

OUTSTANDING PROLETARIAN FIGHTERS



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Proletarian Fighters*

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Nurtured by Mao Tsetung Thought and tempered in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, many advanced proletarian fighters are coming to the fore and maturing in China today.

They work hard to arm themselves with Chairman Mao's theory of continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat, fear neither hardship nor death and devote themselves wholly and entirely to the revolution and the people. The present book contains stories of outstanding proletarian fighters who have come forward from all walks of life in China.

Printed in the People's Republic of China

I am for the slogan "Fear neither hardship nor death".

Mao Tsetung

All Communists, all revolutionaries, all revolutionary literary and art workers should learn from the example of Lu Hsun and be “oxen” for the proletariat and the masses, bending their backs to the task until their dying day.

Mao Tsetung

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*Pull the Cart of Revolution
All the Way to Communism
and Never Slacken*

— Story of Wang Kuo-fu, a fine proletarian fighter

Nurtured by Mao Tsetung Thought, Wang Kuo-fu, a Communist Party member and outstanding proletarian fighter, dedicated his glorious life to the great cause of the proletarian revolution.

Comrade Wang Kuo-fu was head of the revolutionary leading group of the Tapailou Production Team, Chinghsing Production Brigade, Hunghsing People's Commune of Tahsing County under the Peking municipality. Wang Kuo-fu cherished boundless love for the great leader Chairman Mao Tsetung and resolutely followed his teachings. He always kept in mind class struggle and

the consolidation of the dictatorship of the proletariat. With high communist ideals, he did his best to wield power well for the revolution. He worked faithfully for seventeen years — as he put it, “never slacken in pulling the cart of revolution like a willing ‘ox’ for the proletariat and the masses”, leading the poor and lower-middle peasants courageously forward on the socialist road as pointed out by Chairman Mao.

Comrade Wang Kuo-fu died of illness on November 6, 1969.

A Man of Iron Who Held the Red Flag High

Wang Kuo-fu was born into a poor peasant family in Wenshang County, Shantung Province, in 1922. In the criminal old society, the family had for three generations toiled for landlords and rich peasants and had a miserable life with never enough to eat or wear. The landlords wrung every ounce of sweat and strength from his father and then left him to die with only sorghum stalks for a shroud. Wang Kuo-fu spent his childhood begging. At the age of twelve, fleeing famine, he became a hired farmhand near Peking. It was Chairman Mao and the Communist Party who rescued him from the abyss of suffering.

Contrasting his past misery with his happiness after liberation deepened Wang's bitter hatred for the old society and his infinite love for Chairman Mao. He firmly believed in Chairman Mao's teaching “**Only socialism can save China**”. Throughout his seventeen years as a cadre, he continuously waged revolution and made important contributions to defending Chairman

Mao's revolutionary line and the socialist position in the countryside.

In 1952, Wang Kuo-fu led two poor peasant households in organizing the first mutual-aid team in the township.

In 1955, he and the other poor and lower-middle peasants beat back the handful of class enemies' sabotage of the agricultural producers' co-operative and the spontaneous forces towards capitalism, and consolidated the position of socialism in the village. The co-operative had its first bumper harvest. That year Wang Kuo-fu had the honour of being admitted into the Chinese Communist Party. Standing in front of the red flag, he looked up at the portrait of the liberator Chairman Mao and, with tears of gratitude in his eyes, vowed solemnly: “I'm determined to follow Chairman Mao in carrying the revolution through to the end; I'll never turn back half-way!”

Every step forward in the continued advance from the co-operative movement to the setting up of the commune required great effort to surmount obstructions.

In 1965, the capitalist-roaders in the Hunghsing People's Commune, carrying out a sinister directive from the counter-revolutionary revisionist Peng Chen and company, went to one of the production teams. Ignoring the strong opposition of the team's poor and lower-middle peasants and revolutionary cadres, they peddled the sinister *san zi yi bao*¹ of the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi. They instituted the vicious

¹ This refers to the extension of plots for private use and of free markets, the increase in the number of small enterprises with sole responsibility for their own profits or losses, and the fixing of output quotas on the basis of the individual household.

method of "fixing output quotas on a group basis and per plot quotas on an individual basis". The counter-revolutionary revisionist clique of the old Peking municipal Party committee immediately proclaimed this production team a "red banner". That autumn, Wang Kuo-fu was told to take a look at that "red banner". He went, and the more he saw the more indignant he became. A team leader accompanying him asked him what he thought of their experience. Wang Kuo-fu replied angrily: "Breaking up the collective, dividing up large plots of collective land, farming on a household basis — isn't this simply on the way to individual farming? It's a blind alley we can never take!"

After Wang Kuo-fu returned to the village, the local capitalist-roaders noticed that he made no move to carry out their sinister method. They kept after him to take some village cadres and stay in that production team to "learn from its experience". But Wang retorted firmly: "We are determined to follow Chairman Mao's teachings, uphold the banner of the Tachai Production Brigade¹ and take the road of Tachai!" He did not send anyone to learn from that team.

Frantic, the capitalist-roaders put mounting pressure on Wang Kuo-fu and criticized him as "refusing to learn from the advanced", "lacking any sense of organization and discipline", "lacking Party spirit" and "not taking the right stand". They also sent people to the village to force through the adoption of their vicious method. A fierce struggle ensued in Tapailou Village.

¹ Tachai is a production brigade of Hsiyang County, Shansi Province. It is a model for building a new, socialist countryside in China through self-reliance and hard struggle. Chairman Mao has issued the great call: "In agriculture, learn from Tachai."

Wang Kuo-fu was convinced that Chairman Mao's words had the greatest power and the highest prestige. He organized the commune members to study Chairman Mao's teaching "**Never forget class struggle**" and to learn from the experience of Tachai. They recalled how they suffered when they farmed on their own and contrasted that misery with their happiness since collectivization. Chairman Mao's teaching showed them the road forward. More clear-sighted than ever, the poor and lower-middle peasants in Tapailou saw through the plot of the handful of class enemies to restore capitalism and firmly stood by Wang Kuo-fu in taking the bright road of collectivization. The support of the poor and lower-middle peasants in turn stiffened Wang's determination. He said to the cadres sent by the capitalist-roaders: "Tapailou's poor and lower-middle peasants' hearts are set on following the socialist road. They will not take the evil, wrong course, so you might as well go back!"

Round after round of fierce class struggle took place. Aware that coercion was futile, the capitalist-roaders resorted to investing funds, granting loans and providing voluntary labour, vainly hoping to frustrate the efforts of Tapailou's poor and lower-middle peasants to implement Chairman Mao's principles of "**self-reliance**" and "**hard struggle**". Fighting head-on against them, Wang Kuo-fu said: "We rely on Mao Tsetung Thought and the hard-working spirit of the masses to develop collective production, not on your investments and loans and voluntary labour!" At big and small meetings, and everywhere he went, he propagated Chairman Mao's great principles of "**self-reliance**" and "**hard-struggle**" and helped the people to clarify the issues. Relying on Mao Tsetung Thought and their own industry, they

fought for the construction of a new socialist countryside. The poor and lower-middle peasants praised Wang Kuo-fu, saying that he was a man of iron who held the red flag high.

At the beginning of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, Wang Kuo-fu determined to further temper his loyalty to Chairman Mao in the raging flames of the revolutionary mass movement and always wield power well for the poor and lower-middle peasants. Following Chairman Mao's teaching "**In the interests of the people, we persist in doing what is right and correct what is wrong**", he went from house to house earnestly requesting opinions and criticisms from the poor and lower-middle peasants. He said to the commune members: "I serve the people. If out of a hundred things I do, ninety-nine are correct, that is only as it should be; but if I do a single thing wrong, I should make a self-criticism. Your criticism and appraisal of my work help me to make revolution better."

He also warmly helped the other cadres, encouraging them to take an active part in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, brave the storm and face the world. He said: "We cadres must be able to stand the test."

A handful of class enemies were working in collusion frantically to stir up bourgeois factionalism among the masses in a futile attempt to undermine the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. Most of the commune members in Tapailou had settled there before liberation, fleeing from famine-stricken villages in either Shantung or Hopei Provinces. Wang told them repeatedly: "We poor and lower-middle peasants are one family whether we come from Shantung or Hopei. The landlords are

our class enemies, whether from Shantung or Hopei." Thus he exposed the plot of the handful of class enemies who tried to confuse class lines by stressing clan relations among those from the same native village. His words helped the revolutionary masses to unite in a revolutionary great alliance against a handful of class enemies.

The village poor and lower-middle peasants made Comrade Wang Kuo-fu head of the production team revolutionary leading group. Filled with revolutionary fighting spirit, Wang Kuo-fu pledged: "Since you trust me, I promise that I'll pull the cart of revolution all the way to communism and never slacken!" The poor and lower-middle peasants praised him, saying: "Our team leader sees things clearly. He understands that so long as we have proletarian political power we have the working people's all."

Tempered in the raging flames of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, Wang Kuo-fu became ever more loyal to the great leader Chairman Mao. Holding high the brilliant red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought, he led the revolutionary masses in fierce attacks against the class enemies. They ferreted out run-away landlords and counter-revolutionaries who had hidden deep in Tapailou, and greatly consolidated the dictatorship of the proletariat in the village.

He Viewed the Whole World from a "Hired Hands' Shed"

Chairman Mao has taught us:

Without a firm and correct political orientation, it is impossible to promote a style of hard struggle.

Without the style of hard struggle, it is impossible to maintain a firm and correct political orientation.

Throughout his years as a cadre, Wang Kuo-fu adhered closely to a firm and correct political orientation and maintained a style of hard struggle.

The "hired hands' shed" in Tapailou Village was a historical evidence of the landlords' exploitation and oppression of the peasants in the old society. Although Wang Kuo-fu helped many poor and lower-middle peasants build new houses in the twenty years following liberation, he himself still lived in this old "hired hands' shed". He never forgot class suffering, always kept in mind the hatred born of blood and tears and was wholly devoted to his class brothers and the revolution.

The village poor and lower-middle peasants often advised Wang Kuo-fu to build a new house. But he would always smile and say: "Enduring hardship ensures one against turning revisionist. I might feel comfortable in a new house, but on rainy days it would be easy to forget my class brothers."

Late one summer night there was a sudden thunderstorm. The low-lying village was deluged and the "hired hands' shed" where Wang Kuo-fu lived leaked badly. With concern for those class brothers still living in frail houses, he rushed out to see each of them. Poor peasant Chen Jui-ling's house was leaking and he had improvised a "tent" over his *kang* (brick bed). Wang Kuo-fu went there and helped the worried family to bail out the water. Grandma Kuo, a poor peasant woman over sixty, was lying a-bed sick. Her house leaked badly. Wang Kuo-fu ran to her and taking her by the hands said: "You can't stay here! Quick, come with me!" Tears shone in the

old woman's eyes as she said: "Team leader, it's raining so hard! Why did you come here? Mind you don't catch cold!" With a "Let's go!", Wang Kuo-fu carried Grandma Kuo on his back to a neighbour's new house. He covered the leaking roofs of the poor and lower-middle peasants' houses with the plastic sheets which were used for protecting the team's rice seedlings. He even took off his own raincoat and put it on the roof of a poor peasant's house. The next morning when brigade cadres inspected the damage, they saw all the old houses covered with plastic except Wang Kuo-fu's, which was still dripping water. Wang had not been home all night. At dawn he got the commune members together to dig drainage ditches from the fields.

Every time there was a storm Wang Kuo-fu would spend the night like this, going from house to house in the village.

The poor and lower-middle peasants of Tapailou Village had lived in run-down mud huts which had been shared out to them during land reform. They were the former dwellings of the landlords' hired farmhands, which could not stand wind and rain. Determined to change this situation, Wang Kuo-fu led the commune members to plant 20,000 trees to provide timber for houses, while at the same time they developed agriculture and animal husbandry. He also organized them to promote mutual help and co-operation in building the houses. Alongside the steady growth of the collective production, clusters of new houses appeared to replace the old.

Wang Kuo-fu helped many poor and lower-middle peasants build new houses but never thought of building

one for himself. His elder sister, an old poor peasant, and her family lived in a small mud-house in bad repair and had wanted for a long time to build a new one. More than once Wang Kuo-fu said to her: "Our production team has only a few hands. If we help you build your house first, then the building of others' houses will be delayed. You can make revolution just as well living in this old house a few years longer." His sister and brother-in-law were convinced and put off their plan. When Wang Kuo-fu's eldest son was getting married, someone said: "Now's the time for you to build your house!" But Wang replied with a smile: "It will be my turn after the village poor and lower-middle peasants have all moved into theirs."

One evening, when an old poor peasant again urged Wang to build a new house, Wang drew the old man to him and said as he took up a manual on Tachai Brigade: "Chairman Mao calls on us to learn from Tachai, and we should be serious about it. Taking the Tachai poor and lower-middle peasants as example, we should match them in loyalty to Chairman Mao and contributing to our country, not compete with others in showiness and extravagance."

By spring 1969 all but one of the thirty-one poor and lower-middle peasant families in the village had moved into new houses. Only Wang Kuo-fu still lived in the small "hired hands' shed". The poor and lower-middle peasants saw new houses going up, stalks and straw piled high on the threshing-ground, fat hogs filling the team's pens and the grain stores increasing year by year. They felt distressed at seeing Wang Kuo-fu still living in the "hired hands' shed" and again said: "Team leader, you've given your whole heart to the public interest, worn your-

self out building houses for us. Now it's time to build yours!"

Wang Kuo-fu lived in a small shed but he kept the whole world in mind. He never forgot the past sufferings of his class, never forgot China's revolution and the world revolution. "Cadres must never slacken their effort in making revolution," he said. "It's our duty to pull, and not to ride on the cart. Millions of working people in the world still live in misery. After our Taiwan Province is liberated there will be time enough for me to build a house."

To Wang Kuo-fu, "to pull, and not to ride on the cart" meant to **"be 'oxen' for the proletariat and the masses"**.

To Wang Kuo-fu, "never slacken in making revolution" meant **"wholly"** and **"entirely"** serving the people of China and the world.

"I'm Striving for Communism"

Wang Kuo-fu was wholeheartedly devoted to the public interest, without thought of gain for himself.

