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# CHINESE LITERATURE

## Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung

If there is to be revolution, there must be a revolutionary party. Without a revolutionary party, without a party built on the Marxist-Leninist revolutionary theory and in the Marxist-Leninist revolutionary style, it is impossible to lead the working class and the broad masses of the people in defeating imperialism and its running dogs.

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Front Cover: Doubly on the Alert

## In His Mind a Million Bold Warriors

**EDITORS' NOTE:** Our last issue carried an abridged reminiscence about Chairman Mao Tsetung on the 25,000-*li* Long March during 1934 and 1935. The following is about Chairman Mao during the northern Shensi campaign in 1947.

After the defeat of the Japanese aggressors in 1945, the eight-year War of Resistance Against Japan was concluded in victory. Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang government, however, immediately mobilized its forces to launch attacks on the liberated areas led by the Chinese Communist Party. This aroused the indignation of the people who demanded peace and democracy. The Kuomintang government was forced to reach a "truce agreement" with the Communist Party of China in January 1946. But by July, with the support of the U.S. imperialists, Chiang Kai-shek had openly breached the agreement and started an all-out civil war.

In March 1947, Chiang Kai-shek concentrated 230,000 men in an attack on Yen-an, where the headquarters of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party was situated and where Chairman Mao worked. At that time the Northwest People's Liberation Army had only some 20,000 men in the entire region. Chairman Mao and the Central Party Committee decided to leave Yen-an on March 19, 1947 and move about within northern Shensi in order to lure Chiang Kai-shek's troops in deep and destroy them.

The PLA, under Chairman Mao's command, led the enemy around by the nose. The foe lost a large part of its main forces and was soon scattering in confusion. Our Northwest PLA launched a sweeping counter-offensive, and on April 22, 1948 Yen-an was returned to the hands of the people.

The author Yen Chang-lin was leader of Chairman Mao's guards during the period 1946-1951. He is now in charge of a factory in Peking.

More than a month had passed since the organizations of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party had left Yen-an. During this period, changing our direction suddenly and frequently, we had led the enemy on a dizzy chase. Every place we came to, we stayed only a few days, then moved on. The plan of the Hu Tsung-nan\* brigand army to "demolish" the nerve centre of our Party was foiled time after time, and defeat pressed closer to them step by step!

### Sharing Thick and Thin

In April, the organizations of the Central Committee moved to Wangchiawan in Chingpien County. Nestling halfway up the side of a mountain, this little village had less than a score of families. Chairman Mao Tsetung, Vice-Chairman Chou En-lai and Comrade Jen Pi-shih were all living in two and a half cave rooms which the poor peasant Old Man Wang had loaned them. Dark and in disrepair, the place was full of pickled vegetable vats. You could smell the sour odour even standing out in the courtyard. Chairman Mao stayed in the innermost room. After we put in a rickety willow-wood table, there was no space left for any other furniture.

Vice-Chairman Chou slept on an earthen *kang* bed facing the door. He found a tree stump section which he cushioned with his padded jacket and sat on that, resting his elbows on the *kang* as he read and signed documents. To the right was a so-called half room, which was occupied entirely by an earthen *kang* bed. When you

\*One of Chiang Kai-shek's high-ranking generals, Hu Tsung-nan was then in charge of the campaign against Shensi-Kansu-Ningsia Border Region.



stepped inside, you couldn't straighten up. Comrade Jen Pi-shih worked and slept in there.

Old Man Wang, our host, felt very apologetic. He told his family to lend us another cave, and asked our guards to help move out his belongings. On hearing of this, Comrade Chiang Ching said to me:

"Don't move them. He's got a big family— young and old. How are you going to squeeze them all into one cave?"

"It's too crowded in this place," I said. "Even a company headquarters usually gets more space than this."

"But conditions are hard at the moment," she replied. "We're a large organization. Moving into a little village like this, we've already caused the local people enough trouble. The Chairman has instructed us that when we run into difficulties we should think of ways to solve them. He isn't going to like it if we put too much stress on his comfort. Besides, we have to think what impression this might make on the people."

The two and a half rooms were connected, and had only one entrance. In spite of the fact that our leaders lived in such cramped quarters, except when there was a meeting going on, you never

heard a sound. The Chairman always went in and out softly, careful not to disturb the others. Late at night, tired from too much work, he might occasionally go out for a stroll. If another leader happened to be resting at the time, Chairman Mao wouldn't even turn on his flashlight. It was the same with the others. Vice-Chairman Chou, who got up early in the morning, would go outside when he wanted to cough. Comrade Jen Pi-shih, who used to get up early too, would take his breakfast in the shed where the guards were billeted, rather than let the clink of crockery disturb other people's rest.

At mealtimes, the leaders were even more considerate, each insisting on eating only the coarsest grain. The Chairman firmly demanded gruel made of flour and elm leaves. Each time Vice-Chairman Chou picked up an elm-leaf muffin, he would say with a chuckle: "Delicious!"

## The People Are Our Wall of Bronze

For ten years or more, since the arrival of the Red Army in northern Shensi Province after the Long March, the local people had been living a peaceful settled life. Whenever we came to a new place, Chairman Mao would call the village cadres to a meeting. Sometimes he would also summon the secretary of the district Communist Party committee to check what preparations were being made for battle, and would mobilize the people to conceal any implements or crops that could be used by the enemy.

He also gave the guards squad a task. No matter where we stopped, the first thing we had to do after removing the saddle-bags from the horses was to go out and do propaganda work among the people. We also had to get to know the conditions of their production and livelihood, as well as the size of the population work and the number of families, how much land was cultivated and what taxes were paid — and report it all back. Because Chairman Mao kept after us, this had already become a customary part of our work.

There had been a drought that year, with no saturating rain since the beginning of spring. All the young men in the village had

gone off to the front with their pack animals. Only women and children were left. The sowing season would soon be over, but their land was still untouched.

The Central Committee organizations immediately called an emergency meeting. Chairman Mao mobilized every man in our unit to go out in the fields and lend a hand with the sowing and hitch our horses to the ploughs. He also told us to assign some people to go into the mountains with the country folk and help them cut brushwood, which they needed for boiling water and for cooking.

It was then that we received more good news from the front. Our field army had wiped out an enemy brigade at Yangmaho and captured an enemy vice-brigadier. This victory encouraged us greatly. Everyone threw himself into his work more vigorously than before.

When Chairman Mao wasn't working, he often went out and travelled around. He had been used to taking walks in Yenan, but now his habits were a bit different. Sometimes he climbed mountains, sometimes he walked the stone road, sometimes he rode horseback. Each time he went out, he would cover many *li*. All this was to accustom himself to our marches. As there was much work to do in the fields, Chairman Mao never let more than two of us accompany him. We were only seventy or so *li* from Wayaopao, and enemy spies were often active in the neighbourhood. We always worried whenever Chairman Mao wandered a bit far. Usually we sent a few men on ahead secretly.

One day Chairman Mao happened to see them, and he asked: "Are those your men on that hill up there?"

I was taken aback. But I couldn't lie. After a long pause I could only say: "I was afraid —"

"Afraid of what?" Chairman Mao interrupted. Then he continued: "The enemy won't come this way at present. Their armed forces can't come, and it's not easy for their plain-clothes agents to come either. We have the people on our side! Everyone's so busy in the fields now, you ought to send a few more men to help with production. Why must they all go with me?" When we

didn't answer, the Chairman said gently: "You must have faith in the people. Although an enemy may not have 'counter-revolutionary' written on his forehead, the country folk can spot a bad egg immediately. We don't have to make a move. These neighbours will nab him. You men should do more mass work."

At this point Chairman Mao gave me a meaningful glance and asked: "Have you heard of our organizations' 'six many's?'"

I said: "The country folk say we have many men carrying pistols, many who ride horseback, many rolls of telephone wire, many women (radio operators), many flashlights and many pack animals."

Chairman Mao smiled. "Those are the characteristics of this detachment of ours. You can see what good analytical powers the country folk have. I'm afraid our own comrades may not be aware of these characteristics yet. But we must tell the people to observe secrecy. If the enemy gets hold of this kind of information, we won't be able to stay here long!"

The Chairman taught us time and again to believe in the people, to rely on the people. As long as we really did this, the people would stand with us for ever, be our wall of bronze. They would never leave us even if faced with a mountain of knives or a sea of flames! These words were absolutely right. Not once did they fail to come true.

At the time, in a nearby village where our Fourth Detachment was quartered was a primary school teacher who was a member of the Kuomintang. Although ordinarily he said nothing but "progressive" things, his thinking was actually quite reactionary. The country folk are very sharp, and they had been keeping an eye on him for some time. Afraid that since we were a big organization our presence might easily be detected, they imposed a news blockade of their own accord and didn't let him learn a thing.

Later, after we had left Wangchiawan, sure enough he went over to the enemy. They interrogated him: Where has Chairman Mao gone? He was tongue-tied. He hadn't the faintest idea.

Now, after Chairman Mao's reminder, we immediately changed our methods. We sent several more comrades out to plant the fields and to cut brushwood in the mountains. This helped the

local folk with production and enabled us to do our guard duty at the same time. It was killing two birds with one stone.

After that, whenever our comrades in the guards squad would return from the mountains carrying bundles of firewood and walk with the Chairman back to the village, Chairman Mao would ask them with a smile: "Doing sentry duty again?"

Everyone would laugh.

## Making Hu Tsung-nan Listen to Orders

After the battle of Yangmaho, the main forces of the enemy concentrated in the Wayaopao area. They burned every neighbouring village to the ground. Not a single house was left standing whole. The doors and window frames of every cave dwelling were also burned. The enemy made frequent forays in all directions, hoping to find our main force in order to fight a decisive battle.

Our leaders worked more intensively than ever. Day and night they held meetings to analyse and discuss the situation. We guessed that another big campaign was probably being planned. At times like this, the leaders rarely came out of the cave. Only the secretaries ran in and out with radio messages. Once in a great while, Chairman Mao came out, but then it was only to pace back and forth alone, deep in thought. He seemed to be pondering some important problem.

One afternoon, just as Chairman Mao and Vice-Chairman Chou were emerging from the cave, the confidential secretary rushed up with a radiogram which he handed to Vice-Chairman Chou. After reading it, Vice-Chairman Chou immediately gave it to Chairman Mao. The Chairman took it and read it.

"Lure the enemy away, then it will be all right," he said.

He went back into the cave and continued with the meeting.

For several days after that our leaders seldom rested. Sometimes the lamps in the caves burned right up until dawn. Clearly the Chairman was arranging a battle again, preparing to move the enemy about. We'd soon be hearing of a big victory!

But the news from the front wasn't so good. The enemy had occupied Suiteh and it looked as if they'd reach the banks of the Yellow River in another couple of days. Up until then we hadn't had any word of our army's movements. What was the real situation? Past experience told us that the enemy always took our orders, that they never could act outside the Chairman's accurate plans and shrewd calculations. But how, after all, was our army going to hit them this time? We waited anxiously.

On May second, in his cave, the Chairman again held a meeting that lasted all night. It wasn't until nearly daybreak that our leaders — still wearing their clothes — went to bed. Suddenly the thundering of artillery sounded to the southeast. We hastily got up.

The Chairman came out of his cave with that patched and repatched grey padded jacket of his draped over his shoulders. "Is that artillery fire?" he asked the sentry.

"Yes. They've been firing for quite a while now," the sentry replied.

The Chairman didn't say anything else. But as he returned to his cave, there was an animated expression on his face.

In a little while, everyone in the compound had risen. The Chairman and the Vice-Chairman were soon working busily. A secretary with a radiogram in his hand flew into the Chairman's cave. We heard Vice-Chairman Chou say: "Good. Now that we've taken the commanding height, we've got the situation under control." He and the Chairman laughed infectiously. Everyone tried to guess where we had struck.

For two days and two nights the artillery boomed. Everyone was very excited. Whenever we had a free moment, we hurried to the top of the caves and looked. We couldn't see a thing. But we were convinced that once we started a battle, our victory was ensured. Sure enough, not long after, news of victory came from the front.

Our army had retaken Panlung, put over seven thousand enemy defenders out of action, and captured their brigadier Li Kun-kang. We had also knocked down an enemy plane with rifle fire. Panlung was the enemy's strategic supply depot. Munitions, materials, uniforms and white wheat flour were piled mountain high. As a

quarter-master general, Hu Tsung-nan wasn't bad at all. He delivered to us everything we needed. This gave our army more abundant strength to beat the enemy.

All doubts were dispelled. What had happened was that while the enemy was seeking our main army for a show-down battle, the Chairman had ordered our field army to use one brigade to lure nine of the enemy brigades from the Panlung-Wayaopao line to Suiteh. Then our main force was ordered to circle around and attack the enemy's rear. If the enemy had tried to return from Suiteh, it would have taken them six or seven days at least. By then it would have been too late.

This big victory helped us to understand better Chairman Mao's brilliant military thinking, which won every battle. After Hu Tsung-nan attacked Yen-an, on all the battlefields of the northwest we had only a little more than twenty-two thousand combat troops. The enemy had more than two hundred thousand. For the small to defeat the large it was necessary to destroy the enemy effectives and continually strengthen our own forces in the course of the fighting. With his thorough grasp of the enemy's ways, Chairman Mao not only commanded our troops, but he also "directed" the actions of the enemy. For two months, the enemy moved entirely according to our plan.

Once, before Hu Tsung-nan took Yen-an, the Chairman concentrated a superior force in the Chinghuapien sector northeast of Yen-an and destroyed an invading enemy detachment. Just as the Chairman had anticipated, five or six enemy brigades — over fifty thousand men, all fully equipped, charged towards Ansai. They saw only our Eighth Brigade openly withdrawing in Ansai's direction. They never dreamed that our main force would strike them a fatal blow in the Chinghuapien sector! The great victory at Yangmaho we won in the same way.

Because our army correctly put Chairman Mao's concept of military strategy into effect, it was able to be mobile and flexible, quick and powerful, to fight consecutive battles fearless of dangers or difficulties, to spot and make use of the enemy's weak points, to hit hard mortal blows, not letting a single enemy escape the net. As a result, in two



months the whole aspect of the northwest battlefield changed completely.

On May fourteenth, a mass victory meeting of ten thousand people was held at Chenwutung to celebrate our army's victorious retaking of Panlung and the turn in the northwest military situation. Vice-Chairman Chou, representing the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party and Chairman Mao, congratulated the heroic commanders and fighters of the Northwest Field Army. And he announced at the meeting: The Central Committee and Chairman Mao are still in northern Shensi.

"Chairman Mao is still in northern Shensi!" What enormous encouragement this news brought. Cheering and jumping for joy, the people threw their caps into the air.

With Chairman Mao personally in command of us, all-out victory was sure to come quickly.

After Vice-Chairman Chou returned, several leaders sat in the courtyard and talked about the impressive meeting at Chenwutung. Their laughter filled the little yard. Vice-Chairman Chou said:

"Chairman, our brigadiers are concerned about you. They say you don't have enough armed men around you. Every one of them asks permission to come and guard your safety."

Chairman Mao laughed. Rising to his feet he said: "I'm certainly not going to divert any of their strength. Let them concentrate it to use against the enemy. We're quite safe here."

The other leaders all smiled and nodded.

### Chairman Mao Is Still in Northern Shensi

The weather gradually turned sultry. Chairman Mao, in a cave where the air barely circulated, perspired as he worked. We felt very remiss. Outside the door, we built an arbour of branches so that Chairman Mao could enjoy the cool shade. Sometimes he ate his meals there. Every day at dusk, the Chairman would bring out a small stool and

sit a while beneath the arbour. He would either study a foreign language, or correct the writing in the guards' diaries.

Ever since we had left Yen-an, even though life was unsettled and he was very busy, Chairman Mao had persisted in teaching himself a foreign language. He never dropped it. What's more, he frequently reminded us to study whenever we had a spare moment. If we couldn't study systematically, we could read some novels. And so, when we set out we made a plan for each of us to read five novels on the march and keep a diary. Whenever the Chairman had time he always looked over our diaries or asked about our studies. He gave us very helpful supervision.

It was a scorching afternoon. Chairman Mao and Vice-Chairman Chou both went to the little arbour to enjoy the shade. They listened to a battery radio which was on an overturned vat. The Hsinhua broadcasting station was reporting the news of our big victory at Panlung and the mass victory celebration in Chenwutung. The girl announcer spoke with much emotion. When she told of how Chiang Kai-shek broke his word and started the civil war, she denounced with great indignation, in stirring tones. When she told of the joyous victory celebration at Chenwutung, the unrestrained enthusiasm in her voice was inspiring to hear.

Chairman Mao stood up and walked a few steps, then halted by the doorway. He was listening attentively.

The host of the compound we were living in, Old Man Wang, smiling, came hurrying over. Though past sixty, he was a skilled robust farmer. What with three sons and their wives and a whole troop of kids, there were nearly a score in his family. The three sons had all gone off to help at the front. At spring ploughing time families whose men were in the army or had been killed in battle lacked labour power. The old man helped them plant first. Only then did he tend his own land. His generosity was known and praised by all.

He had been a member of the Red Guards when Liu Chih-tan was leading the revolutionary struggle of the people of northern Shensi, and he often told Chairman Mao stories of the fighting. Chairman Mao always hailed Old Man Wang whenever they met. He would pull up a stool and invite him to be seated.

The old man had never seen a radio before. Now, the impressive sounds coming out of the square box absolutely amazed him. He leaned forward, his hands on his knees, examining the radio from all sides. After a long silence, he asked curiously:

"What is this? Is there someone inside?"

We all roared with laughter.

"Don't laugh," said Chairman Mao. "If any of you understand the principle of the thing, let's hear you explain it."

Radios were pretty rare in those days. The other guards and I had heard them a few times, but none of us could say what made them work. We looked at each other in embarrassment.

Chairman Mao brought over a small stool and invited Old Man Wang to have a seat. Then, in a casual chatty way, he began to explain what a radio was all about. He talked of the echoes in the mountain valleys, of the vibrations in the air, and finally of the various principles governing electro-magnetic waves. The more we heard, the more interested we became. It was like attending a fascinating lecture.

"*Aiya!* There's certainly a lot of deep learning involved here," Old Man Wang said in surprise. "Today I've opened my eyes and gained some knowledge. If you folks weren't stopping here I'd never get to see such a thing! Even if I'd fallen over one on the road and brought such a gadget home, I'd probably have broken it up for firewood."

We all burst into laughter. Chairman Mao laughed too.

"Fine," he said. "Be sure you don't make kindling of it if you happen to find one in the future."

Old Man Wang nodded vigorously. "I won't burn it, I won't burn it. I'll keep it to hear our Chairman Mao speak." Again we wanted to laugh, but no one did. In wartime, the movements of our leaders were kept secret. The old man knew the leader who was talking to him only as "Li Teh-sheng" (the name Chairman Mao used during the time of the northern Shensi battles). He had no idea that this was our great leader, Chairman Mao.

After that, Old Man Wang always tried to get close to the Chairman. He felt this high-ranking leader was truly warm-hearted and friendly. Every day he went into Chairman Mao's cave dwelling a couple of

times to say a few words to the Chairman. He knew from the broadcast that Chairman Mao hadn't left northern Shensi. Every time he met us, he would announce:

"Have you heard? Chairman Mao is still in northern Shensi. Hu Tsung-nan's troops won't last long."

It wasn't until after we left Wangchiawan that the old man finally learned that the leader who had been living in his cave dwelling was Chairman Mao. The old fellow's heart blossomed into joyous flower.

"Chairman Mao is still in northern Shensi," he would tell people. "He won't go until Hu Tsung-nan is beaten."

Later, Kuomintang troops occupied Wangchiawan, and it so happened that the cave the Chairman had lived in caught the fancy of Liu Kan, commander of the Kuomintang 29th Army. Liu had orgies of feasting and turned the place into a shambles.

One day when Old Man Wang came down from the mountains to scout out the enemy's activities, he was caught and brought back to the village. They hung him up and beat him, demanding that he tell where Chairman Mao had gone. In a voice as hard as nails, the old man snapped:

"You want to know where Chairman Mao is, do you? He's right here in northern Shensi." Then he closed his eyes and wouldn't say another word, no matter how the enemy whipped and kicked him. Crazy with rage, the bandits chopped off two of his fingers. Old Man Wang fainted several times. But each time he revived, it was always the same retort:

"Chairman Mao is still right here in northern Shensi!"

## Marching at Night Through Wind and Rain

In the blink of an eye it was June. The corn we had planted was more than a foot high. All the country folk were busy weeding and spreading fertilizer. Tender green crops covered the mountainsides, promise of a rich harvest. Goaded to fury by the disgrace of successive defeats, Hu Tsung-nan again sent Liu Kan, leading more than four brigades, in an assault on the Wangchiawan sector.

Command headquarters ordered us to prepare for battle. The comrades who had been dispatched to do propaganda work among the people also came back, one after another. Knowing that our troops were getting ready to leave, the local people hastily concealed or removed everything that might be of use to the enemy. Chairman Mao, with particular concern, said that we should organize the withdrawal of the local people systematically.

All the country folk in the neighbourhood were gone before dark. We received orders to depart that night. Quickly we put our things in order, got our animals ready, and waited for the order to march.

