

How should we judge whether a youth is a revolutionary? How can we tell? There can only be one criterion, namely, whether or not he is willing to integrate himself with the broad masses of workers and peasants and does so in practice. If he is willing to do so and actually does so, he is a revolutionary; otherwise he is a non-revolutionary or a counter-revolutionary.

MAO TSETUNG

**TAKE THE ROAD
OF INTEGRATING
WITH THE WORKERS,
PEASANTS' AND SOLDIERS**

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of Integrating with
the Workers, Peasants
and Soldiers

FOREIGN LANGUAGES PRESS
PEKING 1970

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. Cadres and other people in the cities should be persuaded to send their sons and daughters who have finished junior or senior middle school, college or university to the countryside. Let us mobilize. Comrades in the rural areas should welcome them.

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Editor's Foreword

As early as thirty years ago, in his celebrated work *The Orientation of the Youth Movement* our great leader Chairman Mao penetratingly pointed out:

How should we judge whether a youth is a revolutionary? How can we tell? There can only be one criterion, namely, whether or not he is willing to integrate himself with the broad masses of workers and peasants and does so in practice.

In these words Chairman Mao has indicated the only correct path for the broad masses of revolutionary educated youth to follow.

Over the last thirty years China's revolutionary educated youth have advanced along the road charted by Chairman Mao of intellectuals integrating with the workers, peasants and soldiers, and in both the new-democratic and the socialist revolutions they have steeled themselves and at the same time made contributions.

For educated young people to go to the countryside or mountainous regions and take the road of integration with the worker and peasant masses is in itself a great social revolution. On this question there has always

been a fierce struggle between the two roads of socialism and capitalism, between the proletarian revolutionary line and the counter-revolutionary revisionist line, and between the two opposing ideologies, proletarian and bourgeois. Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line leads the educated young people onto the road of integration with the masses of workers and peasants, tempering themselves as firm successors to the proletarian revolutionary cause in the storms of the three great revolutionary struggles in the countryside. The counter-revolutionary revisionist line advocated by the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi induced young intellectuals to regard going to the countryside or mountainous regions as a means to "achieve personal fame and career", "climb to officialdom and make profits" and "outdo all others". It tried in vain to lead the youth astray onto the road of capitalist restoration. The present Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, which has cleaned up all sorts of mire and filth left over by the old society, has smashed all the vicious fallacies spread by Liu Shao-chi on the question of educated youth going to the countryside or mountainous regions and opened up an unprecedentedly broad road for the educated youth to integrate with the workers, peasants and soldiers.

The broad masses of the young intellectuals, steeled and tested in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, are ever higher in spirit and firmer in determination. They have come to understand better that going to the countryside, to the border regions, to factories and mines and to the grassroots to be re-educated by the workers, peasants and soldiers is a revolutionary measure of strategic importance. It is a major question of training and bringing up millions of successors who will carry

on the cause of proletarian revolution, a long-term measure for consolidating the dictatorship of the proletariat and preventing capitalist restoration. It is necessary for the building of our socialist motherland, a great and profound revolution in ideology.

Recently Chairman Mao issued the call:

It is highly necessary for young people with education to go to the countryside to be re-educated by the poor and lower-middle peasants.

Today, there is a widespread upsurge throughout China for educated youth to go to the countryside or mountainous regions. Thousands upon thousands of revolutionary young intellectuals are marching triumphantly along the revolutionary course charted by Chairman Mao.

This book comprises seven articles telling how Chinese revolutionary educated youth integrate themselves with the workers, peasants and soldiers and how they mature in the crucible of the three great revolutionary movements: class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment.

They Steel Themselves and Mature in the Vast Rural Areas

— An interview with the educated youth of a people's commune

by *People's China* Reporter

In Chiahsien County, Honan Province, on the vast Central China Plains there is a people's commune bearing the resounding name Vast Areas to Develop Talents to the Full. The moment I set foot on its soil I was struck by this quotation from Chairman Mao written in bold Chinese characters on the whitewashed walls of every household:

All intellectuals who can work in the countryside should be happy to go there. Our countryside is vast and has plenty of room for them to develop their talents to the full.

Young people seem especially numerous here. In the fields, on the threshing-grounds, at the building sites—in fact, in all places of work boys and girls scurry about with alacrity, singing cheerfully as they work. Most of

them are young intellectuals who have come from the cities over the past dozen years in response to Chairman Mao's call for going to the countryside or mountainous regions. During the days with them I found a common characteristic in them: all are full of energy and pride derived from having faithfully carried out this significant teaching of Chairman Mao's. In fact, not only they, but even grey-haired old people and five- or six-year-olds, all take Chairman Mao's teachings deeply to heart and strive to use Mao Tsetung Thought to direct all their actions.

Old poor peasant Huang Chu-en was a township cadre a dozen years ago. With great excitement he told me how the commune got its name. He said, "In 1955 Talichuang Township, which was to become this commune later, wrote an article, 'The Experience of a Township in Planning Co-operation'. It mentioned the question of organizing educated youth for farm work. Chairman Mao saw it and included it in the famous book *Socialist Upsurge in China's Countryside*, and the quotation above comes from his editorial comment on the article." To express their incomparable love and loyalty towards the great leader Chairman Mao, the entire commune membership decided to name their commune Vast Areas to Develop Talents to the Full.

But just when Chairman Mao's great teaching was daily going deeper into the hearts of the people, the big renegade Liu Shao-chi betook himself to the region's principal city of Hsuchang in 1957. He specially called the secondary school students together for a talk in which he sang a tune in flagrant opposition to Chairman Mao's great teaching, feverishly advocating the theory of "going to the countryside for gilding and becoming an of-

ficial". Liu Shao-chi raved: "After going back to the countryside, don't do anything but work hard on the farm for three to five years", then "some of you can become county cadres, some provincial cadres, or even get into the central organs". Taking their cue from him, Liu Shao-chi's agents in Honan missed no opportunity to spread such contraband.

The struggle to win over the young intellectuals was going on in full blast. . . .

Fine Successors to the Revolution

The vast rural areas which Chairman Mao indicated with his own pen draw the enthusiastic young people like a magnet. Following the course charted by Chairman Mao, group after group of them have come to the commune over the past decade and more. Some have returned to their native villages while others, who were born and grew up in big cities, have come to the countryside to be re-educated by the workers, peasants and soldiers. Today there are 438 young intellectuals in this commune who are pulling their full weight in building a new socialist countryside and steeling themselves into reliable successors to the proletarian revolution.

Beside a well pumped by a humming motor I saw a robust young man. His legs were covered with mud and his big hands full of calluses. Someone introduced him to me saying, "This is Lu Chung-yang, a young intellectual who came back in 1958. He's now a member of the standing committee of the county revolutionary committee and vice-chairman of the commune revolutionary committee." "I thought he was a man born behind the

plough," said I. Lu Chung-yang laughed: "If we are to maintain our revolutionary integrity we must never divorce ourselves from labour and the masses." Then he told me how he became a peasant ten years ago.

It was spring of 1958 when Lu Chung-yang, then a senior middle school student in the county town, applied to the school authorities to return to his home village to work on the farm. This created quite a stir in the school. The handful of capitalist-readers coaxed him saying: "Your record's good. After finishing the senior course you'll undoubtedly be admitted to a good university. Some people want to scale heaven but can't get there without a ladder. Now you've got the ladder but you don't want to climb. Don't you care anything about your future?"

That night as Lu Chung-yang sat under the lamp he opened Chairman Mao's works and these golden words caught his eye:

How should we judge whether a youth is a revolutionary? How can we tell? There can only be one criterion, namely, whether or not he is willing to integrate himself with the broad masses of workers and peasants and does so in practice.

These words of the great leader Chairman Mao moved him and for a long time he could not be calm. "In the old days," he thought, "my family toiled as farmhands for the landlords from generation to generation. How could they ever afford to go to school? Today, my being able to study at senior middle school is all due to Chairman Mao's concern and fostering. I must never forget my class origin!" The next day he said with finality: "I'll follow the road Chairman Mao points out. The

needs of the Party and the people are my future. The countryside is my battle position." He wrote a second, and then a third application. Finally, having broken down the resistance, he returned home to the country.

After Lu Chung-yang returned to the village the poor and lower-middle peasants were closer to him than to their own children. In the storm and stress of class struggle, the old Party branch secretary put him through his paces, pointing out to him the way forward, telling him how to distinguish right from wrong and helping him raise his class consciousness. The old poor peasants guided his hands with theirs in ploughing, harrowing, planting and sowing, and gave him the benefit of all the experience they had accumulated in decades of farm work. With his readiness to learn from the poor and lower-middle peasants Chung-yang soon became a peasant worth his salt. Especially recently, although he has been busy with many other jobs, he has never been absent from farm work and has been praised by the poor and lower-middle peasants as their fine son **wholly and entirely** dedicated to the people.

Here I also saw a young woman intellectual named Liang Hsiu-ying. In 1964, after graduating from junior middle school, she proudly and enthusiastically went to the agricultural front. The day after her return she took the hoe from her mother's hand and went to the fields. At first, with the young people chatting and joking she enjoyed it very much. But as time went on, the big renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi's theory of "studying in order to climb up" cropped up again in her mind. After work one day, having dragged her weary body home, she tossed aside the hoe and threw herself on the bed, complaining: "To think of a junior middle

school graduate digging the earth all day long!" From then on, she had been preoccupied with the idea of leaving. In this situation her parents called a family meeting to recall past bitterness and contrast it with the sweetness of today. Weeping, her mother told about the miserable life of the old society. "At that time your dad worked for the landlord as a long-term farmhand," she said. "He worked with all he had but we could never eat a full meal. In freezing winter the whole family had to go out wandering. Your elder sister died of hunger. . . ." Hsiu-ying was only half listening at first, but as she listened she felt very sad. Then her father took her before the portrait of Chairman Mao and said meaningfully, "It's Chairman Mao who saved our family. You live in fortune and don't know it. You have studied for a few days and you begin to look down on the working people. This is forgetting your class origin the most!"

Hsiu-ying felt she was wrong and vowed before Chairman Mao's portrait: "Chairman Mao, I have failed to live up to your teachings. From now on, I will listen to your instructions and use the sweat from labour to wash away the bourgeois ideas in my mind. I will work in the vast rural areas all my life!"

Hsiu-ying's merry laughter was again heard in the fields. However, ideological remoulding is no plain sailing. Once when the production team was harvesting wheat the sky suddenly clouded over and a strong gale sprang up. The team leader called upon the members to store away the wheat on the threshing-floor. Hsiu-ying heard the call and had just reached the door when the rain poured down in torrents! She shrank back at once. "Let it go, one or two people less won't matter much," she justified herself. But then she saw one old

poor peasant after another scurrying past in the storm. Was she to join in the battle or make herself scarce? A sharp struggle arose in Hsiu-ying's mind. Finally, she ran out and joined the poor and lower-middle peasants in storing away all the wheat. Seeing her soaked to the skin, the poor and lower-middle peasants joined in praising her as a fine girl.

This incident made Hsiu-ying restless for several days and nights. "Why is it that the old poor peasants think of the production team at every turn while I think only of myself?" she thought. It was then that she deeply appreciated Chairman Mao's great truth that the workers and peasants are the cleanest people. She thought, in order to change her old ideas thoroughly she would have to make strenuous efforts to remould her world outlook. Now, after several years of arduous tempering, Liang Hsiu-ying has become a youth of the new generation, "a fine daughter" as the poor and lower-middle peasants fondly call her.

There are many young intellectuals here who have grown up healthily like Lu Chung-yang and Liang Hsiu-ying. Inspired by Chairman Mao's great instructions, they have continuously overcome the interference and the various obstacles placed in their way by the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi and his agents and unhesitatingly taken the road of integrating with the workers, peasants and soldiers.

The First Lesson by the Poor and Lower-Middle Peasants

The most recent group to settle down here are the seventy-one educated young people from Chengchow,

provincial capital of Honan. When the news of their coming arrived, the whole county was in a ferment. From early morning the commune's poor and lower-middle peasants were out on the roadside waiting for them. It began to rain but they would not leave. When the young Red Guards arrived, they rushed forward to take their packs and luggage. Taking their hands they said: "So you've come at last!" When the new commune members arrived at their homes, they found beds, tables and chairs, all prepared. The water vats were filled, fires were lit in the kitchen stoves. . . . The poor and lower-middle peasants asked with concern if they wanted or lacked anything. The warmth of the big revolutionary family deeply moved each and every one of the new commune members.

These young intellectuals fresh from school were like hothouse flowers that had never gone through a storm or faced the world. Some who had been victimized in varying degrees by the revisionist educational line pushed by the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi, looked down on the workers and peasants and despised labour. How were they to be trained into worthy successors to the revolution, tempered into steel? Since the arrival of the new commune members the poor and lower-middle peasants had racked their brains day and night over this problem. They said, "These youngsters have come to us and we must give them good guidance so that Chairman Mao need not worry." To enable the young people always to remember past bitterness and realize the arduous nature of the revolution, the commune members made class education the first lesson for them.

One morning the seven young people who had come from the No. 9 Middle School of Chengchow to settle down at the Hsiaohsinchuang Production Team were about to prepare their lunch when Auntie Liang, an old poor peasant woman, called. "Don't cook your lunch, youngsters," she said. "You're invited to Auntie's home." The young folk thought they shouldn't impose on people and thankfully refused. Auntie Liang then said in all seriousness, "None of you is to refuse, all must come. I have something to say to you." Seeing that she was insistent, the young people went. Auntie Liang led them to her home and brought out the meal: bran cakes and wild vegetable soup. At sight of it the new commune members understood that Auntie Liang was inviting them to a "meal to recall past bitterness". "Help yourselves, children." Auntie Liang had scarcely said this when tears streamed from her eyes. A bowl of tears, a bowl of soup, the deep hatred welled up in her heart. When Auntie Liang told how her husband had gone begging and how the landlord's dog had bit him and the blood had flowed from his leg, Uncle Liang rose and rolled up his trouser-leg, exposing the scar. The young people crowded round to see and, burning with anger, shouted: "Remember class bitterness, never forget the life of blood and tears!"