The capitalist-roaders pushed the renegade Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist line, often giving bonuses and gifts to the cadres and inviting them to feasts intending to woo and corrupt them. But Wang Kuo-fu resisted corruption and was immune to their blandishments. Once, the capitalist-roaders tried to give the cadres fish from the commune's pond. When a big carp was sent to Wang Kuo-fu he asked: "Have the other commune members got theirs?" When the answer was "no, only cadres are given such fish", Wang was furious. "You're trying to give the cadres privileges. I won't have

it!" One day in 1962 Wang was notified of a brigade meeting. He hurried there and found table after table spread with delicacies — chickens, ducks, fish, pork and spirits. Very angry, he said: "You're trying to corrupt the cadres with this, going in for capitalism, but you're day-dreaming!" He turned on his heel and strode out.

One day, he took a bundle of rice-stalks from the threshing-ground to bind his own pig trough. He looked up the accountant and said: "Weigh this and deduct it from my account." The accountant laughed. "What! A bundle of straw isn't worth much. There's no need to enter it in the book!" But Wang Kuo-fu was serious. "We must not take as we like a single wisp of the collective's straw." He did not leave until the accountant had made the entry.

Wang Kuo-fu regarded personal gain at public expense a serious offence and firmly fought it. In summer 1962 he saw a cadre pick a watermelon from the field and begin to eat it. Wang criticized him. Afterwards someone said that he shouldn't be so strict, but Wang replied: "Eating a melon is a small thing, but it can show up one's selfishness. It's just such small things that start people on the downgrade. Cadres mustn't take a blade of grass from the collective."

Wang was not one to bow to difficulties. He never asked the team for loans. Even when he fell ill and the brigade leadership was concerned for his livelihood and sent him fifty yuan, he refused it. The money sent by his class brothers reminded him of the difference between the miserable life in the old society and his happiness in the new. With tears of gratitude, he said: "My life is so much better than in the old society. What's a little difficulty now? This money was earned by the

sweat of the commune members and belongs to the production brigade. Every single fen¹ must be spent on developing collective production."

"Corruption and waste are very great crimes." "Save every copper for the war effort, for the revolutionary cause." Wang Kuo-fu often helped the cadres and the commune members see the importance of industry and thrift in running the communes by reminding them of these teachings of Chairman Mao. Picking up a nail, he told the warehouse keeper that we must always keep in mind the importance of practising economy and not waste anything. "A nail picked up will prove useful one day," he said. When he saw the team's accountant with a new abacus, he asked curiously: "When did you get that?" When the accountant said that the old one didn't work very well, Wang said: "Making calculations doesn't depend so much on the abacus as on the thinking. We should think of economy first, save every copper and make every fen do the work of two."

The broad masses of the commune members praised Wang Kuo-fu, saying: "As a cadre, Kuo-fu never takes a wisp of the collective's straw, never eats a mouthful of the collective's rice or wastes one fen of the collective's money. Always the first to undertake the heaviest task and the last to receive a share in the commune's produce, he truly represents the public interest of our Tapailou Village."

Wang Kuo-fu did indeed devote himself to the revolution and the collective and shunned all thought of self. Though his wife was bed-ridden, he did not let this

¹ A fen is one-hundredth of a yuan, the monetary unit of the People's Republic of China.

hinder his work for the revolution. In autumn 1962, his wife died of illness, leaving him with four children, the eldest twelve years old and the youngest only a few months. His own work and caring for the children left him little time for rest. But he never complained. Someone said: "Better give up your post as cadre until your children are grown up." And a brigade cadre talked with him about assigning him to another job. But Wang Kuo-fu had not forgotten how, in the vicious old society, his three brothers had all died within one year. The eldest was gored to death by the landlord's goat, the second was poisoned by the landlord and the third was starved to death. To these class brothers who expressed concern for him, Wang Kuo-fu said: "Was there ever any poor or lower-middle peasant who did not love his own children? But how many children of the poor and lower-middle peasants survived in the old society? This was because we did not have power in our hands! Our children's happiness in the new society all depends on our having power. So long as the poor and lower-middle peasants trust me, I will never shirk my responsibility because of personal difficulty."

When his sister asked him what he was striving for as a cadre, he replied: "So that the poor and lower-middle peasants will never again suffer that bitter, miserable existence. I'm striving for communism."

An "official" devoted to the revolution for seventeen years, Wang Kuo-fu was never "officious" but worked hard for the revolution, was conscientious and enthusiastic in any work he undertook. Never without his spade, he worked wherever he went, the last in the village to rest at night and the first to rise in the morning. With his high revolutionary fighting will, he led the poor

and lower-middle peasants in combating nature and carrying out the great struggle to build a new socialist countryside.

The broad socialist road pointed out by Chairman Mao leads to a brighter and happier future. Tapailou has undergone tremendous changes. Formerly a place of "poor inhabitants, bare land, scanty crops, constantly plagued by waterlogging and alkaline soil", today it has droves of pigs, serried rows of trees, and field after field of rice and millet. Its per-*mu*¹ yield of grain has increased from only dozens of *jin*² shortly after liberation to 725 *jin* in 1969. Per capita grain output is now more than 2,000 *jin*, or more than 10,000 *jin* average per household. The production team as a whole and every household have grain reserves. The number of pigs raised collectively by the production team now averages 4.5 per household, and that of pigs raised collectively and individually is one per person.

"I'll Study Chairman Mao's Works As Long As I Live"

With profound proletarian feeling for the great leader Chairman Mao, Wang Kuo-fu exercised tenacious militant will to live up to his pledge: "So long as I live, I'll study Chairman Mao's works and defend Chairman Mao!"

When Chairman Mao's latest instruction "**In the countryside, schools and colleges should be managed by the poor and lower-middle peasants — the most reliable ally of the working class**" was issued, Wang Kuo-fu enthusi-

¹ A *mu* is equivalent to 1/15 hectare or 0.164 acre.

² A *jin* is equivalent to 1/2 kilogramme.

astically propagated and resolutely carried it out. Displaying the revolutionary spirit of **“self-reliance”**, he and the commune members set up a primary school in a small clay-brick house. Mounting the platform, Wang Kuo-fu gave the first lesson — **“Never Forget Class Struggle”**. He told the children of his own miserable life in the old society, about his begging and working as a child farm-hand, and compared it with their present happiness. He said with emotion: **“It is because of Chairman Mao that today you can attend school in your own village. In our happy life now we must not forget our sufferings in the old society. In this small house, we should conscientiously study Chairman Mao’s works and pass Mao Tsetung Thought from generation to generation.”**

In this small schoolhouse Wang Kuo-fu propagated Mao Tsetung Thought among the production team members. On the eve of the Spring Festival of 1969, he invited all the villagers there for a meal such as the poor people ate in pre-liberation days. They once again studied Chairman Mao’s teaching on **“hard struggle”**. Wang Kuo-fu commented: **“You’ve moved into new houses and have rice and flour to eat, but you must never forget how bitter it was in the past. How happy we are to be near Chairman Mao! We must follow Chairman Mao in making revolution and work hard all our lives.”**

In spring 1969, before his eldest son Cheng-chiao left to join the People’s Liberation Army, he asked his sisters who had fled the famine with him some thirty years before to his home. They had a meal of bean residue, rice chaff and radish leaves to contrast with their present happy life. Wang said to his son: **“Take out your notebook and put down what I’m going to tell you.”** Then Wang Kuo-fu retold his story of class misery and

blood-and-tears hatred in the old society. The boy, born and raised under the red flag in the new society, wept as he listened. In the dark old world **“tigers in the mountains whether east or west all devoured people”**. This was a saying of the poor peasants. Every year, how many poor people toiled until their backs broke; how many starved until their innards split! How many fled famine and sold their children! As a hired hand, Wang had to work like a beast of burden and eat the same as the pigs and dogs. A man of indomitable courage, he banded together with other poor people to settle accounts with the exploiting rich peasants, demanding the right to live. The result was that his rich peasant employer turned him out into a snowstorm. Without power in their hands where were the poor to receive justice? From then on he eked out an even more precarious existence. It was Chairman Mao and the Communist Party who led the working people to take up guns and liberate the land, who brought Wang emancipation and his new life.

Time and again the father told his son: **“You must always follow Chairman Mao’s teachings. You must never for a moment forget class struggle. So long as we live we’ll defend Chairman Mao. Take a firm grip on the gun and fight to the end against imperialism, revisionism and all reaction!”**

On July 26, 1969, Wang Kuo-fu was invited to the Chihhsing Middle School to tell his experience in studying Chairman Mao’s theory of continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat. Suddenly, as he was speaking, he was seized with violent vomiting. The teachers and students were worried and wanted to send him to the hospital, but he smiled and said: **“Don’t worry. It’s my stomach, but it’ll be all right,”** and he

continued his talk with amazing fortitude. No one knew that stomach cancer was threatening the life of this outstanding proletarian fighter.

On August 4, Wang Kuo-fu was notified that the latest fighting call of the Party Central Committee, with Chairman Mao as leader and Vice-Chairman Lin as deputy leader, would be relayed at brigade headquarters several *li*¹ away. As he was setting out, his little daughter tried to stop him. "Papa, you haven't eaten anything for three days. I won't let you go!" It was true, he had had nothing for three days because he could keep no food on his stomach. He was a Communist and could go without eating, but he could not do without the nourishment of Mao Tsetung Thought. With a pat on the head, he said to her: "Be a good child and do as papa tells you. It's time for you to go to school. Papa is going to hear Chairman Mao's instruction." When he finally arrived at the meeting hall, one hand pressed to his stomach and sweat streaming down his face, the comrades were greatly upset. With deep concern they urged him to rest at home. But he smiled and shook his head. "I've come to hear what Chairman Mao says." Despite sharp pain he stayed till the meeting ended. On his way back, he fainted at the village entrance and was sent at once to the hospital. When he came to and saw the class brothers around his bed, his first words were: "Is Chairman Mao's latest fighting call being carried out?"

After Wang had had an operation and was scarcely out of bed, he pleaded with the doctor to let him go back to the village. The doctor said he hadn't recovered yet and shouldn't move about. Persistent, Wang Kuo-fu said:

¹ A *li* equals 0.5 kilometre or 0.31 mile.

"Even if I can't work, I can take a look around and help with a few suggestions." But the doctor firmly refused.

In the hospital, Wang Kuo-fu studied Chairman Mao's "three constantly read articles" and propagated them every day. As he could read only a few characters, he modestly learnt the difficult ones from the other comrades, and wrote them down in his copies of the "three constantly read articles" and *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tsetung*. At his suggestion, the patients organized a Mao Tsetung Thought study class. They asked Wang Kuo-fu to head it. Steadying himself against the wall, he went from ward to ward to organize other patients to study Chairman Mao's works. He saw one young patient reading a trivial book and suggested: "You young people, full of vigour and vitality, are in the bloom of life. Your most basic task is to study Chairman Mao's works conscientiously." The young man soon laid aside the trivial book and began to study Chairman Mao's "three constantly read articles".

As Wang Kuo-fu's condition worsened, he became too weak to get up. He told a patient in the study class: "We must not stop our study of the 'three constantly read articles' for a single day. If anything happens to me, you must go on leading the comrades in studying Chairman Mao's works."

Death stared him in the face. Beads of cold sweat ran down his hollow cheeks. But he bit his lips and never complained. When the doctors wanted to give him medicine to relieve the pain he protested, his voice thin: "I don't need it. Leave this precious medicine for other class brothers." With trembling hands he opened the brilliant "three constantly read articles" and turned to

these words of Chairman Mao: "Be resolute, fear no sacrifice. . . ." He read them over and over again.

The news "our old team leader's condition is critical!" reached Tapailou Village. That night many poor and lower-middle peasants hurried to the hospital and were very sad as they peered into their team leader's face.

Wang Kuo-fu, his hand against his stomach to ease the pain, talked to them about team matters, as usual. Speaking with extreme difficulty, he asked the comrades to pay good attention to the team's pigs and to harvest the rice crop well. One old poor peasant, who did his best to hold back his tears, thought: How fine our old team leader is! Always thinking of the collective and never saying a single word about his family affairs. Finally this poor peasant asked: "Don't you want to see any of your children? Shouldn't I call them here to see you?"

"Children brought up in the new society are very fortunate. I'm not worried about them. I hope you'll be strict with them," answered Wang Kuo-fu.

"Shouldn't we wire your son Cheng-chiao to come home?"

"No. His army tasks are important. . . . But please ask Tung Shih-kuei to come here."

The old poor peasant turned his head and wept. He knew that the old team leader wanted to see Tung, a member of the Party branch committee, to discuss with him the matter of Party consolidation and building.

Gazing at the portrait of the great leader Chairman Mao on the wall, Wang Kuo-fu said in a weak voice to Tung Shih-kuei and the other cadres at the commune and brigade levels and to the assembled old poor peasants who had worked with him as hired hands in the old

society: "You must follow Chairman Mao's teachings. . . work hard. . . carry forward the revolution. . . . Do a good job in Party consolidation, and wield power well." Till his last breath Wang Kuo-fu thought only of the Party and the revolutionary cause of the proletariat.

The poor and lower-middle peasants of Tapailou Village will never forget their late team leader. Comrade Wang Kuo-fu will live forever in the hearts of the revolutionary people. The poor and lower-middle peasants in the locality mourned the death of their beloved team leader and pledged to follow his example. Standing before the "hired hands' shed" where this outstanding proletarian fighter lived, they solemnly vowed: "We will always follow Chairman Mao's teachings and be like Comrade Wang Kuo-fu — we'll pull the cart of revolution all the way to communism and never slacken."

Hardy Eagle of Snow Mountains

— Story of Chilin Wangtan, a Communist and emancipated serf

The story of a proletarian vanguard fighter known among the emancipated Tibetan serfs as the “hardy eagle of snow mountains” was told and retold at the First Conference of Representatives of Activists in the Living Study and Application of Mao Tsetung Thought in Yunnan Province. He is Comrade Chilin Wangtan, Party branch secretary of the Hsinlien Production Brigade and chairman of the revolutionary committee of the Tungwang People’s Commune, Chungtien County, Tiching Tibetan Autonomous *Chou*¹ of Yunnan.

Throughout the intense struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, between the socialist and the

¹ An administrative unit comprising several counties.

capitalist roads and between the proletarian revolutionary line and the bourgeois reactionary line over the past twenty years, Comrade Chilin Wangtan has held high the great red banner of Mao Tsetung Thought and followed Chairman Mao’s great teaching “**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory**”. Fearing neither hardship nor death, he has fought the handful of class enemies and battled the elements to bring a new look to the snowy mountains and valleys. Proceeding along the revolutionary road pointed out by Chairman Mao, he continues to make revolution and forges ahead dauntlessly together with the masses of other emancipated serfs.

