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# CHINESE LITERATURE

## **Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung**

The Chinese and Korean comrades should unite like brothers, go through thick and thin together, share weal and woe and fight to the end to defeat the common enemy.

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## Beat the Aggressors

**EDITORS' NOTE:** In June 1950 the U.S. imperialists invaded Korea. After the hostilities started they organized so-called "United Nations Forces" which not only attacked the Korean people but bombed China's northeastern provinces as well. The Chinese people sent an army of Volunteers to help Korea and defend China.

The heroic Korean people, in bloody battle, drove the enemy back from the Yalu River, which forms the border between Korea and China, to the 38th parallel and forced them to enter into armistice negotiations. Sabotaged by the U.S. imperialists the negotiations were suspended for a time and the fighting continued. In 1953 the talks began again. But while the negotiations were going on, the enemy launched another major offensive.

It is against this background that the story of *Beat the Aggressors* takes place.

1953.

The Democratic People's Republic of Korea.

### I

A jeep speeds along a winding mountain road. American artillery shells explode on all sides. The jeep passes through the barrage

and halts at the foot of a cliff. Army Commander Li and his guard, both of them Chinese People's Volunteers, get out and peer up the slope, which, denuded except for shell holes and the scorched remains of a few trees, is obscured by smoke.

Gradually, the smoke dissipates. High on the slope three CPV soldiers are pulling a plough over the shell-pitted ground. Grandpa Kim, an eighty-year-old Korean farmer in a black hat, guides the plough-shares. His daughter, Kim Ok Sun, follows, carefully dropping seeds into the furrow. Artillery barrages are too ordinary to disturb them. They calmly go on with their work.

Li climbs the grade. "You're pretty brave," he says as he nears them. "Enemy shells have no eyes. They're liable to land anywhere."

"Don't worry, commander. We know the pattern of those barrages. They won't land here." The speaker is Ting Ta-yung, leader of a squad of scouts. About twenty, he is very solid, deeply sun-burned, with lively eyes and apparently inexhaustible energy. He looks ready and able to fulfil any mission he might be given.

The soldiers drop the plough rope and gather round the commander.

Grandpa Kim approaches. "How are things at the front?"

"We figure the enemy are getting ready for another offensive. They're behaving arrogantly again at the negotiation in Panmunjom. Our experience is that only a good drubbing cools them down when they act like that."

Grandpa Kim tells his daughter to go home and boil some drinking water for their visitors. He takes Li by the arm and says warmly: "Come to my house and sit a while. We can talk there."

"Fine." Li clasps both the old man's hands in his own. He turns to the CPV men. "Is your Regimental Commander Tsui around?"

"He's gone to First Battalion to check the tunnel digging," says Ting. "We'll get him for you." He shouts: "Little Bean!"

"I know," yells the boy. He is already racing up the slope. The young soldier is baby-faced and short. His uniform has been cut down to fit him.

"Cleverest lad in our scout squad," Ting observes. "On any job he's always up in front."

In the shaded depths of a mountain. A house built halfway into the slope. Its walls are made of American ammo crates piled one upon the other. Scorch marks on its beams and door frame show that they have been taken from bombed-out buildings. On a short table in the foreground are brass bowls and some chestnuts. Ok Sun has put away the farm tools and is boiling water on an earthen stove beside the rear wall.

Big Chou sets down a large stone slab. "Sit here, commander."

Li glances at the heavy slab. "Hey, you're very strong."

Chou laughs. He is a big fellow, bulging with muscles. "I've got the strength and our squad leader's got the drive. But we've no place to use them."

"Like to get into the fighting at the front, eh?"

"Send us up there, commander," Ting begs.

"Don't be impatient. How are your preparations coming on?"

"We're being very thorough. We're practising crossing rivers and gullies, going up and down mountains, climbing slopes and cliffs. We know where to step, how to tread, we calculate everything to the minute and the second. Every man is competent and sure."

Li gazes at the young soldier thoughtfully. "Where are you from?"

"Kiangsi Province."

"Which county?"

"Hsingkuo."

"And your name is — ?"

"Ting Ta-yung."

Li shakes his head. "Wrong, wrong."

Ting is surprised. "No, it's not. That is my name."

Li smiles. "I meant I was wrong. An old friend of mine came from Hsingkuo. He brought me into the revolution. We were soldiers together. He laid down his life covering the withdrawal of some of our comrades. He left a wife and a baby son. If the boy

were still alive, he'd be about your age. Only his family name wasn't Ting."

"What was it?"

"Mei. His father was Mei Kuo-liang."

"Mei Kuo-liang?"

"Kuo-liang was a wonderful comrade. A real people's hero, a great fighter, a model for us all."

"We young soldiers certainly should learn from the revolutionary spirit of our older generation. We haven't done nearly enough for the Korean people."

Grandpa Kim approaches with the boiled drinking water. "That's not so. You've done a lot." He puts the kettle down and points to a field outside. "This young fellow helped us plant that entire slope."

The field has been neatly ploughed. Several of the larger shell-craters have been converted into ponds.

"It doesn't amount to anything," Ting says modestly. "We till the land at home, too."

"That's different," says Grandpa Kim. "The Yankee devils are boasting that they've scorched every inch of Korean soil. But on this same scorched soil we till and plant and earn our livelihood."

"If we all have that fearless spirit, grandpa, we're bound to win," says Li. "Tell us, how many children have you?"

"Two. My daughter here is called Ok Sun. I also have a son, Chel Kiu. He's in the south."

"In the south?"

"Grandpa Kim's son is the leader of a guerrilla detachment in the south, commander," Ting interjects.

"Ah, a good man!"

Ok Sun brings a photograph from the inner room and shows it to Li. "This is my brother. And that's my mother. She and my sister-in-law were killed by American bombs."

In her mind Ok Sun again witnesses the tragic scene: A Korean village. People living peacefully, going about their daily tasks.

American planes suddenly appear in the sky and rain bombs. Houses topple, burn. Mother, sister-in-law, lie in a pool of blood. . . .



Ok Sun wipes the tears from her eyes. "We found them there, beneath that rubble."

In a low but forceful voice, Grandpa Kim says: "The Yanks have slaughtered us by the tens of thousands. The Korean people will never forget their terrible crimes."

Ting and Big Chou are very angry. "We're going to pound those Yanks, grandpa, and avenge your family. We're going to avenge the whole Korean people."

"I know that," says the old man. "The Yanks have levelled our cities and villages, but we're not afraid. We Koreans will never bend the knee before U.S. bayonets and cannons. We'll fight to the last man."

"Right," cries Commander Li. "Every day they continue their invasion we'll continue to fight. We'll battle for years, if need be. Final victory belongs to the Korean and Chinese people."

## II

A regimental headquarters of the Chinese People's Volunteers.

"We must have no illusions about the U.S. imperialists," says Army Commander Li. "They talk a lot about negotiations, but actually they want to expand the war."

"Our soldiers have seen through their scheme," says Tsui Kai, an assistant regimental commander.

Li walks over to the map. "We must be vigilant, and not let the enemy fool us. The Yanks and the Syngman Rhee gang are staging a big build-up in the Kumsung sector. They're getting ready to launch a new offensive."

"It's a move of desperation."

"The nearer they come to their doom, the crazier they behave. We must smash their offensive. Headquarters has ordered our army to take part in the counter-attack. You must prepare at once."

"When do we march?"

"Tonight. We must reach our destination before dawn. Any problems?"

"None at all. Our men have been raring to go for some time."

A mountain hollow near the highway. A wooden building surrounded by barbed wire. This is the headquarters of Syngman Rhee's notorious White Tiger Regiment.

Inside, photographs of Eisenhower and Rhee hang on the wall. Seated beneath them is Paek Chang Pak, colonel of the regiment. He is in his late forties and is wearing an American-style uniform. A barber is shaving his head. Paek issues an order to a girl who is typing beside the window.

"Our regiment must be in its assigned position before midnight. The ceremonial head-shaving and vows to brave death in a northward drive must begin as soon as we arrive."

Yun Ok Sun, the typist, is in her twenties and wears the uniform of the puppet army. Her face is cold and expressionless as she automatically pounds the typewriter keys.

An officer enters. He announces they have captured an enemy agent. He goes out and pulls in Kim Chel Kiu, who is a mass of injuries. Chel Kiu staggers, then straightens up and raises his head.

Yun, the typist, utters an involuntary cry.

"What's wrong with you, miss?" demands Paek.

She quickly resumes an appearance of calm. "It's just that he's been so badly beaten."

Paek laughs coarsely. "You'll get used to it. That's the only way to treat those Communists."

"Cowards had better stay off the battlefield, miss," Chel Kiu says mockingly.

"Let me get my hands on a whip and I'll show you who's a coward!"

"The Korean people are not afraid of whips."

"Shut your mouth," barks Paek. His head has been completely shaved now. He turns to the officer. "How did you catch him?"

"He was masquerading as one of ours. We caught him trying to slip through our position. He put up a tough fight and really battered several of our brothers. We found this film on him."

The officer puts the roll of film on the table and says triumphantly: "You know who he is, colonel? The guerrilla leader Kim Chel Kiu."

"Kim Chel Kiu!" Paek snarls at the guerrilla chieftain. "You've raided our convoys and sent our oil storage tanks up in flames. Now we're going to settle accounts." He draws his sabre and advances on Chel Kiu.

"Accounts certainly must be settled," Chel Kiu replies coolly. "From the day you began as a military policeman for the Japanese, how many innocent people have you slaughtered? That's an account we're going to settle with you one of these days."

"You're lying," shouts Paek.

"Why are you denying facts?"

"How dare you interrogate me? Wretch! I think you know what sort of man I am. There's no room for you Reds and me on the same globe. If I don't kill you all, if I don't water my horse on the banks of the Yalu River, I'll never die in peace."

"I've no doubt that's exactly how you are. While the whole

world is hoping for a Korean armistice, you and your kind are scheming to expand the war. Can you deny that?"

"I won't have you cross-examining me!"

"But I have every right."

"What!"

"And pass judgment as well. All the people have that right."

"It's you who are being examined here, not me. I want the truth. What was your mission? Who are your confederates?"

"You've had plenty of experience in this sort of thing, from the day you started your career as an MP for the Japanese. Now in all that time, did any real Korean ever actually tell you anything?"

"So you won't talk. Fine." Paek picks up the roll of film and waves it before Chel Kiu's eyes. "You haven't done your job well. This film will tell us what your mission was." He hands the roll to Yun. "Get it developed. We'll see what kind of information he was collecting."

Yun accepts the film calmly.

"A pity," Paek says to Chel Kiu sarcastically. "You won't be able to complete your task."

"Others will complete it for me." Chel Kiu's tone is assured.

Yun casts a quick glance at him and goes into the next room.

Carbines crack sharply on the road outside. Voices rise in noisy confusion. An officer with a twisted nose rushes in.

"That American howitzer battalion is shooting at us," he announces in agitation. "Our Fourth Company is setting up its machine-guns."

Paek curses. "Never a day goes by without some blasted muck-up!" He rubs his shaven pate, helplessly claps his hat on his head, and starts for the door. He halts for a moment and points at their prisoner. "Lock him up," he says to the officer. "We'll execute him when we begin our offensive."

Chel Kiu smiles coldly. "You're taking a lot for granted."

On a slope not far from the puppet regimental headquarters. Through the charred leafless trees can be seen a halted American convoy of trucks and heavy artillery pieces. A vehicle on the side

of the road has evidently knocked down several trees, blocking traffic.

American and puppet officers are shouting at each other. Major Brooke of the howitzer battalion stands swearing on the edge of the forest. Paek walks up and shakes him by the hand.

"Colonel Paek of the White Tiger Regiment," he introduces himself.

Brooke regards him with contempt. "This is very unsatisfactory. Your men are delaying us, colonel. It's absolutely criminal."

"We're under direct orders of General Taylor," Paek says with strained courtesy. "We must reach the Missouri sector before midnight."

"Get your men out of our way," Brooke orders roughly.

"We must proceed according to orders." Paek is controlling himself with an effort.

"Do you know who you're delaying here? Heroes of World War II. They must be in position by five o'clock this afternoon, but all they can do on this highway is crawl. General Taylor will be furious. And you're responsible."

"Me?"

"You. General Taylor has told us that this battle is decisive. Decisive — understand? We want to strike at the Taedong River Bridge in Pyongyang, to show the world that we're the masters of Korea even though we're negotiating." Brooke gesticulates as he talks.

Paek does not reply.

"You're to stop your interference on this highway immediately," Brooke commands. "Get your troops out of the way. This is an order from General Taylor."

Paek turns to the officer with the twisted nose. "Clear the road. Let the American gentlemen proceed."

### III

A rainy night.

On the broad highway, three lines of traffic are proceeding. The two outer lines are Korean and Chinese infantry and Korean civilian

labour units. Down the middle roll trucks, tanks and artillery caissons.

A jeep is racing through the storm. In the gleam of its headlights we see columns of quickly marching men.

The jeep stops. Commander Li gets out and watches the troops. He turns and asks: "Is Tsui Kai here?"

The assistant regimental commander walks up to Li and salutes. "Keep the march moving," says Li. "We must be at the front before dawn."

"Right," says Tsui Kai.

"When you arrive, find out what the enemy is doing. Take a good look at the terrain. We'll want you to do a bit of work in the enemy's rear."

Early morning.

Amid a stubble of shattered trees, shell craters pock the flanks of the position. The heads of a few volunteers can be seen through the tall grass on the summit. Tsui Kai, Ting, Big Chou, Little Bean, and a staff officer are standing in a communications trench, observing the terrain.

Tsui Kai peers through his field glasses at the opposite mountain top, which is occupied by the enemy.

"That's what they call their Missouri Line," says the staff officer.

The sharply rising mountain is fringed with rolls of barbed wire. Well-built communications trenches and bunkers lie in the shadows. The main fortifications are located on three peaks and contain about a hundred fire points, some protected by minefields. From our frontline to the enemy's the distance is something over eight hundred metres.

Little Bean notices movement in the wide expanse of grass in the valley. He pokes Ting with his elbow. "Did you see that?"

Tsui Kai swings his field glasses. A wavy line is snaking through the grass towards our position.

"Let me go down and take a look," Ting requests.

"All right. Take Big Chou with you. Keep under cover."

Ting and Chou clamber down the bluff and proceed deep into

the valley's head-high grass. They circle around to behind where the movement was spotted, then drop to the ground and crawl forward.

Tsui Kai and the others watch. The two lines of waving grass draw near each other.

Ting and Big Chou nab a "Syngman Rhee puppet". The soldier sees that they are Volunteers. He goes along quietly.

Behind a stone outcropping on the summit, Volunteers gather around the prisoner.

"It's a girl, commander," Little Bean announces to Tsui Kai in surprise.

"Comrade commander, my name is Yun Ok Sun. We're on the same side," says the prisoner. She is the typist from the headquarters of the White Tiger Regiment.

"We are, eh?" Tsui Kai looks her over.

"It's true, commander. I've brought out some secret information."

"Where do you want it delivered to?"

"I want to bring it personally to Liaison Department 3379."

That is a Korean People's Army unit. Tsui Kai considers a moment. He nods. "All right."

"We're going into action shortly," the staff officer reminds him. "The roads will be full of moving troops."

"Before you've proved your identity, we'll have to bind your eyes on the road," Tsui Kai says to the girl. "You may be a bit uncomfortable, but it's a rule of the Korean People's Army."

"That doesn't matter. Any way you get me there will be all right. Only please be quick."

"Take her by jeep to 3379," Tsui Kai directs Ting. "Then go to our army headquarters and report this to Commander Li. I'll be back as soon as we've finished scouting. Take good care of the girl on the road."

"Don't worry, commander. Nothing will go wrong."

Dusk.

An open jeep rolls along a winding mountain road. Seated in the back are Yun and Ting. She has a black bandage over her

eyes. He holds a tommy gun, an army tunic drapes his shoulders. The girl listens with interest to every sound along the highway — rumbling tanks, the shouts of soldiers.

She stands up excitedly. “Those are our tanks. How they roar. What a beautiful sound.”

Ting only murmurs non-committally.

The girl remembers the situation she is in and sits down again. She touches the bandage covering her eyes.

“Didn’t you hear what our commander said?” Ting reminds her sternly. “You can’t take that off till we find out who you are.”

She pats the bandage. “Right, right.” To the driver she says: “Can you go a little faster, comrade?”

“How you chatter,” Ting grumbles. “There’s no end to it.”

“You don’t know, comrade...” She tries to make Ting understand. “You’ve no idea what it was like, working in the enemy’s lair. It was hell. I couldn’t laugh, I couldn’t cry. I had to watch every word I spoke. But now, back among my own people, everything is so fresh and new, every blade of grass is so fragrant. I’m happier than words can say. I want to tell my comrades, my family, how bitter the life of our people is in the south, how happy I am to be home again.”

Coolly, but with a comforting note in his voice, Ting says: “When we get to headquarters and straighten out who you are, you can say anything you like.”

A very dark night.

The lights of the jeep gleam in a deep ravine. An anti-aircraft gun barks in the distance. The driver turns off the headlights, and they proceed in darkness.

An enemy night fighter circles in the sky. The jeep halts before a cave. Ting helps Yun out of the vehicle and leads her inside.

The cave has been extended into a large tunnel network which is a frontline command post of the Korean People’s Army. Ting conducts Yun to a kind of underground crossroads, with tunnels branching off in various directions. A lantern burns brightly.



On a thick beam is a slogan in red and green praising the friendship between the Chinese and the Korean people. Soldiers busily come and go. Ting removes the bandage from Yun’s eyes.

“Comrade Ting, where have you come from?” a woman’s voice calls. Ting peers at her. It is Kim Ok Sun, daughter of the Korean peasant Grandpa Kim.

“From the front,” he replies animatedly.

“You’ve captured a prisoner?”

“No,” Yun explains. “I’m one of us.”

“One of us?” scoffs Kim Ok Sun, contemptuously eyeing her uniform. “In that outfit?”

Yun angrily rips off the enemy cap and tunic and flings them to the ground.

Ok Sun continues to look at her sceptically. To Ting she says in a confidential voice: "The leadership has agreed to let us go to the front."

"Why, that's fine."

"See you soon, Comrade Ting."

"We'll meet at the front, Comrade Ok Sun." Ting heartily waves to her.

Yun thinks Ting is speaking to her, so she says happily: "Right."

Ting realizes she has misunderstood. "Her name is Ok Sun, too," he explains. "Let's go."

They continue on their way. Yun sighs. "'Comrade, comrade', how warm and friendly that sounds."

Ting leads her to a small room to one side of the tunnel. "Report," he says to the Korean officer of the day. Yun interrupts.

"I want to see General Han of 3379. Quickly, please."

"Who sent you here?"

"Comrade Kim Chel Kiu of Liaison Station 3182."

"What was your job?"

"Typist in the headquarters of the puppet White Tiger Regiment."

"Just a moment." The officer of the day goes into the adjoining room.

Yun looks around. Damp earth walls, a desk with empty artillery shell legs, a lamp from the shell of a flare bomb, fresh flowers in an artillery shell vase, little gold fish in a used light bulb, a photo of Premier Kim Il Sung on the wall.

"Premier Kim," Yun breathes softly. Her eyes fill with tears. General Han and his chief of staff enter. "Comrade Yun Ok Sun?"

She throws herself on the general, weeping. "I'm afraid I'm too late."

