

CHINESE LITERATURE



Monthly 5-6 1967

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Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung

If you are a bourgeois writer or artist, you will eulogize not the proletariat but the bourgeoisie, and if you are a proletarian writer or artist, you will eulogize not the bourgeoisie but the proletariat and working people: it must be one or the other.

— *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*



Chairman Mao Tse-tung, our great teacher, great leader, great supreme commander and great helmsman

A Poem by Chairman Mao Tse-tung

Reply to Kuo Mo-jo — to the Melody of Man Chiang Hung

On this tiny globe
A few flies dash themselves against the wall,
Humming without cease,
Sometimes shrilling,
Sometimes moaning.

Ants on the locust tree assume a great nation swagger
And mayflies lightly plot to topple the giant tree.
The west wind scatters leaves over Changan,
And the arrows are flying, twanging.

So many deeds cry out to be done,
And always urgently;
The world rolls on,
Time presses.
Ten thousand years are too long,
Seize the day, seize the hour!
The Four Seas are rising, clouds and waters raging,
The Five Continents are rocking, wind and thunder roaring.
Away with all pests!
Our force is irresistible.

January 9, 1963

Line 6: In the short story *Prefect of the Southern Branch* by Li Kung-tso, a writer of the Tang Dynasty, a man dozing under a locust tree dreamed that he married the princess of the Great Locust Kingdom and was made prefect of the Southern Branch. When he awoke, he found that the kingdom was an ants' hole under the tree.

Line 7: In one of his poems Han Yu (768-824), a distinguished writer of the Tang Dynasty, sarcastically compared people over-reaching themselves to "mayflies which attempt to shake the giant tree."

Line 8: An allusion to the famous lines of Chia Tao (779?-843), a Tang poet:
The west wind sweeps over the waters of Wei
And everywhere leaves are falling in Changan.

湘江紅

和郭沫若

小窗夜珠

有采玉

蒼蠅磁壁

啼叫

紫竹

清厲

都聲抽泣

蟻

槐花

地

楓

淡河易正

西風

下

飛鳴

多少事

從

急天

光陰

二

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月

IN MEMORY OF NORMAN
BETHUNE

December 21, 1939

Comrade Norman Bethune,¹ a member of the Communist Party of Canada, was around fifty when he was sent by the Communist Parties of Canada and the United States to China; he made light of travelling thousands of miles to help us in our War of Resistance Against Japan. He arrived in Yen-an in the spring of last year, went to work in the Wutai Mountains, and to our great sorrow died a martyr at his post. What kind of spirit is this that makes a foreigner selflessly adopt the cause of the Chinese people's liberation as his own? It is the spirit of internationalism, the spirit of communism, from which every Chinese

Communist must learn. Leninism teaches that the world revolution can only succeed if the proletariat of the capitalist countries supports the struggle for liberation of the colonial and semi-colonial peoples and if the proletariat of the colonies and semi-colonies supports that of the proletariat of the capitalist countries.² Comrade Bethune put this Leninist line into practice. We Chinese Communists must also follow this line in our practice. We must unite with the proletariat of all the capitalist countries, with the proletariat of Japan, Britain, the United States, Germany, Italy and all other capitalist countries, before it is possible to overthrow imperialism, to liberate our nation and people, and to liberate the other nations and peoples of the world. This is our internationalism, the internationalism with which we oppose both narrow nationalism and narrow patriotism.

Comrade Bethune's spirit, his utter devotion to others without any thought of self, was shown in his boundless sense of responsibility in his work and his boundless warm-heartedness towards all comrades and the people. Every Communist must learn from him. There are not a few people who are irresponsible in their work, preferring the light to the heavy, shoving the heavy loads on to others and choosing the easy ones for themselves. At every turn they think of themselves before others. When they make some small contribution, they swell with pride and brag about it for fear that others will not know. They feel no warmth towards comrades and the people but are cold, indifferent and apathetic. In

fact such people are not Communists, or at least cannot be counted as true Communists. No one who returned from the front failed to express admiration for Bethune whenever his name was mentioned, and none remained unmoved by his spirit. In the Shansi-Chahar-Hopei border area, no soldier or civilian was unmoved who had been treated by Dr. Bethune or had seen how he worked. Every Communist must learn this true communist spirit from Comrade Bethune.

Comrade Bethune was a doctor, the art of healing was his profession and he was constantly perfecting his skill, which stood very high in the Eighth Route Army's medical service. His example is an excellent lesson for those people who wish to change their work the moment they see something different and for those who despise technical work as of no consequence or as promising no future.

Comrade Bethune and I met only once. Afterwards he wrote me many letters. But I was busy, and I wrote him only one letter and do not even know if he ever received it. I am deeply grieved over his death. Now we are all commemorating him, which shows how profoundly his spirit inspires everyone. We must all learn the spirit of absolute selflessness from him. With this spirit everyone can be very useful to the people. A man's ability may be great or small, but if he has this spirit, he is already noble-minded and pure, a man of moral integrity and above vulgar interests, a man who is of value to the people.

NOTES

¹The distinguished surgeon Norman Bethune was a member of the Canadian Communist Party. In 1936 when the German and Italian fascist bandits invaded Spain, he went to the front and worked for the anti-fascist Spanish people. In order to help the Chinese people in their 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 the great communist spirit, he served the army and the people of the Liberated Areas for nearly two years. He contracted blood poisoning while operating on wounded soldiers and died in Tanghsien, Hopei, on November 12, 1939.

²See J.V. Stalin, "The Foundations of Leninism," *Problems of Leninism*, Eng. ed., FLPH, Moscow, 1954, pp. 70-79.

MAO TSE-TUNG

THE FOOLISH OLD MAN WHO REMOVED THE MOUNTAINS

June 11, 1945

We have had a very successful congress. We have done three things. First, we have decided on the line of our Party, which is boldly to mobilize the masses and expand the people's forces so that, under the leadership of our Party, they will defeat the Japanese aggressors, liberate the whole people and build a new-democratic China. Second, we have adopted the new Party Constitution. Third, we have elected the leading body of the Party — the Central Committee. Henceforth our task is to lead

This was Comrade Mao Tse-tung's concluding speech at the Seventh National Congress of the Communist Party of China.

the whole membership in carrying out the Party line. Ours has been a congress of victory, a congress of unity. The delegates have made excellent comments on the three reports. Many comrades have undertaken self-criticism; with unity as the objective unity has been achieved through self-criticism. This congress is a model of unity, of self-criticism and of inner-Party democracy.

When the congress closes, many comrades will be leaving for their posts and the various war fronts. Comrades, wherever you go, you should propagate the line of the congress and, through the members of the Party, explain it to the broad masses.

Our aim in propagating the line of the congress is to build up the confidence of the whole Party and the entire people in the certain triumph of the revolution. We must first raise the political consciousness of the vanguard so that, resolute and unafraid of sacrifice, they will surmount every difficulty to win victory. But this is not enough; we must also arouse the political consciousness of the entire people so that they may willingly and gladly fight together with us for victory. We should fire the whole people with the conviction that China belongs not to the reactionaries but to the Chinese people. There is an ancient Chinese fable called "The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains." It tells of an old man who lived in northern China long, long ago and was known as the Foolish Old Man of North Mountain. His house faced south and beyond his doorway stood the two great peaks, Taihang and Wangwu, obstructing the

way. With great determination, he led his sons in digging up these mountains hoe in hand. Another greybeard, known as the Wise Old Man, saw them and said derisively, "How silly of you to do this! It is quite impossible for you few to dig up these two huge mountains." The Foolish Old Man replied, "When I die, my sons will carry on; when they die, there will be my grandsons, and then their sons and grandsons, and so on to infinity. High as they are, the mountains cannot grow any higher and with every bit we dig, they will be that much lower. Why can't we clear them away?" Having refuted the Wise Old Man's wrong view, he went on digging every day, unshaken in his conviction. God was moved by this, and he sent down two angels, who carried the mountains away on their backs. Today, two big mountains lie like a dead weight on the Chinese people. One is imperialism, the other is feudalism. The Chinese Communist Party has long made up its mind to dig them up. We must persevere and work unceasingly, and we, too, will touch God's heart. Our God is none other than the masses of the Chinese people. If they stand up and dig together with us, why can't these two mountains be cleared away?

Yesterday, in a talk with two Americans who were leaving for the United States, I said that the U.S. government was trying to undermine us and this would not be permitted. We oppose the U.S. government's policy of supporting Chiang Kai-shek against the Communists. But we must draw a distinction, firstly, between the people

of the United States and their government and, secondly, within the U.S. government between the policy-makers and their subordinates. I said to these two Americans, "Tell the policy-makers in your government that we forbid you Americans to enter the Liberated Areas because your policy is to support Chiang Kai-shek against the Communists, and we have to be on our guard. You can come to the Liberated Areas if your purpose is to fight Japan, but there must first be an agreement. We will not permit you to nose around everywhere. Since Patrick J. Hurley has publicly declared against co-operation with the Chinese Communist Party, why do you still want to come and prowl around in our Liberated Areas?"

The U.S. government's policy of supporting Chiang Kai-shek against the Communists shows the brazenness of the U.S. reactionaries. But all the scheming of the reactionaries, whether Chinese or foreign, to prevent the Chinese people from achieving victory is doomed to failure. The democratic forces are the main current in the world today, while reaction is only a counter-current. The reactionary counter-current is trying to swamp the main current of national independence and people's democracy, but it can never become the main current. Today, there are still three major contradictions in the old world, as Stalin pointed out long ago: first, the contradiction between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie in the imperialist countries; second, the contradiction between the various imperialist powers; and third, the contradiction between the colonial and semi-colonial countries and the

imperialist metropolitan countries. Not only do these three contradictions continue to exist but they are becoming more acute and widespread. Because of their existence and growth, the time will come when the reactionary anti-Soviet, anti-Communist and anti-democratic counter-current still in existence today will be swept away.

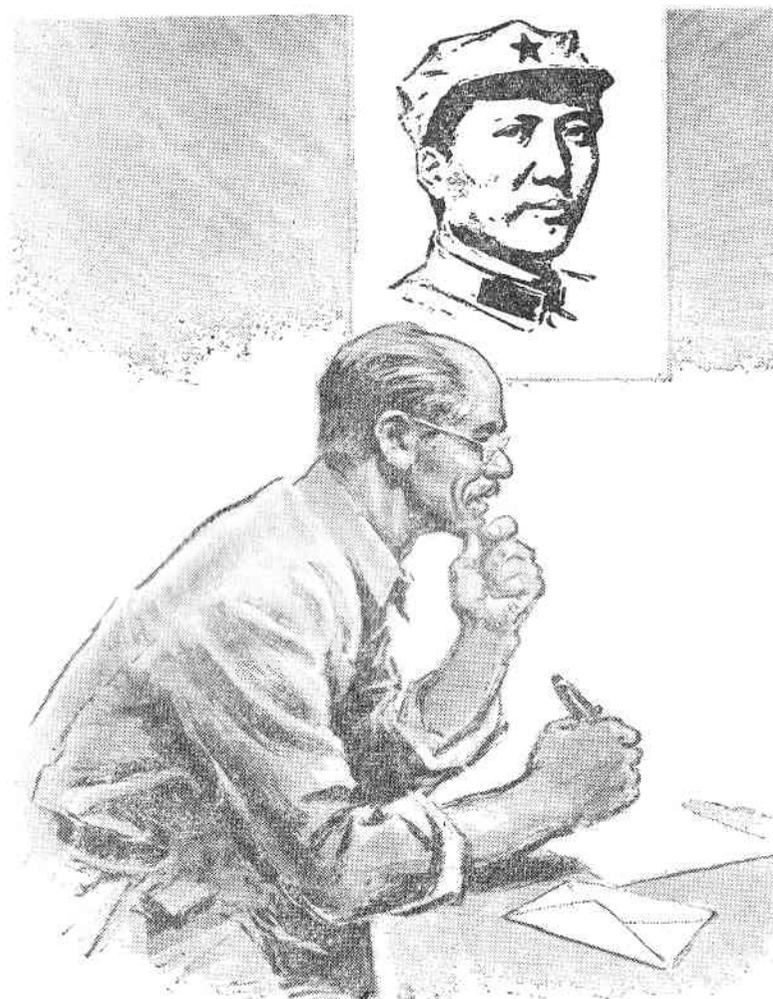
At this moment two congresses are being held in China, the Sixth National Congress of the Kuomintang and the Seventh National Congress of the Communist Party. They have completely different aims: the aim of one is to liquidate the Communist Party and all the other democratic forces in China and thus to plunge China into darkness; the aim of the other is to overthrow Japanese imperialism and its lackeys, the Chinese feudal forces, and build a new-democratic China and thus to lead China to light. These two lines are in conflict with each other. We firmly believe that, led by the Chinese Communist Party and guided by the line of its Seventh Congress, the Chinese people will achieve complete victory, while the Kuomintang's counter-revolutionary line will inevitably fail.

Yeh Ching-shan

A Great Communist Fighter

Comrade Norman Bethune was a member of the Canadian Communist Party and a thoracic surgeon with a world reputation. During the First World War he served as a front-line doctor, and later he went with Canadian volunteers to join the Spanish people's just war against Franco. Barely three months after his return from Spain, he came to China. On the afternoon of June 17, 1938 he arrived at Chinkangku Village in the Wutai Mountains in Shansi, the headquarters of our Shansi-Chahar-Hopei military area.

The facilities for medical work there were extremely poor at that time. We had many wounded soldiers but few medical workers. More serious still were the relatively low technical skill of our medical personnel, the acute shortage of instruments and drugs and our poor organization and working methods. This was explained to Bethune on his arrival, and the very next day he went first to our Health



Bureau and then to our base hospital. For four weeks he worked without any respite, attending to patients and suggesting many ways of improving the hospital's work. Every day he rose early to treat the wounded soldiers. After supper he lectured to our medical staff. Late at night, by flickering candlelight, he raced against time to

compile a medical text-book suited to our needs, or wrote work reports for Chairman Mao, General Nieh Yung-chen and the Communist Parties of Canada and America. Once I called and found him busy studying. I said, "You're over fifty, you should rest more." He gripped my hand and answered with a smile, "As your good Chinese proverb says, 'A man should study till his dying day.'" That was Comrade Bethune all over — he worked without sparing himself and with boundless zest for the cause of the Chinese people.

Bethune took a responsible attitude towards his work. When he noticed that the medicament used by a nurse in changing a dressing was different from that labelled on the bottle, he indignantly scraped off the label with a knife. Then, patting the nurse on the shoulder, he said, "My dear young comrade, you could kill patients, doing things in this sloppy way. Don't ever let it happen again. Remember, we're responsible for our patients." His words made a lasting impression on the nurse.

Bethune always grappled boldly with difficulties, worked hard and lived very simply. To reduce the wounded men's suffering, he believed in going round the wards personally to change their dressings, and he designed a wooden dressing tray which facilitated this. At his suggestion, "Thirteen Steps" for sterilizing were put into practice. These resulted in a great cutting down of all forms of waste as well as in more effective sterilization of dressings and bandages.

Life was very hard in those days in the rear of the enemy. Out of concern for Bethune's health, the Party allotted him a monthly allowance of a hundred yuan. At once he wrote to Chairman Mao refusing this money and suggesting that it should be used for the wounded men. It was not right, he said, for him, a communist fighter, to have special privileges. He wrote in his diary: "I have no money or the need for it. I have the inestimable good fortune to be living and working among these people..."

II

Towards the end of September the enemy mobilized over 23,000 infantry, cavalry and artillery troops, in co-ordination with the air

force and mechanized units, to make a converging attack from ten directions against our Shansi-Chahar-Hopei anti-Japanese base. Bethune's immediate response was to raise this splendid slogan: "Doctors! Go to the wounded. Don't wait for the wounded to come to you." Army headquarters, acting on his proposal, formed a number of medical teams and sent them out.

Bethune took one of these teams to the First Army Hospital. They had been there less than three days when news came that the 359th Battalion was engaged in a fierce battle at Yenpei. Without even stopping for a meal, he set out that same evening for the front. It is very cold there in the mountains in November. Bethune travelled 80 *li* through this high country in the whirling snow, arriving at dusk the next day at the battalion's health centre in Hocheh Village, Lingchiu. His first words to the man in charge were, "Where are the infirmaries?"

"Not far," was the reply. "Let's go after you've had a meal."

"How long will it be before the food's ready?"

"Twenty minutes."

"Then I suggest we go along right now."

Among the casualties whom he examined were several just brought back from the front. One of these was lying on the operating table, and it was clear from his white face and suppurating leg wound that he had been left untended for some time. Bethune demanded, "Who's responsible for this case? Why hasn't his leg been put in splints? The Chinese Communist Party hasn't been able to give the Eighth Route Army good weapons but has armed it with fine cadres and fighters tempered by the Long March. We must take the very best care of them. It doesn't matter if we're tired or hungry ourselves, we mustn't leave the wounded men in pain." With that he bent down and gently told the soldier, "There's been too much delay, son. It'll have to be amputated."

It was midnight when this operation was completed. Then Bethune went back for a meal. But no sooner had he taken off his coat than he hurried back to the infirmary and in his broken Chinese asked the men who had just been operated on, "How do you feel?" The soldiers answered calmly, "All right." Bethune turned to some-

one beside him and remarked, "You can't think how happy it makes me to hear this."

During his meal he kept deploring the fact that the young soldier had had to lose his leg and considered ways to ensure the wounded attention without undue delay, so as to avoid unnecessary losses. Finally, he decided to set up dressing stations near the front, and in this way the wounded received prompter treatment. This greatly reduced their suffering as well as the overall loss of life.

On his return from the 359th Battalion to the First Hospital, Bethune operated on an average of more than ten cases a day. At the same time he was busy setting up a model hospital to train medical personnel.

Once he had to amputate the leg of a soldier who had a broken thigh bone, and who had lost so much blood that he needed a blood transfusion. Bethune insisted on donating his own blood, which was of the Universal Group O. In view of his age and poor health, we tried to dissuade him. But he retorted sternly, "The officers and men at the front are shedding blood and giving their lives for their country and people. I work in the rear. Why shouldn't I donate a little blood? In future we must set up a group of voluntary blood donors and get their blood types established in advance. But right now we can't afford to wait. We must save this wounded man. Come on, let's not waste any more time." He held out his lean, wasted arm, and so 300 cc. of the blood of Bethune, a fine son of the Canadian people, was transfused into the veins of a soldier of the Chinese people, giving him a fresh lease of life.

III

After the Japanese launched a large-scale attack against our base in central Hopei, Bethune and eighteen comrades of the Health Bureau of the Shansi-Chahar-Hopei military area formed themselves into a mobile medical team. On February 19, 1939, at considerable risk they ran the enemy blockade, crossing the Peiping-Hankow Railway and making their way to central Hopei.

The Battle of Chihui started early in May. Bethune's medical team set up an operating theatre in a small temple in Wenchiatun Village.

One evening while he was working there with his usual devotion a shell exploded near the temple wall, rattling the tiles on the roof. The chief of the 120th Division's health service urged him to evacuate, but Bethune remained where he was.

A moment later, Hsu Chih-chieh, commander of the Third Company of the 716th Regiment, after leading a charge against the enemy, was brought in with abdominal wounds. He had lost so much blood that he was on the verge of death. Bethune discovered ten perforations of the intestine, which he stitched up one by one. He then got hold of some carpentry tools and made Hsu a back-rest. Previously he had impressed on his Chinese colleagues, "A doctor must be able to turn his hand to anything." Now, while he sawed, he said, "A front-line surgeon must be able to do the work of a carpenter, a tailor, a blacksmith and a barber. If he can't, he's not a real surgeon."



After seeing that Company Commander Hsu was comfortably settled he came back to operate on another patient, checking up on Hsu every hour. He went without milk and coffee himself to save them for the company commander, and put the pears someone had given him by Hsu's pillow. He also placed a cigarette between Hsu's lips and lit it for him. When the unit left for another front, he had Hsu taken along on a stretcher and walked beside him. Twenty-eight days later, Bethune judged him sufficiently recovered to be sent to the rear. On the day he left, Hsu caught hold of Bethune and burst out sobbing, so unwilling was he to leave him. As Bethune dried his tears for him, Hsu vowed, "To show my gratitude I shall kill more of the enemy!"

In those few brief months in central Hopei, Bethune treated over a thousand casualties and saved the lives of many who, like Hsu Chih-chieh, were on the point of death. Bethune became quite a legend in the army. His stirring deeds boosted everyone's morale.

In October, when the Japanese launched a large-scale "winter mopping-up campaign," Bethune led his mobile medical team to the first sub-area.

Casualties were brought from the Motienling front to Sunchia Village in Laiyuan, where Bethune was soon hard at work again in his mobile operating theatre.

In the afternoon of the second day of the battle, the enemy suddenly struck at our rear. On the mountain north of Sunchia Village a number of Japanese helmets could be seen glinting in the sun.

Bethune, not pausing in his work, asked, "How many wounded are there, outside, who haven't been operated on yet?"

"Ten. Mostly serious cases."

Bethune issued rapid orders: "Have those already operated on evacuated at once. Set up two more operating tables in here immediately. Bring in the wounded three at a time. Station one guard north of the theatre. Send another to the porters with instructions that the mules must be ready to leave at a moment's notice."

At this point his interpreter said, "Dr. Bethune, this isn't like the situation at Chihui and Sungchia. All the rest of us are ready to stay, if necessary. But you —"

"What about me?" Bethune cut in. "Pulling out now would endanger the lives of the wounded and increase their pain. The enemy are still some distance away. We've time to finish operating on these cases." He strode to the operating table and shouted to the medical orderlies, "Bring in the wounded!"

Three operating tables were in use together.

A few minutes later a guard ran in to report that at least seven hundred Japanese had come over the mountain. Bethune ignored him, concentrating on his patient.

A rifle volley suddenly clattered across the valley, sounding ominously close.

"Damnation!" Everyone whirled about as Bethune cursed loudly. But he motioned them back to work. "It's nothing. I've just cut my finger." He held up his left hand, plunged it into an iodine solution and went back to work.

Twenty minutes later the last casualty, a youngster with a bullet through his leg, was lifted on to Bethune's table. The rifle fire was closer now. The guard came rushing in, panting, "Doctor Bethune, you mustn't wait a minute longer!" Dr. Lin seized Bethune's arm. "Let me take over. . . . You mustn't stay here. . . ." The boy on the table raised his head too and urged, "Please go, Doctor Bethune. My wound's not serious. Take me with you, or leave me here, it doesn't matter. But please go before the enemy comes!"

"It'll only take a minute, son," replied Bethune gently. "If I spend a few minutes on it now, I will be able to heal it later. If I leave it you'll lose your leg."

Bursts of machine-gun fire were rapidly coming closer. But now the operation was finished. All the casualties were carried away.

Bethune mounted his roan horse and rode behind the stretchers. Scarcely had the wounded men been carried into the mountains than the enemy vanguard entered Sunchia Village.

IV

The medical team went back to the first health centre in the first sub-area. Although Bethune's injured finger was inflamed, he went on

performing operations. On November 1, he operated on a septic case without using rubber gloves, and so contracted blood poisoning. His finger became swollen and very painful. Dr. Wang lanced it for him to drain off the pus.

On November 7, the Japanese launched a powerful assault. The fighting at the front became fiercer than ever. Regardless of his debilitated condition, Bethune insisted on going there. When urged to rest for a few days he flared up, "Stop treating me like an invalid! I can work. What's a little cut on one finger? You should use me like a powerful machine-gun!"

He paid no attention to anyone's advice, and the medical team set off. Bethune swayed in the saddle as he rode along. When they met some casualties being carried back from the front, he reproached himself, "We've come too late, too late!" By the time they reached the regimental medical office in Wangchia Village, his finger was badly swollen, the spreading infection had engulfed his elbow, and he was running a fever. But he took some medicine and stubbornly concealed his pain. Since there was no way of telephoning from the village to the firing line, he told his interpreter to dispatch messengers to the various combat units with word that they should send all their casualties there. At the same time he gave orders that all those with head, thoracic or abdominal wounds should be brought to him, and even if he was asleep he must be woken up.

On November 9, he had his infected left forearm incised, and this gave him some relief. That afternoon, however, his temperature went up. The enemy were attacking from Wumouti and Paichia Village, making it imperative for him to leave. But Bethune refused to go. "In a few hours I shall be able to operate again," he insisted. It was only when Regimental Commander Chi arrived in person to express his concern and to order his evacuation that he finally agreed. He left Wangchia Village on a stretcher, to the sound of concentrated machine-gun fire. On the road he started shivering violently and vomiting. He became delirious.

They spent the night of November 11 at Huangshih Village in Tanghsien. Here a courier came from General Nieh with instructions that at all costs Bethune was to be brought safely out of the menaced

area. A messenger was also sent from the Health Bureau of the military area.

This illness, following a long period of overwork, had drained all the colour from Bethune's pale, lean face. He lay shivering with cold, his condition critical. The other doctors did all in their power to save him, but there was no improvement in his condition. In desperation they suggested amputating his arm.

"No." Bethune shook his head. "It's not that I haven't every confidence in you, but there's nothing you can do. I'd give both my arms to live, comrades. But it's no longer a matter of my arm. It's in the blood. Septicaemia. Nothing can help me . . . Leave me for a little while. I'd like to be alone."

When the villagers knew that the foreign doctor's life was in danger, they gathered outside the compound and waited there in silence. A contingent of troops passing that way stopped here when they heard the news. Quite a few of them had returned to their units after being cured by Bethune, and some of them even had his blood in their veins. After some consultation they sent a few representatives into the compound. The doctors would only allow them to watch Bethune through the window. As the soldiers pressed up to the window, gazing in silence at his familiar face and thin, wasted arms, they all shed tears. When they left, they begged the doctors to save Bethune. They said, "We shall help by fighting. News of our victory will certainly please him."

Bethune forced himself into a sitting position and, breathing with difficulty, set about making his will. He urged General Nieh to send a surgical team to the front immediately to care for the wounded, and asked him to give this message to the Communist Parties of Canada and America: "The last two years have been the happiest, the most meaningful years of my life. . . My only regret is that I shall now be unable to do more. . . To you and to all my dear comrades, a thousand thanks."

At dusk, he gave his will to his interpreter and earnestly told him and the doctors:

"Do your best and press forward towards the great goal ahead!"

At 5:20 in the morning of November 12, 1939, Dr. Bethune, fine son of the Canadian people and great internationalist fighter, ended his glorious life.

The news spread over the Eighth Route Army's wireless system. At his army headquarters, General Nieh and many of his staff wept. At the front, the troops cried "Bethune!" as they charged the Japanese. In the hospitals in the military area, medical workers transformed their grief into strength and did their work in the spirit of Norman Bethune.

Comrade Bethune's glorious life will always be an inspiration to us.

A True Internationalist

First Impressions

In the spring of 1939 I was working in a base hospital in the central Hopei military area, when word came that the Mobile Medical Team of the Shansi-Chahar-Hopei military area had arrived, and the leadership wanted me to interpret for a foreign doctor. Frankly, the prospect did not please me.

I had previously worked in the Peking Union Medical College. This was a tool for cultural aggression set up by the American Rockefeller Foundation. All the foreigners there behaved like members of a superior race, lording it over us Chinese in the manner of imperialists. Even more revolting was the way in which, posing as philanthropists, these doctors experimented on their patients and caused the death of Chinese working people. To test the effectiveness of a new drug, one of them injected it into 69 Chinese patients, who then died after painful convulsions. This imperialist actually made a film of his victims writhing in agony, and wrote a paper which he published in a

journal abroad to win a name and money for himself. Another time, a child less than one year old had a peanut lodged in its gullet. This could have been extracted with forceps, but because another of these P.U.M.C. doctors wanted the child's lungs for an experiment he used a rubber tube to push the peanut down into the windpipe, so that the child choked to death. . . . Outrages like this, which I heard of or saw for myself, aroused the deepest national indignation in me and made me eager to leave this hospital controlled by the imperialists. I finally succeeded in making my way to the anti-Japanese base. And now the leadership wanted me to work with a foreigner again. I found this hard to take. But of course I did as I was asked.

To my surprise, Comrade Norman Bethune made a good impression on me from the start. He was wearing a faded grey Eighth Route Army uniform, a broad leather belt and a pair of stout cloth shoes. He was full of energy, very warm and friendly. As soon as we met, he gripped my hand cordially. This was the first foreigner I had ever met who treated Chinese as equals — not only the cadres and men of the Eighth Route Army, but villagers as well. He would stroke the heads of the children who flocked round him and chat with the old people. When challenged by militiamen with red-tasselled spears on sentry duty outside a village, he would submit cheerfully to their inspection; and if any of the villagers were ill, he did all in his power to cure them. It was obvious that he loved the Chinese people from the bottom of his heart.

But in spite of the good impression he made, I was puzzled. Why should this surgeon of world repute not spend his old age in comfort in Canada? Why come to China's liberated area where life was so hard, to the shell-raked battlefield? I soon learned that Bethune was a member of the Canadian Communist Party, a true internationalist; and after eight months in his company I began to understand him better. Later, studying Chairman Mao's article *In Memory of Norman Bethune* deepened my understanding. Chairman Mao wrote: **"Leninism teaches that the world revolution can only succeed if the proletariat of the capitalist countries supports the struggle for liberation of the colonial and semi-colonial peoples and if the proletariat of the colonies and semi-colonies supports that of the**



proletariat of the capitalist countries." Bethune had made the long journey to China for the sake of the world revolution, to liberate himself and the whole of mankind by putting this Leninist line into practice.

Three Unforgettable Days and Nights

The latter part of April 1939 saw the start of the celebrated Battle of Chihui.

