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1971

CHINESE LITERATURE



Our great leader Chairman Mao on the Tien An Men rostrum at the capital's mass rally held on May 21, 1970 in support of the world's people in their struggle against U.S. imperialism

Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung

The danger of a new world war still exists, and the people of all countries must get prepared. But revolution is the main trend in the world today.

Innumerable facts prove that a just cause enjoys abundant support while an unjust cause finds little support. A weak nation can defeat a strong, a small nation can defeat a big. The people of a small country can certainly defeat aggression by a big country, if only they dare to rise in struggle, dare to take up arms and grasp in their own hands the destiny of their country. This is a law of history.

— *People of the World, Unite and Defeat the U.S. Aggressors and All Their Running Dogs!* (May 20, 1970)

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A QUOTATION FROM CHAIRMAN MAO

The revolutionary war is a war of the masses; it can be waged only by mobilizing the masses and relying on them.

Tunnel Warfare

EDITORS' NOTE: During the War of Resistance Against Japan (1937-1945) the broad masses of the people in the base areas behind the enemy lines were guided by Chairman Mao's concept of people's war. Under the leadership of the Communist Party, men and women, old and young, took part. Every village, every person, was a self-defence unit. Wide-spread guerrilla fighting was co-ordinated with the activities of our army. The people invented tunnel warfare, land-mine warfare, "sparrow warfare," and many other clever tactics. The enemy was afraid to move, they didn't know which way to turn. The massive strength of people's war was conclusively demonstrated.

Following is an abridged version of the story treatment of the film *Tunnel Warfare*, which deals with this type of fighting on the central plains of Hopei Province.

Dark clouds hang like a pall.

The Japanese fascist troops, in a large sweep through our resistance bases in central Hopei, burn and pillage and murder, devastating a once beautiful region.

The invaders and puppet soldiers surround Kaochia Village. Led by their cadres, the villagers temporarily withdraw. An Eighth Route Army company under Commander Tsui engages the foe and covers the people's retreat.

Leaping flames consume the village homes. The fascist enemy burns, kills and loots as a deliberate policy aimed at crushing the people and their guerrillas.

By 1942 the war is in its fifth year. The protracted struggle is weakening the invaders, and their attack on the Hopei plains has the frenzy of desperation.

In order to seize the initiative our army moves to the outer areas beyond the enemy's lines and draws their fire. At the same time we leave special teams within the base area. These, in co-ordination with the people's militia, hit the foe hard in mass guerrilla warfare.

The villagers have returned to Kaochia. In a tunnel, Old Kao, secretary of the village Communist Party branch, Lin Hsia, director of the Women's Association, Kao Chuan-pao, son of Old Kao and leader of the village militia, and militiaman Big Kang, are studying Chairman Mao's *On Protracted War*.

"Read this passage aloud," Old Kao says to Lin Hsia.

"Right. **"The mobilization of the common people throughout the country will create a vast sea in which to drown the enemy, create the conditions that will make up for our inferiority in arms and other things, and create the prerequisites for overcoming every difficulty in the war. To win victory, we must persevere in the War of Resistance, in the united front and in the protracted war. But all these are inseparable from the mobilization of the common people."**

Stirred, Old Kao speaks: "Chairman Mao says we must rely on the masses and arouse them in whatever we do. Then we can conquer any difficulties. Yesterday I ran into District Leader Chao in Machia Village —"

"You mean he's still here?" Chuan-pao interrupts.

"He's been fighting in our district ever since the last time we broke out of the encirclement."



"What does the district leadership say?" asks Big Kang.

"They say we should arouse the masses, dig tunnels and prepare for tunnel warfare. Our family shelters aren't enough. We've got to link them up and connect the whole village in an underground network."

Organized by the Party branch, the villagers set to work on the tunnels. They ingeniously link various shelters and cellars, starting with a group of several households. This marks the beginning of what later develops into a complex and remarkably effective system of tunnel warfare.

Chuan-pao and his younger sister Mao-ni are also digging, underground. They can hear the sound of other shovels coming towards them. Mao-ni cries excitedly:

"Brother, listen!"

The earthen wall is broken through and they see the faces of Big Kang, his wife and Tao-chi, a teen-aged lad.

"We're through!" Mao-ni and Tao-chi exclaim.

"Let's widen the opening," says Big Kang.

Chuan-pao disagrees. "No, leave it as it is. If the Japanese discover the entrance and try to flood us or pump in poison gas, we can close a small opening quickly. If they come down into the tunnel, with this wall in the middle we can hold them off a while."

"Well put." Old Kao arrives, shovel in hand. "Of course if we can prevent them from finding the entrances, that will be even better. We must get everyone to think up ways of concealing the tunnel entrances, the trickier the better."

Day and night the Kaochia villagers dig their tunnels, in preparation for a long fight against the Japanese invaders. Niu-wa, a militiaman, is digging a tunnel entrance beneath a table. He grumbles to Chuan-pao:

"My brother hid in one of these wretched burrows. He couldn't fight, couldn't escape. The Japanese just reached in and grabbed him."

"Have you finished grousing?" asks Chuan-pao.

"No. What we ought to be doing is figuring out how to hit the enemy. Instead of messing around with these holes in the ground, why don't we knock off the Japanese gun tower at Black Gap?" He holds up his rifle and shakes it. "This is what we ought to be using, not shovels."

"Come on," says Chuan-pao, taking one end of a two-handed saw. Niu-wa takes the other end, and they begin sawing.

Chuan-pao says: "You've thought a lot, and your ideas are good. But you know that Black Gap is only eight *li* from our village. Japanese soldiers often come this way. How can we deal with them if we don't have a reliable position to fight from?"

Mao-ni comes running in with a red tasselled spear. "Reporting, brother," she says smartly to Chuan-pao. "Our Young Women's Anti-Japanese Vanguard Group has assembled. The head of the women's association asks that you come."

"I'll be right with you."

The girl skims out like a swallow and flies into the courtyard of Lin Hsia. The women all enter the house. By the time Chuan-pao and Niu-wa arrive, the courtyard is empty.

"Where are they?" Chuan-pao mutters.

Mao-ni opens the door. "We're in here." She shuts the door again.

Chuan-pao and Niu-wa go inside. The house is empty. They search every room, but can't find any tunnel entrance. "It's in this room, brother," they hear Mao-ni's voice say. "Keep looking."

He peels the mat from the platform bed. Not there. He tips a cabinet. Not there either. Where can it be?

The big cauldron rises out of the stove with Mao-ni's head beneath it.

"Brother," she calls.

He goes over to take the cauldron, but it sinks down again and Mao-ni vanishes. Chuan-pao is delighted. A moment later he hears Mao-ni shouting in the courtyard: "Brother, we're out here." He looks through the open door. The women are neatly lined up in ranks. Chuan-pao hurries out.

"Attention," cries the group leader, a girl named Su-yun. "The Young Women's Anti-Japanese Vanguard Group is all here and accounted for. We invite the militia commander's comments."

Pleased beyond words, Chuan-pao again hastens into the house. He raises the cauldron and peers into the hole in the bottom of the earthen stove. Niu-wa still doesn't realize what's happened.

"Look at this," Chuan-pao says to him excitedly. "See how cleverly they've hidden the entrance."

Niu-wa is not impressed. "It doesn't matter how clever they are. That won't keep the Japanese out of our village."

Chuan-pao glares at him. "You!" he says irritably. He clammers down into the hole. Niu-wa sits smoking morosely by the side of



the stove. A minute later Chuan-pao comes into the house from the courtyard.

"You women militia are really something," he says to Lin Hsia. "The way you've concealed that tunnel entrance is first-rate."

Niu-wa curiously lowers himself down through the hole in the stove and advances cautiously through the tunnel. Suddenly he sees light ahead. He climbs out through the exit. So, you go in there and come out here. They won't get trapped like his brother was by the Japanese. The exit is under a donkey trough in the next-door neighbour's yard. It is covered by a board and some hay.

"What do you think of this exit?" Mao-ni asks Niu-wa.

"Not bad. Whose idea was it?"

"All of us together," says Lin Hsia.

"We ought to do it this way too," Niu-wa says to Chuan-pao.

"So it's penetrated your thick skull at last?"

Niu-wa grins and nods.

The whole village busily digs tunnels, determined to fight the invaders to the end.

Tang Ping-hui, a Chinese traitor and commander of puppet troops, learning that Kaochia Village has no intention of knuckling under to the enemy, hurries to the gun tower at Black Gap to report to his master, the Japanese captain Yamada.

"I sent a man to investigate," he says in an ingratiating manner. "Those villagers have the nerve to defy the Imperial Army. They are very disobedient."

"Are there any Eighth Route Army men there?"

"The whole village."

"What!"

"That's right. They all support the Reds."

"In that case, we'd better —"

"Wipe them out, every man, woman and child."

"No, no. Let's get some sleep."

"Sleep? What do you mean?"

"You don't understand military tactics, Tang. Those local Eighth Route Army men are very clever. If we go now, while it's still daylight. . ."

Tang gets the point. Yamada wants to stage a raid in the wee hours of the morning. Bowing and scraping, the traitor departs.

Darkness covers the plain. All is quiet. But the people of Kaochia are still digging tunnels. Old Kao and his family are hard at work.

"Pa," says Chuan-pao excitedly, "we've linked up with Lin Hsia's tunnel."

"Fine," exclaims Old Kao.

"That gives us three entrances."

"We can't keep this one. You two rest a while, then block it up."

He hands his lantern to Mao-ni and starts for the door.

"Where are you going, pa?" asks the girl.

"I have to check the sentries."

"Come back as soon as you can."

Old Kao strokes the girl's hair. "I won't be long."



He walks down the village street, his sharp eyes missing nothing. Suddenly he sees a gang of Japanese and puppet soldiers stealthily approaching. His neighbours are in danger! Old Kao, disregarding his own safety, runs towards the big bell hanging at the entrance to the village. He knows every inch of the path and dashes at full speed through the night. Reaching the big locust tree from which the bell is suspended, he seizes the clapper cord.

The alarm sounds! Militia men and women give cover as the villagers quickly slip into the tunnels.

But Old Kao is surrounded by the savage foe. Yamada pulls a pistol, aims and fires. The old man falls. Then he struggles to his feet, yanks a hand-grenade from his belt and flings it in the midst of the enemy. It explodes with a glaring blast. The village is saved. But Old Kao has gloriously given his life for the cause of fighting against the Japanese invaders.

In the tunnel Chuan-pao, suppressing the misery in his heart, furiously pounds the wall smooth with one hand. With the other, he clutches

his rifle. The death of his father has deepened his hatred of the invaders to burning intensity. Mao-ni is weeping unrestrainedly on Lin Hsia's bosom. Torn by sorrow and anger, the villagers mourn their beloved Party Secretary Old Kao. Big Kang, Niu-wa and the other militiamen, guns in hand, swear they will avenge him.

Japanese soldiers are poking around everywhere. In Chuan-pao's house they find a tunnel entrance. Fiendishly, they pump smoke into it. The thick fumes cause the people huddled in the tunnel to cough. Their eyes stream with tears. Lin Hsia and the others block the tunnel with bundles and quilts. Hearing no sound below, the foe begin pumping water into the opening.

"They're up there and we're down here," fumes Big Kang. "If only we could get at them."

"They've already found two of the three entrances," says Niu-wa. "All they have to do is dig open the tunnel section by section and they'll trap us before we can go into action."

"What are we going to do?" Lin Hsia asks Chuan-pao.

"Come on," he says. "Let's take a look at the stove entrance."

They set out. Standing knee-deep in water, the others watch.

Chuan-pao and Lin Hsia peer through the peep-holes beneath the stove. Three Japanese are carousing and singing. A chicken is cooking in the cauldron.

"There's only one thing we can do," Chuan-pao says softly to Lin Hsia. "Break out through here and get into another tunnel."

"We don't know what's happening out there, and the hole is small. We can only climb up one at a time."

"Take them by surprise. Hit them so fast they don't know where they're at."

The others have joined Chuan-pao and Lin Hsia by now.

"Right," says Niu-wa. "Even if we can't leave the yard, we can hold them off for a while if we take the house."

"Let me go," says Big Kang.

"I should be the one," says Niu-wa.

"No. Me," insists Tao-chi.

All the militiamen volunteer.

"Don't squabble, comrades," says Chuan-pao. He starts to climb. Lin Hsia grasps his arm.

"Everyone's safety is at stake," she reminds him. "Don't fire unless you absolutely must."

Chuan-pao climbs up beneath the stove, removes the board covering the hole and flings the cauldron of boiling water on one of the Japanese. He shoots the other two as they try to flee. The villagers and militiamen clamber out and hurry to the safety of another tunnel.

District Leader Chao Ping-yuan arrives at Kaochia Village with the district armed forces and militiamen of several villages. Using flexible tactics, they confuse the enemy. Here they blow a horn, there they set off firecrackers, mixing sham with genuine assaults, till the Japanese are dizzy. As Yamada is turning to run, Chuan-pao shoots him in the backside. The enemy captain drops with a yelp and crawls rapidly away.

Lying prone on a stretcher, he grates: "Until we've destroyed this village, I shall not withdraw."



"Right, absolutely right," Tang the traitor, squatting beside him, agrees. "But for the sake of your health, Captain Yamada, we should continue the destruction some other time." He signals to the stretcher bearers to move off.

Tang escorts his master in an ignominious retreat.

The villagers stare at the ruins of the homes they had built with their own hands, now reduced by the enemy to rubble. But the people's determination is indestructible, in fact it will destroy the enemy. After the battle, District Leader Chao seeks out Chuan-pao.

Angry and morose, Chuan-pao stands by the wrecked entrance of a tunnel. He kicks aside a Japanese helmet. Someone calls his name. He turns and sees Comrade Chao approaching. He walks forward to meet the district leader.

"Don't worry, uncle," he says with feeling. "Those Japanese can't scare us, no matter how much pressure they put on. We'll make them pay double for this. There's nothing mysterious about military tactics. We'll learn as we go along."

Chao nods. "That's right. We learn warfare through warfare and make progress with every battle. Bitter fighting tempers and tests us. We must study Chairman Mao's *On Protracted War* more carefully."

They walk on, shoulder to shoulder. A red sun is rising in the east. Its rays illuminate the indomitable land and heroic people.

Chuan-pao, home again, removes the red cloth wrapper from the bundle his father has left him. *On Protracted War*, its title written in golden letters, is on top of the small pile of possessions. He recalls the times he and his father studied Chairman Mao's writings together. The Japanese invaders have killed his dear father and slaughtered many innocent people. Chuan-pao is filled with rage. He must get revenge!

He reads: "**Destruction of the enemy is the primary object of war and self-preservation the secondary, because only by destroying the enemy in large numbers can one effectively preserve oneself.**"

Chuan-pao rises to his feet and paces the floor. He repeats: "**Only by destroying the enemy in large numbers can one effectively preserve oneself.**" Chuan-pao understands. He summons the militiamen and they study together.

He reads aloud: "**The object of self-preservation is to destroy the enemy, and to destroy the enemy is in turn the most effective means of self-preservation.**"

"'Means'?" asks Big Kang.

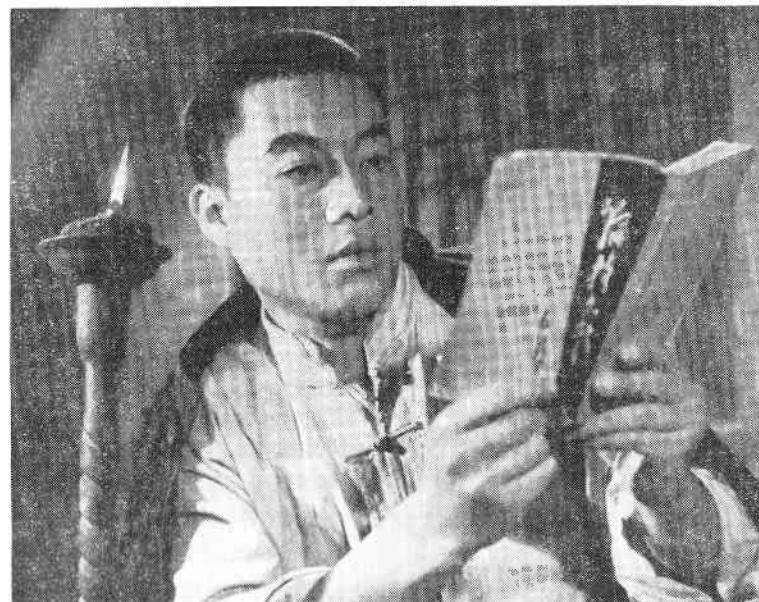
"In other words," says Chuan-pao, "if we think only of how to hide but not of how to fight, we won't be able to hide effectively. If we simply hide and don't fight, we'll end up on the receiving end."

"Exactly," the others exclaim.

"That's our problem all right," says Big Kang.

"From now on," says Chuan-pao, "we've got to turn the enemy's rear into their front. They mustn't be allowed to spend a single day in peace."

"Right," cry the others.



"What are we going to do next?" Niu-wa asks Lin Hsia, the new Party secretary.

"The district leader wants us to figure out how to make our tunnels proof against water, poison gas and fire to keep the enemy from coming in or digging them open, to make them places where we can both hide and fight," she replies.

"In other words," says Chuan-pao, "to tie in the concealment below ground with the fighting above."

He opens the compound gate. Glorious sunlight bathes the plain. They have just studied Chairman Mao's works and their minds are clear, their spirits high. Full of optimism, they sing:

The rising sun shines all around,
Mao Tsetung Thought spreads golden rays,
Sunshine warms a person's body,
Mao Tsetung Thought enlightens the mind.
Mao Tsetung Thought far and wide is taught,
Revolutionaries now have a guide,

Everyone eagerly joins the fight,
People's war is invincible.

Remember well Chairman Mao's words,
Then no matter how fierce the enemy,
We'll catch them in a far-flung net
And bury the mad beasts one and all.

War teaches people, and they learn how to win. Once they are able to apply Chairman Mao's brilliant concepts to actual battle, they exert a force which no foe can withstand.