The general leads her to a chair. "You've had a hard time, doing a most important job for our motherland and our people. How is Comrade Kim Chel Kiu?"

"He's been captured. Paek Chang Pak says he's going to kill him when they start their offensive. We must hurry."

"Calm yourself, calm yourself. Our attack is starting immediately."

Yun tears open the hem of her tunic, takes out a roll of microfilm and hands it to the general. "The enemy is advancing the time of their offensive. These are pictures of the order."

Han passes it to the chief of staff. "Very important information. Have it developed at once."

Ting gazes at Yun apologetically. He notices she is wearing only a white shirt. He takes off his tunic.

"Put this on, comrade," he says. "It's cold in here."

Yun accepts the worn tunic like a precious gift and drapes it over her shoulders.

"Take her where she can get some rest," General Han says to the officer of the day. He turns to Yun. "I'll look in on you later."

Han shakes hands with Ting. "Thank you, comrade. When you report to Commander Li, tell him you've completed your mission excellently."

Ting and Yun leave together.

The chief of staff hands the developed film to the general. "The main enemy force reached their first line before midnight last night. They're going to attack on the fourteenth, at dawn."

Han examines the film with a magnifying glass. "The fourteenth? Notify general headquarters immediately. Also advise the Chinese People's Volunteers."

Night.

The office of Army Commander Li, a cubicle of rough-boarded partitions in one of the caves. A room on the left houses the officer of the day. The operations room is to the right. A small-scale military map is tacked to the wall. A blue curtain, which usually covers the map, has been pulled to one side. In the light of a bright hanging lantern, Commander Li is gazing thoughtfully at some red arrow markers.

"They've moved their main force up to the front line," he muses. "That will make it easier for us to break through. But it will be harder if we launch a frontal assault."

There is no ceiling, only strips of oilcloth to catch the drippings from the stone vault of the cave. Water occasionally seeps through the cloth and splashes onto the table. Li pays no attention to this, but concentrates on a terrain model in miniature.

The officer of the day enters and puts a basin on the table to catch the drops. Some cotton in the basin deadens the sound of their fall.

#### IV

Army Commander Li's office. The basin is full. Drops continue splashing into the water.

Li stands before the map. He draws a thick line in red, which branches into two. "One detachment to attack the mountain, another to slice into the enemy positions." He walks over to the terrain model. "If we could conceal men in the deep grass of this eight hundred metre stretch..." Li taps his red pencil against his fingers. "It wouldn't be easy. They'd be right under the enemy's nose. I'll have to ask them."

The officer of the day comes in quietly with another basin and puts it in place of the full one, which he carries out. As he passes Li, he hears the commander singing softly the *Song of the Volunteers*.

Grinning, he leaves the room and empties the basin into a hole. He sees Ting. "Hear that?" he asks.

"Hear what?" Ting is puzzled.

"The commander's singing a battle song. Whenever he does that, it means he's figured out the tactics."

"Oh."

The officer of the day suddenly realizes that he doesn't know Ting.

"What do you want here?"

"Me?" For the moment Ting is nonplussed. "Well, nothing special..."

"Who's there?" Li calls from the office.

"You see?" The officer of the day frowns. "You've disturbed the commander."

As Ting turns to go, Li steps out through the doorway. "Why, Ting, come on in. You arrived at just the right time."

He pulls Ting into the office and makes him sit down on the "sofa" — made of ammunition boxes and gunny sacks. Li sits down on a bench opposite, with his back to the map, which has been curtained over.

"I've got an idea," Ting begins hesitantly. "I don't know whether I ought to say it."

"Speak up," the commander urges him kindly. "You scouts are more familiar than anyone with the enemy's situation. No one has a better right to speak."

Thus encouraged, Ting says: "It seems to me our worst difficulty is that open stretch. With their artillery and machine-guns the enemy could make us pay a high price to get across. Assistant regimental commander Tsui Kai and I went up front to have a look at it. It's full of clumps of tall grass. If I could slip in there the night before with a small group like the one I led against height



891, we could remain hidden all day. Then, at dusk, under cover of a barrage from our artillery, we could rush the enemy positions before they knew what was happening."

Li listens carefully, his eyes squinting in concentration.

Ting sets forth his whole idea, rising and gesticulating animatedly as he talks. Li's face shows no reaction. Disappointed, Ting resumes his seat.

In the silence that follows, only the dripping of water can be heard.

"It was you who led that squad against height 891?"

"Yes."

"Could you lead a platoon?"

"Of course." Ting is very positive.

"A company?"

"Why not?"

"What about a battalion, a beefed-up battalion?" This is what the army commander has been leading up to all along.

Ting doesn't reply.

"Putting a small group in there wouldn't be much use in this operation. But could we put a big detachment in that wouldn't make a sound? Could we be sure that no one would cough? Or doze off and snore? After lying motionless for over twenty hours, could they get up and charge? Would they have the necessary energy?"

"You really understand this thing. You must have had personal experience."

"Everything depends on this battle. We can't afford to make any slips. I must ask myself, and you, a lot of questions."

Ting jumps to his feet. "Give us the task, commander. We'll manage somehow."

Li pats him approvingly on the shoulder and nods. "Right. Go back and get some rest."

Tsui Kai and Political Commissar Fang enter.

"You could use a little rest yourself," Fang says to Li.

"We've been talking about lying in concealment."

"May I go, commander?" asks Ting.

"Have a good sleep. You're going to be very busy before long."



Li, Fang and Tsui Kai gather round the terrain model. "According to our own and Korean intelligence reports, I want to put our breakthrough detachment here," Li points, "the night before, and have them lie in concealment till our push the next day."

"That would cut our casualties and shorten the time of the breakthrough," Tsui Kai notes with approval.

"Yes. If they suddenly pop up in front of the White Tiger Regiment and knock out its headquarters, they'll be able to take the summit and cut off the enemy's retreat," explains Li.

"We want to change the enemy's plans for them," smiles Fang, "upset their order of battle. They've put four divisions on the line, and we're going to gobble them down."

"All four?" Tsui Kai is surprised.

"Come over here and I'll show you." Li takes them to the wall map. Li points. "Here are their Eighth, Sixth and Third Divisions. Their Capital Division is directly opposite us. The task of our army is to wipe them out."

"Army commander —," Tsui Kai begins pleadingly.

Li and Fang look at each other and laugh. "Tsui Kai," says Li, "I'm going to let you lead a beefed-up battalion and make the breakthrough."

"We'll do it, all right."

"It isn't going to be easy. You've three problems to overcome. You have to lie hidden and get your men to the breakthrough point. That's the first problem. You've got to wreck the command post of the White Tiger Regiment, then rush and take Mount Falcon. That's the second problem. And you have to hold the summit and cut off the enemy's retreat. That's the third problem."

"We can do it."

"You'll have the enemy on four sides," Fang reminds him. "They'll outnumber you many times over. Holding out means victory."

"That's right," says Li.

"Don't worry, commander," Tsui Kai assures him. "As long as a man of us is left alive, the red flag will continue flying on Mount Falcon."

"Report," a voice outside the door shouts. A staff officer enters. "Telephone call from headquarters command. A visiting delegation from home will be here tomorrow."

"Just what we need to give our spirits an additional boost," says Fang. "We always seem to get expressions of support from the people at home exactly at the right time."

"You take our visitors around to the companies," Li says to him. "I've got to go to a conference at the Korean People's Army headquarters." He turns to Tsui Kai. "I can't let you rest, either. The visitors from home will soon be here."

"We'll get ready ahead of schedule for the assault," says Tsui Kai. "By our practical deeds we'll express our welcome."

## V

Puffy little clouds of gold and purple dot the deep crimson of the sunset sky. A slogan writ large on the face of a cliff reads: Wel-

come to the Visitors from Home. Fresh cut flowers lie on a stone slab at the foot of the cliff. The slopes and ravines are covered with green grass and golden wild flowers. But none of the welcomers is visible.

In the valley, comrades from battalion headquarters, as well as Grandpa Kim and his daughter Ok Sun, accompany the Chinese visitors on a stroll. Walking in the lead are Political Commissar Fang, Tsui Kai, and Ting's mother — Aunt Mei. She is the leader of the visiting delegation. Neatly dressed in tunic and trousers, she walks with a firm, free stride. She is in her late forties.

"Ting will be delighted when he learns you are here," Fang says to her. "You haven't seen each other in quite some time."

"Not since he joined the Volunteers," she replies.

They arrive at the foot of the cliff with the slogan. "The battalion is about to start a concealment operation," says Fang.

"They're rehearsing it now," Tsui Kai adds. "If you'll come this way you can watch them."

"Where are they?" asks Aunt Mei, mystified.

Tsui Kai shouts: "Visitors from home, comrades. Come out and welcome them."

Behind the delegation cymbals suddenly begin to clash. Aunt Mei turns in happy surprise. Hundreds of camouflaged soldiers are standing up on both sides of the valley through which the delegation has just passed. They are cheering and yelling words of welcome to the visitors. Another hundred men spring up ahead of the delegation and shout slogans. About a dozen men rush for the fresh cut flowers on the stone slab and present them to their callers. Slogans ring, cymbals clash, drums boom in joyous celebration.

Holding the flowers, Aunt Mei says, impressed: "I never dreamed so many men were concealed here." Impulsively she extends both her hands to the soldiers nearest her.

"Comrades, how are you?" she shouts to the others. The soldiers cheer.

Amid the cheerful hubbub, Ting is heard exclaiming "Mama!" He races up to her, as his comrades clear a path for him.

She embraces him. "You've grown, son. You're sturdier."



"He's a fine lad," says Grandpa Kim. "These boys make great sacrifices in the fight against the U.S. invaders."

"The Korean people do much more," says Aunt Mei. "Their courageous struggle also defends China's socialist construction. It's an enormous encouragement to us."

A fortification near a command post of the Korean People's Army. Korean General Han is viewing the terrain with Chinese Army Commander Li.

"We intend to conceal our men in the valley between heights 811.7 and 685," Li says.

"A bold plan. Our Korean artillery will knock out the firepoints flanking 811.7 and protect the Volunteers."

"With the support of the People's Army, our success will be assured."

"After the Korean forces knock out the enemy on that height, they will attack Mount Falcon."

A low-hanging moon shines on the face of the cliff. Autumn insects strum their song.

Chinese People's Volunteers in a forest of pine await orders. Commissar Fang and Aunt Mei inspect their camouflage. Other women in the visiting delegation sew and mend for the soldiers. Grandpa Kim and Ok Sun, his daughter, have also come.

Fang walks among the men, here and there straightening a grenade belt or a rucksack, giving anything that needs a few stitches to the visiting delegation for "repairs". He stops by Big Chou and Little Bean and observes the stalwart fellow's bulging pockets.

"What have you got in there?"

Big Chou smiles awkwardly. "I'm strong and high-strung and use up a lot of energy. I eat a lot and sleep soundly. But when I sleep, I snore. So our squad leader told me to take these peppers. Whenever I feel sleepy, I'll pop a couple in my mouth and chew."

Fang laughs. "Pretty clever." He examines the canteen into which Little Bean has inserted a wheat straw, then looks at the boy's trousers. Bending down, he says: "We'd better bind the bottom of those trouser-legs to keep the insects out. It's awful to itch and not be able to scratch."

"Let me do it," says Aunt Mei, taking over.

Ok Sun shoves two apples into the lad's hands.

Fang walks over to Ting. "You must be pleased. Your squad is in a breakthrough battalion again." He touches the walkie-talkie on Ting's back. "Know how to use this?"

"Yes."

"What do you do when all is well?"

Ting hisses into the mouthpiece: "Sshh — sshh — sshh..."

"And when there's enemy activity?"

"Huh, huh, huh..." Ting gutturally blows the sound.

A racing jeep enters the pass and squeals to a halt. Army Commander Li jumps out.

Tsui Kai walks up and introduces him and Aunt Mei. "This comrade is the leader of the visiting delegation. And this Army Commander Li."

Li shakes hand with Aunt Mei warmly. "You've come at a very good time."

"Army Commander Li," Aunt Mei says slowly. "Old Li ... Li Kuo-tung!"

Li stares at her. "Aren't you ... Sister Mei?"

Tears come to her eyes. "We haven't met in more than twenty years."

"I've been looking for you and your son ever since. I never thought I'd find you here."

"In the old society, poor girls like me never had a given name. How could you find me?"

"And your boy, where is he?"

"Commander," Tsui Kai interposes, "Comrade Mei is Ting's mother."

"No wonder I thought he looked familiar. Where's Ting?"

Ting shouts: "Report."

"Fooling me, you young scamp. I've been searching for you for over twenty years, but you never told me who you are."

Ting is embarrassed. "I wanted to wait till we'd won this battle."

Moved, Li says: "Your mother hasn't seen you for a long time. You needn't take part in this assault. Stay here and have a good talk with her."

"No, commander," Ting replies in agitation. "I can't leave my unit."

"That's all right. You can join in the frontal attack tomorrow."

"A boy and his mother have no end of things to say to each other. After we've won the battle, I'll be able to tell her everything."

Aunt Mei stands up. "Don't keep him behind, Old Li. I know his nature." She continues reminiscently: "Uncle Ting gave the life of his own grandson to save this boy. The Whites were looking for me and little Ting everywhere after his father was killed. I couldn't remain in the village. I put the boy in the care of Uncle Ting, who was leader of our Poor Peasants' Association, and I went off to the Red Army. The child was only two, the same age as Uncle Ting's grandson. When the White dogs heard that a little boy had been left in our village, they seized both him and Uncle Ting's child.

But they couldn't tell which was which. Then they thought of a wicked scheme. They told Uncle Ting he could have only one of the children. He steeled his heart and brought little Ting home. The other child they threw into the fire and roasted him alive...."

Li sighs. "For the sake of the revolution, the people in the old Red areas willingly gave their flesh and blood."

"After Liberation, I left the army and I returned home and got my boy. When he heard the whole story he seemed to suddenly mature. From then on, he did whatever the Party told him, come wind or rain, fire or water."

With deep class emotion, Li turns to Ting. "Remember your mother's words, always. We must learn from the noble spirit of Uncle Ting. All right, go ahead. We'll wait for news of your victory."

The men are lined up in ranks. Commissar Fang stands before them on a mound and speaks: "Comrades, the support of the Korean people and the visiting delegation sent by Chairman Mao are a great encouragement to us. Chairman Mao says: **'We are for peace. But so long as U.S. imperialism refuses to give up its arrogant and unreasonable demands and its scheme to extend aggression, the only course for the Chinese people is to remain determined to go on fighting side by side with the Korean people. Not that we are warlike. We are willing to stop the war at once and leave the remaining questions for later settlement. But U.S. imperialism is not willing to do so. All right then, let the fighting go on. However many years U.S. imperialism wants to fight, we are ready to fight right up to the moment when it is willing to stop, right up to the moment of complete victory for the Chinese and Korean peoples.'** Comrades, we definitely shall respond to Chairman Mao's call."

"We definitely shall respond to Chairman Mao's call," shout the men.

Fang waits till the exclamations have subsided, then says: "This battle is going to be a tough one. Have you the determination to see it through?"

"We'll fight until we win," the men cry.

Fang walks over to the visiting delegation. "Comrade Mei, would you say a few words?"

Aunt Mei raises a red flag. "Our motherland has asked me to present this to you. Our people are confident that, together with the Korean People's Army, you will force the American invaders to bow their heads."

The soldiers warmly applaud.

On the flag is embroidered: "The Motherland Has Faith in You." Aunt Mei solemnly presents it to Tsui Kai, who in turn gives it to Ting and heartily shakes Aunt Mei's hands.

Members of the visiting delegation present the soldiers with hand-grenades decorated with coloured ribbons.

The Korean girl Yun comes trotting up. She salutes the Chinese commanders. "Reporting for duty. I have been assigned to serve as guide for the breakthrough unit."

"Comrades," Army Commander Li shouts, "the Korean people are creating every possible condition for our success. We must fight this battle well."

## VI

As the rising sun paints the sky, mist dispels on the undulating mountains. Birds chatter in the low trees.

Camouflaged Chinese People's Volunteers lie hidden in the tall grass. Ting, Little Bean, Yun and Big Chou, who are the furthest forward, exchange glances. There is no movement on the foliage-covered mountain top occupied by the enemy. Not even the dew on the grass and leaves has been disturbed. They see only barbed wire and pillboxes, glistening odd and mis-shapen in the sunlight.

In the enemy position, the Syngman Rhee troops silently wait. Patrols of three and five roam the barbed wire-girdled communications trench. A machine-gunner irritably keeps opening and closing his ammunition case. Another man idly beats out a rhythm on a can. A third fingers his hand-grenades.

Tsui Kai's wristwatch indicates 12 noon. He hears Ting's signal over the walkie-talkie: "Sshh — sshh — sshh..."

A slope near the White Tiger Regiment. Barbed wire all around. A puppet soldier escorts under arms Kim Chel Kiu and a group of Korean peasants. Another soldier ladles water from a bucket and sprinkles it on a sabre, which he hands to Colonel Paek.

"So you dare to place a woman agent right in our regimental headquarters," Paek grates at Chel Kiu, who is standing proudly erect. "Where have you sent her?"

The sun is sinking in the west. Homing rooks caw noisily.

In the concealment area Ting and Yun are eating dry ration. Little Bean sips water from his canteen through a wheat straw. Big Chou, drowsy from a day in the sun, has dozed off and has begun to snore. Little Bean awakens him with bird cries. The big fellow chews determinedly on a hot pepper.

A long-tailed red-billed pheasant lights on a tree some distance ahead of Ting. In the enemy fortifications, a soldier fires at it with his rifle. Startled, the bird skims over the tops of the tall grass, like a dragonfly over water. The Volunteers lie motionless. The enemy cut loose with a machine-gun. Hit, the pheasant falls into the deep grass.

Ting, Yun, Little Bean and Big Chou watch tensely.

Five or six enemy soldiers come out of the fortification, laughing and joking. Rifles slung across their backs, they amble down the mountain.

The receiver crackles in the Volunteers operations room. "Huh, huh, huh..." Every man in the room jumps to his feet. Army Commander Li walks quickly over to the receiver. "Contact the forward observation post," he directs a staff officer.

"Huh, huh, huh..." Ting's signal is repeated. The staff officer is talking on the field telephone. There is no other sound in the room.

The staff officer reports: "Two or three minutes ago the observation post heard a burst of machine-gun fire. Then, half a dozen enemy soldiers came out."

Li takes the phone from him. He asks the observation post: "What sort of formation were they in?"

"They weren't in formation. They were just walking any old way."

"Apparently they haven't discovered us, or they would have bombarded the grassy area." Li turns to another staff officer. "Order our forward positions to wipe out those soldiers coming down the mountain. Not one must get in to where our men are concealed."

The grassy area.

Tsui Kai gets Li's order over his walkie-talkie. He watches the enemy descending the slope.

When they are halfway down, our side lets fly with rifles. Several of the enemy drop. The rest dash, yelling, back up the mountain. More shots bring down a few more. Only one puppet soldier remains. He flings away his rifle and crawls back into the fortification, clutching a wounded arm.



Again the receiver sounds in the operations room. "Sshh — sshh — sshh..." Everyone breathes a sigh of relief. But Army Commander Li continues listening intently.

The forward enemy positions commence a retaliatory barrage. Shells burst on the slope of the mountain where the Volunteers are dug in. One shell falls short of its target and lands in the grass near Ting. It emits a dense cloud of smoke as it explodes and begins to burn fiercely.