Thunder rumbled. The western sky filled with black clouds. It was going to rain very soon. The Chairman and several of the other leaders were still at a meeting in the cave. We were extremely anxious. Although there hadn't been any saturating rain yet that summer, we hoped those dark clouds would quickly scatter. Otherwise, during the march our leaders might get soaked.

At long last Chairman Mao came out of the cave. We hastily led up his horse. The Chairman looked up at the sky, unbuttoned his jacket and said happily: "This is going to be a good rain!" He calmly sat down on a stool, not showing the least inclination to leave. Just then Comrade Wang Tung-hsing, assistant chief-of-staff of the detachment, came along.

"Chairman," he asked, "when are we setting out?"

"What's the rush?" said the Chairman. "We haven't seen the enemy yet."

Hearing the Chairman talk like that, we became even more worried. Our main force was far away. We had only four companies and not even a small field piece. A few hundred rifles would have to hold off four and a half enemy brigades equipped with U.S. arms — the responsibility was too heavy.

The assistant chief-of-staff understood how troubled we were, and he kept urging: "It's better to start a little early, Chairman. The road is hard to travel in the dark."

The Chairman smiled. "I've crossed the snowy mountains and I've crossed the marshy grasslands. But I've never been across a desert. Don't worry. We'll never do what the enemy expects.

They want to drive us across the Yellow River, but we're going to do just the opposite — travel west. There are plenty of roads. What's so special about crossing the desert? Let's wait and have a look. There'll still be time enough to leave after Hu Tsung-nan's troops get here."

"You go first, Chairman. I'll fight the enemy here to see what they're made of. Then we'll give you a report." Comrade Wang Tung-hsing was very good at guessing the Chairman's thoughts. He figured the Chairman must be calculating how to strike the invading enemy, in a way that would provide good cover for the people's withdrawal and prevent the enemy from estimating our real strength.

Chairman Mao smiled with pleasure. Rising to his feet, he queried: "Do you dare to stay behind?"

Comrade Wang laughed. "Why not? If only the Chairman will give the order."

"Good. How many men do you want?"

"One platoon!"

"Good. We'll leave you one platoon. Be sure to engage the foe here."

Comrade Wang speedily began making preparations.

Chairman Mao twice paced the courtyard. Then he turned to us and said:

"Sweep the cave clean and check everything in it carefully again."

The sky was darkly overcast. We lit a lantern. When the leaders were ready and mounted, scattered drops began to fall. We were running into rain.

Just before leaving the compound, Chairman Mao stood outside the door of Old Man Wang's cave dwelling and asked: "Is our host still here?" I replied: "The village cadres have already led the people away." Only then did the Chairman get on his horse.

We went along the rear of the village then climbed through the drizzle towards the ridge of a mountain to the west. Although it was June, the weather was cold late at night in that fine murky drizzle. The nearer we got to the top, the stronger the wind and rain became. Our leaders wore raincoats and were mounted on horses, but their

trousers were soaked from the knees down. The night was so dark you couldn't see the fingers of your hand before your face. Stumbling and colliding with each other, we travelled on. Where the animals couldn't be ridden, the Chairman dismounted and walked with us slowly up the mountain.

We crossed a ridge. The path became muddier than ever. Every time you put your foot down the mud sucked at your shoe and wouldn't let it go. The night was so black that whenever the line of march stretched out a bit too long, the ones in the rear lost contact. Those up front had to keep clapping their hands to show where they were. Below was a deep ravine into which you might easily tumble if you weren't careful.

Chairman Mao strode along calmly, his cloth shoes squelching in the mud. I walked close beside him so that I might catch him if he slipped, but he proceeded quite steadily. Concentrating on moving forward, I accidentally stumbled and was about to fall when the Chairman quickly put out a big hand and pulled me upright.

At daybreak we reached Hsiaoho. Enveloped in thin mist after the rain, the village looked exceptionally lovely. We were now forty *li* from Wangchiawan. Our detachment halted and rested. Some time before noon we heard heavy rifle and artillery fire to our rear. Planes began circling overhead. Scouts reported that Comrade Wang Tung-hsing had engaged the enemy. Our one platoon, on a controlling height at Yangylaowan, was blocking the advance of three brigades. It beat back three enemy charges. In spite of the help of artillery and planes, the enemy couldn't move forward a single step. After three and a half hours, having successfully accomplished his delaying mission, Comrade Wang Tung-hsing and his platoon withdrew.

According to our scouts' reports, enemy units were moving in the same direction along our flanks as we were. At dark, we continued our march. The sky, which had just cleared, again changed, and it started to pour. Travelling upwards along the ridge, suddenly we heard scattered rifle fire down below. At the same time we noticed in the valley to the left a long row of flames. There seemed

to be no beginning or end to them. This succession of bonfires stretched on and on, turning the whole valley red with their glow. It was the enemy, and they were right below us.

Comrade Jen Pi-shih issued an order: No one was to turn on his flashlight or smoke. We travelled a bit further, then the men ahead suddenly halted and word was passed back: Rest where you are. We were sweating with anxiety, worried about our leaders' safety. The situation was so tense — how could we stop here? We sent a man to inquire. What had happened was that the peasant guiding us had lost the path. Our troops had no way of going on. All we could do was send to a nearby village for another guide. To prepare for anything that might happen, our guards detachment dispatched a platoon with three machine-guns to set up a position commanding the valley, which was down the slope to the left.

The Chairman stood in the rain. On that bare mountain there wasn't even a rock to sit on. Guard Shih Kuo-jui removed his pack and placed it on the ground. "Sit here, Chairman," he said.

"That will make it dirty," said the Chairman.

"It doesn't matter," Shih replied quickly. "If it gets dirty, I can wash it."

The Chairman said: "Thank you," and seated himself on the soaking wet pack.

As he sat down, the Chairman automatically pulled out a cigarette. Tapping it on his hand, he held it up to his nose and sniffed it. He looked as if he wanted to have a smoke.

Guard Sun Chen-kuo asked: "Would you like to smoke, Chairman? Here are some matches. They're still dry."

The Chairman said: "The order is no smoking." And he put the cigarette back in his pocket.

Battered by wind and rain, we were in a very difficult situation. At any time the enemy might charge up the mountain. The firing was sometimes heavy, sometimes light, sometimes far, sometimes near. Our hearts were in our throats. The Chairman said quietly: "This is a good rain. In another half month the wheat will be ready for harvesting." Those calm words steadied us.

After about an hour, Comrade Jen Pi-shih came over. He reported the situation to the Chairman and said: "A guide's been found. Let's go on. We're only twenty *li* from Tientzuwan."

"Let's go," said the Chairman.

The detachment resumed its march. We asked the Chairman to ride on a stretcher, but he refused.

"I told you I won't sit on that thing," he said. "If you want to carry it, that's up to you. Thanks to Hu Tsung-nan's attack, I've had exercise which has made me quite strong. I really ought to thank him."

We all laughed.

The rain seemed to lessen a bit. At dawn we reached a little village about five *li* from Tientzuwan. The Chairman hadn't drunk a mouthful of hot water all during the night march. We made a temporary halt and found a narrow little cave that was pitch dark, where we prepared to dry our clothes over a fire and boil some drinking water. The comrades quickly piled up some brushwood and dried their garments by the fire. Smoke filled the whole cave, choking us and making our eyes water. We asked the Chairman to remove his shoes so that we could dry them.

"They'll only get wet again after you toast them dry," he said with a smile. "I'd better just wear them this way."

After daybreak, we crossed the ridge and entered the village Tientzuwan. The detachment and its pack animals got out of the rain under the trees and waited for orders. The country folk here had all evacuated. Of the twenty-odd original households all that remained were empty cave dwellings.

Comrade Jen Pi-shih said: "The enemy has also set out. They're only twenty or thirty *li* from us."

"Let's rest here," said the Chairman, "and make preparations for fighting on the march. Organize the outpost well. If the enemy come, we'll leave immediately. If they move on through the valley, we'll remain here." Then he looked down the mountain and added: "The enemy is probably heading for Pao-an."

Sure enough, scouts kept coming in with reports: "The enemy is passing through the valley." "The enemy is all gone."



"Good," said Chairman Mao. "We'll stay here."

The pack animals were unloaded, living quarters were found, and our troops rested.

No sooner had we moved in than Comrade Wang Tung-hsing returned with his platoon. The Chairman came out of his cave to greet them. He shook Wang's hand and said affectionately:

"Well fought. If one of our platoons can hold off the attack of three enemy brigades, it proves they're not a bit formidable. It shows we can lick Hu Tsung-nan very quickly. I've already sent radiograms to all our positions, commending you men. Such courage and military skill deserve formal citation."

Comrade Wang Tung-hsing said: "The Chairman commands us well."

"You're an excellent fighter," said Chairman Mao. "I am going to give you another mission. Do you dare to go?"

Comrade Wang laughed. "If only the Chairman will issue the order, I'll dare to go anywhere."

"Good. I want you to go to Yen-an. Do you dare or not?" the Chairman asked with a smile.

"If the Chairman says go, I'll leave immediately," Comrade Wang replied, also smiling.

"Take a company and tail the enemy. Make a trip to Yen-an. Don't let the enemy get any sleep for two days and two nights. You have two tasks: Go to the section around Date Garden and find out what the enemy is doing. Where are they living? How are they treating the people? The other is to visit the people in that neighbourhood. See whether any of them have come back. You must find a way to help them with whatever difficulties they're having. Be alert and resourceful on the road. If you run into a large enemy detachment, move on. If you meet a small enemy detachment, resolutely wipe it out."

"I certainly will firmly complete my mission," said Comrade Wang. He started to leave.

"Not so fast," the Chairman said. "Have a meal first and then go. There's still time. Take a radio along and stay in direct contact with us."

Comrade Wang hesitated. "If I take a company, won't that be too much? How will you get along here?"

With a gentle smile, the Chairman placed a hand on Comrade Wang's shoulder. "Don't worry, just go," he said firmly. "Don't bother about me. I've got my own methods." He paused, then added: "We may not be here when you come back. I can't tell you definitely where we will be. But one thing is sure — we won't leave northern Shensi."

We won't leave northern Shensi. What power there was in that phrase! It had already become the symbol of our victory.

Having accepted his assignment, Comrade Wang Tung-hsing made all necessary preparations, selected a radio operator and left with a company of crack troops. They tailed the enemy in the direction of Yen-an.

With more than four brigades, Liu Kan, rushing about like a headless fly, never was able to locate the trail of our Central Committee organizations. Finally, he had to give up and return in dejection. Comrade Wang and his men just at that time began to nip the enemy's tail. Liu Kan was puzzled. He never expected to meet a People's

Liberation Army unit here. He had no choice but to defend himself hurriedly. Abandoning arms and equipment all along the way, he and his brigades fled back to the city of Yen-an.

Not long after, we heard that Comrade Wang had penetrated to the outskirts of the city. There he gathered five or six guerrilla detachments and started a struggle against the enemy. At the same time, they helped the local peasants quickly harvest eight hundred loads of wheat. When this news reached us, Chairman Mao said approvingly:

"Excellent. Eight hundred loads of wheat harvested now are more useful than the destruction of eight hundred enemy soldiers."

Half a month later, Comrade Wang Tung-hsing, having completed his mission, returned victoriously. Everyone smiled and talked happily as we congratulated him.

"So you're back," I said. "The ruse worked fine."

Comrade Wang didn't understand. "What ruse?" he asked.

"We only had so few troops to protect the Central Committee and Chairman Mao to begin with, and you went off with a whole company," I said. "If you hadn't come back soon we would have had trouble finding enough men to do sentry duty, to say nothing of fighting a battle."

Comrade Wang laughed. "What are you getting excited about? When you're with Chairman Mao, everything's as steady as Mount Tai. I remember a line that's inscribed on the Yen-an city wall: 'In his mind a million bold warriors.' How well those words fit our great leader. We may not have many men, but with Chairman Mao's thinking to guide us, we're bound to defeat the enemy."

## Victory Is in Sight

Beside a stream in the mountains, the village of Hsiao-ho was surrounded by groves of deep green. After spending five days in Tientzuwan, the organizations of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party returned here. The excitement of battle over, life once more peacefully settled down. While we were still

on the road the Chairman told us that the enemy, having taken several beatings in succession, would not have the strength to launch any attacks for a while. He estimated that we would remain for a fairly long period in the Hsiao-ho area. He therefore urged us to make effective use of this time to find a teacher and dig into our studies.

On the bank of the stream was a large compound that had belonged to a landlord. It contained a cave dwelling made of brick, with about a dozen rooms. Three sides of it protruded from the mountainside and it had a tile roof. The local people were accustomed to living in caves. While the poor could only scoop out a hole in the side of the mountain to live in, the rich used brick and created a new style dwelling. This one looked like a tile roofed house from the outside, but when you went in it was a cave. These places were very comfortable—warm in winter and cool in summer.

Our command headquarters was set up in this compound. We borrowed another three-sided cave dwelling from a family whose son was in the army for the Chairman's office. The Chairman lived in the north end, the guards in the south. On the *kang* bed in the middle section our peasant host was raising a great many silkworms.

After the living quarters were properly arranged, the staff officers sent over the military maps. Knowing that the Chairman wanted to work, we quickly lit a lamp for him.

Comrade Jen Pi-shih was our commander. Whenever we stopped in a place, he always inspected it thoroughly. As he approached the Chairman's cave, suddenly he halted and looked around. "What's the rustling sound?" he asked. We explained it was our host's silkworms eating mulberry leaves. Comrade Jen Pi-shih said: "Too noisy. It will interfere with the Chairman's work. We're going to stay here for some time. Move to another house tomorrow." We realized we had been careless.

At night we could hear the rustling like the hissing of a fine rain. Not only that, but our host came twice during the night with more mulberry leaves. Opening and shutting the door, moving things about, he made quite a racket. The following morning, we hurried to find a new house. When the Chairman learned this, he said:

"You ought to be out helping the people harvest the wheat. That's more important. This place is fine. There's no need to move. He can feed his silkworms and I'll attend to my work. We should never put people to trouble."

The wheat harvest was soon over. At that time, the Chairman was particularly busy. Almost every day he held meetings with the other leaders, and analysed problems. One day the Chairman suddenly proposed taking a walk outside the village. We were very pleased to hear this because the Chairman had exercised very seldom since coming to the village of Hsiao-ho. We accompanied him up the rear mountain. He noticed that Wu Ying-ling, one of the guards, was limping.

"Is your foot any better?" he asked.

Wu hadn't been careful and sprained his ankle on the march. It still hadn't healed. "The doctor says the bone's been hurt," Wu replied. "It can't improve very quickly."

The Chairman thought a moment, then asked: "Is the girl you're engaged to still waiting for you at home?"

Wu stammered: "Yes, she's still at home, waiting."

I remembered that once when the Chairman had gone out for a stroll in Yen-an, he had asked about our families, and Wu had told him that he had a girl who had been waiting to marry him for eight or nine years. At the time the Chairman had commended the women of our liberated area for not only being able to fight and work, but for understanding revolutionary principles and having the emotions of revolutionaries. That had been a year before. I was surprised that the Chairman should remember so clearly after all that time. The Chairman saw that Wu Ying-ling was embarrassed and he said:

"Excellent. You can take this opportunity to go home for a visit. If neither side has any objections, you two can go to the government office and register your marriage."

Wu became very upset. "Chairman," he said, "this is no time to be getting married. I can't leave you. Wait till we've beaten Hu Tsung-nan, then we'll see."

Chairman Mao smiled. "That's a very good way of thinking. But your foot's not well. It would be very inconvenient in battle.

It's better for you to take this opportunity and go home for a look. You'll cure your injury and settle your marriage problem at the same time. While home you can do some work among the masses. It won't be long before we defeat Hu Tsung-nan. You're a Hopei Province man. We'll be going down to Hopei too."

Wu Ying-ling didn't know what to say. He was so moved, hot tears filled his eyes. The Chairman urged him to return to his quarters and rest. Then he gave me special instructions:

"After we get back, ask Chief-of-Staff Yeh to write a letter of introduction, requesting the local government to look after Wu while he's at home recuperating." I promised to do so. The Chairman then asked: "How are you men coming on with your studies?"

"We're having a hard time finding a teacher." I replied.

"Let those who know teach," said the Chairman. "Teach yourselves and learn from each other. You also can listen to the radio broadcasts, ask your leaders to make reports, discuss current affairs. As long as you're serious about studying, there are plenty of methods."

While talking, we reached the top of the mountain. Off in the distance we could see a vast darkly verdant area of deep mountains and quiet valleys, of green peaks piercing the clouds. It was a scene of magnificence and beauty. On the summit were several rock piles and a few crumbling stone caves. The whole place was overgrown with weeds. The Chairman pointed at the nearest rock pile and asked:

"Do you know what that is?"

We guards stared at it for a long time, but none of us could tell. The Chairman circled around it, then pointing as he spoke, explained:

"There was frequent warfare here in ancient times. These are vestiges of battle. The rock piles were forts. And those were the foundations of buildings. This place was the manor of a feudal landlord."

Our interest was greatly aroused, and we all asked many questions. The Chairman patiently answered them one by one. It was a most vivid history lesson.

On the way back, the Chairman proposed going to see Old Hou, the groom. Old Hou had been with the Chairman ever since the Long March. He was faithful and hard-working, and the Chairman was very fond of him. When we walked into the compound, Old Hou hastily knocked the ashes out of his pipe against the sole of his shoe and ran up to shake the Chairman's hand.

"How's your health, Old Hou?" the Chairman asked him.

His face wreathed in smiles, Old Hou said: "Chairman, you haven't come out for a walk in days, and you don't ride your horse. I've been dying to see you."

"Well, here I am," the Chairman said with a laugh.

Smiling, Old Hou quickly led out the old black horse. When the animal saw the Chairman it began to prance, expecting him to mount.

The compound owner's young daughter, Lan-lan, lively and clever, aged about fifteen, had none of the shyness of girls in the mountain regions. The spotless white homespun tunic she wore heightened the freshness of her appearance. As soon as she heard our voices, she rushed out to greet Comrade Chiang Ching. In her hand was a newly-made pair of big cloth shoes.

Comrade Chiang Ching dropped in here often. Noticing that Lan-lan was bright and had nimble hands, she had asked the girl to make her some clothes. The clothes fit well, so she asked her to make a pair of cloth shoes for the Chairman.

Now the shoes were ready, and Lan-lan said to the Chairman, laughing: "I'm not very good at this. Please try them on and see if they fit." By then, her mother had also come over.

Smiling, the Chairman said: "Thank you. With these shoes, fighting and walking will both be easier."

Comrade Chiang Ching was delighted. She invited mother and daughter to come and call at the Chairman's cave dwelling. They readily agreed. Lan-lan's little brother and sister also came along. Neither of the kids were the least bit shy. They ran up to the Chairman and each took one of his hands, looking at him and laughing innocently.



"Come with me," the Chairman said fondly. And we all went down the mountain together. When we entered the compound, the Chairman invited his guests to be seated and asked about their livelihood.

"We get along very well. We never have any hardship," replied Lan-lan. "Only when Hu Tsung-nan comes and we run away to the gorges and don't dare go home — we often go hungry then."

Without waiting for the Chairman to speak, Lan-lan's mother quickly put in: "You silly child, all you know is the little hardship we had lately. You don't know what the older generation went through in the days before the Red Army was formed! Only since Bastard Hu has come to these parts, we occasionally suffer a bit. But as soon as we get back home we still have food and drink. When did we ever have that in the past?"

"Mama is right," the Chairman said. "In times of war there's bound to be some hardship. Things will be better after we beat Hu Tsung-nan."

"That's what we all think!" said Lan-lan's mother. "But how long will it be before the enemy's driven away?"

"Soon," said the Chairman. "A year, at most."

"That's really soon," said Lan-lan's mother. "We could hold out eight or ten years if need be, to say nothing of one. We country folk have got the will. As long as Chairman Mao is still in northern Shensi, we're not scared of that Bastard Hu!"

Throughout the whole period of the war of liberation in northern Shensi, wherever we went we always heard the same thing: "Our Chairman Mao is still in northern Shensi! We're not afraid of anything!" These words had become a tower of strength for all the people. People used these words to encourage each other while looking forward to victory and the future. Though there may be difficulties big as the sky, we'll conquer them all!

The next day the Chairman told us to get his things in order. He wanted to move to the place where Vice-Chairman Chou was staying. The Central Committee was going to hold an important conference and this place was too small. It couldn't accommodate many people.

According to instructions, we moved to the big compound on the bank of the stream. We heard that a goodly number were going to attend. Because the caves were too small, we hurriedly set up an arbour in the courtyard and carried out some wooden tables and chairs. Crude and simple, this place had to serve as the meeting hall.

General Chen Keng arrived. He was my old commander. A warm person with a cheerful direct way of speaking, he was a bold and firm commander in battle. His recent sweeping campaign across southern Shansi powerfully complemented the northern Shensi warfare.

When General Chen Keng saw Chairman Mao, the first thing he said was: "You've been through a lot of hardships and dangers, Chairman. You don't have enough guards and their arms are poor. We were really worried about you. The brigadiers all requested to come across the river and protect you."

The Chairman shook hands with him and replied cordially: "This time I've asked you to come across the Yellow River but not to protect me." Then the Chairman smiled: "Your forces are fighting very well in southern Shansi, you're hitting the enemy fatal blows. The good arms should be left to you. There's no need to worry about me here."