The town of Chihui is situated in the far-stretching central Hopei plain. The evening of the first day of the battle our medical team took over a temple in Wenchia Village, seven *li* from the firing line, where we were very soon treating casualties. The thunder of artillery was clearly audible here, and the sky was lurid with the flames of battle. One shell landed in the back courtyard of the temple, its blast rattling the whole building. Tseng, chief of the Health Service of the 120th Division, urged Bethune to evacuate. He shook his head with the answer, "This is what fighting means. An army doctor has got to

stay with the soldiers. If he loses his life, it is in a glorious cause." He went on operating or visiting the wards for three whole days and nights, throwing himself whole-heartedly into this fight. Sometimes we dragged him away and forced him to rest, but after ten minutes or so he would reappear in the operating room or the wards. His orderly, Young Ho, kept circling round outside the operating theatre with food he had prepared, and sometimes tears of desperation came to his eyes because Bethune had no time to eat — at the most he would take a few mouthfuls, then get back to work. We were all afraid he would wear himself out. The commander of the military area sent frequently to ask after him and urge him to take good care of his health. His answer invariably was: "My health may be important, but the health of the wounded is much more important. A doctor lives for his patients. What meaning has life for a doctor if he doesn't work for the sick and wounded?"

Thoroughgoing Concern for the Wounded

Bethune's great warm-heartedness towards his comrades and the people was a lesson to us all.

At five one afternoon, a casualty was brought in from the front, unconscious, wounded in one temple. Unfortunately the team had not brought the instruments for head operations. Bethune was frantic and ordered these to be fetched at once. A few minutes later we discovered him kneeling on the *kang* by this wounded man applying disinfectant drop by drop to his wound. It grew dark and without a word a nurse lighted candles. Our legs ached after standing all day, yet Bethune remained kneeling there, too busy attending to his patient to eat. Not until well after seven did the head of the Health Service succeed in dragging him away for a meal. As soon as he had finished he hurried back to his patient. It was midnight before the wounded man recovered consciousness. When he did, Bethune's lean tired face lit up with a smile.

There was another occasion which I shall never forget. A badly wounded soldier had been brought in. Amputation was indicated,

but loss of blood had left him so weak that it was doubtful whether he could stand the operation. Bethune decided to give him a blood transfusion. There were no donors available as most of us had given blood already. Yeh, the head of the Health Service of the military area, said, "Take mine."

"You've already given blood," objected Bethune. "It's my turn."

In view of his age and poor health, we all tried to dissuade him.

"Don't let's waste time." He brushed our protests aside. "My blood belongs to the Universal Group O. The soldiers shed blood and give their lives for their country. Those of us working in the rear should be willing to give a little blood."

That was how 300 cc. of a Canadian Communist's blood was transfused into the veins of a Chinese revolutionary fighter, restoring him to life.

Bethune showed the most thoroughgoing concern for the wounded. One day he was examining the wounds of a soldier lying on a stretcher in the courtyard, when Dr. Lin passed on his way to deal with some business. Bethune called him back and asked, "Don't you think what you just did was wrong, Dr. Lin?"

"What do you mean, Dr. Bethune?" was the puzzled reply.

"I'll show you."

Bethune walked out of the door Dr. Lin had come through and stopped by the stretcher. He greeted the casualty cordially, asked about his wound and felt gently round it, then spoke to the boy reassuringly before standing up and proceeding to the room where Dr. Lin had been going. On his return he said, "That's how a surgeon should treat wounded soldiers. Don't you agree? For those who shed their blood on the battlefield there is nothing we can do, less than to give them the utmost consideration, care and skill, in return for what they have endured and suffered for us. For they have fought, not only for the China of today, but also for the great new China of tomorrow where there will be no class exploitation." Bethune used a little incident like this to teach us all an unforgettable lesson on the need to show concern for the wounded. We were very much stirred by this.

Crossing the Blockade Line

At the end of June 1939, our medical team prepared to go back to the mountains of west Hopei. This would mean crossing the Peiping-Hankow Railway, heavily blockaded by the Japanese. To ensure the safety of our foreign comrades-in-arms, the commander of the 120th Division sent a combat unit to escort us across the blockade line. By the time we reached Chingfengtien near the railway, an evening mist was hanging over the plain, and we planned to cross the line under cover of darkness. Just then, however, Bethune noticed a man of not more than forty sitting on his doorstep with a big abscess on the right side of his chest. Bethune, after questioning him, told us, "Let's call a halt here. I must treat this man." We were in a very awkward situation, as our instruments were all in the mule-packs and this was enemy-controlled territory. What if the Japanese discovered us? We begged Bethune to leave this dangerous spot, but he insisted on treating the villager first. Since there was no talking him round, our armed escort made combat preparations and, with the help of the local underground Party organization, spread a tight cordon round the village. Meanwhile we prepared hurriedly for the operation. Bethune asked me to act as his assistant. The operation took only twenty minutes and appeared to be highly



effective, as a great deal of pus was drained from the abscess. When the grateful patient's wound had been dressed, we left Chingfengtien and finally crossed the blockade line.

The Examination of Patients

Bethune showed a great sense of responsibility in his work. He said, "A high degree of conscientiousness is required in medical work, because it involves the health and lives of the patients." Making his rounds of the Huapen Hospital one day, he noticed a soldier with a broken leg which had not been put in Thomas splints and, owing to careless treatment, was badly distorted. Bethune stroked the injured limb with tears in his eyes, and lost no time in resetting the bone correctly and putting the leg in splints. He sternly told the doctor in charge of the case, "Your irresponsible treatment of that broken leg could have crippled this boy for life. In future you mustn't be so casual about our wounded."

Bethune abominated negligence and carelessness, failure to do a job as well as possible, and the bungling of small yet important routine tasks. He considered these inexcusable faults in the medical service. For him, no work was small or unimportant. He was thoroughly systematic, painstaking and accurate, with a scientific working method. Hence his high working efficiency. He once told us, "My table may look a mess, but I know exactly where everything is and could lay my hand on what I want in the dark." To test him, we blindfolded him and told him what to pick up from the table. He did so without disarranging a thing, without any hesitation.

Each of us learned a great deal from Bethune's painstaking, scientific, scrupulous and responsible methods of work.

An Invaluable Gift

In July 1939, Bethune concentrated on writing a text-book badly needed by our medical personnel.

It was broiling hot, and he kept mopping his sweat in the thatched hut in Shenpei Village where, smoking endless cigarettes, he worked away day and night on the book *A Manual of Organization and Technic for Divisional Field Hospitals in Guerrilla War*. When tired, he would douse his head with cold water. Late at night, when all was quiet, he would jump up from his camp-bed, light a candle, put on his glasses, and resume typing or drawing diagrams. Even during meals, he would discuss problems connected with this book. He developed a whitlow on the middle finger of his right hand, which swelled up very painfully. To lessen the pain and cure this, it had to be lanced. Bethune could not do this himself as he was right-handed, so he asked me to do it for him. He told me, "When I've counted three, cut a cross on the tumour." He turned his face away and cried, "One, two, three!" I carried out his instructions. Two days later, when the finger was slightly better, he started typing again. I advised him to take more care of his health and to stop working until the scar had healed. "This book is important," he said. "The sooner I finish it, the sooner our medical workers will have material to study." He completed the book in a fortnight.

That book was written in the spirit of Chairman Mao's strategy in guerrilla warfare, and broke with the usual conventions of medical text-books. It embodied our army's valuable experience of medical work, and summarized Bethune's own experience in the mountains and plains of our resistance bases. Thus it was a summary of medical experience written with the guidance of Chairman Mao's thought which seeks truth from facts and proceeds from the actual circumstances. General Nieh Yung-chen praised it very highly in his preface, when he said, "This is the last crystallization of his heart's blood; the last crystallization of his heart's blood given to each of our revolutionary medical workers, to each of our commanders and soldiers and to each of our wounded men; the last, most precious gift he gave to each of our revolutionary medical workers, to each of our commanders and soldiers and to each of our wounded men."



Unforgettable Friendship

Chairman Mao said: "In the Shansi-Chahar-Hopei border area, no soldier or civilian was unmoved who had been treated by Dr. Bethune or had seen how he worked." This compels me to tell the story of how Bethune cured me.

About the middle of October 1939, ten or more comrades of our inspection team were riding to a place very close to an enemy base. We rode in single file with Bethune in the front, myself in the middle. It had been drizzling and we were cantering. My black horse, being impatient, collided with a big stallion in front. The stallion looked back and gave a savage kick which landed below my left knee and knocked me out of the saddle. When Bethune saw this he reined in and dismounted, coming back at once to treat my leg. It was not bleeding, but the shin-bone had been broken. Bethune at once sent for a stretcher and put splints on my leg. And after the stretcher was brought, he told the bearers to carry me along with the rest so that he could attend to me. The stretcher was light and swayed from side to side, jolting my leg painfully. To prevent this, Bethune got hold of some wood and made me a frame into which to fit my whole leg. In the evening he examined me again. He got up too during the night to see how I was and give me a drink of water. As long as I live I shall never forget his strong class feelings. We were men of different races and countries, but that was no barrier to our class friendship, because we shared the same political ideal and were both struggling for the cause of communism.

Bethune's Last Messages

To enable my leg to heal as quickly as possible, Bethune sent me to recuperate in the Huapen Hospital.

As I lay there, my thoughts constantly turned to him, and I looked forward eagerly to hearing from him. Sure enough, on November 12 I received a letter. It had been sent the previous day from Huangshih Village, where he had had to interrupt his journey back from the front. It read:

Huangshih Village, Tanghsien,
November 11, 1939

Dear Comrade Lang Lin,

I left the front yesterday because I am no use there at present, being unable to get up to operate.... On November 8 I had shivering fits all day. My temperature went up to 39.6, and I felt too feverish to leave my bed. I asked the medical teams of the different regiments to let me know if they had casualties with abdominal or head wounds or with broken legs.

On the 10th, because my condition was critical, the commander of the Third Regiment ordered me sent back. I spent the whole day on a stretcher, vomiting. My temperature went up to over 40.

I want to ask you to do these things for me:

1. Translate this letter and give it to Dr. Yeh. Tell him I think Dr. Lin should take a surgical team at once to the north to help out there. By yesterday there were over 300 wounded. The village is constantly bombed. Dr. Lin should take a team consisting of one assistant, one anaesthetist, one chief nurse and three nurses. They should also take six packets of the cotton-wool and gauze brought back by Dr. Yeh from the hospital in central Hopei.

2. Make another copy of this letter for General Nich, and ask him to sanction the above request. I am desperately concerned for the wounded.... If I could keep on my feet, I would certainly go back to the front; but I can't even stand. Dr. Lin can use my surgical instruments. After doing this job at the front, he should go back to the rear to help Dr. Wang for another two weeks. Is that clear? I feel a little better today.

Hoping to see you tomorrow,

Norman Bethune

News of Bethune's illness greatly disturbed me and the comrades with me. How tragic it would be if this veteran surgeon who had come from so far away, at such great risk, to the front line of China's resistance to Japan, should really have contracted blood poisoning or typhoid fever! That night I was too worried to sleep. I tossed and turned in bed, waiting restlessly for the dawn.

On November 13 we received the shattering news that at five the previous morning the Chinese people had lost their dearest comrade-in-arms, Norman Bethune. When I heard this, I broke down and sobbed.

Later, I received the will he wished to have sent to General Nich. Here are some extracts from it:

Never buy medicine in such cities as Paoting, Tientsin and Peiping again. The prices there are twice as much as in Shanghai and Hongkong. . . .

Please tell the Communist Parties of Canada and America that I have been very happy here, and my only regret is that I shall not be able to do any more. . . .

To you and to all my dear comrades, a thousand thanks. . . .

As I read and re-read these two last communications from Bethune, hot tears rolled down my cheeks, tears not of grief but of heartfelt admiration. After eight months with Bethune I was keenly aware that the revolution always came first with him, to the exclusion of any thought of self. His farewell messages to us, written at the point of death, still dealt with revolutionary work and the interests of others.

Twenty-six years have passed since then. Each time I read Chairman Mao's article *In Memory of Norman Bethune*, I am stirred by Bethune's noble qualities, which spur me on to follow Chairman Mao's teachings more faithfully, to learn from Bethune, and to work wholeheartedly for China's socialist construction and the promotion of the world revolution.

Comrade Bethune's revolutionary spirit will never die.

Growing in Battle (oil painting) ▶
by Chin Ta-hu and Chang Tin-chao

Wang Chieh

Nurtured by the Sun and Rain

On August 8, 1961, the main street of Chihsiang county town reverberated with drums and gongs, cheers and exploding firecrackers, while coloured pennants flapped in the breeze. Thousands of relatives and friends watched fondly as their sons, brothers and friends left to take their glorious posts as defenders of their country.

The young recruits were thrilled. They sang army songs as they marched through the crowds seeing them off. In the front ranks was an honest, sturdy young man named Wang Chieh. Today, he was realizing his fondest dream — he was wearing a brand-new army uniform. Wang Chieh virtually sizzled with excitement. His teachers' advice, his relatives' exhortations, the admiring glances of his classmates, stirred him and gave him strength. He sang louder, vigorously swinging his arms.

This biography was written by men who were in Wang Chieh's army unit.

A new life began for Wang Chieh. He arrived at camp just when the decision of the enlarged meeting of the Party's Military Commission was being implemented among the ranks. Walls were plastered with slogans reading: "Read Chairman Mao's Works, Heed Chairman Mao's Words, Act According to Chairman Mao's Instructions, Be a Good Soldier of Chairman Mao." Selections from Chairman Mao's works were read before any squad meeting began. Whenever the political instructor called the roll, he followed with a quotation from Chairman Mao. Whether after class or on holidays, the men were always reciting passages from Chairman Mao's works. They all had the same aim — to resolutely respond to the call of Vice-Chairman Lin Piao of the Military Commission and obtain a real understanding of Chairman Mao's thought.

An atmosphere of political study permeated the entire camp. A campaign to create Four-Good companies and Five-Good fighters was vigorously launched. The air was filled with singing, with the shouts of men on the practice grounds, with the rumble of tanks.

Wang Chieh found this new and fresh. But the tanks drew and impressed him most of all.

One day at noon, a tank thundered past the western edge of the section of the camp where the new soldiers were quartered. Wang Chieh and another new soldier named Yang rushed out and chased it all the way to the tank park, where even a sentry couldn't stop them. Several helmeted and booted men climbed out of the tank. How splendid they looked!

Wang gazed excitedly at the tank and the tankmen. He ran over to them and asked: "How many men are there in this tank? Who is the toughest?"

The tankmen laughed. They could understand how the new soldiers felt. They struck up a friendly conversation. Wang Chieh stared at the bore of the tank's cannon and said admiringly: "That opening is as big as a bowl!"

Yang felt the steel plates and blurted: "This iron bull is really strong!"

On the way back the boys talked animatedly about tanks they had seen rolling into battle in the films. They hoped they would

soon be formally assigned to companies and that they could become tank drivers. Tanks were big and imposing on the battlefield; with one shot they knocked down scores of the enemy.

But in the next few days, the new men learned that there were many kinds of soldiers in a tank detachment; not everyone could be a driver. What's more, word spread that they were to be assigned to the engineers. The spirits of many of the men fell. Wang Chieh was skeptical about the story.

"Not very likely," he said. "After all, our bunch are junior middle-school graduates. They wouldn't put us to work with a pick and shovel."

While they were waiting for their assignments, a series of "recollection" meetings were called. They were asked to talk about class or national oppression which they or their families had suffered, and to check on their class stand, determination, and work. Comrade Lin Piao had ordered that the whole People's Liberation Army conduct this educational campaign in accordance with Chairman Mao's thought on class struggle.

The character of the new soldiers, who had been in service less than a month, suddenly seemed to change. There was no more laughing and fooling around. The noisiest place — the basket-ball court — was empty. No more singing was heard after class. Serious matters occupied every soldier's mind. They were remembering what their parents and relatives had told them about the bitter past.

In the company clubroom, on either side of Chairman Mao's picture, was a couplet written on vertical strips: Remember the Bitterness of the Past, to Appreciate the Sweetness of the Present.

On all the walls were drawings illustrating individual family histories. One showed Japanese soldiers burning to death Tsao's old grandmother. Another showed how Chu's father was murdered by the Kuomintang and how Chu had to leave home and go begging. Yet another set of drawings showed Wang's father being kicked out by the landlord after becoming ill and exhausted from overwork; the whole family being reduced to begging; Wang's mother, with breaking heart, abandoning to the elements a newborn baby girl because they were too poor to raise her.

Another boy, Liu Chu, had no end of oppression and miseries to relate. In a voice shaking with fury, he told the meeting: "... When a landlord presses for debt, he swallows you down whole, bones and all. He forced my parents to sell my big brother to raise money, and still they didn't have enough to pay him back. So that dog of a landlord dragged my father off to his place, hung him by his hands from a rafter and beat him till they had worn out two big wooden clubs, till all the skin on his body was a bloody pulp and he could hardly breathe. Then the landlord said: 'If you don't pay up, I'll take you out and shoot you!'"

Liu Chu wiped the hot tears from his eyes with his fists, his knuckles cracking. Every man in the audience was torn by sympathy and rage.

With a voice that shook, Liu Chu continued: "Ma cried herself sick. 'Even if I sell all my sons, we won't be able to pay off that demon's debt!' In the middle of the night she groped her way through the darkness to the well. I saw her and rushed to her, weeping with fright. I knelt by her, crying aloud, with both arms tightly wrapped around one of her legs. 'Find some way to live, son,' she said. 'Forgive your ma. I'm so ashamed about selling your brother.'"

At this point, Liu Chu fell to the ground in a faint, overcome by sorrow and anger. The bloody debts the old society owes to the labouring people can never be calculated.

Wang Chieh's eyes were red with weeping. The tragic accounts of his comrades powerfully moved his heart. Of eighty-eight soldiers in the new company, sixty-six had stories of bitterness and hatred to tell. Never in his life had he heard such painful family histories. How the labouring people had suffered in the old society! Limitless sympathy for his class brothers and limitless hatred for the old society welled up in his heart. He waved his arms and shouted: "Down with the cruel old society! Avenge our class brothers!"

The recollection meetings lasted for a full half month. In big gatherings and small the men dug up the bitter roots of the past and talked of the source of the present sweetness. They discussed for whose sake they were serving as soldiers. Wang Chieh made copious notes. At one of the meetings he said in a moved voice: "I was

born in a middle-peasant family and so I didn't suffer much in the old society. But the bitterness of you comrades is my bitterness, and your hatred is mine. I swear to avenge my class brothers!"

The evening the series of meetings ended, Wang Chieh was still in a disturbed state of mind at "lights out." He went to the clubroom, turned on the lamp, opened his diary and, with tears in his eyes, wrote his first poem since entering the army, *Suffering*. He vowed: "Never will I forget class hatred, I'll perfect my skill in killing enemies."

The night wore on, but he was still beneath the lamp, penning a declaration of his determination to the secretary of their Communist Party branch. "Recall bitterness, and you won't forget the root. Think of sweetness, and you won't forget the source," he quoted. And he continued: "I sincerely request that the Party branch permit me to be a soldier in the engineers and send me to the most difficult places so that I can steel myself."

Now that he understood classes and exploitation, he knew why revolution was necessary and for whose sake he was serving as a soldier.

Only after the platoon leader on duty that night came by for the third time and urged him to go to bed did Wang Chieh put down his pen. It was a night in early autumn. Moonlight bathed the camp and the breeze was cool. He went back to the barracks. Tsao's leg was outside the mosquito netting. Wang Chieh carefully replaced it. Moonlight, shining in through the window, showed on the boy's leg two scars as big as walnuts. He remembered Tsao telling how he had got those scars, and hatred against the barbarous landlord class surged up within him. These last few days Wang Chieh felt particularly close to his mates who had suffered badly. He had for them strong class emotions.

In September, the training period of the new soldiers ended, and Wang Chieh was assigned to the First Company of the engineers, Squad Six.

First Company was then working on an island. When the new soldiers arrived, they were given a lesson in revolutionary traditions by Comrade Feng, the company's political instructor. Pointing at

bright red pennants hanging on the wall, he told the glorious battle record of First Company.

It had been commended several times in battle. For two years in a row it had won red banners as the best company in building roads through mountains. Squad Six, to which Wang Chieh now belonged, had been awarded a second-class merit in the War to Resist US Aggression and Aid Korea. Assistant Company Commander Kao, who held a third-class hero in battle decoration, had then been the leader of Squad Six. One of our tanks had got stuck in a large shell hole during a fierce enemy artillery barrage. Kao had charged forward with his men and, after over thirty hours of steady work, extricated the tank, then went with it and finished off three tanks of the Yankee invaders....

The new soldiers, in a high state of excitement, listened with bated breath.

"We must build walls of bronze, open roads to victory for our infantry, tanks and artillery, build bridges and fortifications, do demolition, lay mines.... None of this can be done without us engineers."

Comrade Liu, the husky company commander, introduced Chang Hsien-yuan, who was so good at cutting roads through mountains; the famous tunneler, Yang Tso-szu; Ma Hsiu-hai, the good soldier who did whatever the Party asked of him; and various other model soldiers in First Company.

Wang Chieh had always loved heroes, though he had never seen any. Yet here he was living among heroes and models and outstanding soldiers. He was very happy to be in this construction squad.

"I must learn from them and become a heroic soldier of the engineers."

The day they arrived on the island, the company gave the new soldiers the afternoon off to rest. But the sound of demolition charges in the hills drew them like a magnet.

"Come on. Let's take a look." They hurried to the construction site. They could hear hammers ringing in the tunnels, and they saw sparks. Veterans shuttled in and out, pushing dump carts

filled with debris. Wearing woven willow helmets and covered with dust, they greeted the newcomers warmly.

One of the new soldiers had a bold proposal: "Let's go inside." A few boys who had worked in a machine plant before joining the army put on safety helmets and went in. Others — former students — peered cautiously at the huge rocks in the tunnel as if afraid they might come crashing down at any moment. They pushed one another towards the entrance. Yet, somehow, the more they pushed, the further away from it they got.

Wang Chieh plucked up his courage and strode in after the former mechanics. He hadn't gone more than a few steps when he skidded and fell. Water, dripping from the ceiling of the cavern, had formed small puddles everywhere. Wang Chieh picked himself up and went on. Soon he came upon a lively scene: In the light of a glaring carbide lamp, veteran soldiers, sweat running down their backs, were driving sledge hammers against iron spikes. Other comrades were dumping baskets of rock fragments into carts.

The atmosphere of hard work infected him. Wang Chieh rolled up his sleeves, lifted a piece of rock and threw it into one of the carts.

Life as engineers began for the new soldiers right here.

But the road of the revolution is full of twists and turns. Wang Chieh had just left the starting mark, when he ran into difficulty.

September was the rainy season on the island, and the sky was always overcast. China was suffering from a three-year period of natural calamities, and life on the island was hard. The bean flour muffins gave many of the new soldiers heartburn. Nor could they get used to living in the damp narrow huts of fisherfolk. They were terribly cramped. There were no roads on the island, and certainly no cinemas. Even water supply was a problem. And the long hours of hard work in the tunnels were quite a trial to young soldiers fresh out of school.

The days passed, raising blisters on the hands of some and knots in the minds of others: "It's tough being a soldier in the engineers. I've finished nine years of school, but here all they hand me is a big hammer. My talents are being wasted!"

Wang Chieh's back ached and his arms were sore, but he gritted his teeth and persisted. After work each day, he threw himself down on his bed and didn't want to move. But the veterans always found time during the day to cut fuel for the fisherfolk or build stone fences, or wash the soldiers' clothes. In the evening, they sat around the lamp and read Chairman Mao's works. Wang Chieh couldn't understand. They weren't any stronger than he. Where did they get the energy? His spirits began to flag after a week on the job and he thought: "Being a soldier in the engineers is really tough!"

The committee of the Party branch in First Company promptly made a study of the men's thinking and came forward with the following proposals: First, have all the veterans do ideological work, serving as models for the new comrades and developing outstanding soldiers among them. Second — and this, in everyone's opinion, was the most basic point — arm the minds of the new soldiers with Mao Tse-tung's thought. Only in this way could this batch of young school graduates be forged quickly into staunch revolutionary fighters. If any of the companies had ideological problems, or had difficulties in their work, or if the leadership gave them a new task, they should first study the works of Chairman Mao.

One day Instructor Feng gave a talk on *Serve the People*. Wang Chieh went over to him in the evening and asked to borrow a volume of Chairman Mao's works. Feng's attention had already been caught by this honest young soldier. He liked his responsiveness to the Party's instructions. There had been an obvious change in the boy's thinking after the recollection meetings. He had been the first to write a letter of determination and the first to apply for membership in the Communist Youth League. Feng was even more pleased now that he came for a book of Chairman Mao.

"Good," said the political instructor. "To wage revolution the first thing we must do is remould our thinking. And to remould our thinking, the first thing we must do is study the works of Chairman Mao."

"My thinking is no good, instructor. I find work in the engineers too hard."

Warmth filled Feng's heart at this new soldier's forthright exposure of his mental problems. "What an honest, admirable boy," he thought. He felt all the more urgently the need to arm the newcomers with Chairman Mao's teachings.

"You must learn to cope with difficulties in a revolution," he said kindly. "It's one of the glories of being a revolutionary soldier."

"I made up my mind to grit my teeth and see it through, instructor. But when the time came, my thinking went off the rails."

"That's because your thinking wasn't armed. Look at Chu Yu-pei. After he studied *Serve the People*, he vowed to get rid of his dislike of hardships and to pick the toughest jobs to temper himself."

That morning, Wang Chieh had heard the political instructor commend Chu in class. Wang Chieh had felt agitated and ashamed. After all, they had joined up at the same time. Now, in a voice full of emotion, he exclaimed: "I definitely will learn from him, instructor."

"Good." Feng handed Wang Chieh a volume of Chairman Mao's works. The boy accepted it respectfully with both hands. Then he saluted and dashed back to the barracks.

A powerful beam swept from the lighthouse on the cliff. It pierced the night mists, illuminating a correct direction for those sailing the seas.

Another Sunday rolled around, and a small craft skimmed over the wind-whipped waves towards the shore. The old boatman steadied the craft as much as possible with the tiller, for in the cabin a young soldier was examining carefully a red-covered diary.

Wang Chieh opened his diary and gazed at the half-length photo of Chairman Mao inside the cover and the four sentences he had written respectfully beneath it: "Read Chairman Mao's books, heed Chairman Mao's words, act according to Chairman Mao's instructions, be a good soldier of Chairman Mao." Wang Chieh's chest rose and fell with emotion. Chairman Mao's teachings were illuminating his mind. The tall image of Chang Szu-teh, squad leader in the old Red Army, had filled him with great spiritual strength.

Now he understood why old comrades, though no different than he physically, feared neither hardship nor fatigue.

Choose the Heaviest Loads, Emulate the Heroes

In December, the north wind blew hard on several different days, stripping the leaves from the two rows of poplars in front of the barracks.

The new soldiers of First Company of the engineers, hands callused, faces wind-burnt by sea gales, returned to camp from the island and set down their gear.

Soon, the New Year holiday had passed. It was 1962. A company rally was held to prepare for the coming cold weather manoeuvres. Feng the company political instructor talked of the national and international situation. He said that, in accordance with the instructions of the Military Commission and Comrade Lin Piao, training should aim at "meeting difficult and serious problems and the needs of actual warfare." He also pointed out the importance of field manoeuvres and night training.

Then Liu the company commander spoke. After outlining the plan for the manoeuvres, he told the new soldiers that the main thing was a will to stick it out, no matter how tough the going might get. . . .

After the rally, Wang Chieh wrote a declaration of determination and handed it in to the political instructor. Feng read it and said: "Before a soldier can develop a real skill at killing the enemy, he must develop his ideology. He must become fearless of fatigue, hardship and death. With that kind of mentality, he will do well in any training."

Wang Chieh looked him in the eye. "I'll do as you say, political instructor," he promised. "Definitely." His voice, though not loud, was firm.

Feng watched the boy depart. He was very pleased with him, not only because he had submitted a declaration of determination, and not only because he had worked hard on the island. A few months of observation had shown him that Wang Chieh's most

precious quality was to go at whatever task was given him quickly, determinedly and energetically. Like a locomotive, all stoked up and with a full head of steam, he could blow his whistle and start rolling at any moment.

The manoeuvres began in the heart of winter. Every day the company commander led the men out into the cold wind. Complicated mountain terrain and rivers of varying depth provided the best sites for their training. On stony slopes, over bramble-covered fields, they crawled practising demolition, laying and extracting mines. Though the brambles ripped their clothes and the stones wore holes in the elbows of their sleeves, they carried on. Sweat ran down their backs, and their wet clothes stuck icy cold to their bodies whenever they stopped to rest.

Not only did the stiff training programme go on during the day. Often in the middle of the night when the soldiers were fast asleep, they would suddenly be called out for an "emergency task." They had to do everything in the dark. The new soldiers, unaccustomed to this, would put their socks on inside out, or put the wrong shoe on the wrong foot.

There was a new soldier called Yang in Second Platoon, to which Wang Chieh belonged. They came from the same township and joined the army at the same time. But Yang was exactly the opposite of Wang Chieh in his behaviour. He was slow and dilatory during the day, and at night if there was a sudden call for assembly, he was always losing things and coming late.

"If we were at war and you acted like that," someone told him, "the enemy would be out of sight by the time you got ready for action."

The boy didn't argue, but seriously criticized himself. "I won't be late again," he promised.

Sure enough, he hurried the next time and got out with the others. But after several days, his old failing recurred. People nicknamed him "Slowpoke." The company cadres talked with him and tried to help him. They told him of an incident that happened during the War of Resistance Against Japan. One of our Eighth Route Army squads was billeted in a mountain village. Word came late

at night that the Japanese were about to stage a "mop-up." The squad leader promptly ordered his men out so that they could move on. But because one of the soldiers was too slow, the squad suffered heavy losses.

Everyone worked on Yang, but his reform was always of short duration. The company leaders discussed the matter and decided to ask Wang Chieh to help him.

That day, the political instructor sent for Wang Chieh. First, he chatted about their studies and the recent manoeuvres. Then he took out a copy of Chairman Mao's article *Serve the People* in pamphlet form and said: "You're very diligent in studying Chairman Mao's works, Comrade Wang Chieh. That's fine. But why do we study them, can you tell me?"

"To become good soldiers of Chairman Mao," Wang Chieh replied promptly.

"Absolutely right. And what else do we have to do in order to become good soldiers of Chairman Mao?" Though Wang Chieh's eyes flashed, he didn't reply, so the political instructor continued: "We not only have to study Chairman Mao's works, we also have to act in keeping with his instructions. For example, in *Serve the People*, Chairman Mao tells us: **'... All people in the revolutionary ranks must care for each other, must love and help each other.'** How well have we done that?"