Crackling tongues of flame creep to within ten paces of where Ting is lying. Black smoke envelops him. He digs a hole with his hands and, coughing, buries his face in it.

The flames spread closer.

Little Bean, who has been watching, can't bear it any longer. Holding his tommy gun, he starts to Ting's rescue. Ting's compelling glare orders him to stay where he is. Yun, off to the left, watches in an agony of apprehension, perspiration beading her forehead. She begins to crawl towards Ting, but he looks at her sternly, and she stops. Tears stream down her cheeks.

The operations room.

Li still maintains an appearance of calm, but drops of sweat stand out on his temples. He speaks into the microphone: "Ting, I want the truth. What is the situation now?"

Coughing, Ting replies into the walkie-talkie: "Sshh — sshh — sshh..." He coughs again.

The staff officer who has been talking on the field telephone reports: "The observation post says the flames are getting larger."

Li paces the floor. Every few moments, he looks at his wristwatch.

The merciless flames are licking Ting's left arm. He doesn't move. Both hands are buried in the soil. His bloodshot eyes stare straight ahead. He seems to hear his mother's advice. He remembers the inscription on the red flag: "The Motherland Has Faith in You." For the motherland, for people's Korea, we must hit the invaders hard.

Army Commander Li looks at his watch. A staff officer says: "It's time."

Li gives the order: "Commence firing."

There is a moment of silence, then our artillery thunders. Howitzers roar. Flaming-tailed rockets streak across the sky to the enemy positions.

Colonel Paek drives Chel Kiu and the Korean peasants up a slope.

They all halt.

"I live for the independence and freedom of the motherland," says Chel Kiu. "I die for the motherland's complete liberation. This is the utmost glory. Can you understand that?"

"Do you really believe your forces will win?" Paek queries.

"Victory definitely belongs to the people."

"Who can withstand our attack? Not you, surely."

"I am only a drop in the ocean. But our people number tens of millions. They not only can stop you, they will wipe you out."

"Shut your mouth."

"Would that cure your fear?"

"Stubborn Communist, I'm going to slice you to ribbons." Furiously, Paek raises his sabre. Then the cannons start to boom.

Shells burst on the enemy-held mountain. Barbed wire, timbers, bunkers, fly in all directions.

Mines explode in the ravine. Dense smoke spews from the bursting shells. A thick curtain of smoke and flames rises between the Volunteers and the enemy.

Ting rolls on the ground to extinguish his burning clothing. Only now does he become aware of his pain.

Yun rushes over and wraps him in the tunic he had given her.

"Never mind about me," he says. "Show us the way." He wrenches himself to his feet. The intense pain dizzies him.

Big Chou swings Ting on to his back, then plunges through a breach in the barbed wire. The entire breakthrough unit swarms towards the depths of the valley.

They slip through the front line and gather behind the enemy's rear.

Yun opens her first-aid kit and bandages Ting. Little Bean gives him his canteen and wheat straw. Behind them, the fight for the mountain top is still progressing. Artillery thunders, rifles crack.

Tsui Kai arrives, followed by a medic. "How are you feeling?" he asks Ting. To the medic he says: "Take him back to the command post."

Ting protests vigorously. "I won't go no matter what you say."

"Our job is to cut through. Your legs are badly burnt. How can you travel?"

"I can do it, all right. This battle is very important. You don't have to worry about me, commander. I won't disappoint the people and the Party."

Tsui Kai hesitates. Then he says: "Follow me." They advance towards the raining shells.

## VII

Late night.

The breakthrough unit has left the sounds of firing at the front far behind. They reach the enemy's defence line, and wind towards the headquarters of the White Tiger Regiment.

In a bloody battle, the Korean People's Army charge through an artillery barrage and plant the flag of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea on the top of the mountain.

From his jeep Colonel Paek issues an order: "Hold out. If any of you leave the Missouri Line without my permission I'll have your heads."

Another jeep rushes towards him and screeches to a halt. Its passenger is Major Brooke. "Paek, you snake," he shouts. "Your men only know how to stuff their guts. They've let the Reds break through. You've betrayed us."

Paek doesn't understand. His arrogance has been completely deflated. "Impossible," he protests. "The reinforcements I sent have already arrived."

"Take a look at this," Brooke yells, punching the jeep. "It's been shot in the backside."

Two more jeeps come racing down the road, filled with American soldiers. They have bandaged heads and wounded arms, and are cursing furiously. Things plainly are going badly. Paek stabs his sabre into the ground, grabs the twisted-nose officer and bawls: "Order the Guards to form for defence."

"Yes sir." The frightened officer salutes.

"Boom. Boom." Artillery shells explode near the road. Several more shells come whistling over. Not far off, intense small arms fire crackles.

With Tsui Kai at their head, the Volunteers charge into the headquarters of the White Tiger Regiment. The puppet soldiers flee. Yun leads the Volunteers to a wooden building. With the aid of flashlights, they search.

"The enemy certainly run fast," Ting says with anger and regret.

Big Chou finds a Japanese sabre. From an inner room Volunteers shout: "Here's a Korean comrade, commander." The phone on the table rings. Tsui Kai indicates for Yun to answer it.

Chel Kiu is lying on an army blanket. A medic bandages him and gives an injection. Tsui Kai walks over and grasps his hand.

Yun hurries up to them. She reports to Tsui Kai: "I was talking to an enemy unit on the phone. They say the whole line has collapsed. They want all units to withdraw to Mount Falcon."

Chel Kiu recognizes her. He rises up on one elbow. "Comrade Yun."

"Chel Kiu." She throws herself on him and weeps.

He comforts her. "I'm all right. I'm fine."

"Paek is fleeing to Mount Falcon," she tells him.

He sits up. "Comrades, I know a path that can save us five miles. I'll be your guide and you'll be able to cut him off."

"But you're so weak," Tsui Kai says.

"The battle awaits us," Chel Kiu replies firmly.

The Volunteers hasten up the mountain trail.

The road is filled with fleeing American and puppet troops. Abandoned arms and equipment litter the ground. Flags of the invaders are trampled underfoot.

Holding his head, Brooke leaps from his jeep. He turns and stops Paek's jeep, which has been following, hauls out Paek's escort, then he and an American soldier climb in.

The vehicle continues along the road. A slowly moving loaded truck blocks their way. Brooke fires two shots into one of its rear tires. Air hisses out, the truck sways, then tips over and rolls into the gorge. The jeep races on.

Only faint strips of sky can be seen between the looming heights on all sides. One of the grotesque peaks looks like a huge bird spreading its wings to swoop down on its prey below.

"Mount Falcon," Chel Kiu, pointing, shouts happily.

The Volunteers cheer. "We got here ahead of the enemy."

The setting sun cloaks Mount Falcon in gold. At its foot the road writhes like a boa constrictor.

Hundreds of Volunteers stand on the summit, lined up in ranks like the boulders crowning the top.

"We'll hold off the enemy from here," says Tsui Kai, mounted on one of the "wings". "Mount Falcon has twelve peaks, and every one shall be a burial mound for the enemy."

"Every peak shall be a burial mound for the enemy," shout the Volunteers in voices of thunder.

They divide and take positions on the various peaks.

"You and your men stay here on the main peak," Tsui Kai directs Ting. "Hold it at all costs."

"Don't worry, commander. We'll hold it."

"It may not be easy. Whether or not we can wipe out all of the fleeing foe depends on you men here."

"We definitely will complete our task," Ting replies in a ringing voice.

Tsui Kai gazes at the young soldier with satisfaction. "Prepare for a hot fight. My position shall be on your left."

On the winding road at the foot of Mount Falcon hastening vehicles, large and small, raise clouds of dust. Paek and Brooke ride uneasily in the jeep in the lead. Constantly, they urge the driver: "Faster. Faster."

Suddenly, a hail of bullets pours down from the top. The jeep driver is killed. Paek and Brooke jump out, run to the foot of a cliff and take shelter behind a disabled tank. A radio operator quickly sets up his equipment. Paek shouts into the microphone: "Division headquarters, hello, division headquarters. We're under attack at Mount Falcon. What? You too? Third Division, Sixth Division, Eighth Division, all being attacked?" Deflated, Paek puts down the mike.

Brooke is like an ant on a hot girdle. "What's happening?"

"They're engaged by a Communist breakthrough detachment. We've no place to go."

"Organize your men. We'll fight our way out," Brooke orders imperiously.

Before Paek can comply, a puppet officer runs up and reports: "The Communists control all the heights. Our men have been driven off."

Paek flies into a rage. He punches the officer in the chest. "Organize an assault unit."

"Yes sir." The officer draws himself up and salutes.

Both sides fight fiercely for control of the summit. Volunteers wait coolly till the foe draws near, then blast them with grenades and machine-gun fire. The enemy fall in droves.

Paek speaks into the transmitter: "Reporting to the general, we have launched eight assaults."

The gunfire on the mountain top suddenly ceases. "They've run out of ammunition," Brooke crows. "We'll attack, attack."

Paek gazes hopefully up the slope.

The officer with the twisted nose, his face bloody, staggers up to Paek. He opens his mouth to speak, but collapses at Paek's feet. Furious, the puppet colonel glares at the prostrate officer. He pumps two bullets into him.

"Send up the shaven-heads," Paek screams the order, stamping his feet.

Left on the peak are only Ting, Little Bean and Big Chou. They haven't much ammunition. Big Chou digs rocks out of the soil and piles them up in front of his position.

"Don't be impatient," he says mockingly in the direction of the foe. "After you finish eating our metal, we've got some nice rocks for you. There's plenty to eat."

Ting ponders a moment. "We'll let them have some rocks first."

"They'll think we have no bullets."

"That's exactly the idea. They'll come at us without even bothering to crouch."

Big Chou raps his own head with his knuckles. "Ha, very shrewd."

The three pile up a supply of rocks.

Led by an officer, a gang of shaven-pates advance up the slope under cover of artillery fire. The three Volunteers let them approach. When they are very near, Ting yells: "Now." The Volunteers push. Big rocks go bounding down the slope. Some of the puppets are killed. Others are injured and roll to the base of the cliff. The shaven-pates hastily scatter.

"Brothers," the officer shouts triumphantly. "They're out of ammunition. Now's the time. Charge."

The shaven-pates take heart. Yelling, they rush, erect, towards the summit.

## VIII

A shell bursts near Tsui Kai. Chel Kiu and Yun rush over. Tsui Kai falls, wounded. Struggling to his feet, he says into his walkie-talkie: "Attention, all companies. Hold the main peak at all costs."



Another shell explodes. The shock wave knocks him down and puts the walkie-talkie out of commission.

"Comrade Chel Kiu," says Tsui Kai, "please tell Ting. Not a single enemy must escape. He must hold out till our main force arrives."

Ting, with a machine-gun, and Little Bean and Big Chou, with tommy guns, strafe the foe. "Shaven-pates," shouts Little Bean, "this will shave your whiskers." Bullets pour into the enemy. One after another they drop and roll down the slope.

The red flag is knocked down by a shell burst. Little Bean runs through the smoke and picks it up. Another shell explodes, quite near. Wounded in many places, the boy falls, shielding his eyes. Ting snatches the lad's tommy gun and pumps lead into the foe. They fall in rows.

Ting leaps out, grabs up enemy arms and ammunition, then carries Little Bean back to the mountain top.

The Volunteers' fortifications on the summit have been levelled by enemy artillery fire. Ting gently puts the wounded boy down in a shell crater. Big Chou crawls over. He has been wounded in both legs. He holds his canteen to Little Bean's lips.

"Is the red flag down?" the boy asks.

"Can't you see it, still flying up there?" Ting replies.

On top of the mountain, a tattered red flag flies in the breeze.

"Ah, yes, I see it. The Yanks may flatten the mountains, but they'll never knock down the red flag we've raised on Mount Falcon," the boy says confidently.

But he is not looking in the direction of the flag. Ting passes a hand before Little Bean's eyes. He shows no reaction. "Your eyes, Little Bean," Ting exclaims.

"I'm blind for the time being," the boy says, "but I can still see our red flag, waving, waving. Peking and Chairman Mao will see it too. The motherland has faith in us. We must be worthy." He takes an apple out of his pocket. "The Korean people have faith in us, too." Smiling, he dies.

Ting weeps. "We'll hold Mount Falcon, Little Bean," he vows. "Let the American devils tremble before our red flag."

A sea of fire. Yun and Chel Kiu come through the smoke and deliver bullets and the hand-grenades with the coloured ribbons to Ting's position. A shell bursts nearby. Ting and Yun emerge from the earth which covered them. Ting transmits Tsui Kai's order to the other companies.

The Yanks rush the mountain several times, but each time are plastered by the Volunteers' artillery fire. Paek, scuttling through the rubble, suddenly finds himself confronted by Chel Kiu, who shoots him dead. Brooke, also running for his life, is brought down by a shot from Ting.

Standing on a pile of rocks, Ting and Yun throw hand-grenades. Chel Kiu heaves a bangalore torpedo.

Korean People's Army soldiers charge down the slope in a flood. The main force of the Volunteers on the mountain top pours a



withering fire into the foe. Enemy troops, surrounded in the valley, raise their guns over their heads in surrender.

General Han enthusiastically pumps Chel Kiu's hand. "You've completed your mission excellently."

Tsui Kai, Ting and Big Chou, holding aloft a battle-scorched red flag, march up to Army Commander Li.

"Comrades," says Li, "you have been worthy of the trust imposed in you by our motherland and our people. You fought well."

The red flag waves in the breeze. Seeped in the smoke and dust of battle, it has been impregnated with the Volunteers' boundless loyalty to their homeland.

On the mountain tops, flags of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea bravely fly.

*Tan Ke-ping*

## Verses Composed During a March

### Setting Out

After sunset had long faded,  
And stars glittered in the evening sky,  
In the dead of night,  
When all was still,  
Our company of armymen  
Started on a long march.

Towering peaks surrounded us,  
Deep valleys crouched between;

Tan Ke-ping is a PLA man.

High amid dense mist and cloud  
Narrow trails meandered.  
With feet of tempered steel,  
Swiftly as birds fly, we marched.

By peaks mantled with morning cloud  
On through heavy mist we ploughed;  
Time passed unknown to us,  
Till in the east a red dawn showed.

But still there was no rest, no halt.  
While on our way we went,  
Along the line the word was passed,  
"Step up comrades, forward march!"

Looking back at the advancing column,  
The company commander thought,  
"These are men of a new generation,  
Brought up under the red banner.  
Yet they're just the same  
As veterans of the Eighth Route Army."

### **Braving the waves**

On that forced march through the night,  
We covered roughly thirty miles.  
But just before daybreak,  
A wide river blocked our way.

The wind pierced, sharp as arrows,  
Each wave like a sword-thrust.

While the water raged and roared.  
Full of vigour yet very calm,  
Each warrior plunged into the swirling torrent.

Striking out across the current,  
In spite of dense morning mist,  
Far above the thunderous roar,  
Our laughter cut through the air.

Our laughter cut through the air  
Red flags fluttered in the wind;  
The bugle sounded on the other bank,  
As on we marched, a ribbon of steel.

### **The Fountain**

At last we paused for a short halt,  
In the shade beneath the trees.  
We piled our rifles, opened bags,  
To take out our precious red books.

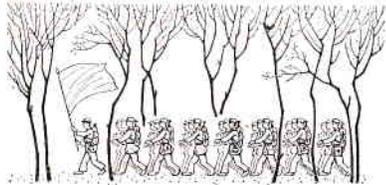
Grouped together in two's and three's,  
We read and then discussed,  
*In Memory of Norman Bethune*  
*And Serve the People.\**  
Then from each quotation,  
We learned a revolutionary truth,  
And the red sun dawned in our hearts.

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\*Two articles written by Chairman Mao.

Every sentence a fountain of truth,  
Every word the beat of a battle drum.  
Like rain and dew they nourished us,  
While sunshine lit the broad highway.

By two's and three's we prepared again,  
For the starting whistle to blow.  
Refreshed in body and mind,  
Our company resumed its march.



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*Red Sun over the Oilfield* (coloured woodcut) ►



*Ho Hsiao-lu*

## A Detour to Dragon Village

A gusty winter day. The river pier was crowded with people and cargo — the usual bustling scene when people were busy **“grasping revolution and promoting production”**. The little passenger steamboat was about to leave when a girl in PLA uniform ran onto the pier and hailed the old sailor who was untying the mooring rope, “Comrade, is this boat going to the county town?”

“Right. Get on board. Be quick!”

But the girl hesitated, then stopped.

“Can you tell me how to get to Dragon Village from here?” she asked.

Looking her over, the old sailor realized that she was a PLA fighter, for on her army cap was the shining red star insignia. Her brows raised, her dark eyes flashing, she stood mopping the sweat on her face while waiting for an answer.

“So you’re a PLA comrade!” the old sailor said. “The boat takes about an hour to reach the county town, but if you want to go to Dragon Village, then you’d better walk. You can go on



to the county town from there too. But it'll mean half a dozen miles or so extra."

"That's all right."

"Now I remember," he added. "You must be a member of the PLA medical team working in that village. Right? There's a girl there called Liang Cheng-hung who's cured a disease which a city doctor said was incurable."

The PLA girl interrupted the old sailor, saying, "She only does her job like you do on your boat — serving the people." Having made sure of the road the girl waved goodbye to the old man, shouting, "Thank you, granddad." Turning, she started off, facing a stiff head wind.

She was the very Liang Cheng-hung the old sailor had mentioned. She was on her way to a conference to be held the next day in the county town. Medical workers were to exchange experiences on how they had implemented Chairman Mao's instruction that in medical work the main emphasis should be placed on the countryside. Liang Cheng-hung thought it might just be possible to have a look at Aunt Sung and her comrade-in-arms Little Kao on her way there.

Little Kao was a member of the medical team in Dragon Village where Liang Cheng-hung had worked the previous summer. When the girls first arrived in the village the people were very busy planting rice. Without a second thought they joined in, going barefoot

in the paddy fields with the sun blazing overhead. Suddenly someone called out, "Aunt Sung has fallen down again. She's hurt!" The girls hurried over to see what had happened.

There lay an old peasant woman, her knees and elbows were grazed and bruised. With a crutch under one arm and a long bamboo stick in her other hand, she had been watching over a pile of grain in the field, shooing off small birds and chickens with the stick. The two young PLA medical workers learned that five years previously, the old woman had had a paralytic fit which had recurred from time to time afterwards. A doctor in the town whom she went to see had pronounced the trouble as "incurable". However, Aunt Sung had ignored it, and with the help of a crutch, went on working as usual. Neither falls nor persuasion could stop her.

"All the peasants in our country are learning from Tachai. They work hard to change the poor soil, make terraced fields on the slopes and increase production," she would say smiling. "I can't do all that, but at least I can watch the birds and stir the sunning grain. I must do my bit for socialism."

Both Liang Cheng-hung and Little Kao were impressed by the courage of this old woman. The renegade Liu Shao-chi pushed a counter-revolutionary line in medical work by directing all the doctors' attention to the cities and towns, leaving the working people in the countryside without help. Admiring the old woman and hating Liu's revisionist line the two girls were determined to conquer this so-called "incurable disease".