Northwest military and administrative leaders had all arrived one after another. The courtyard was soon very lively, with seventeen or eighteen leaders laughing and talking together in high spirits.

Vice-Chairman Chou had instructed our administrative personnel to do everything possible to make living conditions a bit easier for the leaders. Since there was no place to buy vegetables locally, the Suiteh prefectural Party committee sent us a few loads on pack donkeys every few days. But the weather was hot and the trip long. By the time the vegetables arrived, many were already wilted. There was no help for it. All we could do was go out and dig up wild vegetables. This particular kind was one the Chairman had discovered during a walk in Wangchiawan. It happened to grow here too. Everyone thought it was very tasty when it was served

at the table. General Chen Keng liked it better with each mouthful. He couldn't stop praising it.

"This is delicious," he said. "Is there any more?"

Everyone laughed. Vice-Chairman Chou said: "We've got plenty. We can dig some out whenever we want." And he told the cook Old Chou to heat up another platter.

During the conference, the Chairman spoke almost every day, at large meetings and small, as well as holding separate talks with the leaders of the various localities. He was extremely busy from morning till night. We knew from experience that the Chairman's work became tensest before the start of every big action. At this conference, which seemed to be one analysing how to co-ordinate the fighting on several battlefields, the work was especially heavy.

The conference lasted seven or eight days. Many questions were discussed. The atmosphere was very enthusiastic. When the talk turned to the northern Shensi battlefield, it was decided that our army should attack Yulin, lure the enemy up north, drag them around until they were exhausted, then find the right opportunity to wipe out their effectives. With regard to the Chen-Hsieh Army\* crossing the river, it was decided that they should drive into western Honan and threaten Sian, in support of the southern push of the Second Field Army. From the way the discussion went, it was safe to say that victory was already in sight. A huge counter-offensive was about to begin.

## Our March Is Our Classroom

The organizations of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party remained in the village of Hsiao-ho for over forty days. The prelude to the new battle had commenced. In the beginning of August the main force of the Northwest Field Army drove straight up to Yulin. Hu Tsung-nan's army, panicky, hastily switched its forces from the southern front to the northern front, to relieve the

\*The field army led by Chen Keng and Hsieh Fu-chih.

besieged city. From the Chihtan-Ansai sector, following east along the Great Wall, came the enemy's Thirty-sixth Division, headed by Chung Sung.\* The combined seven brigades of Liu Kan and Tung Chao\*\* hurried north along the Hsienyang-Yulin highway. Chiang Kai-shek flew to Yen-an to supervise personally. All the enemy positions were thrown into confusion.

The village of Hsiao-ho was in the path of the spearhead of the enemy's attack. According to our scouts' reports, the enemy's "swift brigade" was rushing with full force towards the village. The Central Committee organizations decided to move. On the evening of the thirty-first of July the Chairman told us to check and return the implements we had borrowed from the local people, and pay the original price of anything we had broken. We also were to call on every family and say goodbye.

Soon after, Comrade Jen Pi-shih summoned all cadres of platoon leader rank and above to a mobilization meeting. He said we had a difficult march ahead of us. The enemy planned to blockade Suiteh and Michih, and surround us west of the Wuting River. In order to smash their plot we had to get to Suiteh first and find a chance to wipe them out. It was therefore necessary for everyone to display a tough and stubborn fighting spirit. After the meeting, Comrade Jen Pi-shih inspected the defence positions of the guards detachment. Obviously, the situation was pretty tense.

Chairman Mao and the other leaders all rose early on the morning of August first. Knowing that we were leaving, groups of local people came to see us off. The courtyard was jammed. Lan-lan, the young girl who had made the shoes for the Chairman, pushed her way up to him through the crowd and said: "I want to go with you," then burst into tears.

"Lan-lan," the Chairman said with a smile, "you haven't left your mama yet and you're already crying. If you go with us and cry, your mama won't be around to comfort you." His jesting made Lan-lan laugh. The Chairman waved his hand in greeting

\*Commander of the Kuomintang 36th Division.

\*\*Commander of the Kuomintang's 1st Army.

Route of March of the  
Central Committee of the  
Chinese Communist Party

Highway



to the local people. "Old neighbours," he called, "we've lived here more than forty days. We've given you a lot of trouble."

"You comrades helped us till the land," said the local people. "It's you who've had the trouble."

The people swarmed around, shaking hands and holding on to our arms. They kept repeating how sorry they were to see us go. There were so many people and so many voices, it was hard to hear clearly what was being said. Vice-Chairman Chou stepped up on a rock and said in a loud voice:

"Neighbours, you also know that the enemy may come this way. When we leave, you must bury and conceal everything and get ready to move. Don't let the enemy get hold of a single grain. Starve them to death. Pin them down. The day of the total destruction of the enemy isn't far off."

At once the local people set up an excited cheer: "Wipe out Bastard Hu!"

Our troops were already far ahead, but the people still clustered around our leaders and wouldn't let them go.

"Please go home everybody," the Chairman said. "We'll be coming back again before long."

Crowding ahead and behind, the local people saw the leaders to the edge of the village. The Chairman kept turning to wave his hand even after he had gone a good distance.

Our troops marched along the Tali River valley towards the east. At times wide, at times narrow, the river twisted through the mountains. All along the march, we had to keep crossing back and forth. Some places had a small bridge, others only a few big stepping stones. Travelling on horseback was a nuisance, so the Chairman simply dismounted and walked. He chatted and joked with us all the way. At the shallow parts of the river, he was over the stepping stones in two or three bounds. Where the water was deep, and there were no stepping stones or bridge, the Chairman waded across with us, not even bothering to remove his shoes and socks. We sang the whole length of the journey.

Northern Shensi mornings in August are clear and cool, but when the sun gets overhead it burns like fire. Your clothes run with sweat and the stones bake so hot they seem ready to smoke. Gradually, our singing stopped. All we could do was pant with the heat. No one was better than the Chairman at noticing the comrades'

change of mood. Seeing that we all had fallen silent, he took his straw hat off and fanned himself with it.

"This is very hard on you comrades," he said.

That remark immediately revived everybody's spirits. "We've only gone a few paces," many voices cried together. "You can't call this hard." "It can't be compared with the Long March." "What's hard about it? We march when we feel like it, and rest when we feel like it. It's the enemy who've really got it hard. We're always pulling them along by the nose."

The Chairman laughed heartily. "Well put. The enemy is having a hard time. The inhabitants and the surroundings are strange to them, and they came from south to north, without any support from the people. We're dragging them to pieces. We may have to suffer a bit of hardship, but we're winning victory in exchange."

The Chairman was always like that. Whenever there was an opportunity, he would talk to us about the current situation, or lead us into a discussion of useful questions. From the heavenly bodies above to the geography below, political economy, ideological improvement, art and literature, labour and production—no topic was excluded. As a result, so far as we were concerned the march was a classroom where we could gain a lot of new knowledge.

Chatting with the guards as he walked, Chairman Mao asked them about their families, whether they had received any letters, how the harvests had been. Usually when we were in camp the Chairman was busy with his work and couldn't possibly get close to every man. But on the march he had a good chance to understand us all. Later on, he asked us whether we understood the significance of this march. We repeated what Comrade Jen Pi-shih had told us at the mobilization meeting. The Chairman was obviously very satisfied.

"That's right," he said. "If we fight this battle well, the entire military situation will change."

Somehow the conversation turned to a discussion of which unit fought the best. Someone commended the New Fourth Brigade. Suddenly the Chairman pointed at me and said:

"Yen Chang-lin, you're from the New Fourth Brigade. Tell us, what is it that makes the New Fourth Brigade so formidable in battle?"

It's a shame to admit that although I had been in the New Fourth Brigade for years I had never properly summed up and analysed the courageous and skilful battle experiences of my own unit. I thought only of one reason. "Because the Party leads us well," I said.

"That's the most fundamental reason," said the Chairman. "With strong Party leadership, the fighting quality of an army is bound to be high. Our revolutionary armies all have that characteristic."

Without thinking, I blurted: "Our New Fourth Brigade is different in other ways. One is that most of our men are from Hopei."

The Chairman shook his head. "Not all Hopei men are necessarily good fighters. In the Three Kingdoms period, weren't the famous Hopei generals Yen Liang and Wen Chou both killed by Kuan Yun-chang of Shansi?"

Everyone roared with laughter. I could feel my face getting a bit warm. For the moment, I didn't know what to say. The Chairman saw my embarrassment, and he said:

"Whether you can fight or not doesn't depend on what province you're from. The Kuomintang soldiers are the worst fighters, but as soon as we liberate them, and they have some class education and take part in meetings where everyone tells about his bitter past, and they understand why they are fighting and who they are fighting for, they immediately become good fighting soldiers."

At once a light dawned in my mind. My thinking had still had some remnants of regional prejudice.

"It doesn't matter if you say the wrong thing," the Chairman encouraged me. "Think again, carefully. If it's right, everyone will accept it. If it's wrong, we'll all analyse it, and then you'll understand."

I thought a moment, then, gathering my courage, said: "The New Fourth Brigade has many veterans. Nearly all joined back in 1938."

"There's a reason that can stand," said the Chairman.

"Nearly all our cadres are old Red Army men who were on the Long March," I went on.

"Veteran cadres are experienced in directing warfare," said the Chairman. "That's also a reason. Any more?"

"Our arms aren't bad either," I said.

The Chairman nodded. "Right. With veteran cadres, veteran fighters, a high level of class consciousness, always winning victories, arms and equipment are sure to be plentiful."

I said a few more things. Some were right, some were wrong. The Chairman patiently helped me analyse, one by one—which were the main reasons, which were secondary, which didn't count as experience at all. With the Chairman pointing these things out, I seemed to become more familiar with my own unit. All during the march I berated myself for not using my head, not trying hard enough to learn. Not only was the Chairman constantly concerned about our political progress, but there was never a moment when he wasn't giving attention to strengthening our ability to analyse problems.



## Outstripping the Enemy

At dusk we reached Chingyangcha, a small town near the desert. When we had passed this way in April, the Chairman had lived a few days in the town office. Here he had issued the directive "With firm fighting spirit defend and expand the Shensi-Kansu-Ningsia Border Region and the liberated areas in the Northwest." The enemy had only invaded and occupied Yen-an a short time then, and they were swollen with conceit. But in the past five months we had won several big victories, while the enemy were wearing themselves out with a lot of floundering around.

The military situation was developing exactly how the Chairman intended. On this long trek alone, the organizations of the Central Committee were luring after them fifty or sixty thousand enemy troops. Quite a load to haul behind us! But we were confident that once we dragged the enemy out into the open, victory would definitely be ours.

We stayed in Chingyangcha for one night and set out again at daylight. The first two days of the march, in spite of the hot summer sun, were fairly easy. When the enemy speeded up, we also moved faster. When they slowed down, so did we. We kept a distance of a day or two's march between us, never letting the enemy off the hook.

But when we reached Huoshihshan, the situation suddenly changed. Not stopping to eat or drink, the enemy put on all their speed to catch up with us. Enemy planes began circling overhead, bombing and strafing. Vice-Chairman Chou quickly ordered us to camouflage ourselves. Every man wove a crown of willow tendrils to wear on his cap.

To keep from being spotted, our detachment rested during the day and travelled at night. It was drizzling as we left Huoshihshan. The fine rain soaked our clothing. We arrived at Hsiao-yentzu before dawn. The Chairman didn't bother to change his drenched clothes and shoes, but immediately started reading radiograms.

In the afternoon, we resumed the march. As we rounded a mountain top, the Chairman suddenly leaped down from his horse, then

stood still. As far as the eye could see, the whole flat valley looked as if it had been swept bare by a flood. In May, this area had been over-run by enemy troops. Scores of columns had converged on this place. Animals' hoofs had trampled bushes and crops. The doors and window frames of many cave dwellings had been broken and burned, jugs and crockery had been smashed.

The Chairman stood gazing at this devastation for a long time. Only after our detachment was far ahead did he mount his horse. He spoke very little the rest of the journey. Our hearts were also blazing. We felt a terrible rage at the crimes of the enemy.

The weather seemed deliberately to be making things hard for us. Whenever we halted, the rain stopped. But the moment we set out, down it came again. From Hsiao-yentzu to Hsunchien-szu, the rain never let up. The Chairman's padded clothes were soaked through. There wasn't a dry spot on him. Marching without lights in the dark, we couldn't see the road. The men who had gone ahead to look for billets for us, couldn't find any. Everyone stood out in the rain, each helping the other. At last we managed to locate a little house across the street from a monastery. We invited the Chairman to go in and get out of the rain.

"Have Vice-Chairman Chou and the others come yet?" he asked.

We hurriedly sent someone to look for them. The Chairman remained pacing back and forth in the rain. Only after the other leaders arrived and places for them to live were arranged did he enter the house.

Because we had been marching in the rain for several days without any oilcloths to cover our saddle-bags, the bedding inside them was wet. Old Hou, the groom, had covered the Chairman's saddle-bags with his old overcoat that day, but the rain still got through. We had just unpacked the wet bedding when the Chairman signalled us with a wave of his hand to leave it alone. He turned up the oil lamp and began to work. That night we made a fire from some damp brushwood and toasted our clothes dry. The light in the Chairman's room shone until daybreak.

For us, marching wasn't much of an effort. But for the Chairman and the other leaders, it wasn't so simple. Not only did the Chairman

have to plan and map out the people's revolutionary struggle on the battle fronts throughout the country, he had to command directly the people's war of liberation in the northwest. During the march, even when we stopped for only a brief rest, the communications men immediately set up the radio so that the Chairman could contact our various positions. Whenever we made camp, he began to work before the saddle-bags were removed from the horses, reading and signing radiograms, drafting instructions. Even when he was eating, he never left his papers.

It was the same with the other leaders. The edge of a *kang* bed, the cover of a vat, a millstone, or a rock — they just sat down beside it, and that was their desk. When others marched, they also marched. But when others rested, they didn't. They were more busy and overworked on the march than when we stayed in a single place.

The closer we got to Suiteh, the faster became our pace. We kept receiving news of victories from the Yulin front. Our Northwest Field Army had swept away the city's outer defences and destroyed over five thousand enemy troops. The foe was rushing up reinforcements in great haste and panic. We therefore had to beat them to Suiteh, and lead them to the place we had chosen.

Although he was tired, the Chairman continued striding onward, up front. The night of the eleventh, as we were crossing a mountain ridge, he suddenly asked:

"What time is it?"

"Two-fifty," I replied.

"Good," said the Chairman. "Our forces have already withdrawn from the Yulin battle."

Truly, the military situation was changing every second. When the conference in Hsiao-ho was still going on, many of us knew that the attack on Yulin and luring the enemy up north were of great strategic significance. These moves co-ordinated with the drive south across the Yellow River of the Chen-Hsieh Army by diverting much of the enemy strength. At the same time the toppling of Yulin, a reactionary stronghold, would also remove a threat to our rear. The military supplies we would capture could be used in our war

of liberation. Why did we suddenly want to "withdraw"? I thought I had heard wrong, and I asked:

"Chairman, is our main force leaving the Yulin battle?"

In the dark I couldn't see his face clearly, but his voice was absolutely firm: "We want to pick an advantageous time to hit their reinforcements. When this happens, the enemy positions will be thrown into confusion."

Kuomintang general Chung Sung and his troops had already moved up from along the Great Wall and entered Yulin.

No matter how deceitful and crafty the enemy might be, we firmly believed they never could do anything that didn't fit in with the Chairman's comprehensive planning and far-sighted arrangements. The attack on Yulin was off. That meant that graves had already been dug for the enemy in some other place. We were letting the enemy carry Yulin to put a little more weight on their backs. Their grain supply alone would be a headache, to say nothing of other problems. If it were sent from the west, it would have to be shipped across the desert. But trucks couldn't travel on sand, and the enemy had no fodder for camels. And they couldn't get help from the south because we had the whole road blockaded. Sooner or later the day would come when the enemy would either surrender, or starve to death.

Our army's sudden withdrawal fanned the enemy's arrogance. When Chung Sung arrived in Yulin, without even reining in his horse, he divided his forces into three columns and set off in hot "pursuit," howling that he was going to "finish the northern Shensi warfare in one battle." Little did he know that the noose was already around his neck!

It was afternoon when we reached Lichiayen. We at once prepared to camp, but Chairman Mao stopped us with a wave of the hand. "Don't bother to open the luggage. I'll rest a while leaning against the saddle-bags."

We placed the saddle-bags in a cool shady spot, and the Chairman and the other leaders gathered for a meeting. I looked at our warriors. Weary from marching several days without rest, some of them were leaning against trees, some against doors of cave dwellings. Soon

more than half of them were fast asleep. After lunch, the Chairman finally sat down and reclined against his saddle-bags. We urged him to go into the house and rest.

"We'll be leaving in a minute," he said. "The enemy's close to Suiteh. We've got to beat them to it." He stood up and walked a few paces, as if trying to drive off his fatigue.

A forced march of sixty *li* brought us to Huangchiakou, only thirty *li* from Suiteh. It was the middle of the night, and men and horses both were tired. Just as we were boiling drinking water and cooking our food, an unexpected report came in: Seven enemy brigades led by Liu Kan were driving on Suiteh at full speed.

Comrade Jen Pi-shih hastily asked for instructions. The Chairman said decisively:

"The enemy have fast troops. So have we. We're going to out-race them."

"Shall we start right away?" asked Comrade Jen Pi-shih.

The Chairman nodded. "Right. Start at once."

We hurriedly got ready to march. Only one man was missing at roll call — Old Kao the cook. He had made a fire and was cooking something for the leaders to eat. But who had time for that now? Several men ran over, picked up the pots, and we set forth.

The night was pitch dark. Walking was very difficult on the yellow mud road. The city of Suiteh was just ahead. We hastened our steps. The big Suiteh Bridge was right before our eyes. Militiamen guarded the approaches. All was quiet and still. We crossed the bridge. We had left the enemy behind after all. Their plan to pin us down west of the Wuting River had come to naught.

Suiteh was already a desolate scene in the darkness. Everywhere were broken tiles and collapsed walls. The inhabitants were all gone. Walking down two streets, we didn't see a single person. Not a lamp burned anywhere. No cocks crowed, no dogs barked. The doors and window frames of the cave dwellings had all been burned, leaving only black gaping holes.

The Chairman dismounted and stood deep in thought amid the rubble as marching men tramped past him. Rage flamed in my heart. I remembered travelling through here several years before.

It was a prosperous place then. A forest of shops with eye-catching signs had lined the streets. People, mules, horses, had flowed by in endless procession. But today it was a heap of ruins. Sooner or later we'd make the enemy pay for this!

We heard a clatter behind us. Old Kao the cook, carrying a lunch box, hurried up to us, panting. "Chairman," he cried, "come and eat." He had taken advantage of the time we were assembling to cook some soup with dough squares.

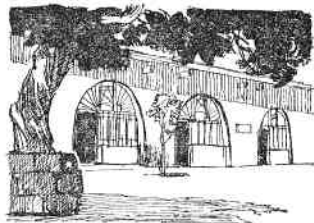
"Since it's ready," said the Chairman, "invite everybody to have a bit."

He was always like that. The Chairman didn't want to be given any special treatment. Even when there was only a little dough soup, the Chairman didn't forget the other leaders.

Once beyond Suiteh, our troops turned due north. Liu Kan grabbed only empty air, but he immediately set out after us again. When this was reported to the Chairman, he said:

"Good. If the enemy can go without food and sleep, so can we. March!"

Our detachment moved on rapidly.



## We Definitely Won't Cross the Yellow River!

On the surface, the organizations of the Central Committee seemed to be in a very difficult spot. Ahead, the enemy moving south from Yulin was pressing closer step by step. Liu Kan and his seven brigades were giving chase behind. Two enemy columns, totalling nearly one hundred thousand men, were closing in on us in a pincer movement. The enemy planned to compress our Central Committee organizations and our main armed forces in the narrow space between the Wuting and the Yellow Rivers.

Paying no attention to any of this, we continued along the route we had previously decided upon. When our troops reached Ching-erhping, mounted scouts reported that Liu Kan was sixty *li* behind us, and had made camp.

"Good," said the Chairman. "They're resting. We'll rest too." But then another report followed that the enemy's north column had reached Chenchuanpao, north of the city of Michih. Our detachment decided not to rest too long, and we continued the march.

We travelled rapidly day after day. The Chairman had neither enough food nor sleep, and he was exceptionally tired. He swayed in the saddle as soon as he mounted his horse. So he got off rapidly and strode forward with big steps. We could see that the Chairman was fighting to overcome his fatigue, and we hurriedly brought up a stretcher.

"What's this?" laughed the Chairman. "You want me to get on the stretcher?"

I said: "You're too tired, Chairman. The comrades are all willing to carry you."

Continuing to walk, the Chairman said: "Everyone else is very tired too. You may be willing to carry me, but I'm not willing to be carried. We also had stretchers on the Long March, but we used them only for the sick and wounded. Riding a stretcher isn't a good thing. It means you're either sick or seriously injured."

We had heard that when the Long March reached northern Shensi and our people were fighting at Chihlochen, the Chairman had fallen



ill and had been carried on a stretcher to the front to direct the battle. So, hearing him speak like this now, we couldn't help laughing.