He opened the pamphlet and he and Wang Chieh read it aloud together. Then he said: "I hear that Yang in your platoon is always falling behind."

Wang Chieh couldn't help smiling. "You seem to know all about our platoon, instructor."

"Yang is a comrade in our revolutionary ranks," the instructor said. "We can't let him keep falling behind the rest. You and he joined the army together, and you're from the same township. You ought to help him."

But how could he help? He was only in the army a few months himself and he'd never done this sort of thing before. Wang Chieh didn't know where to start. He thought for a long time until he hit upon what he considered a good approach. He sought out

Yang and said: "Let's read *Models for Young People* together. You read one article to me, then I'll read one to you, and then we'll talk it over."

"I don't like that kind of book," said Yang. "It's too long-winded. I like pictures much better. You've only to look at them and you understand." Yang had developed a craze for drawing when he was a kid in primary school. After joining the army, he still kept up with it whenever he had the time.

Wang Chieh was stumped. Their interests were different. They didn't strum on the same string. Now what should he do?

Why had Wang Chieh picked out *Models for Young People*? The reason was that after joining the army, in addition to studying the works of Chairman Mao, he read this book constantly, for it related the glorious exploits of revolutionary heroes like Tung Tsun-jui, Huang Chi-kuang and Chiu Shao-yun. Although his teacher had talked of them when he was at school and Wang Chieh had read stories about them, he had rarely connected them with himself. But now, he too was a revolutionary soldier. He felt he had to learn from them. "Chairman Mao's words are our compass, revolutionary heroes are our model." This was a maxim he gave himself.

In the quiet of early morning and in the stillness of the night, he often pored over the book, his ardent young heart beating in cadence with the hearts of his heroes. He shared their sorrows and joys. His imagination racing, he marched with them, fought with them, charged by their side. He became so immersed in every detail of his heroes' deeds that their revolutionary spirit permeated his every pore. He drew it in gradually, voraciously, the way root filaments sop up moisture.

"Huang Chi-kuang leaped to his feet. In the glare of enemy searchlights, he charged towards the fire-spitting enemy machine-gun nest..." Wang Chieh pasted a picture of a bust of him in his diary and wrote those words under it. Then, very agitated, he read them aloud, living the scene in his mind, completely absorbed. When a mate came and stood beside him, he didn't even know it.

During breaks in the winter training, he began making a record of heroic statements. He wrote in his diary the words of Yang

Ken-szu: "If we are staunch, we need fear no difficulties. If we have courage, no enemy can withstand us..."

The image and the words of his heroes were constantly with him. During the winter training, Wang Chieh measured his actions by their words, and strengthened his willpower by the example of theirs. And so, the worst weather didn't deter him, he was able to meet any test. He remained steady, competent, in the most adverse conditions. A brief poem in his diary reflects his stubborn determination at that time:

The north wind can't make me bow my head,
Of wind and cold I have no dread.

Once they were practising clearing a road of "enemy" mines so that our tanks could get through. Wang Chieh and the rest of his squad were crawling forward, locating mines with detectors and defusing them. While removing the lid of one of the mines, Wang Chieh exerted too much force and broke it. He reproached himself inwardly and when they returned to camp, wrote in his diary: "That was not preserving public property. I must be more careful in the future and remember Yang Ken-szu's words: 'Comrades give their blood to capture weapons from the enemy. They are the property of the revolution. They must not be damaged.'"

The next day he criticized himself at a meeting. When someone complimented him on being so exacting, he said: "I learned that from a hero — Yang Ken-szu."

Now, the night exercises were increasing.

One night, the men were asleep after practising building bridges all day. The north wind began to blow in the middle of the night, driving rain and snow before it. Liu, the company commander, awakened by the storm, got up quickly. He knew a bridge-building exercise was scheduled for that night. The worse the weather, the surer they were to hold a night exercise. That was an old tradition in the engineers.

Liu cut through the storm to the men's barracks. They were snoring peacefully, worn out after a day of exercises in the open. Liu hated to wake them. But when he thought of the combat on

future battlefields, of the life and death struggles, he knew how important a night exercise in the storm could be. It would improve their technique and, more important, it would temper their minds, their will to battle. Liu blew his whistle.

The men fell out in the darkness and lined up in the driving sleet. Liu briefly gave them their orders. They got their bridge-building tools. Then, with Liu at their head, they set out.

It was a forced march. There wasn't a star in the sky, not a lamp burned anywhere. The icy sleet bombarded their faces. They followed a narrow path through a wheat field, crossed a stone bridge over a canal and finally arrived at their destination on the river bank. All of their materials had been brought there during the day and stored beside a nearby pumping station.

The exercise that night was on a platoon basis, and Wang Chieh's platoon — the Second — was responsible for building the bridge. The platoon leader first sent men out in a rubber boat to measure the depth, width and flow of the river, and to discover what the bottom was made of. Long before the exercise, the men had prepared their instruments with all sorts of markers, so that they could easily tell the measurements, even in the dark. As a result, this part of the job was quickly done. Next, the platoon leader ordered each squad to select two tall, strong men to drive in the posts. The others were to get the building materials ready on the bank.

Wang Chieh was neither tall nor especially strong. His squad leader had just picked one man, when Wang Chieh volunteered. The squad leader recognized his voice in the dark.

"I'm a new soldier," Wang Chieh said. "You ought to give me a chance to temper myself." Without waiting for a reply, he stripped off his padded clothes, tossed them aside and jumped into the waist-deep water, breaking the film of ice which coated its surface.

Five other soldiers, carrying posts and a kind of battering ram, waded in after him. With two men holding the post, Wang Chieh and three others swung the rammer and pounded the post into the river bed. The north wind plastered their faces with sleet and drove it down their collars; the chill of the river water ate into their bones.

They shivered incessantly, their legs trembling like big fish leaping the waves. But not one of them complained. The thud of the rammer, battering in the stake, was the only sound to break the snowy silence.

Ordinarily, the men sang a chantey as they raised and brought down the heavy rammer. But tonight they were on a "critical task." Speed and secrecy were of the essence. So they kept as quiet as possible.

Wang Chieh saw that they all were trembling violently from the cold; because their arms were weakening, they weren't raising the rammer high enough. Wang Chieh straightened up and said: "Let's think of Lo Sheng-chiao, comrades, and we won't feel cold." He was encouraging his mates and himself as well.

They remembered the Chinese People's Volunteer in Korea, and how he had jumped into a hole in the ice to rescue a young Korean. Wang Chieh's words were like a ball of fire, driving away the cold and warming them all over. They battered two posts into the river bed, one after the other, without a stop.

Now it was time for the first six men to come out and rest, and let another shift of six drive in the next two stakes. But Wang Chieh remained where he was. He wanted to drive in two more posts before resting.

The squad leader shouted at him to come out, but he replied: "I'm already in the water. Let me finish."

When the remaining two posts had been firmly imbedded, he and his comrades started wading towards the bank. Wang Chieh found that he couldn't move his legs. They were paralysed with cold. His mates had to pull him ashore, where he managed to stagger up the bank.

They all went into the pumping shed. A lamp was burning brightly. "You must be frozen," said the squad leader. He draped Wang Chieh's padded tunic over his shoulders and rubbed his legs dry.

Wang Chieh's lips were blue and trembling. "I...I'm not cold," he stammered. "When Lo Sheng-chiao stood in that hole in the ice, he was much colder than any of us."

The squad leader was moved. This boy had stayed in the water for two shifts; he was cold and tired. Usually he said very little. Yet tonight he encouraged everyone with the example of Lo Sheng-chiao. Wang Chieh hadn't been in the army half a year, but already he was choosing the hardest jobs for himself.

Wang Chieh massaged his legs with his fists. But he couldn't sit still for long. He ran out and helped his comrades prepare the beams and planks, working with them until the bridge was completed.

The wind had died and the sleet had stopped falling by the time they marched back to camp. Everyone praised Wang Chieh. They said he had a lot of drive, that he had recalled the story of Lo Sheng-chiao at just the right moment.

Wang Chieh, embarrassed by these compliments, didn't speak, but he strode along with his fighting unit, chest high.

The exercises were over. From ideology to study to technique, Wang Chieh had made rapid progress. He was the first of the boys who had joined the army the same time as he to be admitted to membership in the Communist Youth League.

In early spring, fluff like gossamer floated from the poplars in front of the barracks. First Company of the engineers set out for a work assignment. Before leaving camp they studied an article by Chairman Mao: *On Production by the Army for Its Own Support and on the Importance of the Great Movements for Rectification and for Production*. Everyone was urged to develop the Nanniwan spirit.

Their destination was a reedy bottom of a dried-out lake which the army was converting into farm land. Headquarters was in a small village nearby. The soldiers of First Company were quartered in two small thatched shacks. They were very cramped. The company cadres didn't even have a thatched shack. They lived in a tattered old tent which admitted through its many holes roasting sunlight in fair weather and dripping rain-water in foul.

In April, when the wheat is green and the flowers red, a tractor ploughed the old lake bottom. By the time the last of the wild geese flew north over the farm, all of the land had been ploughed and readied for sowing.

Every moment is precious at spring sowing time. But they had no seeding machine, and they were short of draught animals. Company headquarters quickly sent cadres and old soldiers to learn the technique from local farmers, then assigned old-fashioned seeders to each squad and told the men to pull them themselves.

Wang Chieh's squad held a meeting to talk the problem over. They thought four men could easily do the pulling. Shaking the seed box required experience and skill — company would send a man to do that. The hardest job would be guiding the seeder. It needed a lot of effort, for the seeder had to be kept moving forward on an even keel. Every man in the squad volunteered to take this burden on himself.

"Let me, squad leader," Wang Chieh cried. "I'm a Youth Leaguer. I should take the lead in doing the toughest, most tiring jobs."

The squad leader waved him off. "It's no use you fellows clamouring. We'll decide tomorrow in the field." He dismissed the meeting.

The next morning, as they approached the field, they saw that Wang Chieh was already there. He was standing between the shafts of the seeder, the guide strap looped over his shoulder, waiting. Not having succeeded in getting the job the night before, he simply pre-empted it. He had gulped down his breakfast and carried the seeder to the field. Since he was already in position, no one could take the thing from him. They had no choice but to let him have his way.

"You can start," the squad leader said, "then give someone else a chance. You can all take turns at it."

"Right," said Wang Chieh.

The company commander arrived. He was going to shake the seed box.

It was a hot spring day. The sun-baked earth gave off a pungent fragrance.

With two men each pulling two different ropes, and Liu working the seed box, and Wang Chieh between the shafts, they began sowing. A trail of red sorghum seeds followed their footsteps in the rich fertile soil.

Wang Chieh, bent at the waist, pulled the seeder forward, raising his head from time to time to check his direction. Because there had been a long dry spell, the ploughed earth had come up in large hard cakes, and dragging the seeder through took a lot of effort. The men ahead were hauling and the company commander behind was shaking. Wang Chieh, in the middle, was tossed about like chaff in a sifter. At times the men on the ropes went too quickly and hauled the seeder out of line. Wang Chieh had to steer it back. At times the share caught on a grass root. Wang Chieh had to pull it out. What with keeping the seeder on an even keel and controlling the speed, he was soon out of breath. His comrades tried to take over, but he wouldn't give way. Only after a sharp order from the company commander did he reluctantly abandon the shafts. But before long, he was back there again.

By the end of the day, Wang Chieh ached all over. But he knew his mates must be tired too, so he put the seeder on his shoulder and, without a word, carried it back. His shoulder burned like fire as he lay on his bed that night. He didn't fall asleep until cock's crow.

But the next morning, he again guided the seeder. No matter how his comrades insisted, he refused to let them take over. After several days of this, they got used to the idea. Wang Chieh, too, took it for granted that the job was his.

"All ten fingers are different length," as the old saying goes. People are not the same in their ideological understanding either. Yang began to grumble: "If I'd known joining the army meant farming, I'd have stayed in my people's commune." He worked without enthusiasm and frequently proposed that they stop and rest.

One of the other boys teased him, "You really are an old slowpoke."

Wang Chieh felt badly to hear this. The political instructor had told him to help the boy. He had tried to interest him in stories of revolutionary heroes but had failed. The political instructor had put them in the same work group when they got to the farm so that he could get closer to Yang. But, although several months had passed, Wang Chieh felt he hadn't carried out the task the political instructor had given him. Their motto was "Don't let a single comrade fall behind." He hadn't carried it out. Even less had he carried out the

instruction that comrades must care for each other, must love and help each other.

That night, when the others were asleep, Wang Chieh set out to see the political instructor and ask for his advice. He saw a light shining in the company headquarters tent and peered in through a hole in the canvas. There was the political instructor, the company commander and the assistant c.o., sitting around a lamp, reading the works of Chairman Mao, pausing at times in their reading to discuss a point.

Wang Chieh listened a while, then softly returned to his quarters. He remembered how the company leaders had worked beside them beneath the blazing sun on the island, tramped with them through the rain during the night exercises, slogged with them through water and mud, how they had given the thatched shacks to the soldiers on arriving at the farm, quartering themselves in a leaky old tent. And now, after all the men had gone to bed, they were studying Chairman Mao's works.

These comrades had fought all over China in the old days, and had distinguished themselves working for the people. They were older than their men, and not as strong. What made them so completely devoted to the cause of the revolution? Wang Chieh hadn't known before, but tonight he finally understood: No matter how busy or tired they were, they persisted in their reading of Chairman Mao's works. That was the only reason they were able to act as they did.

It grew late, but the lamp in the tent continued to burn. Mao Tse-tung's thought cast its light on the old soldiers studying in the night, and the behaviour of the old soldiers showed the road to the young.

The next morning Wang Chieh went to the political instructor and criticized himself for having failed to help Yang. The political instructor told him: to help a person you first have to straighten out his thinking, and you do this by using Chairman Mao's teachings. He suggested that Wang Chieh and Yang read together Chairman Mao's article *On Production by the Army for Its Own Support and on the Importance of the Great Movements for Rectification and Production*.

Wang Chieh was very stimulated by his talk with the political instructor. After that, whenever there was time, he got hold of Yang and

they studied Chairman Mao's works together, examining their understanding and behaviour in the light of his teachings. He also encouraged Yang to measure his thinking by this standard. They would study a section, then discuss it, exchanging ideas. The shade of a tree, the edge of a field, the barracks — any of these was a place to study.

Gradually, Yang changed his views about production, and he worked with a will. He liked being with Wang Chieh, for Wang Chieh tore into a job like a young tiger, and helped him as kindly as a brother. What pleased him most was that Wang Chieh never called him "Slowpoke." Instead he merely said: "If a man can't keep up in his actions, it's because his thinking isn't giving him a lead." The boy never forgot those words.

After they finished sowing the sorghum, they harvested the wheat. Then the sorghum had to be hoed. The sun was scorching and the soldiers, who worked with their shirts off, turned a coppery bronze. Although Yang tried hard with his hoeing, he was slower than the others. Wang Chieh always finished his row first and came back to help him. Yang was grateful beyond words.

One day the boy fell ill. Wang Chieh brought him food and water and, before setting out for the field, gave him a copy of *In Memory of Norman Bethune* and urged him to take advantage of his convalescence to study it well.

Yang grasped his hand. "No brother could treat me any better," he said.

"I'm only doing what I should," replied Wang Chieh. "Aren't we all brothers in the great family of the revolution?"

The boy was about to say something, but outside a whistle blew and Wang Chieh set off for work. Yang watched him leave, then lay back on his bed and began to read *In Memory of Norman Bethune*. Thinking of how Wang Chieh had helped him, he forgot about being ill. "I must learn from Comrade Bethune," he said to himself. "I must learn from Wang Chieh." He got up and washed the clothes of all the men in the barracks. Though it made him sweat with fatigue he felt much better physically and spiritually.

When the men came back from work and discovered what he had done, they were surprised at the sudden change. One of them laughed

and clapped his hands. "This really is something new," he said. "I propose that we quit calling him 'Slowpoke.' He's caught up!"

That evening at a squad meeting the squad leader commended Yang. Wang Chieh said: "Comrade Yang washed our clothes in spite of being sick. This spirit of helping other comrades is fine. I want to learn from him."

Yang's heart warmed, and he blushed. He jumped to his feet. "I can't bear another word, Wang Chieh," he said. "All the good deeds you've done, all the people you've helped — you do all the hardest, most tiring jobs. When we were sowing, guiding the seeder was the most tiring work, so you guided the seeder. When we were harvesting the wheat, feeding wheat into the threshing machine was the dirtiest and most tiring job, so you did that. Day after day you work, the sweat and dust on your face blending into mud. But at the end of the day, instead of washing, you're always running off to the pig pens or the sheep pens to sweep out the manure, or fetching water for one of our peasant neighbours, or pushing his gristmill roller. When my thinking was backward and my actions slow you helped me study Chairman Mao's works. When I got sick, you brought me food and water. There are so many things I ought to learn from you! Yes, I washed a few pieces of clothing. But that's because I read *In Memory of Norman Bethune* which you gave me to study, because I was influenced by your example. I don't know how to thank you. Yet you say you want to learn from me. . . ." Yang couldn't go on. He gazed at Wang Chieh with tears in his eyes.

The whole squad was moved by his sincerity. "If we've made any progress, it's because we're reading Chairman Mao's works," said Wang Chieh. He took *In Memory of Norman Bethune* from Yang's hand and held it up, looking around at the others. "It's Chairman Mao's works that are teaching us," he said to Yang. "If you want to thank anyone, you ought to thank Chairman Mao."

Yang nodded emphatically. Together the two young fighters gazed at the title, written in letters of gleaming gold: *In Memory of Norman Bethune*, and their burning hearts fused into one. When the meeting ended, the squad leader urged the men to learn from their example.

From then on, Yang and Wang Chieh studied and worked together more often than before. They helped and encouraged each other. No one ever called Yang "Slowpoke" again.

A few good rains in the hot, sticky summer, plus a thorough hoeing, brought the sorghum sprouts up strong and tall. The barren bogland turned into a carpet of green. It was then that the US-backed Chiang Kai-shek gang began clamouring that they were going to attack our shores. When this news reached First Company, the men were furious. They polished their rifles and sharpened their bayonets, and prepared to meet any invader when their country called. The company also organized the study of two articles by Chairman Mao: *Cast Away Illusions, Prepare for Struggle* and *Carry the Revolution Through to the End*, as well as materials relating to US imperialist aggression against China. A mass meeting was called to expose the crimes of the US-Chiang Kai-shek gangsters.

Soldier Tsao Chien-yueh told how his grey-haired grandmother was burned to death by the Japanese, how his father was beaten cruelly by soldiers of the Kuomintang. Chu Yu-pei, weeping, related the hardships of his poverty-stricken childhood. He didn't even have a bowl with which to beg, only a piece of roof tile. Assistant Company Commander Kao Shao-chung, when telling how his whole family had been hounded to death by their landlord, was so agitated he had to stop in the middle.

Tears of blood, the crimes of the old society, class oppression, national persecution, were spread one by one before the young soldiers. Everyone wept — the speakers, the audience — and hatred blazed in their hearts.

Immediately after the meeting, Wang Chieh, Chu and several dozen others wrote and submitted requests to be sent to the front. The company commander praised their fighting spirit, but at the same time he urged them to apply this determination to their military training and production work. "Consider the military training ground a battlefield," he said. "Go at production like going into battle."

Thereafter, when the men went into the fields, they carried a hoe on their left shoulder, a rifle on their right. During the breaks, they lay prone and practised marksmanship.

Chu, who joined the army the same time as Wang Chieh, had suffered worse than any of them as a child. When he heard that the US imperialists and Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang riffraff were planning an invasion, he began extra training in his spare time. Besides practising regular marksmanship, he practised strengthening his arms by raising bricks.

One day, Wang Chieh found him at it, his arms trembling with fatigue, sweat rolling down his face. Wang Chieh had always liked the lad. Though as soft-spoken as a girl, he tore into his work like a young tiger. Wang Chieh had wept when he heard Chu tell of the miseries of his childhood at the "recollection" meetings held when they first joined up. Class feeling had drawn them still closer together after the recent mass meeting. Now, Wang Chieh was moved and impressed by the boy's stubborn determination to toughen up. He waited till Chu had finished, then spoke to him.

"Nice work. When did you start practising with bricks?"

Chu mopped the sweat from his face. "Only a few days ago. I'm not much good at it yet."

Whenever Wang Chieh discovered a good trait in someone, he tried to learn it. "Teach me how, too," he said. "We've got to strengthen our arms so as to hit the enemy hard."

"Right. From now on, we'll practise together."

They agreed on a time and place for the next day and parted. They practised every day, after that. Sometimes they competed to see who could support the most bricks for the longest time.

The rainy season came, and for many days the men were unable to train or work in the fields. Wang Chieh and Chu had to practise with their bricks indoors. Soon the whole squad, the whole platoon, was practising with them. The formerly quiet barracks became as noisy as a drill field.

Showers and drizzles never ceased. All around was a white expanse of water. Roads were cut. The detachment was an isolated island, and they were running short of fuel and grain.

At last, much to everyone's relief, the weather cleared. The railway station telephoned to say that their grain had arrived and that they should send a truck to pick it up. But the highway was flooded. A truck couldn't get through. Farm headquarters ordered the companies to go down to the station in full force and carry the grain back.

First Company of the engineers immediately transmitted the order to the men, and stressed that "... grain is earned by the people's sweat and blood. We cannot permit the loss of a single kernel." Led by the company commander and the political instructor, First Company set forth.

The road from the farm to the railway station was all water and mud. The men slogged their way through to the station.

Wang Chieh and Chu looked the grain shipment over. Most of it was sorghum flour. A small proportion was rice. They hefted the sacks and found that the rice was much heavier. They exchanged a glance, then each put a sack of rice on his shoulder and started back for camp.

A hot sun dispelled the wispy clouds and raised mist from the broad expanse of water. The weather was warm and humid. With the sun beating down on their heads, and each with a sixty or seventy-catty sack of rice on his shoulder, they waded through waist-deep water and trudged down the miry road. They walked carefully, so as not to fall, remembering what the company commander had said when they were leaving camp: "... Grain is earned by the people's sweat and blood. We cannot permit the loss of a single kernel."

They grew tired, but they could only pause to catch their breaths. For on that long road there wasn't one dry spot where they could set their sacks down and rest.

On and on they marched. Wang Chieh could hear Chu breathing heavily behind him. He stopped and said: "Hold on to me and shift your sack to the other shoulder. It's too much of a strain to keep carrying it on the same shoulder all the time."

Chu walked up to him and blew out a breath. "It's a strain, all right," he admitted. "But I've been thinking. If we were in battle and we had to build a bridge in a hurry and one of my shoulders was

wounded, wouldn't I have only one shoulder for carrying beams and planks? I thought I ought to take this chance to practise."

The boy was always making demands on himself according to the needs of actual warfare. Wang Chieh was filled with admiration.

They struggled on. Chu saw that Wang Chieh's shirt was soaked with perspiration. "Support yourself against me," he said, "and take that shirt off. You'll be much cooler without it."

"I'm hot enough," Wang Chieh admitted with a smile. "But I don't feel the heat when I think of Chiu Shao-yun."

That was how the two young soldiers encouraged each other.

When they reached camp, Wang Chieh ran to the kitchen and filled up on water. He set off at once towards the railway station to help the comrades who hadn't got back yet. "Chu carried his sack on one shoulder all the way. I used two, so he's more tired than me," he thought. "I'll let him rest." For that reason Wang Chieh didn't call his companion.

But when he got to the road who did he see but Chu. Chu, on reaching camp, had also thought: "The comrades behind have been walking longer than us. They must be more tired. I'll go and meet them. Wang Chieh isn't as strong as me. Let him drink some water and rest." So he didn't call Wang Chieh before setting out again.

When they met on the road, each guessed what the other had been thinking. They couldn't help laughing.

After helping two other soldiers carry their sacks into camp, they looked to see whether there still were any who hadn't returned. Only then did they relax. They felt that the day's work had been well done. By then the sun was setting behind the western hills and brilliant hued clouds reflected crimson on the watery expanse. It was a beautiful scene.

With the rainy season over, the men were able to train in the open once more. Wang Chieh and Chu again practised supporting bricks with out-stretched arms. At Wang Chieh's suggestion, before starting practice each day they read accounts of US imperialist aggression against China or reports of US intrusions over China's sea and air, and the stern warnings issued by our government. Thus, they practised, filled with hatred for US imperialism. Even when they were

tired, they gritted their teeth and persisted, for they knew whatever progress they made came from those last, most difficult, few moments.

During the day, they practised with the bricks. After dark, they trained their eyes, aiming at stars, at lamp flames, at flying night birds.... Their efforts paid off. When they shot at targets with live bullets, the two friends scored top marks.

Before they knew it, it was autumn. Although the fields had been flooded, the sorghum, thanks to the care the soldiers had lavished on it before the rains, put out thick, red beards. From afar, they looked like flaming torches, like the tassels on the spears of the Red Guards of years ago.

Pleased with the harvest prospects, the soldiers took the doors off the hinges and used them as rafts, which they used while cutting the sorghum. They lay on them during breaks and practised shooting, their militant songs floating across the water.

Lei Feng's Diary Imprinted on His Heart

In February of 1963, although the poplar branches had not yet budded, the warm sun was a harbinger of the approach of spring.

When *Lei Feng's Diary* was published in the newspapers, the Party branch of First Company organized a study of it by all its men. The soldiers read and copied and discussed in a highly stimulating atmosphere.

Wang Chieh read the diary tirelessly. He read the article introducing Lei Feng's exploits: *A Man Who Will Live For Ever*. The more he read, the more inspired he became. He sighed deeply and thought for a long time. Rising to his feet, he walked over and gazed respectfully at the picture of Chairman Mao hanging on the wall.

"Chairman Mao," his manner seemed to say. "How many heroes your thought has nurtured. Lei Feng — a great soldier — is one of them."

He stood there for a while, then walked back to his bed and took out his own diary from under his pillow. Carried away by emotion, he penned these words:

Lei Feng, a good soldier of Chairman Mao, gave his young life for the cause of the Party. But he hasn't died. He will live for ever in our hearts. . . .

Over the loudspeaker came a reading from *Lei Feng's Diary*: "Youth is always beautiful. But true youth is possessed only by those who swim constantly upstream, who labour with no thought of self, who are always modest. . . ."

The words rang in Wang Chieh's ears like a poem, a symphony. He was extremely moved. "I'm determined to learn from Lei Feng," he said to himself. He wrote in his diary: ". . . He is a model against which I shall constantly measure myself so as to become a good soldier of Chairman Mao, a diligent servant of the people. . . ."

He went outside. Three of his comrades were hurrying about. Chen, carrying a razor, came towards the barracks.

"What's up?" Wang Chieh asked.

"Our barbers' group has started business," Chen said happily.

"Let me in on it." Wang Chieh grasped his hand.

"Of course. You can be our first customer. Free of charge. Youth style, soldier style — we'll cut your hair any way you like," Chen laughed.

"What are you batting about?" cried Wang Chieh. "I want to be one of the barbers."

Chen waved the razor. "Ever used one of these things?"

Wang Chieh shook his head.

"How can you be a barber, then?" Chen walked on.

Wang Chieh went looking for his squad leader to ask for his "backing." By chance, he ran into their platoon leader.

"You must give your approval," Wang Chieh said.

"Approval of what?" the platoon leader asked in some surprise.

"Of me joining the barbers' group."

"Oh. That's something they've organized on their own. It's no use talking to me. I can't do anything about it."

Wang Chieh said to himself: "So they've organized on their own? Well, I'll join on my own. I'll elbow my way in, or else! Giving my comrades haircuts is in keeping with the simple, frugal traditions of our army. They won't have to go outside to get their hair cut.

We'll save them time. Besides, isn't that what Comrade Lei Feng did in his outfit?"

The barbers' group posted an announcement on red paper inviting their comrades' patronage. They gave their services beneath trees, under eaves, in barracks — anywhere it was convenient for their "customers." Chu, who was big and strong, cut the hair of tall soldiers easily, without having to raise his arms very high. But Wang Chieh, unskilled in the use of either razor or scissors, could only stand around impatiently. Suddenly, he had a brain wave. He rushed back to the barracks and got his towel and soap. Returning with these, he said to Chu:

"Let's have a division of labour. You cut hair and I'll give shampoos. It will be quicker that way."

"Not a bad idea," Chu smiled.

Wang Chieh was delighted. "If I can't be a regular barber, at least I can be a candidate one."

Everyone laughed.

Wang Chieh's shampoos were quick and clean. The "customers" were pleased.

"In a few more days we ought to let Wang Chieh become a real barber," joked Chu.

"He's a first-rate hair washer," said Li, another one of the barbers. "We'll make him a 'Master Shampooer.'"

Wang Chieh was embarrassed by his comrades' jests. "I haven't done much," he thought. "I only forced my way into the group so that I could do my bit."

One day the "Master Shampooer" decided that washing hair without a stand for his basin was too inconvenient. He got hold of an old wooden one and repaired it. When he and Chu made their rounds — they were working as a team now — he took it with him.

In emulating Lei Feng, the soldiers engaged in all sorts of activities. Some were invited to the local school to serve as after-class instructors to the Young Pioneers. Some went to sweep and clean up the railway station. Others waited at bridges to help push carts over the hump. Still others organized a shoe-repair team. . . .

When Wang Chieh went to the company club one evening, he found letters of thanks and commendation — from the railway station, from the primary school, from the local factory — pinned up on the walls. The soldiers were discussing them:

“Did your Squad Two get any?”

“That big one on red paper with the large letters. Can’t you see it?”

“Squad Six got a lot. That whole wall over there is covered with them.”

Wang Chieh was very happy.

The men were keen on learning from Lei Feng, but they weren’t quite sure how to go about it, or where to put the main stress. Some of them said: “Just do whatever Lei Feng did; that’s the way to learn from him.” Wang Chieh agreed with this.

Early one morning whistles blew for a sudden assembly, awakening the men, who had been fast asleep.

In less than two minutes a soldier came running out of Second Platoon’s barracks in full gear and reached the place of assembly ahead of all the rest. That soldier was Wang Chieh.