Auntie Liang dried her tears and said: "But that big renegade Liu Shao-chi said 'exploitation has its merits' and 'exploitation saves people'. He's a wolf in human guise. That big rotten egg wants to drag us back onto the old road. Can we allow it?" "A thousand times no!" the new commune members thundered their reply with one voice. Uncle Liang then took up the shoulder-pole beside him and said: "This is my heirloom. In the old

society I used this pole to carry the children in a pair of baskets when I went begging. After liberation I took up this pole again to build a new socialist countryside." A smile came to Auntie Liang's face. She opened her *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tsetung* and read word by word for the new commune members:

The world belongs to you. China's future belongs to you.

When she had finished she encouraged them: "Ours is the place mentioned by Chairman Mao in his editorial comment. You should always listen to Chairman Mao and take root, blossom and bear fruit in the vast rural areas."

The vivid lesson in class education was over and the youngsters had gained inexhaustible strength. They said: "This lesson is one we've never had in the past dozen years at school!"

Many old poor peasants used this method to arouse the younger generation to link their ideals closely with their class destiny and the future of the revolution.

Steeled in the Storm of Class Struggle

Chairman Mao says:

Class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment are the three great revolutionary movements for building a mighty socialist country.

In the vast rural areas the masses of educated youth are standing in the forefront of the three great revolutionary movements, to be tempered and tested. In the sharp struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie and

between the two roads of socialism and capitalism in the countryside, they have fought sternly with the class enemies, proved themselves impervious to their corrupting sugar-coated shells and scored one victory after another.

Production team accountant Kou Chen-ching is one of these. One day during the three years of natural calamities, 1959-1961, a speculator in the village went to Kou Chen-ching's house. He tried with fine words to coax Young Kou to appropriate a large amount of the public funds for him to deal in cotton outside. "It'll be a good bargain," he told Chen-ching. "As soon as I make a profit I'll pay you back the money, and nobody will know. We'll work together and you can be sure of a handsome return!" Chen-ching knew this business would be violating the law and discipline, so he sent him off with a rebuff. But Kou Chen-ching did not sleep well for several nights afterwards. "Why should this bad fellow single me out of all people? Why should he try his game on me?" he asked himself. With this problem in mind he turned to Chairman Mao's works. Chairman Mao says:

After the enemies with guns have been wiped out, there will still be enemies without guns; they are bound to struggle desperately against us, and we must never regard these enemies lightly.

This passage took the scales off Chen-ching's eyes. He said: "This is an enemy without a gun opening fire on a young man whose sense of class struggle is weak. Certainly I must raise my vigilance!"

Unexpectedly, a few days later the speculator appeared at his door again. This time, unable to control his fury

any longer, Chen-ching exposed the sabotage activities of this class enemy before all the commune members. Chen-ching steeled himself in this struggle, and his class stand became firmer. He has worked as an accountant in the thirteen years since he came home, and the poor and lower-middle peasants speak of him as a "good manager" of the collective economy.

During the current Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution the young intellectuals have been tempered in the class struggle, proving themselves a new strong force in the revolution in the countryside. As soon as the movement began they joined the poor and lower-middle peasants in rebelling against the handful of capitalist-roaders. This scared the big renegade Liu Shao-chi's agents in Honan out of their wits and they hastily sent a work team to suppress the rising revolutionary mass movement. As soon as the work team arrived in the village it directed its spearhead of attack against Comrade Wang Yen-tai, a revolutionary cadre who had been working here for a long time in order to gain experience at the grassroots, in an attempt to shift the general orientation of the struggle. They asserted that Wang Yen-tai had spread a lot of poison here and that they had come to "fumigate". The poor and lower-middle peasants sensed something wrong and took it up with the young intellectuals. "Where have these fellows come from?" they said. "They peddle reactionary stuff in broad daylight. Comrade Wang Yen-tai has led us in the living study and application of Chairman Mao's works and in the battle to transform nature; he has always thought in terms of us poor and lower-middle peasants' interests. He's a good cadre carrying out Chairman Mao's

revolutionary line and yet they want to 'fumigate'. There's something wrong here!" Thus the youth came to the fore and bravely engaged the work team in a face-to-face struggle. The work team said: "Wang Yen-tai's poisonous influence is so deep-rooted that you've been deceived by it." The youngsters replied confidently, "It was Wang Yen-tai who led us to dig that pump well in the northwestern fields. It's a hundred feet deep. If you want to eliminate his 'poisonous influence' then go and fill it up!" The work team then labelled them all defenders of the old order. The young people replied firmly: "Chairman Mao's revolutionary line we are sure to defend!"

Finding themselves bereft of all arguments, the work team could do nothing but shut themselves up in their house. The young people went there to argue with them and followed up with a shower of big-character posters calling for their expulsion. The work team, seeing that they could not hold out, packed up and left in the night.

Apart from the struggle between the two lines in the rural areas, the young people have been subjected to constant tests by the bourgeoisie's efforts to win them over. The handful of capitalist-roaders headed by the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi have always vainly hoped to pull the youth onto the side road of revisionism so as to pave the way for capitalist restoration.

One summer day in 1966, a fellow from the county town came stealthily looking for Lu Chung-yang. "Leave the village," he said. "A man with your ability and prestige who goes to make revolution in the city is sure

to cut a swath as a high-ranking cadre. Why should you stay in this poverty-stricken hamlet?"

Lu Chung-yang was exasperated. "I was born a creeping cucumber on the ground," he retorted. "I am not cut out for that sort of high trellis." The fellow was sent off with a flea in his ear.

Several days later, letters and telephone messages came asking Chung-yang to go to the county town. With a lot of queries in his mind he went and was "warmly received" by certain people. They took him into a pretty room and showered promises on him. "With the approval of the county authorities, you are expected to take charge of the political studies of the whole county," they told him. Chung-yang saw through their trick at once, and he answered firmly, "Chairman Mao has told me to fight in the vast rural areas and I'll maintain that position for the rest of my life. Even if you use baits of gold you can't hook me!" With this he left the county town and returned to the village.

Steeled in the flames of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, the young intellectuals have effected a radical change in their outlook. They have knocked the bottom out of Liu Shao-chi's series of fallacies such as the theories of "studying in order to climb up" and "going to rural areas for gilding and officialdom". "This is selling horse-meat for beefsteak," they said angrily. "Liu Shao-chi tries to corrupt us with the decadent bourgeois ideas of seeking fame and gain. The more he wants to drag us onto the road of revisionism, the more we should see through his tricks, and the firmer we should become in taking the road pointed out by Chairman Mao."

Skilled Labourers

The moment they arrived in the countryside, the young people doffed their student jackets and put on work-clothes. They work in all weathers, in the mire, in the water — in short, they go wherever the work is hardest. Re-educated by the poor and lower-middle peasants, they are fast becoming proficient in farm production.

Through the centuries the area had been threatened by serious drought, and the peasants had always been at the mercy of the elements. Although there is the Juho River flowing through the area, it had never brought tangible benefits to the tillers of the land. When its yearly flood occurred, large tracts of fertile soil were washed away and many people were rendered homeless. After liberation, the masses of the poor and lower-middle peasants were given land and took the road of co-operative farming, but the menace of drought was not completely eliminated. It was only after the establishment of the people's communes that the people here had the resources and determination to transform their land and to build water conservancy works on a large scale. In 1964 Lu Chung-yang was elected secretary of the production brigade Party branch. Together with the poor and lower-middle peasants he studied and applied Chairman Mao's works in a living way and brought about an upsurge in production. He again studied this teaching of Chairman Mao's:

Of all things in the world, people are the most precious. Under the leadership of the Communist Party, as long as there are people, every kind of miracle can be performed.

He made up his mind to lead the masses in overcoming the drought and in transforming their land. That night he called the cadres, experienced peasants and educated youth to a meeting at which he put forward the suggestion that they cut irrigation canals and channel the waters of the Juho River into them. At hearing this all present were enthusiastic. The old poor peasants patted him on the shoulder and said, "You really know what is in our minds. In this place of ours water means rich crops." The young people's spirits soared even higher, each and every one eager to get on with the work. In early spring of 1965 Lu Chung-yang organized more than two hundred poor and lower-middle peasants and young intellectuals to go to the work-site and break the frozen earth, thus starting the battle. Very many old poor peasants ate and lived on the work-site despite the freezing weather, and this inspired the young people with even greater courage in the battle against nature. After seventy-five days of struggle they succeeded in digging a thirteen-li-long¹ trunk canal, bringing 3,000 mu² of land under irrigation with the waters of the Juho River. Consequently, they reaped an unprecedentedly good harvest of summer crops that year.

The water problem, however, was not solved completely. In hot summer when there was great need for water, the level of the Juho River was often very low because much water was used from its upper reaches, and the canal could not be well used. Chung-yang read Chairman Mao's *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains* once again and the image of the Foolish

¹ One li is equal to half a kilometre.

² One mu is equal to one-fifteenth of a hectare.

Old Man appeared before him. Since the Foolish Old Man could remove those two big mountains, he thought, why can't we new Foolish Old Men of the Mao Tsetung era dig wells to get water?

Mentioning digging wells would bring bitter memories to the people here. They could not forget how their forefathers had tried to dig wells, but each time they had failed because they had not been able to control the shifting sands which caused the well-walls to crumble as soon as they hit water. To tackle the problem of digging wells, Chung-yang encouraged the masses to think of a way, and when difficulties arose to turn to Chairman Mao's works for help. They summed up the lessons from their previous well-digging experience and, with this as basis, began the battle to wrest water from nature. It was already early winter and the ground was frozen. Lu Chung-yang led thirty youngsters to the work-site, and several veteran peasants came as "technical advisers". The pump was frozen and their clothes were stiff with ice. But difficulties, however great, could not daunt these tough men armed with Mao Tsetung Thought. They read aloud this quotation from Chairman Mao:

Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.

The site resounded with their shouts and cheers.

When they had dug more than twenty feet deep, sand-drifts occurred and the work was suspended. In accordance with Chairman Mao's teaching "**The masses are the real heroes**", Chung-yang called an on-the-spot meeting of cadres, veteran peasants and the educated youth to discuss the situation. Their final decision was to fit

the enclosing dam into place first and then add a ring of reed matting to resist the assault of the shifting sands. After a battle the shifting sands were stopped and the digging went on. As the well was so deep a motor would have to be installed half-way down its wall. The young people all volunteered to go down, but Chung-yang said, "It's dangerous in there. Let me go down." He was working at the bottom of the well when the wall suddenly collapsed and he was buried inside. All quickly dug him out and brought him to the surface. When he came to, his first words were: "How is the work going on?" The news got around and the poor and lower-middle peasants of the whole village came to see him, bringing him medicinal wine and eggs. With tears in their eyes they said, "In digging the well these last few days, you've always been the first to do the most dangerous jobs. If you'd really been buried, how could we eat even if our barns were bursting with grain!"

Lu Chung-yang returned to the work-site on the third day, still sore from his injury. In this way, after more than twenty days' hard battle, they succeeded in digging the first pump well near the Juho River, and the people were overjoyed to see water gushing from underground to the hum of the motor, like a silvery dragon.

They battled for two winters and two springs and dug all told twenty-seven pump wells. Now people need only to throw a switch and the commune's 7,000 *mu* of land can be watered in a few days. Today, with irrigation canals and pump wells this commune, which had always been plagued by drought, is assured good harvests despite drought or waterlogging. In 1967, the commune's total grain output was more than twice that before

the wells were dug. In 1968 the wheat yield per *mu* increased ten per cent over the preceding year.

Over the past dozen years the young intellectuals here have looked upon labour as a required course in their ideological remoulding. Some of them work as many as 310 days a year, while the average do 270 or more, no less than the local poor and lower-middle peasants.

The poor and lower-middle peasants say: "These youngsters are covered with as much mud as we and the calluses on their hands are no less thick than ours." This means that through re-education by the poor and lower-middle peasants, most of these young intellectuals from the cities have made encouraging achievements in tempering in productive labour. Their hearts are linked ever more closely with the hearts of the poor and lower-middle peasants.

Vanguard of Scientific Experiment

Beside a field of the Yangchuang Production Brigade was planted a big signboard on which was written the striking words: "A thousand *jin*¹ for both wheat and maize." Pointing to the lush green wheat fields spreading out like a huge green carpet, an old poor peasant said to me excitedly, "This year, this tract of land has yielded wonders with the wheat averaging 1,030 *jin* to the *mu* We owe this to the fifteen returned young people whose average age is only twenty-three." When I asked him to tell me more about it, he suggested that I go and talk with the comrades of the youth experiment group.

¹ One *jin* is equal to half a kilogramme.

The leader of the group, 26-year-old Chou Chin-an, was a senior primary school graduate in 1959. His big bright eyes sparkling, Chou told me how his group conducted experiments.

Prior to the formation of the group, the peak wheat yield of the Yangchuang Brigade was 130 *jin*, of cotton 20 *jin* and of maize 300 *jin*. To change this state of backwardness in production, the old poor peasants turned to the young intellectuals for help. "Events are decided by man; land depends on man's cultivation," they said. "You are educated, while we have rich farming experience. If we co-operate in making experiments, we can certainly make the soil give high yields." The youths were overjoyed, as this was the very idea they had been cherishing, and they wanted to start as soon as possible.

