



**For the Freedom and  
Liberation of the  
Korean People**



THE PARTY HISTORY INSTITUTE OF THE  
C.C. OF THE WORKERS' PARTY OF KOREA

# **For the Freedom and Liberation of the Korean People**

RECORD OF THE ANTI-JAPANESE  
ARMED STRUGGLE IN 1930's

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# PREFACE

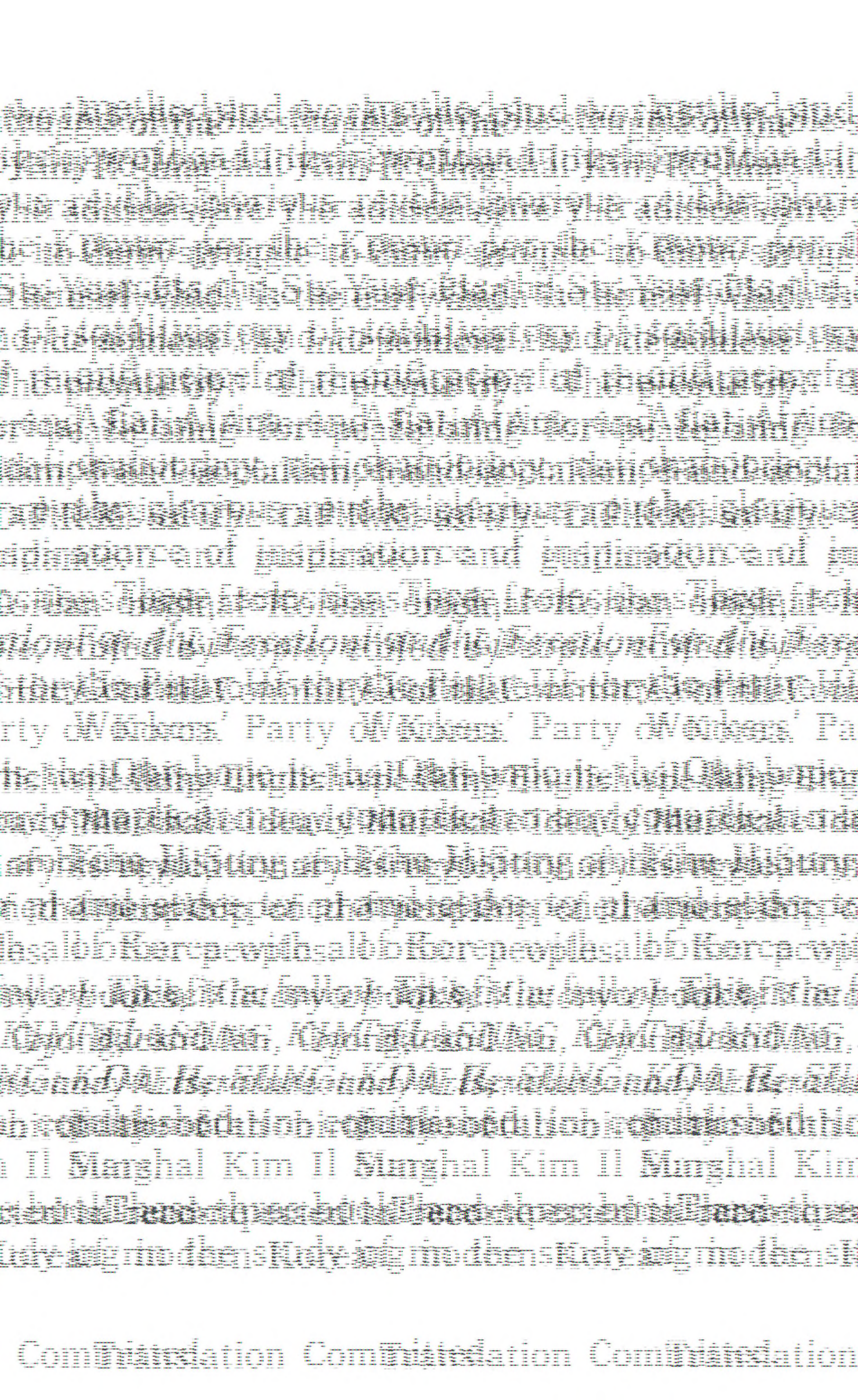
The attention of all the world is today focused on Korea. The call is for the talks between the North and South Korean Red Cross organizations to achieve effective results, and widespread support is being expressed for the independent, peaceful reunification of Korea. The impressive achievements of the Korean people in the revolution and construction, in the application of the great *Juche* idea of Marshal Kim Il Sung, are becoming widely known throughout the world.

As a result of the 15 years anti-Japanese armed struggle, under the leadership of Marshal Kim Il Sung, the Korean people routed the Japanese imperialists and liberated their fatherland. Following liberation, the anti-imperialist, anti-feudal and democratic revolution was carried to success against heavy odds. After having heroically fought back the armed invasion launched by the U.S. imperialists, the people of Korea undertook the socialist revolution, and quickly transformed their country into Asia's first socialist industrial state. The Democratic People's Republic of Korea is the powerful base for the reunification of the country. The D.P.R.K. is the "fatherland of *Juche*," the "model of socialism."

These unparalleled results are inseparable from the great *Juche* concept and the revolutionary traditions born of the flames of the anti-Japanese armed struggle in the 1930s.

This armed struggle, organized and commanded by Marshal Kim Il Sung, was won over unimaginable difficulties and ordeals, without state support and without the cooperation of a regular army.

The reminiscences, which were written by the guerillas and the people, vividly set out Premier Kim Il Sung's great revolutionary ideas, *Juche*, his wise leadership, superb strategy and tactics, lofty virtues, revolutionary work







# I

## The Unforgettable First Meeting

By CHOE HYON

It was in September 1933 that I first met Comrade Kim Il Sung, the outstanding Leader of the Korean revolution.

I was in the Yenching area as a company commander of the Anti-Japanese Guerilla Army. I received orders from Comrade Kim Il Sung to get ready for action, and to come quickly to the Wangching guerilla base, and I left at once.

I had joined the Guerilla Army more than a year earlier. Though I deeply respected and was eager from my heart to see him, I had had no opportunity so far to meet him. Now, at last, I was to see him in person. At the thought, my joy was beyond description, nor was I the only one who felt like this. Every member of my company going with me felt the same.

We made our way quickly and reached Matsun in the Hsiaowangching guerilla base, and were led to the Headquarters where Comrade Kim Il Sung was.

Much water has passed under the bridge since then, but that experience is still very fresh in my memory.

A small grass-roofed house on a low hill nestled to one side of a quiet valley where a clear stream was murmuring.

The comrade leading us went to the door and announced my arrival.

A young cadre of good presence came out at once.

"How do you do, Comrade Choe Hyon!" he said with a broad smile as he came down to the garden and pressed my hand.

I perceived right away that this was General Kim Il Sung, and I was thrilled. It was my first meeting with him it is true, but I could not feel that I was meeting Comrade Kim Il Sung for the first time, for my feeling of reverence for him went back over a long time.

I told him that, as ordered, I had just come with my company.

"It's very nice of you to have come," he said. "I have been impatiently waiting for you. Let's go inside."

Comrade Kim Il Sung, holding my hand, led me inside. It was a modest room with a low table in the middle where a few books and a map lay spread out.

"It was good of you to come," he went on as we were seated face to face. "I've been keen to meet you for a long time...."

His welcome was so cordial that I was quite overwhelmed.

"...When I called you, I meant your unit to take part in the battle of Tungning county seat. It is a matter of sincere regret that my word failed to reach you in time."

Comrade Kim Il Sung said that he had been back three days from the victorious battle of Tungning county seat. When I heard this, I was so disappointed that I felt my whole body going limp.

I had been feeling highly honoured at the thought of taking part in a battle commanded personally by Comrade Kim Il Sung, and had hurried there with firm determination to prove my worth as a combatant. Now, hearing him say that the battle was over, I felt really sorry.

"Haven't you any other plan for an assault?" I asked him with hopes in the depths of my mind.

Comrade Kim Il Sung read my mind and said:

"Please don't feel too disappointed about it. There are many more battles to come, and we'll have many opportunities to fight together. Now, let us talk about the undertakings lying ahead of us."

As he talked to me this way, I could not pursue that

subject any longer. The disappointment that had overwhelmed me was slowly dispelled.

Comrade Kim Il Sung asked me in detail about guerilla activities in the Yenching district, and the local situation. Many of his questions would never have occurred to me. He was fully informed on all questions and mapped out a definite plan on every issue.

As I listened to his words and told him about all the things I had been thinking deeply about, I was drawn more and more to him, attracted by his noble virtues.

After supper Comrade Kim Il Sung spent many hours telling me how the battle of Tungning county seat had been planned and won, and about its significance.

Tungning was a township close to the Soviet-Chinese frontiers, and important from the political and military points of view. The Japanese imperialists had set up military installations and reinforced their forces in the area with the plan of invading the Soviet Union. It was therefore of tremendous political and military significance to attack them there.

In waging the battle of Tungning county seat, Comrade Kim Il Sung set as the major strategic aim the realization of large-scale joint operations with the Chinese anti-Japanese units scattered over East Manchuria.

There were a great number of anti-Japanese units (sometimes called national-salvation army) in Northeast China at that time, which had come out with anti-Japanese slogans when the warlord Chang Hsueh-liang's forces had collapsed, following Japan's imperialist invasion of Manchuria. In essence, the anti-Japanese units were nationalist forces defending the interests of the landowners and other propertied classes, and their political consciousness was very low. Therefore, though they claimed that they were fighting Japanese imperialism, they had not carried on an active struggle, but were scattered and entrenched mainly in forest areas, each holding its own ground. Then, misled by the pernicious false propaganda carried on by

Japanese imperialism, they went to the lengths of murdering Koreans, labelling them "pro-Japanese elements" or Communists, evincing a dangerous national chauvinistic tendency. To top it all, vicious factionalists, including Kim Song Do, came out with extreme Leftist watchwords, thereby causing estrangement between the Korean and the Chinese peoples and providing the anti-Japanese units with the pretext for regarding the Korean Communists with hostility. Comrade Li Gwang, a faithful Communist who had been active as commander of a detached column at that time, too, was murdered cruelly by the Tungshanhao anti-Japanese unit.

So it was very difficult to win over the anti-Japanese units and draw them into joint operations with our Guerilla Army. It was indeed a dangerous task in the attempt at which one ran the risk of losing one's life, a difficult and weighty task which only a revolutionary with great political skill and magnanimity could cope with. Some of us even were therefore averse to joint operations with anti-Japanese units. But Comrade Kim Il Sung saw this question in a different light. Even though the anti-Japanese units were loath to conduct joint operations with us on account of their class limitations and political backwardness, their aims accorded with ours in that they were fighting against Japanese imperialism. Comrade Kim Il Sung saw that if only they were awakened to the validity of our anti-Japanese guerilla struggle and the advantage of joint operations with us, they would certainly follow. Comrade Kim Il Sung had therefore boldly organized and directed a large-scale Korean-Chinese combined operation for the first time since the founding of the Anti-Japanese Guerilla Army.

Comrade Kim Il Sung, in effect, said:

"Of course, it was very difficult to achieve joint operations with the anti-Japanese units. But this was a revolutionary problem that had to be solved for many reasons, and a question that could be solved. So, after we had

carefully considered all issues involved, it was decided that I myself should go. Accompanied by over 50 men, I went to the unit of Wu I-cheng and explained concretely the objectives of our struggle and the immense significance of forming a united front. At first they were doubtful, but in the end were persuaded of the validity of our proposal. At last, we had succeeded in persuading them and achieving the combined operations as planned."

In fact, I can say that there was no one except Comrade Kim Il Sung who enjoyed such high political trust and personal prestige, and had such distinguished ability as to be able to persuade the anti-Japanese units to join us in our struggle. He was the only person who could have carried out this difficult task with credit at the risk of his own life.

As a result, anti-Japanese units more than 1,000-strong, the units of Wu I-cheng, Brigade Commander Shih and Commander Chai took part in a combined operation with our anti-Japanese guerilla units under the unified command of Comrade Kim Il Sung. The great strength of the united anti-Japanese front was demonstrated and a telling blow was dealt on the Japanese imperialist scoundrels militarily, politically and morally.

Of course, it cannot be said that they all fought well from the first. Some of the men of the anti-Japanese units would show their heels at the mere sight of a corn rick. So our guerilla fighters stood in the forefront of the battle and provided the example by their valiant fighting, inspiring the soldiers of the anti-Japanese units with their courage. Moreover, when in the thick of the battle Brigade Commander Shih was wounded by an enemy bullet, his men did not care for him but ran away. He was saved, however, from the jaws of death by Comrade Kim Il Sung.

Having directly seen and experienced the superb commanding art of Comrade Kim Il Sung and the courage and noble fighting and moral character of our guerillas at work in the battle, the members of the anti-Japanese units

gained a correct understanding of our Anti-Japanese Guerilla Army and came to regard the Communists as the best kind of people.

Analyzing the great significance of the victory in the battle of Tungning county seat, Comrade Kim Il Sung said:

“It is of enormous significance that we achieved the united front with the anti-Japanese units in the struggle against our common enemy—the Japanese imperialist aggressor. This is not enough, however. We should extend and strengthen the common front now, not only with the anti-Japanese units but also with the broad masses of the Chinese people. We should not forget that this is an important key to the victory of our revolution....”

Following this clear line set out by Comrade Kim Il Sung on the strengthening of the common anti-Japanese front of the Korean and Chinese peoples, in the subsequent years I gave much attention to the strengthening of militant ties with the Chinese people in the protracted guerilla struggle.

This resulted in considerable successes being won not only in our work with the anti-Japanese units but also, sometimes, in the work with conscientious sections of the puppet Manchurian army.

The line of united front put forward by Comrade Kim Il Sung at the time was not limited to the common anti-Japanese front with the Chinese people. He taught that the Korean revolution could never be accomplished by the strength of a few Communists alone; that there were vast revolutionary forces of workers, peasants and other sections of the people who rose in an anti-Japanese struggle at home and abroad, and that these should all be united in revolutionary organizations and aroused more vigorously to the struggle to crush Japanese imperialism. In order to do this, a stubborn struggle would have to be waged against the Leftist chauvinists and the Rightist capitulationists who had crept into some of the revolutionary ranks, the former trying to wreck the united front and the latter seeking to disintegrate our ranks.