Winter passes, spring comes to the land. Tunnels extend in every direction. They are better built than before.

District Leader Chao calls at Kaochia Village. Lin Hsia and Chuan-pao show him a diagram of the village tunnels.

"We've tried to carry out the instructions of the district Party committee to make our tunnels proof against various types of enemy attacks," says Chuan-pao. "Take a look at this." He moves his finger from point to point on the diagram as he talks. "Here is a



trap-door through the tunnel roof that takes us to a higher level. We close it and cover it with earth, and flames or gas can't get through. Here we've dug a niche just inside the tunnel entrance. One man with a spear can hold back any number of the enemy. Here is a drain leading off any water the enemy pumps in. Now this shows how we intend to fight above ground. Here is a reinforced tall building. These houses along the main street all have double walls with firing holes. Here are fortified emplacements in the ground along the street. These doors and windows are all blocked. In this way we can fight both inside the houses and below them, and wipe out the enemy."

Chuan-pao waits to hear Chao's reaction.

"Fine," says the district leader. "You've got some excellent ideas. Other villages must do the same. I've good news for you. The commander of the military sub-region is sending large armed working teams to us."

"Really?" Chuan-pao cries delightedly.

"Really," affirms Chao.

The people of Kaochia Village eagerly await the arrival of an armed working team. It is summer. The crops in the fields are already tall. Several men suddenly appear. Dressed in coarse homespun, they carry rifles slung across their backs. Big Kang excitedly reports to Chuan-pao: "They've come. The armed working team is here."

"How many people altogether?" asks Chuan-pao, putting on his tunic.

"Six. They've brought a letter of introduction."

"I wonder why Uncle Chao the district leader didn't let us know."

"The letter has the stamp of the military sub-region, and it's signed by the commander and the political commissar."

"Oh? Let's go and have a look."

Enemy agents disguised as members of an armed working team are waiting in the village office. The enemy agent chief pushes an ammunition clip into his automatic and tucks the weapon in his waistband.

"When the cadres come, let me do the talking," he says. "Just watch for my signals. Commander Tang will be here with his detachment in an hour. We'll show these hicks a thing or two."

"Let's knock them all off at one fell swoop," one of the enemy agents says.

"Not so fast," cautions the enemy agent chief. "We have to find out the way their tunnels run, first. Then. . ."

Big Kang and Chuan-pao enter. With a smile Big Kang introduces him. "This is the director of our military affairs committee and leader of our militia unit. The village head will be here soon."

"Good," says the enemy agent chief.

"We've been looking forward to your coming a long time. Now you're here at last. Please, have a chair," Chuan-pao says politely.

"Those Japanese devils are making a lot of trouble," says the enemy agent chief.

"Things will be better now. The high crops screen the village, and we've got tunnels. Now that you've come, we'll be able to breathe freely in this sector."

The enemy agent chief laughs awkwardly. "You rate us too highly. The main thing is close co-operation between the people and the army. Our mission is to help you fight the Japanese in tunnel warfare. Have you finished all your digging?"

Tao-chi, who has just come in, explains enthusiastically: "We worked on them the whole winter, every man, woman and child." He wants to go on, but Chuan-pao quickly interrupts:

"I can tell you exactly. We've got three levels, both inside and outside the village. Every family has an entrance, and we have exits all over the place. If the enemy dare to attack, they'll never get away alive."

"Other villages have done pretty well, too," says the enemy agent chief. He takes out a diagram and holds it before Chuan-pao's eyes. When Chuan-pao reaches for it, he hurriedly puts it away.

"Some of their tunnels are very good," the enemy agent chief continues. "Let's see yours first, then I'll tell you about them. Take us down."

"There's something fishy about these fellows," Chuan-pao thinks. The enemy agent chief has placed a gun on the table. That gives

Chuan-pao an idea. He hands the enemy agent chief a bowl of water and says: "You must be thirsty after your long walk." As the fellow accepts the bowl, Chuan-pao extends his hand towards the gun. In a panic the enemy agent chief drops the bowl and grabs for the weapon. The exposure is complete.

"That gun is really powerful," says Chuan-pao with a laugh.

Gun in hand, the enemy agent chief explains lamely: "It's cocked. I was afraid it might go off."

"These definitely aren't our people," Chuan-pao says to himself.

"Well now," says the enemy agent chief with a false smile, "Let's see those tunnels."

"That's easy," laughs Chuan-pao. He has a plan. "There's an entrance right in this room."

Su-yun comes running in and announces breathlessly: "Trouble. A big Japanese detachment is marching this way."

The enemy agents exchange pleased glances. The enemy agent chief looks at his watch, then pulls out his gun and cries: "Prepare for action."

Big Kang starts for the door. "It's not that urgent yet. I'll assemble the militia."

The enemy agent chief stops him. "Wait. If the enemy sees that an armed working team is here, they'll attack you all the harder. We'd better get into the tunnels."

"That's right," Chuan-pao agrees. "There are a lot of Japanese and only a few of us. We mustn't fight. Into the tunnels, quick. That will be safest for everybody." He squeezes Big Kang's arm. "We'll arrange everything."

Big Kang understands. Chuan-pao opens the entrance cover. "Please," he says to the enemy agents.

The enemy agent chief walks over and peers in. It's pitch dark. He's rather frightened.

"This way," says Chuan-pao coolly.

"Go down," the enemy agent chief says to his men.

Chuan-pao and two enemy agents descend into the tunnel. The impostors can't see a thing. They can only obey Chuan-pao's orders. They reach a ladder leading to a higher level.

"We go up here," says Chuan-pao. "The passages above branch out in all directions. Follow me carefully."

He gets to the top of the ladder, the enemy agents climbing behind. With a swift kick he knocks them to the ground and closes the trap-door. The enemy agents wildly fire their guns. Chuan-pao slips into a narrow passage beside them. Through a hole in the wall, he stabs hard with his spear, spitting both enemy agents. They fall, dead. That is one of the functions of the trap-doors, to make it possible to capture and kill the enemy.

There is no sound from below. The enemy agents in the room sense that something is wrong. They decide to leave.

At that moment the real armed working team under Commander Tsui rushes in.

"Nobody move," they shout. "Up with your hands." They disarm the enemy agents.

"You're making a mistake," says the enemy agent chief, pretending desperately to be calm. "Would you mind telling me what unit you're from?"

"Eighth Route Army," snaps Tsui. "Armed working team."

Trembling, the enemy agent chief assays a hypocritical smile. "Ah, one of us. We're from the district team." He points an accusing finger at Big Kang. "These men are traitors. We've been sent here by District Leader Chao."

As he is speaking, District Leader Chao and Lin Hsia walk in the door. "Sun Chin-tsai," they exclaim.

"You traitor," Chao says angrily.

Sun drops to his knees. "Spare me, spare me," he begs. He bends his head to the floor in a series of kowtows.

"Tie him up and take him away," Chao orders. The sound of firing is heard in the distance.

The enemy agent chief Sun jumps to his feet. "Ha-ha," he cries exultantly. "Our forces are coming. They've got you surrounded. Let me go, quickly, Chao, and I'll put in a good word for you with the Imperial Army. I guarantee to save your life. How about it?"

"You're celebrating too early," the district leader says coldly.

The real district team and the armed working team engage the Japanese in close combat, and soon put the foe out of action. All the enemy agents are caught.

Big Kang pokes the enemy agent chief, whom he grips tightly by the tunic. "How could I have been so blind that I didn't see through these sons of bitches," he reproaches himself.

The armed working team leaves with the impostors.

Suddenly, the straw mat on the platform bed moves, and Chuan-pao jumps out from beneath.

"Where are those dogs?" he queries.

"They've been taken away," says Chao, a note of criticism in his voice.

Chuan-pao hangs his head. "I'm sorry, district leader."

"Let this be a lesson to you. You comrades are too easy-going. Can't even see the difference between the true and the false." He points to Commander Tsui. "This is the head of the armed working team you've been waiting for."

Big Kang and Tsui warmly shake hands.

"We thank you, Commander Tsui," Chuan-pao says gratefully.

"Things will be better from now on, Chuan-pao," says Commander Tsui. "Our team and your militia will work together. And in another few days, the sub-regional regiment is going to fight its way back."

A member of the district team runs puffing in, several rifles slung across his back. "District leader," he cries, reporting.

"How did we do?" asks Chao.

"More than twenty of the enemy — not one got away. Our district team hit them from the east, the armed working team hit them from the west."

"That's the lot," says another member of the district team.

People go out to look at the captured foe.

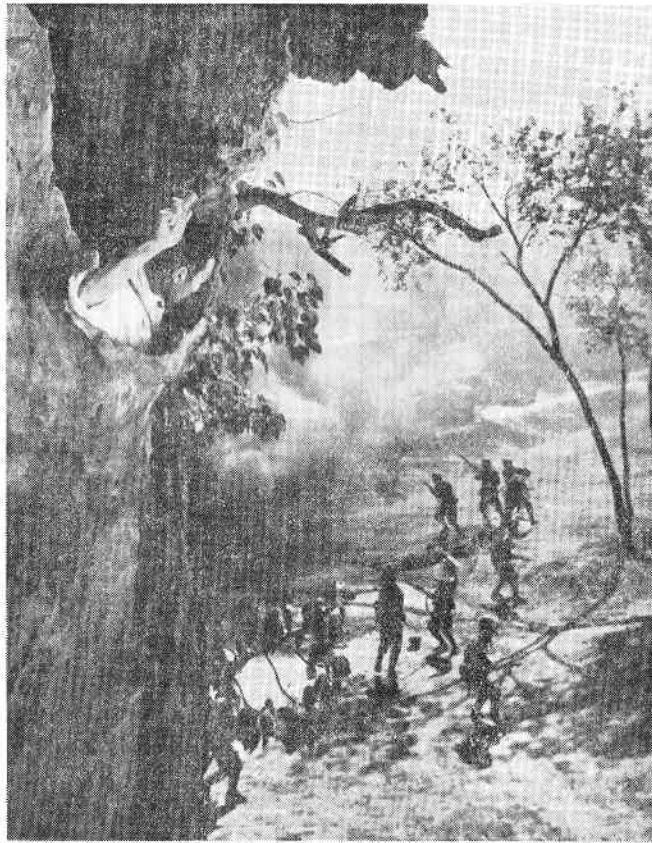
Chao says to Chuan-pao and Lin Hsia: "Call the cadres together and Tsui will tell you about the experience of villages in other counties in tunnel warfare. We must prepare. The Japanese are sure to retaliate."

"Then we'll show them what stuff we're made of," says Chuan-pao.
"Right," Chao agrees.

Not long after, as expected, the enemy prepares to come again. Chuan-pao is warned in advance by the district organization. He summons the militia and says: "A notification from the district. That devil Yamada we failed to kill last year has collected soldiers from several strongpoints and is moving in this direction."

"How many men?" asks Niu-wa.

"Over a hundred Japanese and more than two hundred puppet soldiers. They want to wreck our tunnels."



"Let them come. We'll give them something to remember us by."

"We'll avenge our old Party secretary," says Tao-chi.

"This isn't the same Kaochia Village it used to be," says Lin Hsia.
"We must hold our keypoints and try to keep the Japanese out of the village."

"That's right," says Chuan-pao. "Firmly resist, fight according to plan — first on the outskirts, then in the streets, from on top of the buildings and below. If they retreat, we pursue. If they don't retreat, we fight from the tunnels."

"Right," says Lin Hsia.

With rifles and cannons, the swaggering foe approach. They deploy in battle positions and bombard the village with artillery fire. A group of Japanese creep up under cover of the barrage.

Big Kang peers through a peep-hole in his observation post. "They're in our mine field," he says excitedly. "Su-yun, pull the string."

Buried explosives burst into flame. Japanese soldiers reel and fall. Yamada is furious. Like a wounded beast, the foe again charges. Chuan-pao decides to lure them into the village and fight them there. Some of the militiamen don't see why, and argue against it.

"We ought to stick to our original plan," says Big Kang.

"Why don't you explain your idea, Chuan-pao?" says Lin Hsia.

"Of course. Chairman Mao has told us, where the enemy is strong and we are weak, we must make full use of their points of inferiority and our points of superiority. By letting them into the village they won't be able to use their artillery, one of their main advantages, and we'll be able to make better use of our home-made guns and hand-grenades and mines. The Japanese will be out in the open, but we'll be concealed."

"Say, that's pretty good," says Big Kang. "They won't have any cover."

"And we'll be able to fight them any way we like," adds Lin Hsia.

From an observation post, Chuan-pao watches the enemy fiercely enter the village. He calls through a bamboo communications tube: "Attention all groups. Ready for independent combat."

Inside the tunnel, a militia girl relays the message: "Attention all groups. Ready for independent combat."

"Change your position after each shot you fire. Make every bullet count," shouts Chuan-pao.

"Make every bullet count," echoes the girl.

"Commence firing," cries Chuan-pao.

"Commence firing," the girl yells.

Bullets whistle from the house-tops, from bunkers, through walls, from the corners of buildings. Guns spit fire from behind trees, along river banks, through windows, doors. The battered foe flees in confusion.

The enemy relies on modern weapons. We rely on people with a high degree of revolutionary awareness. The foe use their advantages, we use ours. They fight their way, we fight ours. When they attack, they can't hit us or find us. When we attack, we hit them accurately, lethally. We finish them off if we can. If we can't, we prevent them from hurting us.

The whole village has become a fighting citadel. Watchful eyes, vengeful gun muzzles, are everywhere. We move about freely, and flexibly. Every time the enemy try to take a step, they are bashed. One man moves, and one man is struck down. Twelve men move, and a dozen are shot dead. The foe is terrified. Dead and wounded enemy soldiers litter the street. They've fallen into hell's pit and seen the devil. Those who can, run for their lives, their tails between their legs.

"Neighbours," cry the militiamen, "we've beaten the Japanese. Come out and collect their guns."

The people arm themselves with the enemy's weapons. They use the guns of the invaders to destroy the invaders. As a result of this battle, the Kaochia villagers understand all the better that the strength of revolutionary war lies in the masses, that the strength and wisdom of the masses is limitless, that once aroused and organized the masses can defeat any enemy and perform miraculous deeds.

As the war develops, in addition to the primarily defensive tunnels within the village, tunnels extending to the outskirts for offensive action are also built. The tunnels of several villages are linked, further extending the network and facilitating co-operation. When one place is attacked, the others all provide help. The enemy find themselves harassed on every side. This type of defence network is not only a convenient field for small units. Larger ones can also assemble and conceal themselves below ground.

Tunnels reach right into the heart of enemy controlled centres. We are able to observe the enemy from beneath their gun towers, surround them and launch surprise attacks.



District Leader Chao has summoned the militia leaders of the various villages to discuss the destruction of the enemy installations in Black Gap.

"Our idea is to place eighty *jin* of dynamite under their main gun tower," says Chuan-pao.

"I think you ought to double that," says Chao. "Give the Japanese a good ride up into the sky."

Everybody laughs.

"Do you approve of our plan?" asks Chuan-pao.

"It's like this," Chao explains. "As you know, the Party Central Committee has called on us to expand the liberated areas and constrict the enemy's zones of control. Our summer offensive has forced the enemy to abandon four or five outposts and concentrate in Black Gap. That means there are now well over four hundred of them in the town, so we can't take it in a direct assault."

"But Kaochia has already finished a tunnel right up to their door," says Chuan-pao.

"So has our village," says another militiaman.

"Yours aren't the only ones," says Chao. "Quite a few villages have tunnelled into Black Gap."

"How should we strike, then?" Lin Hsia queries.

"That's what we've called this meeting to discuss. Old Tsui, why don't you say a few words?"

"All right." The Eighth Route Army company commander rises to his feet. He uses the teapot and bowls on the table to illustrate. "Suppose this is Black Gap, and this is the enemy strongpoint Hsiping. We ignore Black Gap for the time being and surround Hsiping with the militia from ten villages. Our county and district forces hide in the tunnel between the two strongpoints. That's the approach the higher leadership has proposed. What do you think of it?"

"Ah." Chuan-pao gets the idea. "We lure the enemy out of Black Gap."

"Right," says Chao. "We feint at Hsiping and knock off their reinforcements."

"Then, if they come completely out of their shell," says Tsui, "the regiment from sub-region will take over Black Gap."

After dark, the battle starts. The enemy at Hsiping are surrounded. They send a telegram to Yamada requesting a relief force.

"Why not dispatch two hundred troops to break the encirclement and bring our Hsiping men here?" suggests Tang the traitor. "That would solve everything."

Yamada disagrees. "The Eighth Routers are very shrewd."

"Our information is that the militias surrounding Hsiping are from Chaochuang, Kaochia and Machia."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely."

"Well, then, look here." Yamada walks over to the map on the wall. "See, Kaochia, Chaochuang, Machai. Understand?"

"Brilliant," says the traitor fawningly. "We raid those villages during the night. That will wipe out the home bases of the militias and pull them away from Hsiping at the same time. Very clever." He thinks a moment. "We ought to bring some pumps along. Let's see how much water those tunnels in Kaochia Village can hold, eh?"

Yamada nods.

He leads the Japanese and puppet troops in an arrogant march on Kaochia Village.

The news quickly reaches District Leader Chao and Company Commander Tsui. They send for Chuan-pao.

He arrives. "Here I am," he announces.

Chao taps out his pipe against the sole of his shoe. "There's been a change in the situation, Chuan-pao," he says in a serious tone. "Yamada and Traitor Tang have left Black Gap. But they're not heading for Hsiping."

"What?" Chuan-pao is surprised.

Tsui is poring over the map. Chao says: "They're on their way to Kaochia Village."

"Fine," says Chuan-pao. "One hundred, two hundred — it doesn't matter. Our militia women alone will be able to handle them."

"Good. If that's how they want to play," says Chao, "we've got a couple of tricks of our own."

"Attack Black Gap?"

"Right."

"Smash their stronghold, then swing around and demolish their effectives," says Tsui.

"We'll catch and destroy them outside their lair," Chao explains.