Thus, in the autumn of 1965, before the wheat sowing season, the fifteen young intellectuals of Yangchuang, led and supported by the brigade Party branch, joined several poor and lower-middle peasants in organizing a scientific experiment group. They were determined to change the low yield of the area and to test themselves in the course of the experiment. The brigade management set aside a special plot for their use and provided them with the necessary funds. With burning enthusiasm they planted beside the plot the big signboard bearing the words: "Wheat yield: 1,000 *jin* per *mu*." And so the battle of scientific experiment started.

In the light of Chairman Mao's teachings, they learned modestly from the poor and lower-middle peasants and closely integrated theory with practice. At wheat harvest in 1966 they reaped more than 700 *jin* of wheat from each of the three *mu* of the experimental plot, while the yield from the ordinary plots was only a little more than

100 *jin*. This, though wide of the 1,000-*jin* mark, was the biggest output ever recorded in this commune.

The young people's heads were turned with the praises heaped on them. And as remnants of the old-type schools' revisionist educational line still persisted in their minds, bourgeois ideas of achieving personal fame and career again arose. In 1967 they cast aside their erstwhile poor and lower-middle peasant colleagues in experiment and, doing everything as they pleased, turned a deaf ear to their advice. They thought in this way they could hit the 1,000-*jin* mark and create a sensation. But contrary to their wish, due to improper management and too much water and fertilizer, the wheat flattened to the ground in the later stage of growth. Result: the per-*mu* yield dropped to 440 *jin*, 260 *jin* less than the first year.

At this time rumours and gossip flew thick and fast. The class enemies also jumped at this opportunity to stir up troubles, saying: "A few brats dreaming of the 1,000-*jin* mark, as if a cock could lay eggs!"

Faced with difficulties some of the young folk became depressed and said: "Science is not in our line. With little schooling and no instruments we'd better wash our hands of the whole thing!"

At this crucial moment old brigade leader Chou Sui-wa went to the group taking with him the treasured red book *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tsetung*. Without saying more he led the young people in reading Chairman Mao's teaching:

New things always have to experience difficulties and setbacks as they grow. It is sheer fantasy to imagine that the cause of socialism is all plain sailing

and easy success, without difficulties and setbacks or the exertion of tremendous efforts.

The old brigade leader said significantly: "We make scientific experiments in order to build socialism and must on no account do it for personal fame and gain!" Many poor and lower-middle peasants also lent them a helping hand, encouraging the youngsters: "Failure is the mother of success. If you fall down you must get up again."

The young people sat down and studied Chairman Mao's "three constantly read articles"¹ again and again, carefully summing up the lessons to be drawn from their failure. They realized that of the reasons for the failure of the wheat experiment, the fundamental one was that they had not listened to Chairman Mao, had not integrated with the poor and lower-middle peasants. They angrily criticized and repudiated the counter-revolutionary revisionist wares of Liu Shao-chi, such as despising workers and peasants, placing technique first and seeking personal fame and career. They determined to drop their intellectuals' pretentious airs and honestly learn from the poor and lower-middle peasants.

The young people started new experiments with a will. This time they asked the most experienced old poor peasants of the brigade to be their "counsellors". Before sowing the wheat they called a meeting in the field at which the old "counsellors", drawing on their experience accumulated over the years, helped the young people to examine problems in production in the light of Chairman

¹ *Serve the People, In Memory of Norman Bethune and The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains.*

Mao's "Eight-Point Charter"¹ for agriculture and at the same time to resolve the various contradictions in the experiment well by using Mao Tsetung Thought. This won the heartfelt admiration of the young intellectuals.

When sowing the wheat they asked the old "counsellors" to check the quality of the manure. The "counsellors" took a pinch, examined it closely and said: "It won't do. This manure hasn't been fermented. Sow the seeds in it and they'll be damaged by the high temperature produced by fermentation." The youngsters thought this very reasonable and immediately changed the manure. When the wheat was to be irrigated before the earth froze over, they again went to the old "counsellors" for advice. The old-timers said: "Last night there was a 'wind circle' round the moon, indicating a change in the weather. If you irrigate it now, the earth will freeze and crack, the roots of the wheat may be broken and the young plants will die."

The old peasants were right — by noon a biting north-west wind had blown up. . . . In the early summer of 1968 when the wheat was in the ear, the leaves suddenly turned yellow. To find out the reason, it was necessary to measure the soil moisture. The young people wanted to buy measuring instruments. The old poor peasants calculated that it would cost more than a hundred yuan and said to them: "Chairman Mao teaches us to rely on our own efforts. We should practise economy in running our brigade!" Finally they thought out an idea together with the young folk. They weighed some moist

¹ The eight points are: deep ploughing and soil improvement, fertilizer, water conservancy, seed selection, close planting, plant protection, field management and improvement of tools.

earth, dried it in a cooking pan and then weighed it again, enabling them to figure out the amount of moisture in the soil. Having found the reason for the yellowing they took timely measures and in a few days the wheat turned green again. Under the guidance of the poor and lower-middle peasants, the youth of the scientific experiment group surmounted one difficulty after another and finally succeeded in hitting the 1,000-*jin* mark. Immediately after the wheat harvest, they planted maize, and also chalked up a 1,000-*jin* yield in the autumn harvest.

Chou Chin-an said with deep understanding: "Failure and success have made us really understand what Chairman Mao says about intellectuals being able to achieve nothing without integrating with the workers and peasants. In the vast rural areas, it's not that our knowledge is too much but rather that it's entirely inadequate, not that there is no place for heroes to display their prowess but rather that there is plenty of room for developing talents to the full."

Now this commune has more than 120 young intellectuals and poor and lower-middle peasants organized into 25 scientific experiment groups. Over the past few years, they have experimented with high yield wheat, sweet potatoes, maize and cotton. They have accumulated certain scientific and technical experience which has been tested, and spread it over large areas, raising the crop yield a very great deal.

At the end of my ten-day stay in the Vast Areas to Develop Talents to the Full Commune, I seemed to have gained a deeper appreciation of the meaning of its resounding name. Today, China's tens of thousands of people's communes are all vast areas for people to develop

their talents. Wherever you go, you can see immense numbers of young intellectuals growing up rapidly under the sunlight of Mao Tsetung Thought.

(Originally published in *People's China*
No. 2, 1969)

I Will Integrate with the Workers All My Life

by Pan Yu-ming¹

Our great leader Chairman Mao issued a series of latest instructions of utmost importance in 1968. As a technician trained in the old-type school, I feel particularly closely concerned with the one in which he teaches that intellectuals should **be re-educated by the workers, peasants and soldiers**. It has inspired me greatly.

Abiding by Chairman Mao's teaching that an educated youth should **"integrate himself with the broad masses of workers and peasants"**, I have been eating, living and working with the workers for over seven years, and have made constant efforts to remould my old ideology and get rid of old habits in the process. With the workers, I have introduced during this time more than twenty technical innovations. One new product, the magnetic steel used in making micro-seismographs, surpasses that produced in the United States. "Old Pan, you've taken

¹ The author is a technician at the Sian Oil Instruments Factory.

the right path. Keep it up!" the workers said to me warm-heartedly.

In integrating myself with the workers I have undergone a steadily deepening process. At first the integration was only superficial; it was only gradually that my thinking and feeling began to change and I was able consciously to accept re-education by the working class, absorb nutrition and wisdom from them, work hard with them and undertake full-scale technical inventions and innovations. The whole process involved a fierce struggle between the two lines. Every progress on my road forward was the result of continuously overcoming the corrosive influence of revisionist ideas with the help and education of the workers.

After finishing college in 1961 I was given the job of technician in the Sian Oil Instruments Factory. At that time the struggle between the two lines in the factory was very sharp. The handful of Party capitalist-roaders and bourgeois reactionary technical "authorities" wildly spread Liu Shao-chi's fallacy of "relying on the specialists to run the factories". They stuffed us with bourgeois ideas — despising manual labour, looking down on the workers and seeking personal fame and gain. They alleged that "technicians use their brains, workers use their hands" and "to make inventions and innovations, one must pore over books". Thus poisoned, many technicians from the old-type schools buried themselves in their offices reading foreign books, sought out technical literature and figures, and made "experiments" which were divorced from reality.

This revisionist line on scientific research also had its effect on me. When I got to the factory, I was first sent

to work at the bench according to state regulations. While in the workshop, however, I was making my own selfish plans—I hoped to smoothly make the grade in the year's manual labour and then go into an office as a technician. But the year passed and I was still in the workshop taking care of the tools and materials and cleaning them up and throwing away the rubbish all day. My face was covered with grease and I was dusty from tip to toe. I began to waver. I told myself that surely I was "wiser" than the workers, since I had attended school for many years. If things went on this way, my university education would be wasted.

Seeing that I was vacillating, the workers came to help me. In many heart-to-heart talks, they said point-blank: "Who thinks himself 'wiser' than the workers? The bourgeois. We don't think much of intellectuals who look down on us workers. But we welcome from the bottom of our hearts an intellectual who acts like one of us."

These remarks hit me where it hurt most. I thought to myself: I was able to get schooling because the workers built houses and the peasants grew grain. Now that I have acquired some book knowledge, I turn round and look down on them and am reluctant to work with them. Isn't this the bourgeois idea of despising labour and the workers and peasants?

In chatting with the workers, I got to know that the workers at the factory, by relying on their own wisdom and strength, had introduced a good deal of equipment through self-reliance and arduous struggle and had trial-manufactured many new products.

After spending several years and wasting more than a million yuan of the state's funds, a capitalist-roader who

is a reactionary technical "authority" worked out a so-called new technique. He made a big fuss about it, but tests showed that it only reached the level of teaching apparatus of the 1930s.

All this living evidence convinced me that intellectuals who consider themselves "wiser" than the workers do not have any real knowledge, but the worker masses do, who have practical experience in the three great revolutionary movements of class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment. Intellectuals can do nothing unless they integrate themselves with the workers.

Having solved this ideological problem, I gave up the idea of going into an office as a technician and began to work steadily in the workshop and gradually grow closer to the workers in my sentiments. I was inspired by the fine qualities of selfless labour and utter devotion to the public interest of the working class, and by its creative spirit in daring to think and to take action. Little by little, I freed myself of my selfish ideas and blind faith in books and "authorities".

In 1965 our group was assigned the task of trial-producing a new product—magnetic steel for making micro-seismographs. It was a hard job, but the workers were full of confidence. They said:

In the past, Khrushchov tried to strangle us by refusing to supply us with oil prospecting instruments. We followed Chairman Mao's road of "**self-reliance**" and eventually turned out our own instruments. Now not only can we make ordinary large seismographs, we will make small, highly sensitive micro-seismographs too. Since magnetic steel is the heart of a seismograph,

we will put everything we have into the work and produce it in order to do honour to our country and not fall short of Chairman Mao's expectations!

Encouraged by the lofty ideals of the workers, the comrades in our group were determined to win glory for our country and fight imperialism, revisionism and reaction. We used evenings, days off and other spare time to make experiments. At first I hoped to find available data on it. I went to a politically reactionary technician in the factory for some technical literature. This fellow purposely took out a 1932 book in English on the subject to baffle me. I walked out in indignation. I then made a special trip to a research institute in Peking. But the bourgeois lords there only gave me twenty-five minutes to look around. They reprimanded me, saying: "This isn't what you should study!"

I was quite discouraged after these two successive rebuffs. It was the worker comrades again who came to my help. They said to me sincerely:

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"The wealth of society is created by the workers, peasants and working intellectuals."** It is good for you that your old ideas of blind faith in books and in "specialists" and your blindness to the wisdom of the working class have been somewhat frustrated. Don't think that those bourgeois lords who have read a lot of foreign books are so good. They actually have no real ability. They can only crawl after the U.S. imperialists and the Soviet revisionists.

These words spurred me on in my determination to work out innovations together with the workers.

Our raw material came from the scrap heaps. Since we had no technical literature to consult, we gained experience in actual work. The casting of magnetic steel required a mould that could resist high temperature. We tried several, but, unable to withstand the heat, they all got soft and out of shape. However, a worker who had come from the countryside proposed that another refractory material be added in making the mould. We adopted this proposal which turned out successful. After that, we encountered a series of other obstacles in fixing the direction of magnetization, in shaping the magnetic steel and in technical equipment. These too were overcome by us one by one. At crucial moments in our experiments, all the workers in our group voluntarily gave up their work breaks and days off and took an active part. Working in front of the furnace, where the temperature stood at above 1,000 degrees, some worker comrades suffered skin burns or injured their fingers, but not one left his post. After repeated trials, we finally succeeded in making a magnetic steel for micro-seismographs which leaves the U.S. imperialists and the Soviet revisionists far behind.

Like the masses of the workers, whenever I see large quantities of new products being shipped out of our factory to the prospecting front to be used for finding more oil for our motherland, I am filled with happiness and pride that cannot be described by words.

The rest of our technical innovations were also made with the workers' help. All this was a profound lesson for me. I used to consider myself more capable than the workers since I had read more books. But actually it is the workers who know more; my knowledge was superficial and I was childish and ignorant. When I was

engaged in scientific experiments in the past, I had some selfish idea of wanting to show off and becoming an authority in technique. When I compared this with the workers' noble quality of utter devotion to the revolution and indifference to personal fame and gain, I felt ashamed. Since then, my feeling of superiority and my conceit, old characteristics of intellectuals, have diminished and my consciousness of learning modestly from the working class has been gradually raised.

Chairman Mao points out:

The intellectuals often tend to be subjective and individualistic, impractical in their thinking and irresolute in action until they have thrown themselves heart and soul into mass revolutionary struggles, or made up their minds to serve the interests of the masses and become one with them. . . . The intellectuals can overcome their shortcomings only in mass struggles over a long period.