Following Chairman Mao in Making Revolution

The red sun illuminated the snow mountains and ravines in spring 1951 when the People’s Liberation Army, kinsmen sent by Chairman Mao, liberated the Tiching Plateau and smashed the fetters which had held the serfs in thralldom.

Fleeing from the estate of a serf-owner, Chilin Wangtan went to a PLA unit, where one of the comrades showed him a portrait of Chairman Mao and said: “We are soldiers sent by Chairman Mao. Chairman Mao is the saving star of the millions of serfs. To win emancipation, we must follow Chairman Mao in making revolution.” As Wangtan studied the portrait, tears of gratitude came to his eyes, and scenes of his past bitter life flashed through his mind.

Born into a poverty-stricken serf’s family in Hsinlien Township, Wangtan went with his mother begging at the age of five. Two years later he was dragged off by

a serf-owner and made a bond-slave. Deprived of all personal freedom, he led a life more miserable than the serf-owner's animals. The floggings given by his master over the years left no part of his body unscarred. Burning for revenge, young Wangtan longed for the return of the Red Army, which he had heard about from his elders, to free the suffering serfs. . . .

Today the Red Army had come at last! He had so much in his heart to say to these kinsmen. Holding Chairman Mao's portrait high, he shouted for the first time the words of the Han language he had just learnt from the PLA men: "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao!"

Chilin Wangtan went with the PLA as guide and messenger. Responsible members of the unit explained many revolutionary truths to him, which educated and inspired him to take up the gun and follow his liberator Chairman Mao in making revolution.

Shortly afterwards he returned home, rallied a number of emancipated serfs and, with the help of the PLA men, organized a militia unit for the joint defence together with the Liberation Army of his native village and the motherland's frontier.

Chairman Mao has taught us:

The imperialists and domestic reactionaries will certainly not take their defeat lying down and they will struggle to the last ditch.

The handful of reactionary serf-owners would not reconcile themselves to defeat now that the serfs whom they used to tread underfoot had won emancipation.

A gang of remnant bandits had entrenched themselves in a mountain cave in Hsinlien Township in a futile last-

ditch struggle. Our PLA and militia units surrounded them. A political offensive was launched, and someone was needed to take a letter to the bandits' lair ordering them to surrender. Wangtan heard of this and said to himself: "If not for Chairman Mao, I'd have died. So long as these bandits are not wiped out, we emancipated serfs can't be completely liberated." With this thought, he volunteered for the task. Defying the bandits' gunfire, he scaled the cliffs to their hide-out and facing the many guns pointed at him handed the letter to the bandit chief, who asked him: "How many PLA men are there at the foot of the mountain?" To this Wangtan replied in a firm voice: "So many that I've lost count! They're everywhere." Under heavy political and military pressure, the bandits had no choice but to surrender.

Once when a few reactionary serf-owners instigated armed rebellion, bandits suddenly surrounded the local administrative office, cut the telephone wires and stopped the water supply. Holding fast to their positions, Wangtan and some eighty militiamen and work team members bravely engaged the bandits and repulsed their scores of assaults.

Battling against great odds, Wangtan and the others found their situation increasingly tense. In order to completely wipe out these bandits, the leadership decided to fake a breakthrough so that one of the men could run off and take a letter to a PLA unit asking for help. With his greyish-blue twenty-round automatic pistol firmly in hand, Wangtan made his pledge to the leadership: "My mother gave me birth, but it's Mao Tsetung Thought that has nurtured and brought me up. Whatever the difficulties, so long as I have a breath left, I'll take the letter to our kinsmen of the PLA unit. I'll

crawl there if I have to, but we must wipe out every one of these bandits." Entrusted with the task, he concealed the letter in the cotton wadding of his trousers. As he was leaving, the owner of the house where the militiamen were staying suddenly appeared and requested again and again to be allowed to go with Wangtan.

This cunning and vile fellow was one of the bandits who had lain low and bided his time. On the way, he managed to get hold of Wangtan's pistol and fired at him, wounding him in the right arm. Wangtan said, "You can't kill me, you bandit dog!" Despite the pain, he rushed at the bandit but failed to get the pistol back. The bandit fired again and a bullet went right through Wangtan's abdomen. Springing to his feet, Wangtan seized the barrel of the pistol and pressed it downward with all his might. The bandit fired several more shots, then when he found that all the bullets were spent, drew a dagger to stab his opponent. But Wangtan beat him to the draw. Pulling a hand-grenade from his belt, he brought it down on the scoundrel's head, sending him screaming over the precipice.

Chilin Wangtan set about untying the laces of his Tibetan boots and bandaging his arm. Just as he was going to resume his journey, he felt a sharp pain in his abdomen. What should he do? Should he go on or yield to the pain and lie down? He thought at once of the eighty class brothers waiting there for help from the PLA and decided: I must under no circumstances collapse here; I must take the letter to its destination even if it costs me my life. Pressing against the painful wound in his abdomen with his right hand, he inched forward over the snow-covered ground on his left hand and knee. When he came to a gully, he rounded it;

when he came to a slope he simply rolled down. He sometimes swallowed mouthfuls of snow. There was a seventy-degree slope to climb and he tried more than forty times, only to slide down again each time. His clothes were worn thin, his hands badly skinned, and he left a bloody trail on the snow. He fainted several times that day and failed to get up the slope.

The wind howled over the snow-bound hills. When he came to, Wangtan recalled the stories told by the PLA commanders about the Red Army's Long March led by the great leader Chairman Mao. Scenes of the Red Army's heroic exploits in crossing the snow mountains and the grasslands appeared in his mind's eye. He raised himself to sitting position with his left hand and gazed ahead. Yes, that year the Red Army led by Chairman Mao had crossed that very snow mountain just ahead. Thinking of Chairman Mao filled him with strength. Gathering his energy, he finally succeeded in climbing to a pass on the mountain where he saw a woman gathering firewood in the distance. But before he could call out he fainted again.

Not long after, Wangtan was taken by stretcher to where the PLA unit was stationed. As soon as he opened his eyes he pointed to his trousers and murmured: "Letter! Letter!" Immediately after reading the blood-stained letter, the commander of the unit ordered the fighters to advance quickly to the administrative office along the path marked with Comrade Chilin Wangtan's blood. The PLA fighters with the help of the militiamen succeeded in wiping out all the bandits. The reactionary serf-owners' attempt at a comeback was smashed, and the five-star red flag flew high over the administrative office.

In 1960 Chilin Wangtan happily saw our great leader Chairman Mao when he had the honour of attending a national conference of militia representatives. Chairman Mao was in glowing, excellent health and kept waving and smiling at the delegates. With tears of joy, Wangtan enthusiastically clapped and shouted: "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao!" And as he gazed at Chairman Mao in person, he pledged: "Chairman Mao, oh Chairman Mao! We emancipated serfs will always follow you. The mountains may crumble and the seas dry up, but we will always be loyal to you!"

A Hardy Eagle Fears No Storm

After the conference, Chilin Wangtan returned to Hsin-lien Township with copies of Chairman Mao's works presented to him by the Military Commission of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party. He had been elected secretary of the township Party branch. Following Chairman Mao's teaching that "**without socialization of agriculture, there can be no complete, consolidated socialism**", he led the area's emancipated serfs in taking the broad road of collectivization. A vigorous, revolutionary atmosphere prevailed throughout the area.

When they saw the emancipated serfs taking the road pointed out by Chairman Mao, the handful of capitalist-roaders who had hidden themselves in the county and district Party committees harboured a bitter hatred. They followed the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi in wildly advocating *san zi yi bao* and the theory of "the dying out of class struggle". Howling that "conditions at the border areas are special" and that "the

minority nationalities are backward", they insisted on dissolving the co-operatives. Wangtan said to himself: "It's quite clear that Chairman Mao wants us to '**get organized**' and take the road of co-operation, why do they want to dissolve the co-ops? This certainly can't be Chairman Mao's policy. We must not let any co-op be crushed."

Seeing that Wangtan refused to carry out their "order" to dissolve his co-operative, these bad people sent their henchmen and forcibly closed it down.

The great leader Chairman Mao has pointed out:

The agricultural co-operative movement has been a severe ideological and political struggle from the very beginning. No co-operative can be established without going through such a struggle.

The class enemies could use the power they had usurped to break up the co-operatives, but they could never diminish the emancipated serfs' loyalty to Chairman Mao. The emancipated serfs sent their representatives across the snow mountains to visit Wangtan in the winter of 1964.

"Wangtan," they said, "it's only a year since the co-ops were dissolved, but some households already have more *tsamba*¹ and buttered tea than they can eat and drink while others have to go for several months with scarcely any. Does this mean we're going to suffer again as we did in the old society?"

Wangtan organized them to study *On the Question of Agricultural Co-operation*. All of them were stirred

¹ Pre-cooked *chingko* (highland barley) flour.

when they read **"If this tendency goes unchecked, the polarization in the countryside will inevitably be aggravated day by day"**.

"Wangtan," they said, "Chairman Mao backs us up and we're not afraid of anything. If they don't approve, we'll run the co-ops ourselves."

"The Party branch supports you," Wangtan assured them. "Go right back and organize the co-ops again. I won't give way even if the snow mountains crumble."

Alarmed at this Party branch decision, the capitalist-roaders in the district Party committee said: "Wangtan dares to disobey our orders! We'll teach him a lesson!"

"Thoroughgoing materialists are fearless." Wangtan did not flinch. Closely united with the masses, he waged a tit-for-tat struggle against the capitalist-roaders. When the rebuilt co-ops were dissolved by the capitalist-roaders he got them going again. "There are innumerable roads in the world," he declared, "but we emancipated serfs are resolved to take the socialist road indicated by Chairman Mao."

In the summer of 1966, Chairman Mao issued the great mobilization call to the people of the whole country to carry out the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. Quickly responding to this call, Wangtan and the other emancipated serfs launched a fierce attack on the handful of Party persons in power taking the capitalist road.

Sensing that their days were numbered, Liu Shao-chi and his local agents pushed the bourgeois reactionary line with mounting frenzy in a futile attempt to knock out the vigorous Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution.

One day a mass struggle meeting against the capitalist-roaders was to be held in the district. Wangtan deter-

mined to take the opportunity to bring into the open the class struggle in the district Party committee and tear off the disguise of the district Party committee's secretary, an evil fellow who had been a lama for thirteen years in the old society and had all along opposed Mao Tsetung Thought after liberation. However, as soon as Wangtan appeared at the meeting place, the capitalist-roaders in the district Party committee, collaborating with other bad persons, seized Wangtan and dragged him onto the platform. They slandered his revolutionary action of opposing the slashing of the co-ops and resisting *san zi yi bao* and "four freedoms"¹ as "opposing the Party" and labelled him an "anti-Party element".

Seething with anger, the revolutionary masses sprang to their feet and challenged the capitalist-roaders: "Why do you direct your attack against a revolutionary cadre?" At this, the capitalist-roaders set out to persecute the masses, thereby throwing off all false pretences and revealing their diabolic features.

But no matter how ferocious the beasts, they cannot get the better of good hunters; however wild the class enemies, they cannot match fighters armed with Mao Tsetung Thought. Though the capitalist-roaders whisked Wangtan away to the countryside to carry on their persecution, he was as unyielding as ever. Anywhere he was taken, he opened Chairman Mao's works and organized the emancipated serfs to study. The capitalist-roaders tried to stop him from doing this, saying that he

¹ This refers to the freedom of usury, hiring labour, land sale and private enterprise. Such "freedoms" would allow the rich peasants, usurers and profiteers to bleed at will the poor and lower-middle peasants, who would again suffer from exploitation.

was a sham revolutionary pretending enthusiasm. But Wangtan said: "Without Chairman Mao, I would never have seen this day; with Mao Tsetung Thought the snow mountains and grassland see the sunlight. Attack me as you will, I will persist in propagating Mao Tsetung Thought." Wherever he was, he studied Chairman Mao's writings and did farm work together with the masses, and aroused them to rise and struggle against the capitalist-roaders.

"All reactionary forces on the verge of extinction invariably conduct desperate struggles." One day the capitalist-roaders again called a meeting to attack Chilin Wangtan in the district. They dragged him onto the platform and levelled false charges against him. With an iron will, Wangtan recited Chairman Mao's teaching: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."** A revolutionary must never bow before the enemy.

Panicked by Wangtan's close ties with the masses, the capitalist-roaders locked him up and posted sentries to watch him.

During those days when White terror stalked the district, Wangtan thought of the great leader Chairman Mao more than ever. Whenever the golden sun rose over the snow mountains, he turned to the east and sang aloud:

The snow mountains on the Tiching Plateau face the east,

I'll go up there and pick a snow lotus as a gift to the golden sun.

We emancipated serfs' red hearts are boundlessly loyal to Chairman Mao;

Oh, Chairman Mao, we wish you a long, long life!

The truth can never be blocked, the flames of the revolution can never be stamped out. While Wangtan was being persecuted, the other emancipated serfs and young Red Guards broke through all obstacles to relay Chairman Mao's instructions to him and do everything they could to ensure his safety. Emancipated serf Wengchi, who was over seventy, travelled nearly a hundred *li* from Hsinlien to see him.

Chairman Mao's instructions, the old people's concern and the young Red Guards' support gave Wangtan immense strength. He told Wengchi that he would die in defence of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line rather than retreat an inch to save his own skin.

The time was at hand. Chairman Mao sent the People's Liberation Army to Tungwang to support the broad masses of the Left in March 1967. The rays of Mao Tsetung Thought lit up the snow mountains. Chilin Wangtan, who had been labelled an "anti-Party element", persecuted over a month and locked up for seven days and nights by the capitalist-roaders, was rescued. Filled with gratitude, he clasped the hands of the PLA men — his kinsmen — and shouted again and again: "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao!"

The pipe dream of the handful of capitalist-roaders within the Party to restore capitalism was dashed.

New Look for the Snow Mountains

Chilin Wangtan, vanguard fighter who fears neither hardship nor death in the storms of class struggle, is a

dauntless revolutionary path-breaker in battling the elements and transforming nature.

Located in a valley hemmed in by five snow-capped mountains, the old Hsinlien Township was extremely backward in production, and even after liberation the area still depended on the state for relief grain.