Yamada has no idea of what is being planned. He and Tang are very cocky. They continue probing inside Kaochia Village.

A puppet officer reports to Tang: "We've discovered three tunnel entrances."

Yamada gives a sign and Tang and the officer go off.

Japanese and puppet soldiers are pumping water into one of the openings.

Tang stops them. "Go down and see whether anyone is down there."

It was precisely for this purpose that certain entrances were deliberately left exposed. Japanese and puppet soldiers timidly descend, one by one.

Two women, Su-yun and Big Kang's wife, watch through peep-holes.

"Twelve," says Big Kang's wife counting. "An even dozen."

"Close the gate and finish them off," says Su-yun.

"They're wandering all over the place."

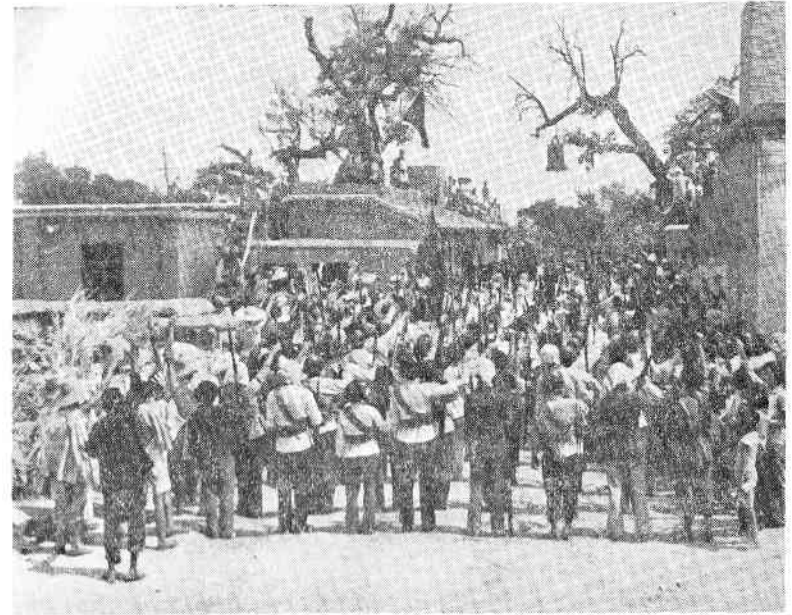
"Skewer them like crab apples on a stick."

They stab the foe with their spears. Enemy soldiers fall, vainly firing their guns. Tang hears the shots. "Pump poison gas, pour water," he rages. "Suffocate them."

The enemy pump water from a well into the entrance. Su-yun and Big Kang's wife climb to a higher level, close the trap-door and seal it with earth. Water is too precious to waste. It flows through a prepared channel back into the well.

Since flooding doesn't work, the enemy pump gas. Unable to seep through the tightly sealed trap-door, it belches back out of the entrance.

All of the enemy devices have failed. Now it's our turn. Every door in every house is booby-trapped. There are snare pits in all the paths. The militia women fling hand-grenades, bringing death and terror to the foe.



The Eighth Route Army and local militia join forces and advance on Black Gap. The big gun tower in Black Gap flies to pieces on a mighty burst of dynamite. The flames can be seen in Kaochia Village. As the Japanese start to rush back to their base, the district team and the village militia concealed in the tunnels along the road rise up and deal them a smashing blow.

A fierce battle rages. The haughty Japanese hope to turn the tide with their modern weapons, but they cannot. Final victory depends not on sophisticated military equipment but on continuous fighting of ground forces, on close combat, on political awareness, on courage and the spirit of self-sacrifice.

The Japanese invaders are completely shattered and demoralized. Tang is dead, shot through the heart. Yamada, bleeding, hides in a cave. Chuan-pao and militiamen plunge in after him.

"Drop your weapon," they order contemptuously.

Yamada swings at Chuan-pao with his samurai sword. A militiaman shoots him through the wrist. The sword falls to the ground.

Chuan-pao darts forward and grabs the filthy butcher of the Chinese people.

Militia men and women by the tens of thousands, red flags aloft, sweep forward like a tide, cheering the great victory of Mao Tsetung Thought and people's war.

Song in praise of tunnel warfare ring out. Drums pound. Streets and rooftops are jammed with people. Delighted children watch a joyous lion dance. To the cheers of the masses, contingent after contingent of Eighth Route Army men march on to new conquests.

From Anti-U.S. Front

Women Heroes of Viet Nam

The revolutionary women of the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam not only fight the American aggressors alongside the men, but sustain that fight with a thousand and one other difficult tasks. Their bravery and hard work in the struggle moved us deeply.

On the coast of Quang Binh Province at the fishing village of N, the rain had just quitted. Waves washed the beach below a women's artillery company, which was vigilantly standing guard and prepared for action. Veterans of many battles with enemy ships offshore, they have inflicted heavy damage on American vessels. We arrived the day after the women's artillery company had received the title "Heroic Unit." The entire village was celebrating. But when we talked with the unit's political instructor, Ngo Thi Tham, she was thinking how to turn this honour citation into a greater force for striking at the American marauder ships.

"We don't do as well as our sisters in the south," she told us, "and compared with the heroine, Comrade Tran Thi Ly, we haven't done enough. We have to learn from them."

Who was Tran Thi Ly, we asked. Only seventeen when the war to defeat the U.S. aggressors started, Tran Thi Ly lived in a village

outside of Dong Hoi. When the battles against the U.S. air pirates began, she took on the job of communications in the village, defying enemy bombs and strafing to deliver ammunition and food to the anti-aircraft crews and ferrying armymen across the river in small boats. The fiercest fighting brought out her revolutionary consciousness and heroic spirit. Though she was not yet eighteen, the Viet Nam Workers' Party decided to make an exception in her case and three months before her birthday of eighteen accepted her into the Party right on the battlefield.

Party member Tran Thi Ly became even more outstanding in her duties — patrolling the coast, anti-aircraft combat and other tasks. During one battle she was buried by earth thrown up by a bomb. When she was dug out, she was unconscious but still clutching her rifle to keep it from being damaged. Whenever anyone mentions this to her, she says, "It doesn't matter if I am killed. As long as we keep our weapons safe, other comrades can pick them up and continue the fight against the American pirates." Tran Thi Ly is now the leader of Dong Hoi's militia.

Aunt Chuoc is a heroine of Bao Ning Village on the Nhat Le River. In spite of her 60 years, she was good at rowing a boat and often made 40 trips a day through bombing and strafing to carry ammunition, food and armymen across the river. She is a fine example of elderly Vietnamese women who bravely take part in the war against U.S. aggression and for national salvation. So strong was her hatred of the American aggressors that in August 1968, when she had scarcely recovered from an illness, she hurried back to her post at the river crossing. Enemy planes caught her on the river bank and she was killed by pellets from a C.B.U. bomb. Shocked by her death, armymen and villagers alike vowed to continue the fight in the spirit she had demonstrated.

In Aunt Chuoc's village we found many women following her heroic example. Sister Khau, 38 years old, is one of them. As her part of the war to repel the American invaders, she set out to organize the women to replace the men in the fishing fleet. There were many difficulties which they surmounted with heroism and went on "fishing and fighting." They understood each boatload

of fish they brought back defying enemy bombing and strafing was another step towards defeating the aggressors. Sister Khau's leadership of the fishing women revealed the excellent qualities Party members should have.

One day, both men's and women's fleets were at sea. Enemy planes bombed and strafed them. Sister Khau kept her post on the deck while ordering the other women to take cover. As the planes flew off, she saw one of the boats sinking in the distance. The women set out at once to rescue the survivors. As they approached, she found that it was her husband's team. Most of the men were seriously wounded. "Mau, wait a while," she told her husband, "the others are hurt worse than you." The women took the others off first.

Sister Khau's husband was killed on a later mission, but she went right on with the struggle. "We've all grown up under the care of President Ho Chi Minh," she told us. "Our deepest desire is to carry out his will and drive the U.S. imperialists out of Viet Nam. And there isn't any doubt that we'll do it." Such is the fighting spirit of the revolutionary women of Viet Nam.

In An Vuc Village on the north bank of the Ma River in Thanh Hoa Province there is a girl named Hien. She and some other girls work on the defence of the Ham Rong Bridge, vying with each other for the hardest and most dangerous jobs.

In one particularly fierce air raid the girls took an active part, wiping shells and loading the anti-aircraft guns. When ammunition was running short, they charged across a stretch of open ground being strafed by enemy planes to fetch shells. Small and thin, nevertheless Hien carried a crate of shells on each shoulder. As one American plane after another went down in flames, they wiped away their sweat and smiled.

When a lull comes in the fighting, Hien goes from position to position encouraging the soldiers with her songs. "We like her singing," an anti-aircraft gunner told us. "With a singing political worker like her, we make it even hotter for the American air pirates!"

In Quang Binh Province we met another girl also named Hien. A 23-year-old country girl from Nghe An Province, she was the com-

mander of a Youth Shock Brigade. She had left home in 1969 when President Ho Chi Minh and the Workers' Party called on young people to go to the frontlines. In the Youth Shock Brigade she took the lead in every task and set a good example by taking the most difficult ones. "I come from the province where Uncle Ho was born," she said, "and we all strive to be worthy daughters of Uncle Ho's home region."

When the shock brigade does transport work for the front, Hien is always the first to tackle problems on the route. Her group crosses mountains and rivers under enemy bombing and strafing, yet has never failed to deliver their loads. On September 3, 1969, the Vietnamese people's great leader, Ho Chi Minh, died. With more grief than she could describe, Hien read President Ho's will over and over again. "Grief," she told herself, "must be turned into implacable determination to win new victories in the fight to save our homeland from the U.S. imperialist invaders."

The brigade started an enthusiastic emulation campaign, nearly tripled the amount of work they could do and at the same time made big savings in cost to the state. Hien's Youth Shock Brigade has been cited many times for its outstanding achievements.

When we arrived, the brigade was repairing a highway. With the sun shining overhead, the members sweated profusely from their enthusiastic labour, their determination to dedicate their all to the cause of fighting the U.S. aggressors and for national salvation were fully manifested. Deep respect rose in us as trucks rumbled on the highway Hien and her brigade members had repaired.

Vietnamese Heroes Ridicule U.S. Paper Tiger

On the eve of the tenth anniversary of the founding of the South Viet Nam National Front for Liberation, we visited Nguyen Van Cai and Truong Cong Diem, two combat heroes from south Viet Nam. From their own combat experiences, they gave us a vivid picture of the paper tiger nature of U.S. imperialism.

Nguyen Van Cai, from Binh Dong Hamlet, Binh Son District, Quang Ngai Province, nine times awarded the title of hero for killing U.S. aggressors, told us the following story:

"Once as squad leader I was ordered to reconnoitre five enemy posts at Song Tra Bong. We crossed seven barbed wire entanglements and were about to move on when a U.S. patrol squad passed by, yelling, 'Viet Cong! Viet Cong!' and firing at random. We immediately prepared for combat, thinking we had been discovered. But when nothing further happened we realized that the enemy were merely putting up a bold front.

"After a week of reconnaissance, we obtained all the necessary information about these enemy posts. Then our unit was ordered to annihilate the whole battalion in the big post.

"We started off at 9 p.m. I was the leader of the advance group. I encouraged myself by saying again and again: Wipe out the enemy and fulfil the task!



“At midnight, when the enemy were sound asleep, we broke into the post and launched a surprise attack on them. Our advance group rushed into the enemy headquarters, hurling hand-mines and dynamite packs. In an instant, explosions and battle-cries shook the whole post. Many enemy troops were killed or wounded, and their five armoured cars and ten artillery pieces blasted to smithereens. Within 25 minutes, we razed the post to the ground, wiping out more than 250 enemy soldiers and capturing many others.”

Nguyen Van Cai concluded his story by saying with pride: “The U.S. aggressor troops are no match for our liberation army!”

Truong Cong Diem is a fine fighter in the South Viet Nam Liberation Army, who has been tempered in the war against U.S. aggression and for national salvation. He has taken part in 35 operations, and twice won the title of hero for killing U.S. troops and once the title of model fighter. He told us a story of how his platoon destroyed 40 U.S. tanks in Thuong Xa Hamlet, Quang Tri Province:

“On December 27, last year, the U.S. aggressors moved 40 tanks from Hua City to Thuong Xa Hamlet in preparation for a ‘mopping-up’ operation against a liberated area on the following day. The

villagers and local guerrillas immediately reported the enemy move to the liberation army. In order to wipe out completely these U.S. aggressors before they could commit new atrocities, the battalion headquarters ordered our platoon to rush to the hamlet that same evening and prepare to destroy these ‘tortoise-shells.’

“The whole platoon was very excited at the order and pledged to destroy each enemy tank with a single shell.

“At 7 p.m., we arrived at our concentration point. In order to help the main force to wipe out the enemy, the local guerrillas had sealed off the roads leading to the hamlet and sent three guerrilla fighters as our guides. Despite fatigue, we immediately divided into three groups with a guide for each and, under cover of darkness, marched at the double towards Thuong Xa Hamlet.

“The U.S. aggressors had sentries on top of the tanks and turned on their searchlight every ten minutes. But, since we had long been familiar with the ways of the enemy, with the help of the guerrillas, we soon crossed the open ground safely. Before 2 a.m., all our three groups had arrived. We took cover only 70 metres from the enemy. As we were lying there in wait for the moment of attack, I recalled the U.S. aggressors’ barbarous massacres of the people in my home place and the image of my elder brother who had died a heroic death on the battlefield. Hatred burned in my heart against the U.S. gangsters. Taking a firm hold of the bazooka in my hand, I pledged to myself: Annihilate the enemy to avenge our people.

“It was very quiet. Forty American tanks were deployed on the open ground. At 2 p.m. sharp, we opened fire. All the 40 ‘tortoise-shells’ of the U.S. aggressors were reduced to heaps of scrap amidst thunderous explosions. The U.S. gangsters whose hands were stained with the blood of the Vietnamese people and who were sleeping in the ‘tortoise-shells’ were all destroyed together with the tanks.

“It was a splendid battle. We wiped out all the U.S. aggressors in ten minutes.”

The combat stories of these two heroes deeply inspired us and further strengthened our conviction: The Vietnamese people are sure to win! U.S. imperialism is bound to be defeated!

Sisophan
(Cambodia)

Changes in Xoai Kho-Chay

Xoai Kho-Chay is an ordinary hamlet in Cambodia. Fertile fields stretch from the village to the distant forest. By the side of the road are mango and other fruit trees. New houses can be seen among luxuriant foliage. Tall trees tower loftily, symbolic of the indomitable spirit of the heroic Khmer people.

I was received by the chairman of the Village Committee of the National United Front who told me the recent developments in the hamlet.

Most of the villagers are peasants. When the flames of struggle of the Cambodian people were kindled, the chieftain of the Lon Nol troops stationed at the hamlet was frightened out of his wits. He repeatedly ordered the residents to move to the roadside. This unreasonable demand was categorically rejected by the villagers. He then ordered his soldiers to burn down the houses of the people who were thus compelled to live by the side of the road temporarily.

The village chairman's narration was cut short by the entrance of a young man carrying a carbine. The chairman patted him fondly on the shoulder and said: "Ah Cun, take this representative of the Information Bureau to Uncle Lon. Tell him that he is sent

by the District Committee of the National United Front to see us."

We chatted as we walked and Ah Cun told me many things that had happened. What struck me as the most interesting was the capture of the enemy stronghold by the people of Xoai Kho-Chay Hamlet attacking from three sides.

Ah Cun recounted joyously: "That day, the people of our hamlet, armed with knives and sticks, surrounded the enemy stronghold tightly. The reactionary commander ordered his men to open fire. I was furious and wanted to shoot back. But the village chairman stopped me. He said, 'Don't be hasty. We shall take it by other ways.' The following day, he sent guerrillas to open the way. We fired a few volleys and shouted to the soldiers to surrender. For a long while, we heard nothing. Then the village chairman ordered the beating of drums and gongs. The enemy still did not fire, and was probably frightened by the thundering sound."

Patting the butt of his carbine, Ah Cun proudly said, "This kind of gun is superb."

He went on, "Then we heard a few shots inside and our men charged into the stronghold. It turned out that the soldiers inside the stronghold were with us and had punished the villainous commander. The stronghold was thus returned to the hands of the people."

At this juncture, Ah Cun laughed heartily. "At first, the enemy stronghold seemed to be somewhat terrifying. But we took it at one stroke," he said.

At the end of the village street we arrived at the home of Uncle Lon. Uncle Lon and his wife were out and their little girl eagerly led us to a terraced field.

By the side of the field is a shed used by Uncle Lon as a shelter during raids from American planes. Ah Cun introduced me to Uncle Lon.

Uncle Lon is in his forties, with a face deeply tanned and a forehead furrowed by long years of toil and poverty. He offered us tea and told us about his life.

"To tell you the truth, my entire possession was a pair of pants. The coat I am wearing was given by a commander of the Liberation

Army. Several days ago, when the Liberation Army passed by my house, the commander saw that I had no clothes on. He took off his coat and gave it to me." Uncle Lon took out some tobacco and began to smoke. He said, "Without land, the peasants cannot live. I worked all my life for the rich, but I could hardly keep body and soul together. I used to go cutting rattan in the mountains to earn a little money. But I can't do it now for the Lon Nol troops fired into the forest at random every day. Driven by hunger, two villagers went to the mountains to cut wood in order to get some food and they were killed by the Lon Nol troops. Difficult as life is, we had to pay taxes and bribes to the Lon Nol troops. A chicken sells at 20 *riels* and they take away half the money. Once my wife carried a basket of taros to the market, the Lon Nol men seized them all without paying one cent."

"After liberation," he continued, "all of us villagers returned to our old dwelling places. We helped one another, built new houses and cultivated terraced fields. The rainy season has come and every family is busy working the land and preparing seeds. I have finished sowing maize and rice. They are growing very well. You are welcome to my terraced field to have a look."

Together with Uncle Lon and Ah Cun, I went to his plots. The rice was indeed growing vigorously. Pointing at a patch of land by the side of a stream, Uncle Lon said, "I reckon the good harvest this year will bring us quite a lot of grain."