No difficulties daunted these youthful fighters. To quote Liang Cheng-hung, "We are but Chairman Mao's ordinary medical fighters. Nevertheless every day we attack stubborn diseases, solve contradictions and learn from the former poor and lower-middle peasants." To carry out these simple words involved much hard work. And work hard they certainly did! The peasants noticed Liang Cheng-hung's face becoming thinner and her skin showed the marks of much trial acupuncture; it was the same with Little Kao. But with their treatment Aunt Sung found she could move much more easily than before. She began to walk even without the help of a crutch!

It was then that Liang Cheng-hung was transferred to another commune. But her heart was still with Aunt Sung, whom she had resolved to restore to full health. Before she left the village she made careful arrangements with Little Kao to continue the treatment. That was why Liang Cheng-hung was making a detour to Dragon Village to see if old Aunt Sung had recovered completely.

She arrived at the village at dusk. The first thing that attracted her attention was a new granary beside the threshing ground and a sign board by the road with the slogan: "Aim high, win another bumper harvest!" In the village outside the open office door she heard Little Kao speaking over the telephone.

"We assure you we won't lag behind. . . . Hello, political instructor, can you give me any news about Liang Cheng-hung? Aunt Sung and I — no, all the poor and lower-middle peasants in Dragon Village — are hoping to see her. . . . What? She went to the conference in the county town? Can't she come here to see us?"

"Of course she can!" Someone said outside the office door.

Before Little Kao realized who had spoken, Liang Cheng-hung ran inside and put both arms round Little Kao's shoulders.

"How's Aunt Sung getting on?" were her first words.

"So! It's you." Little Kao replaced the receiver and greatly excited, answered, "Fine. She's cured! Usually her disease became worse in winter. But not now. She works like a healthy person."

"Let me see her."

Off they went to find Aunt Sung, hailing the villagers all the way as they returned from fields. Aunt Sung came out of her cottage to meet Liang Cheng-hung when she recognized her voice. They held hands and stood gazing at each other: Liang Cheng-hung was as high-spirited as ever, her eyes bright and shining; Aunt Sung looked much healthier than before, her cheeks ruddy, her hands warm and strong.

"So you've recovered, Aunt Sung?" Liang Cheng-hung asked.

"Thanks to your care, I'm cured and now I can do all kinds of work."

In the house although Aunt Sung tried to persuade Liang Cheng-hung to sit down and have a rest, she refused, went to the stove, and rolling up her sleeves, quickly coaxed the fire into a blaze, for

it was chilly. This done, she caught sight of a newly stitched sole for a cloth shoe on Aunt Sung's bed. She picked it up and examined it.

"Did you stitch this, Aunt Sung?"

"Yes. I haven't done any sewing for the last four or five years because my fingers were too stiff."

Night sets in early in winter. The north wind was howling outside. But inside they were warm and cosy as they sat chatting.

"Time for supper," Aunt Sung said, "I'll light the lamp. Cheng-hung, you must tell me about the outside world after the meal. News about our country always cheers me up."

She reached for a box of matches.

The smile on the young girl's face disappeared. She became very serious as she watched Aunt Sung's hand when she struck the match. It trembled, so that the match broke in two. The old woman tried again, but failed a second time. She picked out a third match. Before she could strike it, it fell through her fingers.

Liang Cheng-hung watched Aunt Sung's fingers all the time. She took the match box from the old woman and said, "Let me try." She pulled out a match and with one gentle stroke it flared up. The lamp was lit and the room brightened.

But Liang Cheng-hung's brows were furrowed, her eyes intent, her face full of concern. This was exactly how she always looked when she was dissatisfied with her work or when she discovered there was something wrong with her thinking. Liang Cheng-hung stopped chattering. Aunt Sung noticed the change in her.

"Are you tired?" she asked the girl. "Or are you worried?"

Liang Cheng-hung shook her head. She was watching the old woman's fingers as she used her chopsticks so carefully that she herself stopped eating altogether. She wanted to see how the old woman managed to get the food to her mouth. Little Kao could no longer keep quiet.

"What's the matter with you, Little Liang?" she asked. "You seem to be in a trance."

But Aunt Sung began to understand. Smiling, she said: "Don't bother about me, I'm all right. Eat your food, Little Liang, it's get-

ting cold. I'm quite cured you know. I can work just like a healthy person now."

In their preoccupation with Aunt Sung's hand, neither Liang Cheng-hung nor Little Kao had noticed that the wind had died down. When they left Aunt Sung's cottage, they found the heavy clouds had blown away and the clear sky was full of glittering stars.

"What's the matter with you this evening?" Little Kao asked her comrade.

Instead of answering Liang Cheng-hung came back with another question: "You told me that Aunt Sung was entirely free from those fits. Is it true?"

"Absolutely true. She's assured me many, many times."

"Do you remember the soles of cloth shoes she stitched before she became ill? Once she showed them to us. How regular and small her stitches were! But what a difference today! They're irregular and large."

"That's because she's old. Her sight is failing."

"But she can't even strike matches properly. What do you say about that?"

"Well..."

"Did you notice how she held her chopsticks tonight? Several times she couldn't lift the food into her mouth."

"Do you mean something's wrong with her fingers?"

"Exactly. The thumb of her right hand trembles nearly all the time. It escaped my notice when I was treating her."

"The responsibility isn't all yours," Little Kao replied. "I share it. But she couldn't even walk at first. Now she can work like an ordinary person. I think that's marvellous. You can't expect everything to be a hundred per cent perfect. Even our fingers aren't all the same."

Liang Cheng-hung's face was very solemn.

"Little Kao," she said, "do you remember who said 'a perfect cure'?"

"Of course," Little Kao said, a bit piqued.

Some time previously when Aunt Sung was able to walk again, the county hospital sent a doctor to Dragon Village to "study the case". The doctor read the case history and when he came to the signature

of the doctor who had first diagnosed the illness as 'incurable', his heart sank. He personally examined the patient, and found she was really cured. Only then did his attitude change towards the two young PLA women medical workers.

"Excellent work! According to the data at our disposal you've effected 'a perfect cure'. You should write a book about this. It'll make a big noise, I'm sure."

"Write a book?" Liang Cheng-hung was quite annoyed. "Proletarian doctors work to cure people, not for the sake of writing books and becoming famous. But even if we do write a book it is only to better serve the people."

She spoke with heat and her words were scathing. When the doctor was leaving he said, "To tell the truth the signature to the first diagnosis of this old woman's illness is mine. The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution has taught me much, particularly what I've seen today. I feel quite ashamed..."

All this had taken place some time before, but the memory of it remained always fresh in Liang Cheng-hung's mind goading her constantly to make higher demands on herself. To Little Kao, Liang Cheng-hung said, "Chairman Mao teaches us, '**Ideas of stagnation, pessimism, inertia and complacency are all wrong.**' We've to find out whether these ideas are not a reflection of ourselves."

Little Kao became thoughtful. She realized that Liang Cheng-hung was right.

"Aunt Sung may forgive us for the trembling that remains in her thumb," Liang Cheng-hung went on, "but we mustn't forgive ourselves. This is a question of whether we defend Chairman Mao's line in medical work or not."

Little Kao felt that her friend had grasped the heart of the matter with her usual penetrating insight.

"If you could only stay here!" Little Kao said, gripping the other girl's hand. "Then we could work together and completely rid Aunt Sung of this remnant of the disease."

They continued discussing the matter, the lamp burning till daybreak, when Liang Cheng-hung started off for the county town.

Liang Cheng-hung spent five days in the county town at the conference. Gazing at the fields, then snow-covered, Little Kao wondered if Liang Cheng-hung would be back. The boat from the county town arrived about noon, but she was not on it. She might return on foot? Little Kao went to the highway and waited for Liang Cheng-hung there. But there was still no sign of her. Very disappointed, she returned to the village and went straight away to see Aunt Sung.

A peal of laughter greeted her as she stepped inside. Then a tender voice said, "Aunt, let me insert another needle." It was Liang Cheng-hung. Little Kao walked straight into the room and clasped her friend in a warm embrace.

"How did you come here unseen? Did you fly?" she asked.

"If I could fly, you'd be the first I'd teach. You see, the boat's too slow. I came by No. Two bus — that is, on my two feet."

"She's so pig-headed," Aunt Sung said to Little Kao. "She starts working on me with her needle as soon as she comes. See how the cold wind has reddened her cheeks and how damp her trouser-legs are from the wet snow. But she doesn't give them a thought."

A needle was inserted between the thumb and forefinger of Aunt Sung's right hand. It was obvious that Liang Cheng-hung had found an acupuncture point they had not used before. Would it work? Little Kao wondered.

It was so quiet in the room you could have heard a pin drop. Liang Cheng-hung bent over the old woman and twisted the needle. Then, in a flash she pulled it out. Aunt Sung held out the hand Liang Cheng-hung had just treated and began to move her fingers. Surprised and delighted she shouted, "Look! It doesn't tremble any more! Now both my hands are cured."

"Indeed!" Little Kao could hardly suppress her amazement. She took the aunt's hand and examined it thoroughly.

"You must believe me," Aunt Sung said. "I'll show you...."

She took up the newly basted cloth sole that lay on the bed. "I'll show you how I can sew now. There won't be one crooked stitch."

"You mustn't do that right after needling, aunt," said Liang Cheng-hung. "The fingers need a rest."

But the old woman could not keep still. She was too excited. "Well then," she said, "I'll write a few characters." Using a brush she wrote in a neat hand: Long live Chairman Mao!

Little Kao laughed happily too, but all of a sudden a thought flashed through her mind.

"Little Liang, show me your hands," she commanded.

Instead, Liang Cheng-hung hid her hand. In a quick movement Little Kao gripped it, held it up to the light and examined it. The space between thumb and forefinger was swollen and dotted closely with the marks of needle pricks.

"You've been experimenting on yourself," Little Kao said. "Look what a mess you've made of your hand — it's covered with needle marks!"

Aunt Sung stroked Liang Cheng-hung's hand, gazing fondly at her. "Little Liang," she said, "my hands are all right now, but yours...."

At the conference held on the study and practical application of Mao Tsetung Thought Liang Cheng-hung had studied more deeply



Chairman Mao's directives on medical work in connection with the actual problems that confronted her. She derived fresh strength and courage from the great leader's teachings. She talked to many comrades at the conference discussing Aunt Sung's case with them. Basing herself on their helpful suggestions, in the evenings she had experimented on her own hand. Finally she found how to insert the needle at a new point. She was able to do this by carefully checking her own reactions and feeling when she needled herself.

"I've done the right thing, Aunt Sung," she said.

Little Kao wanted to say so much, but somehow she could not utter a single word. What she would have said could be summarized in one sentence: For the first time I now really understand my comrade-in-arms' selflessness.

Liang Cheng-hung bid Aunt Sung goodbye at sunset, and left Dragon Village together with her friend Little Kao. The setting sun gilded the snow-covered road on which each left their footprints.

*Illustrated by Chin Lung*

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*Sbaosban* (painting in the traditional style) ▶  
by Li Ko-jan





*Yeh Wen*

## A New Commune Member

After leaving the bus I started off along a village path to find the home of the Hsiao-chiayuan Production Brigade leader. Red flowers in the fields were ablaze in the sun. At a fork in the road a girl was ploughing a rice field, her trouser-legs rolled up, her right hand on the plough handle while her left gripped the reins. She was splashed all over with mud. Although she shouted orders to the buffalo loudly, at the turn the plough-share sank deeply into the mud. As the animal strained, the girl lost balance and was thrown into the muddy water. But before I could run to her rescue she had managed to stand up, set the plough right and drive off again. The buffalo plodded on obediently.

Seeing her all covered with mud an old peasant, approaching with a heavy load on a shoulder pole, halted the buffalo.

"Are you hurt, Ling-yun?" he called out. "It's time to knock off, why don't you go home for supper?"

"You're just the person I want to see right now, Uncle Hsiao. Tell me, what did I do wrong at the turn?"

"I'll tell you later," said the old man with great concern. "You go home first and change your clothes."

"What's wrong with a little mud?" The girl laughed, trying to rub down her clothes with her hands.

Putting down his load, the peasant began to teach her how to hold the plough when turning a corner.

I interrupted the old man's coaching by saying, "Excuse me, which road shall I take? I want the Hsiao-chiyuan Production Brigade."

Looking me over, the old man said to the girl, "You show him the way, eh? You need to change your clothes and have a meal too. I'll finish ploughing this plot."

The girl took up the old man's loaded shoulder pole and said to me, "Come with me, please." She led me along the path to the left.

Her accent made me ask, "Are you one of the students who've come from the city of Wuhan to settle down here?"

"Yes."

"A girl student needs some guts to learn how to plough."

"Well, we can only learn by doing it. Chairman Mao has taught us: **'Times have changed, and today men and women are equal. Whatever men comrades can accomplish, women comrades can too.'**"

Skilfully, she shifted the load to the other shoulder.

"Which brigade do you belong to?" I asked.

"Hsiao-chiyuan."

"Then you must know Chiu Ling-yun, a young student like yourself."

"Is she the one you want to see?"

I told her that I was sent by the county revolutionary committee to report on that student's fine progress.

"What is so special about her?" she abruptly demanded.

I thought this girl was rude and I wanted to explain but she continued, "In my opinion you don't know Chiu Ling-yun very well. The poor and lower-middle peasants have been very concerned about her, but she..."

"What's wrong with her?"

She gave no answer. Pointing out the house of the brigade leader she hurried on, the shoulder pole squeaking an accompaniment to

the rapid thuds of her bare feet on the mud path. Looking at her back, I cried out, "So what about Chiu Ling-yun?"

"You ask about Chiu Ling-yun? Her good points are many. Where shall I start?" The young brigade leader asked himself aloud, while turning over selected millet ears with good-quality seeds, as he began to think.

"Start anywhere," I answered. "I will stay for a few days anyway."

Picking out the fine seeds from the full millet ears, he was in high spirits. "Then I'll tell you something which happened on New Year's Day."

When the young people were reclaiming land some distance away from the village, they refused to return for the holiday. So we sent Ling-yun back for more food. She arrived there in a snowstorm, just as Uncle Hsiao was coming out of the cattle shed with a load of manure. "Take care, Uncle Hsiao! You may slip in this snow," she said to him with some concern.

Wiping the snowflakes from his beard, Uncle Hsiao answered, "We peasants are used to wind and storms. Don't worry about me."

"Then I must get used to the storms too," she said, picking up his load. "What about a division of labour between us? You fill the baskets right here while I do the carrying. What do you say?"

So the two of them shovelled out all the manure and put a thick layer of dry earth in the pen. Ling-yun fetched some straw which she spread out in one corner for the calf to sleep on. The robust calf recalled to her mind something else she had learned at its birth. In bed one night six weeks before, she suddenly remembered that she had left her laundry out on the line. When she went to get it, she saw a light in the cattle shed. She went over and found Uncle Hsiao feeding the cow.

"Why aren't you asleep at this time of the night, Uncle Hsiao? The cow can be fed in the morning."

"There is a saying in the countryside, 'A midnight feed fattens cattle as nothing else will.' This cow should calve soon. More frequent feeding will strengthen both cow and calf." Uncle Hsiao explained as he held out some hay to the cow who munched it contentedly.

This impressed Ling-yun a great deal. She returned to her room and took out her diary in which she wrote: "We must learn to do various kinds of farm work in the vast countryside. But more important still is to learn the poor and lower-middle peasants' spirit of farming whole-heartedly for revolution and their meticulous working style. . . ."

Gathering up some selected seed, the brigade leader continued: That evening the commune members sent the clothes and food to Ling-yun who loaded them on a cart, ready to send off to the young people at the work site early the following morning.

The north wind gained strength that night. Uncle Hsiao looked around and found an old quilt. He must take it to keep the calf warm, he thought. As he opened his door he found that someone had swept a path through the snow from where he stood all the way to the cattle shed. The sight of it warmed his heart. "Who could have been so considerate?" he wondered as he walked along it. The first thing he noticed as he entered the shed was a flower-patterned quilt over the sleeping calf. Wasn't that Ling-yun's quilt? Happiness welled up in him. "Oh, Ling-yun, you really are one with us poor and lower-middle peasants," he murmured to himself.

The brigade leader commented with feeling, "Comrade Ling-yun is most conscientious in studying Chairman Mao's works. Once, Uncle Hsiao told her his family history. She stayed up the whole night to study *Analysis of the Classes in Chinese Society*. Early next morning after much thought she went to Uncle Hsiao and said, 'I understand now!'

"What do you understand?' Uncle Hsiao was puzzled.

"There were capitalists and landlords in the old society who, relying on the political power in their hands, exploited the poor people. Their political power was built up on the basis of private ownership. There is still a remnant of desire for private ownership in me which takes the form of looking after my own interests. I must root out this remnant entirely from now on.' Uncle Hsiao smiled in agreement."

After supper, the brigade leader took me to Ling-yun's lodging, but her neighbour told us that she and the other students had gone to

the commune office to rehearse their parts in the Peking opera *The Red Lantern*.

"You can stay the night in the storehouse keeper's room, then you can talk to Ling-yun tomorrow," he told me and left.

Lying in bed I was mulling over in my mind how Ling-yun was trying to fight against self-interest when someone banged on the door. Wind and rain blew in the open door as I lifted the latch.

"Sorry, I've left my matted fibre raincape here," the brigade leader explained as he hurried in. "It's a bad storm; I must look over the plastic sheets that cover the seedling plots."

"May I come along?"

Hesitating a moment, he consented, "All right. You can take the storehouse keeper's raincoat."

A few others were also slipping out into the rain.

"Are you all coming?" the brigade leader inquired.



"Do you mean that we cannot unless you give the order?" a young student asked.

The brigade leader laughed. "All right. We'll go in two directions then. You look at the seedling plots in the east field while I and the comrade from the county will look at the plots in the south."

Sure enough, some of the plastic sheets had been whipped off by the wind and the bamboo frames twisted. The brigade leader repaired them, put the plastic sheets back and wedged them down securely with mud. I heard water gurgling nearby. There was a breach and water from a small irrigation ditch was pouring into a plot. Quickly I scooped up some mud to fill the breach but it was washed away instantly. The gap was widening rapidly. Someone suddenly emerged from the darkness and tried to stop the water with a straw matting raincape while telling me to bring some big clods of earth from a nearby ploughed field. It was a girl and her voice sounded familiar.

I jumped across the ditch and brought back several large clods. We repaired the breach together. A few more young people joined us. It took us till daybreak to inspect and repair all the seedling plots.

We chatted and laughed on our way back. "So your whole team turned out, Ling-yun?" called out the brigade leader.

"Certainly. With you in the lead none of us failed to turn out," the girl chuckled.

Was she Chiu Ling-yun? I was sure she was the girl I had seen ploughing and who had shown me the way.

"Oh, comrade, this is Chiu Ling-yun," the brigade leader said, suddenly seeming to remember me.

"We've already met, haven't we?" I asked. The girl laughed modestly, dripping raincoat in her hand.

Right after breakfast I went over to the student's living quarters and asked Ling-yun to tell me about her life after she had settled down here and how the poor and lower-middle peasants had re-educated her.

"What I've done is just the ordinary work the poor and lower-middle peasants do everyday, yet I still fail to do many things. When I came across ox dung on the road, I used to jump over it, fearing it

might soil my shoes. But the brigade leader walking with me scooped it up and scattered it on the fields. I was embarrassed and said, 'Let me do it.' 'No,' he said, 'you've not been here long and you're not used to such things. But I am.' This showed two different ways of thinking. Having the collective in mind, the brigade leader did not feel the manure filthy. With my own self in mind, I looked upon it as something very filthy. This one episode made me do some real thinking."