“Poverty gives rise to the desire for change, the desire for action and the desire for revolution. On a blank sheet of paper free from any mark, the freshest and most beautiful characters can be written, the freshest and most beautiful pictures can be painted.” Wangtan said to himself: “The kinsmen *jinjumami* (Tibetan for People’s Liberation Army) and my comrades-in-arms the militiamen shed their blood to liberate Hsinlien. Now that Chairman Mao has entrusted us with the task of working here, we must build it up and safeguard it. With Chairman Mao’s leadership and Mao Tsetung Thought guiding us, plus the efforts of the masses of the emancipated serfs, we can surely transform the barren mountains and tame the unruly rivers.” Carrying *tsamba* rations with him, he surveyed the mountains and ravines, seeking water sources and getting the opinions of the masses at the same time. After careful investigation, he submitted his plan for transforming the area to the Party branch which approved it the winter of 1964, and decided to first dig a channel in the snowy mountains.

The class enemies rumoured: “If you go in for water conservancy, you’ll have to dig the sacred mountain and fell the sacred trees. If you do that, the god of heaven will punish you, strike you down with a thunderclap.” And in the same vein, some muddleheads said: “Rocks

are not mud. If you can dig a channel in these mountains, you can put a ring in my nose and lead me by it.”

To smash the class enemies’ schemes and rouse the masses to transform nature, the Party branch called a meeting at the “sacred mountain” to voice their determination to dig the channel. Holding the brilliant “three constantly read articles” high, Wangtan led the militiamen in reciting them. The more they studied, the deeper was their understanding and the more enthusiastic they became. They said: “With the brilliant ‘three constantly read articles’ as guide, we will make the age-old glaciers and snow mountains bend to our will. Let the god of heaven first punish the sacred mountain.”

On New Year’s Day, when the land of Hsinlien was frozen hard, Chilin Wangtan and other militiamen braved the heavy snow and climbed the “sacred mountain”, Chairman Mao’s works in their hands. A battle against the elements to transform nature began. Lacking a surveying instrument, they used a wine bottle filled with water instead. Without dynamite, they heated the rocks with burning faggots and then poured cold water on them to crack them. Thus the rocks were slowly but steadily moved out of the way.

Where the work was the hardest, there Chilin Wangtan would be.

Monkey Cliff pierced the clouds. Leading a shock brigade of more than thirty men to work there, Wangtan was the first to get to the top. But his old wounds began to trouble him again, and an excruciating attack left him in a cold sweat. The comrades told him to rest. But Wangtan took out the “three constantly read articles” and told the militiamen stories about Chang Szu-

teh, Norman Bethune and the Foolish Old Man.¹ Reciting Chairman Mao's teaching "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory**", he never left the work-site.

The cliff was finally conquered by the emancipated serfs armed with Mao Tsetung Thought. A twelve-kilometre-long channel, originally estimated to take more than fifty days to build, was completed in twenty-two. Clear water gushed from a spring in the snow mountains to flow across "sacred mountain" and down to the fields.

This accomplishment gave the lie to the pack of falsehoods spread by the class enemies. It was also an eye-opener for the muddleheads.

¹ Comrade Chang Szu-teh was a soldier in the Guards Regiment of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party. He joined the revolution in 1933, took part in the Long March and was wounded in service. He was a Party member who wholeheartedly served the interests of the people. On September 5, 1944, when making charcoal in the mountains of Ansai County, northern Shensi, he was killed by the sudden collapse of a kiln.

The distinguished surgeon Norman Bethune was a member of the Canadian Communist Party. In 1938, in order to help the Chinese people in their War of Resistance Against Japan, he came to China at the head of a medical team. Imbued with the ardent spirit of internationalism and full of selfless enthusiasm in work, he served in the Communist-led Eighth Route Army for nearly two years. He contracted blood poisoning while operating on wounded soldiers. All treatment proved ineffective and he died on November 12, 1939.

The Foolish Old Man is the main character in an ancient Chinese fable "The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains". His house faced south and beyond his doorway stood two great peaks obstructing the way. He called his sons and, hoe in hand, they began to dig up these mountains with great determination. Someone laughed at him, but he went on digging every day, unshaken in his conviction. Finally he realized his hope.

*Chingko*¹ depends on rain and sunshine for growth; making revolution depends on Mao Tsetung Thought. The "three constantly read articles" illuminated the hearts of the emancipated serfs. Everyone concluded: The "sacred mountain" is by no means inviolable. For all its "sacredness", it can be vanquished just the same.

The masses were fully mobilized and an upsurge emerged in Hsinlien in building water conservancy works, in terracing the land and in undertaking capital construction on the farmland. Displaying the revolutionary spirit of self-reliance and hard struggle, the Hsinlien Brigade has over the past ten years dug 30 channels, extended the area under irrigation by 2,900 *mu* and terraced more than 700 *mu* of slope-land. Total grain output has more than trebled. Instead of receiving relief grain from the state, the brigade has since 1963 sent more than 600,000 *jin* of grain to the state, either as agricultural tax or as surplus grain sold to the government. All the production teams now have reserve grain. Hsinlien has taken on a new look.

Though tremendous changes had taken place, Wangtan was not complacent. He had in mind a magnificent plan for building up a new socialist countryside.

Living in Piensan Village, on the edge of the commune, were sixty-three households of three production teams. Nestled in a deep valley beyond two big snow-capped mountains, the village had only one steep path leading to the Hsinlien Brigade, and it took seven or eight days to travel forth and back. Since liberation, the emancipated serfs there had twelve times proposed to the former county and district Party committees that the

¹ Highland barley.

rocks be blown up and a road cut through the mountains, but each time the proposal was turned down by the handful of capitalist-roaders as "wishful thinking".

After the commune's revolutionary committee was set up, Wangtan made up his mind to open this road so that Chairman Mao's latest instructions could be relayed in good time and Chairman Mao's voice could be heard by the emancipated serfs as quickly as possible. This road, he thought, would also help strengthen preparedness against war and support the motherland's socialist construction.

The emancipated serfs were determined to follow the example of the Foolish Old Man who removed the mountains and build a road across the natural barriers. In early March of 1969, more than sixty emancipated serfs, holding aloft red flags and carrying with them Chairman Mao's works, went to the site, blasted the rocks and cut through the mountains. After five months' arduous struggle, they succeeded in opening a caravan road on August 8. Winding through cliffs and precipices and across the turbulent Tungwang River, the path leads directly to Piensan Village in the deep ravine. Overjoyed at its completion, the emancipated serfs called it "Sunshine Road". They vowed that they would always closely follow Chairman Mao and advance courageously on the "Sunshine Road" of socialist revolution and construction.

Follow Chairman Mao, Always Advance

Comrade Chilin Wangtan is chairman of the commune's revolutionary committee, a member of the Yunnan Pro-

vincial Revolutionary Committee and an Alternate Member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China. Though his position has changed, his style of hard struggle and determination to continue the revolution has not. He has kept firmly in mind Chairman Mao's teaching:

We Communists seek not official posts, but revolution. Everyone of us must be a thoroughgoing revolutionary in spirit and we must never for a moment divorce ourselves from the masses. So long as we do not divorce ourselves from the masses, we are certain to be victorious.

In April 1969, Chilin Wangtan had the honour to attend the Ninth National Congress of the Communist Party of China and was present at its First Plenary Session. He returned from Peking still in his same old army uniform with more than thirty patches and old rubber shoes cobbled over and over again. The only difference was that on his back was a basket containing Chairman Mao's works and shining Chairman Mao badges. The masses were extremely pleased to see him as plain and industrious as ever.

Upon his return, he went the rounds of the production teams to tell the members about the spirit of the Ninth Party Congress and propagate Chairman Mao's great instruction "**Unite to win still greater victories**". He covered all the thirty-six production teams of the commune's five brigades. Wherever he went, he joined the masses in field work as an ordinary commune member. Once while he was working, he was bitten on the foot by a poisonous snake. He did not utter a word but continued his work as if nothing had happened. The next day he

returned to the commune, his foot red and swollen. Even during treatment, he did not take time off, but helped sun the harvested grain. He said: "The more I sweat, the more resistant I become to revisionism. I'll do manual labour all my life so as to build an ideological Great Wall to guard against and combat revisionism."

Wangtan is a new fighter who never marks time on the road of continuing the revolution. He has grown up and matured among the masses, and he is always among them. He is never without the "three constantly read articles". He and the masses warm themselves by the same fire and drink tea from the same pot, and they study and work together. The emancipated serfs say of him with pride: "Wangtan is really one of Chairman Mao's good cadres. His footprints can always be found where the masses are, and he is sure to be where conditions are the hardest. He is a propagandist of Mao Tsetung Thought, and his heart is always with us emancipated serfs."

Such is the "hardy eagle of snow mountains" — Comrade Chilin Wangtan.

The highland pines grow against wind and snow; in the splendid sunlight of Mao Tsetung Thought, the emancipated serfs strengthen themselves in struggle.

The "hardy eagle of snow mountains" flies ever higher and is more far-sighted facing the golden sun. He is illuminated by the brilliant spirit of the Party's Ninth Congress and guided by Chairman Mao's great theory of continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Wholehearted Devotion to the People

— Story of Hsu Yao-chou, PLA representative in the revolutionary committee of the Shanghai Boiler Plant

Hsu Yao-chou is a vanguard fighter in continuing the revolution under the dictatorship of the proletariat. Boundlessly faithful to the revolution and wholly dedicated to the people, he has never halted in the march forward and has shown the thoroughgoing revolutionary spirit of fearing neither hardship nor death.

The broad masses of revolutionary people warmly praise him for setting a good example in continuing the revolution and taking the initiative in ideological revolutionization.

Loyalty to Chairman Mao Strengthens Fighting Will

Hsu Yao-chou was formerly in charge of a naval ship repair yard of the People's Liberation Army. He had suffered landlord and capitalist exploitation and oppression as a child cowherd and shepherd and, in his youth, as an apprentice. He joined the Eighth Route Army in 1940. Nurtured by Mao Tsetung Thought, he has shown loyalty to the revolution throughout his thirty years of work and has been cited several times for meritorious service. He has been received twice by our great leader Chairman Mao.

In spring 1964 he was found to have gastric cancer and was operated on, having four-fifths of his stomach removed. On his case-history was written: "Unable to work, advise long period of rest." His organization advised retirement from service.

Hsu Yao-chou was deeply moved by the Party's and his comrades' concern. But, he thought, I must not stop working for the Party because of a little handicap, and time and again he asked the organization to assign him work. He said: "If I'm to die I want to die fighting."

Then began the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution initiated and led personally by Chairman Mao. Inspired by Chairman Mao's great call in his big-character poster *Bombard the Headquarters*, the revolutionary masses of all China rose and waged struggles to seize the usurped power from the handful of capitalist-roaders in the Party.

A tide surged in Hsu Yao-chou's heart, lashing like the waves of an angry sea. He could never forget the landlords' bloody whips, nor the capitalists' vicious looks. The renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi was

the arch-representative of the landlords and capitalists. Hsu saw in his mind's eye a smoky battlefield with his commander waving and shouting: "Comrades! To defend Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee, charge!" He could no longer be still, but resolutely left his sickbed and joined in the mass struggle. He helped the people in the neighbourhood study Chairman Mao's works and open fire on the bourgeois reactionary line; in school he explained Chairman Mao's teachings on class struggle to the young Red Guards and supported their struggle to seize power from the handful of capitalist-roaders in the Party. When the young Red Guard fighters asked: "Where is your work post, Comrade Old Hsu?" he replied with a smile: "Propagating Mao Tsetung Thought is my fighting post, wherever I am!"

In January 1967, Chairman Mao issued his great call: "**The People's Liberation Army should support the broad masses of the Left.**" Hsu Yao-chou was full of fighting spirit and applied to join in the work of supporting the Left. The leading comrades of his unit said to him with concern: "It's not that we won't let you work but that your physical condition won't permit it." Hsu Yao-chou thought: Now is a decisive moment in the battle between the two classes, the two roads and the two lines. I must fight to defend Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line so long as I live. He kept earnestly urging his leaders: "My physical condition may be poor but I can keep on training and gradually adapt to the work."

When the leadership did not approve his application for reasons of health, Hsu Yao-chou went to the hospital to talk with the doctor. "A revolutionary fighter should give first place to defending Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and consolidating the dictatorship of the pro-

letariat," he argued. Then he said: "Comrade doctor, please write just the words: 'Allowed to work!'" The doctor was moved. "Comrade Hsu Yao-chou," he said, "your illness is serious and requires more rest. But your keen sense of the importance of proletarian political power and your revolutionary spirit of fearing neither hardship nor death inspire and move me to agree to your request." With that the doctor wrote: "Allowed to do the lightest work only."

Brave the Storms, Forever Charge Ahead

After receiving the army leading comrades' consent, Hsu Yao-chou took the works of Chairman Mao and, in face of the storm of sharp class struggle, went to the Shanghai Fishery Company in support of the Left. It was March 1967. A handful of class enemies were making trouble there in an attempt to bring the revolution and production to a halt. Hsu Yao-chou led the workers in repeated study of Chairman Mao's great teaching: "**Never forget class struggle.**" He helped the revolutionary workers to unite solidly against the class enemies and smashed their scheme. With victories won both in revolution and production, the revolutionary masses of the Fishery Company ushered in their new-born revolutionary committee.

Thus Hsu Yao-chou went to support the Left in four factories and a school in succession. After victory had been won in each, he said goodbye to the masses there and went on to another place where the struggle was still fiercer.

One mid-summer day in 1968, Hsu Yao-chou received his assignment to the Shanghai Boiler Plant. The next day, he and his comrades-in-arms carried their bedrolls to the boiler workshop where the class struggle was the most complicated.

Because the class enemies had sowed discord between the veteran worker Tang and his apprentice Chu, the two were at loggerheads. Hsu Yao-chou had over thirty heart-to-heart talks with them. He got them together in a Mao Tsetung Thought study class where they recalled the bitterness of the old society and contrasted it with their present happiness; he listed the hard facts of class struggle in the workshop to help them to unite against the enemy. This painstaking political and ideological work greatly enhanced the proletarian consciousness of the two workers, so that from then on veteran worker and apprentice fought shoulder to shoulder in the forefront of class struggle, levelling telling blows at the handful of class enemies.