This great teaching of Chairman Mao's has incisively pointed out the intellectuals' biggest weakness and also indicated the fundamental course for them to take to remould their thinking. Why are the intellectuals impractical in their thinking and irresolute in action? The main reason is that they have many selfish ideas and lack practical experience. And why is the working class most revolutionary in its thinking and most resolute in action? The root cause is that it puts public interest first and has rich practical experience.

After these seven years and more, I have come to see more and more clearly that the working class is my best teacher. Only when one integrates with the workers can

he rid himself bit by bit of all sorts of bourgeois ideas and foster boundless loyalty to Chairman Mao in the course of the struggle between the two lines, free himself from the restrictions of pure book-learning and break the chains of the revisionist line on scientific research. Only thus can he constantly enrich himself with the workers' wisdom and experience and closely link theory with practice so that he can be creative and go forward in work.

Although I have made some progress in integrating myself with the workers, I am still far from what the Party and Chairman Mao expect of me and far from what the worker masses expect of me. Sometimes my shortcomings still manifest themselves. For instance, I have not done enough in giving prominence to politics and I sometimes still tend to take undue pride in what I have done. Since June 1968 when I became the general dispatcher responsible for production of the whole factory, the load on my shoulders has become heavier and there has been a greater demand on my time. Under the new circumstances I find myself facing a new test in whether I can persist in taking part in manual labour and in identifying myself with the workers. Once some workers said to me significantly: "When you go up, you mustn't forget us!" Their brief words contain not only sincere hopes but also rigorous demands. Though my work has changed, I must not depart from the road of integrating with the workers. I must never forget the worker comrades who have re-educated me, otherwise my ideological progress will be at a standstill. I must never detach myself from productive labour, otherwise I will go astray. I will resolutely follow Chairman

Mao's instructions, do better in my living study and application of Chairman Mao's works, always integrate myself with the workers and work for the revolution and be a pupil of the working class all my life.

(Originally published in *Hongqi*, No. 1, 1969)

Ten Years in the Countryside

by Hsing Yen-tzu¹

Recently our great leader Chairman Mao issued a new directive:

It is still necessary to have universities; here I refer mainly to colleges of science and engineering. However, it is essential to shorten the length of schooling, revolutionize education, put proletarian politics in command and take the road of the Shanghai Machine Tools Plant in training technicians from among the workers. Students should be selected from among workers and peasants with practical experience, and they should return to production after a few years' study.

I feel deeply that this great directive of Chairman Mao's is entirely correct and full of wisdom.

In 1958, the people throughout the country, high in spirit and fighting morale, strode forward along the broad

¹ An educated girl who left the city to take up farming. She has been working since 1958 as a member of the Szuchiachuang Production Brigade of a people's commune in Paoti County, Hopei Province.

road of socialism, holding aloft the Three Red Banners of the General Line, the Great Leap Forward and the People's Commune. It was in this excellent situation that I started on the revolutionary road of integrating myself with the workers and peasants in response to the call of our great leader Chairman Mao. It is now ten full years since I settled down in the countryside, during which I have been tempered in class struggle and the struggle for production, and my understanding has been raised. Nurtured by Mao Tsetung Thought I have matured. Chairman Mao has received me on three occasions. This shows his great concern for me and his great trust and encouragement.

Our Countryside Is Vast

Chairman Mao teaches us:

All intellectuals who can work in the countryside should be happy to go there. Our countryside is vast and has plenty of room for them to develop their talents to the full.

Following this instruction I tried my best to discard bourgeois self-interest and replace it with proletarian devotion to public interest, and came to settle in the countryside.

Not long after my arrival the district was hit by repeated waterlogging. The class enemies used this opportunity to incite young people to leave the countryside for the cities. They sneered: "Hsing Yen-tzu won't stay here long!" Some kindly old women tried to advise me, saying: "Silly girl, your parents are in the city. Why

don't you go back to school or find a job there? What future can you see in the mud and water here?"

As I looked at myself covered with mud and my hands all blistered, I began to regret having come to the countryside. Should I stay or return to the city? A sharp struggle took place in my mind. Again and again I studied Chairman Mao's teaching:

If today he [a youth] integrates himself with the masses of workers and peasants, then today he is a revolutionary; if tomorrow he ceases to do so or turns round to oppress the common people, then he becomes a non-revolutionary or a counter-revolutionary.

Whether or not I persisted in integrating myself with the workers and peasants was a severe test, a serious class struggle, and I realized that for me to settle down in the countryside was to carry out Chairman Mao's great instruction. The class enemies were gossiping that I wouldn't stay long. I must work in the countryside all my life and strike deep roots here. We young people armed with Mao Tsetung Thought have high ideals and are not afraid of difficulties, however great they may be.

How was I to overcome difficulties? Together with the poor and lower-middle peasants, I repeatedly studied the experience of the nationally famous labour model, Wang Kuo-fan, whose spirit of thrift, hard work and struggle in the early days of co-operative farming set us an example, and we determined to make our commune self-reliant in production.

When some of us women organized a fishing team, some people laughed: "Women catching fish? They'll only scare the fish away!" These remarks did not shake our determination. Still it was a hard job fishing in

mid-winter, with wind chilling us to the bone and snow and sleet cutting our faces like needles; while working on the ice, we got our feet frost-bitten. The ropes of the net became icicles as soon as we pulled them up, and our hands stuck to them. We worked more than ten hours every day.

Our fishing that winter earned more than three thousand yuan for the brigade. This not only solved the problem of the brigade members' livelihood but was a lesson to those who looked down on women. The tempering by hard life washed a lot of bourgeois filth from my mind and my proletarian feelings for the poor and lower-middle peasants grew.

Physical exertion was not enough in the battle against nature; we had also to use our brains. We improved the alkaline soil on the low-lying farmland where the crops had often failed, and made scientific experiments. We dug drainage ditches and raised the level of the fields to prevent waterlogging and soil alkalization. After that we got good harvests. We also organized a "three-in-one" combination scientific experiment group of young people, experienced peasants and cadres. We spread advanced experiences and popularized good seed strains. We did away with the old hard-and-fast rule of "three rice-plants for every step" and practised rational close-planting. Discovering that maize and sorghum were prey to the mole-cricket, we conducted an investigation and study, asked experienced peasants for advice and made insecticides which killed off the insects. We young people came to master agro-techniques by repeated testing.

After hard struggle together with the poor and lower-middle peasants, we changed this "great northern lowland" which had been regarded as hopeless into a rice

granary. The poor and lower-middle peasants were full of praise, saying that every one of us was a girl of iron.

Relying on neither heaven nor earth but entirely on invincible Mao Tsetung Thought, the poor and lower-middle peasants and the young people dug canals and built dikes, and I joined them. In two years we turned more than three hundred *mu* of wasteland into fields yielding good harvests every year. The poor and lower-middle peasants sang happily:

*Man's thinking has changed,
And so has the land.
The "great northern lowland" is different now;
Yesterday it was a big water hole,
Today fragrant rice-plants cover the fields.*

The countryside is truly vast. An even more beautiful future beckons us on.

Steeled in the Storm of Class Struggle

When I set out to integrate myself with the workers and peasants, I had a wrong notion that since I was born into a poor peasant's family, my class consciousness would naturally be high. So I was always thinking about remoulding other people's ideology but never my own. The reality of class struggle showed how wrong I was.

When I arrived at the countryside, the poor and lower-middle peasants told me the history of class struggle in the village. During the land reform the class enemies threatened them: "You paupers want to take my houses and land. One day you'll see, you'll have to give them back just like you're taking them away now!" During

the movement for agricultural co-operation, they clamoured: "We were born and grew up in the same place as you; we till the land and divide the grain in the same brigade as you. Rich and poor alike, we are all of one family." When the people's commune was formed, the class enemies attacked that too, saying that it had made a mess of everything. All these struggles gave me vivid class education. The broad masses of the poor and lower-middle peasants never bowed before their threats, nor were they deceived by their counter-revolutionary false appearance, nor did they give in to their bribery. One by one their plots were laid bare. I saw clearly that the poor and lower-middle peasants best understood classes, class struggle and revolution and that they were good examples for me to follow.

To know class struggle better and understand more fully the meaning of the struggle between the proletarian revolutionary line and the bourgeois reactionary line, I would ask my grandfather to tell about his past life. I also asked the old poor peasants who had been grievously wronged in the old society the story of their families and the village history. I went to live in the house of Auntie Hsieh, a poor peasant, to learn from her. This elderly woman had worked as a maid-servant to a landlord in her childhood, and had then wandered about begging for eighteen years. The evil old society snuffed out the lives of all her three children. . . . Each time she told of her past misery, my class consciousness was sharpened, my hatred for the class enemies deepened, and my proletarian feelings towards the poor and lower-middle peasants grew.

Educated young people need badly to be tested in the storm and stress of class struggle and I have had a course

in this. After settling down in the countryside I became a thorn in the flesh of the class enemies. During the three years of natural disasters when the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries of all countries stirred up an anti-China adverse current and the class enemies within the country were on the point of making trouble, a landlord tried to launch a vindictive counter-attack. He brought trumped-up charges against me. In face of the class enemy's flagrant slanders and threats, I remembered Chairman Mao's teaching:

Everything reactionary is the same; if you don't hit it, it won't fall.

The poor and lower-middle peasants and I resolutely struggled against this reactionary, and he was put under the dictatorship of the masses. This made me see that while integrating with the workers and peasants, intellectuals must learn how to wage class struggle and advance in the teeth of the storm of class struggle.

Defy Death to Defend Chairman Mao's Revolutionary Line

The renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi sent Chou Yang, one of his chief agents, to our village twice in 1964 to spread revisionist poison in an attempt to sabotage Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and disintegrate the ranks of the educated young people working in the countryside and mountainous areas. Chou Yang rabidly pushed the bourgeois philosophy of "getting along in the world" as preached by Liu Shao-chi in his sinister book *Self-Cultivation*, omitting altogether the study of

Chairman Mao's works and service to the people. Chou Yang urged me by every means to seek fame and success for myself, trying to lead me off onto the road of revisionism. This vicious scheme could not but fail. It was in that year that our great leader Chairman Mao received me, once again pointing out to me the way forward. I firmly resolved to follow Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

After the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution began, armymen and people in their hundreds of millions exposed and finally overthrew the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi. I saw more clearly the counter-revolutionary features of this arch-criminal plotting the restoration of capitalism. With the poor and lower-middle peasants we young intellectuals waged a fierce struggle against Liu Shao-chi's local agents, rebelled against them and seized back power from them. To eradicate the poisonous influence they had spread, we launched a deep-going and sustained campaign of revolutionary mass criticism and won one victory after another against Liu Shao-chi's sinister counter-revolutionary revisionist stuffs, such as: the theory of the "dying out of class struggle", *san zi yi bao* and the "four freedoms",¹ "material incentives", "working for one's own fame and success", etc.

To defend Chairman Mao, Mao Tsetung Thought and Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, I united more closely with the poor and lower-middle peasants to carry out

¹ *San zi yi bao*: the extension of plots for private use, the extension of free markets, the increase of small enterprises with sole responsibility for their own profits or losses, and the fixing of output quotas based on the household. The "four freedoms": freedom of usury, of hiring labour, land sale and private enterprise.

stern struggle against class enemies. The commune once convened a meeting to criticize Liu Shao-chi. I was just suffering from severe back-ache, but I made up my mind to attend the meeting. The commune headquarters was twenty *li* from our village. Some poor and lower-middle peasants tried to dissuade me from going. I said, "I must take part even if I have to crawl to the meeting!" Reciting a quotation from Chairman Mao: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory**", I walked the whole distance and arrived at the meeting place on time. I exposed and condemned Liu Shao-chi and his agents for their heinous crimes in plotting to restore capitalism.

In order to firmly and thoroughly implement Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, I also united with the educated young people who had come to this village, to struggle against the class enemies. During the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, these class enemies incited the young people to go back to the cities. I arranged study classes of Chairman Mao's latest instructions and his teachings about the necessity of intellectuals integrating with the workers and peasants and together we fought self-interest and repudiated revisionism, had heart-to-heart talks, battled against adverse currents and pernicious influences, and succeeded in smashing the class enemies' criminal schemes. With determination we said, "The countryside is our battle station."

Always with the Masses

After I was elected a member of the Hopei Provincial Revolutionary Committee and of the regional and county

revolutionary committees, I was often praised by the masses. I thought to myself: This shows their confidence in me and is a great encouragement. I should all the more be modest, listen more attentively to their opinions and consult them whenever a problem arises. I should never make arbitrary decisions. Keeping close to the masses is not just a matter of working style, but the key question of which road to take, what banner to hold aloft, whether we can be trained as successors to the revolutionary cause of the proletariat and whether the newborn revolutionary committees can be consolidated. Chairman Mao and the Party have brought me up. The poor and lower-middle peasants have placed their confidence in me, entrusting me with certain administrative authority. I must serve the people still better and not lord it over them like Liu Shao-chi who said: "When you become a cadre you have everything!" Therefore, I made a rule for myself that I should never so much as think of enjoying any privilege and in daily life never ask for any favour.

After the revolutionary leading group of the brigade was set up, I found that some comrades who had taken the wrong stand during the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution kept silent at meetings, and when I met them they hesitated to speak to me. This made me think that these class brothers of mine had only been deceived by Liu Shao-chi's bourgeois reactionary line when they committed mistakes during the movement. It was up to me to unite and help them so that we could fight together to defend Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

So I took the initiative and asked the poor and lower-middle peasants who had criticized me or written big-character posters against me for their views. We studied

Chairman Mao's latest instructions together and we recalled our bitterness in the old society, contrasting it with our happy life today. Soon we found our hearts closely linked. Deeply moved, poor peasant Chiao Chang-kiang said: "I misjudged you because I was deceived by the class enemy and I'm sorry." I said: "We are like two gourds from the same vine. Liu Shao-chi is our chief enemy; we should concentrate our hatred on him."