As I opened a notebook Ling-yun protested, "Please don't write that down. I still don't understand fully Chairman Mao's directive, **'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.'** I must go on learning and improve all my life." Then she went on to tell me about some other students.

She reminded me of the red flowers I had seen in the fields, blooming in the sun, growing upon sturdy stalks while their roots reached deep into the vast countryside.

Our motherland abounds with red flowers and new commune members like Chiu Ling-yun.

*Illustrated by Tsai Chih-chien*



*Li Chun*

## Here Comes Our Cavalry

Mongolian uncle,  
And Han aunt,  
Come here, be quick!  
Come here, be quick!  
Here comes our cavalry,  
Here comes our cavalry!

Riding fine horses,  
Brandishing their swords,  
Here comes our cavalry!  
They leave a pall of dust behind,  
So fast they gallop, like a great wind,  
Sweeping over the grassland.

They are coming,  
They are coming!  
Jumping ditches,  
Flying over barriers,  
Hills cannot bar their way  
Nor rivers stop them.

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Li Chun is a PLA fighter.

They are coming,  
They are coming!  
They stir the air with their waving arms,  
Their swords flash with dazzling light.  
Thundering hoofs shake the earth,  
Battle cries reach the skies.

They are here now,  
They are here now!  
Red stars on their caps glinting  
Faces of heroes, all smiling.  
Without rest they spur on.  
Above, the red sun shines high.

Mongolian uncle holds up his thumb,  
Han aunt claps her hands.  
“No one on earth can match  
This iron cavalry of ours!  
If the enemy dares to invade our land  
They are doomed to sure defeat.”



*Sun Lai-chin*

## Spring Amid the Woods

Why do the birds keep singing?  
What sound is that in the valley?  
The birds sing to welcome the spring,  
The tramping of men's feet  
Welcomes the spring too.

Lumbermen set out in the early dawn,  
To begin the spring tree-planting,  
While small birds flutter on ahead.  
"No thanks, dear birds," we say,  
"We know just where to go and plant,  
Where we once felled the tall timber."

We enjoyed our work in winter,  
Now it's spring, we won't relax

For more sturdy young trees,  
Will make the spring more beautiful.  
With a green brush we'll paint a new picture,  
Across our vast motherland!

To the state we have sent  
Many a fine beam and rafter,  
Now with the greatest care,  
We'll plant these young saplings.  
While building our present happy life  
The great pillars of communism we'll keep in mind.



*Hsueh Chun*

## Seeing Dear Ones Off Along the Canal

Winding round our mountain village is a new canal,  
Water comes rushing along it white with spray,  
As it flows the water sings a song,  
A farewell to our PLA comrades.

On a flat face of the steep mountain is written  
In red, "Canal of the Army and People".  
Last year our commune was hit by drought,  
So PLA fighters came to lend a hand.

We met and took their hands in ours,  
Arm in arm and heart to heart,  
Armed men and people made a solemn pledge,  
"We'll cut through the mountain and bring water here!"

Armed men and people trod new paths,  
Our footprints covered the ragged hills.  
Together we shared what food we had,  
And drank from the same canteen.

We drove away wild beasts and snakes,  
In biting wind we cut the steep rocks;  
We kept a foothold along seams and cracks,  
All were as brave as mountain eagles.

Soldiers swung hammers, we held spikes,  
Mighty explosions thundered through the skies.  
Silver water wound its way into our village,  
So we named it the "Canal of the Army and People".

We went to see our comrades off along the canal,  
We went a long way, hating to leave them.  
The revolutionary feelings between us are boundless,  
Like the water in the canal they ceaselessly flow.

*Li Chih-ching*

## The Raftsmen

Above the storm and pelting rain,  
As mighty waves dash against the cliffs,  
A stirring song echoes in the mountains.  
Riding the crest of the swift current,  
A fleet of rafts come down the river.

Every raftsman is a heroic fighter,  
Their chant is vigorous and strong,  
On caps and collars the red insignia.  
They thrust their poles into the rolling waves,  
To keep the rafts afloat upon the billows.

High buildings must have timbers,  
Railway lines need many sleepers,  
The raftsmen brave the rain and river,

---

*Studying the Works of Chairman Mao*  
(New-Year picture) ▶



The pilots brave rapids and whirlpools,  
Till the gorge and cliffs are left behind.

Night drapes her veil o'er the river,  
The rafts are moored at their berths;  
Poor and lower-middle peasants greet them  
And bring hot food to grateful raftsmen.  
Then by lamplight talk turns to Tachai.\*



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\*A place in Hsiyang County, Shansi Province, where the peasants, following Chairman Mao's directive, "**Be self-reliant, work hard**", transformed rugged mountain slopes into fertile fields and have bumper harvests every year. Thus Tachai has come to be known throughout the country as a Red Flag in the agricultural front.

*Li Chih-kuan and  
Chang Feng-ju*

## A Little Hero to Remember

### Bitter End of the Year

It was winter in Shansi Province. The north wind howled through the Taihang Mountains.

On the last day of the lunar year snowflakes filled the air. In the homes of the landlords and a few other rich families in Paichia Village, women were busy cooking special food for the New-Year celebrations. The fragrance of their lavish dishes drifted through the air into the dilapidated cave dwelling where Li Ai-min and his brothers and sisters were starving with hunger and cold. The aroma made their mouths water. Their empty bellies were hollow drums. Ai-min's youngest brother nestled against his mother and tried to suck some milk from her dry breasts, but finding none, he began to cry in desperation, and without ceasing.

Dusk descended. Crows that had been out seeking food were flying back to their roosts on the bare trees. Ai-min and his family waited anxiously for his father's return.

At the beginning of December, Ai-min's father, Li Sung-kuan, had gone far away into the mountains to hide from the debt collectors. He tried to earn a living there by digging coal. Three days before the lunar New-Year's Eve he had returned home with a few pounds of millet and a basket of frozen turnips, but he went back to the mountains again. When he left he told Ai-min's mother, "Now it's winter; take good care of the children. I'll be back on New-Year's Eve. I'll probably be able to get some more food, and we'll have a family gathering."

Darkness enveloped Paichia Village. The house of the landlord known as "The King of the Village" was lit up by red silk lanterns burning brightly over the gateway. Inside the courtyard firecrackers exploded like peas cracking in a hot pot. Sitting around a warm stove, his pampered sons and daughters enjoyed themselves eating peanuts and candy.

It was pitch-dark in Ai-min's dismal cave. The walls had blackened; in places the clay ceiling had fallen. A shrill north wind had split the window paper and snowflakes fluttered in through the gaps. Hungry and shaking with cold, the children crouched in a corner on the *kang* bed and cried. Their mother sliced some raw turnips for them, then, unable to do more she sat down with them on the *kang* bed. Resting her head on her hands she gazed woodenly through the window.

Seeing his mother's careworn face, a lump rose in Ai-min's throat and he could not swallow any turnip. He crawled over to his mother, buried his head in her breast and began to cry.

"Don't cry, child," she said, trying to comfort the boy as she wiped the tears from his cheeks with her thin hand. "When your pa comes back he'll bring some wheat flour, and with the turnips for filling we'll make some dumplings."

The cave door was flung open.

"He's back!" the whole family exclaimed with one delighted voice. The mother groped around for a pine tree branch and lit it, for she had no lamp. The father stood in the doorway, a little bag in one hand. Ai-min's elder brother ran to take it and wiped the snowflakes off his father's shoulders. Little Ai-min skipped over to his

father and hugged his legs happily. The father ran his calloused hands lightly over the boy's head and said, "Up in the mountains hiding from the debt collectors, by digging coal for others to burn, I managed to earn enough to buy some wheat flour." He pulled out the basket of turnips from under the *kang* bed and said to his wife, "Come, let's make dumplings for our New-Year meal, too."

A dog started to bark close by. This warned Ai-min's father who jumped to his feet ready to escape. But, he was scarcely outside the door when the second son of "The King of the Village" barred his way and forced him back into the cave.

"So! You want to run away, eh?" shouted the young bastard of a landlord, grinding his teeth. "You escaped once, but the fact remains, you still owe us money. Now you're here again. Did you come back to have some dumplings?" he asked sarcastically.

Before this "Second Lord", as he was called, had finished speaking, his father "The King of the Village" came waddling up with a lantern in his hand.

A big landlord and usurer in Paichia Village, "The King of the Village" cruelly exploited the poor. Apart from much land he had shares in a bus company in Taiyuan. His eldest son who was a manager on the railway helped the big warlord Yen Hsi-shan to suppress the workers, while his second son remained in the village to ride roughshod over the peasants. He seized the land and house of any debtor who could not pay, and anyone who complained he sent to prison. In league with the officials in the court, he was a great favourite of theirs. Every poor family in the village hated him to the bone, nick-naming him "The King of the Village".

The old landlord, in his long black fur-lined gown and skull-cap, was as fat as a prize hog and so cunning that in a blink of an eye he could think up some evil scheme. At the doorway he forced a smile and asked Ai-min's father, "Li Sung-kuan, are you ready to pay me that twenty dollars?"

"The fact is," the peasant said, "my family doesn't have enough to eat. Besides, the children's mother is ill. I'm sorry..."

Before Ai-min's father could go on the old landlord winked at his son, who kicked the door and growled, "If you don't have enough

to eat, why do you have so many children? These little paupers are useless. If they were dogs, they could at least keep watch at our doors."

When Ai-min heard this he gritted his teeth with hatred.

The King of the Village glanced at his son again and the two went out. The old gangster whispered a few words into his son's ear, and staggered away. The young one remained. He re-entered the room and demanded, "Give me the money, quickly. You got into debt this year, so you must pay back this year!"

"I can't even feed my family, how can I give you any money?" Ai-min's father retorted angrily. "I think next year I'll..."

"None of your nonsense!" The young bastard cut him short. "You say you haven't enough to eat, but I see you're making dumplings!" He went to the chopping-block, and with a vicious swipe, scattered the turnips onto the ground. Then grabbing the little bag of wheat flour he stalked out of the door. "If you think I'm unjust," he turned back and yelled, "go to the court and lay a charge against me." He turned on his heel and went off chuckling to himself.

Destitute victims of the merciless landlord, the whole family was filled with hatred. They huddled together on the *kang* bed in the dark cave and there was little sleep for any of them that night.

The next day was the lunar New Year. Early in the morning The King of the Village sent for Ai-min's father. "After I left your house yesterday evening they took your bag of wheat flour away as part payment for your debt." The old landlord winked. "We live in the same village and I can't see you poor people starve to death. I've thought of a better way for you to earn a living. This afternoon you and your eldest son can go to the railway with our First Lord and work there. You can earn money both to pay your debt and buy food for your family — kill two birds with one stone. How about that?"

Ai-min's father knew that the railway was in urgent need of men, but also realized that the landlord's purpose was not to benefit him but to gain more profit for himself and that the heartless old blood-sucker would never turn into a Buddha. So he answered, "The

children's mother is sick, and I'm not strong enough either. We can't go."

"Well," shouted the young Second Lord, coming out from behind a screen, "you pay your debt right now if you're not going!"

"I've not a cent right now."

"Then we'll take your small piece of land and the cave!" The scoundrel cocked his head arrogantly.

To a peasant, land is a treasure. How could Ai-min's father give up his little plot! He had no alternative but to go to the railway.

### Little Shepherd

After Ai-min's father and brother left, the life of the family became even worse. To support the family, every day Ai-min's elder sister drove a donkey carrying coal to sell in the market in exchange for some food. Ai-min, though only six years old, went to the house of The King of the Village to work as a shepherd.

"Little pauper," Second Lord yelled, revealing his yellow fang-like teeth when Ai-min arrived at the house. "I warn you, I'll flay you alive if you don't take good care of my sheep."

So little Ai-min became a shepherd. Every day he went out very early in the morning and came back late at night. In winter the bitter north wind cut through him like a knife. His hands and feet swelled, his nose and ears were frost-bitten. His whole body shivered. How he longed to warm himself by the coal stove the landlord had or sit in a corner of his warm kitchen. The colder it became in the mountains, the fiercer was the anger that burned in his childish heart. He wanted to leave the sheep and run away. But he remembered what his mother had told him, "The King of the Village is a demon. Herding sheep for him will help to pay our debt." So he persisted. To relieve his fury, he would sing a folk song an old herdsman had taught him:

The landlord's sheep get fat and strong;  
While the herdsman stays hungry and cold.  
By day he drives the flock over the hills,  
At night he must doze beside the fold. . . .

One spring evening, as Ai-min drove his flock down a steep mountainside, a huge windstorm suddenly blew up and it began to pelt with rain. As he drove the animals homeward, half way down the mountain, a wolf leapt from behind some bushes and, with slobbering jaws wide open, attacked the sheep. "The landlord treats me so cruelly," Ai-min thought, "I'll feel better if the wolf takes one of his sheep." He climbed a tree and waited until the wolf had carried off a lamb to its lair.

That evening when the landlord counted his sheep one was missing. He gave Ai-min a terrible beating. "You little pauper! You eat my food, but you're worse than my dogs," he screamed as he whipped the boy. "Why didn't you call out for help when you saw the wolf?" He cursed as he beat, and beat as he cursed. Finally he pushed the exhausted Ai-min through the door and kicked him out of the way, keeping all his wages to pay for the lost sheep.

Ai-min returned home empty-handed. Full of resentment he told his mother, "Ma, let's go to the court and tell them about the landlord!"

"What! Lay charges against him?" His mother was amazed. "There's a saying: 'The court door is always open. But, it's money not justice that gives you entry.' The King of the Village works hand in glove with the court officials and dominates the village council. How can we poor expect to win!"

"But I'm not afraid of him. I'll fight the dog!" Ai-min bit his lip. It wrung his mother's heart to see the bruises and welts on his body, and tears streamed down her cheeks. "Don't you go to herd any more," she told him as she wiped the tears from her face with the hem of her tunic. "You stay home."

After Ai-min recovered from the beating he went day and night to carry coal with his elder sister to help support the family. They longed for the return of their father and brother.

A year passed by. On the evening of December 28, Ai-min's father and brother returned at last. His mother was overjoyed as she thought: "The two of them have worked for a whole year. They must have some money for us by now." But she was bitterly disappointed to hear her husband say, "A year's hard labour almost

ruined us. After paying our debt to The King of the Village, the rest of our wages was barely enough to pay our fare back again.”

“When shall we poor people see the end of these bitter days?” Ai-min’s mother asked, heaving a long sigh.

“Very soon,” her husband told her. “On the railway I heard people say that the Communist Party and the Eighth Route Army are coming soon to Shansi Province. They’ll help the poor.”

## The Eighth Route Army Arrives

In the autumn of 1937, shortly after their invasion of north China, the Japanese invaders launched a furious attack on Shansi Province. The Kuomintang troops of the warlord Yen Hsi-shan fled without firing a shot. The Eighth Route Army, led by the Communist Party, stood up boldly to the Japanese aggression. They annihilated more than three thousand invaders in the battle of Pinghsing Pass. This victory greatly encouraged the people of the whole country and increased their confidence in final victory.

One morning in May the next year, at sunrise, Ai-min was driving a donkey carrying coal to the market. As he passed Panlung Village he saw a column of soldiers approaching in the distance with a red flag in the lead. They wore grey uniforms, carried rifles and spears on their shoulders and had bamboo hats hung on their backs. Around each soldier’s arm a square piece of red cloth was tied, on which were written three characters. “Pa and Uncle Fifty-Seven have told me a lot about the Eighth Route Army,” Ai-min thought. “I wonder if these are Eighth Route Army men?”

He hurried and was home before lunchtime. The whole village was seething with activity. Some of the villagers were boiling water, some cooking and others cleaning rooms. All were busy preparing to welcome the Eighth Route Army.

“The Eighth Route Army is the people’s army,” Uncle Fifty-Seven kept saying as he stood in the centre of the village talking to everyone. “They punish wicked landlords and fight the Japanese invaders to save China.”

“That’s true,” Uncle Chang-yin chimed in. “The Communists

and the Eighth Route Army men defeat the Japanese wherever they find them. A few days ago, there was a real battle and they wiped out over two thousand enemy troops in the Changlo area not far from here.”

As the lively discussion continued, they heard singing in the distance. From the top of a rise they saw a detachment of the Eighth Route Army marching past the green willows and peach trees full of pink blossom flanking the river, towards Paichia Village. At the sight of their own soldiers, the people were happy beyond words, and almost overcome with joy.

As glad as their parents the children jumped, shouted and laughed too. Immediately he reached the village Ai-min joined them and helped to welcome the Eighth Route Army.

Every one was happy — except the old tyrant of a landlord The King of the Village. He was utterly squelched. All day long he skulked about in his compound like a deflated balloon and dared not to show his face in the village.

Ai-min helped his family clean a cave room for some of the Eighth Route Army men. A squad was billeted there that evening and the boy was so pleased he shuttled constantly back and forth among the fighters.

The leader of the squad, Tu Tien-shu, was a veteran Red Army man. After settling in their room he and his men swept the courtyard, carried water and helped to grind some flour for Ai-min’s family. Whenever he had time he told Ai-min and the other children stories about how the Red Army had climbed over snow-covered mountains and crossed the great marshland during the Long March.

One day Squad Leader Tu noticed a scar on Ai-min’s right leg and asked about it. “It’s from one of the beatings the landlord gave me,” the boy said. He told the squad leader all that his family had suffered.

“To overthrow the landlord, the poor must make revolution,” said Squad Leader Tu emphatically.

“How can we children make revolution, Uncle Tu?” Ai-min asked naively.



“You must have a strong will, aim high, listen to Chairman Mao and follow the Communist Party. Besides, you must be bold. Don’t fear the enemy. Wage a constant struggle against them.” Then he told the boy a story about a little Red Army soldier:

“On the Long March we came across an orphan, named Ah-hung, who followed us and later joined the Red Army. One day he was watering his horse at a stream at the foot of a mountain and unfortunately was discovered by an enemy scout. The enemy captured and questioned him, asking how many Red Army men there were on the mountain. To fool the enemy soldier, Ah-hung pointed to a distant mountain and answered, ‘There are more than a hundred there, but none on this mountain.’ Afraid that the boy was lying, the enemy scout rode off to check, taking Ah-hung with him on horseback. When they reached a cliff at a narrow place, Ah-hung stretched out his hands to push the enemy scout over the edge. The enemy realized what the boy was up to and threw him off the horse,

threatening him with a pistol. Ah-hung was not in the least afraid. The enemy scout jumped down from the saddle and, breaking off a willow branch, thrashed the little soldier mercilessly, still asking for some information about the Red Army. The little hero did not say a word. The enemy scout became frantic and flung Ah-hung over the cliff. . . . Later, when the Red Army went to look for the boy’s body, they couldn’t find it. They only found some crimson flowers in full bloom on the mountain slope.”

Inspired by this story Ai-min asked, “Why was Ah-hung so brave, Uncle Tu?”

“Because he’d been so badly treated by landlords and rich people and was full of hatred for them and love for the revolution.”

Wide eyed, Ai-min listened to Uncle Tu, and learned many new things. How fond he was of this veteran Red Army man with an unlimited number of stirring stories to tell. That day his family’s one hen laid an egg. Ai-min boiled it for Uncle Tu.

“Little Ai-min,” Uncle Tu laughed, “I have three meals a day and I’m not a bit hungry. You take it back for your own brother.”