"...We should form and expand many mass organizations and should prepare to infiltrate the organizations of the united anti-Japanese national front widely, even into Korea. It was quite evident that if we failed to have broad political vision, and imagined that the Korean revolution could be brought to a victorious conclusion without such an energetic struggle and careful preparations, it would be no more than a dream...."

Looking at me with his penetrating eye, Comrade Kim Il Sung said this in a very grave tone.

He expounded each question very energetically and in such an interesting way, citing examples, that I listened with all attention without noticing the time.

It was near dawn when I went to bed. But with every phrase uttered by Comrade Kim Il Sung ringing in my ears, I could not readily drop off to sleep.

The next morning an alarm was given by a guard post of a coming enemy raid. Following Comrade Kim Il Sung, I climbed to the top of the hill behind the house. He deployed the unit over the height and ordered the men to wait for the enemy.

At the thought that now I could fight a battle under his command as I had desired, I felt my heart swelling with joy, full of confidence in victory.

But the enemy's "punitive forces," in a blue funk, could not dare to come near the place where we were waiting for them, but fired at random for a long time at the mouth of the valley. Then, the cowardly enemy started setting fire to the corn ricks in the fields.

Comrade Kim Il Sung had been watching the enemy's movements, and now gave orders to the men to mow down to the last man those enemy soldiers who were rabidly setting fire to the corn ricks. Looking round at me, he said, "By the way, Comrade Choe Hyon, I've heard much about your fine marksmanship. Now, please show us your skill."

Usually I had flattered myself that I was second to none

in point of shooting skill, but in his presence I was not so confident. I pulled out my rifle which I had always carried with me and aimed at an enemy soldier. The enemy were some 500 metres away from where we were standing, so it was rather a long distance and they were not an easy target. But calmly I took sight and slowly pressed the trigger. One of the enemy, carrying a torch high in his hand and going for a corn rick, tumbled down.

Comrade Kim Il Sung who was standing beside me, said, "You're a crack shot, indeed. Now let me try a few rounds." With this, he took up a rifle and fired four or five shots in rapid succession. Every shot hit home. Seeing this, all the guerillas near by cheered and hailed bullets on the enemy still hotter and heavier. Now the enemy's "punitive forces" that were offering resistance from such a respectful distance turned tail and ran away.

That day, in the evening, Comrade Kim Il Sung continued to talk to me. At the outset he said:

"We have many important revolutionary tasks before us now. What do you think Comrade Choe Hyon, is the most central question in our struggle today? Let's speak straight out."

To tell the truth, I was eager simply to listen to him, and had no systematic views of my own. I was backward in the study of military affairs at that time, and all the more so as regards the concrete problems of the Korean revolution.

I told him what I had always been thinking.

"In my opinion, the most pressing task is to strengthen our Guerilla Army. I think it is necessary to expand the ranks of the Guerilla Army, organizing large units at the earliest possible date, give a good thrashing to the Japanese imperialist robbers and cross into our homeland."

That really was my thought.

"You're right," Comrade Kim Il Sung said in support of my opinion. "That's the point. Without expanding and stepping up the armed struggle by rallying all the revolu-

tionary forces, we can not accomplish our just end and mission."

He talked about problems on the building of the Anti-Japanese Guerilla Army and clearly analyzed its specific character and true nature. I cannot remember all that I heard at that time, but I think that in general it ran something like this:

"...The Anti-Japanese Guerilla Army should become a true people's armed force that fights the Japanese imperialist aggressors and their running-dogs for the independence and liberation of our country.

The ardent desire of all Korean people is to wipe out the Japanese imperialist robbers as soon as possible, and win the liberty and independence of our country. The Anti-Japanese Guerilla Army should therefore wage the armed struggle on a still larger scale by rallying all revolutionary forces opposed to Japanese imperialism, and by this means bring to reality the ardent desires of the Korean people. But we cannot stop even at this.

We Communists set it as our immutable goal to put an end to all kinds of class oppression in Korea, emancipate the workers and peasants from the yoke of exploitation and convert our homeland into a happy society free from exploitation.

The Anti-Japanese Guerilla Army must become a Marxist-Leninist army whose unchanging basic mission it is to carry out this task. We fight to win this just goal, and so it will soon grow and strengthen into an ever-victorious revolutionary army, with the unreserved support and assistance from the people, even though at the moment, we are only a small force.

Armies such as the Righteous Army and the Independence Army that were active in the past, too, are said to have fought for the independence of Korea. But in essence they were no more than nationalist armies representing the interests of the landowners and other propertied classes. Their struggle, therefore, could not win the support of

the people, and in the end, it could not hold out in the face of the vicious attack of Japanese imperialism.

Our Anti-Japanese Guerilla Army is fundamentally different from that kind of nationalist army, not only in its mission but also in its composition.

What is the composition of the Anti-Japanese Guerilla Army ?

The Anti-Japanese Guerilla Army is organized with the best sons and daughters of the workers and peasants, who are prepared and ready to lay down even their lives without hesitation in the struggle against Japanese imperialism and its lackeys.

It comprises people who have lost their homes and lands and whose parents, wives and children were murdered under the oppression and plunder of Japanese imperialism and its lackeys; they are people who are deprived of all political freedom. They are full of burning determination to drive out the Japanese imperialist robbers from our territory at any cost.

The anti-Japanese guerilla units are led by the Communists who have mastered Marxist-Leninist strategy and tactics.

But can the Anti-Japanese Guerilla Army grow strong of itself, just because this armed force has a just goal of struggle and is composed basically of workers and poor peasants? No, it cannot.

To build up the Anti-Japanese Guerilla Army, we have to capture weapons from the enemy in hard battles, by wiping out the Japanese imperialist occupationers and arm ourselves more effectively in the future. Unlike the time when we had to tackle the enemy barehanded to wrest weapons from him, we can now capture weapons much more easily and in larger quantities at one time. At present we have a considerable quantity of arms taken at the cost of the blood of our comrades. We also have bombs we have made for ourselves.

Relying on these assets, we must capture more weapons

from the enemy and build up our fighting capacity with captured weapons. Nevertheless, it is recognized that we cannot arm ourselves as well as the Japanese imperialists are armed. But even if our armaments are meagre, we are fully capable of winning the battle against the Japanese imperialists if every guerilla fighter is full of an iron-strong fighting will, devoting his all to the struggle to defeat Japanese imperialism and for the independence and liberation of our country.

In the course of the armed struggle we must constantly expand our ranks by bringing in new recruits constantly. We have no small number of youth in our guerilla bases who have been tempered and tested in battles against the enemy. These have to be enrolled in the Guerilla Army and trained as fine revolutionary fighters. There are numerous miners and lumberjacks in the areas within range of our guerilla activity. They constitute a major source from which to expand the guerilla ranks.

Those workers who are politically seasoned should be admitted to the Guerilla Army in large numbers through the medium of the revolutionary organizations. (Comrade Kim Il Sung pointed out that quite a few workers had already joined the Guerilla Army from the Pataokou gold mine and the Laotoukou mine, located in the region where I was operating, and told me to continue enlisting workers of those mines in the Guerilla Army.)

Unless the guerillas are firmly equipped with communist ideas, it is impossible to emerge victorious from the protracted and arduous anti-Japanese armed struggle. So it is essential that the ideological education of the guerillas be strengthened in parallel with intensified military training.

Moreover, anti-Japanese guerillas are not only soldiers fighting the enemy, but should become propagandists to educate and agitate among the people, organizers who organize and mobilize the people. So a military cadre, while good at directing a battle, should pay no less attention to

the political education of his men and equip himself with Marxist-Leninist ideology....”

Dealing with questions of principle in the building of the Guerilla Army, Comrade Kim Il Sung said that the young Anti-Japanese Guerilla Army should be expanded and strengthened quickly in numbers and quality, and in the not-distant future should become the Korean People's Revolutionary Army of powerful military strength. He said to this effect:

“We should expand and strengthen the anti-Japanese armed struggle in the vast area of Manchuria, and gradually accumulating strength, should begin preparing to advance to the Korean border area around Mt. Baekdu-san, ready to move into Korea itself in the future. Only by this means can we achieve the liberation and independence of the country.”

As he uttered these words, his eyes flashed with unshaken faith and strong revolutionary passion.

“...If we are to achieve our country's liberation and independence, we must have a Marxist-Leninist Party without fail. Furthermore, the revolutionary struggle will not end with the liberation and independence of our country, but we must follow our consistent stand and turn our country into a socialist state like the Soviet Union in the future. How can we hope to fulfil this far-reaching task without a General Staff of the revolution? The Party is the lode-star for all our victories. Therefore the most urgent and fundamental task confronting us Korean Communists is to found a Marxist-Leninist Party. Of course, it is impossible to offer to set up the Party right now under the conditions demanded by certain factionalists. If we think it would be possible to found the Party right away without proper preparation and the accumulation of revolutionary forces, it would be nothing but an idle fancy, like trying to build a house in the air. It is necessary that step by step we lay the organizational and ideological foundations in a most careful and most energetic way for founding the Party....”

Comrade Kim Il Sung went on to explain questions relating to the line for building the Party. The outline of his ideas is as follows:

"...The most important thing in preparation for the foundation of the Party is to train and expand the ranks of Communists through the anti-Japanese armed struggle. Communists tried and tested in the practical struggle will always and everywhere play the nuclear role in the conduct of the revolution. If we rally the revolutionary masses closely around this communist core, we can found a Marxist-Leninist Party and carry out the complex revolutionary tasks ahead in a proper way, whatever the difficulties.

So our task is to constantly expand and strengthen our armed ranks while fighting the anti-Japanese armed struggle, and foster and train Communists in the battle against the enemy.

On the other hand, there are Party organizations of Korean Communists in districts where Koreans live all over Northeast China, and these organizations should be further expanded and strengthened and the political training and education of Party members should be intensified.

In the meantime, these organizations should be infiltrated deep into the homeland to unite the Communists at home and thus expand our ranks.

But under present circumstances, we must not rest content with training Communists only in the anti-Japanese armed ranks and in the communist organizations. We must firmly follow the line of forming a united anti-Japanese front, and rally the broadest revolutionary forces at home and abroad in all kinds of anti-Japanese revolutionary organizations. In this way we should first imbue them with strong anti-Japanese ideas and awake their revolutionary consciousness, and gradually select and enlist progressive elements from among them into the guerilla ranks or revolutionary organizations and train them to be Communists.

It is also of great importance in the founding of a Party to fight ruthlessly against unsound ideas such as factionalism and opportunism in the communist ranks, and guard the organizational and ideological purity of the revolutionary forces. We must never forget the bitter lesson, in particular, that once the factionalists among the Korean Communists caused enormous harm to the communist movement by their rabid factional strife. Still now, some such are lurking in the revolutionary ranks, trying to drive wedges between comrades under the slogan of 'anti-Minsaengdan' struggle, and are seeking to disintegrate the ranks of the Korean Communists from within by advocating various Rightist and Leftist tendencies.

So we have to wage an implacable struggle against such people, and allow no room for any factional activity or hostile ideology within Party organizations and revolutionary ranks.

Every Communist should study Marxism-Leninism and grasp the essence of its principles. He should acquire also the methods and attitude by which to properly apply the Marxist-Leninist theory he has learned in our own prevailing revolutionary situation. Without this we cannot hold firm faith nor choose the right course in the conduct of our complex and arduous revolution...."

Already at that time, Comrade Kim Il Sung held long-range views of the Korean revolution, and had mapped out the line for the establishment of the Party, organizing and guiding the struggle to fulfilment.

He also expressed his ideas about winning the independence of the country and building in the future a socialist and communist society. This is what he said:

"...How happy it will be for us if we build a society free from oppression and exploitation on the soil of our country, with its beautiful mountains and limpid streams, and tap its abundant resources on our own so that all of our people can enjoy a free and plentiful life! This is the

ultimate goal that we are now fighting for at the price of our blood....”

He became thoughtful as if visualizing the distant future. After a pause he added:

“...This is not mere fancy. The ideal of Communists is scientifically motivated, and there is not the shadow of doubt that it will be carried to fulfilment....”

Listening to his words that brimmed with confidence, I seemed as if I could see far ahead into the bright future, and I felt fresh pride and joy at being one of his revolutionary soldiers.

That night, too, we talked till it was already dawn.

The next morning I had to say goodbye to Comrade Kim Il Sung. After briefing me on various problems of the guerilla struggle once again, he handed to me four “Tataegal” rifles (large calibre and deafening sound) which he told me to use at the guard posts of the guerilla base.

I bade him farewell and was about to leave, when he stopped me with “just a minute.” He searched in the pockets of his tunic and trousers for something. Then he produced an amber cigarette-holder as a gift for me, saying “Please accept this in commemoration of our meeting, such as it is.” When I took it and held it in my hand, I felt my blood warm and emotion surging up within me.

Deeply impressed with my first and unforgettable meeting with Comrade Kim Il Sung, I returned to the Yenchi guerilla base.

In the years of arduous struggle that followed, I always carried the cigarette-holder about me, keeping it deep in my bosom, and every time I ran up against a difficulty I took it out and gazed at it, recalling my first impressive meeting with Comrade Kim Il Sung.

Though only a little cigarette-holder, it became my bosom companion, inspiring me with strength and courage. (This memorable cigarette-holder is now on display at the Korean Revolutionary Museum.)

Our respected and beloved Leader Comrade Kim Il Sung was seeing the future with Marxist-Leninist foresight, in the clear perspective of the Korean revolution as its outstanding Leader, which he had been from the outset of the anti-Japanese revolutionary struggle, and for which he had mapped out the clear and distinct revolutionary lines.

His distinguished leadership was always the banner of our struggle and the path he indicated was always a path to victory and glory.

Though our two days were so short, my meeting with Comrade Kim Il Sung was a more significant and precious time to me than years of study at a Marxist-Leninist university.

Ever since those days I have kept his teachings in mind and tirelessly followed the road of arduous revolutionary struggle, cherishing in the depths of my heart the honour and pride that we feel in having such a brilliant Leader as Comrade Kim Il Sung.