This strengthening of unity between Tang and Chu made Hsu Yao-chou realize still more deeply the incomparable power of Mao Tsetung Thought. With greater enthusiasm he applied Mao Tsetung Thought to help raise the political consciousness of his class brothers. Under the guidance of Mao Tsetung Thought the workers in the boiler workshop united closely, while the handful of class enemies were no longer able to cover themselves. A tremendous victory was won in the revolution, and production went up steadily. The workshop became an advanced unit, spurring revolution and production in the whole plant.

A Revolutionary Fears No Danger

Not long afterwards, a meeting was called by the leadership to discuss engineering matters. Hsu Yao-chou, representing the boiler plant, took the initiative in accepting the task of making a 400-ton boiler, larger than any before attempted. This was a key piece of equipment for China's first 125,000-kilowatt high-temperature, high-pressure steam turbo-generating set equipped with inter-reheater and double inner water-cooled stator and rotor, entirely of Chinese design and manufacture.

The revolutionary committee had just been set up in the plant and Hsu Yao-chou was put in charge of production. He deeply realized that to fulfil the task of producing such a piece of equipment was not merely a question of production technique but a battle against time with imperialism, revisionism and all reaction. Most fundamental to the completion of this gigantic task was to arm the masses with Mao Tsetung Thought.

At the grand meeting of all workers of the plant to express their resolution, Hsu Yao-chou led them in studying Chairman Mao's great teaching:

The Chinese people have high aspirations, they have ability, and they will certainly catch up with and surpass advanced world levels in the not too distant future.

Then he said excitedly: "Comrades, the imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries are trying to strangle us. The capitalist-roaders would also like to see us fail. We must be lofty of aim and firm in resolution, defy all difficulties and strive to complete our task as an honour

for our great leader Chairman Mao and our great socialist motherland!"

Brilliant Mao Tsetung Thought lit up the hearts of the broad masses of the workers. Hsu Yao-chou also exerted himself in the struggle, displaying his heroic spirit as if fighting on the battlefield during the revolutionary war. After the work began, he carried his bedroll to the workshop and lived with the workers, fighting day and night at the forefront of production and often neglecting to eat and sleep. With so little of his stomach left he had been told by the doctor to eat frequent small meals; still he ate with the workers on their schedule. In order not to hold up the work, he took a drink of water when he felt hungry and pressed against his stomach with his notebook when he felt a pain there. He was to be found wherever the difficulties were greatest and took charge when a decisive job was to be done. Comrades expressed worry about his health, but he said with pride: "Difficulties are also targets to be hit in continuing the revolution. I will advance against them!"

It was deep night, the work-site was flooded with light. The major piece of equipment — an eight-metre metal-bending roller needed for manufacturing the 400-ton boiler — was waiting to be installed. Formerly, the reactionary bourgeois technical "authorities" said that Chinese workers could not install this piece of equipment without the help of foreigners, and the capitalist-roaders had left it in the storehouse for five years, saying that since they didn't use a roller much it wasn't worth installing. Now, to install the roller quickly in order to get the boiler set up, Hsu Yao-chou got the workers and revolutionary technicians to hold an on-the-spot mass criticism meeting where they angrily tore to shreds the

renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi's fallacy of "profit in command" and his whole slavish comprador philosophy. Then they worked day and night despite the severe cold, moved more than 20,000 cubic metres of earth and poured more than 10,000 tons of concrete, and thus laid a solid foundation. With their own hands, they succeeded in installing the eight-metre metal-bending roller.

At this crucial stage of the work, the workers and technicians at the branch factory in the outskirts of the city ran into a problem. Were some steel pipes of certain specifications which they had on hand suitable for use on the 400-ton boiler? Though it was the middle of the night, comrades from the branch factory hurried to the main plant to look up Hsu Yao-chou and ask him to solve their problem. Hsu was suffering from his stomach trouble, and his face and feet were swollen. However, he listened carefully to their report. He said nothing but quickly rose, slung his satchel over his shoulder, put on his coat and said: "Let's go, go there and have a look!"

Seeing him so tired from working like that day after day, so that his eyes were blood-shot, the comrades regretted troubling him at this late hour. One of the workers said anxiously: "You're not well. You'd better not go. Just tell us what you think and we'll settle the problem accordingly." Hsu Yao-chou pressed his stomach with one hand and with the other waved a "let's go!" and was off.

Hsu Yao-chou went to the branch factory in the snow and cold wind. He called a meeting, listened to the masses' opinions and decided to examine all the steel pipes, which lay in the open. He threw off his coat and squatted beside the workers and technicians measuring

each pipe while the cold wind kept blowing. Afterwards, he led the masses in studying Chairman Mao's teaching on "**determining our working policies according to actual conditions**". After full discussion they decided to connect the different steel pipes to the different parts of the boiler according to thickness, and thus the problem of making use of the steel pipes already on hand was smoothly solved.

At that time, the boiler workshop met with some difficulties in completing their leap-forward plan. Hsu Yao-chou again at once did political agitation work among the workers, who were greatly inspired and launched a campaign to rush the plan. As usual Hsu Yao-chou joined the workers in energetically transporting the steel pipes. His militant spirit of fearing neither hardship nor fatigue was a tacit order which encouraged every worker. Giving full play to their style of continuous fighting, they concentrated their efforts and succeeded in completing the task.

Guided by Mao Tsetung Thought, Hsu Yao-chou continued to work in this way with the cadres and workers of the Shanghai Boiler Plant. Bringing into full play their soaring enthusiasm and inexhaustible wisdom, they broke through one bottleneck after another and, with the help of other units, successfully built China's first 400-ton inter-reheated boiler in half a year. Installed with China's first 125,000-kilowatt turbo-generating set equipped with inter-reheater and double inner water-cooled stator and rotor, it looked like a seven-storey "building of iron and steel" standing majestic in the sunshine and reflecting the lights of victory.

Lead in Revolutionization, Strike Root Among the Masses

Since the establishment of the revolutionary committee at the Shanghai Boiler Plant, Hsu Yao-chou has always firmly borne in mind Chairman Mao's teaching that the revolutionary committee should **"organize itself into a revolutionized leading group which maintains close ties with the masses"**. On becoming a member of the standing committee of the revolutionary committee, he set these rules of conduct for himself: although his post had changed, his loyalty to Chairman Mao must never change; although his circumstances had changed, his work style of diligence, a tradition of the old Eighth Route Army, must never change; although his health was poor, he must continue to work hard and maintain close ties with the masses. He was determined to take the lead in revolutionization and strike root among the masses.

He continued to study Chairman Mao's works every day, no matter how busy or how ill he was. Among the leading members of the plant's revolutionary committee, he led in the living study and application of Chairman Mao's "three constantly read articles" and reviewed and checked his actions against the yardstick of **"wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and working entirely in the people's interests"** as taught by Chairman Mao in one of the articles. At the workshop meetings held to exchange experience in studying Chairman Mao's works, he was among the first to fight self and repudiate revisionism, and to ask the workers to supervise and help him. Whenever an instruction of Chairman Mao was issued, he lost no time in studying it carefully and resolutely translating it into action.

One stormy night, when the Shanghai Municipal Revolutionary Committee had conveyed an important instruction of Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee, the leading comrades of the plant transmitted it to the workers at once. But how about the workers of the branch factory far away in the outskirts of the city? Some cadres said: "It's so late, we'll go there tomorrow." But Hsu Yao-chou said: "No. Carrying out Chairman Mao's instructions is the most basic of our new-born revolutionary committee's tasks, whether by day or night, whether far or near!" Bearing the pain in his stomach, he went to the branch factory in the stormy night to transmit Chairman Mao's important instruction there.

Hsu Yao-chou has persevered in doing manual labour with the workers. He often says: "A cadre who does not soil his clothes alongside the masses cannot represent them."

By persisting in labour Hsu Yao-chou has come to share the workers' feelings and is of one heart with them. He gets to know in minute detail the problems that bother them and the difficulties that arise in their work. He remembers when it is time for some of the old workers to take their medicine and reminds them of it. One evening, Hsu Yao-chou appeared at the clinic with his hand on his stomach. A cold wind was howling outside. The doctor rushed up to him, thinking he was worse and had come for treatment. But Hsu Yao-chou took the doctor by the hand to the workshop where he pointed out a worker who was doing welding and said: "This comrade has flecks of blood in his sputum. See to him!" Then he pointed out an old worker with a fever. "He needs medicine and rest," said Hsu. Now

the doctor understood. He turned to Hsu Yao-chou but only saw him leaving the workshop to help prepare the meal for the night-shift workers.

Hsu Yao-chou not only never divorced himself from labour and the masses for a moment but also, with deep proletarian class feeling, helped the other cadres of the revolutionary committee to do the same. One day, he happened to meet a new cadre who had discarded his work clothes and seldom participated in manual labour. Hsu Yao-chou felt that it was not only work clothes that had been cast off, but that the revolutionary traditions and fine qualities of the working class were being abandoned. After work, he went to see this cadre and studied with him Chairman Mao's teaching, "**It is necessary to maintain the system of cadre participation in collective productive labour.**" Talking heart-to-heart with the cadre he told him, "If you don't take part in labour, you can't hear the voice of the masses or know their feelings. Dissociating yourself from labour means dissociating yourself from the masses!" The cadre was deeply moved and went to work on the very next shift.

Another time, on learning that a new cadre was not good at accepting the masses' criticism Hsu Yao-chou was very concerned and called the new cadre into the workshop office one morning and talked warmly with him to help him correct his attitude towards the masses' criticism. The new cadre readily expressed his determination: "Now I understand, Old Hsu. I'll go among the masses and correct my mistakes." Then they went together through the workshops seeking criticisms from the masses, red copies of *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tsetung* in their hands. When the old workers saw them off they said with deep feeling: "Old Hsu is guiding our

new cadres to advance rapidly in continuing the revolution from a new starting point."

* * *

Hsu Yao-chou has been fighting continuously in the forefront of "three supports and two militaries".¹ The mighty storms of mass struggle have tempered him and made him more resolute. With still higher militancy he is determined to advance courageously along the course charted by Chairman Mao Tsetung.

¹ In the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, large numbers of PLA commanders and fighters have taken part in the work of supporting industry, agriculture and the broad masses of the Left; military control, political and military training.

“Hard-Boned” Member of the Working Class

— Story of Wang Chih-tung, a Communist and railway worker

It was early spring 1949. Having wiped out all the northeast Kuomintang bandit troops, the People's Liberation Army led by our great leader Chairman Mao's close comrade-in-arms Comrade Lin Piao was rolling through north China headed for the central-south with the momentum of an avalanche. The PLA was unbeatable.

Millions of liberated people in the northeast enthusiastically supported this army, which they regarded as their own. Train after train loaded with supplies was speeding south. To guarantee smooth delivery, the engineering team in charge of repairing the signal equipment on the Szuping-Tsitsihar Railway was quickly installing new semaphores.

On the team was Wang Chih-tung, a tall young worker who wielded his hammer skilfully at the bases of the old semaphores — masses of concrete about the height of a man. Wang's enthusiasm rose with every blow of his hammer.

Born into a poor peasant family in Tungyu County, Kirin Province in 1930, Wang Chih-tung grew up in misery. A younger brother had died of starvation. Wang gathered wild herbs, chopped firewood and begged from the age of six. Later, he became a child labourer in an iron works. During his sixteen years before liberation he suffered untold hardship. The great leader Chairman Mao and the great Communist Party of China liberated him from this suffering.

In making revolution it is necessary to regard **“the workers and peasants as the basic revolutionary forces and the workers as the class which leads the revolution”**. With the lofty aspirations of the working class, which has become the master of the country, Wang Chih-tung follows Chairman Mao closely in making revolution. With his hammer he aims to smash the man-eating old society and build a new world without oppression, without exploitation.

With his aim to smash the old world, Wang Chih-tung has never put down his hammer in the past more than twenty years. With invincible Mao Tsetung Thought as his ideological weapon, he struggles resolutely against the counter-revolutionary revisionist line, against the class enemy, against bourgeois thinking at moments of fierce struggle between the two classes, two roads and two lines. People say: “The Communist Party's philosophy of struggle has tempered member of the working

class Wang Chih-tung so that he can stand up to any test.”

In 1961, the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi, co-ordinating with the anti-China adverse wave stirred up by the imperialists, revisionists and the reactionaries of various countries, whipped up the evil wind of discontinuing the construction of industrial and communication projects, madly opposing the principle of **“maintaining independence and keeping the initiative in our own hands and relying on our own efforts”**. At that time, the Kaitung Station device which set off the signal and the switch simultaneously often went out of order and held up through trains. Still the engineering department in charge of reconstruction there was forced to stop work. At that crucial moment of struggle Wang Chih-tung stepped forward bravely to defend Chairman Mao’s revolutionary line. He led four workers responsible for the semaphores in repeated study of Chairman Mao’s brilliant article *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*. He said: “There are two ways open to us. One is to follow the road pointed out by Chairman Mao in *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*, which is to fear no difficulty and rebuild the device ourselves. This way will ensure that the trains go through safely and on time. The other way is to wait for the engineering department to rebuild it. That means trains will be late; or accidents may even occur as a result of trains being switched onto the wrong track. We’ll discuss which way to take.” The workers said in unison: “We’ll stick to the road pointed out by Chairman Mao, the road of self-reliance.” Wang said emphatically: “Right! So long as we have the spirit of the Foolish Old Man who removed the mountains, the

five of us can do it.” The next day they set up a small forge, and after a month and a half of hard struggle finally succeeded in rebuilding all the old equipment. They had set an example for other small engineering sections on the Szuping-Tsitsihar Railway to follow in building large projects.

During the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, with unbounded loyalty to Chairman Mao, Wang Chih-tung rebelled fiercely against the handful of capitalist-roaders in the Party. In August 1966, he wrote the first revolutionary big-character poster in the section where he worked. Early in September he presided at the first revolutionary rebel meeting in Taipingchuan. On the eve of the meeting a certain person in power who had carried out the bourgeois reactionary line raged at him: “There’s the opinion ‘above’ that a stop will be put to the Great Cultural Revolution, and still you’re going to have a rebel meeting!” Wang replied bluntly: “What guides us is Chairman Mao’s big-character poster *Bombard the Headquarters*. That’s the highest source!” The fellow barked again: “You’re a Party member and long-time model worker. You shouldn’t lead a rebellion. Don’t you know you’ll be held responsible for the consequences?” To this Wang replied firmly: “It’s precisely because I’m a Communist that I shall take the lead in rebellion. It’s a revolutionary responsibility and I’m determined to take it.”