During the day the sun stuck to our bodies like a hot plaster as we marched. Our chests and backs were soaking wet. But what troubled us more was our constant worry over our leaders' safety. From the direction of the march, we seemed to be heading for Chiahsien. Some of the men tried to guess whether we would cross the Yellow River. Several proposed that we urge the Chairman and the other leaders to cross over first and get away from the enemy. Couldn't they command the fighting just as well from the eastern side? While we were discussing this, word came from the rear: Vice-Chairman Chou was ill.

The Chairman was startled. After learning the details, he said: "Take the stretcher quickly and carry Vice-Chairman Chou."

We ran back with the stretcher in great haste. Vice-Chairman Chou was exhausted, and his nose was bleeding. He was sitting on the grass, resting. When we dashed up and opened the stretcher, he said:

"You'd better hurry back and look after the Chairman. I'll be all right in a few minutes."

Just then Comrade Chiang Ching also came. Only after everyone's repeated urgings did Vice-Chairman Chou finally consent to lie on the stretcher.

Vice-Chairman Chou, like the other leaders, was very busy on the march. He ate and slept little. Matters large and small had his personal attention. At times, to share some of the Chairman's heavy responsibilities, he went to bed still later than the Chairman, and rose still earlier. Except for specially urgent radiograms, he was never willing to disturb him. Often, in the course of only an hour or two of sleep he'd be awakened by his secretary several times. His shoes were worn right through, but he never let anyone know, afraid that the comrades would busy themselves for his sake. The moment he mounted the stretcher the holes in his shoes were revealed.

Comrade Chiang Ching said: "Vice-Chairman Chou, your socks are showing through the soles of your shoes."

Vice-Chairman Chou laughed. "Showing, are they? No wonder my feet feel the bumps on the road when I walk."

The stretcher had reached the Chairman by then, and Vice-Chairman Chou again wanted to get off and walk. The Chairman held him down. After walking beside the stretcher a distance, the Chairman said to us with a smile:

"Train a soldier a thousand days in order to use him once. That stretcher of yours is having some use at last. That's what's called — You can't go wrong if you're always prepared." Everyone laughed.

Twenty *li* from Michih, our troops left the highway and entered a valley to the east. After half a day's march, we came to a market town called Wulungpu.

We had seen very few country folk on the road, but after turning into the valley there were more and more of them. People were seen working in the fields, or carrying loads on shoulder poles along the road. As we went deeper into the valley, we came to a fair in the market place. People were coming and going, buying and selling. The place was crowded and jolly, and very lively. The enemy had not been here, and the people were peacefully going about their business as usual. The Chairman told the comrades of the Civilian Affairs Section to explain to the people the need for concealing their things from the enemy.

The appearance of our marching detachment in the bustling market town surprised the people. Some of them recognized the tall man at the head of the troops as Chairman Mao. A stir rippled through the crowd. People dropped their abacuses and their scales, put their sacks on their backs, and rushed forward.

The whole of northern Shensi was in the flames of war. In these hard times when people thought of their own leader, their difficulties became easy to bear, they could have hopes of victory and look forward to happiness. And now, Chairman Mao was still in northern Shensi, sharing with everyone the thick and the thin. His serene smile, his calm appearance, brought faith and strength to all. Surging emotions filled their breasts. The people shouted, with all the love in their hearts:

"Long live Chairman Mao!"

The Chairman waved to them fondly from his horse, and the people crowded around him. The detachment was engulfed in an ardent

human tide. It was almost impossible to move. The comrades of the Civilian Affairs Section took this opportunity to do their propaganda job.

We spent the night in Wulungpu, then continued east. At dusk there suddenly was a big rain storm. Thunder rumbled and lightning flashed. Sheets of big white raindrops came slanting down from the sky. We were running with water from head to foot. Each man's body seemed to gush with limitless springs. The heavy rain and savage wind drove against us so that we couldn't open our eyes. It was impossible for our detachment to go on. We could only take shelter in a village.

The village was called Tsaochuang. We found a dilapidated cave, and the Chairman quickly called a meeting to study our line of action. The water streamed from his clothes to the floor.

The villagers were all asleep. A few old locust trees served as our temporary shelter. All of us crowded together under them. Looking at the flickering lamplight in the cave dwelling, someone said: "The Yellow River's just ahead. This time we're sure to cross." Immediately seven or eight voices dissented: "The Chairman told us — until we've beaten the enemy, we definitely won't cross the Yellow River."

Sure enough, Comrade Jen Pi-shih came running out to us in the rain soon after. "The direction of our march is not going to change," he said. "We shall continue to advance along our original route."

From our leaders' manner, we could sense that a big battle was pending. Who would have imagined that at that same moment the bold and able fighters of our Northwest Field Army were closing in on the Shachiatien sector from all sides and squeezing the enemy's Thirty-sixth Division in a tight encirclement?

In less than an hour we got the news that Liu Kan's troops had set out from Wulungpu. Comrade Jen Pi-shih reported this to the Chairman.

"Fine," said the Chairman. "Since the enemy's so diligent, we must start too."

The storm was raging. We could distinguish the path only by the flashes of lightning. After each flash the darkness at once enfolded

us again, preventing us from swinging into full stride. We kept hearing a heavy rumbling — torrents were sweeping boulders down from the mountain tops. The word was passed along: "Careful!" You could barely hear your own voice, even when you shouted.

At dawn the rain finally stopped. Our detachment arrived at the shore of the Chialu River. The mountains, above and below, were white with water. It had simply become a watery world. The Chialu River had grown much wider, blocking our way.

This was unexpected. We sweated with anxiety. On both sides of the river were mountains so high you couldn't see their summits. Between was the racing water. Calculating the time we'd been travelling, the enemy was probably only thirty *li* behind us, at most. The terrain was so unfavourable, and all we had was a small guards detachment. Could we hold out long enough for our leaders to get safely across?

I looked at the Chairman. He was sitting on a boulder with the other leaders holding a meeting. They were chatting and laughing. Suddenly we heard heavy rifle fire to our rear. Soon, artillery also began to thunder. A unit of our field army was attacking the enemy from the flank. We saw the Chairman calmly rise to his feet.

"All right," he said. "That's the way we'll do it."

Comrade Jen Pi-shih at once issued the order to march.

Our detachment temporarily changed its direction, switching from east to west. There, the mountains were high, the cliffs steep, and trails rugged. On the lower slopes, you had only twisting paths. Here on the heights we could see only clouds and mist. Not even a narrow trail could be found. The Chairman got down from his horse and called:

"Up the mountain!" He strode forward in the lead.

Comrade Wang Tung-hsing gave special instructions to the men in the rear of the guards detachment to wipe out all traces of our change of route.

"It doesn't matter," said the Chairman. "Even if we put up a sign reading, 'Mao Tsetung has gone into the northwest mountains,' those stupid clods wouldn't be able to do anything about it."

We all laughed. Vice-Chairman Chou said to Comrade Wang with a smile: "You can't go wrong if you're always prepared. You'd better do it. Making the enemy search around for a while won't be bad."

Halfway up the mountain we again heard some firing down below. Vice-Chairman Chou halted and asked: "What's up?" The Chairman also halted. Holding his straw hat in his hand, he asked leisurely:

"Is that the enemy coming?" He found a rock and sat down, then added: "Very well, we'll wait for them and see what the devils look like."

A man came up from the rear with a report: The firing was from the militia on the opposite shore. After the misunderstanding was cleared up, the Chairman rose and said: "Everything's all right. Let's go on."

On a knoll near the summit, we gazed back towards the east. Like a fiery ball, the sun was rolling out of the purple mist. The Chialu River seemed only a thin stream. In the distance, the Yellow River, amid the lofty mountains, appeared particularly placid, with none of its roaring, fierce wildness. Draped in sunlight, it was extremely beautiful, gladdening our hearts and spirits. Our tension and fatigue of many days instantly vanished. Fascinated by this lovely sight, we all stood and feasted our eyes on the scenery below. Li Wen-kuei, leader of a guards squad, nudged Shih Kuo-ju and said:

"You're a great one for poetry, aren't you? Look at that. Full of poetic beauty. Why not compose a poem?"

Shih stood wrapped in thought for a moment, then began: "The Yellow River is waving to us..."

The Chairman, who happened to overhear, asked with a smile: "Shih Kuo-ju, are you thinking of crossing the Yellow River again?"

Shih, also smiling, replied: "We're making up poetry."

"Ah," said the Chairman, "you're in such good spirits. Excellent. We'll rest a while and listen to your poem."

"I'm afraid I can't do it very well," said Shih. Gazing at the Yellow River, he pondered for a time, then out came the poem:

*The Yellow River roars.*

*Smiling, it waves to us and calls:*

*Ho! Dear Chairman Mao,  
Cross the Yellow River,  
The eastern side is safer than the west.*

At this point he got stuck, and everybody laughed. Li Wen-kuei waved his hands for silence, and Shih went on:

*We wave to the Yellow River, and say:  
Yellow River, you needn't worry,  
We have our field army here,  
And tens of millions of people,  
All's going smoothly, we're quite safe.  
See you again!*

We all roared with laughter and gathered around Shih to tease him. "That's a fine poem you've made," said the Chairman. "But it has no ending. You ought to add another verse:

*After we've beaten Hu Tsung-nan  
We'll call again,  
And then we'll trouble you  
To take us to the eastern side."*

The poem completed, someone started a full-throated rendition of *The Yellow River Cantata*, and we all joined in heartily.

Reverberating among the mountains, the splendid song grew in power and magnificence. In high spirits, we climbed towards the top and, before very long, crossed the ridge.

It was at that time that Liu Kan's huge force charged to the banks of the Chialu River. Unable to find any trace of our Central Committee organizations, he assumed we were crossing the Yellow River from Chiah sien. And so he set up his big guns along the shore and began bombarding the city. Chiah sien was directly ahead of the mountain we were on. From the top we could clearly see the shells burst and the columns of cruel smoke.

Now we could better understand why the Chairman's judgement was always correct. It was due to his thorough understanding of the enemy's situation and because he had a full grasp of the laws of their

movements. Dragging fifty or sixty thousand enemy troops behind us, after many sleepless nights and tense days, in the heat of summer, under a scorching sun, disregarding hardships and difficulties, crossing mountains and rivers, driving through wind and rain on a long march, he had finally led the enemy to the place he had planned.

Now the mission had been accomplished. Smiling, the Chairman stood on the top of the summit, enjoying with all his heart the beauty of rivers and mountains, and the mighty panorama of our wonderful motherland.

At this very moment, the Kuomintang radio station was gibbering of their "great military achievement" in occupying all the county towns in the Shensi-Kansu-Ningsia Border Region. They didn't know that the noose around their neck was being drawn tighter and tighter.



## As Steady As Mount Tai

On the top of the mountain was a small village called Pailungmiao. It was strategically important because it was on a commanding height. Vice-Chairman Chou thought the Chairman was too tired, and he wanted to camp in this place.

"This is an advantageous spot for us," he said. "Headquarters can set up here."

"Right," said the Chairman. "We'll stop here. Deploy the security guards well. If the enemy comes up the mountain, they can fight them off for more than three hours and still have time to get away."

After dark, the enemy lit a big fire west of Chiahsien. Its flames leaped to the heavens, turning the mountains and fields crimson. We could see very clearly from the mountain, as if the fire was right before us. Comrade Wang Tung-hsing hurried to report it to Vice-Chairman Chou, who came out for a look.

"Have the security guards take good positions," he said. "Don't tell the Chairman. Let him have a good sleep. He's too tired."

Who would have guessed that the Chairman, in his room, overheard him. "Wang Tung-hsing," the Chairman called in a loud voice. "Don't worry. Today, the world isn't theirs, it's ours."

Smiling, Comrade Wang Tung-hsing left.

During the latter half of the night there was a big rain. Water pelted the enemy at the foot of the mountain, making them howl and cry. They fired their rifles and their artillery to give themselves courage. We slept well all night.

In the morning it was raining harder than ever. The whole mountain was white and misty, like a waterfall. As we went down the mountain, the water simply pushed us along. It was impossible to stand still. The horses couldn't be ridden. The Chairman walked with us, hand in hand.

In the valley we went north, towards the upper reaches of the Chialu River. The torrents had overflowed the river bed. There

was no telling how wide it was. Our advance guard found the narrowest part of the river, and started to build a bridge. There were two big boulders on either side of the river which seemed suitable as foundations for the bridge. But the rushing water was too strong. You got dizzy just looking at it.

When the Chairman arrived, Comrade Wang Tung-hsing hurried up to him and reported: "The water's too rapid. It is going to be difficult to build a bridge. A few comrades have already swum across to find some of the local people on the other side."

The Chairman walked to the river's edge and examined the situation carefully. Then he put the end of a branch in to test the speed of the flow. Vice-Chairman Chou and Comrade Jen Pi-shih had long since been busy supervising the construction of the bridge.

Suddenly rifle and artillery fire sounded from the direction of Pailungmiao. The thunder of the exploding shells sounded directly overhead. Our guards detachment was exchanging fire with the enemy. The place seemed about to become a battlefield!

The Chairman turned and looked at the mountain top, then quite unruffled, paced back and forth along the river bank. The fighters building the bridge had stripped, and were straining with all their might to fling ropes and spars to the opposite bank so as to set up a framework on which boards could be laid. But the river was wide and the water fast. Some of the spars fell in the middle of the river and were washed away. Though the situation was very tense, the bridge couldn't be built immediately.

Comrade Wang Tung-hsing grew quite upset, and he hurriedly asked the Chairman's permission to find some way of getting him over to the other side first. The Chairman shook his head:

"No. I'll stay here. Find a way to get the secretaries, the radio men and the documents across the river first."

More than once the Chairman had taught us: We must pay attention to preserving our documents under all circumstances, because they affect the lives and future of the people of the whole country. Many times he had instructed us: "In a crisis you needn't worry about me. Save the secretaries and the documents first."

Soon, in accordance with the Chairman's instructions, the men in charge of documents and communications, holding onto unsaddled horses, swam with the current to the opposite shore.

The fighting grew hotter, but the bridge building still progressed very slowly. On both banks, men pulled the ropes tight and wrapped them around boulders, then laid some doors upon the ropes. But the rough water and the high waves caused the ropes to sway and dance. What's more, there weren't enough doors. So our men had to swim the river again and borrow some lumber. Our organizations' entire personnel and their horses were all gathered on the river bank, and just at the time the enemy planes chose to come out in the rain. But the Chairman was completely unperturbed. Turning to a staff officer, he said:

"Give me the radio messages." And he sat down on a wet bare rock and concentrated on reading through the messages. In a little while our radio transmitter was set up, and the sound of "di-di-da-da" rang on the river bank.

The calm and steadiness of our leader gave us additional strength. When only the last section of the bridge remained to be built, local people finally arrived with many doors and pieces of lumber, and helped us lay them one by one upon the ropes. The bridge was finished. Comrade Wang Tung-hsing ran to the middle of it and jumped up and down a few times. The little bridge swayed wildly, but it was quite sturdy. He hurried back to the Chairman and reported: "We can cross."

Only then did the Chairman rise and take the lead, crossing the bridge with large strides. The other leaders also crossed, one by one. Finally, our detachment, in single file, crossed over, group by group. The pack animals were too heavy with their loads. All we could do was unload them and have men carry the things across piece by piece on their backs.

Gradually the rain slackened. The firing, however, did not stop. Meeting the enemy's concentration of troops and artillery fire head on, our guards detachment firmly drove them back. Chairman Mao and the Central Committee organizations at last crossed the Chialu River in safety.

There were no enemy on the north side of the river, and we followed along its bank towards the west. Soon the sound of firing could no longer be heard. That day we never left the river side. Sometimes we walked along a mountain slope, sometimes we turned into the river valley. It wasn't until nightfall that our leaders decided to billet in Yangchiayuantzu.

Yangchiayuantzu happens to be on the south side of the river, this meant that we had to cross the Chialu a second time. Although we evidently were at the upper reaches, because it had just rained, the water was very turbid. But when we tried wading, it only came up to our waists. Crossing on horseback, you could avoid getting wet. Chairman Mao rode his old black horse, and we rolled up our trouser-legs high and started wading. Just as we reached the middle of the river, we heard a roaring sound. People on the shore shouted:

"Hurry! A mountain torrent is coming!"

Looking back, we saw a huge wall of water tumbling down towards us. Guard Wang Chen-hai pulled the Chairman's horse for all he was worth from the front, while we shoved mightily from behind. But the animal refused to hurry.

"You all go on ahead quickly," said the Chairman. "The mountain torrent can't sweep me away."

Of course we wouldn't give up our efforts. Dragging and pushing, we finally managed to avoid the torrent. When we looked back from the opposite shore, the narrow stream had become a vast sea.

"Quickly notify the comrades on the other side not to come over," said the Chairman. "Have them wait until the water goes down."

It was already very dark, and the Chairman and we were soaking wet from head to foot. The pack animals with the blankets were still on the opposite shore. The Chairman couldn't even change his clothes. On entering a cave dwelling, he at once got busy reading radio messages. We built a fire to dry our clothes. Because the brushwood was too wet, it filled the cave with a choking smoke. We couldn't stop coughing, and our eyes streamed with tears. Removing his jacket, the Chairman sat cross-legged on the *kang* bed, continuing to look through the radiograms. We wanted to go back to the other

shore for his clothing and blankets so that he could get some sleep. But the Chairman said:

"That's not necessary. I have a lot of things to read here. I don't want to sleep now."

## Great Turning Point

At the same time the Central Committee organizations were advancing day and night, a big change was taking place in the military situation. Everyone could feel it. The news that our Second Field Army had thrust into the Tapiéh Mountains had reached us while we were still on the road. Chairman Mao had told us then: The entrance of the Second Field Army into the Tapiéh Mountains area is a knife thrust into the enemy's heart. And now our Eastern China Field Army was bringing the attack to enemy-held territory, advancing into southwestern Shantung, thoroughly smashing the enemy's major offensives on the eastern China battlefields, and effectively co-ordinating with the fighting of the Second Field Army. A big counter-offensive was beginning to take shape.

We were then in the midst of a great change, but we didn't immediately realize we were at a turning point in history. It meant that **"In this land of China, the People's Liberation Army has turned back the wheel of counter-revolution — of U.S. imperialism and its lackey, the Chiang Kai-shek bandit gang — and sent it down the road to destruction and has pushed the wheel of revolution forward along the road to victory."** It wasn't until later when we heard Chairman Mao's talk on *The Present Situation and Our Tasks* that we truly understood the great significance of this change.

But the turning point in the war came under unusually dangerous and complicated circumstances when the enemy was strong and we were weak. Thinking they had an overwhelming superiority, they were arrogant and vicious and stopped at nothing. When the Kuomintang Thirty-sixth Division arrived at Chenchuanpao, it divided into two columns. It sent the 123rd Brigade east in an attempt to join

up with Liu Kan, intending to force our army either to fight with its back to the water, or flee across the Yellow River. How could the smugly complacent enemy know we had already spread a net over them stretching from heaven to earth.

In the morning, the wind rose and drove the dark clouds away. Veils of white mist drifted up from the mountain valleys. The organizations of the Central Committee set out that day from Yang-chiyuantzu and marched towards a district near the front. We reached Liangchiacha at dusk. Twenty *li* from Shachiatien, the hamlet had only seven or eight families. With several hundred of us crowding in, there was almost no place to stand. We finally managed to find a two-room cave dwelling for the Chairman and the other leaders, and a small one-room cave for the working staff. Everyone else had to camp out in the open. The river bank, the foot of the cliffs, the mountain slopes, were all covered with our people.

After everything was in order, the Chairman ordered us to change into light gear. We were startled. Although we had run into tense situations several times on the road, we had never switched to light gear before. Why should we change into light gear now, when we had Chung Sung bottled up like "a turtle in a jar"? The Chairman said:

"You know that we're going to have a big battle with the enemy in the Shachiatien sector. The main forces of both sides are concentrated here. The territory is both narrow and small. If we fight successfully, our situation will change from danger to safety, and for the time being we won't leave. If we don't fight successfully, we'll have to cross the Wuting River and go west again."

The light suddenly dawned on us. The Chairman had told us often: We should strive for the best in things, but be prepared for the worst. Especially when commanding battles, you should always prepare several alternative plans — what to do if you fought successfully, what to do if you didn't, what to do if the situation changed. Even changes in the weather should be taken into account. Only if you had carefully considered all possible circumstances would you be able to seize the initiative and be in an unbeatable position.

And so, even in this battle, which we were certain to win, the Chairman instructed us to get ready to cope with any change. This was





not being over-cautious, because when the enemy crowded into this narrow little area with nearly one hundred thousand men they would put up a violent death struggle, like "the plunging of a snared beast." All the more so because Chung Sung, having just been cited by Chiang Kai-shek for "meritoriously relieving Yulin" was bursting with conceit. And so we immediately set to work, burning what had to be burned, and burying what had to be buried. Some men picked up their diaries, not having the heart to burn them because Chairman Mao had corrected them personally.

Not long after, Command Headquarters made contact with the headquarters of the Northwest Field Army. It turned out to be in a village only a dozen or so *li* from us. The Chairman ordered that telephone lines be strung immediately. He wanted to talk directly with the front.

The telephone rang.

It was on a table in the outer room of the cave. The Chairman strode over and picked up the receiver.

"Yes," he said, "this is Mao Tsetung!"