“Uncle Tu, if you don’t eat this egg, I won’t let you stay in our cave any more.” Ai-min grinned as he forced the egg into Squad Leader Tu’s hand.

“That won’t do, Ai-min,” Uncle Tu said, resisting.

He looked at the egg in his hand and did not know what to do. Suddenly he had an idea. He pretended to shell the egg. Seeing this, Ai-min thought the squad leader had accepted his present, but as the armyman gave the boy a hug, he slipped the egg back into Ai-min’s pocket.

Ai-min spent almost all his time on the drill ground close to the Eighth Route Army men. When he saw the soldiers drilling, he organized a group of children to imitate them; when the soldiers practised throwing hand-grenades, the children made their own of mud with corn-cobs for handles; when the men had target practice, they used sorghum stalks for rifles and trees as targets. They sharpened branches for bayonets and learned to charge. How they longed to be Eighth Route Army soldiers!

One day as Squad Leader Tu and his men polished their guns, Ai-min went to squat beside them and stroked the weapons lovingly. To the squad leader he pleaded, "Please give me a gun, Uncle Tu. I want to fight the Japanese!"

"You want a gun?" said a young soldier, "you're not even as tall as a gun yet."

"You're not much older than I am," countered Ai-min, a little indignantly.

"All right," Squad Leader Tu could not help laughing. "When you grow up we'll certainly give you a gun, and we'll fight against the Japanese together, eh?"

Two months later the Eighth Route Army left Paichia Village for the battlefield. Ai-min, eager to fight the Japanese invaders, trailed secretly behind. So that he wouldn't be seen, he crept through the crops in the fields and did not come out onto the road until he had covered several miles, thinking that the army men would not send him back then. But as soon as he appeared on the road, he was spotted by Squad Leader Tu, who made a halt and shouted, "Little Ai-min, where do you think you're going. Turn back and go home."

"Uncle Tu, do let me go with you!" he pleaded.

"No, you're too young."

"I can fight the Japanese just like a grown-up!" Ai-min ran up to the squad leader and tearfully grasped his hand.

"Be a good boy, Ai-min," Squad Leader Tu advised while he stroked the boy's head. "We'll be back very soon after the battle. If you stay in the village you can fight the Japanese just as well."

"How can I fight them there?"

"You can join the Children's Corps and help the grown-ups to resist the Japanese aggressors."

Ai-min wanted to ask more, but the Eighth Route Army was on urgent march to the battlefield and Squad Leader Tu waved goodbye. Standing by the roadside, Ai-min gazed at the departing army fighters, while in a low voice repeated Uncle Tu's words, "Join the Children's Corps and help the grown-ups do more work to resist the Japanese."

## Forming the Anti-Japanese Children's Corps

Shortly after Uncle Tu and his squad left, an anti-Japanese government was set up in Paichia Village, and mass organizations such as the Peasants' Salvation Association, the Women's Salvation Association and the Youth Salvation Association were formed one after the other. Ai-min went to school. Carefully he thought over the words in his textbook: "The Japanese imperialists are invading China and slaughtering the Chinese people. Together with the Eighth Route Army, we must fight to resist these Japanese murderers. We would rather die than surrender..." He raised his head to look at the portrait of Chairman Mao on the wall, and a glint of determination shone in his dark eyes.

One evening after class Teacher Li called the pupils together and announced, "The District Youth Salvation Association has suggested that we set up a Children's Corps in our village. Tomorrow we'll have a meeting to elect a group."

That evening, lying on his bed, Ai-min simply could not sleep. He was thinking of Squad Leader Tu and the Children's Corps. Hours passed, and he seemed to hear the faint voice of his little friend Hsiao-ching calling him to leave for the Anti-Japanese Children's Corps meeting. Not stopping to catch his breath he ran with Hsiao-ching to the school, but just as they arrived the meeting ended. He burst into tears. His sobbing woke his mother who gently roused him. It was only a dream.

Ai-min was too excited to sleep any more. As soon as the first rays of light seeped through the cave window he jumped out of bed and, calling for Hsiao-ching and his other schoolmates, hurried off to school. They moved desks, carried chairs and put up posters and slogans, busily decorating the place for the meeting.

After breakfast the pupils gathered in the school yard, beating drums and gongs to hail the occasion. They formed columns and filed into the school-house. The chairman of the Youth Salvation Association spoke first. Then Teacher Li announced, "The Children's Corps will be under the leadership of the Youth Salvation Association. Members of the corps must study how to struggle

against the Japanese. We'll carry on anti-Japanese activities, stand guard and help to spread ideas about how to fight to resist Japan and for national salvation. We must win victory in this anti-Japanese war and become the masters of New China."

The meeting concluded with the newly elected Children's Corps singing with great gusto:

Red flag billowing,  
Sparks flying,  
We are the Anti-Japanese Children's Corps,  
Who study, fight and help production.  
We stand guard, deliver messages and scout  
To fully support our Eighth Route Army men.  
— Support the armymen  
To defend our homeland, the Taihang Mountains;  
— Support the armymen  
To defeat the Japanese aggressors.

Leaping with joy, Ai-min ran all the way home. He grasped his mother's hands and told her, "Ma, I've joined the Children's Corps. They elected me a sub-team leader."

At that moment his father came in and over-heard him. "That's good," he encouraged. "You must work hard, child. We'll never live to enjoy good times unless we drive every Japanese invader from China."

### Delivering Grain to the Army

Like a lively spark, the Anti-Japanese Children's Corps transmitted vigour and vitality wherever it went. During the movement to struggle against the anti-Communist die-hards and traitors, Ai-min led his team to take part in the mass meeting to expose the crimes of the landlord The King of the Village. In the drive to reduce rent and interest on loans, the children proved active little propagandists in the village. When spring came they worked in the fields; during the autumn harvest season they helped the villagers deliver grain to the Eighth Route Army and hide their belongings from the enemy. Ai-min always kept Uncle Tu's words firmly in mind, "Help the grown-ups; do more work for the resistance."

One evening the villagers were preparing to take grain to an Eighth Route Army arsenal in Yellow Smoke Cave. Ai-min insisted on going with them. When the bright moon climbed over the eastern mountain the grain carriers set off first with shoulder poles, while the draught animals trailed behind. Tightly gripping the reins of his little black donkey Ai-min followed his Uncle Fifty-Seven. From time to time he coaxed his animal, saying, "Careful now. Be careful." As they descended a slope he held the reins tightly and the little donkey trotted down steadily.

Ai-min loved his little donkey very much and usually did not have to whip her. But now, because he was eager to deliver the grain to the Eighth Route Army, he slapped her on the rump every now and then, anxious that she should not slow up. When the grain carriers reached Yaowan Village, Ai-min's donkey began to cause some trouble. Stopping every few steps, she lowered her head and snorted, gradually dropping behind. Disconcerted, Ai-min untied a bag of grain from the donkey's back and slung it over his own shoulder. Feeling her burden reduced, the animal trotted on again.

At midnight when the grain carriers reached a rocky path winding up the mountain near Yellow Smoke Cave, Ai-min's donkey gave more trouble. Although Ai-min pulled on the reins with all his might, she refused to budge another step. Ignoring his loud shouts, she stubbornly stood her ground. Ai-min was close to tears.

"Don't worry, child." Uncle Fifty-Seven came over to give him a helping hand. "Let's find a way to help her."

They untied the grain bags from the donkey's back, led her up past a narrow dangerous spot and then replaced the bags. That solved the problem. From then on she behaved well and climbed obediently up the mountain path.

At dawn the grain carriers reached Yellow Smoke Cave, a big natural burrow on the rocky summit of the mountain. Inside, the cave was lined with bricks and divided into rooms where machines hummed. "So this is an Eighth Route Army arsenal," Ai-min said to himself. "It's small and not very modern, but it scares the Japanese out of their wits."

The comrades in the plant invited the villagers to a meal and asked

them to take a rest. Ai-min stepped forward from the others and said: "No, thank you. You're all very busy and we'll just be in the way." With a smile he turned round and chased after Uncle Fifty-Seven who had already started back along the steep trail.

On the way home, thinking the boy might be too tired to walk, Uncle Fifty-Seven asked Ai-min to ride on his big grey donkey. Ai-min refused. "The donkey worked hard delivering grain," he said to his uncle, "he needs a rest now too." He plodded on closely behind his Uncle Fifty-Seven....

### Be as Firm as Uncle

The next year the Japanese invaders began another fierce "mopping-up" operation in the Taihang Mountains. They killed, burned and looted wherever they went.

After the enemy's "mopping-up" at the end of the previous year, the people and all their belongings had been evacuated from Paichia Village. Ai-min's eldest brother went with other militiamen and, in co-ordination with the Eighth Route Army, counter-attacked the Japanese aggressors. Ai-min's father sent him with the rest of the family to his wife's mother in Peach Valley Village, and he himself returned to Paichia Village to keep guard on the top of a mountain.

One evening just as Ai-min was ready for bed his father came running in quite out of breath. Ai-min, seeing his father's worried look, knew immediately that something terrible had happened. "What's wrong, father?" he asked anxiously.

His father turned his face away and seemed unable to answer immediately. After a long silence he said choking over the words, "Your uncle... was... killed by the Japanese."

Ai-min was stunned. He sat on the *kang* bed sobbing, tears streaming down his cheeks. "How did they kill him, father?" he asked after a while.

"This is one more score against the Japanese invaders," his father spoke passionately, bringing down his clenched fist heavily onto the table. "You must remember this and avenge your uncle and other martyrs." Then he told what had happened.

"Just before the New Year Uncle Chang-yin of the resistance village government received a letter from the district government office, saying that the enemy was on the way to attack Paichia Village. He immediately notified the people to withdraw. He came to your uncle Li Lai-kuan and said to him, 'You're not so quick on your feet. You go first with the other old folk.'

"But the old man refused. 'At the moment I'm helping the neighbours to bury and hide their things,' he said. 'What's more, I plan to stay in the village. I'll get some more information about the enemy for our militiamen, so that they can defeat the foe.' His eyes glittered with hatred for the enemy.

"After breakfast the next day he continued helping his neighbours to hide things in the mountain. When he returned to fetch a sick ox, the Japanese troops encircled the village. He heard shooting and tried to escape, but it was too late. The enemy barred his way.

"The Japanese soldiers pointed their bayonets at Uncle Li, threatening to kill him if he wouldn't tell them where the Eighth Route Army was and where the grain was hidden.

"But Uncle Li stood erect, head high, like a stone statue and said only, 'I don't know.'

"So you don't know anything, old man?" A pint-sized Japanese soldier angrily mocked him and threatened in broken Chinese. Waving his sword he gave an order to several soldiers, who closed in on Uncle Li and plunged their bayonets into his arms.

"Blood spurted out. Old Li was incensed with anger. 'You beasts!' he denounced. 'Even if you threaten to kill me, I'll not speak.'

"The Japanese soldiers surrounded him. Fierce-browed, old Li stood firm and, raising his clenched fist, shouted at the top of his voice: 'Down with Japanese imperialism! Die rather than surrender!' Then they killed him."

After hearing the story of his brave uncle, rage filled the boy's heart. Wiping away his tears, he thought of the old man's courage and ached for revenge.

That same evening he followed his father back to Paichia Village. By the time they arrived, the militiamen who had been counter-attack-

ing the enemy's "mopping-up", had all returned. "Comrades," Uncle Chang-yin's voice resounded throughout the meeting, "one of our brothers has fallen, thousands of others will rise. We must transform our grief into strength, take revenge and defeat the Japanese invaders."

His eyes brimming with tears, Ai-min clenched his fists to take the vow: "I must be as firm as my uncle, avenge him and drive the Japanese aggressors out of our country."

### Breaking Through the Enemy Blockade

In early summer, the Japanese invaders started a third "mopping-up" campaign around Paichia Village.

One day Battalion Commander Chung of the Eighth Route Army called at the village and entrusted Ai-min with an important mission. He gave the boy a letter, asking him to deliver it to the militiamen in East Valley on the other side of the enemy blockade. Ai-min willingly accepted, and hid the letter in his sock. He put on his hat, picked up a sickle and set off with his little donkey without delay. Pretending to look for grazing land for his animal, he walked along an out-of-the-way path and crossed some hills and streams. Before long he came to a cross-roads near the enemy area. A Japanese guard turned and spotted him. Ai-min's heart pounded. What should he do? "It's too late for me to escape," he thought. "What's more, it will make the enemy suspicious." He remembered the words of Uncle Chang-yin: "Be calm when you run into a dangerous situation and act according to on-the-spot conditions." He dodged behind a bush and scooped up a handful of donkey's manure, rubbing it over his clothes. With one eye on his little donkey grazing nearby he began to cut grass with his sickle. He made up his mind, "If the enemy catches me I must keep the letter safe, even if it costs my life."

A moment later the Japanese soldier approached and levelled his bayonet at the boy. "Raise your hands!" the gangster demanded.

"I won't," was Ai-min's immediate thought. His heart flamed with hatred. "You beasts have slaughtered many Chinese people. I'd rather die than submit!" But he checked himself and remained

cool. Pretending not to understand, he stood there staring foolishly at the soldier.

A Japanese officer turned up. "He's probably a little spy sent by the Eighth Route Army." He tried to intimidate the boy by shouting, "Search him!"

"No, no," cried Ai-min feigning alarm, "I'm only herding my donkey."

The Japanese soldier searched through his filthy manure-covered clothes. But because the boy smelled so badly, he was not very thorough. "If the Japanese discover the letter, I'll snatch it back and swallow it," Ai-min decided. Finding nothing on him the enemy brandished their guns to threaten him. Ai-min fell to the ground, as if terrified.

Fortunately, at that moment the bugle sounded calling the Japanese to assemble. "Get out of here! You'll lose your head if you come herding here again." The two Japanese soldiers gave Ai-min a kick that sent him sprawling, and marched off.

"Scoundrels!" Ai-min cursed as he watched the retreating figures. "Your days are numbered. Tomorrow you'll taste the bullets of our Eighth Route Army!" He struggled to his feet and drove his little donkey on to deliver his letter.

Late the next night the militiamen of East Valley acted according to the instructions taken by Ai-min and, in co-ordination with the Eighth Route Army, stormed the enemy's posts.



## Battle Without Weapons

In the spring of 1943, the Japanese aggressors, after suffering telling blows from our Eighth Route Army, militiamen and guerrillas, made a last-ditch stand. They mobilized large forces to attack our revolutionary base area in east Wuhsiang County and occupied Paichia Village which they fortified.

The people of Paichia Village withdrew to the East Valley area near the county anti-Japanese government headquarters. Standing on top of Northern Mountain, Ai-min gazed at the enemy's pillbox in his home village and spat contemptuously. "Notorious bastards — the day will come when we Chinese people will annihilate you all."

He lived in a village on Teacher's Slope to the north of East Valley and together with other members of the Children's Corps stood guard, distributed leaflets and did other kinds of resistance work. Ai-min also tried his hand at making weapons. He took the musket shell his Uncle Tu of the Eighth Route Army gave him, made a hole at the end of it for the barrel, and found a piece of date-tree wood to make a grip — calling this his "pistol". Then he helped the other children to make one like it. They sewed red cloth covers for their "pistols" and hung a variety of colourful cotton tassels on the grips. With these "arms" slung over their shoulders they looked quite militant. The members of the Children's Corps were pleased with Ai-min as their elected leader.

One evening Uncle Fifty-Seven visited Ai-min's house, carrying several buckets of paste, which clattered together loudly as he walked.

"What tricks are you going to play with these buckets, uncle?" asked Ai-min's mother.

"We've no time to play any tricks these days. Everything we do must help to resist the Japanese." His face crumpled into smiles. "Tonight I'll take the children to Paichia Village to distribute leaflets and put up posters. We'll wage a propaganda offensive against the puppet troops there."

The members of Children's Corps arrived. "Children," Uncle Fifty-Seven instructed them, "when you enter the enemy-occupied area you must be bold but cautious. If anything happens, don't

get into a panic. The puppet troops dare not leave their pillbox at night. Sometimes they fire a few shots at random just to keep up their courage, but they're nothing to be afraid of. On the other hand we must be cool and not fall into disorder if anything unexpected happens. You must listen to my orders. Is that clear to you all?"

"Yes," was the unanimous reply.

Under the shimmering moonlight the children's propaganda team set off, with Ai-min walking at the head. He was followed by Uncle Fifty-Seven, who carried two hand-grenades. The other children, walking closely behind, carried the buckets of paste and rolls of leaflets. Now passing through crop fields, then crossing hills and valleys, they soon reached the enemy blockade. Uncle Fifty-Seven gazed from a hilltop towards Paichia Village and located the enemy pillbox. He came down and crept through a maize crop, beckoning to the children to follow. Ai-min and the others ran silently towards the enemy fortifications. Suddenly a searchlight from the pillbox swept across the field, so that the dewdrops on the maize leaves sparkled in the brightlight. The propaganda team took cover in a deep ditch.

"We're about twenty metres from the enemy pillbox," Ai-min said to his companions, "Uncle Fifty-Seven and I will climb out first and have a look around."

They climbed out of the ditch and, finding everything quiet and still, threw a rope to the other children. Unexpectedly, one boy lost his balance and fell back with a thud which broke the stillness of the night. Immediately a volley of gunfire came blindly from the pillbox and a puppet soldier shouted nervously: "Who's there?"

Uncle Fifty-Seven silently motioned the children to crouch in the ditch while he concealed himself in the field. When the searchlight revealed nothing suspicious the puppet troops switched it off.

Uncle Fifty-Seven helped the children to climb out. Swiftly they scattered the leaflets over the ground, anchoring them from the wind with clods of earth. Quietly nearing the enemy pillbox they plastered the walls of a ruined house with posters.

Ai-min kept back a roll of posters. He wanted to put them on the wall of the pillbox, but as yet had no chance to do so, for the pup-

pet soldiers were patrolling to and fro with their rifles. We must finish before dawn, Ai-min thought. He went to Uncle Fifty-Seven and whispered in his ear. The two worked out a plan.

Taking the roll of posters with him, Ai-min crawled to the north and waited in a ditch several metres from the pillbox, while Uncle Fifty-Seven led the others to the south to divert the enemy's attention.

When the puppet soldiers saw shadows to the south they started to shout, when there was no reply, they began firing wildly in panic.

As soon as the enemy's attention was drawn away by Uncle Fifty-Seven, Ai-min leaped out of the ditch and dashed to the pillbox like a hare. He stood close against the wall, hastily scattered some leaflets on the ground and pasted several posters on the wall.

As the first fingers of light stretched up from the east Ai-min, Uncle Fifty-Seven and the boys converged on a narrow path far away from the enemy fortifications. They turned to look back. The puppet soldiers were still shooting now and then. With satisfied smiles on their faces, they returned triumphantly home.

The puppet troops soon discovered the leaflets and posters every-



where. "Chinese don't fight with other Chinese!", "Countrymen, resist the Japanese aggressors!", "Don't be cannon-fodder for the Japanese!", "Go to the mountains and come over to our side!" Like knives in the hearts of the puppet soldiers, these slogans showed a way out to those who wanted to take it. Two days later several puppet soldiers came up Northern Mountain and joined the anti-Japanese guerrillas.

## Little Guide

It was time to harvest wheat. The people in the revolutionary base area unfolded a campaign to starve the Japanese invaders. In order to prevent the enemy from seizing any grain during the harvest, the militiamen and villagers on Northern Mountain went to the border area to wage a blow by blow struggle with them.