Seeing that Wang Chih-tung was not afraid of their threats, they tried using economic pressure to buy him over. First they withheld his wages and then they sent him a bank-book credited with 400 yuan. Wang Chih-tung refused the bank-book on the spot.

The torrent of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution had smashed the bourgeois headquarters headed by Liu Shao-chi and yet the handful of class enemies would not accept its defeat. They tried to sabotage railway transport. Seeing through their schemes, Wang Chih-tung widely propagated Chairman Mao's great teaching "**Grasp revolution, promote production**", and led several thousand workers in making revolution — holding meetings after work — and the handful of class enemies hated him. He was threatened once while at work by several knife-wielding scoundrels who shouted: "Which do you want, your life or production?" Wang did not bend but replied sternly: "What I want is to do as Chairman Mao says — '**Grasp revolution, promote production**'. That is my life!"

The dauntless revolutionary courage of a Communist punctured the reactionary arrogance of the class enemies and smashed their wild provocation. Wang Chih-tung led the revolutionary masses in hard work day and night to be sure that rail transport ran smoothly. He was praised by the railway workers as "true gold tempered by fire" and "a man of steel".

"It is only the working class that is most far-sighted, most selfless and most thoroughly revolutionary." Wang Chih-tung is this kind of selfless man. In 1967, when the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution was at the crucial moment of fiercest struggle between the two classes and the two lines, Wang Chih-tung, the morning sun in his heart, feared no sacrifice in leading the revolutionary masses to struggle against the class enemies.

Living with him was his old, partially-paralysed father. His wife was ailing and soon to give birth. One day a neighbour sent for him to go home. When he

arrived his wife said to him: "Chih-tung, you've devoted yourself to the revolution, to defending Chairman Mao, and I support you. But your father is bad off and I'm in this condition. Ask our eldest son to come home and look after things." Wang Chih-tung listened carefully and then replied: "We owe all we have to Chairman Mao. It is because of Chairman Mao that we the working class have today's happiness. Our son was born in the new society and never knew the suffering we experienced when we were young. He's a Red Guard fighter. Better let him be tempered in the storm of class struggle." Cheered at this his wife said: "To defend Chairman Mao, I'll manage the difficulties at home whatever they are." Nodding in approval, Wang left for the house of a neighbour, an old woman named Li, and said: "Aunt Li, you've done a lot, looking after my family. Starting tomorrow, will you keep an eye on my house and see if there's smoke from the chimney. If not, let me know." Deeply moved, she said: "Chih-tung, you really have the whole world in your mind and serve the people wholeheartedly."

"He [a Communist] should be more concerned about the Party and the masses than about any individual, and more concerned about others than about himself." Successive torrential rains hit Taipingchuan in autumn 1969. The low-lying living quarters south of the tracks were flooded on every side. Braving the pouring rain, Wang led the masses in battling the flood for twenty-four hours on end, until the danger was over. When the rain continued the next day, he went straight to the lowest-lying houses to help get the water out and to dam it up. He got back to his own house late that night after helping some ten families and found his two children still

busy bailing water out of the house. Worker Yu Ching-ping's house had been washed away by the heavy rain. Together with other comrades, he got up early in the morning and stayed up at night to help the Yus build a new house. He helps another neighbour, grandmother Yang who lives alone, to chop firewood and fetch water all year round. She says: "I have no son, but you are closer to me than a real son!"

Wang Chih-tung is known around the Taipingchuan railway community as the "permanent man on duty". He lives only a stone's throw from the office, but during the more than a year he was in charge of the work of purifying the class ranks he spent little time with his family. At Spring Festival of 1970 he went home for the family dinner. The minute it was over he was on his feet, impatient to get back to work. His two children clung to him: "You're away all year, Dad. Don't go! Today is the festival." His eyes moist, Wang said to them: "Why did we poor folk suffer so in the old society? Why did the bosses shove us around? Because the proletariat had no power. Today, power is in our hands, but there are still imperialists, revisionists and reactionaries outside the country and class enemies at home looking for the chance to wrest power back from our hands. Dad works to protect the power of the proletariat. Now, shouldn't he go?" The children understood. "Then we won't keep you here," they agreed. "Not for anything will we allow the enemies to get their hands on our working class power!"

Wang Chih-tung keeps to his noble pledge: "I'll endure the worst so that others won't have to." In 1951, when the transport of supplies for the War to Resist U.S. Aggression and Aid Korea reached a peak, Wang

Chih-tung became ill with gall bladder trouble. Attacks came every day with acute pain, but he carried on with remarkable effort and refused to leave his post. Like the unbending fighter of steel that he is, Wang Chih-tung never complained or said anything about his pain. For ten years he worked steadily at his job, never missing a shift or asking for a day off. In 1961 his ailment got worse, and he fainted several times at the work-site. The Party organization arranged for him to be taken to the local hospital where drainage was suggested. But the hospital bourgeois "authority" would not treat him, saying: "Your case is incurable. Go home and just take it easy." Wang was enraged by this "philosophy of survival". He thought to himself: Stay home and wait for death to claim me? Never! I'll carry on as long as I live. I'll follow Chairman Mao closely in doing revolutionary work!

Wang Chih-tung began treating himself with a drainage tube. Drop by drop, about a *jin* of bile was sucked out, and he felt better. But it pained his work-mates to see him in this condition. "Take the day off," they said. Wang patted his chest and suggested singing *The East Is Red*. His revolutionary optimism was contagious. Together, they sang out this revolutionary song, their faces towards the rising sun and their hands ready for the day's work.

Wang's stomach was swollen most of the time due to his illness and he now found it difficult to bend to check and service the railway switches. So he knelt on the sleepers or the ballast to do the job. His mates pleaded with him to take a lighter job, but he would not. His ready answer always came with a smile: "No. These bones of mine are still good for this job!"

Every day many trains with passengers and supplies for the country's construction fly past the switches checked and maintained by Wang Chih-tung. Most people do not know that this work is done by an indefatigable Communist Party member who sucks the bile out of his body for the revolution and kneels to work for the people day after day, year in and year out!

In December 1968, the revolutionary committee of the Taipingchuan railway area was formed and Wang Chih-tung was chosen vice-chairman.

Though he is a cadre now, Wang Chih-tung keeps close to the masses, working hard and living plainly as before. When a retired worker who had taught him as an apprentice came to see him one day, he noticed Wang still wearing the old cotton-padded coat and blue cap he had worn years before. He clasped Wang by the hand and said: "Chih-tung, you have remained true to us workers."

When our great leader Chairman Mao issued the instruction that cadres "**do not divorce themselves . . . from productive labour while performing the duties**", Wang Chih-tung asked to go back to work at the grass-roots level. There at the work-site he first discussed with the workers the question of raising the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought to a new height. He called at each home and achieved unified thinking among the workers. The comrades were moved and expressed their determination to arm themselves with Mao Tsetung Thought, destroy self-interest and foster devotion to the public interest, to devote themselves wholly to the revolution.

Wang Chih-tung is close to his class brothers, reserving all his hatred for the class enemies. Last March,

when the class struggle in the economic sphere was being unfolded in the Taipingchuan area, an evil wind against revolutionary cadres suddenly blew in one department. Wang Chih-tung put his finger on the trouble after a thorough mass investigation. It was the hidden class enemy, he said, who was trying to shift the target of the struggle by changing his tactics from defence to attack. Working from this clue and a mass of information furnished by Wang, the revolutionary committee made a further effort to arouse the masses and in the end tracked down the culprit who had been conspiring and stirring up trouble from behind the scenes. The workers were overjoyed. "With Wang wielding power for us, we needn't worry," they said.

"Sailing the seas depends on the helmsman, making revolution depends on Mao Tsetung Thought."

For more than twenty years Wang Chih-tung has served the people with utter devotion and accomplished his revolutionary work in high fighting spirit. He relies completely on Mao Tsetung Thought as his guide, and Mao Tsetung Thought has given him infinite strength.

With boundless love for Chairman Mao, Wang Chih-tung resolved to study his works. In the early days of liberation, he had longed for a set of the *Selected Works of Mao Tsetung* but could not get one. He was so excited over the set he borrowed from a cadre that he immediately copied down the "three constantly read articles" in their entirety. Later he managed to buy eighteen pamphlets of articles by Chairman Mao, which he bound into a single volume, carried with him and studied whenever and wherever he could.

The light in Wang Chih-tung's room can often be seen burning late into the night, for he studies Chairman

Mao's works diligently. When he suffers a biliary attack, he presses his stomach against a corner of the table and goes on studying. At such times, his wife says to him, "you aren't feeling well. Why not rest for a while?" His reply is: "Books by Chairman Mao are books for the liberation of the proletariat. We must make a serious effort to study and apply his teachings in a living way."

The railway signal lights are the eyes of the locomotive drivers. The state stipulates that the signal light for a train pulling into a station must be visible from a distance of 800 metres. Wang Chih-tung worked hard to increase the distance and succeeded in making the one in his area clearly visible at 2,500 metres. The locomotive drivers said: "The signal lights at Kaitung Station are the brightest of all." When other workers on the line asked him what was the secret, Wang told them that there was really no secret. There was only one way to make them shine bright, he said, and that was: Think of Chairman Mao every day, compare what Chairman Mao teaches in the "three constantly read articles" with what you do every day, do as Chairman Mao says, and make a determined effort to remould your world outlook with Mao Tsetung Thought.

When the new Party Constitution was made public following the triumphant convocation of the Ninth Party Congress, Wang studied it over and over again until he could recite it from start to finish. He constantly judged his work and actions according to the new Party Constitution. Since then he has raised his consciousness to a new level in the study, application and dissemination of Mao Tsetung Thought.

Today, Communist Party members, Communist Youth League members and the broad masses of workers on the railway lines, which extend for 4,000 kilometres under the Tsitsihar Railway Administration in northeast China, are starting a campaign to learn from Wang Chih-tung, a "hard-boned" member of the working class. Railway workers are proud of such a fine representative in their ranks. They say: "Wang Chih-tung is our model. We must learn from him and strive to be **'noble-minded and pure, a man of moral integrity and above vulgar interests, a man who is of value to the people.'**"

Heart and Soul for the Revolution

— Story of Hsu Tu-lo, a Communist and production team leader

Hsu Tu-lo, a fine member of the Chinese Communist Party and leader of a production team, closely followed our great leader Chairman Mao for twenty years, to his last breath. He led the poor and lower-middle peasants against evil trends and adverse currents in the intense struggle between the two classes, two roads and two lines, and in waging revolution in order to build the new, socialist countryside. Just before he died, he gazed for a long while at the portrait of Chairman Mao on the wall and said to the poor and lower-middle peasants at his bedside: "I've done too little for the people! . . . You should always listen to Chairman Mao, follow him closely to make revolution, and spread Mao Tsetung Thought throughout the world! . . ."

Hsu Tu-lo was a Party branch committeeman of the Green Poplar Brigade of Bell Tower Commune, Suihsi County, Anhwei Province, and leader of one of the brigade's production teams. For twenty years and with deep proletarian feeling, he studied Mao Tsetung Thought thirstily and applied what he studied, fearing neither hardship nor death in making revolution and serving the people wholeheartedly. To his dying day Hsu Tu-lo kept thinking "spread Mao Tsetung Thought throughout the world!" The sentence expressed a proletarian vanguard fighter's boundless loyalty to the great leader Chairman Mao; it summed up the fighting life of a Communist who gave his all in serving the people.

"I'll Struggle to the End Against Anyone Who Wants Us to Turn Back"

Hsu Tu-lo was born in 1920 into a poor peasant family. His mother died when he was four, and for the next twelve years he wandered about begging. Then, at the age of sixteen, he went to work as long-term hired hand for a landlord, who treated him worse than he did his draught animals.

Green Poplar Village was liberated the winter of 1948. Chairman Mao rescued Hsu from his wretched plight and led him onto the path of revolution. "If it weren't for Chairman Mao, there'd have been no emancipation for us poor people; there'd be no Hsu Tu-lo." He often said: "I'll never be able to repay Chairman Mao's kindness. I'll follow him closely and make revolution as long as I live." From that time Hsu followed Chairman Mao at every step. At crucial moments in the sharp

struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, between the socialist and the capitalist roads, he always stepped forward to courageously defend Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line.

During the land reform movement Hsu, who had suffered so much in the old society and hated the class enemies to the core, was elected a group leader in the local peasant association and took the lead in the struggle against the landlords and to distribute the land. One night in a snowstorm, several landlords, not resigned to their defeat, held a counter-revolutionary meeting to plot an attack on the land reform. Hsu immediately sprang to the fore. He called the poor and lower-middle peasants together that same night and they seized the recalcitrant landlords and shattered their scheme. At the mass meeting exposing the plot, Hsu furiously condemned the landlords' criminal oppression and exploitation of the poor and lower-middle peasants before liberation.

During land reform, Hsu was a staunch fighter in struggling against the landlords and he was also a pillar of strength in agricultural collectivization. The first to respond to Chairman Mao's great call: "**Get organized!**", he got together eighteen poor peasant households and established the first mutual-aid team in Green Poplar Township. It was also on his initiative that the poor and lower-middle peasants set up the township's first elementary agricultural producers' co-operative. It was he who led them in resisting the vicious attempts of the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi to reduce the number of co-ops and formed the first advanced co-op in the township. In the upsurge of

establishing people's communes, it was Hsu again who took the lead.

The great leader Chairman Mao teaches us:

The imperialists and domestic reactionaries will certainly not take their defeat lying down and they will struggle to the last ditch.

In 1961, Liu Shao-chi and his agents in Anhwei Province, taking advantage of the country's temporary economic difficulties, fanned up the evil trend of "going it alone" in a vain attempt to restore capitalism. Hsu, who was infinitely loyal to our great leader Chairman Mao, quickly saw through the class enemy's tricks. Unable to sleep one night, Hsu got up and said with emotion before a portrait of Chairman Mao: "You are leading us to collective prosperity, Chairman Mao. But there are some who would like us to go back, to suffer a second time. We're not going to let that happen!"