## II

# “Study Is the First and Foremost Task for Revolutionaries”

By HAN IK SU

“Study is the first and foremost task for revolutionaries.” This is what Comrade Kim Il Sung used to say to us guerillas in the years of the anti-Japanese armed struggle.

He gave profound attention to the studies of the guerillas and set a fine personal example in this, even when the units were living under the most difficult circumstances.

Stirred by the stepped-up activities of our Revolutionary Army, which had shaken the whole area of Changpai and the borders of Korea, which included the Bochonbo and Chiensanfeng battles in 1937, the enemy planned a large-scale “punitive expedition” against our guerilla unit with the object of “strengthening the rear” following the Japanese imperialist invasion of the territory of China proper.

Anticipating the enemy’s vicious plan, Comrade Kim Il Sung lured the enemy forces of the “punitive expedition” into the remote snow-bound backwoods of Linchiang and Changpai where they were left to grope about blindly, and then quietly led the guerilla unit out of the territory. When we reached Matangkou, he told us to build secret camps and prepare for study.

Comrade Kim Il Sung personally took part in the building of the camps and meanwhile worked out the overall programme of military and political studies for the winter, organized study groups, selected and allocated lectures.

Taking account of the fact that there were both persons of high knowledge levels and raw recruits who scarcely knew how to read and write, he ascertained knowledge levels of individual guerillas through their commanders, political workers, or direct, and, on this basis, formed study groups, the self-education group and the alphabet group.

The self-education group comprised responsible people of Party branches, company commanders, political commissars and aides-de-camp whose political and theoretical levels were fairly high; this group was guided directly by Comrade Kim Il Sung.

The basic study books for this group were the "10-Point Programme of the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland" and "Problems of Leninism."

In the self-education group, studies were conducted primarily by the method of studying by oneself, followed by discussions.

On finishing lectures on each subject, he used to set problems such as "On the Nature of the People's Revolutionary Government to Be Established in the Future," "On Correlations between the Party and the Government," "On the Motive Force of the Revolution," etc., and saw to it that everyone studied the questions by himself before taking part in discussion.

Particularly in the discussions, it was required of everyone that such problems as the conditions of the various classes and sections of the people in Korea, the livelihood of workers and peasants, their strike struggles and tenancy disputes, be combined with practical matters arising in guerilla life and the tasks confronting the unit.

After leading the debaters to draw conclusions for themselves through discussions, he assessed the observations of each comrade, correcting what was wrong, and then summed up the study.

The alphabet group comprised the rank and file. In this group company political commissars and members

of the secretariat gave lectures chiefly on the "10-Point Programme of the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland" and the modern history of Korea (from the seizure of Korea by the Japanese imperialists till the 1930's). The method of study was somewhat different from that set for the self-education group.

Here the main stress was on lectures and, with a view to consolidating the knowledge one had acquired, discussions were then held. After finishing a lecture on some subject, concrete problems, such as "How the Workers Are Fighting at Home," "How the Japanese Imperialists Oppress the Korean People," "How the Landowners Exploit the Peasants," etc., were considered and everybody was encouraged to take part in the discussions on those problems. Debates were held on the voluntary principle, and if there was anyone who took little part in discussion, the lecturer would especially direct questions to him.

As for members of the alphabet group who knew little how to read and write, the cadres took it upon themselves individually to teach them Korean letters and Chinese characters.

Among textbooks and reference books used in the military and political studies at Matangkou were the "10-Point Programme of the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland," "Problems of Leninism," "Manifesto of the Communist Party," "The Anti-Fascist Popular Front," "Reader of the Peasants," etc. Some of these were printed booklets, but most were booklets in mimeograph form.

The books on "Problems of Leninism" in mimeograph form, for example, were just enough to go round, one to each platoon. Other textbooks were more plentiful, so all could have access to them in turn.

The timetable for study was so arranged that the alphabet group sat in class in the morning, and the members of the self-education group attended to their

studies in the afternoon when the rank and file were at military drill.

Comrade Kim Il Sung always emphasized that each lecturer should give instruction in an easy and convincing manner, using material taken from real life, and in this he set an excellent pattern for the instruction by his own lectures.

On every problem he conducted his lectures in an easy and interesting way, citing living examples.

Every word of Comrade Kim Il Sung struck a responsive cord in his audience, and when each lecture was over, its keynote remained with everyone as a living experience, not as mere academic knowledge.

His lectures on the "10-Point Programme of the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland" made a deep impression on all of us, for he illustrated the subject with living examples from the hard lot of the guerillas themselves.

Comrade Kim Il Sung knew thoroughly the life of everyone of us before we joined the guerilla unit, so he was able to use living examples from our lives before we joined up to facilitate our understanding of the studies. We were therefore able to grasp the substance of the Programme of the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland easily, helped by the examples taken from our own personal experience. Indeed, his explanation of the motive force of the revolution given at that time was so clear and convincing that to this day I can recall his words by memory.

He analysed the conditions of each class and section of the population, pointing out that because our country was a colonial and semi-feudal state under the occupation of Japanese imperialism, the economy was suffering extreme backwardness and decay, and almost all classes and sections were groaning under the barbarous national oppression and cruel exploitation of Japanese imperialism.

We were reminded vividly of our own past hard life,

the hapless lot and conditions of factory workers whom we had known well, or the peasants of our own villages with whom we had tilled mountainside plots and who had been subjected to all sorts of oppression and exploitation, the school teachers, the owners of the rice mills and the shopkeepers of our own villages.

Even now I clearly remember his words, which ran:

“Our country is groaning under the national oppression and bondage of Japanese imperialism. Even the intellectuals and our own national capitalists, to say nothing of the workers and peasants, in fact all except a handful of pro-Japanese running-dogs hate Japanese imperialism. If all sections of the people in whom lives the anti-Japanese spirit will rise and struggle in unity, it will comprise a great force. The Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland was formed with this in mind.

Even a capitalist will add to our strength when, moved by national conscience, he hates and turns against the Japanese imperialists.

It is therefore necessary to unite broad sections of the population in the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland, and educate them to hate and oppose Japanese imperialism.

It may be that the national capitalists and some other sections who are taking part in the revolution at present will turn against the revolution later on. Yet we ought to educate them well in the anti-Japanese spirit and carry them along with us farther....”

After listening to such easy-to-understand lectures, we used to follow up with a symposium, each expressing his own opinion freely. This would stamp the main points on our minds so that we would never forget them.

At symposiums, discussions would become heated. When one set forth his own opinion on a subject based on his studies and what he had learned as well as his own experience and knowledge, another would put forward

his own opinion to supplement or refute the former again, on the basis of his personal experience and knowledge.

Impressed on my memory to this day, among other things, is a discussion we had on the question of the intelligentsia.

At that time, some comrades argued that it was hardly possible to accept the intellectuals into membership of the Party, for their family background was unfavorable.

Others rejected this argument by referring only to the positive aspects of the intellectuals.

Debate on the question would go on, with lengthy speeches on both sides. Because there was a nearly equal number of persons on each side of the fence and both sides failed to approach the question from a comprehensive viewpoint, the tendency was to give weight to one specific aspect only. So neither side could prevail over the other in the argument.

In summing up the discussion, Comrade Kim Il Sung emphasized that it was always wrong to make a one-sided examination of matters, and explained by concrete examples that the intelligentsia, too, had merits as well as demerits. He went on in the following vein:

“...In the future, when our country is liberated, we shall have to carry out the tasks of the democratic revolution and the building of socialism. And we shall not be able to advance society further unless we have gained full knowledge on all matters. Knowledge is the very important food of our revolutionary cause. We ourselves must therefore gain a great store of knowledge quickly and, at the same time, it is necessary to remould large numbers of intellectuals and induce them to devote their lives to the struggle for the revolution.

Intellectuals should be accepted into Party membership and educated in the ideology of the working class. Only then will they discard their ambivalent attitude and overcome their shortcomings quickly, and turn into good

intellectuals who would willingly lay down their lives for the revolution....”

He gave us correct understanding of all questions, helping us to widen our political and theoretical horizons for ourselves by means of debates and by elucidating questions that we could not solve for ourselves.

He always led our debates in a very interesting way.

Studying by the method of debate enabled us clearly and firmly to grasp the ideological essence of any problem we studied.

Though Comrade Kim Il Sung was busy giving lectures and guiding the debates in the self-education group, he found time every day to see how other studies were going on, personally attending lectures and debates in the alphabet group, and would straighten out what was wrong in good time.

He always emphasized that in the alphabet group the lectures should be given in plain and easy words in consideration of the levels of each member.

He often attended the lectures given in the alphabet group. One day a lecture was given by a comrade from the secretariat who spoke with great fluency, adorning his speech with many difficult terms.

When the lecture was over, Comrade Kim Il Sung called the lecturers together and said to them:

“...The method used by this lecturer is beyond the comprehension of the audience. A lecturer should make a deeper study of the teaching material and fully understand the level of his listeners....”

Then he took up the subject that had figured in the lecture of the day, and explained how the subject should be treated, with such and such instances to illustrate it, to enable the guerillas to understand easily and grasp the truths correctly.

In addition to general lectures and discussions, individual assignments were organized in detail for the better informed comrades, so that they would give assistance to

the comrades at lower levels in their studies. The whole body of guerillas was divided into two categories, the advanced and the other with a lower knowledge level. Individual assignments were discussed and decided upon at a Party meeting.

Those who were designated to give assistance to lagging comrades lived with them, and were responsible to carry out the assignments given by the Party organization without fail.

A plan for individual guidance was worked out, according to each personal level, with such concrete targets as "To memorize all the Korean letters and the multiplication table within 15 days," "To learn by memory the 10-Point Programme of the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland within a week," or "To read through the booklet 'The Anti-Fascist Popular Front' in ten days."

At that time also, it was Comrade Kim Il Sung who undertook the task of helping the greatest number of comrades in their studies, and carried the programme through most admirably.

Comrade Kim Il Sung not only took it upon himself to assist in the studies of all members of the Guards Company, but personally took charge of all of the most backward comrades of the unit and guided them in their studies.

He had everyone in the Guards Company memorize a few Korean letters a day or a few Chinese characters, and checked up each day after the evening meal on whether the task had been completed.

He not only taught with zest but encouraged everyone to ask questions without hesitation.

When someone came to him with a question, Comrade Kim Il Sung would put aside all the work in hand, no matter how pressing it was and so long as it was not concerned with military operations, and answer his question carefully before resuming his work.

He gave me a book, "On Marxism," with instructions to

read a few pages every day, saying: "To acquire knowledge one must read tirelessly. A certain amount of reading will awaken you to truth...."

For some time at first I went to him for help whenever I struck a knotty problem. Each time, he put aside the work he had been occupied with or closed the book he had been reading and explained the problem methodically till I got the point.

I would bother him with questions several times every evening, but before long it occurred to me that I should not interfere so often with his important work on account of my study.

So I stopped going to him for assistance even when I came up against problems beyond my comprehension.

Then one day Comrade Kim Il Sung called me and said: "You don't come to ask questions these days. Probably you've got no more question to ask. Is that it?"

I mumbled something about managing it myself by taking counsel with other comrades on difficult points in the book.

So he asked me to recount the contents of the chapters I had read recently.

I was in for it then. Never before had I been put in such a cold sweat as then. I simply could not pretend to know what I had scampered through without fully understanding the meaning. I got into a sweat trying to retell what I had only half grasped.

Comrade Kim Il Sung laughed and said:

"There you are! You can't get the correct meaning of a thing when you merely skim over it without delving into its essence. From now on, whenever you come upon something you can't understand be sure to come to me for an explanation. This you must bear in mind in your studies...."

After that I no more felt shy of going to him to ask questions. I made it a rule to ask him at once about all the things I could not understand. So I began to make

progress. He was very pleased with my zeal; at times when I went to him with questions he would say: "I owe much to you, for you make me study so much."

This was the way Comrade Kim Il Sung guided everyone in their studies, and, above all, he emphasized that study was the loftiest revolutionary duty for everyone.

Here is one incident. One day Comrade Kim Il Sung had a talk with Comrade Pak Chang Sun about his studies. Comrade Pak was a newcomer and, being the son of a poor family, had not had an opportunity to learn to read or write before joining the guerilla unit. When asked about how he was managing with his studies, he answered:

"Comrade Commander, I've got quite a muddled head. I can't learn letters. I think I had better do more rifle shooting practice in order to finish off more Japanese imperialists instead of wasting time trying to learn letters."

On hearing this, Comrade Kim Il Sung pointed to a young oak tree standing in front of them and asked Comrade Pak:

"What do you think this tree is fit for?"

Having been brought up in a peasant family, he replied without hesitation:

"I think it good for the handle of an axe."

"That's right," said Comrade Kim Il Sung. "The tree is of convenient size for an axe handle... Now it is just the same with the revolution itself. Only a man who knows well what is needed and what is to be done will be able to make revolution. But one who had not already learned about trees would not be able to tell what kind of a tree is good for an axe handle."

As for finishing off as many Japanese imperialists as possible, you can't do that if you know nothing. With a rifle alone you cannot beat the enemy...."

These words of Comrade Kim Il Sung went home to

the heart of Comrade Pak Chang Sun. He reflected deeply:

“Indeed, I have to know what is needed and how to attack the enemy to win the battle. And to know it I ought to study.”

He thought that this truth must be grasped not only by himself. Other comrades, too, must be brought to realize it correctly.

He hurried straight away to the company and gathered other comrades to tell them what Comrade Kim Il Sung had said to him. He said:

“With rifles alone it’s impossible to beat the Japanese thieves. I’ve come to the full realization that knowledge is essential for victory in battle. From now on I’ll study with heart and soul.”

His speech brought a keener realization of the importance of study to the recruits. Some had been keen on marksmanship and tactical training, but had not been interested in study, but now they got down to their studies in good earnest.

But one of them was as averse to study as ever.

He would say he could do any difficult task but study, and refused to learn, occupying himself only with target practice all the time.

He was a headache to the company commander and to the instructor.

No matter who told him to study, he would reject curtly with:

“It’s true I’m no good at studies, but I’ll be second to none in killing the Japanese imperialists. So don’t bother about me, please.”