Sharp commands rang out in the morning stillness. The men lined up like two solid walls, straight and neat. The company commander walked along the ranks, inspecting the men, one by one. He looked Wang Chieh over carefully. Every item of equipment was spick and span and firmly in place. The c.o. walked slowly on.

The assistant company commander announced the results of the inspection. “You were all very quick in falling in for this assembly, comrades,” he said. “The man who was quickest and whose gear was in best order was Comrade Wang Chieh of Squad Six, Second Platoon. . . .”

Comrade Li, the leader of Squad Six, was very pleased to hear one of his men praised. If only everyone in the squad were as quick as Wang Chieh!

But Wang Chieh’s reaction, for some strange reason, was to blush, and his heart beat furiously.

“How did you get out there so fast? Tell us your method,” some of the men asked, after the morning drill was over.

This seemed only to add fuel to flames. Wang Chieh’s face turned a deeper shade of red. “What’s there to talk about?” he mumbled, and he hurried away with lowered head.

What had happened was that the previous afternoon the c.o. had come around the barracks to inspect the men’s gear. Wang Chieh either had a premonition or he heard somewhere that there would be an emergency assembly the following morning. “I mustn’t be slow,” he said to himself. “I must be the first man out.”

Before going to bed, he cleaned all his arms and equipment. In the night he had awakened suddenly and sat bolt upright, imagining he had heard a whistle blow. Finding that the only sound was the snores of his comrades, he lay down again. It was then about half an hour before dawn. Wang Chieh decided he’d better not sleep any longer. He quietly got up, dressed, put his gear on, and waited.

Sure enough, before long, whistles started shrilling. Wang Chieh ran outside. That was how he was the first to arrive on the clearing.

Now the assistant c.o. had commended him and his mates wanted to hear about his “method.” This made him feel worse than if he’d been criticized. He compared himself with Lei Feng and thought: “Would he ever have done a thing like that? How would he have behaved? We’re training for real war. My leaders praised me because I fooled them. To earn a commendation in that way is shameful. Neither they nor my comrades know the real story. I must tell my leaders the truth.”

That evening he sought out his platoon leader, Comrade Chao. “I did a dishonest thing this morning,” he confessed painfully.

“What do you mean? Didn’t the c.o. commend you?”

Wang Chieh told the platoon leader the whole story and asked for a severe reprimand.

“You’ve recognized your shortcoming. That’s a good thing,” said the platoon leader. “Chairman Mao teaches us to be honest in everything we do. There mustn’t be the least falsity. Remember what the Chairman says.”

"From now on, I'll crack down hard on every shortcoming, platoon leader. You can be sure of that." Wang Chieh's manner was serious.

During the break after supper, Wang Chieh again read *Lei Feng's Diary*. He grew quite excited when he came upon the words: "You can't see the beauty of spring in a single flower. If one man makes progress, he's still only one man. But if we all progress together, we can move mountains and empty the seas."

"That's right," he thought. "If one man makes progress, he's still only one man. Then what should we say about a man who comes out first through trickery? Shameful!"

He turned to Chairman Mao's *On Practice* and read: "**In class society everyone lives as a member of a particular class, and every kind of thinking, without exception, is stamped with the brand of a class.**"

Wang Chieh paused. "What class brand is stamped on the kind of thinking that makes me want to come out first even if I have to cheat? My family were middle peasants, so my thinking is stamped with the brand of the petty bourgeoisie. But I'm also a soldier of the revolution, a member of the Communist Youth League. I must remould myself and conquer my non-proletarian thinking. I must become a good soldier of Chairman Mao, like Lei Feng."

The next day Company Political Instructor Sun sought Wang Chieh out. He advised him to study Chairman Mao's works well, and to study *Lei Feng's Diary*. He told him to pay special attention to grasping their spirit.

"I'll remember the lesson I learned this time," Wang Chieh promised. "I'm going to apply myself to studying Chairman Mao's works. I'll act according to his instructions."

The political instructor nodded, pleased.

Wang Chieh had learned his lesson. He would never forget his leaders' advice. He vowed silently that he would become an anonymous hero.

That day the company Party committee discussed how to improve their campaign of learning from Lei Feng. The men of the company were enthusiastic about it and had performed many good deeds. But it was more in the nature of simple imitation than grasping the



spirit. The committee decided that to learn from Lei Feng it was first necessary to study the works of Chairman Mao.

The political instructor announced this decision to the entire company the following day in a full report. Every man in the company was very stimulated.

It was May, a busy season on the farm. "Winds are southern and the wheat is yellow in the pleasant month of May, reaping wheat and transplanting rice shoots we're busy night and day," as the old rhyme goes. The soldiers of First Company hurried to the farm to help harvest the wheat crop.

They slept deeply that night, after a quick march and a hard day's work in the fields. The only sound was the footsteps of the roving guard. Instructor Sun got up and went out to make a check. When he entered the barracks of Squad Six, he saw a light glowing inside the mosquito netting of a bed in the corner. He walked over quietly and raised the netting. Wang Chieh was sitting up, reading the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung* in the beam of a small flashlight. *Lei Feng's Diary* lay beside his pillow.

"Why aren't you asleep, Wang Chieh?" Sun whispered.

Wang Chieh was startled. "Oh, it's you, political instructor." "You've put in a hard day. Is this any time to study? Go to sleep." "Yes, instructor." Wang Chieh lay down.

The political instructor walked softly away. He was very moved. At the door he halted and looked back at Wang Chieh's bed. How avidly the boy devoured Chairman Mao's works. Chairman Mao's thought, like the sun, was illuminating the road to maturity for every revolutionary soldier. Wang Chieh was one of the countless many striding along that road.

Wang Chieh's mind was racing too. He was thinking of the words of Chairman Mao which he had just read: **"What is work? Work is struggle. There are difficulties and problems in those places for us to overcome and solve. 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."** Wang Chieh was very stirred. He said to himself:

"I'm a soldier. Our army is a fighting force and a working force, a force for production. Whatever work there is to be done, we have to do it well, and we must work hard. To be a good soldier like Tung Tsun-jui and Huang Chi-kuang and Lei Feng, you must be like them in every way. You must learn their spirit and yet not overlook the smaller things. You have to make strict demands on yourself, study and apply Chairman Mao's works creatively, be steady and persistent. . . ."

He pictured a sea of golden wheat, and every soldier advancing towards it like a young tiger, a sickle in his hand.

The wheat was ripe. If they didn't harvest it quickly it would begin shedding grains. It was a tense battle. The soldiers got up every morning at two and marched over a dozen *li* to the fields, not returning until six in the evening. They all worked energetically, with Wang Chieh grabbing for the hardest jobs, as usual. Although he had been suffering from an upset stomach for the past few days, he hadn't said a word, and no one knew.

The wheat fields were muddy, which added to the difficulties of cutting and carrying. Wang Chieh, his trouser legs rolled up, bending forward at the waist, reaped without a pause.

"Are you all right? You're not sick, are you?" Li the squad leader looked at him in concern. He noticed that Wang Chieh's colour was bad.

Wang Chieh laughed. "You're always kidding, squad leader. Just look at me. Am I the kind who gets sick?"

But the others also observed how pale he was, in spite of his brave words. "You're not well," they said. "You'd better go back and rest."

"You don't look right to me," said Li. "You look sick. But you're working like a horse, not like a sick man at all. Tell me the truth. Are you sick or not?"

Wang Chieh thought of a diversion. "I'm not sick, squad leader," he said. "While we've been talking, we've fallen behind. We'd better catch up."

Li turned around. Sure enough, the other squads were a good distance ahead. He quickly resumed reaping.

They worked steadily all morning. Li noticed that Wang Chieh went to the toilet several times. "He'll get seriously ill if we let him go on like this," thought Li. He told Wang Chieh to go back to the barracks. Wang Chieh refused. "Why don't you listen to orders?" Li demanded.

"My little ailment doesn't amount to anything. You see how ripe the wheat is. We've got to take it in now. Every second counts." Wang Chieh's voice shook with emotion.

Li couldn't think of a suitable reply. He played his trump card. "If you don't listen to orders, I'll have to give you a severe reprimand."

Wang Chieh and Li criticized each other frequently. But there was one occasion when he had criticized Wang Chieh which Li would never forget.

It had happened two months before. First Company of the engineers was building a road and had just finished laying the roadbed. Squad Six went back to camp early that afternoon to distribute the company's sleeping mats. But when they got there, they found that some of the mats hadn't been delivered yet, so they had to wait.

Wang Chieh saw an old man carrying two pails of water on a shoulder pole towards a cattle shed on the edge of the village. He was

moving slowly and laboriously under their weight. Wang Chieh, remembering how Lei Feng had always helped people, immediately ran over and took the pails from the old man and watered the cattle. Then he went for another load and filled the cistern. Following this, he helped the old man chop up fodder. He worked steadily for over forty minutes, till he was sweating and out of breath. Wiping the perspiration from his brow, Wang Chieh watched with satisfaction as the animals ate, swishing their tails.

"He's a good boy," the old man said to another commune member. "After working all day, he comes here and helps us. He certainly is a fine soldier of our people's army."

"Where've you been, running around like crazy?" No sooner did Wang Chieh return, happy and excited, than the squad leader hit him with this question.

"I was cutting fodder for an old man."

"What were we sent back to camp for?" Li was a bit angry.

"To lay out the sleeping mats."

"Have we done it?" Li didn't let up in the slightest. "If you were going to run off for so long, why didn't you ask for leave?"

Wang Chieh had no reply. He felt rather abused. "I go out and do a good deed," he thought, "and when I come back I get criticized."

That night, lying on his bed, he thought over what the squad leader had said. At first, he felt aggrieved and couldn't sleep. "How would Lei Feng have felt about such a question?" he wondered. He turned on his flashlight, got out *Lei Feng's Diary* and read. Suddenly, he came upon this passage:

Lately, I've found that quite a few soldiers don't observe discipline and are lax in their habits. Some comrades go off without asking for leave. This isn't a good thing, it seems to me. It ought to be changed. The army is a collective for battle. It needs strict organization and discipline. Everything must be done to meet the requirements of battle. It would be very hard for an army which isn't co-ordinated and where everyone is at sixes and sevens to defeat the enemy on the battlefield and win victory.

Wang Chieh read the passage several times, mulling it over carefully. Gradually he realized that Lei Feng was criticizing people like himself,

and that the squad leader was correct. At this, his spirits lifted, and he soon fell peacefully asleep.

The next day at work, he and the squad leader got to chatting, and Li asked: "Was I wrong in criticizing you yesterday?"

"No. You were absolutely right. I went off without leave and forgot about organization and discipline. I should have been criticized."

"I got a bit hot under the collar and was harsh in my attitude. That was wrong."

"We should be serious about shortcomings and mistakes. You were right, squad leader. I hope you'll be stricter with me in the future."

In the evening, when the squad was planning the next day's work, Wang Chieh voluntarily got up and examined his shortcomings. His comrades were impressed by the strict demands he made upon himself.

Now, although Wang Chieh had an upset stomach, Li was unable to persuade him to return to the barracks and rest. He could only resort to a threat of criticism. Wang Chieh laughed and went on reaping.

That evening after work, Li told Political Instructor Sun about it. Sun understood Wang Chieh's temperament and knew that Li would have a hard time persuading him. So he sent for Wang Chieh and said to Li in his presence: "Squad leader, I'm ordering Wang Chieh to take a complete rest for two days. This is an assignment. It must be carried out. You can report to me about it at any time."

The political instructor stressed the word "assignment" to let Wang Chieh know that this was no ordinary rest period. Li was glad of this "pressure" to force Wang Chieh to comply. "Yes, instructor," he replied in a deliberately loud voice.

Wang Chieh looked at Sun, then he looked at Li. He knew that nothing he could say would be of any use, so he remained silent.

The next day, when the others set out for work, Wang Chieh stayed in his bed. Li departed with an easy mind, confident that Wang Chieh would "fulfil his assignment." But after he had gone a few steps,

Li wasn't so sure. He came back to remind Wang Chieh: "You must listen to orders."

Wang Chieh smiled and nodded.

Soon they were all gone, and Wang Chieh was alone in the barracks. He longed to be with them, working in the wheat fields, but he had to carry out his "assignment" here.

Wang Chieh had always hated to waste time resting. He took out his diary to check on the progress in his thinking since he had begun learning from Lei Feng. He read this entry:

From now on, in whatever work I do, I must "... faithfully serve the Party's cause and dare to sacrifice myself for the victory of the revolution. A true Communist must scorn death, a revolutionary soldier cannot be concerned about personal safety."

He read on: "The revolution is a big school for tempering people. I want to be a piece of coal, burning in the crucible of struggle, helping to emit the light and heat of the era. . . ."

He turned through the pages of the diary until he came to the entry about the day they began harvesting the wheat with such enthusiasm. "The crucible of struggle is out in the wheat fields," he thought. "That's where I ought to be, emitting light and heat. I'm a revolutionary soldier who scorns death for the sake of the Party's revolutionary cause. Yet now that a battle is on, here I am lying in bed. . . ." Wang Chieh felt as if he were being stuck with a thousand needles. He couldn't bear it any longer. He rolled out of bed and hurried to the wheat fields.

The men were working through the golden wheat in a long line. Li, who was cutting at the edge of a field, suddenly became conscious of someone beside him. He looked. It was Wang Chieh.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

"I was stifling back there, squad leader!"

Li didn't know what to say or do. With fond exasperation, he reluctantly conceded: "All right, but take it easy. The most you can reap is one furrow at a time."

"Good," Wang Chieh thought. "This makes it legal."

"Right," he replied, and waved his sickle happily. He cut one furrow, then he started on two. Gradually, he was reaping three furrows like the rest.

On discovering this, Li cried fretfully: "You never listen to orders. I told you not to do much. Why are you reaping three furrows? And so fast, too?"

That night, back in camp, Li realized he'd have to think of something else if he was to force Wang Chieh to rest. At last he got an idea. "The platoon leader wants a man on barracks duty every day to look after things. I'm giving that job to you."

Wang Chieh didn't say anything, but he thought: "It's Squad Four's turn to be on barracks duty, not Squad Six's. Obviously this is a trick of the squad leader to make me rest. Rest, rest, at a critical time like this, how can I rest!"

The next day before dawn, the men again prepared to set forth. Gobbling down his breakfast, Wang Chieh pulled Sun, a pal of his, to one side and said: "Tell the squad leader I'll be waiting for you in the fields. Squad Four is still on barracks duty today."

"You can't do that. The squad leader wants you to be on duty here."

Wang Chieh laughed. "That's just his trick to make me rest."

"Why don't you rest for a day or two? What's your hurry?"

"Do what I say and help me out," Wang Chieh replied, and departed.

When Li got to the fields, he was speechless with rage. Shaking his finger at Wang Chieh, he blurted: "You're . . . you're as stubborn as an ox. . . ."

Towards the end of winter, the north wind howled and the ground was covered with ice and frost. The soldiers of First Company of the engineers began a tense winter exercise.

One day, they were building a bridge. They broke the ice, measured the depth and flow of the water, sampled the river bed, then drove the foundation piles deep and laid the planks neatly across the horizontal supports.

By night, they were very tired. The barracks was warm, and the men of Squad Six gathered around the stove. Some talked about

what they had got out of the day's training, some read the newspaper. Wang Chieh was immersed in Chairman Mao's article *Serve the People*. He read the passage: ". . . We have the interests of the people and the sufferings of the great majority at heart, and when we die for the people it is a worthy death. . . ."

He was pondering over these words when he heard that the squad leader had fallen ill. He closed his book and went over to him.

"My head aches," said Li. "I'm probably coming down with the flu."

Wang Chieh and his mates got busy. They brought water, they prepared medicine.

Originally, Li was supposed to go on guard duty during the first shift. "I'll take over for you," Wang Chieh said.

"All right. And let someone else take over for you during the second shift."

"Get some rest," said Wang Chieh, tucking the quilts around him. "I'm going on duty." He put on his overcoat, picked up his rifle, checked his ammunition and went out.

The bugle call for lights out had already blown. Gradually, the night deepened. Li had told Wang Chieh to let someone else take over for him after his two-hour shift, but Wang Chieh wasn't concerned with a little thing like time. He didn't know how many hours had passed. The wind never let up. It blew as if it wanted to split the earth. Young Wang Chieh stood his post straight and steady. The lamplights in the distance were like a sea of stars; the wail of a far-off locomotive whistle was music to his ears. Though the weather was freezing, the heart of the revolutionary fighter was as warm as fire. In his mind's eye he could see the magnificent, glowing panorama of his homeland in socialist construction. . . .

A gust of north wind spattered him with snow, but he didn't feel cold. He stretched and inflated his chest, continuing his vigil with added alertness.

The sky lightened; pink clouds appeared in the east. Reveille sounded, and the strains of *The East Is Red* welled in all directions from the loud-speakers. Another day had begun.

Thanks to the medicine and a good night's rest, Li felt better. As he sat up, he noticed that Wang Chieh's bed, which was beside his own, was neatly made. He assumed that Wang Chieh had gone to fetch warm water for his comrades to wash with, as usual. But he saw no sign of either the water bucket or Wang Chieh. Could it be that he still hadn't come off duty? Quickly, Li asked his assistant: "Did you turn the last shift over to Squad Seven?"

The assistant squad leader was surprised. "No one called me to stand guard."

Then everyone understood. Wang Chieh had remained on duty all night.

Li sent a man to relieve him and Wang Chieh, in high spirits, soon returned. Li fondly urged him to rest. The rest of the squad agreed.

"We slept too soundly," they said. "And you didn't call us up. Get some rest, quickly."

"I'm not a bit tired," Wang Chieh replied. He removed his overcoat, adjusted his clothes, and went out with the others to the drill field. "A new day has begun," he said happily to himself. "Today, we can take on a new assignment."

Toughening the Soles of Their Feet

A long line of soldiers of the engineers, in full battle kit, crossed hill after hill, forded stream after stream. Although it was already early winter, none of them felt cold. They tried to snatch their comrades' packs and guns to relieve each other of their weight; they shouted slogans, they sang. Ahead, the path twisted through undulating hills. Marching was hard, and many raised blisters on their feet. But they pushed on. No one fell behind.

They had set out at dawn, and didn't reach the place they were going to camp until dusk.

Only then did they realize how tired and thirsty they were. Their blisters suddenly became painful. They sat down on the side of the road and didn't want to get up again.

Wang Chieh of Squad Six was also very tired. There were several blisters on his feet. "Everyone gets weary on these long marches," he thought. "We soldiers can rest, but the kitchen squad comrades have to cook. If I lend them a hand, besides making things easier for them, it will get the food ready sooner and help our company do this bivouac exercise better." Pressing his hands down on his knees, he forced himself to rise, and hobbled over to the temporary kitchen.

The comrades were busy setting up the cauldron. He couldn't get in on that, so he tried to grab the shoulder pole Chiang was setting out with to fetch water. The two struggled for possession of the pole so strenuously that the pails hanging from the ends danced wildly. Chiang finally managed to wrest the thing away and escape. Wang Chieh rolled up his sleeves and began washing vegetables. Chiao, the head of the kitchen squad, took him by the arms and pushed him aside.

"You've been marching all day. Go and rest," he ordered. "We guarantee to turn this meal out fast and good."

There was another short wrestling match, which Wang Chieh also lost. Then his eye fell on a cleaver. He took this up and started chopping vegetables.

"You don't even know when you're tired," Chiao said hopelessly. "You just can't bear to rest."

After the vegetables were cooked, Wang Chieh washed the cauldron and scrubbed the platters. When the rice was ready, he fetched water and tended the fire. His movements were deft, and he never paused for a moment.

When the meal was over and camp had been set up, Wang Chieh brought hot water so that the men could wash their feet, delivering steaming buckets to each squad. The comrades promptly filled a basin and brought it to him, demanding that he wash first. Others snatched away his carrying pole and buckets. He had no choice but to take the basin back to his own squad. He found Hsieh, a new soldier, sprawled out on his billet, already asleep. Wang Chieh washed the boy's feet and punctured his blisters.

Hsieh opened his eyes. When he saw what was happening, he said he'd do it himself. Wang Chieh smiled and diverted the boy's mind with a question.

"Remember the moving stories the political instructor told us about marches in the old days when we were setting out on this one?" he asked. "Countless fighters scaled mountains, crossed rivers, marching, crawling when they had to, rolling down slopes, wading through brambles, untiring, unbeatable. Their only transport was their own two legs. That's what we still rely mainly on now. Iron-soled feet will get us to where we can destroy the enemy. The more long marches we have each year, the better we can develop them."

While Hsieh was listening, entranced, Wang Chieh's needle had finished its job.

Warmth flowed from Hsieh's feet through his whole body. "I'll help you do your blisters, Wang Chieh," he said gratefully. "All right?"

"They're already done."

It was after eight, and the men got ready for bed. Wang Chieh again went to the kitchen to help wash up and fetch water.

Ma, the leader of Squad Six, untied Wang Chieh's quilt and made the bed for him next to his own. Two of the boys, Hsieh and Chi, had doubled up in order to spread their extra quilt horizontally across their own bed and Wang Chieh's. This would ensure that his covers would be nice and warm by the time he returned. Chi yawned sleepily, but thoughts of the day's march kept him awake.

They had been about to eat dry rations for lunch, which was to be washed down with thin gruel. Before the gruel was ready an old peasant brought them some boiled water. Wang Chieh distributed it among the men, but munched his own rations plain. Later, when the gruel was cooked he took very little for himself, to make sure that his mates had enough. Only after everyone had filled his canteen with the water the cooks boiled did Wang Chieh fill his own. Then he drank two bowls of the water that was left.

In the afternoon, by the time they were nearing their campsite, the men had all finished their canteens and were dry and parched.

Wang Chieh passed his untouched supply around, suppressing his own thirst, then led everybody in a song. He always tanked up on water before a march but never drank while on the road, keeping his supply to give his comrades when they longed for a drink most.

This reminded Chi of another incident. They had been rushing the building of a road. They worked in a snowstorm, and their clothes got soaked. After supper they prepared for bed, hanging their damp garments around a fire. Wang Chieh worried that they wouldn't dry out if they were too far from the flames, and that they would scorch if they were too near. He got up and went outside quietly.

It was still snowing hard, and the northwest wind was blowing. Wang Chieh kept the fire going and turned each garment diligently as one side slowly dried. By three in the morning he had baked dry over twenty sets of cotton-padded clothing. He went back inside and lay these softly on his comrades' quilts. Only then did he himself turn in. What genuine revolutionary feeling!

Thinking of these things, Chi at last fell asleep.

Wang Chieh didn't return from the kitchen till very late. He turned up the lamp and gazed at his deeply sleeping comrades. He tucked the bedding in around each of them, then took out a needle and punctured the still untreated blisters on his feet.

He always read a while from the works of Chairman Mao before going to bed, or wrote in his diary. Tonight, he turned his flashlight on beneath the covers and thought. How touched the kitchen comrades had been by his trifling help. They had vowed to cook tasty meals to ensure that the men could do their field exercise well. He felt all warm inside. Taking out his diary, he wrote:

Chairman Mao says we should be the first to bear hardships and the last to enjoy comforts, that we should take the heavy loads ourselves. From now on I definitely will do this. I will bear the hardships and leave the comforts to others.

At midnight a comrade from Squad Five came to call Squad Six to take over guard duty. Wang Chieh, who had just fallen asleep, sat up promptly and said: "I'll stand the first shift." He put his clothes on and jumped out of bed. The pain in his feet seemed worse than before the blisters were punctured. But he recalled

how the squad leader had carried two rifles and an extra pack for weary comrades all the way back to camp in spite of his own blistered feet during the march that day. And tomorrow there was another hard day ahead. If the squad leader didn't rest, how would he get his strength back? Wang Chieh decided to let him sleep and stand the two shifts himself.

It was very still outside, and the wind was biting cold. Keeping a vigilant eye cocked, Wang Chieh marched his beat. With every step, needles seemed to pierce the soles of his feet. One hour passed, then two. It was time to change shifts. He went into the barracks, turned on his flashlight and walked quietly along the line of beds. How soundly his comrades were sleeping. Should he awaken one of them or not? Deep class feeling made him think only of how tired they were. His feet seemed to be suddenly cured. "Sleep, comrades," he said softly. "With me on guard, no one will disturb you." He strode outside again and remained on duty throughout the cold windy night until dawn.

When the others rose after a comfortable rest and saw that Wang Chieh's bed was untouched, they berated themselves and blamed him for not having called them.

After breakfast, they got ready for the second day of the field exercise. "Go back and rest, Wang Chieh," the platoon leader ordered. But Wang Chieh wouldn't budge, though the whole squad, the whole platoon, joined in urging him.

"Let me take part in the exercise," he said. "I'll rest tonight." He didn't say another word, and he wouldn't change his mind.

He participated all day. In high spirits, he made strict demands on himself. Wang Chieh felt that to miss a day would mean the loss of an opportunity to toughen up. Training would perfect their skill in destroying the enemy. If they sweated more now, they'd lose much less blood when they went into battle. What did it matter if he was a little tired!

They ate early that evening, for a night march of one hundred and twenty *li* was scheduled. Wang Chieh was surprised at the announcement, but he remembered his vow and immediately became energetic. Although not very tall, he carried a bigger pack than anyone. Tucked

in its straps was a flute, and hanging on his belt was a pair of clappers. Hastily, he joined the ranks.

They were ready to start. The company commander finished speaking. He said to the leader of the Second Platoon: "Wang Chieh must ride tonight."

Hearing this, Wang Chieh said to himself: "What kind of march is that? Does the company commander think I look too tired?" He stuck out his chest and tried to assume an energetic air. Anything rather than ride!

When the leader of Second Platoon saw that Wang Chieh had not got into the vehicle at starting time, he told the leader of Squad Six: "Escort Wang Chieh to the truck."

The squad leader walked over and took Wang Chieh by the arm. "You haven't slept for two days and one night," he said. "You'll be able to catch a nap in there."

"I'm not sleepy. I'll march along with the rest of you," Wang Chieh insisted.

"It's an order from the company commander. I have to carry it out," said the leader of Squad Six, practically yelling in agitation.

He dragged Wang Chieh over to the truck, removed his pack, then lifted him bodily into the van. "Sit further in," he urged the scowling boy. "Be careful you don't fall out." He stepped to one side and waited for the vehicle to move off.

As the driver revved up the engine, Wang Chieh suddenly shouted: "I must march. I've got a propaganda job to do."

"Never mind about that. I'll do it for you." The squad leader wasn't thinking of what he was saying. All he wanted was for the truck to start moving.

At last the vehicle rolled off. Wang sat glumly in the van. Leaving collective life, even temporarily, made him very unhappy. He took *Lei Feng's Diary* out of his pocket and turned to the section entitled "Struggle Against Difficulties" and read:

The struggle is always bitterest when victory is nearest at hand. But this is also the time when it is easiest to vacillate. For every man, therefore, it is a time of crucial testing.

If he passes the test successfully, he becomes a glorious revolutionary soldier. If he fails, he becomes a shameful deserter.

A glorious soldier or a shameful deserter — it all depends on whether you have an unshakable faith in the face of difficulties.

Wang Chieh pondered. Wasn't this march a time of testing for him? Was he to become a shameful deserter? Couldn't he meet the test? Nonsense! No matter how big the difficulty, he certainly could overcome it. Together with his comrades, he certainly could complete the field exercise satisfactorily.

The truck had already gone three or four *li*. The sun was sinking in the west, tinging the clouds crimson and purple. Wang Chieh's company had started up a winding trail, but the truck was moving further and further away along the road. Wang Chieh bounded over to the cab and hammered on the roof. The vehicle came to a screeching stop. Wang Chieh tossed his pack out and jumped down after it.

"Thanks a lot. I'm going to catch up with my unit." He waved at the driver with a smile, then set off across country after his company.

Slowly the sky darkened and filled with stars. Wang Chieh was soon trailing Third Platoon. Young Chang of Squad Nine was six or seven paces behind his mates. Wang Chieh hurried and drew alongside of him.

"I thought you were riding in the truck," Chang said in surprise on seeing Wang Chieh.

"Truck riding is no way to develop these." He poked Chang's legs. "You're too far away from your mates in a truck. You can't bump shoulders with them and swing along side by side."

Chang was occupied with his own thoughts. "A dozen *li* without a rest," he grumbled. "The company commander doesn't know what we soldiers have to endure."

"You shouldn't talk like that. Our commander is twice as old as you. He's got a bad stomach and can't eat much, but he marches along with us just the same. It's not easy. We're not resting because he wants us to toughen the soles of our feet, so that we can go in and fight well at any time."

"Oh," said Chang.

Wang Chieh made the proposal he had been thinking of for several minutes. "Let me have your pack. You can carry my gun."

Chang thought they were both equally heavy, so he handed his pack over. But when he reached for the gun, Wang Chieh ran on and said laughing: "Let's catch up with the others."

Realizing he'd been fooled, Chang chased after him agitatedly. But he couldn't catch him, even by the time he passed his own squad. He rebuked himself for having been so simple; at the same time he was very moved by what Wang Chieh had said and done. He vowed he would get to their destination even if he had to crawl.

A full moon slowly rose. Bathed in its light the men tramped along the frosty road. They weren't very lively. At that moment a clear voice sang out, accompanied by the rhythmic beat of a pair of clappers: "Fear not hardship, fear not fatigue. Keep up, keep up, don't fall behind." Two packs on his back, and a rifle on his shoulder, Wang Chieh stirred up the whole detachment with his singing. "Keep up. Keep up." The word passed along the line. The men grew animated. Wang Chieh dashed to the head of the column, then stood on a mound by the side of the road. "Let's sing, comrades," he shouted, and he led them in a rousing song:

After them, after them,
Don't let the enemy catch their breath,
Fear not difficulty, cold or hunger
Cross the mountains, wade the rivers,
Pursue in triumph, faster, faster,
Catch up quickly and destroy them!

The song spread in waves, and everyone's spirits soared. Footfalls tramped in cadence, those behind speeding those ahead. The men forgot their fatigue, forgot hardship, forgot the cold. There were bold voices, determined footsteps, and a spirit equal to that of the Huaihai campaign, when our army pursued and exterminated huge forces of the Chiang Kai-shek gang.