After becoming a cadre I have had many meetings to attend. But I persist in joining the commune members in the fields and in combating self-interest and criticizing revisionism. I would go wherever the work is heaviest or most difficult.

One day when I returned from a meeting I heard that the commune members were busy digging a canal. I rushed to the site more than thirty *li* away and worked with them carrying off mud and pumping water. It was early spring and the water was still freezing cold, but in working with the masses my heart was very warm.

This year when we were rushing through wheat sowing, I had a tooth-ache which prevented me from eating anything for two days. The commune members advised me to rest. Then I remembered Chairman Mao's teaching:

We must never for a moment divorce ourselves from the masses.

I kept on working. The poor and lower-middle peasants said: "Hsing Yen-tzu's heart is linked more closely with ours than ever before."

In the past ten years I have made some headway in integrating myself with the workers and peasants, but the road ahead is still very long. I must firmly bear in

mind Chairman Mao's teachings, conscientiously study and apply his works in a living way and continuously raise my consciousness of class struggle and the struggle between the two lines. I will strive to carry forward the Party's glorious tradition of keeping close ties with the masses and always march along the road of integrating myself with the workers and peasants.

(Originally published in *Renmin Ribao*,
July 26, 1968)

Peasant—College Student—Peasant

Li Wan-hsi, an educated youth armed with Mao Tsetung Thought who is firmly integrated with the poor and lower-middle peasants

by Chi Hsiang-tung

Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches us:

Students should be selected from among workers and peasants with practical experience, and they should return to production after a few years' study.

This is exactly the bright road taken by Li Wan-hsi, leader of the Tichiutun Production Brigade of the Toupaihu People's Commune in Huaian County, Hopei Province.

*Living Up to the Expectations of Chairman Mao
and the Poor and Lower-Middle Peasants*

Li Wan-hsi, son of a lower-middle peasant, completed his primary school education in July 1954 and then, in response to Chairman Mao's call, returned to his village

to do farm work, becoming quite skilled in it. In July 1960 the poor and lower-middle peasants of his village recommended him for a course of study in Hopei Agricultural University.

The poor and lower-middle peasants rejoiced at having their first peasant college student. As Li Wan-hsi set out from his native mountain village, the poor and lower-middle peasants saw him off for a long distance. They reminded him again and again: "Wan-hsi, it is Chairman Mao who has given you this opportunity to go to college. You must live up to his expectations!"

In coarse cotton clothes and home-made shoes, Li Wan-hsi entered Hopei Agricultural University with the proletarian feelings of boundless loyalty to the great leader Chairman Mao, with the trust placed in him by the poor and lower-middle peasants and a resolve to master scientific knowledge and dedicate himself to the building of a socialist new countryside.

Hopei Agricultural University enrolled sixty peasant students that year. But, victimized by the revisionist educational line of the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi, thirty-six of them were forced to leave the university when they failed an examination in 1962. With only a primary school education, Li naturally faced many difficulties too. Hard-pressed and undecided whether to continue his studies or give up, he wrote to the Party branch in his village and to his fellow poor and lower-middle peasants to ask for advice. They replied: "It's dear Chairman Mao who has given you this chance to study in a university. It's the Party and the people who sent you there. You must prove yourself worthy of the trust of Chairman Mao and of us poor and lower-middle peasants. You must stand up to the difficulties

however hard!" This encouraged him and stiffened his determination. He persisted in his studies, and he and his classmates armed themselves with Mao Tsetung Thought and fought the revisionist educational system and the revisionist teaching material and methods.

Returning to Production and Integrating with the Poor and Lower-Middle Peasants

Chairman Mao teaches us:

All intellectuals who can work in the countryside should be happy to go there. Our countryside is vast and has plenty of room for them to develop their talents to the full.

Heartened by the poor and lower-middle peasants and helped by his classmates, Li Wan-hsi graduated from the university in August 1964, thus completing the task of study assigned to him by the Party and the people. With the brilliant *Selected Works of Mao Tsetung*, he returned home to resume his life as a peasant in accordance with Chairman Mao's great teachings.

He was welcomed by the poor and lower-middle peasants who placed such great hopes in him. From the bottom of their hearts they said, "Wan-hsi, now you're back. We need people like you in our village. Let's work together in the fight against nature and thoroughly change the face of our poor gully. Let's turn it into a socialist new village!" There were some, however, who gossiped behind his back and tried to dampen his spirit, mocking him as a "failure". "He must have done something wrong and can't make it in the city. That's prob-

ably why he's come back to plod along in the mud as a peasant," they chided.

Though he had resisted and fought the revisionist line on education during the four years in the university, the comfortable life he led there had nevertheless softened his thinking. Though he joined in the village farm work every day he was not so energetic at work as before. Once, when preparing manure, the others stood right in the muck and got on with the job without fuss while Li stood on the sidelines, now and again throwing in a spadeful of earth or a bundle of straw, reluctant to get into the muck. Seeing this, the gossipers said cuttingly, "A college graduate like him can't hold out long in farm work." The class enemies also spread rumours about him, and one bad egg made up some doggerel against him.

One evening an old poor peasant, who knew of Li's difficulties and the class enemies' provocations, went to his home and had a heart-to-heart talk with him. "Wan-hsi," he said, "you're a son of us poor and lower-middle peasants. It was Chairman Mao who made it possible for you to go to the university. You mustn't disappoint Chairman Mao!"

After the old peasant left, Li Wan-hsi, deeply moved, thought over his advice. Though he had been taking part in farm chores since his return, he had indeed in many ways acted differently from the poor and lower-middle peasants. He dressed better than they, and he spoke the language of a student. He preferred light work to heavy and was afraid of soiling his clothes or getting his shoes wet.

With these problems in mind Li earnestly studied Chairman Mao's works. Chairman Mao had taught that

"the workers and peasants were the cleanest people and, even though their hands were soiled and their feet smeared with cow-dung, they were really cleaner than the bourgeois and petty-bourgeois intellectuals". Chairman Mao's teaching heartened him. He began to see that the reason he was afraid of dirt was because he himself had filthy bourgeois ideas, and that if he did not make a real effort to change, he would fail to become a successor to the revolutionary cause of the proletariat and might even become an "intellectual aristocrat" aloof from proletarian politics, from reality and from the masses. He made up his mind to drop the pretentious airs of a college graduate and truly become one with the poor and lower-middle peasants in thinking and feeling.

From then on, in whatever he did, Li Wan-hsi learned from the poor and lower-middle peasants their noble qualities of boundless loyalty to Chairman Mao and their revolutionary spirit of wholehearted devotion to the public interests. Following their example he no longer dreaded dirt or fatigue in work. He went wherever help was needed or there was a tough job.

One day he and other commune members were assigned to haul out the hemp that the production brigade had retted in a pond. The first to jump into the pond, he worked energetically without once thinking about the stagnant smelly water.

In early April 1965 when they were breaking the ice on a canal so as to divert the water to irrigate their farmland, the dam suddenly broke. The men tried to plug the breach with earth but failed. If the gap widened, the water for the irrigation of the brigade's hundred *mu*

of land as well as the fields of other brigades would flow away. Inspired by Chairman Mao's teaching on serving the people wholly and entirely, Wan-hsi immediately plunged into the icy water without even taking off his thick winter jacket. He covered the breach with his body, then pressed four straw mats at the break for the others to pile earth on. With the water nearly chest-high and blocks of ice striking him, his lips were soon purple with the cold. The commune members urged him to get out of the icy water, but he said, "I'm all right. Go on piling earth; don't mind me." Although he was numb and his legs were battered by the floating ice, his enthusiasm never ebbed. He kept shouting: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**" Following his lead the commune members shouted together with him and after a half-hour battle the breach was filled. Very deeply moved, the poor and lower-middle peasants said: "Wan-hsi has not forgotten his origin. He is taking the same revolutionary road as we."

Whether an educated youth persists in integrating with the workers and peasants as pointed out by Chairman Mao is a stern test, a serious class struggle. Seeing that Li Wan-hsi was striking root in the countryside, some "well-intentioned" people offered him their advice. "Li Wan-hsi," they said, "since the socialist education movement, there has been a shortage of personnel outside. Why don't you leave this place?" Wan-hsi replied firmly: "Leave! I'm going along the road of intellectuals integrating themselves with the workers and peasants as pointed out by Chairman Mao. Nothing can deter me. I'll follow this broad, bright road all my life."

Linking Theory with Practice and Boldly Undertaking Scientific Experiments

Li's home village had always suffered from poor natural conditions. Crops failed nine years out of ten there. The yield of its main crops — maize, millet and sorghum — was low. Back in the village, Li had racked his brains for a method to raise crop yields and reap bigger harvests of food grain. He thought to himself: "The Party and the people sent me to the agricultural university so that I would make greater contributions to the struggle for the building of a socialist new countryside. If I do not use what I have learned, I shall disappoint the poor and lower-middle peasants and the Party, which has educated me." So he told the comrades of the Party branch about his determination to fight a battle against nature by making scientific experiments to develop better strains of seed. The Party branch comrades and the poor and lower-middle peasants gave him their immediate support and help.

A scientific experiment group of veteran peasants, young people and cadres was organized before the spring sowing in 1965. The first thing Li Wan-hsi and the other group members did was to study this teaching of Chairman Mao's:

Man has constantly to sum up experience and go on discovering, inventing, creating and advancing.

Invincible Mao Tsetung Thought gave them inexhaustible strength. They decided to experiment on crossing the local seed varieties with those from other places. They first made careful dissections of the local varieties of maize. Then they consulted the experienced poor peas-

ants to find out why the yield of maize had been low and how to improve the strains. Combining the opinions of the poor and lower-middle peasants and his own experience in production with the scientific knowledge he had acquired in college, Li Wan-hsi proposed to undertake an experiment in double hybridization of maize. The text books said that in making such experiments no maize should be sown within three hundred metres of the experimental plot, otherwise natural pollination would mix the varieties. How should they solve this problem? Chairman Mao teaches:

The masses are the real heroes.

Since the varieties from other places required a longer growing period and the local varieties had better adaptability to different climates, the poor and lower-middle peasants proposed early sowing of the experimental plot. This would ensure that the maize on the experimental plot would flower before that of the other plots, thus preventing the mixing of varieties. With this problem solved, the experiment eventually succeeded.

At the same time the group made experiments comparing fourteen varieties of millet from other places. After two years of observation, appraisal and comparison, they found that some of their hybrids yielded more than the local varieties.

To cope with the local sand-storms Li Wan-hsi discovered a variety of sorghum which they called "wind-challenger". But, ill-adapted to the local climate this new variety withered before it fully eared out. The class enemies again noisily ridiculed Li and the scientific experiment group. They clamoured: "A college graduate grows sorghum, but he doesn't reap even a single grain.

Experimenting means throwing away labour." Li Wan-hsi and the other members of the group felt worried too. Would people blame them for their unsuccessful experiments? But the poor and lower-middle peasants encouraged them: "Dare to carry on! Where's the child who doesn't stumble when he learns to walk? Remember Chairman Mao's teaching: **'In times of difficulty we must not lose sight of our achievements, must see the bright future and must pluck up our courage.'**" Chairman Mao's teaching and the poor and lower-middle peasants' encouragement increased their confidence and courage in overcoming all kinds of difficulties. They eventually succeeded in their experiments and greatly increased the yield of sorghum.

Mole-cricket is the most harmful pest in the area. Since it was resistant to the arsenolite which had been used locally for many years, Li Wan-hsi experimented with benzene hexachloride. But this killed both insects and crop. The class enemies seized the opportunity to scoff: "With the expert spoiler Li Wan-hsi in charge, the villagers will have nothing to eat!" Li Wan-hsi did not give up. Together with veteran peasants he continued experimenting until they finally succeeded with a mixture of benzene hexachloride and other substances. This new insecticide proved very effective in destroying the pest without doing any harm to the crop.

Taking the poor and lower-middle peasants as his teachers, integrating with them and linking theory with practice, Li Wan-hsi has achieved many successes in his agricultural scientific experiments. The output of the area's three main crops — maize, millet and sorghum — has increased more than fourfold. Today improved strains have been popularized throughout the production

brigade. In 1966 the brigade planted for experiment thirty thousand sweet potato seedlings and got a thousand *jin* per *mu*, more than double that of yam. Li Wan-hsi has also trained more than 130 agro-technicians for the people's commune. The poor and lower-middle peasants said happily: "Scientific knowledge plus our own experience gives fine results!"

Tempered and Matured in the Storms of Class Struggle

Tested in the three great revolutionary movements of class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment, Li Wan-hsi has won the trust of the poor and lower-middle peasants and been elected leader of his production brigade.

As brigade leader Li Wan-hsi has firmly grasped the most fundamental of all the many tasks — putting the living study and application of Chairman Mao's works in first place. He enthusiastically propagates Mao Tsetung Thought and has thus won the support and help of the poor and lower-middle peasants, while the class enemies regard him as a thorn in their flesh. In the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution the scoundrel who had mocked and attacked Li Wan-hsi during his first days back in the village, managed to instigate some hoodwinked people into threatening him in a thousand and one ways and put up a rash of big-character posters demanding the overthrow of Li Wan-hsi. The poor and lower-middle peasants gave him full support. "Wan-hsi," they said, "stand your ground! Even if the sky falls we'll stand by you!" In the flames of class struggle Li

Wan-hsi's heart became more closely linked with the hearts of the poor and lower-middle peasants. Firmly bearing in mind Chairman Mao's teaching: "**Never forget class struggle**", he steadfastly united and fought together with the poor and lower-middle peasants. In the face of the class enemy's attacks, he did not waver for a moment, but continuously drew inexhaustible strength from this teaching of Chairman Mao's:

It is good if we are attacked by the enemy, since it proves that we have drawn a clear line of demarcation between the enemy and ourselves.