His mind made up, Hsu went to the brigade Party secretary and said: "We poor and lower-middle peasants are fed up with the hardships of going it alone. We'll fight to the finish against anyone who opposes Chairman Mao's instructions." The Party secretary gave Hsu full support. Hsu called on the eighteen poor and lower-middle peasant families who had formed the first elementary co-op and discussed the situation with them. They were firm in their determination to defend Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

The local capitalist-roaders sent men out to preach the "advantages" of the allocation of land to the individual household. Hsu refuted them point by point, enlightening the masses on the superiority of collectiv-

zation. And when the capitalist-roaders sent men to force the peasants to take back the livestock and land they had invested in the co-ops, Hsu and the poor and lower-middle peasants retorted: "The fields of Green Poplar Village and the sky above it are socialist. We refuse to work the land on a family basis!"

When all their other tricks failed, the capitalist-roaders tried to make Hsu Tu-lo submit to them by invoking "discipline". The man they dispatched confronted Hsu and blustered: "Don't you know that Party discipline requires the lower ranks to obey the higher?"

"I know," said Hsu with assurance. "The lower ranks should obey the higher, the entire membership should obey the Central Committee, and the whole country should obey Chairman Mao. Chairman Mao says people's communes are fine. Which road are you taking?"

"You won't obey, eh? A Party member had better think over whether he wants to stay in the Party. A cadre had better think over whether he wants to stay a cadre," the capitalist-roaders' agent threatened, putting on a show of anger.

Hsu wouldn't retreat a step. He rose and said loudly: "I am a Communist. You can't make me go in for 'going it alone'. Being a cadre is to follow Chairman Mao and make revolution. Whose cadre is it that doesn't? You can dismiss me from my post as team leader, but you can't change my heart set on following Chairman Mao and waging revolution!"

Hsu's forceful counter-attack stiffened the poor and lower-middle peasants' determination. One by one they rallied to his support and said: "The road our old team leader is taking is the road pointed out by Chairman Mao. See who dares to touch him!" To Hsu they said:

"Keep right on the correct road, Tu-lo. We'll never turn back, though heaven may fall."

At the height of the battle between the socialist and the capitalist roads, a certain landlord thought his chance had come "to resettle old accounts". Hsu promptly seized on this to call a mass meeting. The first to speak, Hsu angrily exposed the class enemies' plot to make a comeback. This live instance of class struggle opened the poor and lower-middle peasants' eyes to what the capitalist-roaders were up to in pushing individual farming. It also stiffened their determination to follow Chairman Mao and travel the socialist road. The schemes of the capitalist-roaders foiled, Hsu Tu-lo led the poor and lower-middle peasants in continuous advance along the road indicated by Chairman Mao.

While the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution was winning victory after victory, a handful of class enemies, not taking their defeat lying down, made use of family and clan relations to incite bourgeois factionalism and sabotage revolution and production. At this time of crisis, Hsu again and again went among the masses and with them studied Chairman Mao's great teaching: "**The aim of every revolutionary struggle in the world is the seizure and consolidation of political power.**" He said: "At no time must we relax our vigilance in waging class struggle. We must hold firmly the power that Chairman Mao has given us poor and lower-middle peasants." Guided by Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, the poor and lower-middle peasants of Green Poplar Brigade, united as one, laid bare the class enemies' plot to undermine the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. They set up the commune's first revolutionary committee, started an upsurge in grasping revolution and

promoting production and achieved one new success after another.

In this great revolution that touches people's innermost being, Hsu was again tested. Responding to Chairman Mao's call to put "daring" first, he boldly aroused the masses, swept the cobwebs from his mind and took the initiative to go among the masses to examine his own shortcomings and mistakes.

He noticed that some cadres were upset after the masses criticized them, so he warmly helped them study Chairman Mao's teachings. "The people criticize us to rid us of our faults," he said. "We must listen to Chairman Mao and plunge into the storm and strife of mass struggle to be tested and steeled." With Hsu's enthusiastic assistance, every one of the brigade and production team cadres was in high spirits and gladly took up the heavy tasks of revolution and production.

"I Won't Rest in Peace Till the Alkali Is Controlled!"

The poor and lower-middle peasants of Green Poplar Village never looked at the terraced fields with the crops and saplings they had planted growing green and lush, nor at the water flowing clear in the irrigation ditches but they said proudly: "This is what we've done under our old team leader who relies on Mao Tsetung Thought!"

Before liberation, the village presented quite a different picture. In spring the land was white with alkali; in autumn it was flooded. Worked to exhaustion all summer, by winter the peasants had to flee famine. Of the 530 *mu* of land worked by Hsu's team, over three hundred had been low-lying and alkaline. As the peasants used to say, "You can plant, but you rarely get a sprout."

Although some improvement had been made in this land after liberation, it still produced little. The peasants were worried and said, "If only we could beat the alkali and control drought and flooding, how good that would be!"

Hsu was disturbed by their words and the sight of several hundred *mu* of alkaline land. As a Communist Party member, he should stand with the masses at the time of greatest need. He often went to the poor and lower-middle peasants to ask their advice on how to get rid of the alkali, and he inspected the fields and studied methods of solving the problem.

In 1964, Chairman Mao's great call "**In agriculture, learn from Tachai**" strengthened Hsu's conviction that they could change the situation. He encouraged the poor and lower-middle peasants, saying: "Chairman Mao has shown us the road to prosperity. We must learn from Tachai's poor and lower-middle peasants and, in the spirit of the Foolish Old Man, convert our alkaline land into high-yield fields."

The battle was joined. Hsu led the poor and lower-middle peasants, starting work early in the morning and returning late at night. Short of tools, they made their own. Short of instruments, they improvised, using what they had. That winter and the following spring they raised sixty *mu* into drained plots and the first glistening green sprouts soon appeared in the new fields. But before long, flooding spoiled some of them.

A handful of class enemies went around saying maliciously: "There's no cure for alkaline land!"

"Is there really no cure for alkaline land?" Some people began to waver, and Hsu paced the washed-out plots,

thinking. A great voice rang in his ears: **“Will the Chinese cower before difficulties when they are not afraid even of death?”**

True. With Chairman Mao's wise leadership, there was no difficulty that couldn't be beat.

The brigade Party organization fully supported Hsu in his determination to overcome the alkali. At a Party committee meeting the brigade Party branch secretary announced: “Our branch is going to lead the masses in a battle against heaven, earth and the class enemies. We're going to fight this alkali problem to the finish.”

The next day, Hsu took the brigade members to the monument to the fallen heroes of the Liberation War and there gave them a lesson in class struggle and revolutionary traditions. He said: “These heroes laid down their lives for the liberation of the world's poor and suffering. The land of Green Poplar Village was won at the cost of their blood. We must maintain and improve it well. The more the class enemies oppose our flood control and alkali elimination, the harder we must work to create a new Green Poplar Village.” Hsu's enthusiasm mounted. “I won't rest in peace till the alkali is controlled,” he said.

Hsu's words made things clear to the brigade members, and one after another they rose to speak. “If the Foolish Old Man could remove mountains, if the poor and lower-middle peasants of Tachai could make bare mountains bloom, we poor and lower-middle peasants of Green Poplar Village, relying on Mao Tsetung Thought, can certainly change alkaline land into rich fields!”

Hsu and the poor and lower-middle peasants punctured the schemes of the class enemies, summed up their

past experience in improving alkaline soil and plunged into the battle to solve the problem thoroughly. In mid-winter, Hsu and the whole brigade camped out on the alkaline fields, each with his treasured red book of *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tsetung*. The wind was icy but the poor and lower-middle peasants had the warmth of spring in their hearts. The ground was hard, but the will of these people armed with Mao Tsetung Thought was harder still. Wherever there were difficulties, Hsu was sure to appear. He was always with the masses. Wherever the job was tough, there Hsu spread Mao Tsetung Thought. He got so warm swinging a mattock that he took off his coat and caught cold. Although he was running a fever, he wouldn't quit. People urged him to rest for a day or two.

“How can I rest while making revolution?” he demanded. “What's a cold or a headache? Work will sweat it out.”

A shock team of young fellows broke several rakes in succession but merely nicked the frozen ground. Hsu arrived with his mattock and said: “You can't be soft with it. If you're soft, the ground will stay hard. Hit it hard and it'll soon soften up.” He wielded his mattock and split the icy layer, breaking it into large chunks. The force of his blows split the skin between his thumb and forefinger, but still he went on swinging his mattock. “Fighting alkali is a battle,” he said. “We can't be afraid of a little sweat and blood!”

Lighting his way with a lantern at night, his mattock on his shoulder, Hsu made the rounds of the work-site, pitching in wherever needed, and finally the alkaline soil bowed before the onslaught of the courageous poor

and lower-middle peasants. Before long many new terraced fields appeared in Green Poplar Village.

In three years the poor and lower-middle peasants of Hsu's team moved more than 50,000 square metres of earth, sank three artesian wells and planted more than 6,000 saplings. They had broken the back of the alkali, the flood and the drought. Over three hundred *mu* of formerly alkaline land became fertile fields. Grain production increased from less than a hundred *jin* per *mu* to over five hundred; raw cotton jumped from 20-odd *jin* to more than three hundred *jin* per *mu*.

The poor and lower-middle peasants of Green Poplar Village, enlightened by brilliant Mao Tsetung Thought, used their own working hands to reap bumper harvests year after year. But after the harvest, what? Hsu Tu-lo thought first of the state and of other communes and brigades; he was never concerned with himself. In spite of repeated good harvests, he still wore the same old coat that had seen him through thirteen winters, and the cap he had worn for eight years. "The times are good. Get yourself some new clothes," people urged. Hsu smiled. "Eating and dressing well doesn't make a man well off," he said. "After we've helped all the poor on this earth to stand up we'll really be well off. We've got to push forward with all our might and make still bigger contributions to the people of China and the world."

"Spread Mao Tsetung Thought Over the Whole World!"

"Chairman Mao's works are the revolutionaries' treasure. We poor and lower-middle peasants can't do without them," Hsu often said. "A cadre must take the lead in

many things, most important he must take the lead in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought." Each step of the way, Hsu applied what he had learned, acting according to Chairman Mao's teachings.

One spring Hsu's team bought a horse which fell sick. To look after it well Hsu moved into the stable. He bought medicines with his own money, and made porridge for it with flour from his own home. Hsu nursed the horse for many days, listening to its breathing at night in case anything went wrong, and rose at dawn to feed the animal with dew-soaked grass. Hsu's eyes became red with fatigue, but the horse got well and sleek day by day — this made Hsu very happy.

The village was sound asleep one summer night when a violent storm broke. Awakened, Hsu thought: "Are the cattle safe in the shed? What if water gets into the storehouse? The fertilizer is still piled on the threshing-ground. . . ." He remembered Chairman Mao's great teaching: "**These battalions of ours are wholly dedicated to the liberation of the people and work entirely in the people's interests.**" Snatching up some tools he rushed out quickly and put the fertilizer under cover. He ran through the pouring rain to the barn to see whether the cattle were all right, then hurried to the storehouse. After helping the old poor peasant who was in charge of stores to sweep out the water there, he turned to go but the storekeeper stopped him. "See how soaked through you are! Where are you going now, in this rain?"

"I'm going to see to the other commune members' houses," Hsu said, and plunged into the downpour again. It rained all night, and Hsu was out in it all night.

Another night in winter when it was snowing heavily, the two younger brothers of a commune member sud-

denly fell acutely ill and were delirious. The whole family was worried. At this critical moment, Hsu entered, covered with snow. He felt the children's foreheads and left. When he came back with the doctor from the commune hospital, he was a veritable snowman, but his prompt help saved the children from danger. "You've done so much for us," the mother said to Hsu. "How can we ever thank you?"

"I've only done what Chairman Mao teaches," said Hsu. "It's Chairman Mao you should thank!"

In great earnest Hsu studied and applied Mao Tsetung Thought in a living way. Chairman Mao's teaching to serve the people **wholly** and **entirely** became Hsu's guide to action. "In all these years our old team leader has never had a quiet meal or slept throughout one night," said the poor and lower-middle peasants. "He thinks only of the revolution and the people."

Hsu always kept the country, the collective and the people in mind. He cared nothing about himself. In summer he slept on the threshing-ground or in the fields. In winter he slept in the barn or in the sweet potato storage pit. Years of strenuous activity and exhausting labour aggravated his illness. (He had been sick for some time but had never bothered to see a doctor.) In April 1968, the poor and lower-middle peasants sent him to the hospital. Examination revealed that he was suffering from cancer of the esophagus and that it was already in the terminal stage. His son, who was with him, burst into tears on hearing the news, but Hsu took it calmly. "What are you crying about?" he asked the boy with a smile. "No illness is incurable. I'm going to continue following Chairman Mao to build communism!" The boy begged him to spend a few days in the hospital, but Hsu

said: "Can't you hear those drums and gongs? Everywhere the people are setting up revolutionary committees. With the situation developing so fast, our team has a big job to do in revolution and production. Every minute counts. How can I lie in hospital?"

Hsu turned and, pointing to his treasured red book, said: "Chairman Mao teaches us: **'Wherever there is struggle there is sacrifice. . . . when we die for the people it is a worthy death.'** My life was saved by Chairman Mao. I'm going to follow Chairman Mao's teachings to my last breath. I'm going to be the people's willing old ox and pull the cart of revolution well." He asked his son not to say anything about his illness to the team cadres and other poor and lower-middle peasants.

Hsu insisted on leaving the hospital and soon returned to the village. The poor and lower-middle peasants crowded around him in concern and asked: "How are you? Why didn't you stay in the hospital?"

"There's nothing much wrong with me. A few days' rest and I'll be up and around again," Hsu replied cheerfully. He went home only after he had learned from the political instructor how the team's study class in Chairman Mao's works was progressing and the assistant team leader had told him the situation in revolution and production. But his condition deteriorated until he could eat only one wheat cake in a whole day, and even that he had to divide into more than twenty portions. He swallowed with the greatest difficulty. Often weakness and pain made him dizzy, and sweat rolled from his forehead. Urged to rest, he said, "Where is the revolutionary who rests? Comrade Chiao Yu-lu, Party committee secretary of Lankao County in Honan, was suffering from advanced cancer of the liver but still went through rain

and flood to sketch a plan for the new Lankao. I'm far from measuring up to him!"

Hard work made Hsu's condition worse and the poor and lower-middle peasants again sent him to the hospital. There he learned that a mare was having difficulty foaling. He picked up his same old coat and left the hospital. In severe pain himself, he stayed all night with the mare until her foal was safely born.