I looked at the fields around. Here and there, people were weeding or sowing. The mountain slopes were already covered by a carpet of fresh green grass, demonstrating the inexhaustible vitality of the vast land.

Kham Man
(Laos)

An Iron Fighter

The sun rose from behind the Phu Pha Mountain and was now over tall bamboos, its rays piercing through the thin yellowish fog. Though spring had already set in, white frost covered the heights in the morning in Sam Neua. It was bitterly cold.

The warble of birds flying from tree to tree in search of insects and the cries of black gibbons in the distance filled the air with a queer but familiar sound in this virgin jungle.

This remote region at the foot of the Phu Luong Mountain where flowers blossom all the year round and people go to till their fields or catch fish, would look very peaceful were it not for the bomb craters, charred columns standing amidst the ashes of napalm-burnt houses and A.A. batteries of the Laotian People's Liberation Army pointing high their dark muzzles to the sky. But it was just on such sunny days that the American air marauders would come to sow death and desolation among the local population. Life was pressing and the Liberation armymen of A.A. Company No. 2 must get up and prepare for the fight before the jungle birds woke up.

Very early in the morning, after discharging his routine duty of reminding his men to stand ready for any eventuality, Political In-

structor Chan Di went to the kitchen and hurried the cook to serve meal to the fighters sooner than usually since, he said, "American planes won't fail to come in this fine weather."

Company Commander Kham Lan, who had just attended a meeting held by A.A. Battery No. 3 to sum up experiences, turned to the political instructor and, nodding his head, said loudly for everyone to hear, "No. 3 has just drawn a lesson. One of the points is that on sunny days, the American marauders will sneak in from the direction of the sun to attack us. We must be vigilant." Then he stepped towards the cook and asked him, "Is meal ready?"

"Yes, commander!"

Then, aloud Kham Lan directed, "Each battery will send in one of its men to take food for them to eat at their gun emplacement. No. 3 now on duty will have meal later."

"Very good, commander!"

Voices from the other units warmly approved him. "We'll fight better with a full stomach."

Gunner No. 2 of Battery No. 3, a businesslike boy with shining eyes who nurtured the idea of downing as many aircraft as possible, said that he would bring down the leading plane at the first round so that the others, panic-stricken, would knock their heads against the Phu Pha Mountain and thus two or three birds would be killed with one stone.

"A good idea," shouted his comrades in applause.

Laughter and voices gradually died down. Only the clinking of spoons and bowls was heard now.

Towards 10 a.m. the sky became perfectly clear. On the watchtower Pakeo detected through his field glasses two, three, then seven pin-points coming from the southwest. He sounded the alert. All the guns were poised at the enemy planes. An F-105D swooped towards Battery No. 3. Commander Kham Lan gave orders to concentrate fire on that target, determined to down it before it could do any harm. When the plane came within the shooting range of his batteries, he shouted, "Fire!"

Balls of fire were seen assailing the air marauder. It tried to raise its nose and flee away. Too late: with its tail in flames it crashed

onto a hill nearby. Overjoyed, all the gunners fought with redoubled vigour.

The other aircraft soared up higher and showered bombs at random.

One flight succeeded another, strings of bombs were released and columns of smoke rose as high as tree-top. Bomb explosions and gun reports from the ground made a deafening noise, shaking the whole jungle.

While the battle was raging, a bomb fell close to Battery No. 3, kicking up a lot of earth and hurling the gunners out of their platform. No. 3 was silenced.

Political Instructor Chan Di called the gunners of the hit battery at the top of his voice, but none of them answered him. Controlling his anxiety, he urged the other units to fight on and bring down as many planes as they could to avenge their comrades. Then he rushed to the battery to see what had happened to it.

Thao Pong, Gunner No. 2, removed the earth from his body, but was unable to get up. He perspired profusely and could no longer hear anything. He tried to sit up with his arms. His right foot was hurting and his trousers were torn up and blood-stained. He mustered his strength to stand up but fell again on the ground.

The battle grew fiercer and fiercer. Thao Pong had the impression that the earth was shaking under him and that bombs were still exploding around him. In his mind's eyes he saw that the American aggressors were setting fire to the stilted houses in his village, killing children whose bodies lay inert near their demolished school. He also saw his beloved brother shot dead by U.S. air pirates. And he seemed to hear his father telling him on the day of his enlistment, "As your mother could not bear to be outraged, she was killed by the enemy and thrown into the jungle. Never forget this. Avenge her, sonny."

With all this in his mind he could not contain his anger. As though endowed with a supernatural power, he sprang up though his feet were still trembling. Almost all of his mates were dead or seriously wounded. To see them lying on the ground wrung his heart. He was about to shed tears. He looked silently at the gun, its muzzle directed at the sky. But alone as he was, what could

he do? He put this question and replied to himself, "As a fighter of the Liberation Armed Forces, a soldier of the revolutionary army, I cannot look idly at the enemy massacring my compatriots and my comrades-in-arms." He remembered the oath taken by the Lao Liberation fighters: resolute fight to the last in order to defeat the enemy and secure victory for the fatherland. His determination was enhanced and with all the strength left in him, he walked towards the cases of shells, loaded his gun and took aim.

Political Instructor Chan Di came in. He had no time to utter a word when Thao Pong suddenly shouted, pointing his finger in the direction of the sun:

"An enemy plane is dive-bombing."

Like a big black hawk, an aircraft was dashing in. All the guns were poised against it.

"Too late," someone said.

Battery No. 3 went into action. Its shells assailed the marauder plane which, hard hit, staggered for a while and crashed on the Phu Pha Mountain. A thundering explosion was heard and a column of black smoke rose in the sky—a severe warning to the other hawks.

When the engagement was over, the political instructor carried Thao Pong away under the anxious, affectionate look of his mates. A while later Thao Pong opened his eyes which were as shining as ever.

In four successive encounters, Company No. 2 downed three enemy planes. For this feat of arms it received an emulation banner from the high command of the Laotian People's Liberation Army. Thao Pong was awarded a Liberation third-class medal and the title of "Iron Fighter."

At the meeting where he was conferred this honour, his mates pointed out that he did not only fight well but set a brilliant example in study, training and other work.

A youth from a poor Lao Sung family at Pa Dong Village, Thao Pong could hardly read and write when he joined up. Now he is an outstanding A.A. gunner well conversant with the technique and able to fulfil all the duties assigned him. He works hard and

speaks little. He loves his comrades and always volunteers for exacting jobs. He never remains idle: in spare time he teaches his mates to read and write, carries water, cuts hair for the people living around, urges them to grow more food crops, rears domestic animals or observes hygiene. He thus puts into practice the recommendation of his superiors: An army of the people must serve the people.

Since then Thao Pong has courageously fought a dozen more battles. Recently, after a fierce engagement lasting six hours running he was awarded a Liberation first-class medal and became the standard-bearer in the company's emulation drive. Following his example, many of his mates have also distinguished themselves and like him become "Iron Fighters."



Red Flags at the Foot of Fujiyama

At the northern foot of Fujiyama in Japan there is a vast grassy plain, where the small village of Oshino is situated in Yamanashi County. The peasants who have lived there for generations have a long history of anti-U.S. struggle. Red flags, symbols of the peasants' determination in their patriotic fight against U.S. occupation forces, are now fluttering over the plain.

Oshino Village has only three hundred households. For a long period, many nearby areas have been used by the U.S. and Japanese reactionaries for military exercises. The unarmed peasants have fought innumerable battles against U.S. troops and Japanese armed police to seize back their land, defying U.S. planes, guns and tanks, and reactionary police. The peasants' "dare-to-die" corps has many times broken through the enemy's blockade lines on the target range to stop the U.S. troops from carrying on their exercises.

The village has an organization called "Shinobugusa Mothers' Association." It was formed in June, 1960, at the height of the struggle against the extension of the Japan-U.S. "Security Treaty," and has 300 members. The Japanese people praise these brave women for their prolonged fight and the weighty blows they have dealt at the U.S. and Japanese reactionaries.

In July last year, to hamper a U.S. manoeuvre the women of the association poured into the "restricted area." The U.S. aggressors brought in big helicopters used on the Viet Nam battlefields. Wheeling overhead, the planes attempted to disperse the ranks of the women with blasts from their choppers. But the women were undaunted. They faced the vicious attack with intense hatred and refused to move. One of their leaders shouted, "Stick it out, stand arm in arm!" Ten U.S. armoured cars and tanks bore down on them from the eastern foot of Fujiyama. The women fearlessly lay down in front of the armoured cars, shouting indignantly, "Yankees get out!" "Yankees go home!"

The U.S. aggressors, thrown into panic and dismay, called in a squad of fully armed Japanese police. It was pouring with rain. The women surrounded the U.S. armoured cars while preventing the police from coming closer. They did not allow the cars to advance an inch.

The next day the U.S. military authorities had to announce the cancellation of the manoeuvre.

One night in August, 1969, the women slipped into the target area, erected a small hut and raised a red flag.

The U.S. and Japanese reactionaries, badly shaken, sent for some Japanese "Self-defence Forces" and armed police to compel the women to pull down the hut. But the women stood firm, fearless. At their wit's end the U.S. military authorities viciously ordered their own troops to burn the hut down. Three women declared defiantly, "If you burn the hut, you'll have to burn us with it!"

Stunned, the U.S. aggressors took to their heels. The plans for the U.S. troops and Japanese "Self-defence Forces" joint manoeuvre were frustrated once again.

The women planted a large board before the hut on which they wrote in big characters: "The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains." In a document to express their resolution, they vowed solemnly: "We shall not be moved even if the heavens collapse and the earth splits. We shall follow the example of China's Foolish Old Man who removed the Taihang and Wangwu Mountains. We shall safeguard this small hut with our lives, handing

the struggle down to our daughters and granddaughters till our fight is won." They said: We will carry on our battle against U.S. guns and tanks and never allow Fujiyama to become a base for the invasion of Viet Nam, Korea and China.

As long as the Fujiyama exists, our small hut will never be demolished.
On the meadows beneath Fujiyama, the furious flames lit by Oshino people are blazing!

One small hut may be toppled, but thousands of others will be set up in our hearts.

In this little thatched house, there is only a small oil lamp, but it is as radiant as the sun!

Come, you bandits, fierce as wild beasts though you may be, our small hut will stand for ever. . . .

This is the battle song the peasants and women of Oshino Village sang during several of their recent struggles.

Since the U.S. imperialists commenced their invasion of Cambodia, they have made more use of the drill grounds at the northern foot of Fujiyama for military manoeuvres. On one occasion, the U.S. and Japanese reactionaries despatched 800 Japanese police and three bulldozers, to raze the hut which the women had built on the target range.

But heroic people are unconquerable. The Oshino Village women did not give in. They swarmed onto the ground that same night and built not only a second, but a third and fourth hut. The U.S. troops have not been able to stage a single manoeuvre.

One of the leaders of the association said with confidence, "We see from our long-term struggle that U.S. imperialism is nothing but a paper tiger. Every tree and every blade of grass around Fujiyama belongs to the Japanese people, not to the U.S. imperialists. The people of Oshino Village will persevere and gain the final victory!"

The heroic struggle of the Oshino villagers is known all over the Japanese islands. It is supported by the vast majority of Japanese workers, peasants, students and progressives. An integral part of the nationwide patriotic anti-U.S. struggle of the broad masses, it has dealt a heavy blow to the U.S. and Japanese reactionaries.

Reportage

Forever Forward

One day late last autumn, I went to a county revolutionary committee in Anching district to interview Comrade Shen Ching-fang, a veteran of the Chinese Workers' and Peasants' Red Army, which he joined in 1930. He is now an activist in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought in the Nanking garrison forces. I arrived at the committee office in the afternoon, where a comrade received me and told me something of Comrade Shen's life.

In the war years, according to him, Comrade Shen had been an indomitable fighter for the revolution and the people, scorning both hardship and death. Once when wounded in one eye during a battle, he went on charging the enemy position without flinching. Another time, during a bayonet charge, he was severely injured and encircled by his opponents. But refusing to give in, he finally fought his way out with the help of the people.

From this preliminary introduction I gathered what type of person Comrade Shen had been, and was quite impressed by his bravery. But what I was impatient to know was not so much his past as his present efforts to firmly carry on the revolution. My host at once guessed this. He said, "You probably want to know what Old Shen has

done more recently." I nodded. "Well," he continued, "after Liberation this veteran of the Red Army has always kept in mind Chairman Mao's teaching, **'To win country-wide victory is only the first step in a long march of ten thousand li.'** The revolutionary enthusiasm and industry of his former days never lessened. He started a new 'long march,' you know." Then he told me more about Shen's life during the period of socialist revolution and construction.

I

In 1961 the Party organization decided Shen should retire. He suffered from the effects of old wounds and tuberculosis, on top of which he had bronchitis. Although very aware of the Party's and people's concern for him, Shen was reluctant to leave his post in Huaining County because at that time our country was in difficulties due to drought, floods and other natural disasters that had continued for three successive years. Taking advantage of this, the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries increased their campaigns against China, while the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi was actively attempting to restore capitalism in the country. The struggle between the two classes, the two roads and the two lines increased in intensity.

When the class struggle was so fierce and complicated, Shen felt he could not leave the battlefield and retire. Making revolution is like pushing a wheelbarrow uphill, you can't slacken a single step. I'll follow Chairman Mao to make revolution as long as I can breathe. He decided to stay at his post and lead the battle to defend Chairman Mao and his proletarian revolutionary line.

The handful of capitalist roaders in the Huaining County Party committee decided otherwise. They ignored the hardships the people were suffering. Instead of tackling the economic difficulties caused by these three years of natural calamities, they concentrated on raising their own standard of living, providing themselves with the "three specials." These were, special cars, special canteens and special good housing. This made Old Shen furious. When they were about to build a nice little new house for him and allocate him special food and facilities, he resolutely refused all of these.

"All Communists must behave in accordance with Chairman Mao's teachings," he said. "We must boycott anything that smells of revisionism."

He moved out of the compound occupied by these old county Party committee members, and went to live among the ordinary people. As a counter-measure against revisionist trends, he launched a campaign of the "three active's." These were, to be active in studying Chairman Mao's works, active in talking about the bright future of socialism and active in popularizing the glorious tradition of hard struggle in the Red Army.

One day when he went to the military affairs department of the county, he met a group of eager comrades chatting away beside a pigsty. One of them recognizing Shen as an old department head said, "Look at these hogs. How fat they are! Some day we'll slaughter one and give you a share of the meat. It'll improve your diet a bit."

Shen did not accept the offer. He told them about the food the old Red Army men had during their Long March which at times consisted mostly of bark and grass roots.

"Right now we should do without meat for a while," he told them. "You must know that the modern revisionists are putting pressure on us, and taking advantage of our problems and suffering due to natural calamities these last three years. They are forcing us to pay them back immediately the loans they gave us."

Convinced by him, all the comrades in the group agreed. "We certainly can do without meat right now."

"Good," Shen said. "We must be worthy of Chairman Mao, holding high the banner of Marxism-Leninism to the end."

They sold the dozen or so fat hogs to the state purchasing station.

It was at this time that the agents of the renegade Liu Shao-chi in Anhwei Province began to put into practice the sinister directive of their master. They advocated individual farming in the form of the "family responsibility plots." This meant that each family was to be held responsible for the cultivation of a certain plot of land, thus breaking up collective farming. When this was discussed at an enlarged meeting of the county Party committee, Shen resolutely opposed the idea.



“It will take us right back to the old days,” he said. “It’s a move backward! It contradicts Chairman Mao’s directives. It has nothing to do with socialism.”

But the decision was made against his will, and the Chengkuan Commune where he was Party secretary was chosen as the experimental area. Firmly following Chairman Mao’s instructions, Shen fearlessly waged a struggle against these capitalist roaders. Wherever they went to experiment with “family responsibility plots,” he followed them defending the idea of collective farming. In spite of ill health, he worked energetically among the masses, spreading Chairman Mao’s teachings: **“Only socialism can save China”** and **“People’s communes are fine.”**

The capitalist roaders said that the “family responsibility plot” scheme had “eight great advantages.” As an antidote to this fallacy Shen summarized the experience of the commune together with the poor and lower-middle peasants, and proved “ten great advantages”

of the collective farming system. Through active study of Chairman Mao’s works in which he took the lead the poor and lower-middle peasants strengthened their conviction and hardened their struggle against this revisionist scheme.

Armed by Mao Tsetung Thought, they continued along the socialist path under Shen’s leadership. When the capitalist roaders came to insist on the “family responsibility plot” scheme among them, they boldly fought back.

“It’s a wicked scheme,” they said. “We won’t have anything to do with it!”

Shen whole-heartedly supported the masses. He said unequivocally, “All Communists must behave in accordance with Chairman Mao’s teachings. We must boycott anything that smells of revisionism.”

II

In the spring, 1966 the Party organization sent Shen to recuperate at the sanatorium for cadres at Mashan, Anching district. Shortly after, the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution began. With a red heart loyal to Chairman Mao Shen sang the song popular with the Red Army men during the Long March:

Apart from crossing the rugged ridges
We have to wage mobile warfare on the way.
We’ll conquer the marsh lands and snowy mountains
And put all the enemy to rout...

Again he plunged into the battle.

One day the capitalist roaders invited Shen and other old Red Army men to a meeting which they called ostensibly to plan for the erection of a monument to revolutionary martyrs. But they had a foul scheme behind it.

“The Red Guards are rebelling against us,” they said. “We’re afraid that our plan to build this monument won’t be carried out. But you veteran Red Army men have great prestige. If you stand out to speak in support, it will help.”