His case came to the knowledge of Comrade Kim Il Sung. After giving some thought to the matter, he wrote a letter and called the orderly and told him to give it to the comrade in question. Then he added:

“Arrange things beforehand so that nobody will read this letter for him....”

When the letter was handed to the comrade, he did not know what to do.

Overjoyed by the fact that he had the honour of receiving a signed letter directly from the Comrade Commander, he was impatient to know its message, so he went round with the letter begging his comrades to read it to him.

At first in the company and then in the regiment he tried to find someone among his friends who would tell him what the letter was about.

But everyone refused tactfully on one pretext or another.

The recruit became irritated. What could he do?

He resented their refusal to do what he wanted, but what could he do about it?

At the end of his tether, he went to Comrade Kim Il Sung with the letter, and said:

“Comrade Commander... I can find no one who will read me the letter so I had to come to you....”

Silently Comrade Kim Il Sung took the letter and, unfolding it, read it to him.

It was about an urgent task to be carried out by the comrade, but now it turned out that the designated time had already passed.

He stood stock-still, his head hanging and sweating profusely. He was filled with remorse, realizing it was all his own fault because he had not learned to read.

Comrade Kim Il Sung spoke to him calmly and in a gentle voice:

“...Suppose you received a message from the headquarters while operating behind the enemy line. What could happen if you could not read it and so failed to carry out in good time the task specified in it? It would do a great harm to the revolution, wouldn't it?”

Devolving upon us is a great duty. We are charged with the lofty revolutionary duty of beating the Japanese imperialists and liberating the fatherland as soon as

possible. If we are ignorant of Marxism-Leninism and know not how to educate and mobilize the masses, how can we hope to fulfil this revolutionary duty?

That is why we should learn and learn.

Study is the first and foremost task for revolutionaries. We must study tirelessly at all places and at all times, however exacting and difficult....”

These words brought tears to the eyes of the recruit. He acknowledged his fault and firmly vowed to Comrade Kim Il Sung that he would certainly learn to read and write in a short time, and would then study Marxism-Leninism.

From then on he applied himself perseveringly to his studies however trying and busy the circumstances, and at length became a most competent cadre, both militarily and politically.

Great successes were registered in military and political studies that winter at the Matangkou secret camp.

Indeed, those studies were for us a college of the revolution, so to speak, which armed us fully both politically and ideologically.

Here the recruits who did not know the fundamentals of Marxism-Leninism learned to read and write, developing into able cadres who could analyze the situation in the fatherland from the Marxist-Leninist standpoint.

Even now, when I am busy with my work and run across some complicated questions once in a while, I find that I am neglecting my studies. But when I remember how I studied at Matangkou my conscience pricks me and I apply myself again to harder study.

The realistic demands of our vigorous progress at Chollima speed require the most competent commanding personnel with revolutionary sweep, fully qualified politically and practically in all realms. It is therefore most important for cadres to bring their level of leadership closer to the revolutionary stamina of the masses who have risen up to support the Party's correct lines and

policies, and to the rapidly changing and developing realities.

Only when we pay maximum attention to study in line with the instruction of Comrade Kim Il Sung that "everyone should learn," obeying the motto "Let all Party members study," can we fulfil our assigned revolutionary tasks satisfactorily.

### III

## “We Should Be More Serious In Solving Questions about People”

By O BAEK RYONG

Today our people are moving vigorously ahead as Cholli-ma riders to reach the high peak of socialist construction, led by Comrade Kim Il Sung. One of the most important problems of the revolutionary movement in our country at this time of inspiring realities is how to give free scope to the positive creativity of the working people, rallying them more firmly behind the Party and the Leader.

Our beloved Leader, Comrade Kim Il Sung, taught:

“Revolution and construction are the work of the people themselves. These tasks can be carried out properly only when broad sections of the masses are roused to action. The most important issue therefore in promoting our socialist construction and strengthening the revolutionary base, is to cement the Party structure, the General Staff of the revolution, and educate and reshape the whole people, uniting them around the Party. This means firmly building up the revolutionary ranks in both politics and ideology.”

Whenever I think over this teaching of Comrade Kim Il Sung, I am deeply moved by his great revolutionary ideas and noble virtues. Throughout the whole of the anti-Japanese armed struggle, Comrade Kim Il Sung placed his firm faith in the people, and relied on their strength. This was the decisive factor for victory in the revolution. He treasured and gave unlimited love to every comrade of the revolution and never spared himself in giving time and energy to lead him in the revolutionary struggle.

Japanese imperialism did everything possible to wreck our revolutionary forces which were growing daily in strength, and quench the fierce revolutionary flames while we were active in the guerilla bases along the *Duman-gang* River.

Failing in this, they set out to undermine and destroy our revolutionary ranks from within, creating the "Minsaengdan," an organization of stooges through which they used all subversive means.

Many were duped by their cunning and vicious trickery, and factionalists and Leftist opportunists took up the struggle against the "Minsaengdan," using ultra-Leftist lines. They branded large numbers of revolutionary fighters as "members of Minsaengdan" and created plots to persecute and massacre them.

The following events took place in Bayaho village, Wang-ching county of China, a small village not far from Chayaho on the *Duman-gang* River.

In the early summer of 1933 a unit of guerillas led personally by Comrade Kim Il Sung stopped by at this village.

The people of the village had entrusted their destiny wholly to the great Leader of revolution, General Kim Il Sung. In defiance of the "punitive operations" of the Japanese imperialists going on almost every day, to directly meet the revered Leader evoked deep feelings, and the people's joy knew no bounds. They took over sentry duty to let the guerillas rest in peace even for a short time and did everything possible to help them with their work. In particular, the women brought out provisions they had kept secretly and busied themselves preparing meals.

Comrade Kim Il Sung clearly understood the difficult living conditions of the people and planned to lead the unit away from there as soon as possible. But when the people saw that he was planning to leave, they earnestly asked him at least to stay until after the supper they had prepar-

ed for them. So he decided to stay over as they wanted him to do so whole-heartedly. The guerillas enjoyed the food prepared by the people with such sincerity, and had a good time and rest.

The next morning however, more than 10 of the guerillas were unable to get up, complaining of pains in their stomachs. Some people ran about here and there to find the cause, questioning "What happened? We wonder why more than 10 people are sick at the one time even if it is only with stomachache. Someone has put poison in the food, haven't they?" Some of the villagers charged that "members of Minsaengdan" had put poison into the well.

On hearing this, Comrade Kim Il Sung sent the unit up into the mountain as a precaution against an attack by the enemy, and set a commander to the task of investigating the case in detail. After a while, the commander, who had gone down to the village, brought back a boy to report the result to Comrade Kim Il Sung. There seemed no doubt, he said, that it was a plot of the "Minsaengdan" that gave the guerillas pains in their stomachs. He reported that "Villagers say that this boy put poison in the well, and the boy himself frankly confesses that he did. He said that a certain woman gave him the poison and he poured one bag into the well in the heart of the village and tried to put the other into another well, but was afraid to do it."

Having heard the report through, Comrade Kim Il Sung ordered the boy to fetch the other bag of poison, which was sure to be somewhere. But the commander said that he had gone to the place where the boy said he had hidden the poison but never found anything.

Comrade Kim Il Sung took the young boy by the hand and seated him, and asked question after question about his name, who were at home and what their living conditions were. Their family life was the same as that of all Koreans, groaning under the Japanese imperialist whips at that time. He had lost his father when very young,

and he had come into the guerilla base with his mother in search for a living. His older brother had joined the guerillas to fight.

Understanding all this the Comrade Commander asked the boy: "Did you really put the poison in the well?" Treated so tenderly, the boy burst into tears and said that he really had put the poison into the well. But not satisfied that he had got at the truth yet and patting the boy on the back, the Comrade Commander asked more specific questions again, but the only answer he could get was that he had poured the poison into the well.

After witnessing all this, some commanders waited for the Comrade Commander's final judgment, thinking that everything had been made clear by the investigation. But after letting the boy go, Comrade Kim Il Sung said:

"...We should not be in a hurry to solve questions like this. We should be more serious in solving questions about people. We need to make clear the real nature of any incident to draw the correct conclusion; if we jump to a conclusion in a hurry, judging superficially, we will cause irrevocable loss to the revolution. The case of this boy is a good example. The boy has no reason to want to harm us. Even if the boy cannot help us, why should he be against us, a boy who, fundamentally came to the guerilla base because he was not able to stand the oppression of the Japanese imperialists and the landlords, and still more, whose elder brother joined the guerillas to fight? Further, we have to give deep thought to the fact that no one has seen the rest of the poison that the boy says he couldn't put into the well for fear. There is no one who knows where it is. We must not forget what his family and relatives, as well as the boy, would think if we made a wrong judgment in this case. It is imperative that we think and act always, using as a criterion, what is favorable to the revolution...."

The commanders felt deep regret for their hasty conclusion, formed without making a deep analysis of the

question. They had really thought that in the light of the evidence the incident was the result of a plot of the scoundrels who wanted to harm the anti-Japanese guerillas, and that the boy's "confession" was true.

But Comrade Kim Il Sung did not form a conclusion in so simple a way as they had. He made further careful enquiries about the past records, the ideological trends, the living conditions and the like of the family of the boy, talking to the revolutionary organizations of the village. Then he called the boy again. The boy was at a loss what to do, for fear. Comrade Kim Il Sung said:

"...I don't really think you put poison in the well. How are you and we enemies? If you were an enemy you might put poison in the well to kill us, but we are not enemies, so it is not logical to think you did put the poison in the well. Your older brother belongs to the guerillas, so poisoning the well is not in the least to your advantage, is it? In addition, the guerillas have never harmed you, but are fighting to give you a happy life when you are suffering from such tribulations. So I wonder if you really did it. It's my opinion that you did not pour in the poison.

...And there is your mother. As your mother is so old, you should ask her to go to the enemy-occupied area to stay at your relative's. As for you, what about you coming with us?

People say you are a bad boy because you poisoned the well, but I don't believe this. There is no reason why you should have been forced to put the poison in the well."

The tears began to run down the boy's cheeks, and he sat quietly listening to what the Comrade Commander said. Taken thus to the Comrade Commander's heart, the boy said in a broken voice: "I didn't put the poison in the well. The villagers said 'You are the only one who has ever been to the well.' They threatened me, so

I was forced to say that I put in the poison. I told a lie in the hope that they would pardon me if I said I did."

In this way the real facts of the case were brought out clearly by Comrade Kim Il Sung. He pointed out that it was not really an intrigue of the "Minsaengdan" that had caused more than 10 of our comrades to become sick. He then went down the mountain to the village on the following morning, taking them with him. All who had been confined to bed had recovered and went down too. When the guerillas got to the village, a very uneasy atmosphere prevailed.

Comrade Kim Il Sung had all the villagers gather together and, pointing to the boy, said:

"...You said that because this boy had put poison in the well the guerillas had had pains in their stomachs, but the boy really did not do it. Then who did? No one did, and there is no one here who took poison. Think about it. You have shared life and death, the bitter and the sweet with the guerillas. Why should you poison us? Who could ever believe this? We do not.

...Why should you try to kill us? You have also come here to make revolution and fight with us against the Japanese imperialists, then why should you try to kill us? No one poisoned the well. It is true that some of our members became ill, but I think the reason is that they suddenly took much fatty food after going hungry for days. So there is no proof that it was a scheme of "Minsaengdan," nor is there any member of "Minsaengdan" here. In addition, you and we belong to the same family. So I do not believe that you ever tried to kill us.... Now, what kind of poison is really here? The only poison is the attempt to turn the guerillas against you, which is someone's plot. We declare here and now that this boy is a member of the guerillas, this boy that you charged with poisoning the well...."

As he finished his speech women sobbed. They gave deep thanks to General Kim Il Sung who had trusted and

cared for them so much, even reading their uneasy minds. In particular, the boy's mother, overwhelmed by great joy and emotion, said in a trembling voice: "Mr. General! You trust us so much, I don't know how to express my thanks. As my boy has been taken to the heart of the General, I now have nothing to regret even if I were to die now...."

It was not easy at that time to join the guerillas. Through revolutionary bodies, the guerillas drew into their armed ranks the youth and middle-aged who had been tempered in the practical struggle. They were tested people with the highly class-conscious resolve to fight the Japanese imperialists to the end. Nevertheless, the Comrade Commander decided to bring this boy into the guerillas and bring him up though still so young and inexperienced in the practical struggle, and was even suspected of being a member of "Minsaengdan." Moved by his profound care, it brought tears to the eyes of everyone.

Embracing the boy firmly, Comrade Kim Il Sung said to the mother: "Mother, don't cry. It will not be long before a better world to live in will surely come. We will take this boy with us and feed him and raise him as an excellent revolutionary. I hope that you will live unflinching until the homeland is liberated, though you miss your sons. If you find it difficult for you to live here, go to your relative's place and live there with his help."

The boy's mother was choked with tears by the warm love of Comrade Kim Il Sung, who bore on his shoulders the destiny of the Korean revolution, but who was also concerned about even her future life. She said: "Mr. General, don't worry about me, please. Listening to your words, I have drawn strength and courage from them. I will remain here as before and fight to help the guerillas until the Japanese scoundrels are defeated and our country liberated."

This was an expression of the unanimous determination of the villagers, as well as this mother.

Comrade Kim Il Sung changed his plans and stayed at Bayaho village for a couple of days. He gave the people confidence of victory, teaching them the road to follow. During this period of the anti-Japanese armed struggle, he always gave the people careful guidance and showed deep solicitude so that nothing would go wrong in solving the problems for even one revolutionary person, to ensure that such would be led to the road of revolution. In this way all members of the guerillas and the people were able to fight more firmly united in revolutionary constancy and lofty comradeship so that the revolutionary lines and policies put forward by him could be fully applied.

As the days pass, I feel all the more keenly that the great vitality of the revolutionary ideas and noble virtues of Comrade Kim Il Sung are being demonstrated more and more. He not only solved the problems about people seriously, but also took to his own heart all those who were brought over to the revolutionary side, and educated them personally throughout the long-drawn and complicated course of the anti-Japanese armed struggle.

