai-lung wouldn't hear of his leaving before he confessed the purpose of his visit. So he had to comply.

"I thought you had fulfilled your quota and I came to borrow a boat. Now that you have raised your quota, of course you'll still need it. I don't want to borrow it from you now."

"Well, to be frank, elder brother, we have gathered a little more fertilizer than you this time. We'll gladly let you have a boat."

"No, no. That won't do. Now you have a higher quota to fill!"

"We're working for the same revolutionary goal, aren't we? Since your need is greater, you'd better take it."

Uncle Hai-lung rose to get the boat. But, Uncle Huo-ken barred his way with extended arms. The two friends began arguing and almost fighting over it.

Just then Uncle Hai-lung's daughter, Tsai-chen happened to run in shouting: "In answer to the call of our great leader Chairman Mao, **'Be prepared against war, be prepared against natural**

disasters, and do everything for the people,' the youth group has decided to deliver several more loads of fertilizer per acre, pa. We shall need four boats tomorrow." Goodness, the brigade owned only four boats. If the youth group needed all of them, what could he lend their brother brigade, Uncle Hai-lung wondered. Staring at his daughter, he said, "Go on off with you." But Tsai-chen stayed where she was. "I have come on behalf of the youth group. I'll not leave until you agree to give us the boats." Uncle Hai-lung was fully aware that his daughter never gave up half way on any project.

They need their own boats so badly, thought Uncle Huo-ken. I mustn't borrow other people's lanterns on dark nights. But there was something he wanted to make clear. Usually, the progress made by the two brigades had been about the same. How was it that Nanchuang was so much farther ahead this time? What new experience had they? He must discover their knack of doing things so that he would be able to improve the work of his own brigade.

"I'll not take the boat, Brother Hai-lung," said Huo-ken. "But I have a question. How did you manage to gather so much fertilizer in so short a time? You must tell me how you did it."

The two brigades, like members of one family, had always helped each other. There must be some reason why Peichuang gathered less fertilizer than his brigade, thought Uncle Hai-lung. Chairman Mao teaches: "**Exchange information.**" The methods used by Nanchuang might be of some use to Huo-ken. So Hai-lung said warmly: "There is not much to explain, elder brother. But I'll tell you what we've been doing. Vice-Chairman Lin has pointed out to us that 'In studying the works of Chairman Mao, one should have specific problems in mind, study and apply his works in a creative way, combine study with application, first study what must be urgently applied so as to get quick results, and strive hard to apply what one is studying.'"

"Recently, the cadres and brigade members of Nanchuang have been studying Chairman Mao's works with specific problems in mind. Like a golden key Chairman Mao's teaching has opened our minds. Take this campaign to gather fertilizer for example. Having studied

Chairman Mao's thinking about concentrating a superior force to wage a war of annihilation, we used all our boats to gather fertilizer. We made special regulations too. To go to meetings, films or shows, shopping in town or visiting, no one must borrow a boat. So, all the boats are used to gather fertilizer."

Uncle Huo-ken's interest grew as he listened and he was much impressed by this talk. "Concentrate a superior force to wage a war of annihilation, he exclaimed. That's absolutely correct. I'll see you again, Brother Hai-lung," he called out as he hurried off. Uncle Hai-lung shouted and chased after him, but Uncle Huo-ken had disappeared in the distance.

Tsai-chen seemed to be rooted to the ground. Pointing at her with his pipe, her father stormed: "Call yourself a revolutionary youth, eh? Where is your Communist style? Chairman Mao says, '**All people in the revolutionary ranks must care for each other, must love and help each other.**' Uncle Huo-ken came tonight to borrow a boat. And right then you demanded boats, just at the wrong moment!" Tsai-chen regretted her reckless words. She would feel very bad if this affected the work of Peichuang. Now that her father had criticized her, she was more than eager to make up for her thoughtlessness. "Let me take the boat to them, pa," she suggested.

"Forget it," said her father. "Don't you know Uncle Huo-ken? Once he says that he doesn't want it, he means it. He'll only send the boat back if you do take it to him."

As Uncle Huo-ken returned and passed by the brigade storehouse, he found it brightly lit and he heard voices. The brigade members were waiting for him.

"It's quite late now. Let's go home," someone was suggesting. "No, Uncle Huo-ken might be back any moment," another argued. "If he's borrowed a boat, we'll have to be up early tomorrow to dredge the river silt."

As Uncle Huo-ken entered they all clustered around him and asked, "Any success?"

"Yes," he laughed.

"How many boats did you get?"

"Five."

Weren't they glad! But a young man jumped up, "No, Uncle Huo-ken is joking. The Nanchuang Brigade has only four boats altogether. How can they lend us five?"