They had prepared a statement, supposed to have been made by a veteran Red Army man, and tried to collect signatures in support of

it. Shen saw through their plot and rejected it immediately. Instead, with great warmth he received the Red Guards, who came to him in groups. He spread Mao Tsetung Thought among them. He told them true stories about the Red Army crossing the snowy mountains and marsh lands. In this way he encouraged them to follow revolutionary traditions and be for ever loyal to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

When the great leader Chairman Mao issued the militant call **"The People's Liberation Army should support the broad masses of the Left,"** Shen immediately responded by taking a lead in the forefront of the struggle. In August, 1968 when the revolutionary committee for the Anching district was formed, some comrades suggested that Shen should have a leading post in the new administration. But because of his poor health and the fact that he should have retired, the leadership asked him to work in the commanding unit for production without a nomination.

"That's fine," Shen said happily. "You don't need an official appointment in order to make revolution. So long as I'm assigned a task to fulfil, I'm happy."

An official post means heavy responsibility. But Shen accepted responsibility even without a title. In order to implement Chairman Mao's directive **"Going down to do manual labour gives vast numbers of cadres an excellent opportunity to study once again,"** the revolutionary committee decided to establish a May Seventh Cadres School at Huanghu as soon as possible. Who could lead the work? When the problem was being discussed, Shen volunteered for the task.

"Let me go!" he said.

Huanghu was then a vast stretch of desolate land, with nothing but the sky above it. Shen led his comrades in surveying the entire area all day long, from one end to the other. In the same spirit as the Anti-Japanese Military and Political College had been established in the difficult years of the War of Resistance Against Japan, he finally succeeded in building up the cadres school.

In July, 1969 an unprecedented flood devastated the Anching district. Members of the revolutionary committee inspected the affected area. Over ten thousand people were besieged by the water in the

Jenhsin River valley, near Tungcheng County. At this critical moment Shen arrived with a rescue squad. Braving wind and rain he directed the battle of settling the refugees in places of safety. He took only forty winks when tired, and just a few mouthfuls of rice when hungry.

One evening when Shen was eating, trucks arrived to deliver life boats. He immediately stopped to help unload them. When he returned his rice had become ice-cold. A comrade wanted to re-heat it for him.

"There's no time now," Shen said. "We've still so much to do. I won't stop to eat any more."

Comrade Tu, chairman of the local revolutionary committee, came to Shen in great haste, to report on the flood situation. Shen who had put aside his rice bowl, listened to him intently. Tu noticed that Shen kept one hand on his forehead and the other on his stomach. This, together with the sweat on Shen's face, made it clear that he was in pain.

"Old Shen, you're ill?" Tu said anxiously. "I'll send for a doctor."

"Oh, it's nothing. Go on with your report!"

Tu made his report as concise as possible and prepared to leave right away. Realizing that quite a number of villagers were still encircled by the flood, Shen stopped Tu, saying, "Wait a minute!" And, flinging on his raincoat, he rushed out together with Tu into the storm.

Early next morning the rain ceased and the sky cleared. The people were out of danger. They were sitting out in the bright sun having a hearty meal of biscuits dropped by aeroplane on instructions from Chairman Mao. But Shen's half bowl of cold rice was still on the table — he had not had time to finish it. The local poor and lower-middle peasants noticed that.

"Old Shen," they said, greatly touched, "for our sake you haven't had a single night's sleep or a regular meal for days!"

A cadre gave him some air-dropped biscuits.

"Every one of these is a sign of Chairman Mao's concern for the people of the devastated area," Shen said. "We mustn't keep a single one of them from the masses. They bring Chairman Mao's care and the Party's warmth to the hearts of the poor and lower-middle peasants."

Shen fought the flood in Tungcheng County for seven days and seven nights, discharging his duties with flying colours. Returning to Anching he stayed only one night with the revolutionary committee, for he volunteered to return with a new assignment — that of promoting production in the flooded areas.

III

Shen never halted a step in following Chairman Mao on the long march. He not only advanced boldly along the road of continuing the revolution, but also paid close attention to the education of his children with Mao Tsetung Thought, rearing them as revolutionary successors of the proletariat.

He always urged his children to study the Three Constantly Read Articles and act in the same spirit.

“Children are not the property of a person,” he used to say. “They are the new ranks of the proletariat. We must bring them up with Mao Tsetung Thought.”

Sticking to the teaching of Chairman Mao, **“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 encouraged and helped his children to settle in the countryside and strengthen their loyalty to Chairman Mao. Of his four sons one went into the army as a recruit while the other three settled down in a commune to be re-educated by the poor and lower-middle peasants.

Shen loved his children, particularly Shen Ping, his eldest daughter. As a matter of fact, Ping’s father was a martyr who had given up his life in a battle when she was barely eight months old. Shen took her and brought her up as his own child. But he and his wife revealed this to Ping only when she was starting off to university in the provincial capital. They told her emphatically that she must take over the banner of revolution from the martyrs and march ahead. They gave her this quotation from Chairman Mao to remember: **“Thousands upon thousands of martyrs have heroically laid down their lives for the people; let us hold their banner high and march ahead along the path crimson with their blood!”**

Ping threw herself into her parents’ arms, her eyes glistening.

“I’ll always follow Chairman Mao’s teachings,” she said, “and carry out the will of the martyrs. I’ll follow Chairman Mao and continue making revolution to the end.”

After she had graduated from university, Ping went to the countryside to temper herself among the peasants. During the Spring Festival, 1969, she went home to be married to an airman in the Chinese People’s Liberation Army. On the eve of the traditional festival, the new son-in-law of the family arrived during a heavy snowstorm. In the house it was very warm.

The whole family sat at the table for the festival. But instead of a feast, the meal consisted of a plate of steamed wild herbs and a pot of corn gruel.

“Today is New Year’s Eve according to the peasants’ almanac, and your marriage day,” Shen said very seriously. “It was my idea at first to treat you to a nice meal. But on second thoughts I decided to offer you this food. I really believe it will do you good.”

While they were eating he told them of his miserable childhood before he joined the revolution.

“I remember another New Year’s Eve,” Shen told them. Fifteen years old, he had toiled twelve full months for a landlord, but that day, he went home in the morning, empty-handed. The moment he entered the house he heard the groans of his mother lying ill in bed. There was no food in the house. He left and went through the snowstorm into the mountains. There he collected some firewood — the only way he could make a little money. He sold the firewood in the market town and brought back two fried rolls for the New Year. Instead of being pleased, the old mother blamed him for spending his money on fried rolls, for they were too extravagant. He slipped out again. This time he went to the grave of his father in the hills at the back of the village. There he sat and had a good cry.

Listening to the blizzard raging outside, his mother was sorry she had blamed the boy. With the help of a crutch she hobbled to the door and, holding onto the wall, she called out, “Son, come back. Be quick. Come on back!”

Night was closing in. Rich people and landlords were having their feast for the New Year's Eve, while Shen and his mother were in tears.

"Son," said his mother sobbing, "fried rolls are too expensive for us poor people. . . ."

Old Shen paused at this point, seeing that both his daughter and son-in-law were in tears. He took up the bowl of corn gruel together with the cooked wild herbs.

"In the old society we poor people couldn't even have such food as this," he continued. "But ever since Liberation we have lived well. We mustn't ever forget the bitterness we lived through in the old society and the millions upon millions of labouring people in the whole world who are not free and still suffer. We must always remember Chairman Mao's teaching about hard struggle."

"Father, I know what you mean," Ping said, drying her tears. "I will strive to be a red successor and never fail Chairman Mao. I will follow our great leader to make revolution all my life."

A biting wind howled through the whirling snow all night. But the room inside was bright with the radiance of Mao T'setung Thought, which shone warmly upon the hearts of all the family.

So my host concluded his introduction to Shen. I now admired this old Red Army man even more for his loyalty to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, and his spirit of hard struggle. The next day, I started in the glorious morning sun to look for this veteran in the direction pointed out to me by the comrade of the local revolutionary committee.

Chairman Mao Investigating in the Ching'ang Mountains (traditional painting) ▶



The Iron Girl

When the iron ore mine at Waitoushan was opened up, many heroes emerged, all excelling in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought. Wang Ya-chin, "the iron girl," was one of them.

Early one morning I walked towards the rising sun to look for the first woman bulldozer driver at the Penki Steel Plant. After crossing a hill I saw a bulldozer marked No. 5 parked by the roadside. Looking around I discovered a "young fellow" lying on his back underneath it, his hands busy repairing something.

"Comrade, can you tell me where Wang Ya-chin is working at the moment?"

"Wait a minute!" was the reply. "Hand me the spanner, please."

A hand reached out for the tool. Seeing a spanner nearby I put it into the hand. In a minute this fellow scrambled out and stood up. A huge cotton-padded cap with ear-flaps covered most of his face, leaving only his grease-smearred cheeks exposed. He looked like a miner just off duty. He untied the towel round his neck, mopped up the sweat on his face, and taking off the cap, he gave it a few taps to

flick off the dirt. To my surprise I saw two plaits hanging down and only then I realized "he" actually was a girl.

After I had introduced myself, she said, smiling, "Comrade reporter, I'm Wang Ya-chin, the person you're looking for. What can I do for you?"

"Please tell me something about your work here on this project."

She packed up the repairing tools and jumped into the driver's cab on the bulldozer.

"What I've done is far too little compared with the needs of revolution," she said with some regret. "I've nothing more to tell you. They are waiting for me to clear the earth over there for the foundation of an embankment."

She put in the clutch and drove the bulldozer towards the road base that curved up a hill. I went onto the machine station of the mining company where I told the Party branch secretary Chang Cheng-chi, an old worker, what I had come for.

"You've come just at the right time," he said cheerfully. "What Wang Ya-chin did only yesterday is enough for you to write about."

He and his comrades in the room then began to tell me what had happened the previous day.

II

That afternoon an urgent message came from headquarters that the road leading to the mine must be levelled within twelve hours so that a stone embankment could be built in the shortest possible time. Master Chang picked up the message over the phone. But before he hung up the receiver, it was grasped by someone else who dashed in at that moment.

"For the sake of revolution," this intruder said into the mouthpiece, "I pledge to accomplish the task."

Chang was slightly disconcerted. When he recovered he saw it was Wang Ya-chin who had spoken. He had to smile.

"How impetuous you are, my girl!" he said.

"Why?" Wang asked. "I'd been listening quietly outside to your conversation over the phone."

"But it had nothing to do with you."

Chang set off for the work site. But the girl followed him doggedly, insisting, "Master Chang, please give the job to us drivers of bulldozer No. 5."

"Nonsense! Women comrades are not allowed to work on the night shift."

"Times have changed, and today men and women are equal," Wang said, reciting a quotation from Chairman Mao.

"Besides, you have rheumatism. . . ."

"Thousands upon thousands of martyrs gave up their lives for the revolution. What does a little rheumatism matter?"

Chang realized that reasoning with her served no purpose. Although he said no more, he could by no means silence her.

"Your refusal proves that you don't believe in the masses," Wang shouted at him from behind, "that you don't support us in making revolution!"

The challenge made Master Chang smile again. There is something almost reckless about this girl, he thought, she's so bold and eager to make revolution.

That very evening the camp was crowded with people. Master Chang was speaking to them about the struggles between the two lines that had occurred over the opening of the mine. The project had been begun three times at three different stages, but each time it failed. When he finished speaking, a storm of applause burst out from the audience. "Down with Liu Shao-chi!" "Down with Liu Shao-chi's agents at the Penki Steel Plant!" Her hands clenched, the girl Wang Ya-chin said to Young Shih sitting next to her, "During the past seventeen years the capitalist roaders wasted more than twenty million yuan on this project without digging out a single ton of iron ore! Today, we must be worthy of Chairman Mao. How I wish I could put twenty years' work into one day and get the ore out of the earth this very night!"

"Yes!" Shih agreed. "How fine it would be if the job was assigned to us tonight!"

Wang pursed her lips preparing to say something, but before she could speak, Master Chang said, stressing each word, "The job is urgent. I assign Wang Ya-chin and Young Shih to it."



Wang jumped to her feet. "What a good assignment!" she cheered.

As soon as the meeting was over, Wang and Shih, heading for the work site, vanished like a puff of smoke.

The two girls drove the bulldozer along the road base leading to the mine. The "iron tiger" roared, shaking the valleys and hills now wrapped in darkness. When the two-metre long frontal blade of the machine cut down and pushed, the mounds of earth rolled into the deep gully below, so that both ruts and mounds were levelled for the road base in its wake.

"Don't go too fast!" Master Chang yelled at them through the darkness.

Wang stopped the bulldozer and jumped off.

"Master Chang," she said, "you're supposed to be working on the 'Z' line, aren't you? That's nearly two miles away. Why have you come over here?"

"Just to have a look during the break," Chang said, handing her two cotton-padded jackets. Then he changed his tone, brusquely ordering, "Put these on!"

The jackets were a bit large for both girls but they realized that the old workers had sent them. They were so grateful that tears welled into their eyes. But Wang showed no other emotion. Nor did she speak a word.

"Your job today is an important part of the entire project," Chang said. "It was only after a long discussion that the leadership assigned

it to you. It's a proof of the Party's trust in you."

Wang straightened up. "We'll accomplish it all right," she promised.

"Well then," said Chang, "let's read a quotation from Chairman Mao: '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.' We must always remember these words of Chairman Mao and convert them into revolutionary strength."

Master Chang turned to go. But after a few steps he returned.

"You'll soon be over the hilltop," he said. "Be careful how you go. Remember, whenever you face a new situation, tackle it with Chairman Mao's philosophic thinking."

Looking at the old worker disappearing into the distance, Wang felt warmth and strength flow into her. She remembered the days when she was first learning to drive the bulldozer. "Wang," Master Chang had said, "the main thing is that you're not only learning to drive, but to make revolution." Another time when a feeling of frustration drove her to tears, Master Chang advised her, saying, "You must remove the 'selfishness' in your thinking just as the shovel of your bulldozer removes the earth."

Once she spoke at a meeting on her experience in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought. On her way back, Master Chang told her significantly, "You must understand, my girl, that applause should only serve as a battle drum to urge you forward to make revolution." One night bulldozer No. 3 landed by mistake into an ice-covered marshy pool. Without a second thought this old worker already over fifty took off his padded trousers and jumped into the icy water to guide the driver of the machine and get it out of the morass.

Wang remembered these inspiring things. She jumped into her seat on the "iron tiger" and steered it forward.

The levelled road base continued to lengthen. The whole job was more than half completed by midnight. All of a sudden the bulldozer bumped as its frontal blade lifted. Wang was banged against the clutch. The machine jerked forward, the blade almost striking a

protruding rock. In great haste Wang stepped on the brakes, bringing the "iron tiger" to a halt.

Turning round, Wang discovered that Shih had been shaken off her seat and tossed on the ground. She quickly pulled her up again.

"We might both have been tossed into the air," Wang smiled, while Shih, recovering from her fall, smiled back. She raised her right hand and said, "Chairman Mao teaches us: **'I am for the slogan: Fear neither hardship nor death.'**" This little jolt is nothing. Carry on!"

Shih was ready once again. But Wang stood still, engrossed in thought.

"Young Shih," she said. "This 'iron tiger' is usually very mild. What made him lose his temper today? Let's try and find out what's the matter."

The trouble they discovered was in the feed pipe. It was frozen and blocked.

"I'll unscrew the pipe," Wang said. "You thaw it out. Meanwhile I'll prevent the oil from flowing."

She crawled under the bulldozer. One hand she held over the open hole while she supported herself on her other arm. The cold oil tank chilled her to the bone. Silently she recited: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."** It took great will-power to endure the cold.

When the pipe was refitted, her hands were so numb she could not move them. Shih helped her to crawl out from under the machine but she could hardly stand and nearly fell. She was covered with wet icy mud, her clothes and shoes dripping with it.

"Let me take you back to the dormitory for a rest," Shih said. "Leave the driving to me."

"No!" Wang said.

She struggled to keep standing on her feet, enduring the rheumatic ache in her legs. Making an effort she climbed up onto the bulldozer. Just as she started the engine, a part of the frozen road base underneath collapsed, and the bulldozer stopped, tipping dangerously over to one side. Below was a deep rut filled with sharp pointed rocks, over which the blade hung helplessly. Driving snow lashed by the wind beat on

the girl's face like flying sand. She shivered and stood up.

"We'd better get another bulldozer to pull us on to the level again," Shih called out anxiously.

At this very moment a voice echoed in Wang's ears: "The main thing is that you're not only learning to drive, but to make revolution. You must remove the 'selfishness' in your thinking just as the shovel of your bulldozer removes the earth."

She felt strengthened as she gazed into the darkness. In the distance the road lamps along the transport railway spiralled downward in nine curves like fiery dragon descending from the sky. At its tail was the work site, a great cluster of lights, where the huge ore-crushing plant under construction towered and derricks over fifty metres high were moving about in various directions. A militant song rang over the hills: "For the emancipation of mankind we are willing to offer our lives..."

In her mind Wang visualized the fireworks over Tien An Men Square and the revolutionary fires burning over the five continents. From the look of it the bulldozer might tip over into the deep rut at any moment. But actually its centre of gravity still rested on solid ground. There was really no necessity to fetch another bulldozer from its present work to come and help. She ought to learn how to make revolution in the process of actual struggle.

Wang knew she was facing a test, a test of whether she dared to drive the bulldozer out of its precarious position. With profound feelings for Chairman Mao this girl of poor peasant origin made a bold decision to reverse the machine. She put in the clutch and backed up till, with a crunch, she heard the treads grip once more. In a minute this "iron tiger" tamely retreated to the level road base.

The snow was whirling wildly in the howling wind.

Bulldozer No. 5 began to move along once more to open the new road base.

III

Our interview ended here. In conclusion, Master Chang added, "Late at night I went to inspect the work site. The two girls had

already finished their job three hours ahead of schedule and had started a new one at another work site right away. I made a fire and forced them to rest by it. It was not until 5 a.m. that Wang returned to her dormitory."

"That's not true," I told Master Chang. "I just saw her on my way here."

"What a girl! She must have slipped away again? Well, let's have a look."

I followed Master Chang to the work site. No mistake, Wang was still driving the "iron tiger" and opening the new road base.

"Comrade Wang," I said to her, "you've already finished your assignment, haven't you?"

"Oh, no," she replied. "After the road base is cleared, we've still the whole project to complete, we've still the Chinese revolution and world revolution to complete, haven't we?"