He grew steadily weaker, and for the third time the poor and lower-middle peasants sent him to the hospital. He left it the same day. Walking in the shade of a shelter belt, he felt unspeakably happy as he gazed at the green crops and nursery saplings. He caressed the saplings and thought: "These need pruning. I'd better do it!"

Someone called for help. "Our old team leader has fainted!" said he, and the commune members rushed to the tree nursery. A peasant took Hsu in his arms and called to him softly. Slowly Hsu revived. He looked at the people gathered around him and smiled. "These saplings won't do well unless they're pruned. I must finish the job. In a few years, our Green Poplar Village will be a sea of green."

With tears in their eyes the villagers said, "You've given us poor and lower-middle peasants every ounce of your energy. You really can't do any more. The doctor said your illness. . . ."

"I know," Hsu calmly interrupted. "But a Communist cannot fear hardship and death. So long as I live I'll follow Chairman Mao and go on making revolution."

No one could dissuade him. In spite of the intense pain, he rose early and worked late for many days until more than six thousand saplings were pruned.

In the afternoon of July 27, 1968, Hsu collapsed and the poor and lower-middle peasants carried him home. As they passed the places where he had worked he signed to them to stop.

"Take me to the terraced fields," he said in a weak voice. "I want to see our team's cotton and saplings again." As he gazed at the fields, he said: "Our village will have a good harvest this year. We should sell more of our best grain and cotton to the state. . . ."

When the end drew near, Hsu Tu-lo, still keeping in mind the ideal of communism, exhorted his class brothers and sisters with his last few words: "You must always listen to Chairman Mao, closely follow Chairman Mao to make revolution and spread Mao Tsetung Thought throughout the world. . . ."

Comrade Hsu Tu-lo passed away, but his revolutionary spirit of wholehearted devotion to the people and revolution will forever live in people's hearts and inspire the poor and lower-middle peasants to advance courageously on the road of continuing the revolution. For two years in succession — 1968 and 1969 — Green Poplar Brigade reaped bumper harvests and the poor and lower-middle peasants paid their agricultural tax ahead of time and overfulfilled their grain quota sold to the state. With revolutionary pride they said: "Our old team leader once told us that we should never forget Chairman Mao and the Communist Party when we get a bumper harvest. We poor and lower-middle peasants never waver in wind or rain, and will always closely follow Chairman Mao. We will firmly take the road of socialism and advance all the way to communism!"

A Staunch Fighter on the Educational Front

Ai Tsu-hsin, a young teacher of the Shihpantan Middle School in Hunan Province devoted to the Party's educational cause, has led the revolutionary teachers and students firmly along the road pointed out by Chairman Mao in his "May 7th Directive".¹ Ignoring several serious illnesses and fearing neither hardship nor death, Ai bravely defends Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and is working to revolutionize education. He has set an example for revolutionary teachers and students.

¹ On May 7, 1966 Chairman Mao wrote a letter to Vice-Chairman Lin Piao in which he gave an important instruction known as the "May 7th Directive". It calls on the PLA, factories, rural areas, schools, commercial and service departments, Party and government organs, all to become great schools for revolutionization.

"Education Should Be Revolutionized"

In 1964, when the Socialist Education Movement flourished in China's towns and countryside, our great leader Chairman Mao issued a series of brilliant instructions on revolutionizing education. But the renegade Liu Shao-chi and his agents everywhere frenziedly, boycotted and sabotaged Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line. The class struggle sharpened and grew more complex. After graduating from normal school in Changteh in the autumn of that year, Ai Tsu-hsin was assigned to teach in the Shihpantan Primary School, being put in charge of the fifth grade. In the first Chinese class, Ai wrote on the blackboard Chairman Mao's great teaching: **"Education must serve proletarian politics."** He said to the pupils, "This is our great leader Chairman Mao's instruction. We are all children of poor and lower-middle peasants and couldn't have gone to school before liberation. Now we are studying together. This is Chairman Mao's greatest concern for us. We must study Chairman Mao's writings, follow his teachings and strive to become workers with both socialist consciousness and culture."

From careful observation, Ai Tsu-hsin realized deeply that this mountain village school with more than three hundred teachers and pupils was fraught with fierce class struggle. Chairman Mao's series of instructions on revolution in education were not being carried out thoroughly; the counter-revolutionary revisionist line on education was still seriously poisoning the minds of these poor and lower-middle peasants' children.

After the first class, Ai Tsu-hsin visited the homes of the poor and lower-middle peasants. They said to him: "The school loads the children down with lessons and

homework. It gives them no time to work in the production teams. Which road is this leading our children onto!" They added: "Our children's book-learning is no use; the more they read the duller they get." These remarks from the poor and lower-middle peasants made Ai Tsu-hsin think of Chairman Mao's teaching: "**Education must serve proletarian politics and be combined with productive labour.**" Why is it that this rural primary school doesn't train people to build the new socialist countryside? He discussed with the other teachers how to solve this problem. One unremoulded bourgeois intellectual said acidly: "Teachers are supposed to teach. Why bother ourselves with so many other things?" This remark made Ai Tsu-hsin think how his father had had to tend cows for a landlord from the age of ten and was later exploited as a long-term farm labourer. He had never been able to support his family. Two elder brothers and an elder sister died because they couldn't afford a doctor, while he had nearly starved to death. It was the great leader Chairman Mao who saved the poor and lower-middle peasants. His father became a village cadre and joined the Communist Party. It was also the Party that enabled him to graduate from normal school. He recalled his father's words before he left to take up his work at the primary school: "Chairman Mao has trained you to be a teacher. You should put your whole heart and soul into your work of educating the sons and daughters of the poor and lower-middle peasants."

With deep proletarian feelings for the great leader Chairman Mao and determination to defend Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line, Ai Tsu-hsin recorded in his diary: "The school is an important base for training successors to the revolutionary cause; bourgeois

thinking and proletarian thinking are locked in fierce struggle here. I'm resolved to stand firm at this post and carry the struggle through to the end."

At the beginning of the second term Ai Tsu-hsin challenged the old educational system at one of the school work meetings on teaching. He proposed that the pupils be organized to study and apply Chairman Mao's works in a living way, that poor and lower-middle peasants be invited to give them lessons on class struggle, and that the pupils be organized to take part in collective productive labour. He proposed further that unnecessary courses be dropped from the curriculum, so as to lighten the students' burden. Again an unremoulded bourgeois intellectual objected, saying: "Pupils are supposed to study, why should they do other things?" Ai Tsu-hsin replied firmly: "Ours is a proletarian school with the aim of cultivating workers with both socialist consciousness and culture. We must follow Chairman Mao's line on education. You object to changing, but we're determined to change."

Ai Tsu-hsin's revolutionary proposal gained the support of Communist Party member Sung Ai-hsin, the school's vice-principal, and of the majority of the teachers, who were revolutionary. Sung encouraged Ai to make his class a model. To defend Chairman Mao's proletarian line on education Ai Tsu-hsin got to work. He simplified the unnecessarily complicated textbooks and homework, started a course on Mao Tsetung Thought for his class, made the composition course one for writing out results of studying Chairman Mao's works, and changed the "weekly meeting" into a meeting to report experience in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought. He invited poor and lower-middle

peasants to give regular lessons on class struggle. He gathered and edited village and family histories and used these as teaching material for the course on politics and for the Chinese language course. He took the pupils to the fields or hills for collective productive labour, and led them in carrying out scientific experiments. With Ai Tsu-hsin setting the example, other revolutionary teachers began to introduce changes in their classes.

“Education Must Serve Proletarian Politics and Be Combined with Productive Labour”

During the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, Chairman Mao’s brilliant “May 7th Directive” was publicized. Ai Tsu-hsin studied repeatedly,

The length of schooling should be shortened, education should be revolutionized, and the domination of our schools and colleges by bourgeois intellectuals should not be tolerated any longer.

His mind and eyes were clear: A mass of energy, he plunged into the battle of revolution in education. At the next faculty meeting he opened the Chinese language book for fifth grade and said: “Every textbook should be examined in the light of Mao Tsetung Thought and any poison in it should be criticized and repudiated.”

He decided to criticize the old teaching material in his own class first. By criticizing the class enemies’ plot to use literature and art to oppose the Party and restore capitalism he guided the pupils to use invincible Mao Tsetung Thought to analyse and repudiate the poisonous material in the textbook.

At the same time he joined the three great revolutionary struggles — class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment — in the rural areas so as to investigate thoroughly how to carry the revolution in education through to the end. During the 1967 summer vacation, Ai Tsu-hsin went to all the twenty-five production brigades of four people’s communes, visiting some hundred poor and lower-middle peasants. He held more than twenty discussions with them and listened to their views on revolutionizing education.

After our great leader Chairman Mao’s instruction **“In the countryside, schools and colleges should be managed by the poor and lower-middle peasants — the most reliable ally of the working class”** was issued in the autumn of 1968, the commune revolutionary committee converted the Shihpantan Primary School into a middle school in response to the demands of the poor and lower-middle peasants. Ai Tsu-hsin was made assistant to the head of the commune committee on educational revolution and principal of the middle school.

Ai Tsu-hsin was resolved to follow Chairman Mao’s brilliant instruction and rely on the poor and lower-middle peasants to run the school well. The teachers were to be recommended by the poor and lower-middle peasants and the students chosen by them. The curriculum was to suit the actual requirements of the three great revolutionary struggles in the countryside. Since Shihpantan is famous in the province for its tea-growing and forest area the school organized tea-growing and forestry classes. On the suggestion of the poor and lower-middle peasants, it also has a class to train doctors for the rural areas. For the benefit of the children of poor and lower-

middle peasants living far away, the school established middle school classes in three other areas.

Thus was founded a new type middle school, run according to Chairman Mao's "May 7th Directive". Mao Tsetung Thought commands the classroom. Teachers and students use Mao Tsetung Thought as their weapon to criticize the bourgeoisie, and they have greatly revolutionized their own thinking. Here, teachers and students visit people who suffered bitterly in the old society and make social investigations and studies, editing and writing teaching materials suited to local conditions. Here, the students work in the tea-processing plant, grow saplings on the forest farm, collect medicinal herbs from the hills, help prevent and treat disease. They join in collective farm labour and engage in militia drill. Here, the poor and lower-middle peasants mount the lecture platform and give the students class education, and they pass on forestry knowledge and tea-processing technique.

Ai Tsu-hsin bears firmly in mind Chairman Mao's teachings on training and bringing up successors to the proletarian revolutionary cause, and devotes every effort to arming the revolution's next generation with great Mao Tsetung Thought. He shows great concern for the students' political progress and encourages them to study hard for the revolution. He often says: "In the old society, the working people did not have political power, so they could not have culture. Our great leader Chairman Mao led us to win emancipation, and now the workers and the poor and lower-middle peasants have become the masters. We must never forget class bitterness. We must study hard to acquire culture, and take firm hold of political power."

Regarding the students as the younger generation of the revolution, Ai Tsu-hsin shows great concern for them. When a student misses class, he goes to his home to help him make up the lessons. When Ai Tsu-hsin saw a student without warm enough clothing, he took off his own sweater and put it on the lad. He stays up at night sewing on buttons or mending clothes for the boarding students. When a student falls ill, he sends for the doctor and fetches medicine for him. When the river is swollen in summer, he goes to the ferry landing to meet the students in the morning and see them off safely in the afternoon.

Devote All to the Party's Educational Cause

"Sailing the seas depends on the helmsman, making revolution depends on Mao Tsetung Thought." Ai Tsu-hsin, this 28-year-old teacher is thoroughly loyal to the Party's educational cause. He constantly stiffens his will with Mao Tsetung Thought, and has time and again withstood the pain of disease with amazing fortitude, giving all his energy to the proletarian educational cause.

Ten years ago he developed duodenal ulcer and had to have three quarters of his stomach removed. He also suffered from various other organic disorders. Exhaustion aggravated his condition and he fainted several times, but he did not concern himself with this. He went on as usual, putting all his energy into his work.

One winter day, Ai Tsu-hsin's illness was worse; yet he walked more than ten *li* after school to help a poor peasant's son who had missed class to make up his lessons. On the way, he suffered a stomach attack and, trembling

with pain, fell on the road. He struggled to his feet and trudged to the home of the student. The student's mother noticed that he was covered with mud and that his forehead was bathed in sweat. She was moved and said, "Teacher Ai, you should never have come in the condition you're in!" But Ai Tsu-hsin replied: "This is what Chairman Mao has taught me to do!" Without resting, he studied the "three constantly read articles" together with the student's family.

One day in May 1969, Ai Tsu-hsin was caught in a downpour on his way back from visiting some poor and lower-middle peasants. He felt dizzy and fainted beside a paddy-field. When the heavy rain restored him to consciousness, he repeated to himself Chairman Mao's teaching:

This army has an indomitable spirit and is determined to vanquish all enemies and never to yield. No matter what the difficulties and hardships, so long as a single man remains, he will fight on.

Gathering what strength he had, he got up and strode on.

Ai Tsu-hsin once became over-tired and could not eat because of the pain in his stomach and back. Despite this, he persisted in holding the class on Mao Tsetung Thought the next day. After forty minutes he collapsed on the platform. Some students ran for the doctor, others looked after him. As he revived, he recited Chairman Mao's article *Serve the People* in firm voice, and insisted on finishing the lesson.

Thus Ai Tsu-hsin battles tenaciously at his post in the revolution in education. He wrote in his diary: "As long as I live, I will fight for the revolution. I feel it the

greatest glory to dedicate myself to the Party's cause in education."

Ai Tsu-hsin began studying Chairman Mao's works in 1959. Taking the "three constantly read articles" as precepts, he examines himself according to their principles every day and consciously remoulds his world outlook. In the past ten years he has written more than 800,000 words of study notes and diary entries on the results of his living study and application of Chairman Mao's works. He has been cited many times as an activist in the living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought, and has been gloriously admitted to the Chinese Communist Party.

October 1, 1969, Ai Tsu-hsin's long-cherished wish was realized. He took part in the celebration of the 20th anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic of China in Peking and had the great fortune of seeing our great leader Chairman Mao. That day, with deep proletarian feelings of infinite loyalty to Chairman Mao, he wrote in his diary: "Loyalty to Chairman Mao is my entire thinking! Defending Chairman Mao is my sacred duty! Closely following Chairman Mao is my entire action!"

无产阶级的先锋战士

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