Inspired by Chairman Mao's teachings and supported by the poor and lower-middle peasants, Li Wan-hsi battled resolutely against the class enemy.

Li Wan-hsi, a new-type educated youth and new-type peasant who has followed the road of integrating with the poor and lower-middle peasants for fourteen years, is determined to redouble his efforts and advance more courageously under the guidance of Mao Tsetung Thought.

(Originally published in *Renmin Ribao*,
October 10, 1968)

Resolutely Follow the Glorious Road Pointed Out by Chairman Mao

by Chen Hui-ming¹

I am a student trained in an old-type school. It is the great leader Chairman Mao who has freed me from the pernicious counter-revolutionary revisionist educational line of the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi, and I have come to the Niutienyang farm, a great People's Liberation Army school of Mao Tsetung Thought, to be re-educated. Under the guidance of Chairman Mao's brilliant May 7th Directive² and through re-education by the PLA men and strenuous tempering in labour, I have been able to take the first step forward along the revolutionary path charted by Chairman Mao. Early this year I had the honour of attending the Con-

¹The author is a girl in the Students' Company of a People's Liberation Army unit under the Kwangchow Command.

²On May 7, 1966 in a letter to Vice-Chairman Lin Piao, our great leader Chairman Mao issued an extremely important directive calling on the People's Liberation Army, factories, rural people's communes, schools, commercial enterprises, service trades and Party and government offices to turn their organizations into great revolutionized schools.

gress of Activists in the Living Study and Application of Mao Tsetung Thought convened by the PLA Kwangchow Command.

Personal experience has made me realize clearly that the orientation pointed out by Chairman Mao for intellectuals to integrate with the workers, peasants and soldiers is the only correct orientation for the youth movement. I will march on forever along this bright road indicated by Chairman Mao, always and truly make the workers, peasants and soldiers my teachers and accept their re-education so as to thoroughly change my old thinking and become an intellectual welcomed by them.

Seeing the Need for Re-education Through Arduous Labour

I studied in the Kwangtung Art College for almost eight years. Under the poisonous revisionist educational line I was estranged from proletarian politics, from the workers, peasants and soldiers and from labour. My aim in life was to master the *pipa*, thinking that if I practised hard and became skilled in playing that four-stringed instrument, I would have everything. At graduation, when we were to be assigned to work, the PLA Mao Tsetung Thought Propaganda Team in our college publicized Chairman Mao's great call and encouraged us to take the road of integration with the workers, peasants and soldiers and accept their re-education through labour. To do this, I came to the Niutienyang farm last September.

Our first lesson upon arrival was given by the PLA men, who led us in studying Chairman Mao's brilliant

May 7th Directive and his teachings on the integration of intellectuals with the workers, peasants and soldiers. They directed our discussion on the question whether to labour for "gilding" or for eradicating the root of revisionism, and helped us to take a correct attitude towards re-education and labour. The PLA men told us their own experience in persevering in labour and in revolutionizing their thinking in the light of Chairman Mao's May 7th Directive. This taught me a great deal and made me understand that my coming to Niutienyang was not for "gilding" but to thoroughly remould my old ideology and revolutionize my thinking.

Weeding was our first labour task. When I got to the field I looked around for weeds, but I could not see any. I asked the deputy company commander what kind of grass we should pluck out. He said "tares" and pulled up one to show me. I was quite puzzled, for the tares looked very much like the rice seedlings. How could I tell the one from the other? I felt awfully ashamed; at the same time my hatred for the revisionist educational line which blinded me to the difference between rice shoots and tares grew all the stronger.

Not long after, our barracks were hit by a fierce typhoon. The winds raged up to 11-force gales, and the sea dike was in imminent danger. Braving the wind and the pouring rain, the PLA men rushed to the dike to reinforce it. When our houses were shaking in the gale they thought nothing of the danger to themselves but climbed up onto the roofs to protect the houses. As for me, I dared not go up for fear the house should collapse and break my arm or leg. I was afraid I would no longer be able to play the *pipa* and that would be the end of my career. When the typhoon was over, I stud-

ied again and again Chairman Mao's brilliant "three constantly read articles" with this question in mind. I came to see that the heroic deeds of the PLA men were made possible by their study and application of these articles. Meanwhile I saw the bourgeois "self" deep in my own mind. At every turn I thought first of the possible danger to myself and at the crucial moment failed to act as the PLA men who fear neither hardship nor death and are wholly dedicated to the revolution and the people. These things enabled me to see the urgent need for intellectuals to be re-educated by the workers, peasants and soldiers. I used the brilliant "three constantly read articles" to repudiate the big renegade Liu Shao-chi's "philosophy of survival" and mercilessly fought the bourgeois world outlook of thinking only of myself, which was deep in my mind. I considered the battle to reinforce the dike not merely as a matter of persevering in manual labour but a question of upholding Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and combating my bourgeois ideas in order to thoroughly bury Liu Shao-chi's "philosophy of survival". Without hesitation I jumped into the surf and pushed the boats transporting earth. The shells cut my feet and the sea water stung in the wounds, but I paid no attention and went on working. When I was tired, I recited Chairman Mao's great teaching "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory**" to fight against my fear of fatigue and encourage myself to go on with the job.

Fostered by Mao Tsetung Thought and helped by the PLA fighters, I have gradually washed the old ideas from my mind, replacing them with new ideas which I have absorbed after a period of labour and bouts of

ideological struggle. Now I begin to understand how necessary it is for intellectuals to be re-educated by the workers, peasants and soldiers.

Remoulding World Outlook Through Arduous Labour

We were very busy in the fields when our great leader Chairman Mao issued this new instruction:

The majority or the vast majority of the students trained in the old schools and colleges can integrate themselves with the workers, peasants and soldiers, and some have made inventions or innovations; they must, however, be re-educated by the workers, peasants and soldiers under the guidance of the correct line and thoroughly change their old ideology. Such intellectuals will be welcomed by the workers, peasants and soldiers.

I studied this new instruction over and over again and associated it with my own experience in this respect. I understood deeply how wise and correct this new instruction of Chairman Mao's is. Every word told exactly what I felt at heart. Thus I was all the more firm in my determination to accept re-education by the workers, peasants and soldiers. I was more aware that in my case to "**thoroughly change their old ideology**" meant first of all to change my "professional" thinking of "becoming a famous specialist". Such thinking is a poisonous root planted deep in my mind by the big renegade Liu Shao-chi's revisionist educational line, and also an obstacle in my way to accepting re-education. The strug-

gle against this revisionist "professional" thinking is in essence the struggle between the two lines and the two kinds of world outlook.

To pull up tares, one has to dig one's fingers into the mud to get the root. When I did this, the idea of seeking personal fame and gain cropped up in my mind: It had taken years for me to grow the two long nails on which I depended to play the *pipa*. What if I should break them? After a day's work my fingers were red and sore. When I thought that, with my fingers growing thick and stiff, I would not be able to play the *pipa* any more, I felt upset and began to waver.

The political instructor found me in low spirits and realized what was troubling me. He studied the "three constantly read articles" together with me and told me the bitter story of his family. This reminded me that in the old society my family was no different from the tens of thousands of other poor ones. My father worked for the capitalists and the eight of us eked out a hand-to-mouth existence. My mother was made ill with long years of toil and died because we could not afford a doctor. It is Chairman Mao who has liberated us and brought us our happy life. I am the daughter of the poor and ought to love labour. Why was it that after a dozen years of schooling I began to look down upon the working people and was not willing to labour but thought only of "becoming a famous specialist"? I reproached myself: "Chen Hui-ming, don't you see that when you want to keep your hands soft you are really wishing to preserve the revisionist ideology? When you want to keep your long nails you are in fact trying to keep the poisonous root of revisionism in your mind!" I came to see ever more clearly what a pernicious in-

fluence Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist educational line had on me! Having made up my mind, I cut off the long nails and plunged into the battle to uproot the weeds with a new stance. My reddened and swollen fingers smarted with every weed I pulled out, but when I regarded the work as pulling out the poisonous roots of revisionism in my mind I no longer felt the pain.

The road of ideological remoulding is not smooth. To give me a better chance of steeling myself, the leadership transferred me to the kitchen. There I had to cook rice and vegetables, and feed the pigs. But the hardest job was chopping up vegetables. Whenever I picked up the cleaver my heart misgave me for fear I might chop off a finger. For the sake of labour I had cut off my long nails, but they could grow again; if I chopped off a finger, that would really finish me. The PLA comrades in my company noticed the change in my mood and had a heart-to-heart talk with me and helped me to study Chairman Mao's works. Chairman Mao says:

Intellectuals who want to integrate themselves with the masses, who want to serve the masses, must go through a process in which they and the masses come to know each other well. This process may, and certainly will, involve much pain and friction, but if you have the determination, you will be able to fulfil these requirements.

Measuring myself with these words of Chairman Mao's I found that the idea of "becoming a famous specialist" was not yet gone and the revolution in my soul was far from thorough. To radically change my old ideology I must conscientiously push the revolution in my inner

thought and feelings deeper and overcome any idea of seeking fame and gain. From then on I carried on my struggle against selfishness and my criticism of revisionism beside the cookstove and in the pigsty, using great Mao Tsetung Thought to combat the idea of trying to make a name and a fortune for myself which still existed in my innermost heart. I regarded every bucket of water and every load of pig feed I carried as "carrying a revolutionary load on my shoulders, with my heart turned to the red sun"; the more I carried the greater was my enthusiasm in the work. That is how I have assimilated political nourishment in the PLA, this great school of Mao Tsetung Thought, and strengthened my confidence to go forward. I have won battle after battle in ideological struggle.

I learned a great deal when early this year I was chosen together with many PLA heroes to attend a meeting of activists in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought convened by the PLA Kwangchow Command. Comrade Yuan Yi-hsien, political instructor of a PLA unit, told about his heroic deeds. Once when a hand-grenade exploded by accident he bravely threw himself onto it in order to protect his comrades. His right arm was blown off but the lives of his comrades were saved. After hearing this I was ashamed for having been afraid of cutting off a finger or breaking an arm. I have a pair of hands the same as the PLA man, but with his he has done earth-shaking deeds radiating the light of Mao Tsetung Thought. And me? I tried in a thousand and one ways to protect myself, but the more I did so the more revealed was my ugly soul of bourgeois individualism. How ignoble I have been! During these months of labour I have realized that to remould

their world outlook, intellectuals must go to the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, look upon them as their teachers, sincerely accept re-education by them and make fundamental revolution in the very depths of their being.

Cultivating Through Arduous Labour the Concept of Art Serving the Workers, Peasants and Soldiers

Labour and re-education by the workers, peasants and soldiers have given new life not only to my ideology but to my art work as well.

Not long after I came to the farm, the leading comrades wanted me to take up the weapon of art to propagate Mao Tsetung Thought. The night when Chairman Mao issued the new instruction: **“To accomplish the proletarian revolution in education”**, I worked on a *pipa* accompaniment till the small hours and expended tremendous effort on it. The next day I played it for the soldiers. But they said the melody was entirely too soft and lacked proletarian feeling and militancy. My face reddened at this criticism, but at heart I refused to agree with them. “They don’t understand music and can’t appreciate it,” I complained. Our deputy political instructor patiently pointed out to me that behind such remarks were a definite class stand and definite class feelings. We studied Chairman Mao’s teachings:

All our literature and art are for the masses of the people, and in the first place for the workers, peasants and soldiers; they are created for the workers, peasants and soldiers and are for their use.

If our writers and artists who come from the intelligentsia want their works to be well received by the masses, they must change and remould their thinking and their feelings.

Chairman Mao’s words reminded me of the old-type school where the bourgeois academic “authorities” locked me up in the practice room all day long and made me “turn a deaf ear to the things outside the window but with heart and soul practise the *pipa*”. Under the poisonous influence of the revisionist educational line, the feudal, bourgeois and revisionist feelings sneaked into my mind without my knowing. How could I bring out any music welcomed by the workers, peasants and soldiers if I didn’t remould myself thoroughly? This made me see that the criticism of the soldiers was absolutely correct and showed their deep proletarian feelings and clear-cut proletarian stand on the question of whom to love and whom to hate.

During my stay with the workers, peasants and soldiers I deeply felt that they are my best teachers. I must earnestly learn from them their proletarian feelings of boundless loyalty to Chairman Mao. Their numerous heroic deeds have constantly educated and inspired me, and aroused in me an irrepressible enthusiasm, which prompts me to take up my pen to write about them and to play the *pipa* in praise of them. The battle last autumn against the unusually severe typhoon taught me profound lessons and gave me the greatest inspiration. I saw the PLA comrades, defying wind and waves and disregarding personal danger, go where the peril was the gravest to save the big Niutienyang dike and the lives and property of the people. Some veteran leading com-

rades struggled shoulder to shoulder with the soldiers despite their age and physical condition. I composed an operetta describing these moving scenes. While at labour I also wrote more than twenty musical pieces in praise of the PLA fighters and put on more than ten performances which were well received by the soldiers. They said: "The feelings of the *pipa* player have changed and so have her melodies. They've some revolutionary flavour now."