Comrade Kim Il Sung, our respected and beloved Leader said:

“...Questions relating to people must be viewed fairly from the objective standpoint, not in a subjective light. To see such questions objectively means viewing them fairly as they really are. In other words, it is not to see people through colored spectacles but to view questions relating to them from such an angle that it will be possible to correct and relieve people in every possible way, investigating all such questions as to why those good people worked in such and such a way and what made them commit errors, if any.”

He was able to rally to the fold of the revolution everyone except a handful of hostile elements. This is the traditional revolutionary work method, based firmly on

the revolutionary mass standpoint taught by the Comrade Commander and in line with the practical examples set by him. This is also the consistent policy inherited and applied by our Party. In our practical activities we must put to work the great revolutionary ideas and outstanding revolutionary work method of our respected and beloved Leader Comrade Kim Il Sung, so that our revolutionary ranks may be built up as firm as a rock, and we will be able to march forward dynamically towards the nationwide victory of the Korean revolution.



## IV

# Guidance in Revolutionary Publication

By LIM CHUN CHU

In the early days of the anti-Japanese armed struggle, Comrade Kim Il Sung had taught us that what weapons were to a revolutionary army in winning victory over the enemy, so publications were as the incisive, militant and ideological weapon of a revolutionary organization in leading the masses to victory.

Even with time taken from the harsh battles against the enemy, he made every effort to publish militant revolutionary books.

He personally organized and guided the work of publishing the newspaper *Sogwang* (Dawn) and *Samil Wolgan* (Monthly March the First), both devoted to the general affairs of the Korean revolution, and the army newspaper *Jongsori* (Sound of a Bell) as well as a number of pamphlets.

At the meeting at Nanhutou in February 1936, when mapping out the future of the revolution, Comrade Kim Il Sung expounded the strategic line of forming a broad anti-Japanese united front and developing the revolution on a mass basis, the organizational and ideological preparation for the founding of a Party, and moving the theatre of operations of the anti-Japanese armed struggle closer to the homeland.

As one of the means of carrying out this strategic line, Comrade Kim Il Sung drew up a plan for the publication of political papers and periodicals. Even during the arduous march from Nanhutou to Changpai via Fusung and Tungkang, he gave time to the writing of books in which

he expounded the theories of the character and tasks of our revolution and the duties of Communists, making preparations to issue political papers and the organ of the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland, and other periodicals.

So, on December 1, 1936, Comrade Kim Il Sung published the monthly *Samil Wolgan*, the organ of the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland, aimed at recruiting all sections of the people into the anti-Japanese national united front. Then in May 1937, he launched the revolutionary army's political paper, *Sogwang*, (if I remember aright, the meaning of the name *Sogwang* was "the dawn of the Korean revolution.") Along with this, he arranged for Comrade Pak Dal at home to publish *Hwajonmin* (Tillers of Hillside Plots) as the organ of the Korean National Liberation Union.

Of course it is difficult now for me to remember the contents of all the articles that appeared in the newspapers and magazines, but I think I can remember enough to give you a proper understanding of their character.

Still vivid in my memory is the treatise by Comrade Kim Il Sung that appeared in the first issue of *Sogwang* under the heading "The Tasks of Korean Communists."

This was a programmatic document which gave a Marxist-Leninist analysis of the prospect of development of the revolution and the situation then prevailing, and, on this basis it clearly set out the tasks of the Korean Communists.

It was a decisive blow at the factional strife and opportunism which had to be combated and eliminated from the Korean communist movement, and marked a new stage in the development of the movement.

*Sogwang* carried Comrade Kim Il Sung's writings on the line of the anti-fascist popular front and the problem of the anti-Japanese united front in Korea, the prospect of the Korean revolution and how to face it on our own initiative, the character and motive power of the Korean revolu-

tion, the character of the future people's revolutionary government in Korea, problems of the worker-peasant alliance, the correlation between the international communist movement and the Korean communist movement, the orientation of the activities of the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland and the Korean National Liberation Union. They were devoted to orienting and laying down the ideological basis for the development of the Korean revolution and preparations for the founding of a Party.

The paper also gave much space to local events reflecting the Korean people's vital life demands and fighting slogans, and to military correspondence on the activities of neighbouring units. And most of the news and correspondence, too, presented the urgent fighting tasks confronting the people's local organizations and the revolutionary masses.

*Samil Wolgan* was another revolutionary publication different in character from *Sogwang*.

It carried a series of simple articles explaining the "10-Point Programme of the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland." As these articles explained each point of the programme in an easy manner with illustrations, they enabled even those without theoretical knowledge to gain a good grasp of the programme. Most of these explanatory articles on the "10-Point Programme" were also written by Comrade Kim Il Sung.

In those days Comrade Kim Il Sung was giving lectures on the programme for some two to three hours every day, and on the same night would arrange his lecture for publication.

These articles were indeed the ideological food for the education of hundreds of thousands of members of the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland and for the unorganized masses.

"The Cause of Failure of the March First Movement," "The Cause of Failure of the Independence Army," "The

Lesson of the Kwangju Students Incident," and other articles analysed past experiences and lessons of the Korean revolution and formed the main contents of *Samil Wolgan*.

*Samil Wolgan* was also enriched with such articles as "On the Internal and International Situation" and "The War Exploits of the Revolutionary Army and the Assistance of the People to the Revolutionary Army."

*Hwajonmin* was characterized by its handling of the urgent problems of the people at home.

Many of its articles were devoted to placing before the people the urgent fighting slogans for each particular period; for example, "Appeal to the Boys Groaning Under the Rule of Japanese Gangsters!" "Japan Preparing for World War," and "Oppose the Forest Conservancy District System!"

Leading articles appearing in *Hwajonmin* were reprints of Comrade Kim Il Sung's articles carried by *Sogwang*, *Samil Wolgan*, and other publications.

*Jongsori*, an army weekly, dealt chiefly with life within the army units.

Most of its columns were devoted to articles written by the guerilla fighters and their correspondents on self-criticism for shortcomings in the regular duty of political study as well as on their good examples in these matters. The weekly also carried explanatory articles such as, "What Is Socialism?" and "What Is Capitalism?"

Comrade Kim Il Sung personally examined the contents of all these publications and gave detailed guidance even in compilation.

He always emphasized that publications should retain Party spirit, class spirit, popular spirit and militancy and taught us that in writing for the masses an article should not be wordy, but easy to understand and written in such a way as to impress and encourage them.

Once two articles appeared in *Jongsori* under the captions: "Why I Joined the Guerilla Army?" "Never Shall I Get Flurried Again in Any Battle." They were written

by members who had scarcely learned Korean, so they were not without shortcomings both in content and composition.

Comrade Kim Il Sung had read the articles in manuscript and with great satisfaction said to the writers:

“What impressed me strongly in your articles was the frankness with which you wrote. There are some misspelled words and ambiguous passages, but such shortcoming can be remedied with progress in your studies. An article should be written with frankness in easy style familiar to the people. But this frank feeling cannot be conjured up or produced artificially. You should always write with frank feelings.”

He personally checked and improved the articles before sending them in for publication.

Once a comrade in the secretariat wrote an article for *Sogwang* under the heading: “The Sound of a Bell in China Proper.” But he had failed in some respects to analyze problems from the independent stand of a Korean Communist.

Comrade Kim Il Sung went through the article and changed the heading to “Struggle of the 8th Route Army, an Army of the Sons and Daughters of the Chinese People.” Then as complementary to the original article which dealt only with the northward expedition of the 8th Route Army, he added some passages expounding the aims of the Korean and Chinese peoples’ revolutions and our tasks, making it into an article of strong appeal, thus rousing our people further to the revolution.

Having improved the manuscript in this manner Comrade Kim Il Sung returned it to the writer with the words:

“We should make our works conform to the realities. We should analyze every problem from the standpoint of our Korean Communists. The title you gave your article and some points in the contents might lead to a weakening of the spirit of independence. I think it is better to change

the heading to 'Struggle of the 8th Route Army, an Army of the Sons and Daughters of the Chinese Peoples' in order to make its contents more understandable. What about it?"

Under Comrade Kim Il Sung's profound and correct guidance, our revolutionary publications were able to do their part as incisive revolutionary weapons with high Party spirit, class spirit, popular spirit as well as militancy.

What is still fresh in my memory is the fact that many articles carried in our publications were devoted to putting timely and militant slogans before the people.

Right after the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese war, many militant writings were printed in *Sogwang* and *Samil Wolgan* in succession under such headings as "Come Out against Conscription and the Draft!" "Oppose Forced Crop Delivery; Fight for a Two-to-Eight System in Tenancy!" "Oppose the Oriental Development Company Which Exploits the Korean Peasants!" etc. *Hwajonmin* published many articles also, encouraging the masses to struggle. "Oppose the Forced Cultivation of Flax!" was one of them.

Comrade Kim Il Sung wrote many articles even under difficult conditions, or while our units were on the march, and set a fine example to us in writing.

At Matangkou, Comrade Kim Il Sung worked hard at writing and editing, denying himself sleep and rest. Although in this camp he devoted much of his time to training us, he found time to write articles for *Sogwang*, *Samil Wolgan* and *Jongsori*, and edit. He would sit up late into the night when all others were asleep or wake up before daybreak.

Not only did he write many articles himself; he also made persistent efforts to train many other good penmen among the guerilla fighters.

He usually set definite themes and the specific orientation for writing to comrades in the secretariat and to

other political workers, and, when they failed, he would help them with patience until their work was done.

At the Matangkou secret camp many comrades learned to write for *Samil Wolgan* or *Sogwang*, dealing with the anti-Japanese struggle in our country, examples of which are "The Lesson of the Kwangju Students Incident," "The Cause of Failure of the Independence Army," etc.

Comrade Kim Il Sung also gave planned guidance to the rank and file in writing articles.

At that time, each company had an agitator who was concurrently in charge of correspondence. Comrade Kim Il Sung would say to this effect at the meeting of these agitators:

"You should not think writing is difficult. You had better help your company members write about things familiar to them, not about some matter they know little or nothing about. They should, above all, write about everyday life in their companies. Everybody can write if he wants to write about his comrades who are exemplary in guard duty, in handling arms or in studies. Give them subjects familiar to them and continue to help them, and they will become good writers."

After his instruction *Jongsori* was filled with articles written by the correspondents and ordinary members of companies.

In addition, news flashes in those days were issued in a sharp, militant way. Early one morning, for instance, a comrade of the Guards Company made an outcry about his "lost" gun when another comrade had carried it off by mistake. The fact was immediately satirized by a news flash under the heading "Lost Weapon's Outcry Shatters Morning Silence!" This remains ever fresh in my memory.

News flashes published promptly in this way were a means of educating us.

Comrade Kim Il Sung paid no less attention to the printing as to writing and editing, and showed primary concern to the working conditions of those engaged in printing.

The printing house at the Matangkou secret camp was equipped with two good mimeographs, stencils, papers, and printing ink and other necessary instruments and materials. It could not only turn out periodicals but many kinds of pamphlets, leaflets and slogans.

The printing house deep in the thick forest was built with great care by Comrade Kim Il Sung.

As for the mimeographs, one of them was brought from Tokyo, Japan.

Comrade Kim Il Sung assigned the task of procuring a mimeograph to Comrade Pak Dal. It would have been possible to procure it in the neighbourhood, but he had some in Japan buy a mimeograph in Tokyo so as to evade the attention of the enemy in the Hyesan district.

The mimeograph brought from Tokyo, the very heart of the enemy's country, served as a sharp weapon of the revolution to expose and denounce the aggressive nature and crimes of the enemy.

So he always emphasized that no matter what the adversities, we should protect our mimeograph and other printing equipment and materials even at the risk of life, and he himself set an example on more than one occasion.

This happened in August 1940 in Spangrintze, Antu county.

Comrade Kim Il Sung was then staying there with the workers of the printing house and the Guards Company. One day he issued instructions to pack up and move to another billeting area. Then he walked first to the entrance to the road.

There he found that the enemy were stealthily closing in from all sides on the secret camp.

The thick morning fog had prevented the sentries from spotting the enemy who were right before their eyes.

It was a critical moment.

Leaping quickly behind a hazel tree he shot one of the enemy and dashed back to where the workers of the printing house were.

Packing was still going on at the printing house. He ordered: "Move northward, leaving not a single leaflet behind." And, critical as the moment was, he set out with one of the mimeograph machines on his shoulder, shooting at the approaching enemy with his Mauser as he went. Quickly the alarmed comrades of the Guards Company rushed to the scene and took over the machines from him almost by force and one of them shouldered it. Protecting Comrade Kim Il Sung and other comrades who were carrying the equipment of the printing house they broke through the enemy encirclement.

It illustrates how Comrade Kim Il Sung cherished our revolutionary publications and the printing house.

Not a stencil, not a sheet of paper, not a tin of printing ink used in the printing house had been obtained without the shedding of the blood of some comrades-in-arms, who brought them in through the enemy's strict cordon. There were occasions when revolutionary comrades were injured or lost their lives for a sheet of stencil or a tin of printing ink, so he used to say to Comrade Kim Yong Guk and other comrades of the printing house:

"Every sheet of paper and every gram of ink are permeated with the blood of our revolutionary comrades. We got them at the risk of our comrades' lives. So you comrades must strive hard to save every single sheet of paper and use it more effectively."

In those days nothing was more difficult to obtain than stencil paper and printing ink.

To try to stop even a stencil or a tin of ink from reaching us, the Japanese imperialists strictly controlled their sale; only public organs with registered mimeographs were allowed to buy them.

It was therefore necessary for us to get the help of children of those affiliated with the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland—members of the Children's Corps—who could buy some sheets of stencil paper at this or that shop, pleading: "We are asked by our teacher."

But if found out, even the children were cruelly tortured by the enemy.

Comrade Kim Il Sung even managed to get printing materials through those employed in the enemy organs.

In order to cope with the difficult situation, Comrade Kim Il Sung also assigned to printing workers the task of manufacturing ink or rollers for themselves.

To carry out this task, the comrades of the printing house racked their brains to devise a method of manufacturing ink whenever they had spare time. It was by no means an easy job. But, after many failures, they succeeded in producing ink.

The method they used was to set a tin cowl over burning pine branches and collect the soot. Then using the soot mixed with alum and petroleum, they succeeded in producing good printing ink.