The night deepened. Word spread that they would rest in the next village. Happily the soldiers said to one another in low tones: "Walk faster. We'll be resting in the village ahead." Everyone lengthened his stride, covering the space of three paces in two, eager to reach the village. Soon, they entered it, but they didn't stop.

"Why don't we rest here?" the men wondered.

Wang Chieh ran along the column, whispering: "Don't talk, comrades. People are sleeping."

Not far beyond the village, they halted. The political instructor walked to the front of the company and asked: "Do you know why we didn't stop in the village, comrades?"

"We didn't want to disturb the villagers."

"Right. So let's be quiet during the rest period. Don't anyone go into the village."

Now that they had halted, they felt much more tired. Pairs of them leaned against each other, back to back. Some got down in the ditch, in spite of its dampness, and sat with their back against one side and their feet propped up over the edge of the other. Nobody felt like drinking or eating. They only wanted to sleep.

Wang Chieh put down his pack. He wanted to start a song, but of course he couldn't with people sleeping. The political instructor came over and put a hand on his shoulder. Fondly, but with a note of reproach, he said: "You ought to be riding in the truck, Wang Chieh. Who said you could march? You have to observe discipline, you know."

As if he hadn't heard, Wang Chieh spoke of a different subject. "Everyone's very tired, but we can't sing. What do you think we ought to do?" he asked.

"Study Chairman Mao's works." The political instructor took out a flashlight and handed it to him.

Wang Chieh seated himself between Squads Five and Six and turned to *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains* in his *Articles and Extracts from the Works of Mao Tse-tung*. He read aloud from it in a low voice, each word going directly to the men's hearts and drawing them like a magnet.

Squad Four gathered round, the men sitting back to back faced Wang Chieh, those in the ditch sat up attentively, the comrades of First and Third Platoon also drew near.

As Wang Chieh read, his thoughts broadened and he was able to apply the lesson of *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains* to their march.

"We've seventy more *li* to go on this march tonight," he said. "We also have mountains in our way — tiredness and hardship." He paused. "The Foolish Old Man wasn't daunted by his two mountains. Can fighters of Chairman Mao, soldiers of the people, let themselves be daunted by a march of a hundred and twenty *li*?" Wang Chieh's voice was loud and forceful.

The men felt themselves filled with a limitless strength. "No. Of course not," they answered.

"The mountains blocking the view outside the Foolish Old Man's door were big and tall, but they couldn't get any bigger. With each spadeful of earth they got that much smaller. Our march is long, but it isn't going to get any longer. It gets shorter with every step we take," said Wang Chieh, and he added with complete conviction: "Comrades, I'm sure we can reach our destination tonight."

Everyone began discussing this among themselves:

"The works of Chairman Mao give us strength."

"We'll have much more energy after this break."

Several of the Squad Six comrades were concerned about Wang Chieh. They laid their hands on his shoulder. "Sit down for a while. You haven't had any rest in two days," they said.

Chang sprang forward and retrieved his pack. "Got you," he said with a laugh. "A fine revolutionary soldier you are, fooling people. Now let me carry your gun."

But Wang Chieh wrapped the rifle tightly in his arms and rolled away before the other boy could get his hands on it.

They marched on through the night. Their packs seemed to grow heavier and heavier. Wang Chieh tried to think of ways to ease his comrades' burdens. Taking advantage of his "special privileges" as a propagandist, he slipped through Squad Five over to Squad Four, where Comrade Liu was carrying a machine-gun.

Liu knew how Wang Chieh was always helping other men carry their weapons, and he was all prepared for him. "This machine-gun really isn't enough for me," he said humorously. "Let me have your rifle as well."

To his surprise, Wang Chieh countered by grabbing for his pack. As Liu instinctively turned his head, Wang Chieh wrenched the

machine-gun from him and ran. Liu chased him all the way to Squad Six, but Wang Chieh refused to relinquish the weapon. He carried it for over ten *li*.

Another twenty-odd *li* of the march remained. This would be the most gruelling part of the two solid days and nights they were putting in on the field exercise. Wang Chieh dashed to the head of the column and got ready to play his flute to liven everybody up.

"How can you manage with all that load? I'll take one of those weapons." The company commander wanted to relieve him of his rifle, but Wang Chieh held on to it for dear life. "Give others some of that stuff," the company commander said.

How could he increase the burdens of his comrades at a time like this? Wang Chieh shook his head and started to walk away.

"You're to sleep all day tomorrow. That's an order."

"How can I, commander?" Wang Chieh pleaded. "Let me do whatever everybody else does."

"No. That's definite. We're going to march these last twenty *li* without a break. I want you to encourage everyone to stick it out."

"Right." Wang Chieh stepped to the side of the road, pulled out his flute and struck up *The Liberation Army March*. Then he shouted slogans, accompanied by the rhythmic beat of his clappers.

Immediately the ranks grew more lively. Some sang along with the flute. Some shouted, to the rhythm of the clappers: "Work up steam, comrades, work up steam. On to our destination without a stop." Others, as they marched past Wang Chieh, said to him sympathetically: "You must be very tired."

The men of Squad Six added up what Wang Chieh was carrying: a machine-gun, a rifle, a field pack, a sack filled with the rice ration of four comrades for four days — about fifty catties in all. And tonight he had carried these for nearly seventy *li*.

At cock's crow, as the east was reddening, the detachment finally completed its hundred and twenty *li* march and arrived at its destination. It was four o'clock in the morning.

The men lay down and promptly fell asleep. Wang Chieh took a stub of candle from his pack and lit it. Then he sat down near the doorway and read *Serve the People* in his volume of the *Articles and*

Extracts from the Works of Mao Tse-tung. He had read it countless times before, but with each reading he found something new and valuable. Today it seemed especially dear to him as he concentrated on the passage: “. . . All people in the revolutionary ranks must care for each other, must love and help each other.” He savoured every word, thinking deeply.

The brilliant glow of the morning sun reflected on the young soldier's face, irradiating it with an exceptional glory.

(To be continued)

EDITORS' NOTE

On February 20, 1967, the Central Committee of the Communist Party wrote a letter to the poor and lower-middle peasants and cadres at all levels in the rural people's communes all over China. In this letter, Chairman Mao and the Central Committee called on them to take firm hold of the revolution and promote production, mobilize all forces and set to work immediately to get the spring ploughing off to a good start. This great call has won an enthusiastic response from the poor and lower-middle peasants and cadres as well as the PLA. A new tide of “taking firm hold of the revolution and speeding up the spring ploughing” has arisen all over the land. The following stories and poems show what is happening in the countryside.

*Ma Hao-liu and
Tao Chia-shan*

The PLA Soldiers Sent Us by Chairman Mao

Grandad Feng Yu-shan, a poor peasant, headed for the team office as soon as he finished supper. On the way, his thoughts turned to the score or so of PLA soldiers quartered there. . . . He thought to

himself: you can tell they've been sent by Chairman Mao! As soon as they come to our village, without even stopping to eat or drink they go from house to house, sounding gongs and drums, to read us poor and lower-middle peasants the letter from Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee. That peps us up no end! And how they work! They buckle to before it's light, and during breaks they study Chairman Mao's writings or sing quotations from Chairman Mao with us. We've over a hundred people in our team, and they've nothing but praise for these comrades.

The thought of all this so tickled Grandad Feng that he grinned from ear to ear. But the smile disappeared from his face when he remembered the job given him by the team leader. Now that the spring ploughing was at its height, apart from sweating all day in the fields with the commune members, the soldiers had surreptitiously been putting in extra time at night. The peasants and cadres were afraid they would wear themselves out. It was now Grandad Feng's job to watch them, to stop them from doing any more overtime. This wasn't going to be easy. Just before supper he'd heard some soldiers agreeing to finish the carting out of the dung to the fields that night. Yes, they might be off to do that any time now. He must hurry up and stop them. Grandad Feng put on a spurt.

Sure enough, he reached the team office just as the soldiers were preparing to leave, some with wheelbarrows, some with pitchforks. Leading the way were Assistant Instructor Chin Chun and a young fellow called Chiang Shui-sheng. In his dismay, Grandad Feng grabbed the instructor's pitchfork and planted himself in front of young Chiang's barrow.

"Put that down!" he said sternly. "All of you put down your tackle."

Chiang Shui-sheng stuck out his tongue and nudged the instructor. The latter stepped forward, smiling, and said, "Grandad Feng. . ."

"Come on inside. We can do our talking there."

"Grandad, we want to finish carting the rest of that dung today, so as to start on something else tomorrow," pleaded the instructor. "You know the saying: On spring depends the whole year's plan, and the seasons will wait for no man."

"That won't do! The commune members say there's no work for you this evening. Turn in now and sleep snug on your *kang*."

"Grandad!" protested young Chiang. "Chairman Mao and the Central Committee have sent us here to help the poor and lower-middle peasants with the spring ploughing, not to sleep on your warm *kang*."

"We promise to have a good rest once the dung carting's finished," put in another soldier.

"That won't do!" repeated Grandad Feng firmly, blocking the doorway. "This was decided by us poor and lower-middle peasants. Talking big is no use; you must have a good night's sleep."

Seeing that it was useless to argue, the instructor turned and told the soldiers, "All right. We'll do as Grandad Feng says, and turn in now."

"That's more like it." Grandad Feng took young Chiang's arm. "Comrade Chiang, even a tractor has to fill up with petrol and water from time to time. Men can't keep going non-stop." He burst out laughing.

Grandad Feng waited till the soldiers had lain down and were snoring before going to the wing where he was staying. He lit his paraffin lamp and sat down on the edge of his *kang* to smoke a pipe. But before lighting it he leapt to his feet again. "What if they slip out on the sly when I'm asleep? We can't allow that." He tiptoed into the courtyard and lined up all the barrows outside his window, where he was sure to hear if they were moved.

This done, he listened for a while to the regular snoring coming from the big room before going back contentedly to his quarters.

The night was very still. Grandad smoked a pipe. Suddenly his heart flooded with warmth, and he carefully took from his pocket his copy of the letter from Chairman Mao and the Central Committee to the poor and lower-middle peasants and village cadres. Putting on his spectacles, he started reading it softly word by word. . . . His knowledge of characters was limited, but the PLA soldiers had explained the letter's meaning very clearly. Chairman Mao, ah, Chairman Mao! Every word you say goes straight to the hearts of us poor

and lower-middle peasants. Don't you worry. With you to back us up, with your great thought to show us the way, with the big support we're getting from these PLA sent by you, we poor and lower-middle peasants will certainly win a double victory in revolution and production.

Grandad Feng had been immersed in his thoughts for some time when the team leader burst in.

"Grandad!" he panted. "We told you to make them rest. Why did you let them go out and work again?"

"What!" Grandad Feng was staggered.

"The PLA are carting dung to the fields."

"Carting dung?" The old man could hardly believe his ears. "But aren't all the barrows outside?"

"Bah, they're using those big carts."

Grandad Feng bounded off his *kang*, grabbed hold of a lantern and rushed to the main room. It was empty. Not a soul there! As he looked around his eye fell on the blackboard with this quotation from Chairman Mao written in red:

"Our Communist Party and the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies led by our Party are battalions of the revolution. These battalions of ours are wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people's interests."

"They've already been at it for quite a while, grandad. Our commune members are out there lending a hand. The work's going with a swing. Let's join them."

Grandad Feng whirled round and, taking the lantern, strode off with the team leader to the dung yard at the end of the village.

The soldiers and commune members were working side by side there. Songs and slogans rang out, and red-hot enthusiasm filled the air.

Grandad Feng searched in the crowd until he found Assistant Instructor Chin.

"Comrade Chin!" he said reproachfully yet with concern. "You gave me the slip..."

"Grandad!" cut in Chin laughingly. "Chairman Mao sent us to help the poor and lower-middle peasants with the spring ploughing. With so much to be done in the fields, how could we sleep before finishing carting this dung?"

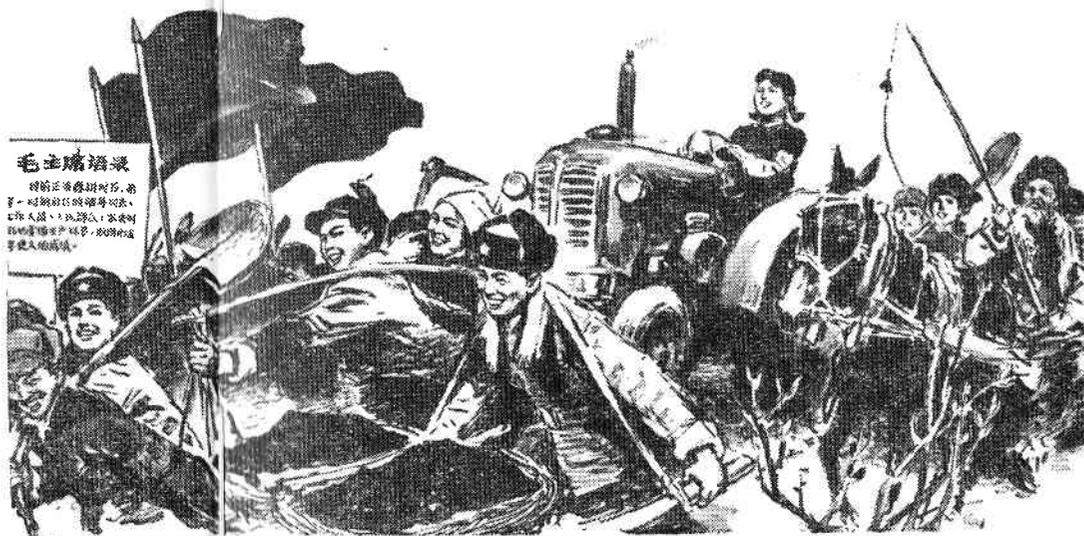
Hot tears sprang to Grandad Feng's eyes. He answered slowly, "You men... you're really Chairman Mao's good soldiers."

"Grandad!" Young Chiang walked up, mopping his sweating face. "When I think of Chairman Mao's directive — take firm hold of the revolution and promote production — I fairly burst with energy. I can't keep still!"

Chuckling, Grandad Feng took off his padded jacket and found himself a pitchfork. "Good," he cried. "Then we'll pitch in together."

"That's right," agreed the instructor. "Soldiers and civilians will battle shoulder to shoulder to fulfil the great task given us by Chairman Mao — take firm hold of the revolution and promote production!"

When the red sun rose above the eastern horizon, it irradiated this hard-fighting contingent, irradiated the whole countryside. A glorious crimson flooded earth and sky...



Spring Rain

The spring ploughing is racing ahead like wildfire in the countryside round Shanghai.

The fields, pulsating with life, are a hive of activity. Big red banners float in the wind; the poor and lower-middle peasants, team after team, are in splendid fighting fettle. They are carrying fertilizer and loam to the fields, turning over and loosening the soil, digging irrigation channels, raising seedlings and selecting good seed. In their breaks, they come together to study quotations from Chairman Mao and sing revolutionary songs. Laughter and singing throughout the countryside mark this new high tide of the great proletarian cultural revolution.

On my way to Hsiaoliu Village this spring, I walked through well-tended fields which stretched fresh and lovely as far as eye could see. Dusk was falling as I neared my destination. Two years had passed since my last visit, and during that time a canal had been built and an electricity network set up here. Not being too sure of the way, I was hoping to find someone to direct me when a burly man overtook

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me. As he swung past me in a few big strides, I saw that he was carrying two sacks suspended from the pole over his shoulder. At once I called to him:

“Comrade! Can you tell me the way to Hsiaoliu Village, please?”

“Follow me!” he boomed without looking back, moving on at the same brisk pace.

I scampered after him asking:

“Are you from Hsiaoliu?”

“That’s right.”

“I hear the spring ploughing is going fine in your village.”

“Nothing to boast about.”

No wonder he was so modest, coming from a team commended as an advanced unit!

I asked: “Have you heard that Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee have called on the poor and lower-middle peasants and cadres to take firm hold of the revolution and promote production?”

“You mean Chairman Mao’s letter to us?” He shifted his pole from one shoulder to the other, and slapped his chest happily. “I’ve got it here.”

Mention of this letter bucked the big man up and had the effect of loosening his tongue.

“See what concern Chairman Mao has for us!” he declared. “This letter is like timely rain. We’re going to call a meeting this evening to tell our team about it.” Bursting with energy he put on a spurt, then looked back to make sure that I was keeping up. It was too dark to see his features clearly, but his gesture as he wiped his sweating face reminded me of Ah-ken of Hsiaoliu Village.

“Is it you, Ah-ken?” I exclaimed tentatively.

He pulled up abruptly and put down his load before turning to me with a smile.

“Aha, now I know who it is. What brings you here?”

“I’ve come to work for a few days.”

“Come to my place and rest.”

Just ahead of us was the village. Ah-ken led me to his house. Some commune members were holding a meeting there, and a heated argument was going on.

As Ah-ken plumped his load on the ground, the people inside the house shouted: "Brother Ah-ken's back!"

The door swung open and out rushed some strapping young fellows, who pummelled Ah-ken playfully before dragging him inside. One of them bellowed: "You've come just at the right time, brother. We've been talking about the spring ploughing. I suggested starting a youth shock team to accumulate fertilizer, but Chun-pao's trying to snatch the job away. . . ." He was stammering with indignation, quite red in the face.

"Who says so? It was you who started wrangling. Well, Brother Ah-ken, have you brought us back anything good from the county?"

"Yes." Ah-ken stepped into the court and brought in the sacks. "Here are some first-rate seeds from the county farm."

An old man sitting by the door scooped a handful of seeds from one sack and held them up to the light for a careful inspection. "These are fine seeds, all right," he confirmed. "Trust Ah-ken to think of it. We were just talking of sending someone tomorrow morning to swap some."

Now that he was standing under the light, I recognized Uncle Hsin of the Poor and Lower-middle Peasants' Association.

"I've something still better, Uncle Hsin."

A hush fell when Ah-ken said this and with careful deliberation produced a neatly folded copy of the *Renmin Ribao*.

"Here's a great call to us from Chairman Mao," he explained. "He wants us to take a firm hold of the revolution and promote production, to get the spring ploughing off to a good start! This is a letter from Chairman Mao to us poor and lower-middle peasants and cadres."

Ah-ken's booming voice shook the room like a peal of spring thunder. At once the whole atmosphere was electrified.

Chun-pao grabbed the paper and started reading it at the top of his voice. The others held their breath to listen. The room was so still that I could hear a light spring rain falling outside.

This letter from Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee kindled a fire in the hearts of the Hsiaoliu villagers.

Uncle Hsin said: "These instructions from Chairman Mao are to back us up. We poor and lower-middle peasants have got to stiffen our backbones, take a firm hold of the revolution and get the spring ploughing off to a good start. We mustn't give the handful of persons in authority and taking the capitalist road a chance to laugh at us revolutionaries."

"A meeting was held in the county to pledge full support for the spring planting," said Ah-ken. "When this message from the Party Central Committee was read, other communes and teams started itching to go all out. They challenged us too! What do you all say to that?"

"Accept their challenge!" chorused the others.

Chun-pao leapt up from his stool. "First thing tomorrow morning let's start a general offensive: The young people can collect manure and dredge mud; the women and children can select seed; the old peasants can repair farm tools and water-wheels. . . ."

The small room fairly buzzed with voices and laughter. All had suggestions to make in their eagerness to work out a detailed, effective plan for the spring ploughing.

Ah-ken nudged the cadre next to him, who had been sitting in silence all this time. "What do you have to say, Lin Hsiang?"

Lin Hsiang rose to his feet, too stirred to speak, holding the letter from Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee to the poor and lower-middle peasants and cadres. At last he said: "I've let Chairman Mao down. Before, I let myself be fooled by those in authority who took the capitalist road. I've taken a passive attitude and let things slide instead of doing my job. . . ."

I whispered to Uncle Hsin, "What's Lin Hsiang's trouble?"

"He's had a load on his mind," said Uncle Hsin. "Our revolutionaries had several heart-to-heart talks with him, so as to help him. Now he's seen his mistake. He put up a big-character poster against himself!"

"How did you help him?" I asked.

"With the Party policy taught us by Chairman Mao: '**Learn from past mistakes to avoid future ones,**' and '**curing the sickness to save the patient.**' What better medicine could there be?"

Now Lin Hsiang was saying: "Last spring I drafted a sizable labour force to build a canal at Tungwan. Because of the subjective orders I gave, I held up our farm work. I want to admit my fault to the whole team."

"There's nothing wrong about building a canal, Lin Hsiang," said Uncle Hsin. "What's wrong was the way you decided to do it in spring without talking it over with the rest of us. You needn't be afraid of making mistakes. Follow Chairman Mao's teachings and turn over a new leaf, and we poor and lower-middle peasants will back you up."

Lin Hsiang went on more boldly: "This letter from the Party Central Committee has encouraged me to go to the frontline of production. I promise to discuss things with everyone in future, to work together with you all, and to make a good job of the spring ploughing and sowing."

The stormy applause which broke out brought hot tears to Lin Hsiang's eyes. He said with heartfelt conviction: "The spring rain that falls from the sky only moistens the soil; but this spring rain from Peking refreshes our hearts!"

The next day the Hsiaoliu villagers were ready to set off to work at the crack of dawn, when the sound of gonging and drumming approached the village. Up marched revolutionary workers of the Agricultural Implements Factory, come to show their support for the message from the Party Central Committee. Their representative said: "As soon as we read this letter from Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee, we the same night organized a corps to come down to the villages and aid your spring planting by repairing farm tools on the spot for you. Behind us are soldiers and comrades from the PLA units and the supply and marketing co-operative who have come to help you too."

The commune members had run out with their tools at the first sound of gongs and drums. Ah-ken climbed up a mound now and cried: "Comrades, let's respond to Chairman Mao's great call and go all out to make a good job of the spring ploughing!"

Then like a mighty army, treading the earth freshly moistened by spring rain, the peasants marched off with swinging strides to the fields.

The Wheels of the Revolution Roll On

Hsiao Chang, a PLA man, was studying Chairman Mao's works one evening when he heard voices coming from the next room. His host, Uncle Chang, was quarrelling with his son, Second Tiger. What was up between father and son? After listening carefully, Hsiao Chang caught on.

This was the height of the spring ploughing season and they were busy carting fertilizer, but the landlord Three-knife Chang had thrown down his whip and refused to drive the cart. Second Tiger was trying to persuade his father to take the landlord's place. He shouted: "Chairman Mao has called on us to take firm hold of the revolution and promote production, to get the spring ploughing off to a good start. Now Three-knife Chang has thrown down the whip. He wants to hold us up! You're a good carter. If you don't do this job, who will? We can't let those bastards throttle us and laugh at us, can we?"

Uncle Chang shouted back: "Three-knife Chang says the job's a tiring one and earns very few work-points. Why should I take it on?"

This was when Hsiao Chang caught on. He went into their room, Chairman Mao's works in his hand.

"If you can earn more work-points, you do the job, and if you can't, you don't," Second Tiger argued. "That's downright selfishness. . . ."

Second Tiger had more to say, but Hsiao Chang stopped him: "Quit squabbling, Second Tiger. If you've problems, you can settle them by discussion. You'd better go to your meeting now, or you'll be late." He gave him a meaningful look, and Second Tiger went away, understanding the situation perfectly.

Uncle Chang, seated on the edge of the *kang*, angrily rapped his pipe against the wall.

Hsiao Chang glanced at him, wondering how to broach the subject, then went up to him and asked with a smile: "D'you know why Three-knife Chang threw down the whip and refused to drive, uncle?"

"Because it's a tiring, badly paid job; that's why." The old man knocked out the ashes from his pipe.

"As I see it, that's not the reason."

"What is, then?"

"The class enemy's trying to play tricks on us and undermine production," Hsiao Chang explained patiently. "Some of them get other people to leave their jobs and some don't go to work themselves. Can't you see why they do these things at a time when the great proletarian cultural revolution is in full swing?"

"Of course!" Uncle Chang cottoned on. "Why did Three-knife Chang choose this of all times to refuse, when we're busy carting manure for the spring ploughing? He's up to some trick, that's sure."

"You're quite right, uncle. This must be a trick," agreed Hsiao Chang, who saw that the truth had at last dawned on the old man. "No one pays more attention to what Chairman Mao says than we poor and lower-middle peasants. We must show up their plot and smash their scheme. Chairman Mao has called on us to take firm hold of the revolution and promote production. We must make up our minds to drive the cart for the revolution and the collective, and we mustn't give the class enemy a chance to play dirty tricks!"

By now Uncle Chang was completely convinced. He looked up at the portrait of Chairman Mao on the wall and said: "It's true. Chairman Mao's old in years, and yet he's still working hard for us poor and lower-middle peasants. He's called on us to take firm hold of the revolution and promote production. I didn't realize the enemy would do the dirty on us. What a fool I am!"

Early the next morning, the team leader gathered together all the commune members at the end of the village and made arrangements for the day's work. Everything was ready, but there was no cart. As they were wondering what to do, Uncle Chang strode cheerfully up to the team leader and said in a ringing voice: "I'm ready to drive the cart, team leader."

"Can you manage it, at your age, uncle?" asked the team leader in surprise.

"What's age got to do with it, if it's for the revolution?" retorted the old man. "That PLA man Hsiao Chang taught me a lesson last night and brought me to my senses."

Hsiao Chang squeezed his way through the crowd to Uncle Chang, put a brand-new whip into his hand and said: "Here, uncle. Take this whip! I'm giving you a present."

The old man accepted the whip and had a good look at it. He saw two lines of characters on its polished stock. Turning to the team leader, he asked him to read them. The team leader read out at the top of his voice: "Take firm hold of the revolution and promote production; take up both these heavy tasks." No sooner had he finished than applause broke out.

Dong! dong! dong! The bell was ringing for work. "Get cracking!" shouted Uncle Chang. All the commune members took up their tools and moved off. He himself tightened his belt and was just about to go and harness the horses when he heard the clatter of hoofs. The team leader had harnessed the cart horses for him. The old man hurried up to him and declared: "Rest assured, team leader, I'll respond to Chairman Mao's call to take firm hold of the revolution and promote production. I promise to make a good job of carting manure, and to finish it on time."

The team leader took a little red flag from his pocket and stuck it on one of the shafts. This flag bore the words: **“Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.”** Each single word shone like gold in the morning sun.

Jumping up on to the cart, Uncle Chang pointed to the red flag and said with great emotion: “With Chairman Mao’s teachings to guide us, no one can stop the wheels of our revolution from rolling on!” He waved to the people nearby and then, crack! crack! crack! went his whip. The four big horses broke into a trot and went off at a spanking pace towards the morning sun.

Spring on the Grassland (New-Year picture) ►
by Pao Shih-hsueh (Mongolian)

Hard Work Speeds the Spring

**Gleaming mattocks fall on heaven-high peaks;
Mighty arms move rivers, rock the earth.**

After the setting up of the Shanghai Revolutionary Committee, an excellent situation prevailed in the villages around. The commune members took firm hold of the revolution and promoted production with red-hot enthusiasm. Revolutionary rebellion really changed the face of the countryside, as the villagers went all out to tackle the tasks of the spring ploughing season.

It was New Year’s Day by the lunar calendar. The evening before, New Year’s Eve, the Fourth Production Team of Chaohsiang Commune had called all its members to a meeting to discuss the work of spring ploughing. The meeting went like wild-fire, each eager to have his say, to work out the best way to carry out the tasks on hand.

A member of the Peasants’ Revolutionary Corps said, “We must have an honest-to-goodness revolutionary Spring Festival this year. Tomorrow’s New Year’s Day. Let’s all go into action. Those few authorities taking the capitalist road in our commune and brigade

are lying down on their jobs, thinking that will scare us. But we're not afraid of them. We're the ones who've always farmed the land. If the sky falls, we'll prop it up. If they won't work, we will. We must race against time!"

This was the idea of all the poor and lower-middle peasants. They went on to plan the work in detail, not going home till late that night.

But although they went to bed so late, they could not sleep for thinking of this first Spring Festival since the start of the great proletarian cultural revolution. And so, before it was light some of them got up and slipped on their clothes in the dark. Soon the windows of every house in the village lit up; then sparks started flying out of every household's chimney as they lit their fires to cook breakfast before making an early start. The air hummed with excitement as they prepared for the fray!

It was not much after five when Old Sheng, one of the revolutionary corps, left home. It had been agreed the previous evening that he should dredge mud today. So with a dredge over his shoulder he strode down a path through the fields to the river. Dark figures could be seen hurrying along all the village lanes, some of them carrying hoes which glinted in the faint glimmering light of dawn. As they walked they discussed their jobs for today. Some young commune members, in the teeth of the biting wind, started singing quotations from Chairman Mao at the top of their voices, as if to awaken the still slumbering fields.

The previous evening's meeting had decided to send the team's three boats out to collect more fertilizer for the fields. Old Sheng and Old Tang, also of the revolutionary corps, were the first to reach the river. They and some others untied the boats which had been moored to a tree, and vigorously punted off. The three boats, one behind the other, rippled the smooth surface of the water as they sped out to the centre of the river. And there the battle really began. As the rich black mud was scooped up from the bottom, the usual quiet of the river was rent by the clatter of poles and the squelch of mud being emptied into the boats.

It was the tail-end of winter, and there was a nip of frost in the early morning wind from the northwest which came whistling across the river to cut like a knife. Old Sheng worked with a will. After he had filled several dozen crates with mud, his hands were aching, his feet numb with cold. He decided to stop for a minute to limber up. To his surprise, his feet seemed caught in a vice. He looked down, and at once let out a whoop of laughter — his galoshes had frozen to the boat! Each time the handle of his dredge emerged from the water, icicles formed on it in the biting wind. Holding it was like holding the sharp blade of a knife. His hands were aching with cold.

Just then a man in the stern of the boat said, "All right, Old Man Heaven's sent us cold wind and icy water. But we revolutionaries have fire and drive enough to make revolution and speed up our spring ploughing. We revolutionary peasants are stout fellows who struggle against heaven and against earth!"

A youngster chimed in, "Right! That's the revolutionary spirit."