Uncle Huo-ken had a good laugh before he told them everything. In the end, he said slowly, word for word, "Concentrate a superior force to wage a war of annihilation. We must learn from Nanchuang, from their good experience in studying Chairman Mao's works in a living way." As soon as he had finished, the brigade members shouted, "Right, we'll do the same. We'll concentrate a superior force to wage a war of annihilation."

Studying and talking things over they agreed that they really had five boats of their own. Besides the two they were using, another one was transporting straw to the breeding sheds which were not in urgent need of it. They could wait. One boat was being repaired and must be ready. It could be put to use too. The fifth had been borrowed by a member who intended to take his fodder in it to a feed processing mill to be chopped. He gave up the boat voluntarily, deciding to carry the fodder with a shoulder pole. That made five altogether. The boat problem was solved.

Something else worried Uncle Huo-ken. Now that they had five boats, they needed twelve dredging nets — three each for the two big boats and two each for the three smaller ones. With the eight they had they still needed four. The consumers' co-op had just sold their last dredging nets. What could they do before the co-op replenished its stock?

The Nanchuang Brigade must have some experience in this too, thought Uncle Huo-ken, for they don't lack dredging nets. He would go again and find out.

It rained heavily the next morning. Throwing on a raincoat, Uncle Huo-ken headed for Nanchuang. When he was almost there he met Uncle Hai-lung who was hurrying to see him. In bed the previous night, Uncle Hai-lung had been turning over and over in his mind what had happened. The two brigades had always shown their class friendship and helped each other before. But that day his brigade

had not helped a friend in need. They would feel very bad if Peichuang lagged behind in the work. That was not the right way to develop collective production and consolidate the collective economy. With this on his mind, he had spent a troubled night. Dawn came with a deluge of rain. Hai-lung got up and, skipping his breakfast, he slipped on a raincoat and headed straight for Peichuang. Before he had gone very far he met his old friend Huo-ken, and they were even more pleased to see each other than on the previous day. Uncle Hai-lung took his friend home and started to apologize, even neglecting to offer a pipe.

"I apologize for yesterday," he said. "We were selfish. Please take the boat today."

"No, no. We've enough boats now." Being a straightforward man, Uncle Huo-ken liked to be frank and he confessed at once, "but we don't have enough dredging nets. I'm thinking of..."

"We can certainly lend you some!" Uncle Hai-lung cut him short. "As it's raining today, some of the brigade members are working in the next room. Come with me and get the dredging nets, please." Uncle Hai-lung wanted to lend many dredging nets to make up for yesterday.

In the other room, half a dozen girls and some brigade cadres were studying. Cords for mending dredging nets were found in good order on the table. A little blackboard on the wall had a quotation from Chairman Mao written on it. Tsai-chen, an instructor in Chairman Mao's writings, was explaining the quotation. Seeing her father enter with Uncle Huo-ken she asked, embarrassed: "What can I do for you, pa."

"Uncle Huo-ken would like to borrow a few dredging nets. Go and get them for him," her father said.

I must be careful today, and beware of rashness, thought Tsai-chen. She brought four dredging nets from the inner room and handed them to Uncle Huo-ken.

"I have come today to find out how you manage to have so many dredging nets," laughed Uncle Huo-ken.

"Oh, there's nothing much to it," Tsai-chen replied modestly. "During the past few days, we've collected our broken dredging nets and mended them. That's all there is to it."

"That's it!" nodded Uncle Huo-ken happily as if he had unearthed some treasure. " '**Self-reliance,**' and '**Diligent and frugal co-operation.**' That's the way to overcome difficulties. See you again, brother." He turned and went, leaving the dredging nets where they were.

Uncle Hai-lung felt badly. Twice his friend had come to borrow things. And twice he'd gone away empty handed. Although he knew his old friend would not accept anything he had decided not to take, Hai-lung made up his mind to send the dredging nets to the Peichuang Brigade anyway, just to show the Nanchuang members' concern.

"Let's take these dredging nets to him, Tsai-chen," Hai-lung suggested to his daughter who agreed readily. When the brigade members learned that Peichuang were in want of dredging nets, they contributed their own cords for stitching shoe soles. They wanted to make two new ones for them. As the rain was not letting up and the dredging nets would not be needed before the sky cleared, Uncle Hai-lung decided they'd go the following day when the new dredging nets were ready. But it rained cats and dogs the next two days. As soon as the sky cleared on the fourth day, Uncle Hai-lung and his daughter brought the nets to Peichuang without further delay.