Master Chang was all smiles, from which I gathered his satisfaction with and concern for the girl. Then he ordered her to go and get some sleep. But he could not conceal his pride, his broad vision characteristic of our workers, both old and young.

The rising sun steadily climbed, lighting up an old green pine and a stout sapling that stood in close company on a peak of this eastern mountain.

P o e m s

Chang Hung-hsi

Seeing Our Veteran Worker Off to Peking

Why should his strong hands tremble so today,
When for thirty years he's wielded heavy hammers?
Because the Party has invited him to join a delegation
To celebrate our glorious National Day.
Such an honour is weightier than Mt. Tai,
The greatest between earth and sky.

His mind is full of seething memories, eyes glistening,
He recalls the struggle of the last thirty years.
How he escaped from the landlord's clutches,
To fall into the jaws of the city's wolves and tigers.
All trains that reached the Shanghai station then,
Were loaded with bitterness, tears and hate.

He joined the revolution, following Chairman Mao.
With many a vicious overseer he fought,
With his hammer he struck them with all his might.
When he acclaimed the sunrise over Tien An Men,
The golden drums he beat with those same hands,
And all five continents did hear.

During the storm of the Cultural Revolution,
He held the red flag of rebellion high.
We elected him to our revolutionary committee,
Now his red heart serves the people even more.
Yet his hammer never leaves his hands
Where the callus ever thicker grows.

Today red flags converge from our whole city
And with good wishes round him in a river flow,
While with drums and gongs our love we show.
Our veteran worker is leaving for Peking,
Outside his carriage window hands are raised
Enthusiastically to shake with his.

Our modern express now leaves for far Peking,
We see his hands still waving from the window.
How very happy he was to feel
Those many hands that tightly clasped his own,
Before they sent him off to far Peking,
To shake the hand of Chairman Mao.

An Peng-hsiang

Love Between Armymen and Villagers

Starlight and moon above reflect,
The red stars on their caps,
As soldiers, sons of workers and peasants,
Come striding through the woods,
A team defying crags and streams,
To perform in a mountain village.

Next day before they leave at sunrise,
They sweep out their rooms and yard,
And fill the vats with fresh well water.
They live their lives like the heroes
Whose songs they've sung across the hills,
The Red Lantern shines over all our village.

The close ties between armymen and us,
Our team leader highly praises.

Grannies with needles and thread all ready,
Watch out for torn uniforms.
They mend and patch with bright red thread,
Expressing deep love for the army men.

All our villagers, old and young,
Come out to see them off.
We cross some hills and spurs together,
And say, "Your clothes you've torn,
Gathering firewood for us all,"
Loath to let them go in the chilly morn.

All eyes are brimming with happiness;
Every word is full of affection.
The Communist Party shines over us all
Like the glorious sun in the sky.
Army men and villagers now sing in unison,
The same theme echoing on the mountain tops.

Fan Yung-sheng

The Perennial Pine

Although his face is etched with wrinkles,
And the hair at his temples frosted white,
He still pours over his treasured book
By his lamp-light late at night.

"Party branch secretary, you need more sleep.
You're up so early every day.
For so many problems in our work
Our whole team needs your wise advice!"

"It's because the responsibility is mine,
That Mao Tsetung Thought I must study more.
For among the tangled skeins of work
The main thread I must grasp.

“Some people with eyes still cannot see,
Or distinguish right from wrong.
One is blind without studying Chairman Mao’s works,
How can one then lead a team?”

The stars are pale, the moon is low.
His lamp in the window can still be seen.
Beyond there stands a deep-rooted pine,
Vigorous, enduring and evergreen.

Chen Yang

The Mountain Road

Birds sing and soar on the warm spring breeze,
While laughter rings out on the mountain road.
Laden with loam our wheelbarrow creak,
And carrying poles on shoulders bend.

Arms move in rhythm, headscarves flutter,
Our youngsters are so full of zest.
The fertile loam is rich and fragrant,
Our new hoes have a silver sheen.

The spring wind gently chases us,
Yet our faces gleam with sweat.
In baskets lies our selected seed,
Promise of fields of rice to come.

Bellowing oxen drag up the steep road,
A cart-load of new farm tools.
Our old team leader beams with joy,
He cracks his whip and hums our folk songs.

Revolutionaries greet an early spring,
That paints the hills in splendour.
Learning from Tachai everyone is keen
To win more bushels to the acre.

With tooting horn a truck stops now.
From its open door, with a hearty laugh,
Comes the secretary of our county committee,
Personally delivering much needed fertilizer.

Our old team leader shakes his hand,
While the youngsters crowd around and sing.
With big strides up comes Grandad Chang,
To sift the fertilizer through his hands.

A laughing grand-daughter sees him stare.
"It's not sugar, it's fertilizer," she jokes.
"Little fool," he replies, "what my eyes see
Are the fragrant harvest fields of rice."

There's laughter all along the road.
Tides of enthusiasm one after another,
Roll on in ever flowing waves,
Each one ever mounting higher.

Shelling a Chiang Kai-shek Pirate Gunboat
(oil painting) ▶



Lin Tou-tou

Uncle Tung

As soon as winter vacation started, I left my school in Peking and went to Kwangchow to see my family. That was in February 1960. My mother and I went for a walk in Lingnan Park. The north is cold and blanketed in snow that time of the year. But here everything was a delicate green. Birds sang, flowers wafted their fragrance. Among the strollers in the park were men and women wearing red ribbons on their chests marked "Advanced Personnel." They laughed and chatted, full of vitality. People gave them admiring glances.

At the fish pond I was attracted by the beautifully striped and spotted tropical fish. "Mama," I cried, "come to look at this."

"Aren't you little 'Tou-tou?'" the voice of a stranger asked.

Startled, I turned to see a smiling man in a dark blue navy uniform. He was about forty, with a darkly sunburnt face. Thick brows arched over large burning eyes. He had a high-bridged nose and full lips. Though broad-shouldered, he was not especially tall.

Who was he? How did he know my name? Mama looked at him hesitatingly. Then her eyes lit up.

"*Aiya*," she exclaimed. "Tung! We've been looking for you for years. Tou-tou, this is the Uncle Tung I've told you about so often." She grasped his hand excitedly, unable to calm herself for quite a while.

We all sat down on a bench in the shade and animatedly talked about the past. Many times, in the evening when I finished my homework, mama used to tell me of her experiences during the revolutionary war. Now one of these came back to me.

After the Japanese surrender in 1945, the Chinese people, freed from beneath the heel of the fascist invaders, looked forward to living and working in peace. But the evil Kuomintang reactionaries, while pretending to negotiate with us, launched a civil war. The situation deteriorated rapidly. The Party Central Committee and Chairman Mao had long since anticipated that the Kuomintang would pull their usual dirty tricks. They promptly organized military and civil resistance in the Liberated Areas, and dispatched thousands of trained revolutionary cadres to villages throughout the land to arouse the masses for a life-and-death struggle against the Kuomintang. The Party gave mama an assignment which required her to go with one of our army units to the distant northeast provinces. Because I was then only one year old, she carried me with her.

Marching rapidly during the day and resting at night, after a month's travel the unit finally neared the southeast corner of Shansi Province where it met what was then the Hopei-Shantung-Honan Border Region. Shortly after two in the afternoon, we halted. Everyone had a good nap in a village in which we had strong mass base and then ate a full meal. We were preparing to cross the railway line controlled by the enemy that same night.

Since it was hard for mama to travel carrying a one-year-old infant, the leadership assigned the head of a guard squad to help her in case of danger. Holding me in her arms, she shook hands with him and looked him over carefully. He had a dark complexion, thick eyebrows, large eyes and broad shoulders. His name was Tung Ke-sheng.

Soon night mantled the land. We moved stealthily towards the railway line. Soldiers, commanders, everyone was tense. Unless

we could get across the line we would be unable to reach our destination and carry out the tasks the Party had given us.

Mama lightly touched the face of the infant girl in her bosom. The child was sleeping soundly. As she walked, mama thought of all the things that might happen. Hastily she stuffed some documents into the baby's wrapper. If she herself should be captured, at least those important papers might get through with the child.

We reached the railway line quickly. Everyone was holding his breath. The only sound was the clump of hoofbeats and the occasional thud of weapons against saddles. Suddenly, from the enemy gun tower a rough voice shouted: "Who's there?"

"Eighth Route Army," replied our detachment leader.

"What do you want?"

"To cross the line."

"How many men?"

"A squad."

These fellows had been puppet troops for the Japanese invaders and were in a state of confusion, since their masters had just surrendered. Their positions were close to ours and we frequently let one another's small units cross the lines.

Now our men sped across the railway line like arrows, amid whispers of "Faster! Faster!" Dark figures raced in the moonlight. The enemy didn't know we were not a squad but a detachment of several hundred men, including a few high-ranking leaders.

We relaxed a bit when we were all across. Suddenly a stream of bullets whistled by. Behind, we could see spurts of flame. Evidently we had sounded like more than a squad and the enemy had become suspicious and sent out a large pursuit unit. We were in a dangerous position. Again we were gripped by tension, but everyone quietly prepared for action.

Our detachment leader, on horseback, spoke clearly, with forceful brevity. "Courage and steadiness are what's called for, comrades. Assistant commander, assemble our people in that sheltered corner up ahead to the southeast. Those comrades who can fight come with me and give cover."

Mama was a Communist Party group leader and had a pistol. She pulled it out and led her group rapidly away. She took back the documents she had concealed under my wrapper and handed me to a groom, another Communist. It was a crucial moment. Mama had to carry out the task the Party had given her. She had no time to look after her baby daughter.

The fighting was very fierce. Bullets sang overhead, flames pierced the darkness. Part of our guards unit engaged the foe in hand-to-hand combat. Enemy troops continued to arrive. We were heavily outnumbered. Our men were determined to lay down their lives, if need be, to cover the withdrawal of their comrades.

Just then the clarion notes of a bugle sounded nearby. A detachment from the Hopci-Shantung-Honan Border Region sent to meet us had come in the nick of time. Our soldiers fought even more spiritedly, and smashed back the enemy assault. Because their job was to move on, they didn't chase the fleeing foe, but continued towards our destination.

Comrade Tung and another soldier were at the very end of the line of march. Not far past the railway, they heard someone groaning. They crept cautiously through the dark and found a man lying in a peanut field. It was the groom, badly wounded in the head.

"There's a baby. . .," he muttered, and fainted.

Tung told his companion to carry the groom and catch up with the others. He stayed behind and searched, turning up every basket and crate scattered around the field, carefully parting the flourishing peanut plants. But nowhere could he find the child the groom had mentioned. Had she been trampled to death by the horses? In that case, where was the body? Had someone carried her away? Impossible.

He anxiously continued searching the dark peanut field. He tripped over something and saw it was a saddle. Tung picked it up. *Aiya!* There was the child of the woman comrade he had been introduced to that afternoon. He put his hand before the baby's nose. She was breathing, she was alive! The little girl was fast asleep, worn out no doubt by all the noise and excitement.

Comrade Tung was greatly relieved as though a heavy load had been taken off his mind. A chill wind reminded him that the night

was cold. He removed his padded coat and wrapped the baby in it. As he started to walk, an enemy patrol approached. They saw the figure in the peanut field and began firing wildly.

"Get him alive," someone yelled.

Startled at first, Tung promptly cooled down. He seemed to see the woman comrade his commander had told him to look after. He had to get the child to safety. That baby girl was one of the revolution's coming generation!

A tossed hand-grenade rolled to his feet. Quicker than it takes to say, Tung snatched up the smoking bomb and flung it back among the foe. Gun in one hand, infant in the other, while the enemy was milling about in confusion, he sprinted along the narrow path.

All night he hastened after our detachment. At dawn he caught up with them in a town. The baby's mother, exhausted after a night of fruitless search, was sitting on a bed, staring at the infant's bonnet she was holding. Several comrades had looked everywhere, only to return empty-handed. They didn't know what to say. Obviously, there wasn't much hope.

Tung came in and thrust the infant into her mother's arms. "Here she is," he said.

"Here she is." How much meaning, how much class love was in those few words. Mama pressed the child to her with trembling hands. The baby laughed. She didn't understand anything, least of all what a dangerous night she had just spent. She waved her two little fists and gurgled delightedly.

Mama's eyes suddenly smarted. Happy tears rolled down her cheeks. She grasped Tung's hand, unable to speak for emotion. Tung gave her an embarrassed grin.

They both had their jobs to do, and soon went their separate ways. They were not to meet again till nearly a dozen years after Liberation. Mama often spoke to me of Tung. She assumed he must be dead. She never forgot his dark-complected face, those large shining eyes under heavy brows.

Now, as I came out of my reverie, they were both looking at me lovingly. I lowered my head in embarrassment.

"How tall she's grown," said Uncle Tung. They had been talking together a long time.

"She's already a Youth Leaguer," Mama replied. "Her generation is very fortunate."

Uncle Tung caught sight of the Youth League badge I wore.

"A Youth Leaguer, eh? Good girl." Uncle Tung laughed. "Tou-tou, guess how I knew it was you. I saw a picture of you and your mother in a friend's house a few years ago, but I'd never have known you if I hadn't recognized her and heard you call her 'Mama.' This certainly is a coincidence."

We all smiled from our hearts.

Uncle Tung had to go off to a conference. As he said goodbye I noticed the grey at his temples and the red ribbon marked "Delegate" on his chest. He strode vigorously away.

Mama repeated to me what Uncle Tung had just been telling her. After rescuing me, he had gone on with his unit to the northeastern provinces. From there they had swept with the red banner of victory all the way down to Hainan Island. Ultimately he became a commander in the navy. He had come to Kwangchow to attend a conference of advanced personnel.

I gazed admiringly as his sturdy figure disappeared into the crowd, thoughts tumbling through my mind. We were bound to our People's Liberation Army with ties of flesh and blood.

Ever since that day in Kwangchow, whenever I run into difficulties I remember those troubled times of the revolution and the cool, brave men of our PLA, and at once I find the courage and strength to press on.

My Native Village Has Completely Changed

EDITORS' NOTE: Kao Yu-pao was born in a poor peasant family in Sungchia Village, Liaoning Province. As a swineherd for Skinner Chou the landlord, his childhood was poisoned by cruelty, oppression and exploitation. Finally, his village was liberated and in 1948 he became a soldier in the Chinese People's Liberation Army. Shortly after that he joined the Communist Party. In his spare time between battles he learned how to read and write and started to write stories. He wrote the autobiographical novel *Kao Yu-pao*, which became very popular with workers, peasants and soldiers across China.

A Cock Crows at Midnight mentioned in the text is a chapter from this novel. It tells how Skinner Chou the landlord steals out to the chicken coop at midnight and imitates the crowing of a cock. He does this so that he can wake up the hired hands earlier and hustle them off to start work in the fields before dawn. One night, just as he is about to imitate a cock crowing, young Kao Yu-pao who hides behind the door of the stable to stand watch discovers him. The hired labourers rush out, throw the old skinner to the ground in the dark and give him a sound beating. After that the landlord never dared to imitate the cockcrow at midnight again. This episode was later adapted into a puppet film in colour, the story treatment of which appeared in *Chinese Literature* No. 4, 1970.

Not long ago, Kao Yu-pao, still in the army, returned to his native village for a visit. He was deeply moved, for Chairman Mao's revolutionary line had wrought great changes in the twenty years since Liberation and especially since the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. The following are some of his impressions.

I Got Lost

In late autumn, after being away for twenty-four years, I returned to my native village. As the train rumbled through the district where I spent my childhood I could hardly control my feelings. Fields of ripe kaoliang shone in the sun. In orchards trees were heavy with bright red apples. Snatches of song came from villages and fields. Under waving red flags, men and women commune members were harvesting. Draft animals were gone. Tractors now chugged across the fields.

As I got off the train I was amazed by the scene at the station. No longer shabby and small as I remembered it, the station had become a big storage place for goods. Songs from model revolutionary Peking operas were being broadcast by loud-speakers; boxes and baskets of apples and other fruits were piled up like mountains; trains loaded with apples waited at the station to start off; and cars, tractors and carts coming from nearby people's communes to deliver goods thronged about everywhere. I had to squeeze my way through the crowds.

Absorbed in the picture of this full harvest, I decided to walk the rest of the way, to have a real look at my home.

But the little goat path of my boyhood was gone. Stretched out before me was a wide, surfaced road. Small reservoirs blocked my old path. Orchards, fertilizer plants, small factories, primary schools and the new homes of the commune members had popped up everywhere. I couldn't find my way through them.

While I was looking around wondering what to do, a horse and cart caught up with me. There were several people in it and a man of about fifty was driving. Big and strong, with a white towel around his neck and a broad-brimmed straw hat on his head, he sat up straight

in front, waving his long-tasselled whip from time to time. The driver stopped and asked, "Comrade soldier, get in and we'll give you a lift!" I glanced at him, somehow he seemed very familiar to me. He too was looking at me with a puzzled expression. Jumping down from the cart, he scrutinized my face and then said, "Comrade, what's your name?"

"Kao," I answered, "what's yours?"

"Aren't you Kao Yu-pao who used to be old Skinner Chou's swineherd?"

"And you're Uncle Wang Keng-tai, Skinner Chou's hired hand!" Lost for words, we clasped each other's hands with tears in our eyes. Scenes of our bitter life as hired labourers for that landlord twenty-four years ago came back to me.

"Comrade Yu-pao, climb in and we'll have a good talk!" Uncle Keng-tai turned to the others and shouted, "Hey, this is Comrade Kao Yu-pao, the fellow who wrote *A Cock Crows at Midnight!*" Everybody in the cart stretched out a hand to help me up. An elderly man who had taken over as driver turned around to say, "Old Keng-tai is now the vice-chairman of our commune's revolutionary committee."

"In the evil old society," Old Keng-tai told the people in the cart, "Yu-pao and I were two bitter melons on the same vine. We suffered terribly. But since Liberation we've lived happily under the guidance of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. If it weren't for Chairman Mao, the Communist Party and socialism, we wouldn't have been alive today!"