They were able to replace damaged rollers by boiling them in glue and re-shaping them in a new mold.

Whenever there was an assault on a town, some of the guerillas were especially assigned to the task of obtaining printing materials.

It was also very difficult for us regularly to get enemy newspapers which provided important materials for our publications.

Comrade Kim Il Sung, getting them through local organizations, assigned this task to Comrade Kim Dong Gyu.

Comrade Kim Dong Gyu collected enemy newspapers and data through his underground activities in the locality, and Comrade Jong Dong Chol, member of the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland, was sent to Singalpa where he was able to procure newspapers regularly but which were back numbers, about a month old, for the guerilla units.

Comrade Kim Il Sung had all these papers made into classified scrapbooks, and based on these materials of the enemy, he wrote incisive, militant articles exposing

and denouncing the enemy. He also saw to it that guerillas utilized these books for reference in their writing.

By these means, it was possible for the guerilla units to continue publishing revolutionary material in spite of the difficult conditions.

In addition to periodicals issued once a week or once or twice a month in fairly large numbers, many pamphlets, propaganda material and leaflets were printed.

Citing those books that are still vivid in my memory, there are "The Tasks of the Korean Communists," "The 10-Point Programme of the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland," "Problems of Leninism," "The Manifesto of the Communist Party," "Anthology of Revolutionary Songs (Volumes I, II, III)," "Anti-Fascist Popular Front," "Left Adventurism and Right Opportunism," and "Reader of the Peasants."

Distribution of our publications was another task to which he directed his inventive mind.

Newspapers, magazines and booklets were not only circulated within our units, but spread all over West Chientao through the organizations of the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland in Changpai area, and through vast areas of the homeland through the organizations of the National Liberation Union. They also enjoyed wide circulation even among the adjacent guerilla units and the units of the Independence Army and the National Salvation Army in South Manchuria.

As in our units, these publications distributed through the organizations were very popular with their readers, who vied with each other to get and read them.

People who got copies of our papers, magazines or booklets drank them up like a thirsty man drinks water. They urged each other to read quickly and pass them on and on until the letters were dim, and when the letters could no longer be read easily they rewrote them in Chinese ink.

So every copy of our publications was filled with the

Leader's profound solicitude, gripping the hearts of Party members and the masses and bringing great power to the movement.

To the units, these publications were food for our minds, and the tools of our ideological remaking.

I still remember clearly one anecdote of a recruit who corrected his mistakes through reading the newspaper and who became a model fighter.

He had dozed while on sentry duty, but the seriousness of his fault was not brought home to him even when the political instructor of the company talked to him about it.

So the political instructor reasoned with him seriously and then asked a correspondent to help him write his sentiments for *Jongsori*. It was in the course of writing an article which he called "Why I Dozed on Sentry Duty" that he came to realize his mistake. He wrote in self-criticism that dozing on duty was akin to "handing over his unit to the Japanese imperialist scoundrels." This article carried by *Jongsori* had a great reflexive impact on him and greatly stimulated many other guerillas. From then on he was a model in all his work and discharged his sentry duty with great devotion.

Once when a comrade who was not strong was told that his turn of sentry duty had come round, the recruit volunteered to take his place to enable him to rest. The company correspondent wrote an article in praise of the recruit's exemplary deed and published it in *Jongsori*.

It was a source of great pride to him. Gradually he grew into a fine fighter, holding back nothing in helping his comrades and his company.

It was in this way that every issue of *Sogwang* or *Jongsori* educated us ideologically and politically, and helped one to correct one's shortcomings and emulate the fine examples set by others.

It was particularly among the people that *Sogwang*, *Samil Wolgan* and the booklets played a great role. The people had been at a loss to know which way to go, but

now the publications heralded the dawn of fatherland freedom, the chimes of a bell calling them to struggle.

These publications showed the way and taught the methods of the struggle, and gave confidence in victory to the guerilla fighters as well as to the revolutionary masses affiliated with the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland or the Korean National Liberation Union in the homeland.

Those people who were suffering the deep-rooted effects of factionalism and opportunist influences were helped to take a correct path firmly, and a firm ideological basis was laid for the growth of new and powerful core detachments of Communists.

The publications armed large numbers of Communists with new, scientific strategy and tactics and rallied them to the single revolutionary line and the unified system of organization. They had had no clear grasp of the right way to carry out the revolution in our country, and had often acted in isolation from each other.

Nor was the role of our revolutionary publications limited to this.

It was through these newspapers and magazines that the proper strategic and tactical lines of Comrade Kim Il Sung and his lofty patriotic ideas were able to open the tightly bound hearts of stubborn nationalists and people of religion and help them get out of the wrong course.

It is a widely known fact that one elderly man who was the head of the Chondogyo believers in many counties in West Chientao, underwent an ideological change by reading the "10-Point Programme of the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland" and other revolutionary publications. The result was that all the believers under his influence joined the Association and rendered active support to our guerilla units.

Another example of the influence of our revolutionary

publications is the fact that a unit of the Independence Army in South Manchuria joined our guerilla units.

At one time Pak Dong Cho was the leader of the Independence Army in South Manchuria. He was a die-hard nationalist who was hostile to us, alleging that "the Communist Party is a wicked horde that does not work to restore the fatherland but merely to communize all." He had been influenced by the enemy's false propaganda about the "joint ownership of property and wives."

But he came to realize how wrong he was after studying the revolutionary publications carrying Comrade Kim Il Sung's treatise on the tasks of the Korean Communists, the "10-Point Programme of the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland," and other papers.

Reaching the conclusion that "General Kim Il Sung is really a national hero who has shown us the correct line of restoring Korea and liberating the people," he immediately brought his unit over to join our guerilla units.

As we have seen, the revolutionary publications put out by Comrade Kim Il Sung in the period of the anti-Japanese armed struggle opened a broad new road for the development of the revolution.

They were a preparation, organizational and ideological, for the founding of a Party, uniting and training the Communists and giving clear direction and a weapon of struggle to the broad masses of workers and peasants, and laying, at the same time, a firm foundation for the anti-Japanese united front to unite all anti-Japanese people from every section of life.

Now in our country there are thousands of all kinds of periodicals and books, published in hundreds of thousands or even millions of copies which serve as incisive ideological weapons of the Party and a powerful means of educating members and the working people in communist ideas.

This was made possible by the work of Comrade Kim Il Sung, who not only personally launched and devel-

oped the Party organ *Jongro* (predecessor to the present *Rodong Sinmun*) immediately after liberation, but also gave great personal attention in every respect to the training of the men of the press, ensuring proper working conditions for them and firmly building up the material and technical foundations for publishing and printing, giving explicit guidance to publishing and personally indicating the right orientation in the compilation of our publications.

Thanks to such leadership and solicitude of Comrade Kim Il Sung, today our publications reach and move the hearts of millions of readers as militant publications with strong Party spirit, class spirit and popular spirit, on the pattern of the revolutionary publications in the days of the anti-Japanese armed struggle, and are read regularly with great admiration.

This is why the reading of *Rodong Sinmun* and other publications brings me such boundless joy and pride.



# V

## Talks with Women Guerillas

By KIM MYONG HWA

It was the summer of 1936 that the detachment I belonged to was active in a district of Fusung county. Along with several comrades and Comrade Kim Il Sung we were resting in the home of a young Chinese couple. They took us cordially into their small room with a low ceiling.

Resting there, we were waiting for the return of the guerillas who had gone out on local political work.

In the evening our host, who had been working outside, began bustling about in preparation of the meal in and out of the kitchen, drawing water and doing other chores.

But his wife just sat in a corner of the room, sewing pieces of worn clothing scattered all around her. At most, she would get up to open or shut the door, or walk across the courtyard with uncertain gait. She seldom went outside.

She was pale and walked with faltering steps, because her feet had been deformed by being bound in infancy.

It was not the first time we had seen women like her in that vast land of Northeast China. But looking at this Chinese woman that day, I felt great pity stirring again in my heart.

"How painful it must be! How she must have longed to run about like others!" I thought.

In this disabled figure I seemed to see the sad fate of all suffering women, fettered to old, evil, feudal customs. My heart contracted at the thought.

"What do you think of her condition?" asked the

Comrade Commander, and went on: "What a contradictory and tragic thing it is."

His words only added to my painful thoughts. I did not know what to say.

In a calm voice, looking from one to the other of us, he went on, "She can't even move about freely. What freedom has she got? How can she find life joyful or worthwhile? But this is not to be seen as the miserable fate of a Chinese woman alone. Back in our homeland our mothers and sisters are also fettered to the Japanese imperialist yoke and the old, evil feudal customs, and suffering no less pain and humiliation, denied even their elementary rights.

"This is a shocking thing left over from the old society. An insult to the rights of women is an insult to the whole human race, to all mankind. Under the old social system it is impossible for the people to enjoy a happy life. To ensure that all people will enjoy happiness and women be liberated, it is necessary to build a new society and free women from the feudal yoke...."

Our Comrade Commander began to talk about the miserable lot of so many women of Korea, who, under the pressure of poverty, were sold for a petty sum and compelled to leave their homes, or sold as child brides or had to serve as maid slaves for the rich from early childhood, experiencing every form of maltreatment and humiliation.

Many things I remembered from childhood came flooding back to my mind. In the village where I had spent my girlhood, many survivals of feudalism had prevailed, and women had been deprived of even the right to go out of doors.

I had seen so many girls of my own and neighbouring villages who lived in dire poverty, denied even elementary human rights, sold off and leaving their homes in tears for unknown lands.

I could not restrain my burning hatred of the oppres-

sion of men of power, and the inhuman outrages of the exploiters, the cause of such distress.

Other comrades sitting about the room were also lost in deep thought.

Our Comrade Commander, stroking the head of Comrade Yon Suk, then a member of the Children's Corps, continued:

"You are really happy, fighting side by side with men with guns on your shoulders... What can be more worthwhile than this!..."

His word inspired in us a new high sense of responsibility and lifting pride, and we all silently pledged ourselves to fight even more valiantly.

I recalled my own bitter past. It seemed to be only yesterday that I had left my native village after the accursed Japanese imperialists had killed my husband and burnt down my house. Even then I dreamed, though vaguely, of my country's liberation and the new society where women could live in happiness.

But it was later, when I joined the guerillas unit and received training and education while fighting the enemy, that I gained a clear conception of the problem of the emancipation of women.

The Comrade Commander complimented us women guerillas for fighting so creditably all the time, and went on.

"...It is of course important for women to fight for their emancipation and rights. One of the aims of our present struggle lies precisely in woman's emancipation.

But women should guard against the tendency to ignore the beautiful moral qualities that have been the characteristic of Korean women from olden times, putting too much stress on their own emancipation, rights and equality.

As you know, though Chun Hyang was an ordinary woman of humble birth she stubbornly resisted the social evils of her day and remained chaste even when her life

was threatened; Sim Chong threw herself into the turbulent sea, sacrificing herself, believing that by this means her blind father would regain his sight. Our women should preserve such lofty virtues, should be polite and keep themselves neat and trim. Women should be womanly. Polite, simple language and behaviour will ennoble you and lead people to respect and trust you.

In this respect, too, you women guerillas must set a good example to the local folk....”

The Comrade Commander went on to talk to us about the beautiful moral qualities Korean women had possessed, women of the country which had been known from olden times as the “country of etiquette of the East.” We found his story very fascinating. During a rest he went over from general remarks on the life of the women to a detailed account of the principles which must be observed by women guerillas in the life of the guerillas struggle.

He talked to us kindly about the moral qualities and etiquette of women and their behaviour, about things that must be born in mind by the women guerillas working with the sewing team and in the field kitchen.

I myself had worked for a long time both as a cook and a sewing member. He said that we cooks and sewing members should act always as gentle mothers to the combatants.

As we listened to him, we realized that our work was an important combat duty, demanding all our energies.

At times when our stocks of grain gave out, the cooks made gruel with edible grass and did their best to make it tasty. They took care too, always to serve meals on time. Even when no grain could be obtained for days on end, we cooks picked edible grasses and dug for roots at night for the next day's meals before we lay down to sleep.

Placing great value on the jobs done by us women guerillas, the Comrade Commander always made a great

point of our being exact in our duties, and taught us how to give special attention to sanitation and to keeping ourselves neat and clean.

Bearing the words of the Comrade Commander deep in mind, we did our best to put them into practice. But there were times when things would not turn out as we wished, and we had a lot of trouble. Though we are now living under easy conditions, in modern houses with water service and with all conveniences, the situation was very different in those past days when often we did not even have water.

Often there was not enough water to cook the meals when we were deep in the mountains in severe winter, and we had to wash our faces with snow. So anyone who was sluggish would be unable to wash away the soot that had collected on her face while sleeping by the campfire.

There was one woman guerillas whose hands had become badly chapped in the cold, and was ashamed to appear before other guerilla fighters at mealtime.

The Comrade Commander then called us together and spoke words of praise and comfort to us for our trying work in the rigorous cold. He went on to say in a gentle voice that we women guerillas had to take better care of ourselves. He said:

“...If you are very diligent, you can keep your hands from getting chapped. It is no small matter whether you keep your hands clean or not. It is a question of you making the guerillas meals cheerful affairs, which, in the long run, will have an effect on their morale.

It is essential therefore that you first make yourselves ideologically fit for the task. You must not be careless about such things as mending your uniforms in good time, or washing your faces and combing your hair neatly in the morning. These things are routine, expressing the mental state of guerilla fighters.

A neatly-dressed army always has good discipline and fights well....”

His words came right home to us. Even when there was no water and we were enduring many inconveniences, he got up early in the morning and washed his face with snow; he sternly bade the guerillas to have their hair cut and to shave regularly.

So we made it our rule to get up before dawn and wash our faces and hands with melted snow before setting about cooking, and after meals, we washed the tableware with melted snow, and polished it. We were using big bowls to cook meals, and the bottoms of the bowls would get black with smoke. If we left them even for one day without cleaning, they became very dirty.

But our bowls and tableware were kept shining and polished, for we never forgot to polish them with ashes after use. The cooking utensils and tableware were so clean that the comrades who carried them on their backs while on the march, would express their admiration by saying: “They are really so clean that the mere sight of them whets our appetite....”