Red flags fluttered and Chairman Mao's quotation boards stood high beside the fields of Peichuang. Singing soared to the skies. Men and women, young and old, had all turned out. Some were dredging the river silt in boats, almost turning over the entire river-bed. Some were making fertilizer on the river banks by stripping off the turf from the roadside while the old folk and the children swept out the chicken coops. Hai-lung and his daughter were very stirred by this boisterous scene. The Peichuang members were working harder than Nanchuang did. When they walked closer they saw heaps of river silt and grass on the river banks. Oh! Peichuang had gathered more fertilizer too, but it had been raining heavily the past few days. How had they done this? As they were wondering Uncle Huo-ken came up, his legs smeared with mud. He was all smiles. Uncle Hai-lung hurried up and shook hands with him. "The past three days

have been raining, haven't they? So, how did you get so much fertilizer piled up, elder brother?"

"It comes from your experience," Uncle Huo-ken said laughing happily.

"From us?"

"Yes, brother. We owe our thanks to you. You've improved our thinking by pointing out that to promote production we ought to study and apply Chairman Mao's works in a living way."

This was how it came about: When Uncle Huo-ken had returned from Nanchuang after his second visit, he organized a Mao Tsetung Thought study class that same day to find out the shortcomings in their study of Chairman Mao's works. The cadres and members of Nanchuang, with deep proletarian feelings, had been studying the great leader's writings with specific problems in mind and applying them in a living way. Although studying every day the Peichuang members had failed to connect their studies with their work and had not given special attention in their studies to applying what they had learned, especially when extra busy gathering fertilizer. Once they realized their shortcomings, they revised their study plan. In the study class they learned Chairman Mao's teaching of "**Be self-reliant, work hard,**" and asked someone to tell them stories about the Tachai Brigade. This helped them to use their brains and they made many suggestions. Besides solving the dredging net problem they had also found ways of getting more fertilizer and mobilized everyone, even the old and the young. It rained the following day, again they studied Chairman Mao's works together.

"The Tachai people, armed with Mao Tsetung Thought, can overcome any difficulty. Are we afraid of a little rain?" asked the brigade members.

Several young men, stripped to the waist, took up the dredging nets. "On the move, boys!" they said and worked however heavy the rain. Wearing plastic raincoats, the women stripped off turf and cut grass. As Chairman Mao had put it, "**Once the correct ideas characteristic of the advanced class are grasped by the masses, these ideas turn into a material force which changes society and changes the world.**"

Talking together the two old friends came to the threshing ground. Many new flat bamboo sieves, and some well-repaired ones, were piled on the ground. These had also been fixed during the rainy days.

"Do you need all those sieves?" asked Uncle Hai-lung, astonished.

"Why not. If it rains for a week or more at autumn harvest, the damp grain rots in the barns. If we can store it in these sieves it will dry better. That will be safer."

"Ah, it never occurred to us, though. Where did you get this idea from, elder brother," inquired Uncle Hai-lung.

"Why, from you too, of course," chuckled Uncle Huo-ken.

"What, from us again?"

"Yes, we've followed your spirit of studying and applying Mao Tsetung Thought in a living way and keeping up the study even when pressed by work. This time, we've studied this teaching from Chairman Mao, **"Fight no battle unprepared,"** and realized that we must be fully prepared for production too, in case anything happens. As it's been raining for the last few days we've organized the women to prepare for the autumn harvest."

Uncle Hai-lung was amazed. It was only a few days since he saw his friend last, but the Peichuang Brigade had gone way ahead of his, both ideologically and in production. It was the turn of his brigade to learn from Peichuang now.

"You must have a lot of experience in organizing the masses too, elder brother," said Uncle Hai-lung sincerely.

Pointing his pipe at his own head, Uncle Huo-ken laughed: **"Political work is the life-blood of all economic work."** To do any work well, leaders must put Mao Tsetung Thought in command and revolutionize their own thinking first.

Tsai-chen was eager to improve her youth group, too, realizing that whoever didn't study Chairman Mao's works conscientiously would lag behind in the end. She was eager to tell her group members the new experience of Peichuang in their living study. To Huo-ken she said, "Because you've studied better, uncle, you've been more farsighted and planned better. The youth of Nanchuang will learn from you, try to catch up and surpass you. We hope you will give us help."

"Certainly, certainly, we're all one family, aren't we? All one big family under the leadership of Chairman Mao! By supporting and helping each other, competing with and learning from each other, we'll be able to spur on revolution and production."

"Right you are!" replied Uncle Hai-lung. "All the commune members, all the revolutionary people of China are one family under the leadership of Chairman Mao."