The people in the cart laughed with us. Old Keng-tai was beaming. "Yu-pao," he said, "you've come back to have a look, haven't you? The changes in the past twenty years are tremendous. Invincible Mao Tsetung Thought has completely changed our village."

He grew more and more excited as he spoke, as if he wanted to pour out everything in one breath. "Now everybody in the village studies Chairman Mao's works and follows his teachings. We're really marching along the socialist road now. We're learning from T'achai's example and remaking the mountains and rivers."

An elderly peasant beside him broke in: "Since Liberation, our poor valley has gone ahead like the rest of the country. We've started on our plan to bring more land under irrigation and electrify and mechanize our farming. The commune is running small factories. We've increased our fruit trees thirty times. All of this is due to Chairman Mao's leadership and the commune's collective strength."

"Every commune has its own hospital," a middle school graduate spoke up. "And every brigade has its clinic and every team its 'barefoot' doctors. There are stores everywhere..."

The driver added, "In the old society, we were too poor to get treatment when we were sick. All we could do was just wait till death came. How different it is now! Because of Chairman Mao's concern for working people hospitals have been set up for us and we don't have to worry about sickness any more. We used to have to go to town to buy what we needed. Now Chairman Mao has seen to it that the shops bring goods to sell right at our doors. Every day at sunrise the radio brings us news and instructions from Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee. Our daily life is improving day by day like the sesame flowers that bloom at every joint."

In a short while we reached a cross-road. The driver stopped the cart and Old Keng-tai jumped down from it and said to me, "We're here, Yu-pao. Come on down."

I turned to look and saw a row of new buildings at the foot of the hill. "Where are we?" I asked in bewilderment. Old Keng-tai mopped up the sweat from his face and laughed. "Are you still lost? That's the school you asked to go to when you were a child."

"Ah, everything has changed!" I thought as I looked at the big primary school.

Today's School in My Native Village

There was a broad playground in front of a row of buildings. In the classrooms the children were at their lessons. Looking at these new surroundings, memories of my boyhood came back to me. In those days this primary school had been three dilapidated rooms with only twenty pupils. When I was nine I cried and cried because

I wanted to go to school like the few children of the rich. Mother answered, "Son, we don't even have anything to eat or wear, your father is sick in bed. Where can I get the money to send you to school?" Bitter tears fell as she spoke. Never again did I ask to go to school.

"Ding-dong, ding-dong!" The school bell interrupted my thoughts. As I walked towards the school building, lively children poured out into the playground. Some of them began playing ball, singing songs and performing revolutionary dances. But, seeing an unexpected visitor, they surrounded me and began firing questions at me right and left. A little girl with pigtails flew back to the classroom and brought back a young man. I learned that he was Yu Chih-sheng, the son of a hired hand. A former graduate of this school since Liberation, he was now the chairman of the school's revolutionary committee. Pulling and pushing, he and the pupils led me into the office.

Comrade Yu Chih-sheng told me about the changes that had taken place. "Our school has 300 pupils now," he said, "all children can attend. We peasants built all these thirty rooms by ourselves. The village also has a middle school."

As we returned to the playground, neat rows of manure baskets of different kinds and sizes caught my eye. Before I had a chance to ask about them, he said, "During the cultural revolution we followed Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and fiercely attacked Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist stuff such as the idea of 'studying to become an official.' Of students, Chairman Mao said on May 7, 1966, **'While their main task is to study, they should also learn other things, that is to say, they should not only learn book knowledge, they should also learn industrial production, agricultural production and military affairs. They also should criticize and repudiate the bourgeoisie.'** Our school set out on this path. Getting away from book study alone, teachers and students brought these baskets on their own and in their spare time they collect manure for the fields. Even an eleven-year-old pupil can gather about a thousand *jin* in one winter."

Pointing towards a piece of land at the foot of the hill, he said proudly, "That's our school farm and tree nursery. Being educated by the poor and lower-middle peasants, the students and teachers now know how to pick up a shovel in the fields or pick up a book and give a lesson. We're all involved in class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment. In our school more and more people with a new spirit and achievements are emerging and the number of activists in the living study and application of Chairman Mao's works is increasing rapidly."

Huangchiatien's Transformation

Standing on the hill where the school was and looking southwest, I could see Huangchiatien, the village mentioned in *A Cock Crows at Midnight*.

Whenever I hear this name, the bitter days I spent herding pigs for the landlord come back to me. I see Skinner Chou's vicious, cunning face again and the hired labourers' hut which kept out neither wind nor rain. I hear the shrill crowing of the cock at midnight and the furious shouts of my friends as they beat the landlord.

In those days, Skinner Chou depended on the Japanese imperialists and owned many mills and stores. He ruled over Huangchiatien and all the nearby villages politically and economically. Year after year, I and other hired labourers toiled like animals for him from cockcrow to nightfall. Treated worse than dogs, we were ruthlessly oppressed and exploited.

"The hired labourers' hut was pulled down long ago," said Comrade Yu Chih-sheng who accompanied me. "Now the place is a threshing ground for one of the brigades." We soon arrived at Huangchiatien. Grain bins crowded the threshing ground. Ears of golden corn and red kaoliang were heaped everywhere. The sound of motors and the snorting of draft animals intermingled. Passages from a revolutionary Peking opera were being broadcast. Men and women commune members were threshing busily.

An elderly but strong, healthy man came over. "Grandpa Huang, look who's come," Yu Chih-sheng shouted at him. I took a

look. "Why, isn't that Huang Yung-hsiang, one of Skinner Chou's hired hands?" I hurried forward.

Grandpa Huang clasped my hands tightly. "You're Yu-pao, the boy who herded pigs, aren't you?" I nodded, too moved to speak. "Little Yu-pao," the old man said, "you've changed so much in the big school of the PLA that I hardly recognize you now."

"Grandpa Huang is a member of the production committee and store-house keeper now," Comrade Yu Chih-sheng told me.

"Just a servant of the people," the old man said modestly. Then he turned to me and said, "Ah, Yu-pao, out of thirty of the poorest peasant families, twelve of us were shackled as debtors to Skinner Chou — the Devil! The landlord's granaries overflowed while the poor starved to death. Now our brigade grows three times more grain than in the past. The collective's granaries are full and each family has a surplus. Our good life in Huangchiatien is due to Chairman Mao's wise leadership and the fact that we do as he teaches us!"

Comrade Kuo Yu-hsiang, the brigade's Party branch secretary and an activist in the living study and application of Chairman Mao's works, was working on the threshing ground. She too came over to join in the talk about the transformation of the village. "Of all the changes in Huangchiatien," she said, "the greatest is that Mao Tsetung Thought has made us new people. Even Grandpa Huang, already seventy years old, has a young and loyal heart. Every day he goes to work in the fields like other commune members. In our winter work on the reservoir, he cut rock in the mountains and wore out the new pair of cotton padded trousers his wife had made him!"

"In the autumn harvest season," the Party secretary went on, "all the commune members came laughing and happy to the threshing ground before dawn. They wanted to get the crops in quickly and deliver grain to the state as soon as possible to aid the motherland's socialist construction. They're all eager to make their contribution."

It was evening when I finally arrived at my aunt's home. She and her family were studying Chairman Mao's works. She was surprised and happy to see me. "Nephew, in our village the hearts of us peasants all turn towards the commune, and we use all our energy for it. Our life is getting better and better. Not only does our brigade have public savings, but each family has surplus grain and money in the bank." Before I could get a word in, she continued, "Now that we've stood up, we mustn't forget the Communist Party. Now that we're happy, we mustn't forget Chairman Mao. We must follow Chairman Mao and make revolution all our lives!"

Deeply moved, I thought over my aunt's words for a long time. My old home has completely changed — the mountains, the fields, the villages, everything. But the most changed are the people. All this wonderful change has come about because we have Chairman Mao and follow his proletarian revolutionary line!

Ready to Fight (gouache) ▶



We Must Be Prepared

On the coast of the East China Sea there was a militia company belonging to a commune brigade. While tending their fields and garnering good harvests, its members kept their weapons always at hand and co-operated with the People's Liberation Army in guarding the shore. For several years in a row they won the red banner for outstanding militia companies.

Old Hung, commander of the company, was also chairman of the brigade's revolutionary committee. About fifty, he had a ruddy bearded face. A man of vision, with great revolutionary zeal, he enjoyed the respect of all the people, old and young, in the brigade. They called him Uncle Hung.

That year the cotton and grain grew especially well. There were prospects of a bumper harvest. Uncle Hung followed Chairman Mao's teaching: **"Political work is the life-blood of all economic work."** Shortly before the busy season started, he organized a study session for the militia, centring around Chairman Mao's instruction: **"Be prepared against war, be prepared against natural disasters, and do everything for the people."**

Li Chiang and his younger sister Wei-hung, both members of the militia, understood this differently. The boy's position was that while militia members should keep their weapons at hand the enemy was a long way from this part of the coast. There would be no fighting here. If the foe did actually dare to force war upon us, the motherland would put out a call and we'd all hurry to the front.

A few of the other young fellows agreed, but Wei-hung's response was sharp. She said although her brother had his gun in his hand, he didn't have the enemy in his mind. He talked about repulsing the foe, but because he hadn't armed himself with Mao Tsetung Thought, if they actually came he wouldn't be able to beat them.

Most members of the militia supported Wei-hung. Li Chiang flared into anger. "Fine words," he said hotly. "But let's have a practice exercise with live bullets. We'll see who is the better shooter."

The whole company joined in the debate. Uncle Hung sat quietly to one side listening carefully. Though he didn't speak, he had his own opinion. When everyone had their say, he stood up.

"This is a good argument," he said. "We must compare our own thinking on this with what Chairman Mao says in his writings. We'll continue the discussion tomorrow."

Brother and sister argued all the way home. Li Chiang was furious. Wei-hung laughed. "I offer you a small criticism and you blow up."

"Who wouldn't blow up?" Li Chiang demanded. "There's no sense in what you say."

The character of these two was well-known in the brigade. Li Chiang was a brusque, rough and ready young man who was always shooting his mouth off. His nickname was "Cannon." The girl was careful and meticulous. Commune members called her "a thoughtful girl."

While they were arguing, Uncle Hung trailed behind them, listening.

"Military skill comes from strict hard training," Li Chiang insisted. "That's what Uncle Hung says. Without skill, you can't lick the enemy."

"But he says there's something else that comes first. We've got to stress proletarian politics. Our starting point must be that we're preparing to repel a real attack," said the girl.

Li Chiang laughed. "This place isn't a front, it's not a border region. Besides, we have the PLA. There would be no battle for us to fight. Militia companies practise and compete to win the title of 'excellent.' If we do that, it shows we're not wasting our time. It proves we're pretty good."

"That 'excellent' is blinding you," Wei-hung snorted. "You can't even see the need to be vigilant."

Uncle Hung followed them straight into their house. It wasn't until their mother greeted him that they realized he had been listening.

"You're still at it," he said with a smile. "I suggest you two study Chairman Mao's *On Correcting Mistaken Ideas in the Party*. Apply it to the present situation, to your thinking. Study and use it in a living way."

At dusk, Uncle Hung walked around the village, getting opinions of the poor and lower-middle peasants on how the militia was being run. It seemed to him that some of the militiamen were lulled into a false sense of security. They had been influenced by Liu Shao-chi's claim that the class struggle was over, and treated military skill as if it were an end in itself, which was the line the revisionists had peddled. He decided to call them all out on a sudden "alert," and give them some education on class struggle and preparedness against war.

It was late at night when Uncle Hung came out of a poor peasant's house. Then he went to call on Li Chiang and Wei-hung. Li Chiang was already snoring away on his bed. Uncle Hung saw by chance a paragraph in the boy's diary lying open on the table. It was all about marksmanship, bayonet drill and commendations he had received for military skill. Uncle Hung frowningly left and went to the door of Wei-hung's room. The girl was writing beside a lamp. Uncle Hung entered quietly. On the wall was a quotation from Chairman Mao: **"Heighten our vigilance, defend the**

motherland" and a map marked to show where the social-imperialists had encroached on our territory. Wei-hung was studying Chairman Mao's *On Correcting Mistaken Ideas in the Party* and making notes.

"As long as we arm ourselves with Mao Tsetung Thought, people who've never fought a war will be able to fight, and people who've never directed a battle will be able to give commands," Uncle Hung said approvingly.

At the sound of his voice, the girl quickly rose. "The U.S. imperialists and their lackeys are scheming to invade us, uncle," she replied seriously. "We must be vigilant, and wipe them out if they dare to attack."

Uncle Hung thought this militant girl and her sleeping brother made an interesting contrast. Both had studied Chairman Mao's works, but their aim was not the same, and neither were the results. One was very conscious of the enemy threat, the other harboured an illusion of eternal peace.

He hurried back to the militia's company headquarters.

Wei-hung didn't get to bed till nearly midnight. "The class struggle is complicated in this coastal region," she mused, "and the busy season is about to start. We mustn't let the class enemy commit sabotage."

She kept her shoes and clothing near her bed, in case of emergency. No sooner had she closed her eyes than she heard a bugle blowing the "alert." She leaped out of bed, hastily dressed and ran outside. There was no sign of her brother. She hurried into his room and found that he was still asleep. Pushing and pulling, she finally roused him. He became very flurried when she told him that there was an alert. He dashed out, barefoot, in his underclothes.

Brother and sister ran to the company headquarters. The militia was assembling in ranks. "I made it," Li Chiang said to himself in relief.

Uncle Hung looked at him and frowned. "Where are your shoes?" he asked. "If the enemy came, would you be able to go forth and fight?"

The boy didn't answer, but he thought: "It's only practice. Why fuss about a small thing like shoes?"

Uncle Hung gave the battle assignments. The last names he called were Li Chiang and Wei-hung. "You two go down to the shore and fight a repelling action. Wipe out the invaders."

"Right."

They set out promptly. Uncle Hung followed close behind.

Wei-hung soon reached her assigned position and took cover. But Li Chiang's progress was slow. Stones and rubble hurt his bare feet. He scowled to see his sister sprinting ahead with the swiftness of an arrow while he stumbled behind like an old ox pulling a cart.

At last, hurrying clumsily, he reached his position. On the opposite shore of the river five glows appeared in the darkness, lanterns representing the "enemy."

"What are those?" Uncle Hung asked him sharply.

"Targets."

"What is this place, here?"

"The shore."

"What are you doing?"

"Practising." Li Chiang's replies were unhesitating.

"Wrong," shouted Uncle Hung. He turned to the girl. "What are those?"

"Our hated enemies, imperialism, feudalism and reaction," she said angrily.

"What is this place, here?"

"Our great socialist motherland, a battlefield where we are fighting our foe."

"Right. We are fighting, and this is the battlefield."

By then other members of the militia had arrived. Uncle Hung asked them, "Do you know about the bloody massacre which took place on this shore thirty years ago?"

Li Chiang was startled. Wei-hung urged, "Tell us, uncle."

"It was in 1937," he said, his face darkening with anger. "In the morning of the third day of the tenth lunar month, there was a heavy fog. Suddenly we heard shots, and droves of Japanese came swarming up the banks. They charged into the village. They

killed and burned and raped and plundered. At that time Li Chiang's father and I were working as hired hands for Moneybags Liu the landlord. Liu's son Baldy pointed out the poor and lower-middle peasants for the Japanese to murder. We poor people hated that family.

"One night Li Chiang's father and I overheard old Moneybags scheming with a Japanese lieutenant to rob more grain from the peasants. We decided there was only one way we poor could survive — fight. That night we hacked the Japanese lieutenant to death, then we ran away and joined the Communist-led New Fourth Army.

"Baldy couldn't find us, so he grabbed Li Chiang's grandfather and demanded that he hand over his son. The old man was very brave. Not only did he refuse to produce his son, but he pulled out a knife and slashed at Baldy's head, cutting off his ear. Baldy had him buried alive right on this shore. We must never forget how viciously our national and class enemies persecuted us."

Li Chiang and Wei-hung seethed with rage.

"We settled Baldy's hash long ago," Uncle Hung continued, "but Pockmark, his dog of a brother, is still around. In 1962, when Chiang Kai-shek and his gangsters were planning to attack the mainland, Pockmark and a rich peasant plotted here on this shore how they would co-operate with them. Scoundrels like that never give up scheming."

"Fish die but their eyes remain open," cried Wei-hung. "Class enemies never accept their defeat."

"Right," said Uncle Hung. "The U.S. imperialists, the social-imperialists and the reactionaries of other countries are dreaming of invading us. Can we relax our vigilance and think everything is peaceful and serene?"

"Of course not," exclaimed the militiamen. "We must stay on the alert and be ready to wipe out any invaders."

Uncle Hung's words had made a deep impression on Li Chiang. "All I think about is winning commendations," he said to himself miserably. "I've forgotten completely about preparedness." He impulsively grasped Uncle Hung's arm.

"Uncle," he said, "I was wrong."



Just at this time the militiaman who was officer of the day came running up. "Uncle Hung, there's an emergency," he reported. "Pockmark Liu tried to set fire to our granary. People saw him and he ran away."

It was a practice alert but this was a real emergency. Uncle Hung thought a moment. "He can't escape," he said decisively. "Stop this exercise immediately. Spread out and search. We must catch Pockmark." He ordered Li Chiang and Wei-hung to guard the cross-roads to the west.

Pockmark the landlord was on the run. When he heard that the social-imperialists had invaded our border, secretly he was consumed with glee. But he gnashed his teeth when he saw our poor and lower-middle peasants storing grain in preparation against war. Then he learned that the militia were going out on a practice exercise, and his venom rose to a boil. He decided to burn down the granary of the production team.

As he was putting his wicked scheme into action, some peasants spotted him, and he hastily fled. Now, nearing the cross-roads, he was startled when someone leaped out and shouted: "Halt!"

Pockmark recoiled in fright. It was Wei-hung, who had been hiding by the roadside. She advanced to grab him.

Pockmark turned, intending to run. There before him was Li Chiang. With one blow of his fist, the young fellow sent the rascal staggering. Pockmark plunged into the river near the road and struck out for the opposite shore. Li Chiang dived in after him and gave chase.