From those days, our Commander Kim Il Sung paid deep attention to the life of us women guerillas. He pointed out that the women attracted the attention of people wherever we went, and made us carry spare dresses at all times, and whenever there were ointments, beauty creams or the like among the war booty, these things would be given without fail to the women guerillas.

Inspired by his kind solicitude, we pledged ourselves to carry out our revolutionary tasks with even greater devotion.

His profound care did not end here. At all times, whether in the heat of battle, on the march or camping, he showed his deep love and warm care for the women guerillas. So even when we had to spend a bleak night in the mountains, our hearts were warm, with the feeling

that we were at home with our parents, so long as we were with our Comrade Commander.

So this day I am telling you about, feeling warm and boundlessly happy at the fact that he was our Commander, we listened to him with utmost attention, not to miss even a word.

When towards evening we left the hut, the Chinese couple gave us a send-off, looking at us with envious eyes, and looking back, we resolved that we would do their share as well as our own in the struggle, so that they might be freed from their humiliating, painful conditions as soon as possible and enjoy a happy life in a new society.



## VI

# The Commander Is Also a Son Of the People

By O BAEK RYONG

It was an early spring day in 1933, but the cold of winter had not gone and the Duman-gang River was still icebound.

Under the personal command of Comrade Kim Il Sung, we guerillas had stopped for a brief rest in front of a peasant's house near Liangshuichuantzu, on the bank of the river.

We knocked on the door several times, but no one appeared although there were some signs of life inside the house.

It was very cold and we had a wounded man with us, but no one tried to force an entry.

We put down our things and decided to rest in the courtyard. It was biting cold but we were still sweating from the march, and we were looking for some kind of shelter, and of course we wanted to take our wounded comrade into the house. But the strict instructions of Comrade Kim Il Sung were in our minds, "You must be truly an army that serves the people."

Comrade Kim Il Sung took off his overcoat and put it over the wounded man, and said: "We can overcome the cold by doing some physical exercise. It's better than sitting about doing nothing." He picked up an axe and went into the centre of the courtyard to chop firewood. We all followed suit, some clearing snow from around the house, some fetching water from the well, while

others got some wood and built a fire in the open to cook food as we had done in the mountains.

We learned later why the people had shut themselves in. They had never met nor seen the anti-Japanese guerillas, and mistook us for Japanese troops.

But the man and his wife were surprised to see through a hole in the papered window that we were clearing the snow and resting in the courtyard. Not a single straw was taken away from the heap in the courtyard. The guerillas had used wood they had gathered themselves for the fire. What struck the family most was the warm comradeship evident among the guerillas. They saw one of us take off his overcoat to put it over the wounded man, and the tender care shown him.

“They don’t look like the Japanese army.”

“I wonder who they are... I’ve never seen troops like that before. Surely they are not Japanese!”

“What should we do?”

They hesitated. But at that moment their baby woke up and started to cry. At last the door was flung open and the man came outside.

When he learned who we were he felt ashamed for hiding, but now he opened his heart. Calling to his wife to boil water, he took us inside. He offered us corn from his meagre supplies, and dried leaves of radish and cabbage hanging from the eaves. But thanking him, we declined.

“Grandpa,” Comrade Kim Il Sung called him, and gave him a cigarette. He enquired kindly about his family, and why, having long been farmers, they did not raise chickens; why the children were all without fur caps in the cold season and so on. With a deep sigh the old man said that he was fated to be poor.

As though he were a member of the family, Comrade Kim Il Sung talked about the old man’s life and poverty. In plain words he said that it was not fate but the inhumane two-fold and three-fold exploitation and plunder of

Japanese imperialism, the Manchurian warlords and feudal landlords that had brought the Korean and Chinese people to such depths of poverty, and that to put up a struggle against Japanese imperialism was the only way for the two peoples to be able to lead a good life.

Deeply moved, the old man, his tear-filled eyes opened to the cause of the privations of all the people including himself, said he too wanted to join the guerilla.

After resting, the General gave the old man some money and said, "It seems that Grandma too has little to wear except these tatters. Here is a little money. Take it. Buy yourself some fowls and breed them so that you can feed your children on chicken."

When he learned who the man was who had treated him with such kindness, that it was General Kim Il Sung himself, who was held in such respect by us all like a real father, the old man, with tears in his eyes, said: "The Commander is a great man, but he chops firewood like anyone."

Comrade Kim Il Sung smiled and said:

"The commander is also a son of the people. There is no reason why I shouldn't do the things that others do. One feels real joy in life and has a good appetite when one works."

The old man grasped his hands and begged:

"It's cold today. Won't you spend this night here at my home? I want to be with you even one night. I didn't know there was such an army as yours anywhere. You've given me fresh strength."



## VII

# En Route to North Manchuria

By O JIN U

Throughout the long years of the anti-Japanese armed struggle, Comrade Kim Il Sung looked after the men of the rank and file with utmost care, devoting himself to bringing us up and training us to be staunch revolutionary fighters.

It is not possible to put into words how we young guerrillas felt who grew up under his warm care in those difficult and trying days, ultimately to become strong fighters.

I want to confine myself to a few of the moving and unforgettable events from the many which I saw or experienced personally while I was fighting under the leadership of Comrade Kim Il Sung.

In June 1935 I was with the 4th Company of the 5th Regiment of the Korean People's Revolutionary Army. We set out on the historic expedition to North Manchuria under the direct command of Comrade Kim Il Sung. Still young, I found the expedition a grim trial, with test after test all the way.

After the battle of Laoheishan our guerilla unit worked through the Lotzukou area and crossed the Laoyehling ridge to the areas of Ningan and Emu counties, delivering crushing blows on the enemy in many battles. At the same time we inspired broad sections of the local people with a true revolutionary spirit.

In this region the revolution had had far less influence than among the people of East Manchuria. We set about actively explaining and spreading among the people the facts about the aggression of the Japanese imperialists, the rightness of the guerilla cause and the prospects of the

revolution, imparting to them our firm faith of victory.

Everywhere we won the warm support of the people as we moved from Emu county towards Chiaoho county in the winter 1935. It was really tough going, forcing our way through waist-deep snow in the thick forests, often in the teeth of a howling snowstorm.

It was in the course of this strenuous march that I saw how kind and warm-hearted Comrade Kim Il Sung was toward us guerillas. To this day the experiences of those days live in my heart, and can never be eradicated.

Wherever we bivouacked in the forests, he saw to it that the men were first asleep, and only after looking around to make sure that all were asleep would he lie down for a short rest. He was always first up in the morning. More than once I saw him take the wet boots of sleeping men and set them before the camp-fire to dry in the dead of night while the men slept. The sight always moved me deeply.

Once we were preparing for the track after resting at a village. Comrade Kim Il Sung told the guerilla to put on their "dorogi" (a kind of Chinese leather shoes) which they had been carrying. I put on my "dorogi," the first time I had worn them. I found them very awkward to walk in. They would not stay on but slipped off every now and then.

Noticing this, Comrade Kim Il Sung came up and asked me to let him see my "dorogi." Saying nothing I pulled off one of them and showed it to him. He took it in his hands and looked at it closely to see what was wrong. He took out the straw lining, softening it and respreading it evenly. My face burned with shame at the thought that I was giving him trouble on such a trifling thing as my shoes, so I said that I could manage it myself.

"You headstrong man" he said in a kindly voice, "That won't do. That's not the way to wear 'dorogi.' You have to lay out the straw to fit your feet perfectly like this, then your feet will be warm and the shoes will

not slip off. Now, come on with your other 'dorogi' and I'll fix it."

I couldn't refuse, so I handed it to him.

He pounded the straw until it was loose, and spread it again in the "dorogi," and arranged it so that the shoes fitted without hurting.

Now wearing the "dorogi" fixed by his own hand I felt I was moving with winged feet; that I could walk without stopping to rest.

"How do you feel now?" Comrade Kim Il Sung asked me smilingly.

"They are very comfortable," I replied.

With a satisfied look he patted me on the back, and went on carefully inspecting the footwear of other guerillas one after another.

His solicitude and warm hands touched every aspect of the guerillas' lives.

What pleasure he derived from his own sincere love for the men, looking after them all as a father. The tougher the situation the more solicitude he showed for the guerillas. Forgetful of himself, he shared every vicissitude with them, so there could be no greater honor and happiness than to become one of his soldiers.

Rallied firmly around him, we forged ahead through the rugged mountains and forests. After we crossed the borders of Chiaoho county our progress became even more difficult.

Alarmed at the People's Revolutionary Army under Comrade Kim Il Sung moving into North Manchuria, the enemy came in hot pursuit. We were on a forced march, hitting the enemy and then marching on.

Day and night it continued. After marching through one night, we came out to a valley as day was breaking and found charcoal scattered everywhere.

"How nice to make a fire with the charcoal to bivouac," we thought, and hurried about gathering charcoal. I did the same, gathering up a bundle.

We stopped at the top of the pass to rest. Exhausted from the long march, we sat down on the snow and some were asleep at once, and snoring.

Overcome with drowsiness, I felt I was sinking into the ground, so I tried to keep awake, rubbing my eyes with my hand. But it was no good. I just fell asleep right there.

When an order to move on came, out of my deep sleep I moved as in a dream. It was only when I heard the bustling sounds of the men rising and moving about that I opened my eyes. I jumped to my feet, carrying my charcoal pack.

But I still was not fully awake.

Half sleeping, I walked for some distance, and suddenly sensed that something was missing; my shoulder was not carrying its usual weight, though the bundle of charcoal was in my arms. It was my rifle!

I went weak inside. I turned back and, beside myself, ran back along the path in feverish haste to where we had just stopped to rest.

In a panic, I had no sense of distance. It could not be so far away, but it seemed like four or five kilometres. Panting I ran up the steep mountain side.

A little short of the top, I suddenly saw Comrade Kim Il Sung just coming down. He had stayed behind to look the whole place over. Seeing me, he asked me casually.

“Where are you going, Comrade Jin U?”

At a loss, I stammered out “my r-r... rifle...” The words stuck in my throat. Unable to say any more, I moved to go on. But Comrade Kim Il Sung took me by the arm and held me back.

“Don’t lose your head,” he said with a smile.

Then I saw that my rifle was slung over his shoulder. My face felt like fire. I stood in my tracks, not knowing what to say or do. My heart ached with remorse. Was it not a weapon of the revolution, won at the cost of

the life of some comrade-in-arms? Why did I take it off my body for a moment?

With a guilty conscience, I cursed my carelessness.

Comrade Kim Il Sung told me to turn back and catch up with the unit, and then led the way, my gun on his shoulder.

I told him that I would carry the gun, but he wouldn't give it to me. Unable to say any more, I followed at his heels silently. Memories of my first meeting with him at Shaopeikou of Yaoyingkou flashed through my mind, the march through the forests of Laoyehling after the battles of Laoheishan and Taipingkou, and of the merciless blows we dealt the enemy everywhere in North Manchuria. And I remembered how he had fixed my "dorogi."

What profound care he took of us rank and file soldiers in those days of heavy fighting!

I was heavy of heart. Soon the sun shed its dazzling rays over the mountains in the east. Awkward with shame, anguish and self-reproach, I took up my position in the ranks, deeply downhearted.

But for some reason I could not fathom, my comrades burst out laughing the moment they saw me. They laughed and laughed, holding their sides, unable to contain themselves. Then, Comrade Kim Il Sung standing nearby looked at me and smiled.

Not understanding the reason for all this, I was all the more disconcerted. I was already deeply ashamed without their laughing at me. But still they laughed, as I blushed to the roots of my hair.

Comrade Kim Il Sung took a mirror out of his pocket and handed it to me. "Look," he said, "Just see what your face is like."

I put down the bundle of charcoal which I was hugging and took the mirror to look at myself. Good gracious! I was astounded at what I saw.

It was a real sight, my face. I was black all over,

smearred with charcoal. My eyeballs gleamed white out of this black visage. I had rubbed my face with my dirty hands which were holding charcoal. Embarrassed, I looked quickly away from the mirror.

We marched on. The snowstorm raged in all its fury. But I scarcely felt the biting cold. One thought—my gun—gnawed at my heart. Even as I walked my mind was taken up entirely by the thought of the gun. I waited impatiently for Comrade Kim Il Sung to hand my gun back to me.

But he strode on along the mountain path without a word, my gun still on his shoulder. "By all appearances," I thought, "I'm in for a good scolding!" Not a little worried, I realized that no one was to blame but myself. The pangs of remorse for my carelessness bit deep into me.

Hours passed, but still Comrade Kim Il Sung said nothing about the gun. When we reached our destination, I slumped down heavily on the snow.

After a little, an orderly came and told me that Comrade Kim Il Sung wanted me. My heart began to pound. I could not calm myself.

What would he say? He would probably forbid me the gun for the time being or maybe punish me severely in some way.

Deeply uneasy, I stood at attention. He looked at me for a while, and then took up the gun standing beside him. He gave it to me and said in a quiet voice:

"You seemed very tired, so I carried your gun for you. I feel sure you'll not make the same mistake again. Now, take your gun."

A lump rose in my throat. Tears filled my eyes. Only now did I understand why he had carried my gun all day. My heart was too full for words.

I rather wished he had taken me to task hotly. Quite at a loss what to say, I fidgeted, standing awkwardly

before him. At last I managed with difficulty to mumble:

“Comrade Commander....” But I choked up and could not say any more.

Seeming to read my mind clearly, he said in a kind voice, as if to soothe me:

“Your feelings are fully understandable... The point is that you are aware of your fault and can correct it. Now, go and rest.”

He didn't say any more.

His few words at that time were far more effective in making me realize my fault than any kind of punishment or strictures he could have taken against me.

Tightly gripping my gun, I swore in my heart that more than ever I would courageously fight the enemy, braving fire and water if so ordered by him.

Carrying my gun, I walked as if the warm hand of Comrade Kim Il Sung were on my shoulder. With rising spirits I walked on in file.

After this experience, I went right on, enduring and overcoming all difficulties in the way, always with firmer determination and greater devotion to carry out the revolutionary tasks assigned to me.