Those of us standing outside the cave were startled and delighted. "This is Mao Tsetung." That deep firm voice had confidence and strength. From the time the enemy had occupied Yen-an, the Chairman had always used a pseudonym. Today was the first time he had used that great name of his. This showed that the situation had changed enormously. We had already reached the summit; the enemy would have to start going downhill. After the command post at the front reported that the enemy Thirty-sixth Division was surrounded, the Chairman said in a loud voice:

"Good. Make it clear to every commander and fighter: This battle will decide the entire military situation. They must resolutely, thoroughly, wholly and completely annihilate the enemy; don't let a single one get away."

In the cave the leaders held a tense meeting, not even pausing to eat. Maps covered the wall, and were spread on the *kang* bed and the table as well. The Chairman never left the telephone. He listened to reports of changes in the enemy's situation and issued orders on the placement of our forces, then marked symbols on the military maps.

Since we had run out of candles, the room was lit only by a lamp burning cotton-seed oil. The light was dim. It didn't shine more than a few feet, and so examining the maps was very difficult. But the Chairman didn't mind a bit. He worked busily far into the night.

The weather behaved badly. There had been nothing but drought in this sector before, and now in the past few days there had been one rain storm after another. Late at night, it rained again, hard and fierce. There was no shelter in the open. All we could do was cover our heads with our quilts, several of us crowding together beneath each. Anyhow, no one felt like sleeping. The joy of the coming victory made us forget all our hardships. We chatted and joked until, before we knew it, it was daybreak. It was still raining, and there was a sound of distant thunder. Someone said it was artillery. We were all sceptical. Could it have started so early? Throwing off the quilts over our heads, we ran out to look, discovering at the same time that we were all plastered with mud. We listened carefully to the thunder. Again it faded into silence.

The lamplight still burned in the cave, and the telephone kept ringing. The Chairman and the other leaders hadn't slept all night. Carrying materials, the battle staff officer kept going in and out. Nearly everyone gathered around him to ask the news. When he only smiled and waved his hand, we refused to let him go. Hearing the noise, the Chairman quickly put down his telephone and came out of the cave. In high spirits, he said:

"Go up on the mountain and listen for the artillery. When the firing becomes intense, come down and let me know."

The artillery we had heard that morning had come from the mountain at Changchia. When the enemy's forward defence unit — the 123rd Brigade of the Thirty-sixth Division — drove on Wulungpu, Chung Sung discovered that he was already encircled. He ordered the 123rd Brigade to hurry back and relieve him.

But when the brigade turned around and entered the Changchia-kaoshan sector, our two brigades, which were waiting in ambush there, surrounded it. Our forces then attacked and, within two hours, destroyed the enemy's 123rd Brigade completely and captured its brigadier. Liu Kan's troops, which were also intending to relieve

Chung Sung, were blocked by another of our detachments in the Chiahsien sector. In a panic, Chung Sung tried frantically to break out of the encirclement. Hu Tsung-nan reviled him in a radio voice message, openly cursing him by name, and ordered him to "hold out and await reinforcements."

Liu Kan, who had been reprimanded for "lack of enthusiasm in reinforcing Yulin," was now ordered by Hu Tsung-nan to rush to the rescue of Chung Sung that same night. But Liu Kan was being delayed by our assaults, and he was afraid our army would annihilate him. So, with all sorts of misgivings, he just moved about in slow dilatory actions on the banks of the Yellow River. Hu Tsung-nan was furious. He wanted to have Liu Kan relieved of his post and submitted to disciplinary measures. The real battle still hadn't begun and the enemy was already in a mess.

The complete destruction of the 123rd Brigade was only the prelude to the battle of Shachiatien. The most exciting part came later. After receiving the Chairman's instructions, we flew up the mountain. By now the rain was over and the sky had cleared. A flaming red sun came out. Except for the wind rustling through the grass, the countryside was perfectly still. Impatiently, we all waited until dusk. But we still heard no sound signalling the commencement of battle. What in the world was happening?

After a while men came up to replace us so that we could go back and eat. We saw the Chairman still at the telephone, talking with someone in the command post at the front. We heard that he hadn't left the phone all day. Every change at the front was immediately reported here. The Chairman even asked about the fortifications the fighters had dug. When we entered and reported, the Chairman pushed the telephone aside and laughed:

"Don't be impatient. It still isn't time yet. Very soon, though."

Sure enough, just as he finished speaking, a thunderous booming started in the southwest. Countless big guns roared in unison. In an instant, the sky seemed to fall and the earth to split. The vibrations were so strong that dust showered down from the ceiling of the cave. The Chairman and the other leaders all stood up and went outside. The watchers on the mountain came flying down, shouting

excitedly: "It's started! It's started!" On all sides, people shouted and cheered. The Chairman smiled.

"Good," he said. "Let's see how Hu Tsung-nan explains this one."

Reports of victory kept coming in: The enemy were all in the net, we were searching for Chung Sung. . . . Between dusk and dark, in just two hours, we wiped out the enemy's whole re-organized Thirty-sixth Division. Thus victory came in a flash with the impact of a thunderbolt. Only a few days before, the flames of the enemy's fierceness were thousands of feet high. They had the fantastic dream that they could end the northern Shensi fighting in one battle. But with the battle of Shachiatien they collapsed like an avalanche of snow, and were swept into oblivion by the mighty torrent of the people's revolution.

Again the Chairman and the other leaders worked through the night. When it was turning light, and just as we were washing our faces, stretcher-bearers carrying the wounded arrived from the Shachiatien battlefield. The Chairman immediately ordered the mobilization of every man in our organizations, and directed that a temporary station be set up to boil water and cook gruel, and that all the medicos set to work changing the dressing and bandages of the wounded. He also ordered that the pack animals of the organizations be used to transport the wounded. Vice-Chairman Chou came out to check and supervise this work personally.

The valley filled with stretchers. Local women hurried over to carry the wounded. Vice-Chairman Chou stood on the slope. Whenever a stretcher came by, he lent a hand. When some lightly wounded walked by, he helped them over to the rest station, brought them food and water, and looked after them carefully. At the same time, he comforted them, saying:

"The victory of Shachiatien is of great significance. Your wounds are marks of glory. Go to the rear and recuperate well. After your wounds are cured, you can return to the front. Don't worry, we have troops here to protect you. The enemy won't dare to attack us again." He urged everyone to display a revolutionary fraternal spirit, and help and look after one another. The wounded were deeply

moved to see how concerned the leaders were about them. Several of the badly wounded, struggling to bear their pain, didn't permit themselves to utter a single groan.

Just as we all were feeling overjoyed and encouraged by this great victory, our leader, again marching ahead of the times, was considering the next step to annihilate the enemy. We didn't see him rest a minute. He was busy examining the maps, issuing orders, making detailed deployments of forces, comprehensively planning and thinking. When the Chairman immersed himself in his work, he forgot all about sleeping and eating. Only after our repeated reminders did he finally take a little food. Then he hurried off to a meeting in Houtungyuan Village, where the headquarters of the field army was located. The generals came far out to greet him.

"Well fought," said the Chairman.

Smiling, the generals crowded round him to shake his hand. "You're thinner, Chairman," they all said.

The Chairman laughed. "Walking's easier when you're thin."

"Chairman," said a brigadier, "you were in danger several times. We certainly were worried about you."

"And I was worried about you!" said the Chairman. "So many enemy troops. If you had been defeated, the victory of the northern Shensi campaign would have had to be postponed."

"There was nothing to worry about," said the brigadier. "If we can win, we fight. If we can't win, we march. The enemy can't beat us at marching. We just drag them to death."

Another brigadier said: "We've got a bigger appetite, too. The enemy thought we could only take a small bite out of them, and they all gathered in one place. That made it perfect for us to swallow them whole. Only Liu Kan got away cheap."

The Chairman smiled. "We won't let him get away cheap. We still must pin him down and fight an all-out battle. Our original plan was to finish off a dozen or so of his brigades first, then counter-attack. Now, although we still haven't destroyed that many, it looks as if the enemy is already having a pretty hard time. Hu Tsung-nan is a man of no ability, he's treacherous and vicious. He has big ideas and no talent. He has so many troops, but he can't do a thing to us.

Although we've fought him many times, we haven't suffered a single defeat. All he's good at is carrying out our plans."

Then the Chairman added: "Is it our fault that he always does just what we expect him to?"

The generals roared with laughter. Chatting, they entered the cave. Everyone asked the Chairman to sit and rest a while. The cave was very small, and the *kang* bed was fully occupied with people sitting on it. Some were crowded outside the cave, and sat beside the door. After a brief rest, the Chairman spoke again.

"The northern Shensi campaign is already over the hump. The most wearing, the hardest period is already past. The initiative is in our hands. Of course, we still have difficulties, not with regard to relative military strength but mainly with regard to grain. Without grain, you can't fight a war. There isn't much grain in the border region, so we won't fight here. We're going to fight our way out! We're going to hit Hu Tsung-nan right at his front door. We're also going to eat his food — it's a good arrangement."

Again the generals burst into laughter.

"The battle of Shachiatien," the Chairman continued, "knocked the cockiness out of the enemy completely. The situation is extremely favourable to us. We must win a few more handsome victories like this one. Then the enemy in northern Shensi won't have an inch of ground to stand on."

After the meeting, the Chairman went to the commanding height south of the village, and looked at the place where the enemy Thirty-sixth Division was destroyed. A general handed him a pair of field glasses and, standing by his side, related how the Thirty-sixth Division had been wiped out. The Chairman nodded repeatedly, commenting approvingly several times that this terrain had been selected well, that it was favourable to our army. He asked detailed questions about the progress of the battle and the co-ordination of our artillery.

When we returned to Liangchiacha, it was already dark. Because the village was too small, all the organizations had moved to Chukuanchai. Vice-Chairman Chou and Comrade Jen Pi-shih had waited to go with the Chairman. And so he didn't stop, but went right on again.

The valley road was very stony and the horse hoofs kept striking sparks in the dark night. We stumbled and bumped into each other all along the road. Although the journey was only twenty *li*, it seemed as if we'd never reach the end of it. And to make matters worse, the Chairman's old black horse lost a shoe. The Chairman treats animals well. He refused to ride.

"If I ride I'll only fall asleep," he said.

He hadn't closed his eyes for three days and three nights. We were anxious to reach our destination quickly so that he could get some rest. So we broke our rule and turned on the flashlights we carried to light the road ahead. When we arrived in Chukuanchai the comrade in charge of the billeting said that the Chairman's house was in the rear valley another two *li* away, where the surroundings were quieter. The Chairman laughed.

"I don't need quiet now," he said. "All I need is sleep."

The comrades vacated a cave dwelling for him temporarily, but no sooner did he set foot in the door than he got the other leaders together for another meeting.

On August twenty-third, the Chen-Hsieh Army surged irresistably across the Yellow River between Shenhsien and Loyang. The victory at Shachiatien produced a chain reaction on every battlefield in the country. When Hu Tsung-nan's mobile troops were being detained by us on the northern front, his rear was left empty. This enabled the Chen-Hsieh Army to cross the river without any difficulty, then divide and spread out both towards the east and the west. The eastern column threatened Loyang, thus tying down the enemy in Honan and helping our Second Field Army in its southward advance. The western column pressed straight for Tungkuan.

It was obvious the enemy would have a hard time holding Hu Tsung-nan's old lair, Sian. Hu Tsung-nan grew panicky. He sent an urgent order to Liu Kan to come south. Liu Kan was holed up in a mountain valley northeast of Michih. Short of food and water, he didn't dare move. In addition, the autumn rain was falling steadily, and the weather was turning cold. All his men were complaining bitterly. On receiving the order, he had no choice but to risk annihilation in a dash south. Our powerful Northwest Field Army, com-

manded by Chairman Mao personally, pursued and hotly attacked the southward-fleeing bandit forces of Liu Kan. Moving south along the Hsienyang-Yulin highway, our army prepared to race ahead of the enemy, then block their way and attack them. We would make them pay a heavy price for every step.

The high tide of the big counter-offensive had come. Chairman Mao thought and planned day and night. From this remote little village, one brilliant directive after another, one important deployment order after another, flew to the front. From the Yellow River in the north to the Yangtse in the south, from the sea coast in the east to the Han River in the west, the forces of our mighty People's Liberation Army galloped over the length and breadth of the vast countryside like wind sweeping away remnant clouds. The day of the final extinction of the counter-revolutionary rule of the Chiang family dynasty which had lasted over twenty years was not far off.

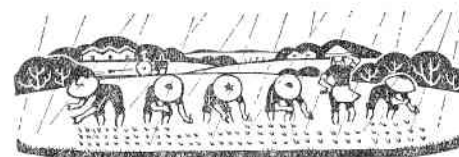
The wheel of the revolution was rolling forward at flying speed along the road our great leader had pointed out. In this generation of ours, the heroic people shall write an entirely new history.

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*The Village Tanchiaping in Cbiabsien County* (painting in the traditional style) by Tao Yi-ching ►

This was where Chairman Mao lived during the northern Shensi campaign.





*Lin Shu*

## Spring Rain

Spring rain and a mist that spreads  
From over a tall cliff where  
A freshet gurgles down  
Splashing over hillside and plain,  
Making a thousand flowers bloom.

Green waves of young rice  
Sweep into the horizon,  
Gladdening the hearts of those  
Working through the rain, their  
Laughter rising over paddy fields.

Spring mobilizes people in their thousands,  
Lads and lasses who

With bare arms and legs  
Come into the battle line,  
Determined to win.

Spring winds encourage them,  
Spring rain washes their ploughshares,  
Paddy fields are worked there  
Smoothed by a layer of clear water  
Mirroring spring blossom.

Laughter soars over the rice fields  
Nourished too by spring rain.  
Sweat trickles down muddy legs,  
Laughter vibrates through the air,  
Merging sweat and rain into one....

Thus the busiest season is set off  
By a wet yet cheerful time.  
In the spirit of Tachai  
Mountain villages leap forward —  
In all the splendour of the land in spring.

*Yang Teh-hsiang*

## Night in Spring

Frogs croak noisily,  
The moon smiles over them.  
Streams from the water-wheels  
Sound pleasantly in the night breeze  
In harmony with laughter that rises and falls:  
Late, and people are still working.

I walk through the night,  
My eyes caught by a lovely sight:  
Every paddy field is a pool of stars  
Twinkling, scintillating, moving  
On the changing waters  
That bathe the new-born rice.

So good a season which  
May 7 fighters\* hold dear as gold  
Splashing in mud and water,  
Sparing no pains in paddy-field work,  
Ever ensuring proper growth  
And an early rich harvest.

Water-wheels turn as if flying  
Pouring streams into the fields,  
And turned by mighty hands —  
Hands bursting with the strength  
Generated by a red sun  
That shines in their hearts.

Outside, dew is falling  
Nourishing fresh rice shoots.  
Inside thatched huts by the fields  
Young farmers sit under lamps  
Poring over treasured books.  
For them every single minute counts.

The day breaks with bright shaft  
Bringing out the beauty of spring.  
**“Be prepared against war,**  
**“Be prepared against natural disasters,**  
**“And do everything for the people,”**  
Words with which every heart beats in unison.

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\*See *Chronicle* on page 126.



*Yun Huang*

## Songs of the May 7 Fighters

### Our School

Our classrooms:  
The vast space above  
And the wide fields below.  
Poor and lower-middle peasants  
Our teachers.  
Our textbooks  
The Three Constantly Read Articles.  
Our assignment  
The remoulding of our world outlook.



For many years we studied in old schools,  
But never had such good teachers  
Who infuse revolutionary zeal  
Into our hot blood  
That irrigates the fields of our hearts,  
Strengthening our minds  
To scorn difficulties and peril  
And to shoulder heavy tasks.  
Determined to be a vanguard, surely  
We shall march for ever  
On the road of the May 7.

## Thatched Huts

From buildings of many stories  
With spacious courtyards  
We come to seaside huts.  
Narrow, dark and low,  
That's what you might say.  
Yet every room is bright and sunny.  
Thatched roof, bamboo rafters,  
With the Yen'an spirit as beams,  
Plaited reeds for the walls  
Smoothed with fine clay,  
And through the windows shines the spirit  
Of "Kang 'Ta."\*

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\*The Anti-Japanese Military and Political College in Yen'an during the War of Resistance Against Japan.

From our huts,  
We can see far out into the world,  
Hearing the rumble of thunder  
And the storm over the Five Continents  
And too the turbulent waves  
That rage in the Four Seas.

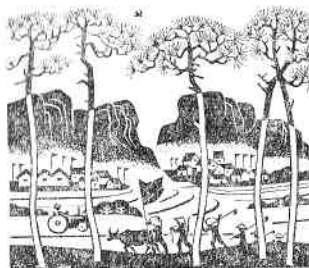


## Planting Cotton

Many cotton clothes I've worn out,  
Only now have I helped to grow cotton.  
First I must know the plant,  
Then can I sow selected seeds  
In the fields of my heart.

I like bitter salty air,  
Wild beaches seem so sweet.  
With a smile I face the sea breeze  
That brings in its wake  
So great a warmth to humanity.

From my May 7 school I learn  
That many people in the world  
Are still in need of clothing.  
With my life devoted to the Party  
I'll become a cotton plant by the sea.



*Hsin Jan*

## Everywhere a Picture of Spring

Stroked by the gentle breeze  
Flowers open their petals:  
The commune's mountains and rivers  
Wear a look of embroidered silk.  
I mix paint in the spring rain  
And with my hands draw a new landscape.

Blue and green represent Mount Liupan.  
Everywhere from hill tops down  
Struggle goes on to change the scene:  
Terraced paddy fields climb up the slope  
Guarded by stately green pines  
That seem to hold the skies.

---

Hsin Jan is a commune member.

Horizontal black strokes symbolize fields  
Where steel oxen never cease to work.  
Over valley on plain echoes the sound  
As if to say that here  
There will be wave upon wave of paddy,  
And clearer will sound the leap-forward drum.

Another stroke paints in the golden highway,  
On which former poor and lower-middle peasants  
March with vigorous strides,  
Holding high the great red banner  
Of learning from Tachai, ever forward  
On a vast adventure.

Production teams are shown in red,  
Red flags fluttering and dancing  
In every village and all around.  
Hands hold the little Red Book,  
Transforming the whole land,  
Their hoes flashing in the sun.

I've painted in all the mountains and rivers  
Of our commune —  
Making a broad vista of spring.  
But never can my brush bring out  
All the poetry of the scene,  
So I add to it these lines of praise.

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*The First Party Cell at Shaoshan* (oil painting) ▶

The first branch of the Chinese Communist Party in the countryside of Hunan Province, this Party cell was formed by Chairman Mao personally in his home village Shaoshan in 1925.



*Sun Hsiao-ping*

## Higher Demands

Old Ho had been away a full two years, helping another plant install its machinery. He became so immersed in the job he rarely had time to think of his family. He was particularly fond of Lan, his granddaughter. His son, the girl's father, had written to say that Lan had become a travelling crane operator. Old Ho was happy and proud.

"Good," he thought. "Another weight shifter in our family."

Lan was eighteen. Old Ho, too, had started work at eighteen, also moving heavy materials. But for forty years he had lifted with his hands and toted on his shoulders. He had wanted to learn to operate a crane, but by the time he got the chance he was too old. Lan was very fortunate. She had bounded into a travelling crane with her very first step.

Now, the installation of machinery finished, Old Ho was returning home. He went directly from the railway station to the workshop. It hadn't been completed when he left. He wanted to see it and

he wanted to see his granddaughter. Anyhow, he didn't know where their home was.

Two years before, they had left another plant they had just finished building, and came here to this remote area. They had rigged up a telephone in a thatched hut, and that became the construction site headquarters. A few cauldrons on the side of a hill were the beginnings of a mess hall. A pond provided the only washing facilities for several thousand workers. At night super-mosquitoes with speckled legs attacked, and the sounds of swatting reached considerable proportions.

Headquarters allotted Old Ho and his family two small cave rooms. After they moved in, he discovered several dozen oil drums standing not far from the entrance. The family hadn't even untied their bundles when Old Ho had them all move out again. Toting some, rolling others, they moved the oil drums into the caves. They themselves camped in a matshed they set up outside.

Today the plant was in operation and the workers had moved into some of the multi-storeyed buildings. Most of them were to be used as offices, department stores, book shops. That's how it always was with construction workers. They would live for a while in the buildings they had just erected. Then, when the entire plant was completed, they would move again to a new construction site. Old Ho knew his family was in one of the buildings, but their letters to him hadn't made it very clear in exactly which.

"The change has been even bigger than I thought," Old Ho muttered as he walked. When he first came, in 1960, the place was nothing but wild grass. Now, two years later, there were row upon row of tall buildings, large gas pipes snaking over hill and dale, the latest type open-hearth furnaces. In a word, a highly modern plant.

From a workshop came the clang of metal, the rumble of the travelling cranes, the hiss of welding and hot steel being quenched, and — with this he was most familiar — whistle signals directing the cranes' movements.

Sounding its hooter, a heavily laden train was rolling into the shop. Trucks on the roads churned up clouds of dust.

"We planned and built and equipped this whole big plant all by ourselves," Old Ho thought. He was stirred. "We Chinese are a determined, capable people."

He went into the shop. How youthful the veterans looked, how competent the apprentices. Already installed machinery was polished gleaming bright. Sections still awaiting equipment had been swept clean. Old Ho smiled so broadly his eyes became mere slits.