One evening, just as Ai-min was getting into bed a voice called from outside, "Neighbour, neighbour." Ai-min went to the window to look out. A stranger with a gun slung over his shoulder was standing in the moonlight.

"Neighbour," the man continued, "I'm an Eighth Route Army man. We're going to the front to relieve the troops there and need a guide."

"Relieve the troops' is what the guerrillas of the Eighth Route Army say," Ai-min thought. "The enemy don't say this. He must be one of our own men." But still, the boy remembered Uncle Fifty-Seven's warning: "We must be cautious about everyone and always be on the alert." Looking the man over more carefully Ai-min decided he was kind and friendly, just like the Eighth Route Army men. Nevertheless, he was prepared. "If he's a spy, I'll alert the people and we'll catch him." Having made up his mind, he opened the door and went out.

"Is there a militiaman in your room, little friend?" the stranger asked. "Can you find a comrade to show us the way?"

"The militiamen — have all gone to their posts." Ai-min spoke loudly on purpose.

"Oh!" The man scratched his head, then added with concern, "you go back inside. Be quick. And be vigilant against the enemy." He turned and walked away.

From the man's behaviour, Ai-min was certain he was not a spy. He ran after the soldier and asked, "Can I help you, uncle?"

"No." The man smiled back in answer.

"How do you know I can't!"

"You're a child," the man said. "We have orders to go to Hanchia Village to protect the people while they harvest their wheat and want to take a short cut. But we don't know the way and need a militiaman to show us."

"Where will you find the militiaman late at night like this, uncle?" Ai-min asked the comrade. "They've all gone to help with the reaping. Only the old people and children are left in the village. But I'll guide you...."

"You?" The comrade was surprised by Ai-min's decisive tone, and sized him up dubiously. "Can you?"

Seeing that the armyman was still doubtful, Ai-min added, "I know my way around. I'll show you the short cut."

Ai-min's obvious intelligence and maturity made the man confident that he was able. "Thank you then, little friend," he said to Ai-min warmly and together they went to meet his commander in the forest.

When they arrived, Ai-min recognized the commander. "Ah, Battalion Commander Uncle Chung!" he cried delightedly.

The commander could not place him immediately.

"I'm Li Ai-min, from Paichia Village."

"Oh, yes, I remember now." The commander patted him on the shoulder. "We've a living compass here," he informed the other men. "We shan't have to worry about the way now."

The Eighth Route Army men prepared to march. "Just follow me," Ai-min said waving to them. They started off. Like an eagle flying across the mountains, Ai-min went swiftly through forests, across streams and up steep hillsides. The rugged country was a challenge, but he was not in the least afraid of it. The Eighth Route Army men following behind constantly praised him.

Soon, the marching column came to a precipitously steep mountain.

"There are practically no paths here," Ai-min told the battalion commander. "We'll have to crawl up."

"Can you manage?" the commander asked.

"Sure."

To Ai-min, this mountain was not strange. Day in, day out he had driven flocks of sheep over it and taken many a trouble when he was a shepherd for The King of the Village. Then, when the Japanese invaders came, he and his family had hidden there. This time he was showing the way to the Eighth Route Army men, who were going to the front to annihilate the Japanese aggressors. This change in the situation greatly increased his enthusiasm. For the Eighth Route Army, he would dare to climb mountains of swords and cross seas of fire, let alone this paltry hill.

He scampered up by gripping clumps of grass and branches of trees with both hands, the Eighth Route Army fighters close behind him. Finally they reached the top. "The enemy pillbox is over there." Ai-min pointed to another hill just beyond them. Then he looked down at the plain below. "See!" he cried with delight, "the people of Hanchia Village are reaping wheat."

"You're a good boy, Ai-min," Battalion Commander Chung said as he ruffled Ai-min's hair affectionately. "You'll grow into an outstanding scout. You've done an excellent job. But now you must go back."

Ai-min hated to leave these wonderful army uncles and longed to stay as a little soldier in their ranks. But knowing that Battalion Commander Chung was on an urgent mission, he said nothing and reluctantly left.

After his return he was even more eager to scout for the Eighth Route Army. Besides leading his group to keep watch for the enemy, he began to learn from the militiamen how to lay land-mines and other kinds of warfare.

## Sending Information

One morning after breakfast in mid July, crowds of people from nearby came jauntily into the village of East Valley. An assembly

had been called by the Eighth Route Army to celebrate the victory of the wheat harvest. Everyone was happy and excited.

At sunrise Ai-min led his group to stand guard on a mountain slope south of the village. "To safeguard the assembly we must keep a special watch on the enemy's movements and see to it that not a single one is able to get in," he told his members.

"Right," the children agreed in one voice. "We guarantee not a single one will get in."

Rows of red-tasselled spears were stuck on the slope. Ai-min sent Hsiao-ching up a tree to keep watch there, while he patrolled with the rest.

Perched on the treetop, Hsiao-ching scanned the valley through his paper telescope. "Come up and look, quick!" he shouted. "I can even see the pagoda in Yen-an, the highways and Chairman Mao's cave house from here."

"Yen-an is too far away, how can you see it?" Ai-min asked sceptically. "It's just wishful thinking."

"When do you think we can see Chairman Mao then?" Hsiao-ching asked wistfully.

"After we've smashed the Japanese invaders, defeated Japanese imperialism and liberated our whole country," Ai-min answered earnestly. "But now you must keep your eyes and ears open in every direction. Be cautious...."

"Yes, sure," Hsiao-ching gazed in the direction of Panlung where the enemy was posted. Suddenly he started yelling, "Look! Someone must be coming...."

"Who!" Ai-min was anxious.

"A big flock of white doves have been startled by something."

Before his voice died away a cloud of doves fluttered across the blue sky to the west.

A moment later Hsiao-ching shouted again, "Come and look. Some black spots are moving along the road to the west. They're disappearing down a dip in the road. Oh, my! Now they're climbing up again. Something is shining over that mountain ridge."

Ai-min climbed up the tree in a flash and peered where Hsiao-ching was pointing. "Militiamen?" Ai-min wondered. "No. They

look like Japanese. Yes. The enemy troops from Panlung are closing in!" Waving to the children below, he ordered, "Get ready!" He slipped down from the tree with Hsiao-ching and told the assembled group, "Go and pull down the signal tree on the mountain top. Be quick. Tell the people around here to evacuate. I'll go and report to Battalion Commander Uncle Chung."

As though he had sprouted wings he ran swiftly towards the village. Before he even reached the meeting place he started to shout, "The enemy's coming! The enemy's coming from Panlung!"

Battalion Commander Chung who was presiding over the meeting, immediately sent Uncle Chang-yin to direct the villagers' withdrawal, while he led his men and the militia to the mountain to ambush on both sides of the village.

Over two hundred Japanese troops, preceded by a few Chinese traitors, headed straight for the village. They hoped to catch both armymen and villagers together while they were at the meeting. But they were counting their chickens before they were hatched. None of them dreamed that the Eighth Route Army was setting a trap for them.

When the enemy came slogging along, Battalion Commander Chung coolly gave the order, "Fire!" All rifles were trained on the foe. The battle only lasted an hour. The Japanese commander, arrogantly brandishing his sabre a moment before, toppled from his horse. The lucky ones whom the bullets missed fled helter-skelter, hauling the dead behind them.

The battle ended in victory. Battalion Commander Chung praised Ai-min and his group warmly, "This Children's Corps is really excellent. You've worked hard and done a wonderful job for our motherland and our people." The villagers and the armymen cared lovingly for the little heroes.

## Die for the Revolution

In 1943 Ai-min turned thirteen. The War of Resistance Against Japan entered the stage of counter-offensive. The Eighth Route Army launched a furious attack on the enemy entrenched in Panlung

and Wuhsiang. On the defensive, the Japanese invaders made vicious surprise assaults, veiled attacks and encirclements, carrying on "revenge mopping-up" campaign against our anti-Japanese bases. A grim struggle went on against the looting of grain by the enemy.

The people who had been evacuated from Paichia Village to East Valley, responded immediately to their leader's call. They resolved to help the Eighth Route Army in defending the revolutionary bases. As they had done during the wheat harvest, they now went at night to the enemy-occupied area and under the protection of the militiamen and guerrillas reaped the autumn crops.

At dusk one evening Ai-min asked Uncle Fifty-Seven to allow the Children's Corps to go with the grown-ups to Paichia Village. "You're too young," his uncle insisted. "The situation is tense and it's very dark at night. Your corps better stay at home and stand guard in the village."

Ai-min pouted. "If you won't allow other boys to go, you should make an exception of me. I'm older." He lowered his voice and added, "If you let me go, I'll act as scout and keep watch. I can help carry some grain back as well." He clung to Uncle Fifty-Seven until the old man gave in.

It was pitch-dark that night. A few stars twinkled occasionally through the scudding clouds, but vanished in a flash. Headed by the militia leader fifty militiamen and villagers made their way to the crop fields near the enemy pillbox in Paichia Village and started their rush-harvesting. Gusts of autumn wind swept across the fields so that the rustling of the crops muffled the sound of reaping.

"We must race against time to finish these fields before dawn," the militia leader told others quietly as he worked.

Ai-min quickly filled his bag with millet ears. Then he moved close to the militia leader and pleaded, "Let me scout the road on our way back. If anything happens I'll cough three times to warn you. Agree?"

"No, you're too young," the militia leader insisted. "I'll ask a militiaman to go ahead."

Just before daybreak, the reapers, loads on their backs or on shoulder

poles, made ready to return to East Valley. They assembled, but there was no sign of Ai-min.

The boy had left some time before. He thought, as a child, he would arouse less suspicion and could easily take cover if he came across any enemy. Well aware that it was not easy to get the militia leader's permission, he started before the others to have a look around. Within a short while he had gone quite a distance. He kept on the alert as he walked along, always ready to notify the villagers, in case any enemy showed up.

The militiaman who was assigned to scout ahead looked for the boy. He had not gone far when a shot rang out from the top of the mountain on the right, and several shadowy figures emerged.

"It must be enemy's sentries," thought Ai-min when he heard the shooting. Immediately he turned to run back, but was stopped by a voice calling, "Who's there?" He heard the snap of the guard's safety catch.

"We're on the same side," Ai-min answered quickly, trying to disguise his voice.

"Password!"

Ai-min was stumped. He coughed loudly three times, regardless of what might happen to him. The militiamen and villagers, warned by both the shot and the boy's signal, promptly dispersed into the fields.

Now Ai-min was only twenty steps from an enemy soldier. It was not the first time he had run into such peril. He had broken through many enemy blockades without a hitch. He began to sneak into the fields, but there was a sudden burst of machine-gun fire and he was hit in the leg. A gang of Japanese soldiers quickly came up and surrounded him.

They took him to the riverside where a fat Japanese officer cast a suspicious glance at him and ordered his interpreter to interrogate the boy:

"Hey, brat, where do you come from?"

"Paichia Village."

"What are you doing here?"

"Gathering firewood."

There was much the Japanese officer wanted to know about Paichia Village. Attempting to gain some information from Ai-min, he urged his interpreter on:

"Where are the villagers hiding?"

"In the Taihang Mountains!" Ai-min eyed his opponent scornfully.

"Who is the chief of the Communists in your village?"

"I don't know!" Ai-min answered non-committally and indignantly turned his head away from the enemy.

"Now, if you tell the truth you'll be allowed to go home to your mother; otherwise — see!" The villain raised his pistol and pressed it to the boy's temple.

"Even if you threaten to kill me, I still don't know!"

The officer was furious. He ordered Ai-min to be tied to a tree and lashed. The answer was still "I don't know!"

Seeing that Ai-min was no coward the officer tried to tempt him.

"Now look here, boy, if you answer our questions, the Imperial Army will take good care of you and you'll be given a reward." Through the interpreter, the Japanese continued to coax Ai-min with honeyed words. The officer untied the boy from the tree himself and hypocritically adjusted Ai-min's torn tunic.

"Come on, lad, speak up and I'll give you some sweets..." The interpreter leered with feigned kindness as he held out a handful of toffee to Ai-min.

"Who cares for your stinking sweets!" With one deft movement Ai-min sent them flying into the interpreter's face.

The fat Japanese officer was in a rage. "Whip him! whip him!" he shrieked.

The fiends beat Ai-min mercilessly, stopping only to threaten him again. "If you still won't speak, we'll shoot you — you little Communist bandit."

"Do what you like. You'll never get anything out of me!"

A familiar scene flashed across Ai-min's mind as he remembered the words of Squad Leader Tu when they parted at the roadside. Quite clearly he saw Uncle Tu's affectionate smiling face and his retreating

figure. He thought of the heroic Ah-hung of the Red Army and of his unflinching uncle Lai-kuan.

"I must be true to my country like them — die rather than surrender," he vowed to himself. "I must be worthy of my dear Eighth Route Army uncles. No matter what the enemy does to me I must have an iron will and not breathe a word about our men to the enemy, even if they kill me!"

Frustrated in all his evil schemes the fiendish Japanese officer gave a final order, "Kill him!"

Two Japanese soldiers levelled their bayonets and approached Ai-min.

The wind was howling, dark clouds were gathering. In the teeth of the bitter wind heroic little Ai-min held his head high and stood like a giant. Suddenly he summoned all his strength and shouted as if his lungs would burst!

"Down with Japanese imperialism!"

At sunrise the militiamen and villagers returned to East Valley. When Ai-min did not turn up they went to look for him. Although they searched everywhere they found not a trace of him — seeing only some crimson flowers in full bloom on the riverbanks...

*Illustrated by Chou Chien-fu*

## Peking Opera "Shachiapang" — the Screen Version

**EDITORS' NOTE:** Late last September the Changchun Film Studio released a technicolour film version of the model revolutionary Peking opera *Shachiapang*, the libretto of which we published in No. 11 of this journal, in 1970. The film has been warmly received. The story takes place in Shachiapang, a small town in the marshy district of Changshu County, Kiangsu Province, during the War of Resistance Against Japan (1937—1945). The district was an anti-Japanese base controlled by the Communist-led New Fourth Army which, having to evacuate it temporarily for tactical reasons, left behind eighteen wounded men in the care of the local people.

The Japanese launched a "mopping-up" campaign in this revolutionary base.

They were followed by a puppet troop known as the "Loyal and Just National Salvation Army" commanded by the traitors Hu Chuan-kuei and his chief-of-staff Tiao Teh-yi. Their immediate task was to ferret out the wounded New Fourth Army men who, hiding and recuperating in the marshes, were waiting for further orders. They lacked fresh supplies of food and medicine and were cut off from their comrades in the town.

Sister Ah-ching, Party branch secretary in Shachiapang, worked as hostess in a tea-house in the town, while carrying on underground Party work. Relying on the local people she waged a very complicated struggle with the puppet officers. With the help of the masses the wounded men successfully withdrew to a safer place.

The enemy were anxious to find the wounded men and also attempted to uproot the Party organization in the town. They tried to extract information from Aunt Sha, a peasant activist, but in vain. Outwitted by Sister Ah-ching who collaborated closely with the peasant woman, they were completely frustrated.

Restored to health, the eighteen men plunged into action again. They organized themselves into a commando platoon and, in co-ordination with their main forces, attacked Shachiapang. They captured the town. Hu Chuan-kuei, Tiao Teh-yi and their Japanese master were all taken alive.

In the following we publish some audience reaction to the film.

*Hai Chen*

### With Gun Firm in Hand

Kuo Chien-kuang, a political instructor in the New Fourth Army, a mauser pistol slung over his shoulder, walks out of a bamboo grove to the strains of majestic music. He looks vigilantly around. In a close-up which fills the screen he stands motionless against the night sky dotted with stars. From the very start the theme of people's armed struggle is brought out in the film *Shachiapang*.

Chains must be smashed by the hammer, the old world must be remoulded by the gun. **"The seizure of power by armed force, the settlement of the issue by war, is the central task and the highest form of revolution."** The film emphasizes this truth. Our troops attack Shachiapang, annihilating the counter-revolutionary forces with revolutionary forces. Because they are the people's troops and loyal to the people, they are invincible.

When the New Fourth Army commando platoon is in action under the command of Kuo Chien-kuang, the assault is preceded by a description of the forced march across hills and streams through the moonlit night. A succession of quick shots that follow highlight the thrust right into the heart of the enemy's den. In the duel to

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Hai Chen is a fighter in the PLA Navy.



squash Hu Chuan-kuei, Tiao Teh-yi and the rest, the camera follows Kuo Chien-kuang's every action in the battle. He never strays from his aim. The bugle calls the fighters to the charge. Kuo Chien-kuang, standing in the bright morning sunlight, directs the onslaught. The town is recaptured by armed struggle. The labouring people cannot win without the gun.

When both food and medicine have run out and there is no news from Shachiapang and Sister Ah-ching, Kuo Chien-kuang, waiting in

the marsh land under the overcast sky, is not discouraged. A close-up brings him to the fore as he stands with his men among the reeds. His figure is gradually enlarged as he gazes into the distance, pistol in hand, intent on locating the enemy. His fearlessness, determination and faith in final victory are accentuated by the shafts of sunlight that break through the cloudy sky and focus on his face. His is the typical image of a people's fighter.

*Yang Chun-ching*

### An Able Underground Liaison Worker

A single ray of light across a dark screen brings into bold relief the fine Communist, Sister Ah-ching. She is an underground Party worker, one of the leading characters in the colour film *Shachiapang*.

Chairman Mao has pointed out, **"In most of China, Party organizational work and mass work are directly linked with armed struggle; there is not, and cannot be, any Party work or mass work that is isolated and stands by itself."** Sister Ah-ching abides faithfully by this directive. All her underground activities are for the purpose of achieving final victory by armed struggle. She withstands all the ordeals of severe class and national struggle, and educated by the Party, emerges as a resolute vanguard fighter, who unswervingly implements Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

Sister Ah-ching thinks of the wounded New Fourth Army men as her own flesh and blood. They belong to the same class. This gives her courage when she wages a tit-for-tat struggle with the enemy. Even when the situation steadily worsens with the arrival of the

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Yang Chun-ching is a worker,

vicious puppet officers Hu Chuan-kuei and Tiao Teh-yi, she manages to outwit them and protect the vital revolutionary forces under her care.

Before the Party secretary of the Changshu County committee comes in disguise with instructions for her, the sky is overcast, showing that the enemy's White Terror reigns supreme. Sister Ah-ching turns to gaze at the desolate reed-covered marsh land where her wounded comrades are hiding. A close-up of her face clearly shows the heaviness of her heart.

Her singing expresses her feeling for the people's fighters, every word is full of passion and class comradeship. Devoted to the revolutionary cause and conscious of her responsibility as a Communist, she fulfils her duties with determination and optimistic conviction that it will certainly win.

Her task is extremely complicated. Being the secretary of the Party branch, she looks upon it as her duty to take care of the recuperating fighters in the marshes. Before the enemy begins the "mopping-up" campaign, she has to organize the evacuation of the



men by boat. After the enemy has taken the town she sees to it that the wounded comrades have enough food and medicine. The situation is quite precarious.

But she remains calm and confident no matter how craftily and cruelly the enemy tries to taunt and entrap her. She outwits them and eventually defeats them. At one critical moment when the enemy seem likely to decoy the wounded men into the open, she tricks them so that they fire into the air and so alert her comrades in hiding. Cleverly and with great courage she carries out the order of the county Party committee and, with the help of the masses, evacuates the wounded men to a safer place.