Of one accord they started singing: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**" They sang this splendid quotation from Chairman Mao again and again. Its resounding strains floated from the river to the wheat and rape fields, where other commune members were spreading fertilizer. They in turn took up the song. No matter how fierce the north wind, no matter how hard the frozen soil, these difficulties were nothing to the revolutionary peasants. They kicked them aside, trampled them underfoot.

The fields were seething with joy, the earth was shaken by the work songs of the revolutionary peasants. The battle for spring ploughing raged like a blazing fire. Old and young alike proved resolute fighters.

Not far from the Fourth Team was a big field where the Second Team was also waging the good fight. Their hoes were flashing, their voices raised in song.

The revolutionary peasants of the Second Team had held a meeting too on New Year's Eve, at which they discussed the fine situation in China and abroad.

One said, "Each extra load of manure for our fields in spring strengthens our struggle against Soviet revisionism. Each strikes

a blow at those who are in authority and taking the capitalist road in the countryside.”

Another said, “We grow only one crop a year of wheat and rape. Frittering away one season means frittering away the whole year’s crop. So we must make a good start. Each extra load of fertilizer we collect now means adding a brick or tile for Shanghai’s new Revolutionary Committee.”

Others said, “Poor and lower-middle peasants are Chairman Mao’s most faithful followers. It’s our job to take firm hold of revolution and promote production. If we don’t shoulder these heavy loads, who will? Of course we’ll shoulder them.”

This discussion of current events and the study of Chairman Mao’s quotations gave fresh drive to the revolutionary poor and lower-middle peasants.

That evening Chuan-pao, a revolutionary peasant, told her two children, “Nobody follows Chairman Mao’s teachings better than us poor and lower-middle peasants. We must spend a truly revolutionary Spring Festival. I want you to come with me to hoe the fields first thing tomorrow morning.”

“Good!” cried the children, jumping for glee.

The next day before it was light the three of them went to the fields.

Chuan-pao carefully hoed between the rows of wheat. She glowed with warmth in spite of the fierce north wind; her temples glistened with sweat. Her children broke up the clods of earth and raked them out evenly. When Ying-ti, another poor peasant, saw that Chuan-pao had brought her children out to work on the Spring Festival, she determined not to be outdone and ran home to fetch her son. But he had already come out with a hoe and was carefully working away on a plot he had chosen. When he saw his mother’s surprise, he laughed and said, “Ma, we little red soldiers are going to take a firm hold of revolution and promote production too. We do whatever Chairman Mao tells us to.”

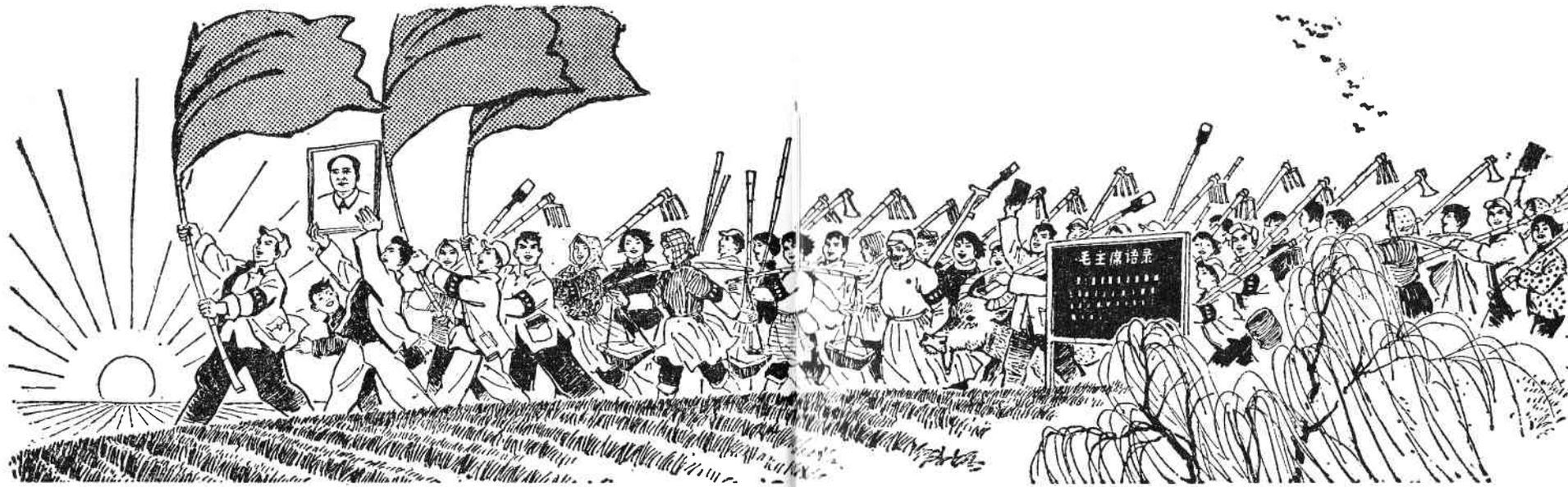
A shout of delighted laughter went up from the other commune members there when they heard the little fellow talking this way.

On previous Spring Festivals, before it was light the sky above the village would re-echo to the explosion of fire-crackers. Later, people would gather in the streets to chat in the sun. This year no fire-crackers could be heard, the village was quiet; for the revolutionary commune members had all taken their children out to the fields to work. Men were racing along with buckets of fertilizer, while women were hoeing. Their red arm bands rose and fell in time with their movements and made a magnificent sight, contrasting with the tender green of young wheat and the darker green of rape.

And now let us look at the pig farm.

The assistant team leader and another commune member had **hardly** slept a wink the night before. Since the weather forecast predicted a drop in temperature, they had spent most of the night mending the pigsties, filling up cracks which might let in the wind, and cleaning out the sties. Once all this was completed to their satisfaction, they hurried to the river, rolled up their sleeves, and breaking the thin ice, picked some fresh, juicy water-weed. They chopped this up fine, cooked it with some meal and slops, and carefully poured this swill into the troughs. Then the two of them looked on, smiling, while the team’s pigs greedily enjoyed their meal. The men found great satisfaction in spending the 1967 Spring Festival in this way — taking firm hold of revolution and promoting production. Well may we say:

Our people’s communes are beyond compare;
Hard work speeds spring; a change is in the air.
Year after year, Spring Festivals come round;
With this year’s festival we break new ground!



Shih Yang

A Letter from the Central Committee of the Party

Beyond mountains, beyond rivers, yet close to our hearts,
The Central Committee has written us a letter;
Like the east wind sweeping across the land
To knock on our doors and windows,
It keeps the villagers awake all night.

The loudspeaker high on an aspen spreads the news,
Through the moonlight comes the excited hum of voices;
Spring nights are chill, but none feels cold —
Our hearts are warmed by the message in the letter.

It bids us take charge, take over the seal of office,
Poor and lower-middle peasants are the main force
To grasp the revolution, speed production
And, first, to make a success of the spring ploughing.

As we listen, we shed hot tears —
Chairman Mao has so much confidence in us!
Our meeting to pledge support lasts till midnight,
But we are still brimming over with energy!

Grandad stumps off to the stockyard,
To make sure the young stockman's remembered the night fodder;
Elder sister goes straight to the storehouse
To help whet the ploughshares till they shine like new.

But happiest of all are the youngsters,
Each clasping *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*;
Tonight they are given a mobilization order,
Speeding their horses and ploughs,
They will welcome the new spring. . . .

Beyond mountains, beyond rivers, yet within our hearing,
The Central Committee has written us a letter;
Like the east wind sweeping across the land
To knock on our doors and windows,
It keeps the villagers awake all night.

Shih Hsin

Granny's Labour of Love

— *A Sidelight on the Spring Ploughing*

Late one cold spring night a lamp burns bright,
The singing and laughter are hushed,
But men's hearts are still throbbing;
Granny sits on the *kang*, a jacket over her shoulders,
Deftly and busily sewing.

First she sews on a loose button,
Then patches a torn army uniform;
The PLA comrades will soon be getting up,
Setting out by starlight to tackle the spring ploughing.

Shih Hsin is a member of the Chinese Navy.

Her kindly eyes rest on the sleeping men,
Then gaze lovingly at the portrait of Chairman Mao.
Ah, Chairman Mao, Chairman Mao!
Your troops have brought us your instructions:
"Take firm hold of revolution; promote production."
They have lighted up our valley like a fire!

Though a thousand mountains and rivers divide us from you,
You are here with us in our village!
Ten thousand words cannot convey our gratitude:
You have made the children of us poor and lower-middle peasants
Young fighters skilled in battle and in farming!

The later the night, the brighter the light,
Granny's needle flies as busily she sews,
Stitching the thanks of poor and lower-middle peasants,
Sewing their earnest resolve:
We must follow Chairman Mao's teachings to the letter,
Not swerve a single inch from his instructions,
Hold high the red flag of revolution
And never take the wrong direction
But tread the path shown us by Chairman Mao!

Drums Are Sounding the Assault on the Spring Ploughing

The Central Committee's call has gone out through the land,
Rejoicing the poor and lower-middle peasants;
Take firm hold of the revolution; promote production;
Drums are sounding the assault on the spring ploughing.

People rush through the commune's fields
Racing to dump manure, to dress the soil;
Their swinging hoes flash silver,
Dunghills overtop the hills!

This poem was written by a commune member of Kushan People's Commune
in Fukien.

All of us are men of iron,
Mountains and rivers haste to do our bidding;
Sweet the tang of the earth watered by our sweat,
The whole countryside is taking on new splendour.

A bucket of sweat in spring
Will turn into a sea of gold by autumn;
With our sickles we shall reap a bumper harvest,
Day and night busily loading our boats and carts.

Yu Hsiao

The Spring Ploughing Is Going Like a House on Fire

Spring is in the air,
In the hearts of old and young.
Proven revolutionary cadres,
Revolutionary poor and lower-middle peasants
Plough like a house on fire!

Songs float over the fields — the sayings of Chairman Mao,
The field's edge is a dazzling sight — one mass of red;
Chairman Mao's works in our hands
Are like brilliant sunshine lighting up our hearts,
Making the blood course faster in our veins.

Our blood on fire,
We race against time;
Wheels turning,
The iron ox bellows;
Swaying shoulder-poles carry loads of dung,
As silver hoes strike the earth
Hills and rivers tremble!

Red books in our pockets,
Red banners in our hands,
Armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought,
We count a thousand-catty load no weight;
Our terraced fields rise up to meet the skies,
The flowers of Tachai have reddened the whole land.

Farming for the revolution,
We have greater determination
Than even the Foolish Old Man;
Take firm hold of the revolution,
Sweep away every pest;
Put our shoulders to the wheel, promote production,
Wrest better crops from the earth.

Spring is short,
We must seize each hour!
Revolutionary comrades,
The east wind is blowing,
Let us buckle to!
The guns of the spring ploughing are booming,
We shall win full victory in revolution and production!

Red Guards

The PLA Fighters and the Red Guards

Although in Peking winter begins in November, the whole city was aflame with revolutionary fervour. Two and a half million Red Guards and revolutionary teachers and students of several dozen nationalities from twenty-eight provinces, regions and municipalities of China had assembled in the capital to be reviewed by our great leader Chairman Mao.

Chairman Mao's Fighters Love the Red Guards

One early winter night the sky was dotted with stars. But the lights in Peking outshone the stars in the sky! While Chairman Mao's guests, the Red Guards, slept contentedly the PLA officers and men in charge of them were busily occupied. In every reception centre they walked softly through the rooms filled with sleeping Red Guards, covering those who had kicked off their quilts and mending



Lung Mei, a Mongolian girl who fought heroically in a snow-storm on the grassland to protect a flock of sheep, chats with the PLA

clothes or darning socks for others. Quite a few had not slept themselves for two days and nights, but not one of them thought of turning in. They were unspeakably happy to be here, close to Chairman Mao, entertaining his guests, and they only wished that they had ten extra pairs of hands to do more for the Red Guards. How could they think of sleep?

In a reception centre in the west city, 23-year-old Squad Leader Teng Yao-ching, now leader of a platoon of Red Guards, was studying the "three constantly-read articles" under the electric light in the corridor. He was examining his actions strictly to see whether he had followed Chairman Mao's teachings and dedicated himself as "wholly" and "entirely" to the service of the Red Guards as Norman Bethune and Chang Szu-teh would have done. He looked on these Red Guards as his own younger brothers and sisters. To ensure that they did not catch cold, he had covered them with his own quilt,

mattress and padded overcoat, keeping nothing but a thin raincoat for himself. When a Red Guard stirred in his sleep, Teng's heart missed a beat. Was the youngster cold? Had he failed to show "utter devotion to others without any thought of self"? Teng hastily laid his raincoat over the boy, telling him under his breath, "As long as you're warm, so am I."

Teng Yao-ching recalled the first night he had camped out, just after he had joined up. Their unit had bivouacked on top of a hill where it was bitterly cold. When his squad leader came over to cover him with his own overcoat, he did not want to take it. But the squad leader had told him quietly, "As long as you're warm, so am I." Those few words surely epitomize Chairman Mao's instructions to us to show "utter devotion to others without any thought of self." They exemplify the tradition of the people's forces trained by our great leader Chairman Mao himself. Teng never forgot what his squad leader had said. Now that he was in charge of the Red

A leading comrade of a PLA unit goes around seeing to it that the Red Guards are well covered at night



Guards he must treat them as his squad leader had treated him. He must pass on Chairman Mao's teachings and the revolutionary tradition of the PLA moulded by Chairman Mao himself to generation after generation, must pass them on to these Red Guards.

It was late at night now. But Yang Shu-hsing, head of the political department of a PLA division, was still awake. To make sure that the Red Guards were warm enough, he made a tour of inspection of their rooms. In room after room he found PLA men sleeping fully clad in the doorway to prevent the Red Guards from feeling the least draught. When one youngster got up in his shirt to go to the lavatory, a soldier immediately slipped his own padded jacket over his shoulders. A Red Guard in his early teens kicked off his quilt and murmured in his sleep, "I'm going to see Chairman Mao! To see Chairman Mao!" Yang Shu-hsing felt very much moved by the youngster's spirit. "Young as he is, he loves Chairman Mao so much," he thought. "He's come all this way to Peking to exchange revolutionary experience, showing what great attention he pays to affairs of state. This whole younger generation is radiant with the splendour of Mao Tse-tung's thought."

This reminded him of his own boyhood. When he was the same age as these Red Guards and not as tall as an old-style Japanese rifle, he had joined the Eighth Route Army. His generation, like these Red Guards today, had dared to think, dared to act and dared to struggle. He had persevered in guerrilla and tunnel warfare in the central Hopei plain, waging a bitter struggle against an enemy with guns. He had spent his whole youth in fighting, becoming steeled and growing to manhood in the people's army moulded by Chairman Mao. Yes, Chairman Mao himself had educated Yang's generation. Now, in a new historical period, these young revolutionary fighters were showing an even higher degree of revolutionary consciousness in the fierce struggles of the great proletarian cultural revolution as they battled against an enemy without guns. And again Chairman Mao himself was educating this new revolutionary generation! Chairman Mao wanted the PLA to train these young revolutionaries well. Millions of successors to the cause of proletarian revolution were maturing in the storm and stress of class struggle.

Yang Shu-hsing reflected with emotion that in the short space of three months our great leader Chairman Mao, immensely busy as he was, had found time to review nearly ten million Red Guards and revolutionary teachers and students from all parts of China. In no country in the world in the whole of history has there been a revolutionary leader like this. But in our great country our great leader Chairman Mao's heart has always been one with the hearts of the masses.

Throughout Peking at this time, in tens of thousands of government offices, schools and cadres' hostels watching over the two and a half million Red Guards and revolutionary teachers and students who had come to the capital for Chairman Mao's eighth review were tens of thousands of officers and fighters of the PLA, all fired with the same determination as Teng Yao-ching and Yang Shu-hsing. To them, devotion to the Red Guards was a means of showing their boundless loyalty to Chairman Mao; and taking good care of the Red Guards was a powerful way of supporting the great proletarian cultural revolution.

Teach the Younger Generation Mao Tse-tung's Thought

"Why do the PLA never get tired? Why are they so considerate? What makes the PLA so patient with people? Why are the PLA so well organized and disciplined?" In the days they spent with men of the PLA, many Red Guards found the answer to these questions. The PLA take Chairman Mao's writings wherever they go, use his words whenever they speak, keep his thought in mind and follow his instructions in all their actions.

The great day of the review was fast approaching. It was essential for the two and a half million Red Guards to be steeped in Mao Tse-tung's thought when they went to be received by Chairman Mao. Together the PLA and the Red Guards earnestly and repeatedly studied quotations dealing with the Three Main Rules of Discipline and the



The PLA and the young revolutionaries study quotations from Chairman Mao while waiting to be received by our great leader himself

Eight Points for Attention. To strengthen the Red Guards' discipline they must first be strengthened ideologically. The PLA men carefully helped the Red Guards to understand that each sentence and each word in the Three Main Rules of Discipline and Eight Points for Attention drawn up by Chairman Mao represented the people's interests, that the Three Rules and Eight Points were the precious heritage of the PLA.

The young Red Guards were deeply stirred and resolved: "We must prove our mettle by showing a high degree of organization and discipline, to live up to the expectations of our great leader as well as of the people of all China and the whole world."

The Red Guards always do as Chairman Mao says. Their ideas and actions have been unified by Mao Tse-tung's thought. They marched past Tien An Men thinking: "If only we could stop for a second to have a better look at Chairman Mao! But he has said, **'Obey orders in all your actions.'**" With Chairman Mao's words ringing in their ears, they did not stop for a minute. Again, when they sat on both sides of the boulevard running past Tien An Men to

be reviewed by Chairman Mao, they longed to stand up to get a clearer view of their respected and beloved leader. But not one of them stirred from his place. They were determined to show Chairman Mao that his Red Guards were troops as highly organized and disciplined as the PLA.

In the reception centre of the middle school attached to the Central Institute of Fine Arts were some Red Guards and revolutionary teachers and students from the south who were rather thinly clad. The Central Committee of the Party and Chairman Mao, with keen concern for these young revolutionary fighters, sent them new padded jackets and warm clothes. There were not enough of these to go round, however.

When the PLA comrades knew this they said, "It doesn't matter going short of material things, but what we must have at all costs is the right spirit. Apart from issuing clothes, we must give each Red Guard and revolutionary teacher and student a lesson in Mao Tse-tung's thought."

That was the start of a whole series of highly educational activities.

One soldier, Chang Wen-liang, was so much moved by Chairman Mao's gift of padded clothes and quilts that he made a passionate denunciation of the class oppression and exploitation in the old society. In that society, ever since he had been old enough to remember things his whole family had never owned a single quilt. Three days after the birth of his younger sister, his mother had had to go out in rags to work in the frozen fields for the landlord. Three of his little brothers and sisters had died of cold or hunger. It was only after Chairman Mao liberated Inner Mongolia that his family's fearful sufferings came to an end and they began to have a happy life. Who was responsible for the deaths of Chang Wen-liang's young brothers and sisters? Who was responsible for the liberation of Chang and his whole family? A hush fell over the meeting, and many Red Guards surreptitiously wiped away tears. These were tears of hate, and tears of gratitude too. For their hearts were flooded with the sense of their good fortune in living in the new China, and with boundless gratitude to Chairman Mao. The youngsters began to shout:

"Never forget class suffering!"

“The debt of blood and tears must be repaid!”

“Long live Chairman Mao! Long, long live Chairman Mao!”

Their hearts overflowing with class feeling, they made a fresh study of the “three constantly-read articles.” **“All people in the revolutionary ranks must care for each other, must love and help each other.”** Mao Tse-tung’s thought fell like sunshine, like life-giving rain or dew, into the hearts of these young revolutionary fighters.

Now a new problem cropped up in the distribution of clothes — no one would take them. Students from the north passed them on to those from the south, and those from the south to students of national minorities. The boys gave them to the girls, and the girls made them over to the younger students. One girl refused again and again, so vehemently that tears started to her eyes. Many students as they declined these clothes explained, “Chairman Mao’s sunshine has filled our hearts. Even though we’re not wearing much our hearts are warm.” So this distribution of padded clothes became a lesson in the creative study and application of Chairman Mao’s writings, an object lesson in class education.

The PLA fighters have boundless trust in Mao Tse-tung’s thought, using it as the touchstone to understand and settle every problem. Now the reception centres were irradiated with the brilliance of Mao Tse-tung’s thought.

“Living Lei Fengs” Are by Our Side

For a long time countless Red Guards had nobly resolved to learn from Comrade Lei Feng and, taking him as their model, to become reliable successors to the cause of proletarian revolution.

Now that they were with PLA men they could see with their own eyes thousands of living Lei Fengs. Stirred to the bottom of their hearts they declared, “See what infinite concern Chairman Mao has for our generation and how thoroughly he understands us Red Guards — he has sent these living Lei Fengs to be with us.”

Here is one of the fine actions of the PLA which made a deep and lasting impression on the Red Guards.

It happened beside the moat outside Fucheng Gate. That afternoon some PLA men had taken out a contingent of Red Guards to drill

them on the bank there. Suddenly they heard a splash. Three children who had been playing with a pedicab had fallen, cab and boys, into the water. Chang Kuo-lai, Lo Wan-yin and Chang Hsiao-yen, three soldiers now serving as Red Guards platoon leaders, were wearing brand-new padded uniforms, but quick as thought they jumped into the moat. First they rescued the three boys, then hauled out the pedicab.

An icy wind was blowing and the three soldiers, soaked to the skin, were blue with cold. But when the children told them that a spade on the pedicab had dropped into the water, Chang Kuo-lai instantly had a mental vision of these words written in flashing gold: **“These battalions of ours are wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people’s interests.”** Without the least hesitation he plunged into the water again and groped around until he found the spade.

Once the three boys who had been rescued had gone safely home, the three soldiers in their dripping, icy uniforms went on drilling the Red Guards as if nothing had happened.

What is meant by **“utter devotion to others without any thought of self”**? What is meant by **“noble-minded and pure, a man of moral integrity and above vulgar interests, a man who is of value to the people”**? The Red Guards learned the answer from living examples like this.

At a reception centre in the east suburbs a soldier named Chang Lai-pao, himself not much older than the Red Guards, was one of their platoon leaders. What he did one night profoundly moved the Red Guards. It was bitterly cold and, not wanting them to catch a chill, he quietly laid his own quilt and padded coat over them before lying down in his uniform on a palliase. When the mistress of the house noticed that Chang Lai-pao had no bedding, she brought him a coat. But presently she discovered that this coat, too, had been laid over the Red Guards.

The next day Chang Lai-pao had a cold. The mistress of the house was deeply touched. She told the Red Guards who had just got up, “You want to learn from Lei Feng, don’t you? There’s a live Lei Feng here with you — your platoon leader!”

Late at night, when the Red Guards were sound asleep, Chang Lai-pao in one corner of the room would read *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, and before they got up he would sweep the courtyard clean. One day the students arrived back hungry after spending the day outside exchanging revolutionary experience. Chang had bought food, which he eagerly offered them. The night before they were to be reviewed by our great leader Chairman Mao, a Red Guard from Hupeh had an attack of arthritis. Chang realized how frantic he must be feeling. He found a way to treat him, so that the next day the lad was able to walk and went off jubilantly with his companions to be reviewed by our great leader — for him that was the happiest day in his life!

In the Red Guards' reception centres all over Peking were tens of thousands of fighters like Chang Lai-pao, great yet ordinary soldiers in the style of Lei Feng. They took the most loving care of these guests of Chairman Mao's from all over the country, by their own example propagating the great thought of Mao Tse-tung and the fine traditions and working style of the People's Liberation Army. Tens of thousands of Red Guards will retain unforgettable memories of the time they spent with these living Lei Fengs.

Learn from the Splendid Traditions and Working Style of the PLA

Stirring scenes could be witnessed in every reception centre. Wherever an army cap with the red star appeared, it would be surrounded by a dozen or more fresh, lively faces. These lovable Red Guards would grip the soldiers' hands warmly or catch hold of their arms, begging them to explain quotations from Chairman Mao, pass on their own experience of creatively studying and applying Chairman Mao's writings, or tell them stories about fighting or their family histories. . . .

Our Red Guards are devoted to the PLA.

Tens of thousands of Red Guards have modelled themselves on the PLA and have tried in every way to learn from them. In the corridors, canteen and hostels of the reception centre of the Ministry of Petroleum, Red Guards would creep up behind soldiers to snatch

the brooms out of their hands. Learning from the PLA, they competed for the dirtiest and heaviest jobs. However tired they were after a day outside exchanging revolutionary experience, they would gather round the soldiers in the evening and with them search in Chairman Mao's writings for answers to their problems. The soldiers consciously followed Chairman Mao's instructions in all their words and actions, using the "three constantly-read articles" to overcome "self" and put public interests first. This made a strong impression on the Red Guards.

The Red Guards' "long march" contingent of the Chinchow Petroleum School marched over a thousand *li* to Peking. When they passed the Tashan memorial to heroes, they made this solemn vow in front of the martyrs' tomb: "We swear to follow Chairman Mao's teachings, stand up to the storm of class struggle and get to know the world. No difficulties will ever make us turn back." After reaching Peking and seeing our great leader they planned to march all the way to Yen-an. At this stage of their journey, they read the news that Premier Chou En-lai and other members of the Central Committee had received long marchers from different parts of the country. It suddenly occurred to some of them, "What an honour, if we get our names in the paper, too!" But then they noticed that the PLA comrades in the reception centre, who worked so hard and selflessly from morning to night and did everything conceivable to help them, would never tell them their names. If pressed they would answer, "PLA" or "a servant of the people." From these modest replies the Red Guards of the Petroleum School understood the truth that the PLA consciously carry out Chairman Mao's instructions and will not take the credit for any good deeds they do. Then the youngsters studied the "three constantly-read articles" and carefully re-examined their own thinking to discover any wrong ideas which had flashed across their minds. They determined to arm themselves anew with Mao Tse-tung's thought, to put the spirit of the "three constantly-read articles" in command of their long march and to be nameless heroes like the PLA.

The PLA's magnificent example had a deep and powerful effect on each Red Guard. One Red Guard from Shanghai was a wilful, mischievous boy. But during his brief time with the PLA he seemed

to grow up from day to day. Looking back on his past conduct he admitted, "I used to make allowances for myself because I was young, and didn't really try to turn over a new leaf. If I realized I'd done something wrong, I'd think: Well, let's overlook it this time. I'll change later on." Now that he has learned from the traditions of the PLA, whenever anything of this sort happens he tells himself, "You're not to overlook it this time!"

An overseas Chinese student from Indonesia who had a sleeveless padded jacket and a sweater gave the jacket to a schoolmate from Kwangchow. He said, "It will warm my heart if someone else wears it." At night Red Guards often slept snugly because, unknown to them, someone had put his overcoat over them.

This is how the PLA used their own creative study and application of Chairman Mao's writings to help revolutionize the Red Guards' thinking. The PLA's splendid tradition and working style are bearing fruit today among countless Red Guards.

Now Red Guards from all parts of the country are taking reluctant leave of the capital. The train will soon be starting, but many of them are still gripping the soldiers' hands, unwilling to part, unable to speak for tears. The heroic qualities of the PLA are deeply engraved on their hearts. A couple of weeks is a very brief period, but their experience during this time will light their path as they grow up. They will always remember November 1966, will always remember the boundless hope placed on them by their beloved and respected Chairman Mao standing on the Tien An Men rostrum, will always remember the lessons they learned from the PLA, that great school of Mao Tse-tung's thought. A long battle lies ahead of them, the revolutionary load they must carry is very heavy, and they will have to undergo many tests. But each time they recall their visit to Peking, they will feel a fresh access of strength and march forward with greater vigour. Like the PLA, they will always be loyal to Chairman Mao and to Mao Tse-tung's thought, determined to spread the flames of the great proletarian cultural revolution throughout the land and resolutely carry the revolution through to the end. Like the PLA, wherever they are and whatever they do they will creatively study and apply

Chairman Mao's teachings. Like the PLA, they will show devotion to others without any thought of self, struggle against "self" and foster the supremacy of public as against private interest. Like the PLA, they will have iron discipline. In a word, like the PLA they will be "wholly" and "entirely" dedicated to serving the people.

Glorious Photographs

There was a lively scene that winter morning on the square in front of Tien An Men Gate. Although the wind was nippy, the hearts of the young Red Guards who had come from all over China were hotter than fire, for they were eager to have their pictures taken here on the square, so near to Chairman Mao.

"The sun's coming out. Get ready, quick!" the young people cried happily. Two Red Guards from Kwangsi Province literally jumped for joy. They adjusted the commemorative badges on their chests that bore likenesses of Chairman Mao and *Quotations* from his works. The taller of the two, feeling that he should look especially spirited in a picture taken here, removed his padded overcoat. When the professional photographer called his name, he shot forward like an arrow and took his place, holding the little red book of *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung* to his chest, while gazing with deep emotion at the portrait of Chairman Mao on Tien An Men Gate.

Another boy from Kwangsi, when it was his turn, had just taken his position when suddenly he thought of something. He ran up to

the photographer and exclaimed: "It doesn't matter whether I come out well or not. But you must get all of Tien An Men in, and the portrait of Chairman Mao, the red sun in our hearts, absolutely must show up clearly."

Why was the third Chinshui Bridge, which was bathed in sunlight, so noisy and gay? If you pushed through the crowds and went over, you'd have seen a people's Liberation Army man photographing a group of students from Sinkiang. Facing the sun and standing beneath the portrait of Chairman Mao, each held up a red-covered book of *Quotations*. Pride and joy were obvious on every excited, smiling face.

Whether from the foot of the Tienshan Mountains in the far northwest, or from the banks of the Pearl River in the deep south, all the young revolutionaries loved to have their picture taken on the Chinshui Bridge in front of the famous gate. And for a very good reason. The night of the National Day celebration Chairman Mao, our most beloved leader, had sat on this very bridge and watched the fireworks with the masses. The next day, the news had spread rapidly, and ever since, Red Guards visiting Peking flowed without cease to the bridge.

"We feel a special intimacy because Chairman Mao sat here. It makes us happy to be photographed here," young people explained.

No wonder the Sinkiang students hated to leave the bridge even after their picture had been taken.