Wei-hung saw this and made rapidly for the opposite shore. When Pockmark saw that he couldn't shake Li Chiang off, he tried to hide amid the reeds. Li Chiang doggedly followed through the dark growth. Thorns and sharp sticks lacerated his bare feet. But he remembered Chairman Mao's teaching: **"Fear neither hardship nor death,"** and he pushed on, regardless of the pain.

The girl, who had reached the opposite shore, jumped in among the reeds and headed for where Pockmark was hiding. The scoundrel realized he was trapped. He pulled out a dagger and rushed at Li Chiang. He swung a vicious blow. Li Chiang dodged.

"Where do you think you're going, landlord dog?" Li Chiang cried. He pounded Pockmark with his fists. By then Wei-hung arrived. Together, they pushed Pockmark down in the water. The rest of the militia came rushing to the scene. They all seized Pockmark and dragged him to the company headquarters. The battle had ended in victory.

Uncle Hung saw how exultant the militia was, and he was very pleased. Observing that Li Chiang's feet were bleeding from a dozen cuts, he told Wei-hung to bandage them.

Li Chiang blushed. "This blood teaches me not to have illusions about peace," he said. "It proves that Liu Shao-chi's revisionist military line was absolute poison. In our militia practice I thought only about being rated 'excellent' and 'outstanding,' but I forgot about arming myself with Mao Tsetung Thought. To me, enemies didn't exist. From now on, I'm going to study Chairman Mao's writings diligently and keep a tight grip on my gun."

Everyone had something to say, all castigating the revisionist approach.

Uncle Hung was pleased. "You're right," he exclaimed. "We must criticize the counter-revolutionary revisionist military line and cleanse its poison from the ranks of our militia."

Then he added humorously, "Of course, this place isn't a front, it's not a border region. Besides, we have the PLA. There would be no battle for us to fight."

Li Chiang disagreed. "It is a front, it is a battlefield," he insisted. "What I said about that was wrong. Tomorrow, I'm going to make a self-criticism."

Uncle Hung laughed. "As long as you understand, that's fine. Tomorrow, I'll give you commendation."

Everyone joined in the general laughter.

The Conch Horn Sounds

In bright sunshine, I walked along a highway by the sea to the headquarters of a PLA company to attend a meeting of the army and people for joint operations in defence of the motherland. As I rounded a green hill, a wide bay appeared.

A teen-aged girl with two pigtails was sitting on a rock by the edge of the sea-shore. Her face was sun-tanned and her big eyes flashed with boldness and intelligence. She was holding a conch horn with a flaming crimson silk tassel hanging from it. By her side was a boy of her own age, who was watching her blow the horn.

"Let's have a try, please," the boy pleaded.

"D'you know how to blow for the gathering?" the girl asked. "It's like this —" She raised her conch horn and puffed out her cheeks till it blared, "Wu — wu — wu —"

"Can you sound the charge?" I stopped to ask the girl.

"Of course." She held the horn and sounded, "Wu — tutu, wu — tutu..." The call was sonorous, strong and militant.

"How do you sound the retreat?" I asked to tease her.

"What! For retreat?" the girl looked at me in surprise. "We militiamen never retreat in battle."

Her answer was quick and sharp. She was no ordinary girl. So I asked her again, "Are you in the militia?"

"Yes. Ma says, Chairman Mao has called on everyone to be a soldier. All people, men and women, old and young, are in the militia on our island. Now I'm practising, and when I'm sixteen I'll be a seasoned militia woman. If the enemy dares to come, we'll fight. We'll fight, fight until all the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries are finished. We've composed a song. I'll sing it for you:

Neither heaven nor earth we fear,
To pieces any enemy we'll tear.
On the island, or at the sea, everywhere
Even the grass will be a spear.
Imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries come if you dare,
We will bury you right here..."

She tightly clenched her small fists, her eyes burning with hatred for the enemy. From her voice I realized the bravery of this young revolutionary soldier and the will of China's younger generation.



"Have you ever done any fighting?" I could not help asking. "Yes, I have," she explained. "One day when the militia was on a manoeuvre, we followed the militiamen with red-tasselled spears in our hands and charged towards the beach. We ran to occupy positions there, climbed the hills and skimmed over the trenches. Even when our shoes slipped off, we rushed forward, barefooted. We fell down several times and hurt our legs; they bled, but we didn't care. My mother saw me and ordered me to return to the village to guard the store-house. I said to her, 'The lightly wounded never retreat from the firing lines.' But my mother criticized me and said that it was also important to defend the store-house and that we must obey orders. We had to give in and return to the village...." She was so serious when speaking that she appeared much older than her age.

"Who is your mother?"

"Her mother is a company commander of the militia," the boy interjected.

Then it dawned on me that she was the daughter of Shih Chung-ying, a veteran militia woman and member of the Communist Party. By her example, she had taught her daughter to be loyal to the people, the Party and our great leader Chairman Mao. In her daughter I could see her image.

Afraid that I would be late for the meeting, I left the girl and hurried on to the company headquarters. "Wu — tutu, wu — tutu...," the horn sounded behind me and carried far. Its militant call pierced the clouds and echoed in the sky high above the sea.

At headquarters I happened to meet Shih Chung-ying who was also at the meeting. "I've seen your daughter on the shore," I said to her. "A really brave young soldier armed with Mao Tsetung Thought! She is an honour to the mother."

"Oh no," she said earnestly. "To teach the younger generation is only our duty."

A long time has elapsed, but the fiery-red silk tassel on the horn still waves before my eyes, and the horn still sounds in my ears.

Ting Yuan-chang

A Film of Great Beauty

Working together, the China Peking Opera Troupe and the August First Film Studio have screened the model revolutionary Peking opera *The Red Lantern*. Their guide has been Chairman Mao's teaching that literature and art **"are created for the workers, peasants and soldiers and are for their use."** With its magnificent scenery, brilliant characterization and beautiful colouring, the film creates a superb image of the hero Li Yu-ho, a railway switchman, adding new splendour to the original stage version which it has reproduced so successfully.

The film correctly handles the relationship between the principle hero and other positive characters, negative characters and the scenes in which he is portrayed. The principle hero is always brought out in bold relief and focussed in the most prominent position.

In relation to the other positive heroes, Li Yu-ho is always shown as their comrade-in-arms, fighting shoulder to shoulder and sharing weal and woe with them, yet at the same time standing out as a model of their kind.

In the scene "Struggle on the Execution Ground," for example, Li, his mother and his daughter walk to a tall pine. A middle-range camera shot presents this tableau: Li stands with clenched fists on the left; his mother stands in the middle, her head inclined towards Li; the girl, Tich-mei, clutches her grandmother's arm with both hands, while leaning in the direction of her father. When Li says angrily to Hatoyama, chief of the Japanese gendarmerie, "You can never kill all the Chinese people, all the Chinese Communists," the camera pans to Li and Hatoyama, in keeping with the principle of stressing heroic characters and among them the principle character.

The shots of the positive characters are always full and steady. In the treatment of the villains the camera portrays them as they are, crafty, cringing and base. By contrasting front and rear, high and low, at an angle and on the rise, the camera guarantees the predominance of the heroic characters to whom the villains serve only as foils.

Front and rear: When Li and a negative character appear in the same scene, face to face, the camera focusses on Li, showing the villain with his back to the audience. In the scene "Struggle Against Hatoyama at the Feast," Li, bright, confident and relaxed, faces the camera. We see only the back of the chief of the cringing Japanese gendarmerie. The contrast between the two heightens our conviction that Li is sure to win his just struggle.

High and low: When Li and a negative character are both facing in the same direction, Li is always placed more in the foreground, his lofty stature magnified, while the villain appears farther to the rear, rolled up like a turtle. In the scene "Struggle Against Hatoyama at the Feast," Li seems to positively tower over Hatoyama, although Li is sitting and the Japanese standing. Hatoyama says that the secret of success in life is to look out for yourself, for your own gains. Li then also rises and replies, "Your secret is like trying to blow up a fire through a rolling pin. It just doesn't work." Behind him, Hatoyama listens in a sinister fashion. The contrasting impression of high and low manifests Li's overwhelming spiritual superiority to all his foes.



Angle and rising: Again in the scene "Struggle Against Hatoyama at the Feast," Hatoyama's attempt to corrupt Li is rejected. Openly vicious, he says menacingly, "I'm the one who issues passes to Hell." This shot is taken from an angle. But when Li retorts, "I'm the one who will demolish your Hell," the camera pans up to him from below. Thus, the stress is laid on the emptiness of the enemy's bluster and the inevitability of his defeat, and Li's proletarian courage which overawes the foe.

Background is always subordinate to heroes and is used to accentuate their lofty moral stature. In the scene "Struggle on the Execution Ground," for example, we see Li against high mountains and green pines. The cloud-piercing heights symbolize Li's magnificent heroism, the pines his implacable proletarian resolve to wage revolution always.

Integrating revolutionary realism with revolutionary romanticism, the film pays great attention to the ideological content of characterization as well as to its artistic merits. It employs camera technique in which angles, timing, distance and type of shot are all carefully considered to bring out the traits and emotions of the characters. Close-ups, medium or long shots are used for Li's militant dances and poses, impressing the audience more intensively with his courage and heroism.

The camera particularly focusses on those parts of the tableau poses which most clearly express Li's thoughts and emotions and show the beauty of his character. On his first entering the scene, his pose typifies China's working class during the War of Resistance Against Japan. This is also vividly brought out in the revolutionary song *The March of Swords*. From a long shot, the camera moves up to a medium one of Li holding the red lantern in his right hand, while his left holds the edge of his tunic as he gazes boldly around. He walks firmly to the centre of the stage, shifts the lantern to his left hand and strikes another pose, the camera moving in for a close-up of his confidence and vigilance. The series of shots which follow reflect his calm, steadiness and courage, his fidelity to the proletarian revolution in the period of fiercest class struggle.

Fine detailed camera work brings out the typical traits of the characters. Li is shown in various angle shots and close-ups in the scene "Struggle Against Hatoyama at the Feast." As he enters Hatoyama's dining room, a close-up of his face shows him cool and alert as he looks around. When the Japanese demands the secret code which the underground Communist Party organization has entrusted to Li for delivery to the guerrillas in the hills, in another close-up we see the intelligent calculation in Li's eyes. When Hatoyama confronts Li with Wang Lien-chu, who has betrayed the Party, close-ups from front

and side show Li's frown and his angry burning gaze. Wang Lien-chu approaches, urging Li to surrender. Li furiously pounds the table to express his indignation — another direct close-up. These shots fully delineate Li's typical character — his rock-steady calm, his contempt for the enemy and death — in a typical *milieu*.

The camera treatment of the various sets of arias, especially the theme arias, reveals rhythmically and in a concentrated way, the essence of the hero's inner world in all its nuances, dwelling on his lofty determination to fight for communism to the end. His main aria in the scene "Struggle on the Execution Ground" is "My Spirit Storms the Heaven." Long, medium and close shots show his courage and faith in communism. When he sings "Revolutionaries fear nothing on earth, they will for ever march forward," we have a close-up of him, head and chest high, as he points straight ahead, a picture of utter fearlessness and courage.

Intelligent use is made of colour to enhance the beauty of Li's image. Together with his blue railway personnel uniform, Li wears a creamy-yellowish scarf with light grey patches, reflecting the frugality and storm-weathered character of a revolutionary worker that he is. His dark blue pea-jacket emphasizes his stern solidity. Compared with Hatoyama's fine brown robe, Li's simple coloured clothes seem to denote the intelligence, courage and strength of the working class.

In the scene "Narrow Escape at the Gruel Stall," a close-up shows Li, carrying his lantern and the lunch box in which the secret code is concealed, strolling calmly away after having fooled the enemy who searched him. The sky is a heavy dull colour, but Li's face glows in the warm light of the lantern.

This is quite a different picture from the scene in which he confronts the traitor. The pervading colour in the scene "Wang Turns Traitor" is a depressing dark green. Hatoyama's evil visage is tinged with greyish blue. These cold hues provide a sharp contrast to Li's glowing warmth. We feel that Li is a hero who is bound to win, while the grotesque Hatoyama, lurking in the shadows, is doomed to fail.

In order to bring out Li's heroic image in all its brilliance, he is always focussed in bright light and arrayed in eye-catching colours whenever he appears. In a gloomy, oppressive atmosphere he walks

onto the execution ground in a white shirt, defiant, head high, confident in the justice of his cause. Against the dark background, the dazzling spotlight intensifies Li's spotless whiteness, which symbolizes his noble communist qualities and revolutionary integrity characteristic of the proletariat.

As a colour film, *The Red Lantern* holds high the red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought and rejects all bourgeois formalism, naturalism and beauty for its own sake. It insists on proletarian film art and ardently sings the praises of proletarian heroes, inspiring us to greater victories.

Chronicle

Statement of A.A.W.B. Executive Secretariat

On February 11 this year the Executive Secretariat of the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau issued a statement sternly denouncing U.S. imperialism for its new crime of invading Laos and expanding and intensifying aggression in Indo-China.

The statement said: "U.S. imperialism has started a new military adventure. An aggressive war of unprecedented scale is being waged in Laos. On behalf of the revolutionary and progressive writers of Asia and Africa, the Executive Secretariat of the A.A.W.B. strongly denounces the Nixon administration for its new crimes of committing aggression against Laos and of expanding and intensifying the war in Indo-China. We firmly support the solemn statements recently issued by the revolutionary Parties and Governments in Indo-China. We reiterate our unreserved support for the heroic Laotian, Vietnamese and Cambodian peoples to carry to the end their struggles against U.S. aggression, for national salvation till total victory."

It added: "In appearance, U.S. imperialism looks ferocious, but in essence, it is very weak. While the Nixon administration is committing the crime of a new military adventure, it leaves no stone unturned to cover up facts. However, the demagogic 'peace' speeches made by Nixon can never deceive the revolutionary people; nor will U.S. imperialism, aggressive by nature, lay down its butcher's knife.

The war flames raging across Indo-China and the round-the-clock bombings testify to the world once again that Nixon is the No. 1 criminal who is expanding the aggressive war in Indo-China and that the 'Nixon doctrine' is the doctrine of aggression and war."

It stated: "Prospects for the revolution in Indo-China are infinitely bright. Inspired by the Joint Communique of the Summit Conference, the three Indo-Chinese peoples have been going from victory to victory in their mighty people's war and dealt heaviest blows one after another to U.S. imperialism and its puppet troops. Closing their ranks, supporting each other and fighting shoulder to shoulder, they have set up a brilliant example of weak nations being able to defeat strong ones and small nations to defeat big ones, thus greatly encouraging the oppressed peoples and nations of the world in their just struggles for complete liberation."

The statement called upon the revolutionary and progressive writers of Asia and Africa to continue standing firmly by the Vietnamese, Cambodian and Laotian peoples, singing the praises of their heroic struggles and brilliant victories, and denouncing with their sharp pens the crimes and plots of U.S. imperialist aggression.

The statement said: "Afro-Asian colleagues, let us take action and, together with the peoples the world over, devote our talent and energy to winning new victories in the struggle against U.S. imperialism and all its running dogs!"

Model Revolutionary Theatrical Works Performed in Tibet

The modern revolutionary Peking opera *Shachiapang* and the modern revolutionary ballet *The White-Haired Girl* have been performed in Lhasa, the capital of the Tibet Autonomous Region, since the beginning of this year. Most of the actors and actresses are emancipated serfs or their sons and daughters who were chosen two years ago by the Tibetan revolutionary committee and sent to Peking and Shanghai to be trained.

Chairman Mao teaches: "All our literature and art are for the masses of the people, and in the first place for the workers, peasants and soldiers; they are created for the workers, peasants

and soldiers and are for their use." Following this great teaching, the Tibetan art workers made great efforts to portray the lofty images of the heroic characters in these theatrical works.

Chungpienpatzujen, who plays the leading male character Kuo Chien-kuang, company political instructor of the New Fourth Army in *Shachiapang*, was born a slave. Under the cruel system of serfdom, his father and forefathers worked as beasts of burden for the serf-owners. He was torn from his parents when still a child. The bitter history of his family has aroused his strong proletarian feelings. He deepened his understanding of the heroic character while performing the role. Training and studying well, he perfected his portrayal of the hero.

In the old society the family of 17-year-old Chungtachoma, who plays the leading female character of Hsi-erh, a poor peasant's daughter in the ballet *The White-Haired Girl*, greatly suffered oppression, exploitation and humiliation at the hands of the serf-owners. Chairman Mao and the Communist Party saved her from this suffering. She says, "If you want to perform a revolutionary drama well, you must first be a revolutionary yourself. Hsi-erh and I come from the same kind of background. The misery she endured expresses the suffering in the old society of the million Tibetan serfs who are now emancipated. I want to avenge the wrongs done to hundreds of millions like Hsi-erh and her father throughout the world!" Her strong proletarian feelings fit her well for the role she plays. She studied avidly, was up early and went to bed late during the rehearsal period, and gave an excellent presentation of the heroine.

These performances are playing an active part in popularizing model revolutionary theatrical works in the Tibetan highlands.

A Cultural Service Group

Near China's southern border there is a cultural service group made up of a dozen PLA men who "serve the people whole-heartedly," as Chairman Mao teaches. With a projector, repair tools and musical instruments, they go deep into the mountains and virgin forests in rain or shine, summer or winter. Green bamboo groves serve as the

backdrops of their stages. There they perform model revolutionary theatrical works and other cultural items for soldiers and civilians. Towering pine trees are used as backgrounds for the pictures they take of poor and lower-middle peasants. When night descends they show films for the local people. They repair radios for members of people's communes and treat their ailments during their spare time. When they stay with the frontier guards they fetch water and help their cooks prepare meals and mend their uniforms. Everywhere they go, they serve the people. Their slogan is, "Go to the most trying places, serve the people and soldiers wherever they are."

Published by Foreign Languages Press
Yu Chou Hung, Peking (37), China
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中国文学

英文月刊 1971 年第 5 期

本刊代号 2—916