In the past the bourgeois academic "authorities" said: "The *pipa* is a four-stringed instrument. Only those with a pair of supple and deft hands can get the most beautiful music out of it." This is sheer nonsense. Tempered in labour and re-educated by the PLA, this great school of Mao Tsetung Thought, my feelings are changed. I have grown physically sturdier and my hands have become stronger. I have finally come to understand profoundly: Only by taking the road pointed out by Chairman Mao of integrating with the workers, peasants and soldiers, accepting their re-education and putting Mao Tsetung Thought in command of my very being can I play brilliant music in praise of Mao Tsetung Thought, put into music the magnificent revolutionary spirit of this heroic era, music welcomed by the workers, peasants and soldiers.

(Originally published in the *Hsinhua News Bulletin*, May 7, 1969)

I'll Be a Good Daughter of the Poor Herdsmen All My Life

by Wu Hsiao-ming¹

Take the Path Indicated by Chairman Mao

I came to the pastoral area of the West Udzumchin Banner in the Silingol League, Inner Mongolia, in November 1967. I had been a junior student in the Peking No. 3 Girls Middle School. Corrupted by the revisionist educational line that ruled our school, my mind was filled with selfish considerations and I thought only about the possibility of getting into a top-notch school and about how I would then become an expert or a researcher. The more I thought of these things the more it seemed to me that going to the countryside or mountainous regions promised "no future" for educated young people. I had no intention of going to either. To tell the truth, I was afraid of hardships and in my mind dismissed the countryside as a backward area.

¹ The author is a new herdsman on the grasslands of Inner Mongolia.

The revolutionary mass criticism of the revisionist line in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution taught me a profound lesson. I realized that from childhood I had lived apart from productive labour and it was imperative that I should go among the working people to steel and remould myself. Otherwise, how could I be a worthy successor to the revolutionary cause of the proletariat? Soon after this, the Inner Mongolian Autonomous Region sent people to Peking to offer a welcome to young students who wished to settle down there. I decided to enlist. But at the same time I heard a good deal of chatter on the subject. It was said that the people in Inner Mongolia were of a different nationality from the Han and their language was different from ours. We would find it hard to accustom ourselves to their ways and habits, and it would be difficult to adjust to the climate. In other words, there would be no end of difficulties. How should I deal with these problems? Chairman Mao teaches us:

We go there to work and struggle to overcome these difficulties. A good comrade is one who is more eager to go where the difficulties are greater.

And now with a heavy load facing me, it was a question of whether I dared to shoulder it.

I am Chairman Mao's Red Guard, I thought to myself, how can I allow myself to be stopped by a little difficulty? Chairman Mao calls on us young students to take the path of integrating with the workers and peasants. I must go.

I told my parents about my plan and sat down to study Chairman Mao's works with them. After studying, my parents encouraged me to go to Inner Mongolia to

become a member of a production brigade there, and they went to my school to obtain the approval of the PLA Political and Military Training Team for me to take the road of integrating with the workers and peasants.

Never Forget Class Bitterness

It was winter when we arrived at our new home. The poor herdsmen rode out to welcome us when our motor-coach was still a distance from the pasture farm. Each of them held high a copy of the bright red book *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tsetung* as they galloped over and shouted, "Long live Chairman Mao!" It was a thrilling moment for us. The first thing they asked on seeing us was whether we had seen Chairman Mao. Some of our schoolmates said they had seen him twice, others three times. With one voice we told the herdsmen that our dear Chairman Mao was in excellent health and this delighted them most of all. "We've been looking forward to your coming," they assured us. "You are the Red Guards sent by Chairman Mao, you are the new herdswomen of the grasslands. Come with us!" We were so excited that we didn't know what to say but all together shouted at the top of our voice: "Long live Chairman Mao!" "A long, long life to Chairman Mao!"

The grasslands are a wonderful part of the motherland, because the brilliance of Mao Tsetung Thought illuminates them. The red sun shines into the Mongolian yurts, and into the hearts of the poor herdsmen. The poor herdsmen have the deepest feeling for Chairman Mao and the bitterest hatred for the class enemy.

We received an impressive lesson in class struggle as soon as we arrived at the pastures.

I came to know a poor herdsman in his fifties by the name of Sangewang. He had lost the sight of both eyes and his body was covered with scars, relics of persecution in the old society. Even when he was not well, he insisted on telling people of the bitterness in the old society. "I remind the old people of the past," he said, "so that they will not forget the misery and will really treasure the good life today. I speak of it to the youngsters so that they will know about the bitterness of the past and appreciate more today's sweetness. If it weren't for Chairman Mao, I would not be living today. As long as I have one breath left in me I will go on telling the people about this happy life Chairman Mao has given us." He worked hard to study Chairman Mao's works, would get someone to read out an article to him and repeat it sentence by sentence. It took him two months to learn *Serve the People* that way. Now he is able to recite all of the "three constantly read articles" by Chairman Mao as well as a good number of his quotations.

There is another old poor herdsman who suffered much before liberation. When he was telling us his family history he became so stirred that he got up and made a deep bow before a portrait of Chairman Mao, then burst into the strains of *The East Is Red* at the top of his voice. He also removed his shirt to show us the many weals left by whip lashes on his back and arms—iron proofs of the ruthless exploitation and oppression of poor herdsman by the vicious feudal overlords, aristocracy and herdowners.

"The feudal overlords and herdowners beat me and exploited me," he said through tears. "I lived like a beast of burden most of my life. It is Chairman Mao who has rescued me and given me the happiness I know today. I'll always remain loyal to Chairman Mao and follow him to make revolution all my life. The renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi and his agents in Inner Mongolia desperately tried to restore capitalism and make us suffer the old bitterness again. We poor herdsman will certainly not stand for that! You young ones must remember well Chairman Mao's call: '**Never forget class struggle.**'"

Such living evidence of class struggle teaches us a lot. The grasslands abound in sharp class struggle. Young students like us must never fail to keep in mind class bitterness and stand firmly alongside the broad masses of the poor herdsman. We must learn their clear-cut sense of what to love and what to hate, share their proletarian feelings and firm proletarian stand and remake ourselves in the heat of class struggle.

Learn from the Poor Herdsmen

Chairman Mao says:

China's numerous revolutionary intellectuals must awaken to the necessity of becoming one with the peasants. . . . They should go to the countryside enthusiastically, doff their student garb and put on rough clothing, and willingly start with any work however trivial. . . .

When we first arrived we ten girls lived together, two of us doing the cooking each fifth day. When my turn

came my partner and I got up very early, as if we had some great task to accomplish that day. Since we didn't even know how to start a fire, our yurt was quickly filled with smoke. Coughing and sputtering, tears streaming down our cheeks, we finally got the fire going. Then we two discussed what to cook, settling on porridge which was the easiest thing. After our morning meal the girls went off to pasture sheep or tend the horses. When it was almost time for them to return from the afternoon work, we still didn't know what to cook for dinner. Everything seemed so difficult. We'd learned how to boil porridge that morning, we might as well consolidate our knowledge of this new skill. So we served another meal of porridge. None of the girls said a word, but I felt it particularly inadequate. They had been out working all day in the bitter cold and what did we give them? Two meals of porridge.

I couldn't help wondering why I was such a fool. How I began to loathe the schools ruled by the revisionist educational line which reared students like me, isolated from the masses of workers and peasants and from productive work, leading an easy life where we got everything done for us. How grateful I felt towards Chairman Mao for my chance to come to the grasslands to be steeled. Since I was going to settle down here, I must **start with any work however trivial**. Now, after some six months of practice I am able to cook a variety of food.

When I first began to work I thought there wasn't anything I couldn't learn — after all, I said to myself, I've had plenty of schooling. This smugness showed in my work. For instance, when we were putting the lambs to feed I really made a laughing-stock of myself.

I noticed that the other herdsmen just pulled over a sheep and casually put a lamb under its belly and the lamb began to suck. Very simple, I thought. Following their example, I pulled over a ewe and thrust a lamb under her belly. As soon as I let go, the ewe kicked at the lamb and drove it off. That must be a particularly nasty ewe, I thought, and tried the lamb on another ewe but she too refused to suckle it. I couldn't make out what was wrong and asked the herdsmen to help me. They burst out laughing at my complaint. It seemed I had failed to put the lamb to its own mother, naturally the other ewes refused to feed it. Chairman Mao teaches us:

Many so-called intellectuals are, relatively speaking, most ignorant.

The masses are the real heroes, while we ourselves are often childish and ignorant, and without this understanding it is impossible to acquire even the most rudimentary knowledge.

I saw this as a fact. After that I made up my mind to make the poor herdsmen my teachers; I wanted to be their humble pupil and to learn from them all my life.

One day when I was out tending our flock of sheep a ewe lambed. On the way home I noticed the new-born lamb still shaky on its legs. I thought of picking it up and carrying it in my arms, but it looked so messy I hesitated. I might soil my jacket and the stains might not wash off. I might as well let the lamb wobble home on its own legs. It was getting dark and my herdsman "uncle", worried that I was not yet home, came out to meet me. As I was still driving the flock along, he

stooped to pick up the lamb but said no more than, "This lamb's too young to walk by itself." This made me so ashamed that I wished the ground would open up and swallow me. It was only a simple matter of carrying a new-born lamb. Why is it the poor herdsman can do it while I can't, I asked myself.

Worrying about this, I studied Chairman Mao's writings and came to the conclusion that though I was living in the midst of the poor herdsmen, my attitude was one of slight "superiority" to them. "Superior" in the sense that I left hard work, dirty work and really tiring work to the herdsmen while I took on the comparatively lighter and cleaner jobs. If I went on that way how would I ever get to be really at one with the labouring people in thought and in feeling as Chairman Mao has requested of us? How could they look upon me as one of themselves?

Another time I noticed that an old herdsman had left his gown outside. I thought it would be a good idea to wash it for him. But at sight of the dirt on it I shrank back. Then Chairman Mao's words came to my mind:

The workers and peasants were the cleanest people and, even though their hands were soiled and their feet smeared with cow-dung, they were really cleaner than the bourgeois and petty-bourgeois intellectuals.

It was as if dear Chairman Mao were criticizing me personally. Of course I must wash the old uncle's gown. I realized that it was not simply a question of washing a dirty gown but the more important question of washing the dirt off my mind. In school I was never conscious that I feared dirty and heavy work but once I got among the poor herdsmen many dirty things in my mind were

exposed in only a few short months. How I hated the revisionist educational line with its poisonous influence on me!

From then on whenever a problem arose I thought of three things: First, what does Chairman Mao say; secondly, what would the poor herdsmen do; and thirdly, what I myself should do. In this way I had a guiding principle, an example to follow, and knew better what to do. In this way I could do my best to make my words and actions correspond to Mao Tsetung Thought and fit in with the interests and the thinking and feeling of the masses of the poor herdsmen.

I'll Always Be a Good Daughter of the Poor Herdsmen

"The heavens are great, the earth is great, but they can't compare with the greatness of what the Party has done for the people. The rivers are deep, the seas are deep, but they can't compare with class friendship." We have been with the poor herdsmen only a little over eight months but already many warm bonds unite us. This spring when the lambing season began we ten girls split up to go to the homes of ten poor herdsmen. We parted with great reluctance. However, two months of living in the homes of the herdsmen made us no longer want to go back to our own yurt. The poor herdsmen felt more warmly towards us too. When we first arrived, they called us "the young students from Peking". Now that we are each living with a family, they point us out, "That's my daughter", and look upon us as kith and kin.

Once I went out with the flock in the face of a strong gale and got my five hundred head of sheep to the pasture about three *li* away. When noon came it was still blowing hard. I decided to go without lunch rather than take the flock back and then have to come out again with them in the teeth of the wind. My failure to return caused my sixty-year-old aunty to worry. She went out of the yurt every few minutes to look for me. Convinced at last that I wasn't coming home for lunch, she wrapped the pancakes she had just baked in layers of paper and napkins, tucked them under her big gown and brought them to me. When she put the steaming hot pancakes in my hands I really didn't know what to say. When in school, we used to talk about "class feelings deeper than the sea", but only now did I understand that in the great epoch of Mao Tsetung we young people could find a home and kinsmen anywhere in our great motherland. The poor herdsmen armed with Mao Tsetung Thought are our kinsfolk. I left my home in Peking only to find a new home on the grasslands; I parted from my own parents only to find parents in all the poor herdsmen here.

Now I've come to understand much better what Chairman Mao meant when he said:

Our countryside is vast and has plenty of room for them [young people] to develop their talents to the full.

We, the revolutionary educated youth, are required to do much more both in class struggle and the struggle for production. In the past eight months I have gone from the city to our border areas, I have doffed my student garb and put on a Mongolian gown, taking a

first step in integrating with the workers and peasants. But this is only the first step in a long march of 10,000 *li*. To strike really deep roots here, it is necessary to go through even harder tempering in ideology. I must consciously do better in studying Chairman Mao's writings, follow his teachings and all my life take the path of integrating with the workers, peasants and soldiers as he has pointed out. I shall continuously remould my ideology and be always loyal to Chairman Mao like the poor herdsmen, be a good daughter of the poor herdsmen all my life and steel myself into a worthy successor to the revolutionary cause of the proletariat.

(Originally published in *Renmin Ribao*, August 22, 1968)

Follow Chairman Mao's Teachings, Always Serve the Poor and Lower-Middle Peasants

— Story of Chai Hsiu-chen, an educated girl who has settled down in her home village and an activist in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought

by Hsinhua News Agency Correspondent

In the Lutsun Production Brigade of the Tungnanchao People's Commune in Fangshan County on the outskirts of Peking, a girl by the name of Chai Hsiu-chen has been working for nearly six years since returning there from the city where she received her education. She studies and applies Mao Tsetung Thought in a living way. Following the great leader Chairman Mao's instructions to dedicate oneself to the people **wholly** and **entirely**, she has made great effort to learn how to serve the people. For her unreserved devotion she has won good comments from the poor and lower-middle peasants.