In 1966 our great leader Chairman Mao reviewed Red Guards and revolutionary students and teachers eight times at Tien An Men. Any pebble, any bit of red earth, any fallen leaf picked up near the big gate was treasured by the Red Guards, for it was something that came from close to Chairman Mao. The night after each review, many young people were too excited to sleep. Many sat on the Chinshui bridges all night, singing *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman*, and gazing long at the portrait of Chairman Mao on Tien An Men. Many wouldn't leave until they had taken a picture there the following morning.

Chairman Mao, oh, Chairman Mao, no amount of words can express the boundless love and respect for you the young revolutionaries feel in their hearts.

One morning a young Red Guard in a green army uniform sat in the reviewing stand on the east side of Tien An Men. On his chest was a red ribbon bearing the words: "Visiting Delegate to Peking from the City of Shanghai." When he saw one of the photographers he rushed over to him, grabbed his arm excitedly and said: "Yesterday was the happiest day of my life, comrade. Yesterday, from this place, I saw our most beloved and esteemed leader, Chairman Mao. His face is so ruddy and full; he's so healthy! I want you to share my joy. I'll stand where I was when I saw Chairman Mao and you take my picture. All right?"

The previous afternoon, the young Red Guard from Shanghai had seen Chairman Mao from the east reviewing stand and hadn't left it since, right up until the following morning. He had sat in his original place, facing the portrait of Chairman Mao on Tien An Men, tears of joy in his eyes, writing letters all night beneath the lights of the big gate.

"Chairman Mao is in excellent health," he wrote to his schoolmates and friends. "This is the great happiness of the Chinese people and the people of the whole world. I'm writing to you now from the very place I was standing when I saw him. . . ."

Touched by the Red Guard's ardent love for our great leader, the photographer, his eyes clouded with tears, took the picture the lad so desired.

One after another, the memorable photos were taken in front of Tien An Men. They seem like bright red lanterns guarding the young Red Guards who will defend the proletarian revolutionary line of Chairman Mao and encouraging them to march forward along the revolutionary road, conquer all difficulties and win new victories.

One day at noon, a photographer was busy taking pictures of Red Guards. Suddenly a little girl dashed up to him and said, panting: "Please take a picture of blind people first."

The photographer mistook the girl and thought she was asking for herself, for the word "blind" is pronounced the same as "busy."

"All these comrades here are busy people and have been waiting on line a long time," he said with a smile. "Don't you think you ought to wait your turn?"

"I'm not asking you to photograph me. I'm a Peking Red Guard. I live here. But these blind comrades are very anxious to have their picture taken." The little girl pointed them out to him.

The photographer raised his head and saw six blind girl students standing not far away. He walked over quickly and led them to a suitable spot.

"We're in no hurry. Take them first," the Red Guards on line said approvingly. Their class feeling for the blind girls made the photographer very happy.

He posed the girls in several positions before he was satisfied, then he got ready to snap them. But the blind students were still doubtful.

"We've come all the way from Tsingtao," they told him. "We could never have done it if our most beloved leader Chairman Mao hadn't personally initiated this great proletarian cultural revolution. His portrait on Tien An Men must come out clearly in our picture so that we can show our folks at home Chairman Mao when we get back."

"You're Chairman Mao's guests. I've definitely taken a good picture of you," the photographer assured them. "Behind you is our great Tien An Men. Above you, in the centre of the gate, is the portrait of Chairman Mao, the reddest sun in our hearts."

On hearing this, the blind girls were so delighted they hugged one another, and of one accord pulled their red-covered *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung* out of their pockets. To allay their fears completely the photographer took two shots in succession.

As they were leaving, they shook hands with him and said: "Thank you for taking a picture that has so much meaning. Under the leadership of our beloved Chairman Mao, people cherish each other all over China. The warmth of the Party can be felt throughout the land." They begged the photographer to tell them his name.

He laughed. "We here also hail from all corners of the country," he said. "We're simply acting as hosts for Chairman Mao."

The Red Sun Which Shines over the Whole World

Over the mountain ranges
Of the Five Continents,
Across the tossing waves
Of the Four Seas,
From the jungles of embattled Vietnam
To the throbbing heart of Africa,
The people of the whole world
Are fearlessly singing!
Singing of our great helmsman
Mao Tse-tung!
A red red sun has risen
In the hearts of the whole world's peoples;
They sing, sing of the incomparable splendour
Of Mao Tse-tung's thought!

On the battlefields of Vietnam
Songs of victory
Soar to the clouds;
Flags of victory flutter
In the breeze;
A blazing campfire
Reddens the whole sky
As a young Vietnamese fighter
At a meeting one evening
Speaks to welcome
His Chinese comrades-in-arms.
His thrilling words
Re-echo through the valley:
"Chairman Mao's brilliant thought
Has taught us
To build a wall of bronze;
There,
In the ocean of the people's war
The United States pirates
Will be annihilated!"
In the light of the fire
A thousand arms are raised;
As the claps of spring thunder
Sound in the valley
Each word of the battle pledge
Seems strong as steel!

It is midnight
Yet our Vietnamese comrades
Have no thought of sleep;
In the firelight, quietly

They read the works
Of Chairman Mao Tse-tung;
The dense jungle carries
The sound of their reading,
Each word, each phrase
Emitting waves of sound
Which roll through the tropical night!

Here, in Laos
At the front line
The tale reaches us,
Brings hot tears to our eyes....
A hero fell in battle,
Next to his heart
A portrait of Chairman Mao!
On that portrait he had written
"Chairman Mao, Chairman Mao,
I love you dearly!"
These forceful words
Show an infinite respect;
The affirmation of this hero
Is the affirmation
Of the Laotian people!
During lulls in the fighting
Their eyes turn to the north,
As if the great Mao Tse-tung, himself,
Were standing beside them!

Here, in the heart of Africa
Our black brothers, fearless, bold
March forward eagerly
In a vast imposing parade.

Look! Look!
A huge portrait of Chairman Mao
Is borne aloft
Right in the centre of the column;
From all sides
Shouting, singing, cheering people
Flock towards it;
For here, where Lumumba fought,
Firmer than ever
Stand the embattled people!
They take up the weapons to hand —
Bows and arrows, sticks, knives, guns,
Shouting to the skies:
"Take the path of Mao Tse-tung!
Master the theory and practice
Of armed revolution!"
Mao Tse-tung's great thought
Is in the forefront of the fight,
Helping the African people,
Triumphing with them;
Shedding the light of a glorious new day;
The light of a revolutionary dawn!

Here, in Latin America
Inside a prison
The iron fetters, iron doors, iron windows
Reek of blood!
The long, long night is dark,
But through the prison bars
Flashes the light of a lamp;
A red, red lamp!

Shackles weighing a thousand catties
May fetter men's limbs
But never the lofty ideals
Of the revolutionary peoples!
Firm to the end,
At the risk of their lives
They are reading the works
Of Mao Tse-tung;
Line by line,
Sentence by sentence,
Page by page
And chapter by chapter;
Each word wings its way home
To their ardent hearts.

They speak of Chairman Mao's words
To their comrades in distress;
One by one the prisoners
Square their shoulders, saying:
Soon the black night will pass.
Look!
Already in the east
We discern the light of dawn!
Look!
The backyard of American imperialism
Is on fire!
But the thought of Mao Tse-tung
Spreads like a prairie fire!
The blaze cannot be quenched;
Ever, it will burn more brightly!

Over the mountain ranges
Of the Five Continents,
Across the tossing waves
Of the Four Seas,
Hundreds of millions
Of the world's revolutionary peoples
Have stood up,
And shoulder to shoulder,
Their hearts as one,
Guided by the red banner
Of Mao Tse-tung's thought
They fuse in a torrent
Of molten steel;
Surging on, irresistibly,
Charging towards
That man-eating monster;
That wretched old world;
That infinite darkness;
Charging towards
The common enemy of the world's people —
The vicious wolves
Of United States imperialism!

Look!
The storm in Asia
Is increasing in fury;
The war drums of Africa
Are beating a crescendo!
Latin America
Is being reborn in fire!

The West is buffeted
By angry waves!
The old world is sinking;
A new world is rising;
The invincible thought
Of Mao Tse-tung
Is sweeping the whole earth
Like the powerful East Wind;
Like the fiery red sun!
It is shedding the radiant light of truth
On all mankind;
All the world's peoples
Together are shouting with joy;
They are singing, as one:
Long live Mao Tse-tung!
Long, long live
The helmsman of world revolution!
Long, long live the brilliant,
The glorious thought of Mao Tse-tung!

Before Us Is an Age of Spring

The Five Continents and the Four Seas
Are illumined by the radiance
Of Mao Tse-tung's thought!
The calendar of the new year
Opens to the storm
Of the great cultural revolution!

This last year
With the hot blood
And the sweat of our youth
We have painted
Rich colours
On the canvas of this age.

This poem was written by the Red Guards of Kaifeng Normal School.

The hard work of the men of Taching
Has sent oil rushing
To the factories and farms;
The self-reliance of the men of Tachai
Has raised their terraced fields
To the clouds!

Red, red mushroom clouds
Have blossomed
High in the sky;
Each fresh wave
Of the big leap forward
Swirling higher than the last!

The whole wide world
Will be transmuted
Into purest crimson
By the fierce flames
Of the great cultural revolution
Kindled by Chairman Mao!

Ghosts and monsters
Will be crushed
To pieces;
For the old world
Must be totally overthrown —
Smashed beyond recognition.

The reactionary bourgeois line
Like leaves falling in the west wind
Has bitten the dust;
Now, like the rising sun
The proletarian revolutionary line
Sings a song of triumph!

As the drums roll
We greet the great victories
Of Mao Tse-tung's thought;
Amidst red flowers
We welcome the coming
Of nineteen sixty-seven.

A red-hot energy
Seethes in the veins
Of the Chinese people!
Their hearts
Thrill and throb
With revolutionary passion!

Listen! Drums roll,
And before us
Is the spring of a new age.
Look! Red flags flutter!
Before us
Is an age of spring!

Quick!
Fill the tanks of all the generators
With the oil of Taching.
Quick!
Sow the whole countryside
With seeds from Tachai!

Plumper ears of grain
Will grow in the heat
From Chairman Mao's words;
The motor
Of the great cultural revolution
Will speed up every lathe!

Let every inch of soil
Bespeak the firm resolve
Of the poor and lower-middle peasants;
Let every workshop
Display the revolutionary spirit
Of the working class.

Oh, comrades-in-arms,
Make haste to use the iron brush
Given us by our class;
Seething with hatred
Let us scour away the filth
Of the bourgeois reactionary line!

Comrades, Oh, comrades!
Quickly unroll the scroll of paper
Given us by the age;
With fiery ardour
Let us paint our boundless love
For the Party and Chairman Mao!

**“Do not say that the strong pass
Is guarded with iron. This very day
In one step we shall pass its summit.”**
We complete our “long march”
In one stride, and trample underfoot
Ten thousand soaring peaks!

Each day a new beginning,
Each new beginning
A song of triumph!
Each step a footprint;
From each footprint
Springs a clump of flowers!

Ah, our age
Is as young as the morning,
As red as the heart of a fire!
Forward!
It is we who steer the universe,
The future is ours!

Let the radiance
Of Mao Tse-tung's thought
Sparkle for ever above this earth!
Surely, the future of mankind
Will be lived
In the world of the red flag.

Ai Yen

The Real Meaning of Chou Yang's "Theory of Broad Subject-Matter"

On March 26, 1961, Chou Yang, the arch counter-revolutionary revisionist in literary and art circles, and his gang published in *Wenyi Bao* the pernicious article *The Question of Subject-matter*. It was no accident that on the same day Teng To, the boss of Three-Family Village's gangster inn, unfurled his big black banner in an essay entitled *Welcome the Miscellaneous Scholars*. While one preached the "need for a wider range" of subject-matter, the other ranted on the "great significance" of "miscellaneous scholars" in all kind of work. These two ill winds, each blowing in turn, between them raised the problem of "opening wide the road of literature."

Was this sheer coincidence? If we look back at the current situation, the answer is very clear.

During our country's temporary economic difficulties, the imperialists, modern revisionists and reactionaries of all countries raised their voices in a great anti-China chorus. The class enemies at home promptly joined in, stirring up a black wind for the restoration of capitalism. A handful of representatives of the bourgeoisie who had wormed their way into the Party could no longer restrain themselves. Thus, the Three-Family Village gang yelled gleefully, "After the winter drums have sounded, the spring grass begins to grow." One by one they "broke through the door" prepared to "make great efforts." And Chou Yang and company, to welcome their "warm, blooming spring," publicly hoisted the banner of "opening wide the road of literature," wildly advocating bourgeois liberalization.

How to "open" the "road of literature"? The key is subject-matter, the question of what to write about, what to paint, what to act and what to sing. That wily old fox Chou Yang was well aware that if he could win "complete freedom" for ghosts and monsters under his standard of "broad subject-matter," they could become thoroughly active and poisonous weeds of every description would "flourish." In other words, he could succeed in preparing public opinion for a capitalist restoration. Under the circumstances, *The Question of Subject-matter*, which met the needs of all kinds of freaks and monsters, was promptly released.

The Question of Subject-matter was drafted by Chou Yang's agent in *Wenyi Bao* on his instructions; was polished and revised by Lin Mo-han, the number-two man in their gang; and published after final revision by Chou Yang himself. This big poisonous weed, produced by their concerted efforts, was Chou Yang's counter-revolutionary manifesto for bourgeois liberalization.

"All, All!": The Monsters Are Mobilized

In *The Question of Subject-matter* Chou Yang and company raised these frenzied cries:

"Master all weapons of art and literature."

"Bring into play all positive factors."

“Utilize all possibilities.”

“Enable all talents and skills to be exercised.”

The vociferousness and the energy with which these four “All’s” were launched were unprecedented.

Chairman Mao has taught us: **“When we see the other fellow holding something in his hands, we should do some investigating. What does he hold in his hands?”**

Our country, at that time, was undergoing temporary economic difficulties. The task of revolutionary art and literature was enthusiastically to reflect the revolutionary spirit of self-reliance and heroic enterprise of our people led by the Party and Chairman Mao, in order to unite them, help them to make progress, and enable them to struggle with one heart and one mind against the class enemy and natural calamities.

What did Chou Yang and company at this time want to “master,” “bring into play,” “utilize” and “enable to be exercised”? What was their aim?

The answer is clear if we make a careful study of the things attacked and opposed and the things defended and advocated in *The Question of Subject-matter*.

Chou Yang and company violently opposed and completely denied the need for literature and art to serve proletarian politics, to serve the workers, peasants and soldiers.

Suppose you gave speedy reflection to the current revolutionary struggles, and served the revolutionary tasks set by the Party in a given period? They called this “illustrating political texts,” “writing reportage in images,” “dramatizing important events,” or “a specious showy style.” In a word: a hopeless mess.

Suppose you did your best to write about the significant themes of socialism? They alleged that during a drive to boost steel production, it was “only permitted” to write about steel; that during a drive to boost agriculture it was “only permitted” to write about agriculture; and that this was too “monotonous” and “narrow.”

Suppose you gave heartfelt praise to the heroes among our workers, peasants and soldiers, to the new people and new events which are constantly emerging in our life? They called this “exaggeration to

an inappropriate extent” and complained that “humorous or satirical subjects and works describing negative or backward characters” were being “suppressed.”

Chou Yang and company were all in favour of literature and art serving the landlords and capitalists.

If you acted on their instructions, turning your back on the workers, peasants and soldiers for the sake of “variety,” they fully approved, praised this as a “significant attempt,” and invariably expressed “great admiration.”

If you carried out their advice to write about “family affairs and romantic love,” about “nature and animal life,” about “the gods in heaven and the creatures under the earth,” they would loudly applaud and declare that such works “provide readers with healthy cultural relaxation and aesthetic pleasure,” “help to satisfy the masses’ diverse spiritual needs,” and should therefore “rank as socialist literature and art.”

They did all in their power to strangle revolutionary literature and art, while strongly advocating reactionary literature and art. Thus there is no mistaking what they hated and what they loved, what they opposed and what they encouraged.

It is obvious, too, what “road of writing” Chou Yang and company wanted to “open wide.”

There is no such thing as an abstract “road of writing.” Socialist literature and art are fundamentally opposed to the literature and art of all exploiting classes. To “open” the road of socialist writing, it is necessary to wash away the filth of feudal, bourgeois and revisionist literature and art; to open the road of feudal, bourgeois and revisionist writing, it is necessary to block the road of socialist writing. **“There is no construction without destruction, no flowing without damming and no motion without rest; the two are locked in a life-and-death struggle.”**

The four “All’s” peddled by Chou Yang and company were the signal for “all” ghosts and monsters to go into action, take up “the weapon of literature and art,” mobilize “positive factors,” and “utilize” all “possibilities” in a frenzied attack on the Party and socialism. Chou Yang incited them to write many more works about “history”

from "a critical point of view"; in other words, to use historical plays and historical novels as weapons to "criticize" our life today, to use ancient things to satirize the present, to "point at the mulberry and revile the locust tree," to attack the Party Central Committee and Chairman Mao, to attack the dictatorship of the proletariat. Chou Yang's contention that "all" "attempts" should be made to "satisfy the varied needs of the masses" was a call to monsters to use the things enjoyed by landlords and the bourgeoisie to entice the revolutionary people to become engrossed in "household affairs," wrapped up in "family affection," and bewitched by the "beauty" of "nature." For then they would turn their backs on the revolution and imperceptibly undergo a "peaceful evolution."

The effrontery of this black-hearted crew!

"Freedom, Freedom!": Giving the Green Light to Poisonous Weeds

Chou Yang and company had "rich" counter-revolutionary political experience. They knew very well that they must wrest "full" political "freedom" from the proletariat in order to secure the unhampered, wide-scale "broadening of subject-matter," and the "full exercise of all talents and skills" of those people who had the "resolve" to oppose the Party, so that they would not suffer "neglect and suppression."

Chou Yang and his gang never wearied of clamouring:

"Writers and artists are entirely free to choose any subject they please, according to their different circumstances, and to handle them according to their special aptitudes."

"Writers have full liberty in the choice of subject-matter. Since their circumstances differ, they cannot be compelled to conform to one rule."

"Writers and artists are absolutely free to select whatever themes they please. There must be no restriction."

"Freedom, freedom!" How strongly they felt their "lack of freedom"! How vociferously they demanded "full liberty"!

Chairman Mao says: **"We encourage revolutionary writers and artists to be active in forming intimate contacts with the workers, peasants and soldiers, giving them complete freedom to go among the masses and to create a genuinely revolutionary literature and art."** The line on literature and art formulated by Chairman Mao has opened up infinite scope for our revolutionary writers and artists. By holding to the line of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers, and on condition that they serve proletarian politics, they can develop their gifts to the fullest extent. Why, then, did Chou Yang and company complain in every other breath of their lack of freedom? Why did they so energetically demand freedom from the Party and the people? The reason is that the Party and the people only give **"complete freedom"** to writers and artists **"to be active in forming intimate contacts with the workers, peasants and soldiers,"** and **"to go among the masses."** They give no freedom to those who lord it over the masses and oppose the people. They only give **"complete freedom"** to **"create a genuinely revolutionary literature and art."** They give no freedom to peddle the poisonous weeds of feudalism, capitalism and revisionism. This "suppression" of the frenzied anti-Party activities of Chou Yang and his gang "undermined" their "morale" while they were spreading poisonous weeds far and wide. That was why they wailed hysterically that they had no freedom and tried in a thousand ways to win liberty.

Chou Yang and company claimed that the policy "Let a hundred flowers blossom" meant that writers could write whatever they pleased and "there must be no restriction." We say: No, the people will not grant you that "freedom." Writers belong to a class, literature and art are tools of the class struggle. The subjects which attract a writer's attention, the subjects he chooses, are determined by his class interest. Chairman Mao says: **"There is in fact no such thing as art for art's sake, art that stands above classes, art that is detached from or independent of politics."** In this sense, writers are not free. Judging by the frenzied way in which Chou Yang and company obliterated the important themes of socialism and raised the status of such subject-matter as "household affairs" and "family affection," they were trying to win freedom for monsters to engage

in counter-revolutionary conspiracies, were issuing "licences" for poisonous weeds. We definitely must deny them this freedom. The things they consider most "precious and interesting" are the most poisonous and pernicious. We must repudiate and struggle against them, and certainly cannot allow them to spread freely.

Chou Yang and company clamoured that "Let a hundred flowers blossom" meant "opening wide the road of writing," meant "not allowing any man of resolve or any useful talent to be suppressed." We say: This won't fool the people or take them in. "Let a hundred flowers blossom" is a most firm class policy for eliminating what is bourgeois and establishing what is proletarian, and its prerequisite is the socialist road and the line of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers. "Opening wide the road of writing" divorced from the socialist road, and "variety" counter to the worker-peasant-soldier orientation, are bourgeois liberalization, which is absolutely impermissible. As for the allegation that we "disparage and suppress" "men of resolve" and "useful talents," we have to ask what their "resolve" is and to what purpose they are putting their "talents." All literary and art workers who are resolved to propagate Mao Tse-tung's thought and to praise the heroes among the workers, peasants and soldiers have always received active support and warm encouragement from the Party and the people. Conversely, we shall certainly "disparage and suppress" those who are "resolved" to oppose socialism and those "talents" used to oppose the Party and the people. If these men stubbornly refuse to reform, we shall trample them underfoot and throw them on to the rubbish heap of history. We have done so before and shall firmly continue to do so.

On the Pretext That Writers Have a "Special" Position, They Advocated Writing on Topics "They Knew" and Resisted Ideological Remoulding

The thorough reform of our writers' world outlook, a fundamental change in their class stand, and the revolutionizing of the ranks of our writers and artists are a fundamental guarantee for carrying out

the worker-peasant-soldier orientation of literature and art. Chairman Mao has stressed that our literary and art workers must **"shift their stand; they must gradually move their feet over to the side of the workers, peasants and soldiers, to the side of the proletariat, through the process of going into their very midst and into the thick of practical struggles and through the process of studying Marxism and society."** Chou Yang and company, who produced *The Question of Subject-matter*, raised their voices in opposition to this, and did all in their power to incite literary and art workers to resist ideological remoulding.

We say: Writers and artists are ordinary working people; there is nothing special about them. Chou Yang and company say: Not so, the creation of art is "most complex and arduous work"; writers and artists have their distinctive "character, style and creative methods"; we must show them "boundless respect," give them "special treatment," and not interfere with them in any way. Does the Party lead literature and art? Does the Party call upon writers and artists to go into the fiery struggles of the workers, peasants and soldiers to remould their souls? They label this as a crime, saying, "Amateurs are incapable of leading experts," and calling this "simplified and crude interference."

We say: If writers and artists want to be spokesmen of the people, they must go among the worker-peasant-soldier masses for a long period of tempering. Only when they stop putting on airs and honestly learn from the masses will they succeed in becoming their spokesmen. Chou Yang and company say: This is quite unnecessary. All writers and artists need to do in their "leading position" is to condescend to take an "interest" in the "activities and feelings of all kinds of people of different classes of society." All they need to do in their "consciousness of being masters" is to meditate profoundly and "enjoy" "all that is lovely in nature." With their lofty "leading position" and contemplative "enjoyment," what need is there for them to merge with the workers, peasants and soldiers or to undergo painful tempering or self-remoulding?

We say: Writers and artists must follow Chairman Mao's instructions, must for a long period of time unreservedly and whole-heartedly

go into the heat of the struggle of the workers, peasants and soldiers; for only so can they produce a genuine literature and art for the workers, peasants and soldiers, a genuinely proletarian literature and art. Chou Yang and company say: That is quite unnecessary. Proletarian writers ought to take as their models the writers of the past, leave the "centre of the maelstrom of class struggle," and write about "subjects with which they are familiar"; for thus, indirectly, they can "reflect the spirit of the age" just as well. They need not leave their studies or remould their souls. Sipping green tea, flourishing their brushes and relying on their "outstanding" ability, they will be able to write "outstanding works" which reflect "something of the nature of our times." Since this is so easy, of course it would be quite superfluous to study society and learn from the masses and class struggle.

Chou Yang and company openly challenged Chairman Mao's line on literature and art, inventing endless pretexts and countless lies to resist ideological remoulding. Their aim in so doing was to lead literary and art workers on to the revisionist track cut off from the masses, from reality and from the revolution; to recruit followers; to organize preparations for a capitalist restoration; and to spread poisonous weeds far and wide to prepare public opinion for this restoration.

After the publication of *The Question of Subject-matter* gave the signal for action, Chou Yang and company ran right and left tirelessly building up their forces, creating public opinion and deepening their influence. They ordered *Wenyi Bao* to collect reactions, organized forums of "celebrities in different fields," and instructed newspapers and magazines to start columns devoted to discussing this subject. Throughout the country, the agents of Chou Yang's counter-revolutionary revisionist black line engaged in frenzied activities too, holding meetings, making reports and writing articles — they were nearly rushed off their feet! As a result of these intensive preparations, the "celebrities" did indeed "bestir themselves," and for a time the "road of writing" was opened wide. Some people jubilantly declared that this question had been well raised, just at the right time, for it expressed their own views. Some, rubbing their hands, gloated,

"The leadership is free to issue calls, and writers are free to choose their own themes." Some were quite "carried away" and prophesied that the publication of *The Question of Subject-matter* was "bound to bring about a great development and flowering of literature and art." In short, all ghosts and monsters expressed their admiration for Chou Yang and thanked him for giving them full liberty. They also promised not to ignore his "orders," but to go into action.

The Question of Subject-matter opened the way for bourgeois liberalization. For a time the country was flooded with fantastic arguments of every kind and a great variety of pernicious works. These poisonous weeds of every sort and description, with their "broad" subject-matter and "variety" of form, made up an adverse current opposed to the Party and socialism, created a murky atmosphere, and had the evil effect of corroding and deceiving the masses. **"Mistakes must be criticized and poisonous weeds fought whenever they crop up."** *The Question of Subject-matter*, this anti-Party, anti-socialist poisonous weed produced by Chou Yang and company, exercised a harmful influence far and wide. We must thoroughly expose and extirpate it, to eliminate every trace of its influence.

Pien Chi

The Sculptures "The New Foolish Old Men of Tashu"

Some sculptors in the province of Szechuan have faithfully carried out Chairman Mao's line on literature and art. After summarizing the experience gained in sculpturing *Compound Where Rent Was Collected*, they went down to Tashu Commune in Hanyuan County, one of the most advanced communes in Szechuan. There, while living and working with the poor and lower-middle peasants, they produced the large group of clay figures *The New Foolish Old Men of Tashu*. This work pays a heartfelt tribute to the heroic poor and lower-middle peasants who are armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought.

Compound Where Rent Was Collected depicted the class struggle during the period of China's democratic revolution by showing how the despotic landlord Liu Wen-tsai oppressed the peasants. *The New Foolish Old Men of Tashu* presents the heroic workers, peasants and soldiers of the period of socialist revolution and socialist construction. In both works the Szechuan sculptors, guided by Mao Tse-tung's



Cleaving Hills to Make a Canal

The New Foolish Old Men of Tashu

Reclaiming Wasteland and Improving the Soil





Cleaving Hills to Make a Canal



The New Foolish Old Men of Tashu



Cleaving Hills to Make a Canal ▲



Reclaiming Wasteland and Improving the Soil ►



Stemming the Torrent with Rocks



Stemming the Torrent with Rocks

thought, have succeeded in using sculpture to serve the workers, peasants and soldiers, to serve socialism.

Tashu Commune lies in the southwest of Szechuan, on the banks of the Tatu River. The people there, raising high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, have shown the revolutionary spirit of the Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains, cleaving hills to make waterways, damming torrents and opening up wasteland. As a result, their grain yield now is 70 per cent higher than during the early period of agricultural co-operation, and nearly three times what it was before land reform. They have worked wonders in transforming their land.

In 1965, over fifty Szechuan workers in five fields of art, including sculpture, joined forces and went as a team to Tashu Commune. Making Tashu their base for life and for creative work, they set about preparing a special exhibition, to be called *The New Foolish Old Men of Socialism*. *The New Foolish Old Men of Tashu* is the sculptural section of this composite whole.

The New Foolish Old Men of Tashu comprises thirty-three life-size clay figures and is divided into three parts: "Cleaving Hills to Make a Canal," "Stemming the Torrent with Rocks" and "Reclaiming Wasteland and Improving the Soil." These give concentrated expression to the revolutionary spirit and heroic deeds of the people of Tashu in their fearless struggles to tame and to transform nature.

"Cleaving Hills to Make a Canal" shows the men of Tashu cutting through twenty-four hills to build the sixty-*li* long Linlo Canal, a splendid feat which provided irrigation for 70 per cent of their arable land. "On the Canal Work Site" presents a group of commune members studying the works of Chairman Mao during a break. This is the focus of the whole set of sculptures. Here are a cadre of the production team holding a copy of Chairman Mao's writings, an old, grey-haired poor peasant seated by his side, and around them youngsters, all eagerly pondering the teachings which they have just read, and facing up to the tasks ahead with tremendous determination and confidence. A board behind them carries this quotation from Chairman Mao: "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.**" This group of figures makes it bril-

liantly clear that the source of the men of Tashu's power to create a new heaven and earth is Mao Tse-tung's thought.

The second part, "Stemming the Torrent with Rocks," shows the Tashu commune members in their stupendous struggle to tame the angry waves of the turbulent Tatu and build a 200-metre dam across the river. Buffeted by the wind and current, they are driving piles into the river-bed. Two powerful commune members are standing in the swirling water, one keeping a firm grip on a boat's hawser, the other leaning against the boat with all his might to prevent the current from sweeping it away before they can moor it to one of the piles. The old boatman keeps a calm strong hand on the rudder, while the men on board heave great stones one after another into the raging torrent. We realize from their determined expressions that there are no difficulties on earth which heroes such as these cannot overcome.

The third part, "Reclaiming Wasteland and Improving the Soil," is a spirited depiction of how the men of Tashu opened up new fields on the river banks and improved the soil. Some young fellows are heaving a boulder. The optimism and resolve on their faces and the powerful muscles standing out on their arms manifest the firm revolutionary spirit of the people of Tashu.