What caught his attention most was the hydraulic press, since the requirements for its installation were particularly severe. The bolt holes of its eighty-ton base, for example, had to be set exactly on the leg bolts. In lowering the massive base, the crane had to keep it as level as a bowl of water.

It had been successfully installed two days before. With obvious pleasure, several of the veterans told him that the crane operator had been his granddaughter Lan. Old Ho was astonished.

From her high perch in the crane the girl saw him, and blew two merry bleeps on the tweeter by way of warm greeting to her grandpa. Old Ho took the signal whistle from his son, who was section chief, and replied with two blasts of his own. It was the first time he had used the language of the heavy-lift machinery to "talk" with his granddaughter. All his longing and fondness for the child over the past two years were expressed in those sharp trills of the whistle.

At the break, Lan climbed down and rushed over to him. She peppered him with loving questions about his health and welfare, and these went straight to the old man's heart. In the end, she couldn't restrain herself. She pointed at the base for the hydraulic press.

"Grandpa, guess who set that in."

"I've heard." His tone was non-committal.

Lan had been very excited these past two days. Everything was going beautifully. She was so happy to see her grandpa again she didn't notice that he failed to share her enthusiasm.

Old Ho looked her over. The slim little girl couldn't weigh more than forty-five kilos, but she had lifted an eighty-ton base and set it in place with extreme accuracy. It was really a commendable feat. He stroked her hair and smiled.



She was eager to tell him all the details, but her father shooed her away. "Break's over," he said. Lan sweetly took leave of her grandpa and scooted back into the crane with squirrel-like agility.

Old Ho continued to inspect the base, and his approval of Lan grew. Though she had been operating a crane for only a year, her work already was quite good.

The father happily told the grandfather about Lan. When she had just learned to operate a crane he had set her to work in the materials shed where she moved steel tubes and plates. It doesn't matter much whether objects like that are carried slightly askew or get banged around a bit. Since the technical demands aren't high, a crane operator in the big shed isn't likely to make very rapid progress.

But Lan didn't grumble, in fact she distinguished herself. "Of course any crane operator would like to be in the shop, installing precision machinery," she said, "but somebody has to do these jobs too. Anything that helps the revolution is important."

Some high-pressure water pipes were getting rusty, and were placed in a sulphuric acid bath. The next day was Sunday, the construction workers' day off. Lan was afraid the pipes would be damaged if they stayed in the acid too long. She quietly got into the cab of her crane and lifted them out.

After she finished her stint in the materials shed, she came to the shop. Later, they gave her the crane operator's job of installing the hydraulic press. She was pleased but a little scared. Her heart beat fast. She sought advice from the veteran cranimen and practised in every spare moment. She stood four empty bottles on the floor, where the leg bolts of the base would be and practised laying a big steel piece on top of them.

"If she can do that without breaking those bottles I'll give up eating for the rest of my life," someone scoffed.

Lan was not deterred by such remarks. She kept practising day after day, one month, two months, until at last she succeeded. She gently lowered the big steel piece till it rested evenly upon the bottles. None of them broke. It was impossible to pull any of them out from beneath their heavy cover.

The day the base for the hydraulic press was to be installed, she climbed into her cab, coiled her braids on top of her head and started the crane. Below, hundreds of eyes stared up. The workers knew she had acquired a certain amount of skill but still they sweated for her. Even the slightest error could be disastrous.

Who would have thought that in less than ten minutes she would lay that eighty-ton base flush on the leg bolts without deviating so much as a hair...

Old Ho was sorry he had missed his granddaughter's performance. But when his son finished his recital, Old Ho said:

"You haven't told me anything about Lan's shortcomings. I don't believe she's all that perfect. The girl is only eighteen."

"Nobody says she's perfect," the father replied defensively. "But you mustn't expect too much from a kid that age."

The old man thought for a moment. "You're the section chief, and her father, and a veteran worker," he reminded him. "When everyone starts telling her how good she is, you shouldn't just stand there grinning and applauding along with the rest." He pointed at Lan, up the cab. "Look at that."

Lan had unpinned her braids, so that they were now draped gracefully over her breast. A news photographer, clinging precariously to a beam, was taking her picture.

"She violates the safety rules and lets her braids down to make herself look prettier. Suppose they get caught in the steering wheel, then what?"

You'd think from the way Old Ho talked that his son had helped her unpin the braids himself.

"That's wrong," said Lan's father. "I'll notify her immediately."

"No, wait. Take another look." Again Old Ho pointed at the cab.

Lan was operating the crane and chatting with someone at the same time. She had only one hand on the controls, and was gesturing with the other. Her manner was accomplished, casual. The signal whistle blew, but she didn't respond. Probably she didn't hear it. Her mind was elsewhere.

Old Ho was the safety inspector of the construction company. On any project, whether you were working on the ground or in the air, if he blew his whistle three times, you had to stop whatever you were doing, regardless of how urgent the job. If you were on the ground, you had to come forward. If you were high up, you had to come down. That whistle was an order. Lan had heard plenty about grandpa's whistle.

Red in the face, Old Ho directed three blasts from his whistle towards the cab.

His son was startled. "Why do you want her to come down?"

"I'm taking her off the job."

"But she hasn't had any accidents."

"When that happens, it will be too late. Since she's such a skilled hand, admired by all, we must make high demands on her."

There was reason in Old Ho's remarks. His son said no more.

Lan felt very aggrieved. True, she hadn't been attentive enough to her crane. But grandpa shouldn't have pulled her off the job and embarrassed her in front of everybody. Naturally, she didn't dare let on what she was thinking. She had enormous respect for grandpa. He had been a mover of heavy equipment for forty years. Today, he was a member of the construction company's Party com-

mittee and technically he was first-rate. Even the chief engineer admired him.

She remembered a story her father had told. Shortly after the People's Republic was established, a furnace in a steel mill was found listing badly to one side. Ordinarily, it would have been dismantled and rebuilt. But that would consume a lot of time. Grandpa and his crew set to work with jacks and winches. Pushing and pulling, they straightened the furnace up again. It was a thrilling feat.

He had sharp eyes, too. Lan knew that. He could tell every time if you had something on your mind.

Now, as the girl approached him, he said: "You mustn't be self-satisfied, Lan."

"I'm not, grandpa. Pride and complacency are the enemies of progress," Lan replied. But she was pouting, nevertheless.

"That's right. You've got the idea, but you haven't absorbed it very well."

Lan blushed.

"I'm not saying you're proud and complacent, or that you look down on everyone. What I am saying is that you're a little careless. What were you thinking of, up there?"

The girl lowered her head and toyed with the end of her braid. She said hesitantly: "I was thinking . . . I'd already set in the heaviest piece of equipment, that the hardest part of this job was over."

"So you could relax, take it easy, get careless, is that it? Carelessness is complacency, don't you know that?"

Lan continued fiddling with her braid.

"Which would you say is harder for a crane operator to set in place — a machine base or a movable beam?"

"A base, of course."

"Why?"

"Because it's heavier."

"I'd say both jobs are equally hard."

Lan raised her head and looked at her grandpa. She didn't understand.

"A movable beam is thirty tons lighter, true. But you've got to place it dozens of metres above the floor. The base you simply lower three metres. The beam has many bolt holes. Suppose, at that height, you can't set it flush with the bolts, then what?"

Lan had no answer to that.

"I hear that some people are inviting you to give a talk," Old Ho said. "What are you planning to say?"

"I was thinking of telling how I worked on my technique and learned how to set that eighty-ton base into position. Also that I couldn't have done it without the education the Party has given me and the help I received from the veteran workers."

"Is that all?"

"I couldn't think of anything else."

"Have you ever had any accidents?"

"Well, yes."

"Why not tell them about that? And about your shortcomings. Why not talk about the underlying causes of those accidents and shortcomings, and how you overcame them, or whether any of them still exist? Wouldn't that be better than just telling about your accomplishments?"

"You're right, grandpa." Lan's smile was shame-faced.

"There's another thing I want to ask you. When you practised with those empty bottles, what were you thinking?"

Lan considered a moment. "I said to myself: We've built this modern plant and in the future we'll build still better ones. Our responsibilities in the socialist revolution and construction of our homeland are going to be heavier than ever. We'll let those imperialists and reactionaries see what we can do! Installing the hydraulic press is a critical job. If I don't sharpen up my technique, I'll never do it. That's what I was thinking."

"Right, and very well reasoned. You had working class determination, your ideas were pure. You weren't thinking about news photographers taking your picture, or giving a talk on your experience. You felt your technique wasn't good enough, that you had to practise hard. You were modest, and because you were modest, you made progress."

"I know what you mean, grandpa, and I agree. My behaviour today was pretty conceited," the girl replied. She sounded quite happy to have figured out her problem, and her voice was fond.

Her straight-forward answer deeply touched the old man. With considerable emotion he said: "Our next project is going to be a plant even bigger than this. You study hard. Nobody ever knows too much."

Lan's eyes sparkled. With practised fingers she coiled and pinned her two long braids on the top of her head.

"Grandpa," she said, "those people who asked me to give a talk — I think I'd better not go."

"Why not?"

"I'm so far off the mark. The way I acted today — I'm not qualified to make speeches."

"They've invited you. It would be impolite if you didn't go. Grandpa's got confidence in you now. You're sure to give a good talk." He stroked her hair. "All right. Up you go. Get that crane started."

The girl walked swiftly to the iron ladder and nimbly mounted to the top.



## Veteran Worker Liu

Veteran Worker Liu had been ill. I had no time to visit him because we were too busy repairing farm tools.

Now it was Saturday evening and I hurried through the spring rain towards Liu's house right after supper. As I started up the stairs, Aunt Liu, coming down, ran into me. I quickly supported her and asked with a smile, "Is Old Liu feeling any better?"

"He looks much better. But he went out again. I can't find him anywhere." She invited me into the house.

I saw several copies of *Selected Works of Mao Tsetung* and a *Renmin Ribao* on Liu's bed. The newspaper's leading article was entitled *March Along the Revolutionary Line of Chairman Mao to Win a Bumper Harvest in Agriculture*. Some passages were underlined in red. Food was still steaming on the table. Obviously Old Liu had gone out without eating anything.

"Why are you so busy? Has anything happened at the factory?" Aunt Liu asked me after we sat down. "He's supposed to be resting at home, but my old man always worries about the factory and goes

there several times a day. A while ago he was just about to have his supper when the door banged open and Young Li of your group dashed in, yelling, 'We are in a terrible stew, Old Liu!'

"My old man put down his bowl and jumped up, 'What's happened?' he demanded.

"Young Li whispered into his ear. A second later, both of them disappeared."

Hearing these words, I guessed the truth.

In response to the call of the Party to support the spring ploughing, our factory had organized a team to help repair farm tools in nearby people's communes. Several veteran mechanics, carrying their tool kits, went to the countryside.

A commune's production brigade brought a motor to our factory at noon for repair. They needed it badly. Several of us apprentices started working on it. When we dismantled the motor we found that a wire weld was broken. We repaired it and put on the casing. But when we tested the motor, it didn't work. We checked it again. But we couldn't locate the trouble. We were as frantic as ants on a hot pan.

"If only Liu were here," Young Li said with a sigh.

Old Liu was a veteran mechanic. He knew electrical technique and mechanics as well as his own children. He could repair any motor. But how could we trouble him when he wasn't well? We decided to ask a veteran in another workshop to give us a hand. Unfortunately, he was away. We were in a pickle.

"Old Liu must have gone to the workshop," I said to Aunt Liu. "We're repairing a motor for a brigade. He's probably working on it now. I'll go and get him for you." I immediately set off for the factory.

"Let him finish the job," she shouted after me. "Don't disturb him."

What a good aunt! When she heard it was for the spring ploughing she forgot all about her old man's illness.

It was still raining. Raindrops spattered my face. I felt a bit cold. But my heart was warm.



The workshop was very quiet as I hurried in. The lights were still on at our bench. Young Li was putting on the motor casing. It seemed things had gone well.

"Where is Liu?" I asked.

Young Li turned to me and said gaily, "Ah, you mean Veteran Worker Liu. He is really something. The motor is old and the paint has come off some of the transformer coils, making it short-circuit. It seemed all right when we checked it with a multimeter. But it didn't work when we linked it with the current. How careless we were!"

"Where on earth has he gone now?" I lost my patience.

"He heard that the fifth repair shop is conditioning some tractors for a commune. He's probably over there."

Young Li put his tools together, stood up and stretched. "Let's go and have a look," he said to me.

We went to the shop. Engines were roaring, cranes were moving, delivering parts. The banner reading "Go all out, support the spring ploughing" was very bright under the electric arc. Veteran repairmen hustled busily about. Old Liu, with grimy hands, was fiddling with a motor. Delighted to find him, we hurried over.

"So you've come. How did you know I was here?" Old Liu asked with a smile.

I told him what Aunt Liu had said and urged him to be careful of his health.

"Of course health is important," he said, wielding a pair of pliers. "But this job is urgent. How can I lie in bed at home?"

The tractor engine was purring smoothly. It would soon be ploughing the fields for the commune members. Our hearts felt as sweet as honey. The workers washed their hands and happily started for home.

Old Liu and I walked together in the drizzle. "Listen." Old Liu halted at the factory gate. "Who is that, at this late hour?"

A young fellow, drenched to the skin by the rain, was talking to the gate-keeper. "It's our busy season," he said. "But our motor has gone dead."

I thought he must be the man who had come for the motor we had repaired during the day. "Don't worry, comrade," I went over to him and said. "Your motor is all right now. You just go in and take it home."

"Impossible. My motor's over there," he said, pointing.

On a hand-cart was a motor covered with a tarpaulin. Clearly I had been mistaken.

The young fellow came from a brigade far from the factory. Their motor had failed that afternoon while they were irrigating. He had put it on the cart and started for town to get it repaired. But on the way, it had begun to rain and the road became slippery. So the trip took longer than he expected.

Before the young fellow finished his story Old Liu started to examine the little machine. He turned the wheel and listened to the sound.

"Don't worry, young comrade," he said with a smile. "I've located the trouble. Just something wrong with the axle. We'll change it."

"Change the axle?" I asked in surprise. "We don't have any axle on hand."

"I picked some old ones from the scrap-heap several days ago in the storehouse," he told me. "They're just this type, and will fit well after we work on them a little."

The young fellow gripped Liu's arms and said, "Comrade, we're very grateful for your help. We poor and lower-middle peasants must learn from you and earnestly carry out to the letter Chairman Mao's instruction, '**Be prepared against war, be prepared against natural disasters, and do everything for the people.**' We must do our spring ploughing well and produce more grain to help the revolution of China and the world."

These words of the young fellow, the enthusiasm of Old Liu, his wife, Young Li and all the repairmen moved me deeply. I had a lot I wanted to say to Old Liu. But as I opened my mouth, I saw that he and the young fellow were pulling the motor towards the workshop. Warmth surged through me, and I ran after them. . . .

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*Wresting Land from the Sea* (oil painting) ►  
by the art workers of the PLA in the  
Kwangchow area



*Yin Kuang-lan*

## My Song Speaks My Heart

Joyous laughter peals within me  
Before I open my lips to sing  
This song from my innermost heart.  
I was hoeing cotton plants in the field  
When I received word from our team  
Telling me to attend a conference in Peking.  
That night I could not sleep,  
Only wishing I could grow wings  
To fly straight to the capital!

I am a clumsy farmhand,  
Neither able to compose nor sing.

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Yin Kuang-lan is a folk singer who took part in the All-China Conference of Folk Literature Workers on July 9, 1958. She improvised this song at the closing session. For more information about her see the article on page 112.

All the others are more gifted,  
And with better voices.  
I am glad I can now meet others,  
Who set a good example for me,  
Humbly I will learn from them, the  
Good singers from all our provinces,  
Hoping to make a Great Leap  
In my singing.

Yesterday I saw Chairman Mao,  
My spirit rose as he,  
In excellent health and high spirits,  
Walked slowly past me, I  
Unable to take my eyes from him.  
For the people of our country,  
It is indeed their great fortune  
To be guided by him,  
Through to an everlasting happy life.

I pledge the Conference that:  
When I return to my village,  
I will compose more songs  
And will sing to the best of my ability  
First of long, long life for Chairman Mao,  
Then of the Communist Party, our saviour.  
I will sing till the red banner  
Flutters everywhere,  
Till all minds are freed  
From old conventions.

## A Red Heart for Chairman Mao

Multi-coloured clouds fly past  
Over red flags streaming in the wind,  
Adding fresh beauty to a new spring.  
Great, glad news is now abroad,  
Shaking our mountains and rivers  
Like spring thunder:  
The Ninth Party Congress\* is inaugurated.  
Long live Chairman Mao!  
A long, long life to him!  
My spirits run high,  
Cheered by the occasion.  
My voice lifts  
Singing newly thought-up songs.

I celebrate the Ninth Party Congress,  
And sing of it.  
Mao Tsetung Thought shines brightly,  
Unfolding a new blueprint  
For our great motherland,  
Unveiling new milestones  
For our socialist revolution.  
With a wave of his hand  
Chairman Mao bids us go forward,

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\*Held in April 1969 in Peking.

And the revolutionary wheel moves  
Fast as if flying.

**"Away with all pests!"**

The glorious morning sun  
Suffuses the world in red.

The poor and lower-middle peasants  
Sing of the Ninth Party Congress,  
Singing to their hearts' content,  
Imbued with fine passion,  
In praise of the red sun  
That brightens their hearts.  
Oh, it is you, Chairman Mao,  
Who paves the road to happiness,  
Who leads us to march with great strides  
On the revolutionary highway.  
It is you who **Bombard the Headquarters**,\*  
So that the people's power  
Ever remains red.

With the treasured book in my pocket  
I go to work in the field.  
Fired with labour enthusiasm,  
Everybody competes in their efforts  
To secure a new rich harvest,  
As a gift to the Ninth Party Congress.  
**"In agriculture, learn from Tachai."**

---

\*This was a big-character poster written by Chairman Mao and published on August 5, 1966. It exposed and criticized the criminal suppression of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution by the bourgeois headquarters headed by Liu Shao-chi and pointed out the correct direction for the movement.

Holding to this directive  
We will write history  
With our mighty hands,  
Carry on revolution to the end,  
Hearts devoted to Chairman Mao.

## The East Wind Carries My Songs Afield

My hands wield a hoe,  
From my lips come songs,  
And the east wind carries  
Them to the Red River,  
One song I composed  
Celebrates the great victory  
Our Vietnamese comrades  
Scored on the battlefield.

The hoe loosens soil,  
Sprouts spring up  
Healthy and sturdy.  
Where the rake has passed  
All weeds are cleared.

But our heroic Vietnamese comrades  
Do a heavier task:  
Smashing U.S. imperialism.

Waves of the Red River  
Are rolling and foaming,  
Set off by the green leaves,  
Red flowers look lovely.  
News of victories  
Pours in from the front,  
Continuously,  
As if to compete with us  
How many barns  
Have we filled with grain?

Like lotus flowers  
Growing in the pond,  
Their roots entwined,  
Chinese and Vietnamese  
Are kith and kin,  
Our hearts closely linked.  
Vietnamese brothers and sisters  
Fight U.S. imperialism at the front,  
And we Chinese people  
Support them in the rear.

A dog that has fallen into a cesspool  
Just stinks.  
So is U.S. imperialism,  
Offensive to all,  
Beaten wherever it goes.

Peoples of the world,  
Who join together in one,  
Are resolved to wipe it out,  
All monsters and freaks included,  
Completely.

My hands wield a hoe,  
From my lips come songs,  
And the east wind carries  
Them to the Red River.  
When U.S. imperialism  
Is so utterly defeated,  
And I will compose better  
To celebrate final victory.

Wang Hsiao-lung

## A Silver Dollar

One day at a meeting held by army men and civilians to recount past sufferings, a PLA fighter took out a chipped silver dollar which was wrapped in red cloth. He lifted it up and with tears in his eyes told his listeners, "This silver dollar was a witness of the oppression my family suffered in the old society." He stopped for a moment and then told the story.

My original name was not Wang Hsiao-lung, but Chen Liang. I was born in Honan Province. When I was five years old, we were hard hit by a spring drought. My grandad and granny starved to death. We had to sell our only possessions, two *mu* of land and a hut, to raise the money to bury them. After paying for the funeral and what we owed the landlord, we had only one silver dollar left.

Things went from bad to worse. We had to leave our village. As bad luck would have it, on the road we met a Kuomintang army unit. They tried to seize daddy for a conscript. As they were tying his hands, daddy kicked a soldier down and ran. Bang, bang, two shots felled him to the ground. Ma rushed up crying, "Liang's daddy. . ."

We all wept. Pointing at his waist daddy breathed his last. Ma shook his body which was turning cold.

"Liang's daddy, wake up! Wake up!" shouted ma. But there was no response. Ma took out a silver dollar stained with blood from daddy's belt. It had been chipped by a bullet.

Holding me and my seven-year-old sister in her arms, ma cried on and on. Later, we buried daddy with the help of some famine refugees.

With tears in our eyes, we continued south until we arrived at a village in Hupei Province. We lived in a broken-down temple. Every day we gathered and cooked wild herbs and begged for a living. Even then, we never spent the silver dollar.

One day, Li San-ting, the village landlord, came to the temple with two bullies. Sly and venomous, he cruelly exploited and oppressed the peasants. The poor peasants hated him to the marrow of their bones.