Two Colour Films on Show in Hongkong

The workers, peasants, fishermen, students and other patriotic Chinese compatriots in Hongkong have warmly welcomed the showing of colour films of the modern revolutionary Peking operas *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* and *The Red Lantern*, which were screened by the end of last December and the end of January this year, respectively. Hongkong compatriots said that the more they saw these films, the more they liked them, and the more they loved their great socialist motherland.

Yang Tzu-jung and Li Yung-chi, the heroic images of the proletariat in *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*, have become fine examples for workers and peasants in Hongkong.

A worker said, "We workers should act like Yang Tzu-jung, and devote ourselves to the struggle for emancipation of oppressed people throughout the world."

A poor peasant said, "Yang Tzu-jung, son of a farm labourer, and I are melons on the same vine. To liberate the broad labouring masses he is fearless in the face of hardship and death, and is all the more set on driving forward where there is danger ahead. He is a good fighter of Chairman Mao, a fine example to us labouring people."

A student said, "The heroic images made a deep impression on me and gave me a profound education. Now I know what kind of person I should be."

Whenever the heroic images of the three generations of the Li's in *The Red Lantern*, with boundless loyalty to revolution and great

hatred for the enemy, aspiring high and defying death, appeared on the screen, the audience applauded heartily, many with tears in their eyes.

Some workers said, "Li Yu-ho represents us workers and is a revolutionary hero, an example for us to learn from." Many workers and peasants said, "The film *The Red Lantern* is a revolutionary red lantern. It shines in the hearts of us in Hongkong, and gives us tremendous strength. We realize all the more deeply that U.S. imperialism and all reactionaries are paper tigers. This strengthens our patriotism and our confidence in our struggle against imperialism." The film refreshes the Hongkong compatriots' memory of the disaster brought by the aggression of Japanese imperialism to the peoples of China and Asia.

Compatriots in Hongkong had a greater hatred for Japanese imperialism after seeing the film. They said that they would struggle firmly against the revival of Japanese militarism by the U.S. and Japanese reactionaries and for defeating U.S. imperialism and all its running dogs.

Recently, editorials and articles in Hongkong newspapers, *Wen Hui Pao*, *Ta Kung Pao* and *Hsin Wan Pao*, warmly hailed the showing of these two films.

Some patriotic Hongkong literary and art workers said they would strive to learn from the revolutionary model operas and emulate the spirit of the revolutionary literary and art workers of the motherland who serve the workers, peasants and soldiers. Many workers, students and some compatriots enthusiastically have learned selections from these operas and performed them for the masses of workers and peasants.

Spare-time Theatrical Festival in Ninghsia

At the beginning of this year, workers, peasants and soldiers held their first spare-time theatrical festival in Yinchuan, capital of Ninghsia Hui Autonomous Region.

Thirteen cultural groups totalling over 700 participants gave their performances with profound proletarian feelings for Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art. Scenes and selections from the new model Peking operas, modern ballets and *chinchu* operas based

on the opera scripts, were performed. Many items depicted the three great revolutionary movements of class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment, and the heroes taking part.

These spare-time performances gave a great impetus to the popularization of revolutionary theatrical works in Ninghsia.

A Vanguard in Popularizing Model Theatrical Works

A spare-time literary and art propaganda team, made up of twenty-two sons and daughters of poor and lower-middle peasant origin, is active in Lungchu Brigade, Lungwei Commune of Chiehyang County, Kwangtung Province.

For the past two years, they have always maintained the fine quality of the labouring people — never divorcing themselves from collective productive labour while taking part in literary and art propaganda activities enthusiastically.

They teach the commune members arias from modern revolutionary Peking operas and perform them themselves, in whole or in part. With the sky as their backdrops and the earth their stage they perform in the fields, at work sites and in factories. To meet the requirements of the Party's chief tasks of different periods, they write and act short plays about commendable deeds in class struggle and the struggle for production.

Taking proletarian heroes as their example, the team members perform revolutionary operas and strive to be revolutionaries themselves. Fearing neither hardship nor fatigue, they take part in production labour during the day and practise and perform in the evenings. The peasants look upon them as the vanguard of literature and art as well as activists in productive labour.

Sticking to the fine tradition of economizing and practising frugality, they repair and make their own musical instruments — fiddles out of bamboo, hoe-handles and tin cans, for instance. When they need a property pistol, they carve one with a piece of wood.

The peasants are pleased with them. "This propaganda team is fine, just what we like," they commented.

Medical Workers Serving the People Whole-Heartedly

(Pictorial Album in English)

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This pictorial album gives a truthful picture of how thousands upon thousands of medical and health workers, enthusiastically responding to our great leader Chairman Mao's battle call, "**In medical and health work, put the stress on the rural areas,**" have left the modern buildings in the cities for the rural and mountainous areas to serve the broad masses of the people whole-heartedly.

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