While engaged on this task, the sculptors from start to finish creatively studied and applied Chairman Mao's teachings, integrated themselves with the poor and lower-middle peasants, and made serious attempts to remould their own thoughts and feelings. Whether going deep into life or whether sculpturing, they were guided by Chairman Mao's brilliant work *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art*; and armed with this powerful weapon they were able to solve all the problems they encountered. In accordance with Chairman Mao's teachings, they worked and lived with the commune members. They stayed in their homes, studied Chairman Mao's writings with them, helped them to stem the torrent, to reclaim wasteland and to improve the soil. Thus they saw for themselves the unflinching revolutionary resolve of the poor and lower-middle peasants. While working on their sculptures, they studied and re-studied the *Yenan Talks*, and made five major revisions of their work on the basis of

suggestions from the peasants. Throughout, they used the "open-door method" of welcoming the commune members to watch them at work. The poor and lower-middle peasants responded by giving them the most whole-hearted support. Some helped with odd jobs, others brought different types of clay and sand. This keen support gave them added zest for their work and increased their confidence. Both the students and a few artists who had not been doing sculpturing for some time agreed: The countryside is a good school for us; the poor and lower-middle peasants are excellent teachers. From them we have learned a good deal about art, and they have taught us in a profoundly moving way how to study Mao Tse-tung's thought.

The first day that these sculptures were put on exhibition in Hanyuan County, the building was crowded to capacity. Many commune members said that they had come not just to see sculptures but to see and learn from heroes. An old peasant in his eighties was so much stirred by what he saw that he declared with deep feeling: In the old days we had nothing but statues of bodhisattvas, ghosts, demons or high officials. The reactionary ruling class used them to preach feudal superstition, to fool and oppress us, to try to keep us under as long as we lived. Now, under the leadership of Chairman Mao and the Communist Party, sculptures are being made of us poor and lower-middle peasants. This certainly is a great earth-shaking revolution!

Granny Lo, now over seventy, was thrown into prison before liberation because she could not pay her rent in full to the landlord. Recalling those bitter days, she said vehemently: "Life was misery in the bad old days, yet all we could do was burn incense and kowtow to buddhas made of clay or wood. Then came liberation, and the Communist Party got rid of the millstone round our necks; Chairman Mao lifted the veil from our eyes. Today even an old woman like me can understand that we're farming for the revolution. How well the Party and Chairman Mao understand us poor and lower-middle peasants! We must teach our children and our children's children to follow Chairman Mao, and to make revolution!"

The cadres and members of Tashu Commune who had helped to build the canal were fascinated by the part devoted to this subject.

Best of all they liked the focus of the whole work — the stirring scene of the commune members studying Chairman Mao's writings on the work site. They said: Mao Tse-tung's thought is the life-blood of us Tashu commune members and of the revolutionary masses of our whole country. We've made a success of our commune by relying on Mao Tse-tung's thought. Since we began studying Chairman Mao's works, our ideas have changed, and our farmland too.

Indeed, only by presenting a truthful picture of the enthusiasm with which they study Chairman Mao's writings can sculptors reflect the new outlook of China's hundreds of millions of commune members.

Pioneer of Symphonic Music of the Proletariat

— *In Praise of the Symphony "Shachiapang"*

Shachiapang is a symphony of the proletariat and the working people, a symphony **"created for the workers, peasants and soldiers and for their use."** It is a glorious example of the way in which revolutionary literary and art workers are holding high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, and carrying on the revolution in literature and art. It complies with Chairman Mao's instructions to make the past serve the present, make what is foreign serve China and weed through the old to let the new emerge.

The success of *Shachiapang* shows the necessity of revolutionizing the old literature and art of the bourgeoisie and shows us how to do it.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"In the world today all culture, all literature and art belong to definite classes and are geared to definite political lines."**

Symphonic music was originally a foreign art form. Foreign bourgeois works of symphonic music since the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are regarded as holy "classics" by bourgeois gentlemen and their followers; while the modern revisionists rank them as the art "of the whole of mankind." In the past, for many years this art form has belonged to and served the bourgeoisie.

For centuries the contents of the so-called "classics" of symphonic music were none other than the stories of gods, ghosts, landlords and aristocratic ladies set to music. They also upheld the sacredness of the individual and the primacy of love, and dwelt on dreams, death, the graveyard and such like themes. Other works of a similar pattern seem to us to have been written by degenerates or madmen! In short, symphonic music was an art reflecting the decadent spiritual physiognomy of the bourgeoisie; an art upholding bourgeois rule and oppression; upholding private ownership and individualist concepts.

Our country is a socialist country under the dictatorship of the proletariat. But in the seventeen years since the founding of our people's republic, in the sphere of culture, counter-revolutionary revisionists like Chou Yang and Lin Mo-han have been setting bourgeois, feudal and revisionist works on a pedestal. They made every effort to prettify them and clamoured that they represented "the pinnacle of human culture." At the same time, bourgeois "experts" and "authorities" have daily been using our socialist rostrum to poison the minds of our youth with bourgeois literature and art. Whoever showed the slightest doubt about the worth of these bourgeois works was looked upon as "ignorant" and "rebellious." When a pernicious work such as *Liang Shan-po and Chu Ying-tai* was concocted, using the formulas of foreign bourgeois symphonic music, they praised it to the skies. What was their reason for doing this?

Chairman Mao teaches us that the overthrow of political power is necessarily preceded by efforts to seize hold of the superstructure and ideology in order to prepare public opinion, and that this is true both of the revolutionary and the counter-revolutionary classes. Their aim was to spread the ideology of the exploiting class, to prepare public opinion for the restoration of capitalism. If they had been

allowed to carry on in this way, there was great danger that our Party and country might be destroyed and many people might lose their lives. Therefore they had to be opposed and overthrown, and never allowed to rise again. The old literature and art must be thoroughly criticized and reformed. All parts of the superstructure not conforming to the socialist economic base must be destroyed. Therefore, it is necessary to reform symphonic music, making it a powerful weapon serving the workers, peasants and soldiers, and in order to do this it must reflect proletarian politics. **"There is no construction without destruction, no flowing without damming and no motion without rest."** This is a life-and-death class struggle.

The pioneer of proletarian symphonic music, *Shachiapang*, was created under the direct guidance of Comrade Chiang Ching after she and the musicians had smashed the obstruction and attempted sabotage by a handful of counter-revolutionary revisionists — Chou Yang and his like.

First of all, the theme of *Shachiapang* is absolutely new, reflecting revolutionary proletarian politics.

Chairman Mao teaches us: **"The people, and the people alone, are the motive force in the making of world history."** By following Chairman Mao's teachings *Shachiapang* has warmly eulogized the revolutionary struggle of the Chinese people under proletarian leadership and successfully depicted such glorious revolutionary heroes as Instructor Kuo, Sister Ah Ching and Grandma Sha. That is why it is understood, liked and praised by worker, peasant and soldier audiences.

Shachiapang, with deep revolutionary feeling, depicts the unremitting struggle of the people, at the same time acclaiming their glorious feats. For instance, while Instructor Kuo leads the wounded soldiers to struggle against the enemy in *Shachiapang*, he has the whole country in view; and the music and singing which show that his heart is still at the front bring home to us the noble spirit of the people's army, who always keep the motherland in mind and always struggle whole-heartedly in the interests of the people.

When gun-fire is heard, Instructor Kuo sees through the enemy's plot and decides to break through the encirclement and blockade.

This is a powerful description of the revolutionary heroism of our officers and fighters who are **“determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield.”** Grandma Sha’s songs and the accompaniment convey her integrity and fearless revolutionary spirit. Her willingness to lay down her life for the revolution makes her tower in moral stature over the enemy. The most cunning and cruel executioners are powerless before her. In an extremely dangerous situation, Sister Ah Ching acts bravely and shrewdly and so is able to smash the enemy’s plot and win victory. Her singing, high-pitched and serene, is optimistic and full of confidence. Her revolutionary spirit is finely presented. Characters such as these, armed with Mao Tse-tung’s thought, are good examples for us to follow. On the other hand, the negative characters with their folly, cruelty, cunning and depravity are also successfully depicted. Also, in the symphony the enemy’s approaching doom and certain defeat are clearly brought out.

Shachiapang has played a successful role in **“uniting and educating the people”** and **“attacking and destroying the enemy.”** Its message to us is: Serve the people whole-heartedly: **“be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory”**; and to achieve this we must remould our souls and our world outlook with Mao Tse-tung’s thought. This is where the great success of *Shachiapang* lies.

Next, the artistic form of *Shachiapang* is a great improvement on the old symphonic form.

This old form, to us, is decadent. The methods of composition and the several formal movements required at different stages are even more stereotyped than the rules for writing classical Chinese essays! Music composed in this way can neither present the thoughts, feelings, life and struggle of the proletarian revolutionary people nor can it serve the workers, peasants and soldiers. It is absolutely impossible. We must, therefore, reform symphonic music according to Chairman Mao’s instructions to make what is foreign serve China and to weed through the old to let the new emerge. Foreign formulas and ideas which fetter men’s minds must be smashed. The form must lend itself to the demands of the revolutionary political content. *Shachiapang* has broken entirely with the traditional rules of symphonic

music. The content decides the form: tempestuous fighting is conveyed by the orchestra while the chorus brings out the revolutionary spirit of the people. Special methods are used to present the nobility of the revolutionary heroes. Revolutionary struggle is extremely stirring and complex, and the feelings of revolutionary heroes are so noble that, appropriately presented, they must prove incomparably rich and moving. The presenting of feelings such as these is something beyond the reach of the art of the exploiting classes. Chairman Mao teaches us: **“A common characteristic of the literature and art of all exploiting classes in their period of decline is the contradiction between their reactionary political content and their artistic form.”** The unity of revolutionary political content and the highest possible perfection of artistic form can only be achieved in our proletarian literature and art. This unity was attained in *Shachiapang* by making a thorough break with the conventional forms of bourgeois symphonic music.

The musical language of *Shachiapang*, with its fresh, distinctive features, is a new departure based on the reform of Peking opera music. The conventional nature of traditional Peking opera makes it difficult for it to depict the feelings of revolutionary heroes and to present the majesty of revolutionary struggle. In making the past serve the present we must assimilate what we need critically, and at the same time introduce reforms. *Shachiapang* has set an example in this respect. It has given new life to Peking opera music by reforming, recreating and developing its stereotyped style of singing which was remote from life, from the masses and politics. Assimilating the various melodies and rhythm of Peking opera and using a chorus at the same time, the overture of *Shachiapang* presents the whole theme of the opera in a concentrated form. The music depicting the fighting is both stirring and inspiring. The use of instrumental music, recitations, solos, duets and chorus singing to depict the heroic characters makes a strong appeal to the audience and fires the imagination. By marrying it to Peking opera the scope of symphonic music has been broadened and the added requirement that the artistic form must serve the revolutionary political content has been achieved. The result is a combination of the grandeur of

symphonic music with the outstanding features of Peking opera. Here the presentation of profound revolutionary ideas and sublime revolutionary spirit in a vivid and popular way has attained such a high level that it cannot be compared to any bourgeois symphonic music. Thus, another great achievement of *Shachiapang* lies in showing us how to reform the old forms of literature and art on the principle of making the past serve the present and making what is foreign serve China.

Shachiapang was warmly welcomed by the broad masses of China and very highly praised by the revolutionary people of the world. As a pioneer of proletarian symphonic music it has made a new contribution to the world's revolutionary literature and art. We hail its glorious achievement and must follow the example of the revolutionary comrades who have created and presented *Shachiapang*. We must learn from their proletarian revolutionary spirit of serving the workers, peasants and soldiers; their daring to think, to act, to break through and to make revolution.

We firmly pledge to implement Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line and carry the proletarian cultural revolution through to the end. Carrying out Chairman Mao's line on literature and art, we must struggle for the creation of a new proletarian literature and art. We must study and apply Chairman Mao's works more creatively, look upon the "three constantly-read articles" as our maxims, resolutely rid ourselves of self-interest and foster devotion to the public interest. We must make revolution in the depths of our souls in order to change our world outlook entirely and serve the people of our country and the world for ever!

Revolutionary Art, Blossom of Friendship

— *A Performance by the Albanian National Song and
Dance Troupe*

Though it was mid-winter, the fervour of the great proletarian cultural revolution spread the warmth of spring throughout our motherland. The coming of the cultural emissaries from the "country of the mountain eagle" standing in the forefront of the anti-imperialist and anti-revisionist struggle in Europe added a touch of spring to the revolutionary theatre of China.

The Chinese people, harbouring deep revolutionary friendship, gave a most sincere welcome to the comrades of the Albanian National Song and Dance Troupe. With exultant feelings, we attended their performance of song and dance items, highly political in content and extremely fine artistically.

The national flags of China and Albania on the back-cloth caught our attention as soon as the curtain was drawn. The performance opened with a grand choir singing with deep respect of our great leader Chairman Mao and Comrade Enver Hoxha. The strains of *In Praise of the Party and Comrade Enver Hoxha* and *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman* expressed the boundless love of the peoples of our two countries for our great leaders and the great friendship of our peoples. The artists also sang *True Friends*, a song setting to music the following words from Chairman Mao's message of greetings to the Fifth Congress of the Albanian Party of Labour: **"A bosom friend afar brings a distant land near. China and Albania are separated by thousands of mountains and rivers but our hearts are closely linked. We are your true friends and comrades, and you are ours. You are not like those false friends and double-dealers who have 'honey on their lips and murder in their hearts,' and neither are we. Our militant revolutionary friendship has stood the test of violent storms."** Chairman Mao's words voiced the heartfelt sentiments of our two peoples. This great friendship was welded by our great leader Chairman Mao and Comrade Enver Hoxha in the course of our peoples' shoulder-to-shoulder struggle. It is everlasting and unshakable. This song, sung in Chinese, seemed doubly close to the audience and through it the feelings of audience and performers were merged together. Chairman Mao has said, **"Heroic people's Albania has become a great beacon of socialism in Europe."** The song *Singing of the Fifth Congress of the Albanian Party of Labour* brought home to us the tremendous breadth of the Albanian people's heroic revolutionary spirit of striving for prosperity by self-reliance. We are convinced that the implementation of the new political tasks stipulated by the Fifth Congress of the Party of Labour and their great fourth Five-Year Plan will make this beacon shine with even greater splendour. From the bottom of our hearts we say: May our Albanian brothers stride forward on the broad road of communism!

Comrade Enver Hoxha has said: "Sword in hand, the people of our country cleaved the way for the march of history." These words reflect the Albanian people's revolutionary spirit of fearing

neither hardships nor force. *Dance of the Mountain Eagle*, an item with a vivid national flavour, fully demonstrated the Albanian people's national character. To the accompaniment of stirring music, the dancers moved about like bold eagles struggling against a strong gale. *Dance of the Guerrillas* and *The Revisionists' Plot Has Gone Bankrupt* also depicted the heroic and fearless spirit of the Albanian people. The independence and freedom of the People's Republic of Albania was won under the leadership of the Party of Labour through arduous armed struggle by the people and at the cost of many lives. To safeguard the fruits of victory, they would "rather die standing than live on bended knees." In collusion with imperialism, the modern revisionists attempted to strangle this heroic nation, but in the face of such an indomitable people these attempts were like eggs thrown at a rock. The plots of the revisionists met with complete bankruptcy. When one of the ensemble, a woman member of an Albanian agricultural co-operative, sang a song ridiculing the revisionists, the whole audience applauded enthusiastically. From bankruptcy to doom, this is the fate of all revisionists and all reactionary forces. In his message of greetings to the Fifth Congress of the Albanian Party of Labour, Chairman Mao has said: **"Let the Parties and peoples of China and Albania unite, let the Marxist-Leninists of all countries unite, let the revolutionary people of the whole world unite and overthrow imperialism, modern revisionism and the reactionaries of every country! A new world without imperialism, without capitalism and without any system of exploitation is certain to be built."** This expresses the will of the peoples of China and Albania and the hopes of the revolutionary peoples of the whole world.

The Albanian people have an inveterate hatred for the enemy and a boundless love for the Chinese people and our great leader Chairman Mao. In many districts of Albania, while studying the works of Enver Hoxha, the cadres and the masses also make a keen study of Chairman Mao's writings. This love for Mao Tse-tung's thought was also embodied in the items performed. The Albanian artists sang in Chinese *Long Life to Chairman Mao*. *Tirana — Peking* and two of Chairman Mao Tse-tung's quotations set to music, *Surmount*

Every Difficulty to Win Victory and *We Must Have Faith in the Masses and We Must Have Faith in the Party*. As they sang, they waved bright red copies of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung*. Their feelings were so genuine and their spirit so fine that the audience was moved to thunderous applause again and again. The music and the applause merged together expressing the unity of the peoples of China and Albania.

The Guerrillas March Forward and *The Two-string Lute Is Singing* sang of the heroic fighters in the anti-fascist struggle. These items are full of revolutionary fighting spirit, inspiring their listeners and spurring them on to march forward boldly. The Albanian Party of Labour has always given a great deal of attention to educating the people in the spirit of revolutionary tradition. We were overwhelmed by a heartfelt respect for the heroic Albanian people. When we thought of the recent brutal persecution by the Soviet modern revisionists in Moscow of the Chinese students studying in Europe, we were filled with irrepressible indignation. These modern revisionists have abandoned tradition and revolution; they fear revolution and the people and have become fascists who can never come to a good end.

A certain number of items depict in the repertoire the Albanian people's deep love for labour and construction. *Turning Hillsides into Fertile Fields* shows how, in answer to the Party's call, some young people with broad vision and bold determination opened up a mountainous area. *Our Songs Will Spread Far and Wide* is a paean in praise of labour. *The Brave Girls of Tropoja Dance for Joy* and *Picking Chestnuts* convey the joy of the harvesters after reaping a bumper crop. All these items have a clear-cut ideological significance and a strong flavour of life. Serious and yet spirited, they make the audience feel themselves a part of the song and dance so that they share in the Albanian people's joy in building socialism and enhance their warm love for socialist Albania.

The last item brought the feelings of friendship which pervaded the whole concert to a greater height! Workers, peasants, soldiers, students and Red Guards of China and Albania appeared on the stage in a charming dance, marching militantly shoulder to shoulder

or walking arm in arm. The stage setting changed as the dance progressed. Beginning with the bright red flags of China and Albania, it changed to a group portrait of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin and finally, two large coloured portraits of Chairman Mao Tse-tung and Comrade Enver Hoxha. By then the hearts of those upstage and down were so stirred that, led by the artists, the whole audience broke into the strains of *Workers of the Whole World Unite!* This song brought everyone's feelings to fever-pitch. The artists, raising their arms, broke into shouts of "Long live Chairman Mao!" while the audience responded with "Long live Comrade Enver Hoxha!" This stirring scene reminded us of what Chairman Mao said in his message of greetings to the Fifth Congress of the Albanian Party of Labour: **"Come what may, our two Parties and our two peoples will always be united, will always fight together and be victorious together."**

May the militant friendship between the Parties and the peoples of China and Albania be everlasting!

Chairman Mao's Works and Portraits Printed in Great Numbers

On January 19, 1967 the proletarian revolutionaries in publishing houses in Peking and Shanghai issued a nation-wide call to all revolutionaries working in this field to form an alliance and seize power to ensure the overfulfilment of the great political task of printing 80,000,000 sets of the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung* in the current year. This is to satisfy the urgent needs of the broad revolutionary masses wishing to study Chairman Mao's writings.

Shanghai revolutionaries recently seized power in the printing houses which publish Chairman Mao's works. They warmly responded to the call, determined to print Chairman Mao's works in great numbers so that his thought will shine radiantly red throughout the world! The proletarian revolutionaries of more than ten large printing houses and other departments concerned with the publishing of Chairman Mao's works held a meeting to pledge to keep the power firmly in their hands, promote production, unite with all the revolutionary masses in Shanghai and other parts of the country and unite with the revolutionary workers in the publishing field. In this way, they will, in the quickest possible time, and with work of the best possible quality, be able to overfulfil the great political task of printing 80,000,000 sets of the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung* this year, as directed by the Party Central Committee.

On August 7, 1966 the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party issued a directive concerning the printing of Chairman Mao's works in large quantities and with greater speed. Since then, revolutionary workers of the Shanghai printing business, with boundless love for, boundless faith in and boundless reverence for Chairman Mao, have plunged into this work. Up until the end of 1966, nearly 5,000,000 sets of the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung* in popular editions, and more than 6,000,000 copies of *Articles and Extracts from the Works of Mao Tse-tung* in two different editions and *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung* were published in Shanghai. The number of copies of the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*, printed in these six months alone, surpassed the total number printed in New China's previous seventeen years!

At the same time the revolutionary printing workers in Shanghai, inspired by the great thought of Mao Tse-tung, have overcome technical and other difficulties, including those caused by inadequate equipment, and have succeeded for the first time in mass-producing extra large coloured portraits of our most respected and beloved leader Chairman Mao. This is another splendid achievement of China's working class armed with the thought of Mao Tse-tung during the great proletarian cultural revolution. It shows how successfully the revolutionary masses in Shanghai's printing business have united with the revolutionary printing workers to creatively study and apply Chairman Mao's works since they formed an alliance and seized power.

This giant portrait of Chairman Mao suitable for display in big meetings is 6.9 feet high and a little over 5 feet in width. It is made up of five sheets of paper mounted together, a new thing in the history of Chinese printing! Standing before this giant portrait and observing Chairman Mao's radiant face and splendid spirit, one cannot help being stirred by boundless love for, boundless faith in and boundless reverence for the reddest red sun in our hearts.

The Revolutionary Masses Hail the Publication of One of Chairman Mao's Poems in His Own Handwriting

The publication on New Year's Day, 1967, of facsimiles of our great leader Chairman Mao's poem *Reply to Kuo Mo-jo — to the Melody of Man*

Chiang Hung in his own handwriting was warmly acclaimed by the revolutionary masses in the capital as a triumphant song of the revolution, a bugle call for battle. A Red Guard said with emotion: "On the eve of liberation at the critical moment of the revolution, Chairman Mao published his *Carry the Revolution Through to the End*. Today, at a crucial moment when we are launching a general attack on the bourgeois reactionary line, this poem in Chairman Mao's handwriting again sounds the bugle call for battle to 'carry the revolution through to the end.'" Workers in the capital declared with revolutionary ardour that they would, in accordance with Chairman Mao's teachings and in the spirit of "Seize the day, seize the hour!" do "away with all pests!" and make a thoroughgoing job of the great proletarian cultural revolution in factories, mines and other enterprises until final victory is won. They said: "The present national and international revolutionary situations are excellent and are getting better every day. Truly, as the poem describes:

**The Four Seas are rising, clouds and waters raging,
The Five Continents are rocking, wind and thunder roaring.**

In this year of 1967 we'll raise still higher the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, take firm hold of the revolution and promote production, and sweep away all those within the Party who are in authority and taking the capitalist road and other monsters, winning a decisive victory in the great proletarian cultural revolution."

Many village broadcasting stations in the Peking suburbs repeatedly broadcast this poem by Chairman Mao. Many commune members recited it again and again. The PLA's barracks seethed with joy as soon as the newspaper reporting the news arrived. The guards company stationed at Tien An Men asserted that the great thought of Mao Tse-tung is not only concentrated in the four volumes of the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung* but is expressed in his brilliant poems, too. The publication of this poem in Chairman Mao's handwriting had indeed inspired them with boundless strength and confidence. In a discussion meeting they said: "Imperialism, revisionism and the reactionaries of all countries are nothing but a few flies dashing themselves against the wall! Now, the people of the world have had a new awakening. Through lessons of blood they have come to

realize the truth: Follow Mao Tse-tung and the world will shine with the red light of revolution. Only when guided by the great thought of Mao Tse-tung can the people carry the revolution through to the end and do 'away with all pests' in the world." Red Guards in many schools said: "Chairman Mao's brilliant poem is a powerful spiritual atom bomb. Mao Tse-tung's great thought has kindled the brilliant flames of our country's great proletarian cultural revolution and the revolutionary flames of wrath in Asia, Africa and Latin America. The revolutionary people must strengthen their will to fight. 'Away with all pests! Our force is irresistible.'"

Exhibition of Pictures Showing Chairman Mao's Great Revolutionary Practice

Recently the 6430 Army Unit put on an exhibition of pictures showing Chairman Mao's great revolutionary practice. Reviewing the brilliant history of the Chinese people's revolutionary struggle led by him, cadres and fighters of the entire company realized more clearly that Chairman Mao's revolutionary line is boundlessly brilliant, great and correct. They all resolved to defend this revolutionary line and to be loyal always to Chairman Mao.

On display were more than 170 pictures which reflect the great victories of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in various historic periods. After seeing the picture showing the site of the Kutien Conference of 1929, Kuo Szu-kao, a fighter, said: "The Kutien Conference resolution drafted by Chairman Mao, personally, was a timely one and corrected various erroneous thoughts in the Party. It pointed out the correct orientation for the building of a proletarian revolutionary army. It enabled our army to grow in strength and mature along the path pointed out by Chairman Mao, and defeated strong enemies inside and outside the country. As long as we advance along the path pointed out by Chairman Mao we shall always be invincible." Another fighter, Ma Wei-tung, seeing the picture showing Chairman Mao in Yen-an, in 1938, delivering the speech *On Protracted War*, said with emotion: "The great revolutionary helmsman Chairman Mao put forward a whole set of policies, strategy and

tactics for the War of Resistance Against Japan arming the whole Party and the people ideologically and theoretically, thus laying a most fundamental and reliable base for winning victory in the War of Resistance and pointing out the way to make the revolution victorious." Political Instructor Chang Liang-hsi said: "When I saw the picture of our great leader Chairman Mao standing on Tien An Men rostrum, reviewing the great cultural revolutionary army in 1966, I recalled the brilliant achievements of the great proletarian cultural revolution and was deeply aware that only by firmly carrying out the proletarian revolutionary line represented by Chairman Mao can we conduct the great proletarian cultural revolution along the correct path and march from victory to victory." All who saw the exhibition realized more deeply that at crucial moments in China's revolution it has always been Chairman Mao who corrected the direction our boat was following and charted the right course. As long as we follow his revolutionary line we shall be victorious wherever we go.

Seeing the pictures showing Chairman Mao's old residence, Chairman Mao writing *On Protracted War* in a Yen-an cave-dwelling and Chairman Mao working on an aeroplane, those viewing the exhibition were very much moved by his great revolutionary spirit. Many comrades said, "We'll endeavour to learn from Chairman Mao's great revolutionary spirit and always advance along the revolutionary path pointed out by him. Exerting ourselves to the utmost we'll firmly respond to Comrade Lin Piao's call to creatively study and apply Chairman Mao's works, really grasp his thought, follow Chairman Mao closely and firmly carry out and defend his revolutionary line."

A New Kind of Paper for Printing Chairman Mao's Works

The revolutionary workers and staff of Hungwei Paper Mill in Shanghai, holding aloft the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought, taking firm hold of the revolution and promoting production, giving full play to the revolutionary spirit of daring to think and act and conquering many difficulties, have succeeded in making a new type of paper for the printing of Chairman Mao's works in foreign languages. Now this paper is being formally produced.

A fairly resilient paper was required, thick and soft to the touch, smooth on both sides but not too shiny. In the past quite a few experiments were carried out, but without success. Since the great proletarian cultural revolution the political consciousness of the people has been very greatly raised. To ensure that this quality of paper should be available for the printing of even greater quantities of Chairman Mao's works to meet the demand of revolutionary people of all countries, and bearing in mind Chairman Mao's teaching — **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory,"** technicians went into the workshops and worked together with the workers. They summed up the various techniques required through practice and after several experiments they finally succeeded. At present, the revolutionary workers and staff of the mill, with great political enthusiasm, are carrying out the directive to produce this paper "with special urgency, in large quantities and at great speed." They say: Chairman Mao has taught us that, **"The people who have triumphed in their own revolution should help those still struggling for liberation. This is our internationalist duty."**

Art Festival of Army Units in Kwangtung Province

From January 4 to January 25, amateur artists of the army units stationed in Kwangtung Province held an art festival. A hundred and ninety-seven items were presented in 45 performances. More than 460 commanders, fighters and militiamen coming from the border areas and industrial and agricultural posts mounted the revolutionary stage. With deep class sentiment they sang heartily in praise of our great leader Chairman Mao, wishing him a long, long life. They sang of the great victory of the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung. They also sang of the brilliant achievements of the great proletarian cultural revolution. The team of a certain unit propagating Mao Tse-tung's thought performed with strong revolutionary feeling, forceful dancing and beautiful dialogue the item called *Workers, Peasants and Soldiers Mount the Revolutionary Stage*, in praise of our great leader Chairman Mao and the proletarian revolutionary line represented

by him. Items like the ballad *Huangshantung Militiamen Love Best Chairman Mao* performed by spare-time artists from Huiyang army units, the song and dance *Joyous Millions Turn to the Sun* by those in Chankiang army units and *Chairman Mao Is the Never-setting Sun in the Hearts of the World's Revolutionary People*, a ballad presented by amateur artists from the army units of Meihsien County, all made a strong appeal to the audience. They felt inspired and supremely happy, just as if they had flown to Tien An Men, to the side of Chairman Mao!

During this festival, teams from many units propagating Mao Tse-tung's thought paid special emphasis to publicizing Comrade Lin Piao's directive to push the mass movement of creatively studying and applying Chairman Mao's works to a new stage. Using various art forms they warmly eulogized Chairman Mao's works and the advanced units and characters nurtured on his works, giving the audience a lively education in Mao Tse-tung's thought. During the festival, these teams gave 32 performances in the streets, factories and villages of Kwangchow, measuring the success of their items by the degree of the workers', peasants' and soldiers' enthusiasm. They also worked and lived in the people's communes in the Kwangchow suburbs. Recollecting the bitter past and dwelling on their happy life today, together with the peasants, the team members came to have deeper class feeling for the poor and lower-middle peasants, and a determination to work for the liberation of the world's oppressed peoples. They vowed that all their lives they would spread Mao Tse-tung's invincible thought far and wide.

Published by Foreign Languages Press
Pai Wan Chuang, Peking (37), China
Printed in the People's Republic of China

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中國文學

英文月刊 1967年第5-6期

本刊代號 2-916