"How dare you live here?" Landlord Li demanded. "Don't you know this is a temple? You'll have to pay if you want to stay."

"We can't even feed ourselves. Where would we get the money?" ma retorted.

Landlord Li shouted fiercely to his men, "Take anything they have of value." The two bullies rummaged through our things. Finding nothing valuable the landlord angrily kicked our tattered quilt. The silver dollar fell to the ground with a clink. Li snatched it up.

"Ah! Where did paupers like you get this?" he asked with a sneer. "You must have stolen it. I'm going to tell the police about this." He put the silver dollar into his pocket and turned to leave. Ma clutched his arm and tried to reason with him. He punched her in the chest and knocked her down. Then off he went with the chipped silver dollar.

A few nights later, a northwest wind blew and snow fell heavily. Dead branches rattled, ravens croaked. It was so gloomy and oppressive you could hardly breathe. Returning from begging, ma looked at sister, her eyes wet with tears. Trembling, she took a muffin from her pocket and gave it to sister. Sister gave me half. I was about



to put it into my mouth when ma took it away and returned it to my sister.

"Liang, you thoughtless boy, let your sister eat her fill," she said. Then she turned to my sister.

"Ling, you've never had a full meal or a nice dress from the day you were born. Let ma comb your hair." As ma smoothed sister's hair, she broke down and tears fell on sister's hands.

"Why you crying, ma?" Sister was surprised.

"Eat your muffin. I'm thinking of sending you to a family where you can eat your fill. Ma is too poor to keep you."

Sister threw her arms around ma's neck and cried, "You can't send me away, ma. You can't do that!"

"It isn't that ma doesn't love you, child. I can find no other way out in this man-eating world. They want a daughter. You will not die of hunger there."

I also cried and pleaded, "Ma, sister mustn't go."

"Don't cry, brother," said sister, "I won't go. I'll take you with me when I go begging tomorrow!" Still holding ma's hand, she clasped me with her other arm. Tears were streaming down my face.

Ma didn't seem to have heard us. She said to my sister, "You mustn't miss ma when you are in the other family. Ma will come to see you in a few days." She took off her tattered padded tunic and wrapped it around sister's shoulders.

"I don't want it, ma," sister protested. "It's the only tunic you have."

"The wind is strong, Ling," urged ma. "You'd better put it on."

She produced another muffin from her pocket.

The door of the temple was thrown open suddenly. A piercing snow-laden north wind poured in. Landlord Li stormed into the temple with his bullies.

"I've come for the girl," he declared.

Ma was dumbfounded. My sister rushed into her arms. Sister was ill, and ma had asked one of the local people to find a family that wanted a daughter so that she wouldn't die of hunger. She never dreamed it would be the evil Landlord Li who would take her daughter away.

Tightly clasping me and sister in her arms, she said, "Children, we are poor but we have our self-respect. I'd rather you starved to death than end up in the clutches of a man like that."

Landlord Li, the evil wolf, said with a false smile, "Don't worry. My place will be like paradise to her." Then he produced a silver dollar and tossed it on the ground.

"That's for the girl," he said. With a jerk of his head he ordered, "Take her away." The two bullies dragged sister out. Ma rushed after them shouting, "Ling!" She fell unconscious to the ground.

"Ma, I can't leave you, ma —" sister cried. Her voice gradually faded in the distance.

Half a muffin and the silver dollar were all that was left. Ma gradually came to. She picked up the silver dollar. It was the same one Landlord Li had snatched away from her last time. Ma fainted again. That was the last time we saw sister.

One day, the following spring, ma and I were out begging. A procession, headed by men beating gongs and blowing trumpets, advanced slowly down the street. People were weeping in a dozen carriages. Someone said that Landlord Li's mother had died. We were pleased to hear it.

The coffin, on an open hearse, was covered with a piece of brocade embroidered with a dragon and phoenix. Before the hearse came a small cart, pulled by two girls by means of white ribbons. Another girl stood on the cart between two white lotus blossoms. She was dressed in pink and held a grey lamp in one hand. Her plaits were tied with blue ribbons. Her round little face was slightly rouged.

But wasn't that my sister? Why did she stare so glassily? Before I realized what had happened my ma's eyes widened with fear. Trembling, she stood rooted to the spot. Then she rushed forward like mad, shouting "My child —" and collapsed.

"Wake up, ma!" I cried. Raising my head, I stared at my sister. She was dead. The venomous Landlord Li had killed her, filling her with mercury so that she could accompany his mother into the tomb.

Ma gradually came to, her mouth bleeding. She wailed, "Open your eyes, Ling. Ma has come to see you."

The onlookers crowded around us. Landlord Li came over. Ma threw the chipped silver dollar at him with all her remaining strength and flung herself upon him. Landlord Li struck her hard.

Wiping the blood from her mouth, ma cried, "You man-eating wolf. Give me back my daughter."

Again she threw herself on him. His bullies kicked her heavily. Ma cried out in pain and dropped to the ground. Blood gushed from her mouth. This enraged the villagers and they surged forward. Li saw that the situation was getting out of hand. He beat a hasty retreat. Picking up the silver dollar, the bullies followed.

Ma slowly regained her consciousness under the ministrations of the villagers. Grasping my hand, she said, "You saw, son. Don't forget this wrong. Remember how your daddy and sister were killed. Avenge me. . . ."

Wiping my tears I said, "Ma, I'll remember all you have said." But she could not hear me. She too had died at the hands of Landlord Li.

Five of my family were killed by that evil society, leaving me alone in the world. Uncle Wang, a poor peasant, took me into his home. So my name was changed to Wang Hsiao-lung.

In 1949, Chairman Mao and the Communist Party liberated my village. We poor people were given houses and land. To avenge us, the people's government tried and executed the despot landlord Li. I was so happy that I could not sleep for several nights. I gazed gratefully at a picture of Chairman Mao. If it weren't for Chairman Mao I wouldn't be here and we poor people would never have the life we have today.

During the land reform, we found dozens of pots of silver dollars which Landlord Li had hidden. There among them was the chipped silver dollar. Stained with my family's blood and tears, it is a memento of the agonies of the poor in China's old society.

The *Selected Works of Mao Tsetung* in one hand and the silver dollar in the other, Uncle Wang said to me the day I joined the PLA, "Take these with you, son. Chairman Mao's works will broaden your view and chart your course. The silver dollar will remind you of our past sufferings. You will realize how difficult it was to seize political

power and the importance of the gun. You must follow our great leader Chairman Mao and carry on the revolution to the end."

The young PLA soldier's tale of the old society aroused the anger of his audience. They rushed up and grasped his hand. They said the blood-stained silver dollar provided a deep lesson, that they would always follow Chairman Mao, guaranteeing with their guns the people's power.

## The Days Past

In the evening of May 20, 1968, Chairman Mao, the great leader of all the nationalities in our country, received the miner-delegates who attended the All-China Conference of the Coal Industry held in Peking. From the crowded hall there came the first joyful shout, "Long live Chairman Mao!" It was the voice of Chien Kuei-pao, a middle-aged miner. This was a great moment for him, but, although so excited, he could never for a moment forget the bitter days he and his family had endured in the past. . . .

In the winter of 1932, in a village in Honan Province, a son was born in the home of poor peasant Wang Cheng-yi. He was given the name Wang Chiu-hsiang. What a burden this new child was to the destitute family which existed on the verge of starvation! The birth caused the father many a sigh. The entire family lived in the hope that the grandfather, a hired farmhand for a landlord, might come back before long with some wages.

One day the door burst open and the old man staggered in. He fell onto the bare earthen bed, muttering, "That hard-hearted bastard

of a landlord. . . ." But he fainted away before he could finish what he wanted to say. He never recovered his consciousness.

The family tried to revive the old man, but in vain. The baby's cries and the wailing of its parents were merged in the howling blizzard which nearly shook the small hut to pieces. They combined in one mighty accusation against the wicked old society, the landlord class and its cruel oppression of the poor.

The grandfather left nothing except his shepherd's crook which Wang Cheng-yi took over so that he could continue his father's job.

The misery of the poor became even greater in 1939 when the Japanese imperialist armies which invaded China rode roughshod over Honan. Chiang Kai-shek's troops, instead of fighting the Japanese aggressors, took advantage of the invasion and themselves plundered the people. The vicious landlords even increased their exploitation of the poor peasants. Then a severe drought of three years running caused a greater calamity. So serious was the famine that the peasants were forced to strip all the bark from the trees and grind it into powder as their only food. Chiu-hsiang and his two younger sisters became mere skeletons. Their father had no alternative but to hire his young son as well as himself to Landlord Sung as shepherds.

"Skinflint Sung is a beast who can gobble you up without even spitting out your bones," the peasants said. So father and son tramped over the mountains with the flocks from dawn to sunset till they were absolutely exhausted. But this was not enough. Every day each of them had to gather a heavy load of firewood and carry it home on his back each night for the landlord's kitchen. For food, what they were given was thin gruel made from powdered locust tree leaves. Even of this they could never eat their fill.

They worked for three years, but the landlord still kept back their wages. In order to cheat them, Landlord Sung worked out a scheme together with another like himself known as King-of-Hell Tsui. This landlord claimed that the flocks Wang and his son tended had grazed on some of his young wheat. To compensate him for the loss they must pay him their wages. So this they had to do. In addition Landlord Sung gave Wang Cheng-yi a terrible beating.

Wang could no longer swallow such injustice. He lifted a heavy carrying pole and hurled it at Landlord Sung. But half a dozen lackeys and bullies pounced on Wang, kicking and punching him unmercifully. He and his son were kicked out of the house.

With hearts full of bitter class hatred they wished they could smash the landlord's house to pieces!

"Skinflint Sung, the day will come when we will avenge ourselves!" they vowed.

In 1943 the Japanese imperialists plundered our coal resources on an enormous and ever increasing scale to meet the needs of their expanding aggressive war. Acting in accordance with their vicious programme of "human lives in exchange for coal," they set up "labour recruiting offices" in Shansi, Honan and other provinces and sent out traitors and gangsters as "recruiting units" to rope in famished peasants as victims. Many destitute men were tricked by false promises of employment as house and road builders.

In the same year a further calamity struck when a big flood devastated the area, sweeping away both houses and crops. When Wang Cheng-yi's family had been without food for a long while and were nearly starved to death, Wang and his son left the village together with some relatives, men and boys. They arrived at the county town of Tangyin, the men hoping to find some work there. For three days they begged. On the fourth day when Wang was desperate he was accosted on the street by a shady looking character wearing a slouch hat and carrying a stick in his hand.

"Are you a peasant from a nearby village?" he asked.

Wang nodded and said that he was looking for a job, because all his family were starving.

With an evil cunning grin the man said, "This is not the time to look for a job. But I'll help you. Come with me."

"Go with him?" Wang and his relatives hesitated.

They could see that the stranger was a crook whom they shouldn't trust, but they had no choice. The younger of the group were on the verge of death. They might not live another day.

"All right then!" Wang said gritting his teeth. "Such is life! We're being driven to this."

Wang and the others went with the stranger to a ramshackle house where they found about some eighty people, also refugees from the famished area, all in the same state as themselves. After a short while another repulsive looking man appeared, obviously an opium-addict. With a wry smile he said he would soon have a meal ready for them.

That evening they did indeed have a meal. But none of them guessed what an evil plot was being hatched against them.

The next morning, before daylight, the opium-addict returned. He told them they must go to the railway station, where a train was waiting for them. This news was like bomb shell that threw them all into great confusion.

"We can't go off by train," some said. "Who knows where it's going?"

"Our wives and children are waiting for us to take them our wages!" others argued.

The depraved dope-fiend knew that if he allowed the discussion to continue, he would not be able to maintain his hold over them. So he cut it short, shouting ferociously:

"Get on that train, all of you! We're sending you to Anyang to build houses and roads. These are good jobs. If you refuse, you'll have no other place to go but prison."

Immediately a number of bullies rushed in and drove the refugees to the station by force.

"Anyang is not very far away," Wang said to his kinsmen. "It looks as though we'll have to go."

In this way, about three hundred starving refugees were crowded into a windowless freight-car on the train. The doors were shut with a bang and locked on the outside. Fear locked the hearts of the men too.

The train chugged along tediously, stopping at one station after another. Certainly it was going much farther than Anyang. No one knew how many hours he had been travelling. Finally it arrived at Kouchuan Station near the Tatung Coal Mine, in Shansi Province.

Now the men realized they had been brought to a dangerous and terrible place.

A group of Japanese soldiers rounded them up, at bayonet point. Although thoroughly famished, the men were not allowed to move a step until each had made his thumb-print on a piece of paper, and then issued a "law-abiding certificate." After that they were herded by the Japanese guards like a gang of prisoners into a row of tumbled-down huts surrounded by three barbed-wire fences. From then on they were virtually slaves in the hands of the Japanese.

The refugees were forced to become miners. Upon their backs was the weight of the feudal ruling class, the foreign imperialists and China's own bureaucrat-capitalists. The men lived in a primitive and inhuman way and suffered from the most cruel oppression and exploitation. Quite literally they were worked to death in large numbers and fresh reinforcements were procured and recruited by force and deception from among the suffering poor. The miners used to sing about their misery:

Once you come into the Tatung coal pits,  
You land into the wolves' jaws.  
Never will your families see you home again,  
For your bones will lie in a ditch.

The winter weather was already severe when Wang and his son Chiu-hsiang went to the Tatung Coal Mine. The snow chilled them to the bone for all they had to wear were the thin clothes they had on when they left Honan. They slept on the dirty floor at night, covering themselves with ragged old cement sacks and cinders. The cold increased till it was many degrees below freezing and almost unbearable. Some suffered from the ravages of diarrhoea because of the rotten black beans and *kaoliang* they had to eat, with nothing to drink but ice-cold water.

Death stalked among these poor miners. One after another they died. One day as a result of the diarrhoea two miners could not stand up at all.

"They'll infect others," a Japanese said to his henchman. "Get rid of them immediately."

The poor men were dragged out into the open and gasoline was splashed over them. They were then burnt alive.

Wang and his relatives worked thirteen to fourteen hours a day. Their daily wages were only enough to buy eight or nine coarse unpalatable *kaoliang* buns. Each time Wang bought some of these he made his son eat first. Chiu-hsiang's heart ached. He knew that every mouthful he ate was one less for his father, who had to work like an animal in the pit. Such hard labour can wear out even an iron man.

Wang's health deteriorated day by day, yet he was forced to continue working. The day finally came when he could not go to the pit. That evening he took Chiu-hsiang in his arms.

"Son," he said, "do you ever think of your mother and sisters?"  
"Of course. . . ."

He interrupted the boy, adding, "I am afraid we shall never see them again. I guess your mother's still waiting for me to send her some money. How can she ever imagine that we. . . ."

He choked. Tears streamed down his face. Chiu-hsiang clutched his father tightly while grief and anger against the exploiters, the foreign invaders and the old society raged in his young mind.

Early next morning, shortly after the day shift left and before the night shift returned, the foreman went to the hut with a Japanese soldier followed by a few of his lackeys.

"Wang Cheng-yi, you're pretending to be ill," said the foreman. "I'll soon see whether you are or not." Using a heavy hammer, he struck Wang on the face and head till the blood flowed. Wang lost consciousness. With a wave of his hand the Japanese said, "We've plenty of coolies. One death means nothing. Throw him into the ditch!"

The savage bullies pounced on the unconscious Wang and began to drag him out of the slave labourers' hut.

"My father's not yet dead!" shouted Chiu-hsiang, trying to hold onto his dad.

But the boy's strength was no match for these scoundrels. He could not stop them. To his old anger was added fresh hate which gave him new courage. He bit the foreman's hand, the one

which had struck his father. Stung by the sharp pain, the brute gave the lad a stunning kick so that Chiu-hsiang fainted and fell.

When he came to, his father was no longer in the hut.

"I must find my dad. He's not dead. He must not die!"

In spite of hunger and the painful bruise he went out alone to look for his father in the mass burial ditch.

It was filled with the bodies of dead miners, over which a host of wild dogs were fighting. Heaving some heavy stones at them the boy succeeded at last in driving them off. He finally found his father lying among his fellow victims. But the father could not answer Chiu-hsiang's frantic cries. Like the others he was dead, another victim of the evil old society. Exhausted by agony, tears and hunger, the boy fell unconscious on his father's body.

The familiar voice of his uncle gradually aroused Chiu-hsiang and once more strength returned.

"Chiu-hsiang, Chiu-hsiang, open your eyes," the elderly man called out.

Slowly his eyes opened. To his surprise the boy found he was in the slave labourers' hut as though what he had seen in the ditch had only been a nightmare.

"Water!" the uncle shouted in excitement, "give him some water, the boy has come back to life!"

Chiu-hsiang gulped down a mouthful. Tears flowed down his cheeks.

"Don't cry, my child," his uncle said. "Save your strength for revenge — revenge against the enemy who killed your dad."

After that Chiu-hsiang's uncle looked after him, but not for long. Soon his uncle and other kidnapped labourers who came together with them from their native province of Honan also lost their lives at the hands of the Japanese invaders. The mass burial ditch dug by the Japanese on the soil of our motherland was filled. Of course this bloody debt would be settled one day!

Chiu-hsiang's life was more bitter than bile. One after another the older men died, leaving behind young fatherless sons like himself.

Their only way to escape death by starvation was to drag themselves about and beg.

Chiu-hsiang had nothing but a few rags and tatters of clothing left. Even these were often torn by the landlords' watchdogs, who were released especially to attack the poor. Tortured by hunger and cold, he would have died had not one or two of his cousins still been able to beg occasionally and bring him some scraps of food.

One day of piercing wind and a heavy snowfall his cousins failed to return. They were already frozen to death and buried under a blanket of snow near a foothill, but desperately he waited for them till it grew dark. He longed for them, but across the vast white expanse there was no human figure to be seen. There were only the watch-towers with guns trained on the slave labourers' quarters, phantom-like Japanese patrols, and ring upon ring of barbed wire charged with electric current. . . . Chiu-hsiang felt no sorrow; he had no tears. His whole heart was filled with bitter hatred and the fever of revenge.

"I must live to avenge my people!"

Chiu-hsiang beat the mud wall of the hut with clenched fists as though hoping to smash the entire slave labourers' quarters. But he weakened and once again fell unconscious.

All the destitute people felt the same way. The next day Grandad Chien, a mason who worked in the mine, went to inspect the huts and discovered that Chiu-hsiang was dying. He took the boy home and cared for him. In gratitude the boy took the family name of the mason who adopted him as a grandson. He called himself Chien Kuei-pao.

In 1945 the Japanese were defeated and forced to surrender. Chiang Kai-shek, enemy of the people, tried to seize the fruits of victory from the people by turning his armies against the people's forces. The Kuomintang troops commanded by the warlord Yen Hsi-shan went to the mine and with bayonets drawn they took it over from the vanquished Japanese invaders. Traitors, gangmasters, former lackeys and foremen for the enemy immediately became Yen's henchmen. They continued to criminally exploit and oppress miners as before. The whole mine remained exactly the same

kind of hell that the slave labourers had lived in under the rule of the Japanese.

The mason, Grandad Chien, then aged and weak, was turned out of the mine. Starvation threatened his family. Chiu-hsiang, who was only thirteen, feeling it was his responsibility to keep the family alive, went down in the pit as a child miner.

The life of a miner was no concern of the boss whose only aim was to exploit the labourers as much as possible. There was practically no ventilation in the pits. The air filled with coal dust and gas was suffocating. Yet Kuei-pao had to work like a full-grown man. With a load of nearly fifty kilograms of coal on his back he had to climb up and down a long, steep slippery slope more than twenty times a day. There was no end to this inhuman toil. . . .

In May, 1949 the Chinese People's Liberation Army under the leadership of our great leader Chairman Mao liberated Tatung and freed the miners from slavery. The "black coal slaves" of the old society now became masters of the new. It was then that Kuei-pao, a much respected worker in the mine, stood up for the first time in his life as a man.

In 1950, with the assistance of the Party, Kuei-pao was able to find his mother and younger sisters whom he had not seen for seven years. His new happiness mixed with the memory of past sufferings made him realize to the full how much he owed to Chairman Mao. He could only repay this with the greatest enthusiasm for socialist construction.

To meet the requirements of the socialist revolution and construction, our motherland needed a large contingent of worker-technicians. Kuei-pao was sent to study in a technical school. This former coal-carrying slave now became the operator of a modern winding engine. The change was epoch-making in his own personal life and in that of all his class brothers. This became a reality only under the leadership of Chairman Mao, whom Kuei-pao loved from the bottom of his heart.

It was indeed a great occasion for Kuei-pao, when as a delegate to the All-China Conference of the Coal Industry, he was received by the

great teacher of the proletariat in the Great Hall of the People in Peking. He could hardly control his emotion when he saw Chairman Mao in such excellent health and good spirits. Waving his treasured red book *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung*, Kuei-pao made this solemn vow:

In my present happiness I'll never forget my past suffering. I'll for ever remember the concern of our great leader and how he helped me to stand up. Closely following him I'll carry on the revolution to the end.

## She Sings on the University Platform

One day in March, this year, Yin Kuang-lan, a famous singer of Anhwei Province, was on her way to Anhwei University. Trusted by the Party, she was going to lecture to the worker, peasant and soldier university students.