The image of Sister Ah-ching as portrayed on the screen faithfully follows the stage production of the opera while, through film technique, it raises it to an even higher plane.

*Tung Feng-wen*

## A Revolutionary Mother

Aunt Sha in the colour film *Shachiapang* is known as a revolutionary mother. She is infinitely loyal to the Party and the revolutionary cause, has boundless love for the people's soldiers and fierce hatred for the enemy. All her deep emotions are portrayed from various angles and in many poses.

When the eighteen wounded men leave she tells them, with deep loathing for the enemy, of the bitter sufferings of her family. She looks up at the rising sun and says with words straight from her heart, "The Communist Party of China is like the bright sun!" In these simple words, this woman who suffered so much in the old society

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Tung Feng-wen is a peasant.



sums up all the class feelings she cherishes for the Party and Chairman Mao and shows how highly she values the present. A close-up captures the depth of her emotions.

Many scenes in the film touch our hearts. When she hears that some wounded men are applying to return to their unit for active service, Aunt Sha worries about them and tenderly strokes Kuo Chien-kuang's arm. Her mind is full of mixed feelings. While admiring their bravery and fully supporting their action, at the same time she hates to see them go. Her deep concern for the wounded army men embodies all her love for the Party. **"If the army and the people are united as one, who in the world can match them?"** The film verifies this truth.

Aunt Sha denounces Hu Chuan-kuei and Tiao Teh-yi when they try to wring information from her. She stands before them like a giant, unflinching and contemptuous, her eyes gleaming with anger for the enemy while full of love for the New Fourth Army men. No butcher's knife can scare her. By remaining strong and scornful, she defeats the enemies' every effort to derive information from her.

We shall never forget this beautiful picture of Aunt Sha.

*Hsin Wen-liang*

## In Praise of the Korean People's Fight Against Aggression

For the glorious month of October when the Chinese people celebrate their National Day, Peking was festive with red flags and decorated with masses of flowers. The performance of the Korean revolutionary national opera *A Sea of Blood* by the newly arrived envoys of the heroic Korean people — the Pyongyang National Opera Troupe, heightened the festive atmosphere. It was an expression of friendship cherished by the Korean people for their Chinese brothers. The opera inspired Chinese audiences and artists, who praised highly the achievements of the Korean artists in the field of operatic art.

Oh, to you the oppressed people,  
Revolution is the only way to life.  
Take up your guns and march to the battlefield. . . .

Hardly was this fine aria finished when from the audience came thunderous applause. By this the Chinese people showed their admiration for the Korean people's defiance of brute force and their

courage in fighting it. The warm audience response also demonstrates their appreciation of the opera *A Sea of Blood*.

Inspired by the revolutionary thinking of the great leader of the Korean people, Kim Il Sung, in the field of literature and art the revolutionary Korean literary and art workers have created many outstanding revolutionary literary and art works. These are educating the people with the glorious revolutionary tradition and spirit of communism. The revolutionary opera *A Sea of Blood* which portrays the Korean people's armed struggle against Japan is a fine specimen of them.

The story of the opera takes place in the thirties of the present century. Korea was then ground down under the heel of the Japanese imperialists. Dark prisons were full everywhere and savage massacres a daily occurrence. A thousand miles of beautiful land were turned into a sea of blood. But where there is oppression, there is always rebellion. The heroic Korean people never gave up their fight against the aggressors, and the struggle since the thirties has become even more intensified. Korean Communists and patriots, under the leadership of their beloved leader Kim Il Sung, took to arms and waged armed struggles against Japan. This was then the chief form of struggle in the Korean revolutionary movement at that time.

*A Sea of Blood* is in praise of this armed struggle. It sings of the heroism and adamancy with which the Korean people fought for the revolutionary cause of national independence and liberation. The opera shows how Korean patriots, educated by the political workers in the anti-Japanese guerrillas, came to understand that they must take up arms and dare to fight and that this is the only way to defeat the aggressors. Just as the eldest son of the heroine, the Mother, says, "Only by taking up arms to wage revolution can we recover our motherland and the right to lead a human life."

The oppressed Korean people love their guerrilla fighters dearly. They give them their best food, sew clothes for them with much care and tenderness, while they send their sons and daughters to swell the guerrilla ranks. The people risk their lives to protect and cover these fighters, because it is in these anti-Japanese forces that the hope of national liberation lies. The opera accentuates the fact that war edu-

cates people and that they mature in struggle. The workers arm themselves with hammers, the peasants with hoes, the women with poles, and they organize themselves into fighting units. By co-ordinating with their guerrillas, they take back the cities from the Japanese and free their land.

Persistence in fighting without fearing sacrifice — this is another point upon which the opera focuses attention. The heroine, the Mother, is a poor peasant woman. She sees with her own eyes how the Japanese aggressors are ravaging her motherland and savagely massacring her compatriots. Her own husband is a victim. When he is dying he denounces the Japanese aggressors in this way: "De-



based bandits that you are. You kill me today. But death is waiting for you tomorrow." These words take root in his wife's heart. She makes a pledge to avenge him.

Educated by the political workers of the anti-Japanese guerrillas and inspired by her children who whole-heartedly take part in the revolutionary struggle, this poor peasant woman matures steadily as a fighter. She comes to understand, "Only by unbending struggle can we annihilate the brutal enemy and avenge ourselves of the wrongs that are as deep as a sea of blood." From then on she follows the road of determined struggle and continues in spite of many difficulties. "I offer my life in my people's fight; my heart for ever remains true to the revolution." This is her vow that she carries out to the letter.

For the revolution she takes on the task of delivering messages to the guerrillas. For the same reason she learns to read in order to equip herself with culture. She spreads the truth of revolution wherever she goes and organizes women like herself into fighting associations. In order to obtain dynamite for the guerrillas who urgently need it, she boldly enters the enemy's den to fetch it. She shows great intelligence in face of grave danger to accomplish the task.

This mother is an ordinary Korean woman, but nourished by communist thinking and tempered by the armed struggle against Japan, she transforms herself into an unyielding revolutionary. With intense hatred for the Japanese aggressors she storms the enemy in a barrage of fire. She directs every bullet laden with hatred straight at the foe. It is fighters like her who open the prison door and let into the suffering motherland the light of liberation and spring. She is the prototype, the brilliant image of the heroic Korean people, who fight unflinchingly for their freedom and overwhelm the enemy. She is the embodiment of the glorious tradition the heroic people have created by daring to fight and daring to win.

*A Sea of Blood* unfolds before us a picture of how the magnificent fighting spirit of the Korean people, who are firmly united, finally succeeds in defeating the enemy. It shows how essential unity is to those who fight for freedom. Unity means strength and victory. Hoary-haired old men, teen-aged youngsters, men and women, when united by the millions, can surely win independence and freedom



for their motherland. The last scene of the opera describes the taking of a town from the Japanese. No matter how strong the aggressors and vicious their lackeys, they cannot avoid being overcome by the might of the masses including the guerrillas, armed workers, peasants, young men and women who march triumphantly together.

The performance, meticulously polished and executed with strict artistic discipline, is unique, showing a high level of direction, acting, music, dance and stage décor. The artists, whatever their role, act with realism and feeling. Innovations have been introduced in singing, orchestration and dance, but in keeping with the Korean national style. The mass dance scenes are very impressive and the stage disposition excellent, in setting off the revolutionary content of the opera most effectively.

The artists rehearse diligently off stage and present the opera with devotion, ensuring in their performance a perfect union of militant ideological content with a fine national art form. Their Chinese counterparts, indeed, have much to learn from them.

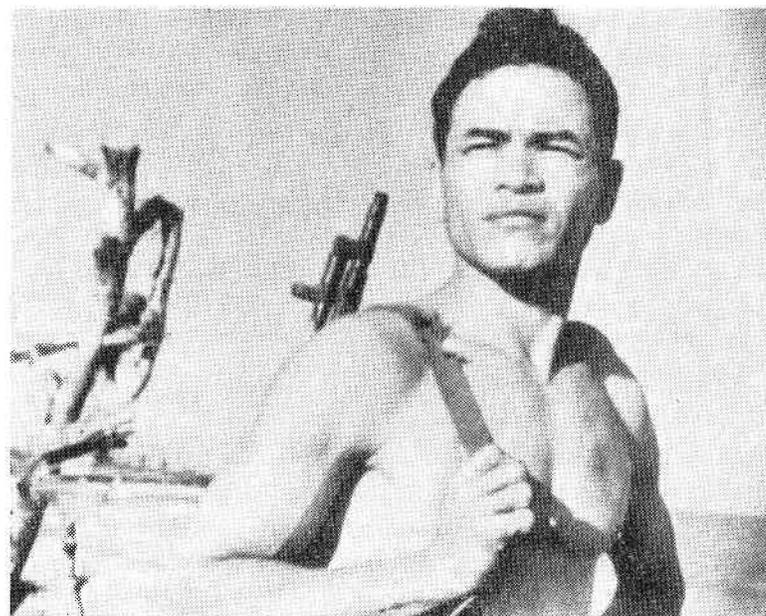
### Film Shows and Exhibition for Two Great Occasions

On the occasion of the 26th anniversary of the Proclamation of Independence of the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam which fell on September 2, a Vietnamese feature film *A Phuc* and a documentary *Vinh Linh Area — an Iron Bastion* were shown in Peking and other parts of China. There was also a Vietnamese photo exhibition in Peking.

The documentary *Vinh Linh Area — an Iron Bastion* shows how the armymen and civilians of the Vinh Linh Area, an outpost in north Viet Nam, built a network of underground tunnels while being heavily bombed by the U.S. imperialist aggressors. Engaging in production in the midst of war, armymen and civilians heroically attacked the U.S. aggressors with firm resolve to fight and win.

In *A Phuc*, a Vietnamese boy, named A Phuc, and some of his little friends, cleverly and courageously blow up a U.S. ammunition store. This film vividly portrays the ingenuity and resolution of the Vietnamese children in the War Against U.S. Aggression and for National Salvation.

At the Vietnamese photo exhibition co-sponsored by the Peking Revolutionary Committee and the China-Viet Nam Friendship Association, over one hundred photos were on display. One exhibit was a photograph of the late leader of the Vietnamese people, President



A still from *Vinh Linh Area — an Iron Bastion*

Ho Chi Minh, warmly shaking hands with the beloved leader of the Chinese people, Chairman Mao. Some photos recorded the visit to the D.R.V.N. of the Chinese Party and Government Delegation led by Premier Chou En-lai and showed the grand welcome given to the delegation by the leading comrades of the Party and Government and the people of Viet Nam. These photos reflect the revolutionary friendship and militant unity between the peoples of China and Viet Nam.

Photos of fighters and people building up their country show how the heroic Vietnamese people, under the leadership of the Vietnamese Workers' Party, are winning great victories in the War Against U.S. Aggression and for National Salvation and in socialist construction.

In early September during the great festival of the 23rd anniversary of the founding of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea, a Korean colour feature film *Picking Apples* and a colour documentary

*Profound Friendship Between the Chinese and Korean Peoples* were shown in Peking and other parts of China.

*Picking Apples* was produced by the Korean Art Film Studio and dubbed in Chinese by China's Changchun Film Studio. It describes the life and work of the fruit-growers on a fruit farm. Armed with advanced proletarian thinking, they wage a struggle against wrong ideas and conservative thinking that come into conflict with the progress of their work. By following the teachings of their great leader, Kim Il Sung, they correct mistakes, raise production and create a life of prosperity for the collective.

*Profound Friendship Between the Chinese and Korean Peoples* made by the Chinese Central Newsreels and Documentary Film Studio, records the recent visit to China of the Party and Government Delegation of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea with Kim Jung Rin, member of the Political Committee of the Central Committee of the Workers' Party of Korea and secretary of the W.P.K. Central

A still from *Picking Apples*



Committee, as its leader. At the invitation of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China and the Chinese Government, the delegation came to attend celebrations marking the tenth anniversary of the Sino-Korean Treaty of Friendship, Co-operation and Mutual Assistance. Apart from the scenes of warm welcome given to the delegation by the Chinese Government and people, the film also describes the activities of the friendship delegations from Ryanggang and North Pyongan Provinces of the D.P.R.K. when attending the celebrations in the northeastern Chinese provinces of Kirin and Liaoning. Permeated with a warm atmosphere of unity between the peoples of China and Korea, the documentary shows their firm determination to unite, fight and win victory together in the struggle against the U.S. and Japanese reactionaries.

### Three Art Troupes from Abroad

On October 2, the Korean revolutionary opera *A Sea of Blood* had its première in Peking. It was presented by the Pyongyang National Opera Troupe of Korea which, led by Sin In Ha, Vice-Chairman of the Committee for Foreign Cultural Relations of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea, arrived in Peking on September 28 for a tour of performances in China at the invitation of the Chinese People's Association for Friendship with Foreign Countries. The opera roused enthusiastic response in the Chinese audience. Elsewhere in this issue we publish an appreciation of it by one of our critics.

A few days prior to the arrival of the Korean troupe, on September 25, the Japanese Matsuyama Ballet Group, headed by Masao Shimizu, with Mikiko Matsuyama as deputy, came to Peking for a tour of performances in China at the invitation of the Chinese People's Association for Friendship with Foreign Countries. The opening ceremony was held in the capital on October 3, and was followed by their performance of the ballet *The White-Haired Girl* adapted from a Chinese opera of the same title.

During their tour of China, they also staged three newly-composed ballets, *Five Okinawan Girls*, *The Japanese Drum* and *The Vietnamese*

*Maid* depicting the heroic struggles of the Japanese and Vietnamese peoples against U.S. imperialism and its running dogs.

When the Matsuyama Ballet Group was about to conclude its performances in Peking, the *Doena* Art Troupe of the Armed Forces of the Socialist Republic of Romania, led by Major General Dinu Stelian, arrived in the capital on October 6 at the invitation of the Chinese People's Association for Friendship with Foreign Countries. On the evening of October 10 the opening ceremony for its performance tour in China was held in Peking. The Romanian artists presented songs, dances and other items including *Ode to Our Party*, *Prosperous Motherland*, *Motherland*, *Party* and *Ready to Respond to the Call*. They also performed Chinese songs and dances such as *The East Is Red*, *Long Live Chairman Mao!* and *Harvest Dance*.

### **Ninetieth Anniversary of Lu Hsun's Birth**

September 25 this year was the 90th anniversary of Lu Hsun's birth. Lu Hsun, a brilliant writer, thinker and revolutionary, was a great and courageous standard-bearer of China's cultural revolution. A series of articles appeared in the newspapers to commemorate the occasion.

*Study Lu Hsun's Thoroughgoing Revolutionary Spirit in Criticizing Confucian Ethics*, published in *Renmin Ribao*, pointed out that the best way to commemorate Lu Hsun was to learn from his revolutionary spirit. The article told of Lu Hsun's prolonged and arduous struggle against old ideas, old culture, old customs and habits which had existed in China for thousands of years. With his pen as a sharp weapon, Lu Hsun pulled down the hypocritical mask of Confucius "the Sage" whose ethical teachings were regarded as sacred and eulogized by the exploiting class. Lu Hsun was the chief commander of the May Fourth new cultural movement in 1919 and made a great contribution to the new proletarian culture. Today, in order to prevent the restoration of capitalism and consolidate proletarian dictatorship, the article stressed, it is necessary to continue criticizing Confucius' thinking and all exploiting class ideology in the same revolutionary spirit displayed by Lu Hsun.

*Jiefangjun Bao*, *Peijing Ribao* and *Guangming Ribao* also published memorial articles. These described Lu Hsun's constant struggle against reaction and his revolutionary practice in creative writing. The articles were closely linked with the class struggle and the struggle between the bourgeois and proletarian lines in ideological and political fields in China today. They further criticized the renegade Liu Shao-chi and his company of false Marxist-Leninists and political swindlers, who attempted to restore capitalism by spreading the landlord and bourgeois theory of "human nature".

These articles praised the revolutionary spirit and noble moral courage of this great communist fighter. They pointed out that the Chinese intellectuals must take Lu Hsun as an example and seriously study Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tsetung Thought in order to remould their world outlook and further advance the revolutionary cause of the proletariat.

### **New Theatrical Productions**

During the celebrations on the 22nd anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic of China, the literary and art workers in Peking and Shanghai presented many new theatrical productions and experimental performances for the workers, peasants and soldiers in the capital. These included the piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing, the piano concerto *The Yellow River*, the symphonic music *Shachiapang*, the revolutionary modern Peking operas *On the Docks*, *Fighting on the Plains*, *Tuchuan Mountain*, *Ode to Dragon River*, and the revolutionary ballets on contemporary themes, *Red Detachment of Women* and *Ode to Yimeng*.

The new experimental items were the fruits of the large-scale popularization of the model revolutionary theatrical works. They were created and staged by the Peking Opera Troupe of Shanghai, the Shanghai *Ode to Dragon River* Group, The China Peking Opera Troupe of Peking and the Central Philharmonic Society.

# Long Live Chairman Mao!

Passionately and lively

Words and music by Chin Keng

Words collectively revised



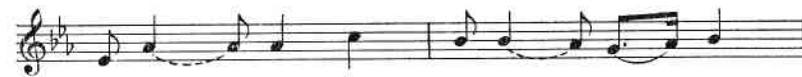
1. The gold - en bright sun ris - es in the east,  
2. U - nit - ed peo - ple stand firm as steel,



Long, long rays of light. The east wind blows  
Full of fight - ing drive. Through wind and bil - lows,



and flow - ers blos - som, Red ban - ners like the o - cean.  
the ship of rev' - lution Sails t'wards a fu - ture so bright.



Our great teach - er, our wise lead - er,  
Our great teach - er, our wise lead - er,



Be - lov - ed Chair - man Mao! You're the red sun  
Be - lov - ed Chair - man Mao! All the peo - ple



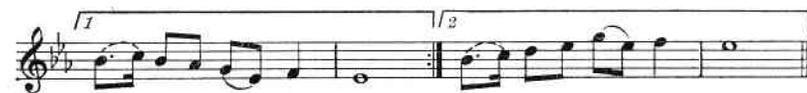
in all the hearts of Rev - o - lu - tion - a - ry peo - ple.  
for ev - er follow you, Com - mu - ni - sm is our goal.



Long live Chair - man Mao, Long live Chair - man



Mao! Long, long life to Chair - man Mao,



Long life to Chair - man Mao! Long life to Chair - man Mao!

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# RENT COLLECTION COURTYARD

*Sculptures of Oppression and Revolt*

This is an album of photographs of the life-size clay figures that comprise the exhibition *Rent Collection Courtyard*. The sculptures show how in the dark, pre-liberation days of the reactionary Kuomintang rule, Liu Wen-tsai, a landlord despot of Taiyi County in Szechuan Province, southwestern China, ruthlessly and fiendishly exploited and oppressed the tenant peasants and how they rose in revolt.

The exhibition, and so the album, is in six sections:

1. Tenants Pay Rent — Their Harvest of Bitterness
2. Liu's Strong-arm Men Check the Grain
3. The "Bloody Mouth" of the Peck Measure
4. The Abacus That Ruins the Tenants
5. Forcing Payment
6. Seizing Power

The album presents these sculptures in a number of striking groups and individual figures in close-up.

86 pages

22.9 × 25.7 cm.

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