Mao Tsetung Thought Enlightens Her

Chai Hsiu-chen was born into a poor peasant's family. None of her forebears had been able to read. In 1957,

after finishing the junior course in the Peking No. 5 Girls Middle School, she went to work in a factory. On account of sickness she had returned to her home village. It was in 1963. After a year's rest she was able to do light work in the village. But under the pernicious influence of the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist line on education, she felt that returning to the countryside to become an ordinary peasant after her years of schooling was wasting her "talents" and providing no bright future, and so she was not prepared to stay long.

When ex-serviceman Comrade Wang Tung, deputy secretary of the Party branch and leader of the production brigade, heard about Chai Hsiu-chen's dislike for work in the countryside, he told her the story of Chairman Mao leading the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army in the 25,000-*li* Long March and the stories of Chiu Shao-yun,¹ Tung Tsun-jui,² Huang

¹ Chiu Shao-yun was a Hero, First Grade, of the Chinese People's Volunteers. On October 11, 1952, in a counter-attack on the enemy-occupied Height 391 west of Kumhwa, Korea, he and his platoon were ordered, under cover of darkness, to lie in ambush some sixty metres from the enemy position to launch a surprise attack the next evening. The next noon an enemy incendiary shell burst near him. To avoid exposing the platoon he lay motionless despite excruciating pain and was burned to death. His heroic sacrifice ensured the victory of the battle.

² Tung Tsun-jui was a Combat Hero of the Chinese People's Liberation Army. On May 26, 1948, in the battle to liberate Lung-hua, he was assigned to blow up an enemy fortification on a bridge across a ravine, which blocked the advance of the PLA. He dashed under the bridge but found no place to put the package of dynamite. As the time for the general offensive had come, he held the package up against the bridge and detonated it. The enemy fortification was blown to pieces and he died a heroic death.

Chi-kuang¹ and other revolutionary heroes. He explained to her Chairman Mao's teachings on serving the people **wholly** and **entirely** and encouraged her to study Chairman Mao's works conscientiously. He gave her a copy of Chairman Mao's brilliant works, the "three constantly read articles", and said to her: "In reading you should first read Chairman Mao's books, which are the most precious of the precious. Whatever you do, you mustn't depart from Mao Tsetung Thought."

Hsiu-chen felt greatly inspired after reading the "three constantly read articles". Over and over again she thought: Chang Szu-teh,² a Chinese, and Norman Bethune,³ a foreigner, both gave their lives for the

¹ Huang Chi-kuang was a Hero, Special Grade, of the Chinese People's Volunteers. During the renowned Sangkumryung Campaign in October 1952 in Korea, he kept on fighting despite serious wounds received in assaulting enemy pillboxes to cover the advance of the forces. Finally he threw himself onto the muzzle of a machine-gun firing from an enemy pillbox and died a heroic death, enabling his unit to advance, capture the height and wipe out two enemy battalions.

² Chang Szu-teh was a soldier in the Guards Regiment of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party. A member of the Communist Party who loyally served the interests of the people, he joined the revolution in 1933, took part in the Long March and was wounded in service. On September 5, 1944, when making charcoal in the mountains of Ansai County, northern Shensi, he was killed by the sudden collapse of a kiln.

³ The distinguished surgeon Norman Bethune was a member of the Canadian Communist Party. In order to help the Chinese people in the War of Resistance Against Japan, he came to China at the head of a medical team and arrived in Yen-an in the spring of 1938. Soon after he went to the Shansi-Chahar-Hopei border area. Imbued with ardent internationalism and selfless enthusiasm in work, he served the sick and wounded of the Communist-led Eighth Route Army for nearly two years. He contracted blood poisoning while operating on wounded soldiers. All efforts to save him failed and he died in Tanghsien, Hopei, on November 12, 1939.

cause of the Chinese people's liberation. I am a poor peasant's daughter. The Party and state have given me an education through junior middle school, and yet I do not want to stay in the countryside to serve the poor and lower-middle peasants. Is this not forgetting my origin? Then she determined to follow Chairman Mao's teaching to serve the people **wholly** and **entirely** and become a person with **utter devotion to others without any thought of self.**

In early 1965 the production brigade assigned her the job of preventing animal epidemics. She grumbled: "How can I, a girl, spend all my time with pigs and such animals? It's a filthy job with no prospect." Comrade Wang Tung took out the "three constantly read articles" and studied with her. "Whether a job is filthy or not," he said, "depends on your thinking. You won't consider your new job filthy if your thinking is not." Mao Tsetung Thought enlightened her. She determined to get rid of the selfishness in her mind and wholeheartedly serve the poor and lower-middle peasants by doing a good job in animal epidemic prevention.

Learning What the Poor and Lower-Middle Peasants Need

Our great leader Chairman Mao teaches us:

If you want knowledge, you must take part in the practice of changing reality. If you want to know the

taste of a pear, you must change the pear by eating it yourself.

After taking up the new job, Chai Hsiu-chen followed Chairman Mao's instruction and got into practice. She learned from the poor and lower-middle peasants, the people with practical experience. She first went to the livestock farm of the No. 1 Production Team to feed the pigs. Old poor peasant Liang Ke-ming, the stockman, encouraged her to treat a sow which was paralysed after farrowing. This was tough work for Hsiu-chen who had only a few days' experience at her new job. However, inspired by Chairman Mao's instruction: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory"**, she decided to go ahead and cure the sow — to win the confidence of the poor and lower-middle peasants by actual deeds.

While feeding the pigs the next day, she began to read books to look for a cure. She went to the veterinary centre to seek advice from the comrades there and gave the sick sow injections and drugs. She also learned from the experienced stockmen in the village. Old poor peasant Wang Kai told her: "Injections and drugs are not enough to treat a sow paralyzed after farrowing. You should feed it with millet gruel and take good care of it." Taking his advice she took six *jin* of millet from her home, made gruel and fed the sick sow every day. After some ten days it could stand, then recovered completely and grew fat, and in time had nine more piglets. Thereafter Hsiu-chen continued to learn from old poor peasants even more modestly. In six months she acquired a variety of knowledge: cross-breeding, looking after farrowing sows, feeding, fattening, selecting

better breeds, mixing fodder, etc. She also learned various methods of preventing and curing hog diseases and of feeding cattle, sheep, horses, mules and donkeys, and learned their habits.

Ordinarily her work was confined to giving preventive injections to the cattle, pigs, poultry, rabbits, and to sterilizing the stables and animal-folds twice a year, spring and autumn. Hsiu-chen, however, wanted to do much more. Spurred on by the idea of serving the people wholeheartedly, she was determined to learn how to cure animal diseases. The brigade cadres supported her and the veterinarians also gave her a helping hand. By 1966 she had gained a basic knowledge of treating recurrent and common hog diseases as well as common diseases of draught animals. Once a sow belonging to poor peasant Yang Ming had difficulty in farrowing. Hsiu-chen was asked to handle the case which was already serious. The only way to save the sow was to operate on it to bring forth the young. She had no experience in this operation though she had seen the veterinarians doing it. She was afraid that she might be held responsible if the sow should die as a result of the failure of the operation. As she hesitated she remembered Chairman Mao's teaching about **wholly and entirely** serving the people and about **utter devotion to others without any thought of self**. Disregarding personal gains or losses she went ahead, recalling in detail what she had observed from the operations done by the veterinarians. When she cut open the sow's belly she found the first two piglets already dead from suffocation and the third almost dead. Without hesitation she revived it by artificial respiration and

then revived the fourth and fifth; finally all the other four were saved.

This kind of work was truly dirty and hard, yet it required boldness and care. With Mao Tsetung Thought as guidance, and constantly keeping the idea of serving the people in mind, she did not mind the mess and her fatigue. For instance, when she examined a gravid animal she had to clear the excretions from the rectum before she could feel the ovary. At first she was reluctant to do this kind of work, but she overcame her fear of dirt and courageously undertook the examination of the animals after re-reading Chairman Mao's instruction:

. . . compared with the workers and peasants the unremoulded intellectuals were not clean and that, in the last analysis, the workers and peasants were the cleanest people and, even though their hands were soiled and their feet smeared with cow-dung, they were really cleaner than the bourgeois and petty-bourgeois intellectuals.

Keep Struggling Against the Force of Habit and Old Ideas

Generally, after leaving a small number of animals for breeding purposes, the others have to be castrated so that they may fatten and become more useful. But no one in the Lutsun Brigade knew how to castrate animals and every year a good deal of money had to be spent to get people from other villages to do the work. In early 1966 the veterinary centre of the Tungnanchao Commune called upon the animal epidemic prevention personnel

of all villages to learn this technique. At that time Hsiu-chen thought that this was a man's job and girls were not fit to do it. Then she remembered Chairman Mao's teaching:

Whatever we do is to serve the people. How then can we be reluctant to discard any of our bad traits?

She realized that to castrate pigs was also a service to the people; it was an honourable job and girls could do it too. So she decided to learn the technique.

Thereafter she would go to the veterinary centre whenever she had time and try her hand at the work. Soon some villagers with old ideas began to talk behind her back, and her mother could no longer keep silent. "You must remember you're a girl. You mustn't do such work!" she said.

Hsiu-chen was deeply disturbed. The PLA men stationed in the Lutsun Brigade heard about this and visited her home to arrange a family meeting to talk the matter over. They told her mother: "It's a good thing that Hsiu-chen volunteered to learn to castrate pigs and other animals. This is what the poor and lower-middle peasants need. You won't be following Chairman Mao's instruction on serving the people if you don't let her learn this technique." Seeing that the PLA men supported her daughter, the old woman changed her attitude and said gladly to Hsiu-chen: "If that's so, go ahead and learn it. The sow in our house has just had a litter of nine. You'd better try on them first." From then on Hsiu-chen studied and learned more energetically. It did not take her long to master the technique of castrating pigs, cattle and sheep. In a little more than two years she castrated two thousand pigs, a hundred sheep and a dozen cattle

— all free of charge, thus saving a large amount of money for the brigade and the commune members.

Serving the People Has No Limits

In July 1968 a medical team of the PLA came to Lutsun and treated the poor and lower-middle peasants day and night by needling. Hsiu-chen thought if she could do the needling, she might be able to treat the poor and lower-middle peasants after the PLA men had left. She remembered having read some books on acupuncture when she was convalescing and knew of some points on the human body into which needles could be inserted. Just at that time the PLA medical team started a training class in the village in the quick method of acupuncture, and she went to attend the lectures. With a view to reducing her patients' pain, she followed the army-men's example in treating deaf-mutes and applied the needles on her own body first. As she could not see some of the points herself, she used a mirror or asked somebody to insert the needles for her. It was not long before she located more than a hundred commonly used points and knew how a patient felt when needles were inserted into these points. Gradually she took up needling to treat the poor and lower-middle peasants, to the satisfaction of the village's commune members and cadres.

Tuan Chin-feng, a commune member, had suffered from paralysis of the lower limbs and had not left his sick-bed for over six months despite treatment. After the PLA medical team came to the village, they applied needles on him several times. Hsiu-chen took over after the team left. At the end of two months this old com-

mune member could walk with a stick. Joyfully he told everyone he met, "I spent a lot of money in the big hospitals in Peking, but they never cured me. Now our kinsmen the PLA men sent by Chairman Mao taught Hsiu-chen how to use the needles, and I'm cured. It is true that dear as parents are, Chairman Mao is dearer."

Another patient was poor peasant Auntie Wang, over eighty, paralysed for more than two years. When she heard that Hsiu-chen had cured Tuan Chin-feng, she asked her to treat her disease by needling. Hsiu-chen found Auntie Wang alone in the house, unwashed and lying on the bed unable to move. Immediately she thought of Chang Szu-teh and Norman Bethune whose spirit of wholly and entirely serving the people constantly inspired her. The first thing she did was to fetch water and give the old woman a sponge-bath, then she applied the needles. She treated her twenty-seven times, at the end of which Auntie Wang could get up from the bed and walk. She said to Hsiu-chen with tears in her eyes: "How can I thank you, Hsiu-chen?" Hsiu-chen replied, "Don't thank me, Auntie. You should thank Chairman Mao who has educated me in this way."

Auntie Wang told everyone she saw that Chairman Mao taught Hsiu-chen to cure her.

* * *

In the last few years Chai Hsiu-chen has further matured under the brilliant sunshine of Mao Tsetung Thought. Boldly advancing along the broad revolutionary road of integrating with the poor and lower-middle peasants, she has become an intellectual welcomed by them. In the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution personally initiated and led by the great leader Chairman

Mao, she has also been profoundly educated and tempered. Together with the young revolutionary fighters and poor and lower-middle peasants in her village, she hit hard at the handful of unreformed landlords, rich peasants, counter-revolutionaries, bad elements and Rightists who committed sabotage, and rebelled against the bourgeois reactionary line. She took the lead in overcoming bourgeois factionalism and promoted the great revolutionary alliance between the two mass organizations in the village. Subsequently she was elected member and standing member of the Poor and Lower-Middle Peasants' Congress of the production brigade and the commune. Before the 1969 Spring Festival she was gloriously admitted into the Chinese Communist Party.

During and after the Party's Ninth Congress, with the profound proletarian feelings of infinite love for the great leader Chairman Mao, she enthusiastically spread the spirit of the Ninth Congress, earnestly studied the Congress documents and resolved to arm herself with Chairman Mao's great teachings on continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat. She is ready to follow Chairman Mao all her life in making revolution, serving the people and being an epidemic prevention worker and "bare-foot" doctor, a person loyal to Chairman Mao and **wholly** and **entirely** dedicated to the people.

(Originally published in *Renmin Ribao*,
June 3, 1969)