When she arrived at the gate she halted, seemingly lost in thought. She stood there for quite a long while gazing at the glowing red inscription, "Anhwei University," a facsimile of Chairman Mao's handwriting. How she longed to give expression to all that was in her heart. Actually it could all be boiled down into one sentence. Years before, Liu Shao-chi's revisionist line had been responsible for driving her out of the university, and it was Chairman Mao's revolutionary line that was bringing her back.

The campus was full of all the splendour and charm of spring. A giant slogan written by the worker, peasant and soldier students hung on the façade of a building. It bore the words: "Study in the university, administer the university and revolutionize the old-type university with Mao Tsetung Thought!" Completely carried away by what

she saw, Yin Kuang-lan thought to herself, "Oh, how it's changed! Everything is changed!"

That night she began to prepare her lectures. Where should she start her first lesson, she wondered. It was then that in her mind she saw the characters "Anhwei University" red and glowing before her eyes. She decided she would start to talk about the struggle between the two lines in the field of education that she had learned through her own experience.

The bell rang. Yin Kuang-lan walked briskly onto the platform, with a copy of Chairman Mao's brilliant article *Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art* in her hand. As she glanced at the picture of Chairman Mao on the opposite wall, she felt as if he was looking at her affectionately. She could hardly hold back tears of happiness. . . .

A thousand words, ten thousand songs, were not enough to fully express her very real love for Chairman Mao. Standing erect on the platform Yin Kuang-lan began to sing:

Chairman Mao has sent me to this platform,  
My heart's full of joy, happy tears on my cheeks.  
Each stage in my life was marked with a storm,  
Memories of past days come winging through my mind. . . .

In the old society, her family had been too poor to keep her. Fifteen days after she was born, her mother tearfully sent her to another family to be a child bride. Once when she was only five, herding some cattle, she passed a school. She stood on tiptoe to look through the window and watched the children of the landlords reading aloud. All of a sudden, a landlord's flunkey lashed at her with his whip. He beat her savagely as he yelled, "You damned pauper's brat! How dare you stare through the school window!"

Yin Kuang-lan was very miserable. Would things never change? Would she never be able to go to school?

But the new day she had longed for came at last! In 1949 the Chinese People's Liberation Army led by Chairman Mao liberated her home town. In September 1959 the Party sent her to the Workers' and Peasants' Middle School attached to Anhwei University. Yin Kuang-lan, who was already known for her fine ballads and had been



to Peking and seen the great leader Chairman Mao more than once, was so excited when she heard the news that she lay in bed fully awake all that night. Early the next morning, she packed up her bedding and started off for the university.

When she caught sight of the inscription on the university gate, "Anhui University," copied from Chairman Mao's handwriting, how delighted she was: Oh, Chairman Mao! How concerned you are for the workers, peasants and soldiers. You have taught us to stand up politically and now you are sending us to become cultured people.

In gratitude to Chairman Mao and the Party, she wrote a song full of deep feeling. She called it *The Pen*.

In the dark old days,  
Who ever saw a peasant hold a pen?  
But the feudal landlord used it,  
He dipped it in the tears and blood of the poor.  
If he wrote a single character,  
It meant death for someone,  
In each account book he kept,  
A record of our poor lives.

In the year 1949,  
A red banner crimsoned the blue,  
Chairman Mao led us to seize power;  
We labouring people were emancipated,  
And then we grasped the pen!

Six hundred million used the pen,  
The vast land was their paper, the sea their ink,  
They wrote in praise  
Of the general line\* so bright.  
The flowers of the people's communes are fragrant for ever;  
They wrote down our greatest wish—  
Long live the Communist Party of China!  
A long, long life to Chairman Mao!

Since the Party and Chairman Mao had given Yin Kuang-lan a pen, she was determined to use it to sing of the dear Party and the red

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\*The general line for socialist construction — "Going all out, aiming high and achieving greater, faster, better and more economical results in building socialism."

sun in her heart. Later, when she understood what had happened, she wrote, "As soon as I began to study in the middle school an evil wind started to blow." It was the arch-renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi, who undermining Chairman Mao's revolutionary line everywhere had stirred up this ill wind in the field of education in a vain attempt to restore capitalism.

A handful of his agents, renegades, traitors and capitalist roaders had wormed their way into leading positions in educational departments and worked together hand in glove. They bellowed loudly, "Marks are given to all on the basis of equality." They discriminated viciously against the children of workers and peasants, saying they were inferior students who could never get as good marks as those of the bourgeois origin. In the spring of 1961, they dissolved the Workers' and Peasants' Middle School attached to Anhui University and forced more than seven hundred fine sons and daughters of workers and peasants to end their schooling.

"How can this be?" Yin Kuang-lan wondered. We were sent here to study by Chairman Mao and the Communist Party. Why on earth are we being driven away? There must be something fishy behind all this!

Together with her schoolmates, she wrote a letter about the matter to the Party Central Committee and Chairman Mao. But it was never received, for the few renegades, traitors and capitalist roaders concerned withheld it. Therefore Yin Kuang-lan, angry and bitter, was compelled to pack up and leave the school together with the other students.

As she went out through the university gate, she turned round for one last look at the campus where she had lived for more than a year. At the sight of the familiar red characters "Anhui University" in Chairman Mao's handwriting, she felt at once excited and warmed up. She was firmly convinced that the brilliance of Mao Tsetung Thought would eventually light up Anhui University so that the worker, peasant and soldier students could return.

Yin Kuang-lan went back to the countryside. There she learned from the poor and lower-middle peasants as a modest pupil, and was active in the stormy class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment. During the past ten years, she wrote several

hundred ballads and songs, warmly praising the great leader Chairman Mao, the Communist Party of China, the socialist motherland and heroes she knew among the workers, peasants and soldiers.

The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, personally initiated and led by Chairman Mao, destroyed Liu Shao-chi's bourgeois headquarters. In response to the great call "**The working class must exercise leadership in everything,**" mighty contingents of workers marched into schools and universities. The stronghold of the bourgeois intellectuals on education was at last smashed and the proletariat regained power over all education.

Yin Kuang-lan, too, returned to Anhwei University, for the Revolutionary Committee of the university engaged her as a part-time teacher in the Chinese Language Department, a position which she accepted with pleasure.

Now she was able to sing aloud on the university platform. She sang:

Chairman Mao sent me to the platform,  
And so I'll sing a song about it.

In the past the bourgeoisie  
Strutted on this platform where  
"Scholars" and "authorities" sold their poison,  
Many a young student was severely harmed.

Now workers, peasants and soldiers can stand  
And sing on this platform;  
In our revolutionary classroom,  
Staunch revolutionaries will be tempered.

Her song touched the very hearts of the worker, peasant and soldier students and kept echoing in their minds.

## FIGHT ON TILL VICTORY!



No "peaceful solution,"  
No surrender on knees,  
A million "no's."  
Never will the people bow,  
Never will they surrender.  
Heads high they are marching to victory,  
Our people who will never stop  
Until the dawn of liberation is in sight.

We heard this battle song of the revolutionary Palestinians fighting against the U.S.-Israeli aggressors once more as we watched *The Palestinian People Will Win!*, a documentary film made by the Central Newsreels and Documentary Film Studio in Peking to mark "Palestine International Week." The Palestinian people, who with great heroism and ignoring sacrifice have refused to be coerced and persevered in armed struggle, impressed us deeply.

The film shows how industriously and valiantly the Palestinians have lived and worked on their beautiful fertile land for generations. After World War II, the U.S. and British imperialists, in order to plunder the Middle East and suppress the national liberation movement in this area, cooked up the phoney "state of Israel" on Palestinian

territory on May 14, 1948. Since then, supported by U.S. imperialism, the Israeli Zionists have swept over Palestine like an evil flood, causing profound misery. U.S.-Israeli tanks and armoured cars have ridden roughshod over Palestine, burning houses, killing the innocent inhabitants and occupying large stretches of territory. More than a million Palestinians have been driven from their homes and their country.

Where there is oppression there is resistance; where there is aggression people will fight against it. A volcano erupted in Palestine; the people awoke. With a series of close-ups the film shows heroic scenes of a people's war.

In 1965, the first shot, heard all around the world, rang out in the area of Galilee, igniting the torch of the Palestinian people's determination to fight against U.S.-Israeli aggression. Men and women, old and young, took up arms and attacked the aggressors through a rain of whistling bullets and the rolling smoke of gun fire. Listen! "We'll fight our way back and liberate our homeland!" "Ah, Pales-

The Palestinian militia on the march



tine. I'll fight to the last drop of blood for you." "Fight on till victory!" "Revolution, till liberation." Such battle cries soar to high heaven.

The heroic Palestinian guerrillas are dealing the U.S.-Israeli aggressors heavy blows. Dauntless, the scope of their operations is spreading everywhere in the Israeli-occupied areas, in forests and along the rivers. Defying dangers and difficulties they plant mines, ambush the enemy, attack strongholds and fight successfully against the enemy's "mopping-up" campaigns. Everywhere from Lake Tiberias to the Jordan Valley, from the Dead Sea to the Gulf of Aqaba the U.S.-Israeli aggressors are badly battered by shots fired by active guerrillas. This shows fully the limitless power of a people's war.

The film also depicts the masses of the Palestinian people happily welcoming the guerrillas returning from a victory. Grey-haired grannies help by mending their clothes. Large numbers of Palestinian and Arab youths join them and steadily their strength is growing. The Palestinians, who have created an excellent situation, with guns in hand, are becoming ever stronger.

The great revolutionary teacher Marx pointed out a hundred years ago, "**The people which oppresses another people forges its own chains.**" The Palestinians, through their revolutionary war, are tightening chains around U.S. imperialism and its lackeys. To save itself from defeat, U.S. imperialism has resorted to vile counter-revolutionary dual tactics. On the one hand it colludes with the Jordanian reactionaries to cruelly suppress the revolutionary struggle of the Palestinian people. On the other, it peddles the ideas of a "political solution" and "peace" fraud in collusion with the other superpower, plots a Middle East "Munich," and conspires to set up a so-called "Palestinian state" in order to quench the flames of the Palestinian people's armed struggle.

But the Palestinians who have withstood the trials of long-term revolutionary struggle are neither cowed nor deceived. They solemnly reiterate: "Armed struggle is the irrevocable and only way to liberate the entire territory of Palestine." This is the best answer to the plots of the U.S. imperialists and their collaborators, the common ideal of the Palestinian people who are persevering in carrying out armed strug-



Valiant Palestinian guerrilla fighters

gle. On the banks of the Jordan River and on the occupied territory, the heroic Palestinian guerrillas are winning one victory after another. Never giving an inch to the aggressors, holding high the battle flag of armed struggle and singing battle songs, they fight on valiantly and vanquish all their enemies.

Chairman Mao, the great leader of the Chinese people, has pointed out, **“The people of a small country can certainly defeat aggression by a big country, if only they dare to rise in struggle, dare to take up arms and grasp in their own hands the destiny of their country.”** Recording the process of the revolutionary struggle in Palestine, the film vividly demonstrates this great truth.

The just cause of the Palestinian people wins praise and support everywhere in the world. The film depicts the Arab people standing shoulder to shoulder from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, from the Arabian Gulf to the Atlantic Ocean. Holding high their banners against imperialism they parade in firm support of their revolutionary Palestinian brothers, denouncing in indignation the heinous crimes

of the U.S.-Israeli aggressors. The angry waves of revolutionary struggle are rolling on.

Though separated by mountains and rivers, China and Palestine are linked by their common opposition to imperialism. The Chinese people firmly support the just struggle of the Palestinian people in fighting for national rights and to recover their homeland. They may be in a somewhat difficult situation at present and may meet with more difficulties on their way, but we firmly believe that the united and militant Palestinians will smash the various plots of U.S. imperialism and its collaborators. They will certainly defeat the U.S.-Israeli aggressors and win the final victory.

**People of the world, unite and defeat the U.S. aggressors and all their running dogs!**

**“Chinese Party and Government Delegation Visits D.R.V.N.”  
on Screen**

A new colour documentary film *Chinese Party and Government Delegation Visits the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam* has been recently released and shown in all parts of China.

At the invitation of the Viet Nam Workers' Party and the Government of the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam, the delegation paid a friendly visit to D.R.V.N. at the beginning of March, 1971. The head of the delegation was Comrade Chou En-lai, member of the Standing Committee of the Political Bureau of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China and Premier of the State Council, and the deputy heads were Comrade Yeh Chien-ying, member of the Political Bureau of the C.P.C. Central Committee and Vice-Chairman of the Military Commission of the C.P.C. Central Committee, and Comrade Chiu Hui-tso, member of the Political Bureau of the C.P.C. Central Committee and Deputy Chief of the General Staff of the Chinese People's Liberation Army. This film records the moving scenes of the warm and grand welcome accorded the delegation by Party and government leading comrades and the people of Viet Nam.

Hanoi, capital of the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam, was permeated with a festive atmosphere. The heroic people in Hanoi braved rain to welcome the Chinese people's envoy. At the grand

rally to welcome the Chinese delegation, Vietnamese comrades presented to the delegation a lacquer painting depicting President Ho and Chairman Mao warmly shaking hands. The Chinese delegation presented to Vietnamese comrades a silk banner which was inscribed with big golden characters: “The Chinese and Vietnamese peoples will always unite together, fight together and win victory together!”

The film also presents a heroic picture of the brave Vietnamese people and shows column after column of the People's Army of Viet Nam marching to the front defending their motherland. Every civilian, in cities as well as in villages, while busy with production work, is actively engaged in the struggle against U.S. aggression and for national salvation. In this way, they do their utmost to support both the front and the sacred struggle of the people of South Viet Nam.

**Twenty-Ninth Anniversary of the Publication of the “Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art”**

On the occasion of the 29th anniversary of the publication of Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*, *Renmin Ribao*, *Hongqi* and other papers throughout China carried articles written collectively by groups in many parts of China. Taking the *Talks* as a sharp weapon, the articles penetratingly criticized the counter-revolutionary revisionist theory of literature — “literature for the whole people” based on “the theory of human nature,” which was advocated by Wang Ming, Liu Shao-chi, Chou Yang and similar pseudo-Marxist political swindlers.

Papers all over the country also carried reports on how the broad masses of artists and writers, forged in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, are functioning in a new spirit under the guidance of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line in literature and art. Following Chairman Mao's teaching 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 proletaria-**

riat, 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," they go into factories, the countryside and army units, and take the road of integrating themselves with workers, peasants and soldiers. They remould their world outlook by learning from workers, peasants and soldiers.

Engaging in productive labour, they not only become physically sun-burnt, but their thoughts are "redder" too. Their determination to serve the workers, peasants and soldiers is thus enhanced and their knowledge about life enriched. In the course of such practice and study they have created excellent works of art in praise of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution and heroic characters of workers, peasants and soldiers. They have also carried out fruitful experiments in transforming the revolutionary model Peking operas into local types of opera and fostered new writers and artists from among workers, peasants and soldiers.

The press also extensively reported on the activities of literary and art groups in factories, the countryside and army units, telling how they made a living study and application of Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yen'an Forum on Literature and Art* and persisted in the orientation of literature and art serving workers, peasants and soldiers.

The literary and art workers in Peking, Shanghai and other parts of the country arranged special performances of revolutionary modern Peking operas for workers, peasants and soldiers — *The Red Lantern* and *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*, the modern revolutionary ballet *Red Detachment of Women*, *The Yellow River* piano concerto, the piano music *The Red Lantern* with Peking opera singing and the symphonic arrangement of the Peking opera *Shachiapang*.

#### "The Call" Hails Chairman Mao's May 20 Statement

*The Call*, organ of the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau, in its second issue this year carried an editorial entitled *Strengthen Unity to Fight the Common Enemy*, hailing the first anniversary of Chairman Mao's solemn May 20 Statement.

The editorial says: "May 20 this year marks the first anniversary of Chairman Mao Tsetung's solemn Statement *People of the World, Unite and Defeat the U.S. Aggressors and All Their Running Dogs!* This Statement scientifically sums up the experience of revolutionary anti-imperialist struggle of the world people in the 25 years since the end of World War II, and with great foresight predicts the bright prospects of this struggle. Ever since it was made public, the Statement has been spread far and wide; it has pointed out the orientation to the peoples who are engaged in heroic struggle against U.S. imperialism and its running dogs and greatly enhanced their fighting will and confidence in victory.

"In his solemn Statement, Chairman Mao Tsetung points out: '**Revolution is the main trend in the world today.**' The development of the world situation in the past year has fully borne out this thesis. Throughout the world, the tide of struggle against U.S. imperialism keeps on gathering momentum. The international anti-U.S. united front has been further consolidated and continues to grow."

After reviewing the situation of the world peoples' struggle against imperialism, the editorial points out: "Today's excellent international situation requires the peoples of Asia, Africa and the rest of the world to further strengthen their militant unity, continue to consolidate and broaden the international anti-U.S. united front, bring about a new upsurge of the struggle against U.S. imperialism and its running dogs, and win new victories."

The editorial concludes: "Progressive and revolutionary writers in Asia and Africa constitute an important contingent of the anti-U.S. forces in the field of culture which is a component part of the international anti-U.S. united front. The present situation requires the Afro-Asian writers to forge still closer ties with the broad masses of the people and to strengthen the unity in their own ranks. Afro-Asian colleagues, let us make new efforts, together with the people in Asia, Africa and the whole world, to promote the cause of unity against imperialism, under the inspiration of the great call '**People of the world, unite and defeat the U.S. aggressors and all their running dogs!**'"

## Exhibition "Long Live the Brilliant May 7 Directive" Held in Peking

In commemoration of the fifth anniversary of Chairman Mao's May 7 Directive, the exhibition "Long Live the Brilliant May 7 Directive" sponsored by the Chinese People's Liberation Army was opened on May 7, 1971 in the Military Museum of the Chinese People's Revolution in Peking.

On May 7, 1966, Chairman Mao pointed out in a letter to his close comrade-in-arms Vice-Chairman Lin Biao: The People's Liberation Army should be a great school. It can concurrently engage in study, agriculture, industry and mass work. The same principle applies to workers, peasants and students. While their main activities are concentrated on industry, farming and study, they should also learn other things. Where conditions permit, those working in commerce, in the service trades and in Party and government organizations should also do the same.

The May 7 Directive is a great program for building our army and our country, and for transforming the society.

Pictures, articles, models and other exhibits displayed in more than twenty halls vividly show the great achievements of the people's army in carrying out Chairman Mao's May 7 Directive over the past five years. They prominently reflect the excellent situation of the mass movement of the whole army in living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought, as well as the splendid results achieved by PLA.

Some advanced units of PLA are praised for their merits in carrying out Chairman Mao's May 7 Directive. Photos show army-run farms ranging from tens of thousands *mu* to some more than one hundred thousand *mu*, which were formerly lakes or beaches. A small island, only 0.115 square kilometres in size, has also been converted into productive land. Having overcome all kinds of difficulties, the PLA men on the island produce vegetables and raise pigs. Soldiers of the army service station have reclaimed waste land in a snowy plateau 5,000 metres above sea level.

Some PLA units set up big plants for bridge girders and small pharmaceutical factories having only minimum capital and elementary machinery at the start. Highlighted in the exhibition are also the Mao Tsetung Thought propaganda teams and medical teams who go to the factories and countryside and serve the people heart and soul.

Under the brilliant illumination of the May 7 Directive, the Chinese People's Liberation Army, displaying the revolutionary spirit of self-reliance and arduous struggle, are marching forward in big strides along the road of ideological revolutionization.

## The Reactionary Japanese Film "The Militarists" Criticized

*Renmin Ribao* of May 21 printed excerpts from three articles originally published in the progressive Japanese journals *Jinmin Shimbun*, *People's Star* and *Chosbu Shimbun*.

*Renmin Ribao* says in its editorial note, "The Japanese reactionaries dished up the reactionary film *The Militarists* last year on the 25th anniversary of August 15 (The day when the Japanese emperor declared Japan's unconditional surrender in 1945). This aroused the indignation of Japanese revolutionaries. Progressive Japanese journals carried critical articles, pointing out how this film, under the cloak of opposing war, advocates militarism, calls black white, distorts historical facts, glorifies war criminals like Hideki Tojo, and lauds U.S. imperialism, the Japanese emperor and their like. These articles stress that the film creates counter-revolutionary public opinion in the service of the U.S. and Japanese reactionaries who are stepping up the revival of Japanese militarism and preparing war of aggression against China, Korea and other countries in Asia."

"The film *The Militarists* produced by the Toho Film Company can in no way be called an anti-war film," comments the *Jinmin Shimbun* article. "It is a specimen of the reactionary films which conform to the desires of U.S. imperialism and Japanese militarism.... The U.S. and Japanese reactionaries are using counter-revolutionary

ideology to attack the people. The real aim of the film is to create militarist public opinion."

The *Choshu Shimbum* article says, "While trumpeting pacifism, the film is fully in line with Sato's clamours for war preparations and makes great efforts to serve this purpose."

The *People's Star* article points out: "The film attempts to portray the emperor, Tojo, Konoe and company, who are hated by the people, as 'men' and re-evaluate them. It wants to prove that if Japan revives militarism and unleashes again a war of aggression for 'Far East security' and 'peace in Asia' under the nuclear umbrella of U.S. imperialism, it has 'bright prospects.'"

"This film is an out-and-out plea for militarism," the article concludes.

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