## VIII

# Love Enshrined in 50 Packets Of Powdered Venison

By LI UL SOL

Having lost contact with Headquarters in the autumn of 1940, a small unit led by Comrade O Baek Ryong was suffering all sorts of hardships, trying to re-locate Headquarters. At that time we were operating under the personal command of the Comrade Commander, so we were well aware how anxious Comrade Kim Il Sung would be about our missing unit and how troubled to discover its whereabouts.

A Korean saying goes, "He who feels for his parents even half the love he receives from them can be a true filial son." And I must say that the love of our Comrade Commander toward his men is deeper and warmer than even the love of parents for their sons, for I myself have experienced so much of it from him and seen so many instances in the course of my revolutionary activities under the direct teaching and warm care of the Comrade Commander.

I cannot write all the stories here, for there are far too many to enumerate.

So let me confine myself to this one thing that happened in the autumn of 1940.

The Comrade Commander had sent out many small units, among them Comrade O Baek Ryong's, to different regions, and he was leading only some orderlies and the members of the machine-gun squad. I was then one of the machine-gunners. The comrades operating away

from Headquarters were undergoing great hardships at that time, and Headquarters was suffering no less, operating with such a small number of men in the Holung area where the enemy troops were concentrated. In these difficult circumstances, the Comrade Commander, even while taking great care of us young orderlies and members of the machine-gun squad, was very anxious about the safety of the men of the small units operating in various areas. He had sent out scouts to the units and lost sleep waiting for news.

One day sad news came in: one man sent to an appointed place to contact the small unit of Comrade O Baek Ryong fell in with an enemy "punitive force" before he could discharge his mission. This meant that communication was lost between Headquarters and the unit.

Comrade Commander was very worried, and looking at his clouded face, we too felt very sorry.

Again the Comrade Commander tried to locate Comrade O Baek Ryong's small unit, sending out contact men several times in many directions. But each time was in vain.

It was often the case that when guerilla units failed to keep contact with each other at designated times and places it could cause irretrievable losses.

Days went by and the troubled face of the Comrade Commander became gloomier than ever.

We could read in his face his deep love and care, like the mother who is so uneasy about her missing child whose whereabouts is unknown.

Of course, people feel much easier if they have news, even if it tells of sufferings and dangers they are going through. But if there is no news whatsoever between separated ones, it gives rise to all kinds of misgivings.

The Comrade Commander became so anxious about the guerillas of Comrade O Baek Ryong's small unit that he could neither sleep soundly at night nor eat as usual.

One day when we were about to leave the camp near Chechangtzu, our Comrade Commander told us to bury provisions and brand-new winter clothes underground where we had built our fire.

We did not grasp the reason, but we began to bury the things after carefully packing them against damage. We thought that he meant to come back there. But as if to himself, the Comrade Commander said:

"...Those comrades are sure to come back. As they have been operating in a small unit, they must be in tatters and very short of food...."

A lump came to our throats.

How could we fathom the deep thoughts of fatherly care evinced by the Comrade Commander who instructed us to bury rice and clothing at the place where we had had a bonfire! In olden days many Korean mothers, concerned about their sons who were away and whose return was uncertain, would put aside rice for them, a little at a time, out of the meagre supplies on hand. But even such feelings of love, I think, cannot match those of the Comrade Commander!

Our hearts were too full for words. We buried the rice and clothing in silence and left reluctantly.

We were operating in a small unit in the area northeast of Mt. Baekdu-san where the enemy had concentrated much strength to exterminate the guerilla units, so we had to face dangers and difficulties at every step.

On not a few occasions we had to break through the enemy's encirclement with hard-fought battles and often had to skip meals.

Hungry as we were, we carried on, but how deep the anguish and heartache we felt when we failed to serve meals even to the Comrade Commander for days.

We hoped to run into a wild beast. We wanted to get food for our Comrade Commander at any cost. And, one day, happily we came across a big deer.

I tried to set my aim on the deer but, exhausted from hunger, I felt it was very difficult. When I gathered strength, I could see it, but in a moment my eyes blurred over and only something black danced before my eyes. But gathering my nerves, I followed him, and dropped him at last.

The deer was an unusually big one, and the three of us, though exhausted with hunger, just managed to carry it back to camp. We hurriedly prepared for meat soup; it was a long while since we had tasted such food.

How delighted we were that we would be able to live on venison for some days. The very sight of the deer had made us feel satisfied, shooting it after we had missed meals for days.

When supper was ready we sat around the Comrade Commander in front of the tent and waited for him to start his meal first.

“I wonder where Comrade O Baek Ryong and his men are now, and whether they have food!” He spoke as if to himself. He sat thinking for a while. Even in taking a bowl of soup he felt deeply for the missing men. How his warm love moved us! After a while, the Comrade Commander told us to dry the remainder of the venison and make it into meal.

When supper was over we sliced the venison into strips and spitted them on twigs of bush clover to dry them by the bonfire. Having parched them, we powdered it all and were about to put it into a bag.

Seeing this, the Comrade Commander told us not to pack the lot in a bag but to divide it equally into 50 or so shares and wrap them in paper.

We made packets in which we divided the venison as ordered, but we wondered why.

“Why does he tell us to divide and wrap it separately instead of packing it all in a bag, which we think proper? What is the planning? Thinking this we took a doubtful

look at the face of the Comrade Commander, even in making the packets.

Now made ready, the Comrade Commander gave one packet to each of us and, putting the remainder of the 50 packets before him, told one of us to bring a writing brush.

We stood around the Comrade Commander and watched the point of the brush in his hand with some anxiety and curiosity to know what he would write.

One by one he wrote the names of the members of the small unit which had lost contact. Silently reading each name as he jotted it down we were overcome with emotion and our hearts warmed to tears. After he had written the men's names, the Comrade Commander called me and said:

"You keep these packs of powdered venison and give them to Comrade O Baek Ryong's small unit when we meet them."

I could not speak for the lump in my throat.

Even under these difficult conditions he did not forget even one of the guerillas even though he had heard nothing, holding them as dear as his own children, personally writing each name on each packet to make sure they would reach the members without fail.

Is there anything to compare with such deep love of the Comrade Commander? Can such love be measured?

Later we were told that Comrade O Baek Ryong's small unit which had been trying to locate Headquarters were moved to tears by the warm-hearted thoughtfulness of the Comrade Commander who had the food and clothes stored underground at the camping ground. But they could scarcely have imagined the deep import of the packets of powdered venison.

However dutiful sons and daughters may be, they still fail to fully appreciate the deep love of their parents.

How is it possible then even in a slight degree to evaluate the warm love and care of Comrade Commander?

Overwhelmed by heart-warming emotion I made a solemn vow: Comrade Commander! I will remain faithful with all devotion on one road of the revolution directed by you, keeping the happiness and honour of being your revolutionary soldier! Then I carefully put the priceless packets of venison into the knapsack. Their value could not be compared even to the most priceless things of the world.

They comprised no more than two bowls of powdered venison, but how can one compare this deep solicitude and warm love they represented with thousands or tens of thousands of pounds of gold. Their depths and height are beyond the seas and the mountains!

It is in this warm love and solicitude of the Comrade Commander, whose warm hand was stretched to us, that we all grew into genuine revolutionaries and full-fledged Communists.

Thanks to this very love and solicitude the members of Comrade O Baek Ryong's small unit located Headquarters again in defiance of the bloody struggle, starvation and exhaustion.

They were difficult days when Comrade O Baek Ryong's small unit was undergoing such hardships throughout the winter, passing through fire and crossing the death lines, and even our Headquarters too, was suffering great hardships.

We had to negotiate the mountains in Holung while fighting off the enemy who pursued us day after day. Sometimes we lived on air for days.

We fell down with hunger and had to pass through enemy fire, threatened with death. But through the most trying moments we preserved those packets of powdered venison with the greatest care.

Difficult as conditions were, the Comrade Commander

always kept our attention on the packets and occasionally had us dry them in the sun and keep them clean.

However difficult and complex the circumstances threatening our lives the Comrade Commander remembered the small unit with deep concern, confident that they would return without fail through any and all circumstances. It was in this very love and faith of Comrade Commander that our Korean People's Revolutionary Army found its invincible might.

Whenever I think of my knapsack with its 50 packets of venison I think of his lofty ideas enshrined in them.

Each packet contained no more than a small amount for one meal, but within each was his deep concern hidden.

Carrying them on our backs, we looked up to our Comrade Commander and felt in our bones that our comrades of the small unit were breathing and fighting beside us, and never did we forget even for a moment that we belonged to the revolutionary ranks closely unified with the great revolutionary idea and will of Comrade Kim Il Sung, who led and leads us always to victory.

The 50 packets were mental food. They silently educated us to our revolutionary obligations and welded us together firmly in ideology and will.

Only by such unity achieved by loyalty to the Comrade Commander, the revolutionary obligation and unbreakable comradeship, could we display such great strength to carry us through every storm and stress.

Comrade Kim Il Sung's deep love for all about him and the revolutionary masses is the same today as he leads them along the road of revolution.

At every factory and in every village, our Comrade Premier never fails to look in on the boarding houses and homes of the workers and farmers, personally helping them to solve their knotty problems. When he visits the units of the People's Army he carefully looks after the

lives of the men, carefully inspecting their sleeping-quarters and mess halls.

Do our leading functionaries in factories, enterprises and cooperative farms, or the commanding officers of the People's Army units have the same concern with such a warm heart as his, for the workers, co-op farmers and soldiers, taking warm care of them? When I ask myself this I feel the pangs of conscience.

Following the teaching of Comrade Kim Il Sung, the respected and beloved Leader of the 40 million Korean people, we must strive all the more to rally our revolutionary ranks steel-strong around the Leader.

## IX

# Upholding His Lofty Ideas

By KIM JWA HYOK

The liberation of the country came.

Comrade Kim Il Sung returned home in triumph.

Surging crowds of people, cheers of joy!

Our triumphant land was seething with the torrential excitement of a new life.

Our mother country! It had called us to a great and sacred struggle, inspiring us with indomitable courage and strength.

Comrade Kim Il Sung had set our hearts afire with the love of the country when we were on our arduous march, going through one grim ordeal after another, or when we found ourselves in such adversity that even the last bowlful of parched rice powder had run out and we had to grub for dried herbs under the snow for food.

How many times he talked about the beautiful mountains and rivers of our land, about our longed-for native villages where our ancestors lay buried!

Whenever we sat around a campfire at the end of an exhausting march, he would look far across the sky over our homeland and tell us with deep emotion about the sufferings of the people at home, the tasty buckwheat noodles of Pyongyang, the grey mullet of the Daedong-gang River and the beautiful spring days at Mangyongdae village.

Upon his triumphal return, I thought how soon I could visit the historic village of Mangyongdae in his company.

The mere thought of it filled me with pleasure.

For the Korean people Mangyongdae is, indeed, our spiritual birthplace.

One day after another, the time went by, and quickly a month had flown since his return to the country. But still he could not visit Mangyongdae.

Contrary to what I had thought, Comrade Kim Il Sung seemed to have lost all sight of the idea of visiting Mangyongdae, which he could not forget even in a dream.

When the riff-raff of every hue and stripe, posing as patriots, were giving themselves to dirty factional activities right after liberation, he was working on a great plan for the future course of the Korean revolution, and held many discussions with many comrades from early in the morning till late at night, visiting and guiding factories and enterprises, where he acquainted himself with the actual conditions, and organized and mobilized the working people for the creation of a new life.

Indeed, he was working day in, day out, sparing not even a minute or a second.

Then, one day, it happened.

He paused awhile in his work and looked far out of the window, deep in thought. He beckoned to me and told me to go and see a certain Kang Yong Sok who lived beyond the Botong-gang River.

"He'll be very glad to meet you," he said. "Give my best regards to him and tell him that now that the country has been liberated, I shall be coming to see him very soon."

I set out right away.

Kang Yong Sok, an old man, was so overjoyed to hear about Comrade Kim Il Sung that he did not know what to do.

While chatting with him, I learned that the old man was an uncle of Comrade Kim Il Sung on his mother's side.

"It is only a short distance, so Comrade Kim Il Sung could come himself in a while," I thought to myself.

“But probably he will not visit his relatives on personal affairs before he has a meeting with the entire people.”

I presumed from this that it would probably be some time before he visited Mangyongdae, contrary to my earlier expectation.

A few days before October 14, 1945 when he delivered the first historic address to the entire Korean people at the Pyongyang city mass meeting, I was to escort Comrade Kim Il Sung on a trip to the Kangson Steel Works.

This gave me immense joy, for I thought he would certainly drop in at Mangyongdae on his way to the steel works.

As the car was speeding along the road not far from Mangyongdae, a panoramic view of the golden fields of the early autumn ripening harvest and the ridges of high and low hills with their attractive groves of young pine trees glided past the windows.

“The landscape of my native village is the same now as in old times,” he said, looking out of the windows. He seemed to be looking decades back on the bygone days.

I rejoiced at the thought that now at last I could accompany him to Mangyongdae, the place dear to my heart.

When we reached a parting of the ways where the road branched off to Mangyongdae, Comrade Kim Il Sung told the chauffeur to stop the car.

He got out of the car and looked in the direction of Mangyongdae, and said:

“Mangyongdae is just over there.... It’s a good place.... Comrade Jwa Hyok, you go and have a look in my place. Surely you will find the place to your liking.”

Now I was surprised to hear him say this and could hardly believe his words. Only I glanced at him.

“I’m back in my native place after 20 years’ absence....,” he said, in deep thought. “You will find my old

grandparents when you get there. Remember me to them. Tell them I'll be back home in a few days, for the country has been liberated. Also, that a nice world will come.... Well, I will see you again at this point tomorrow morning."

I vividly remembered him telling us guerillas about his grandparents; he often told us that in his childhood he would pick the best ripe peaches and serve them to his grandfather before he ate any, and that he heard many old tales from his grandparents.

The home village where he had been born and brought up, the home village which he had seen under the dirty hoof of the enemy; but now it is overflowing with the joy of liberation. Could he have forgotten this home village even for a day during the 15 long years of anti-Japanese armed struggle!

Did he not fight at the risk of his life to take back his home village from the Japanese imperialists?

How deeply he must be longing to drop in at his old home at this moment!

But he is looking far into the future, thinking how many revolutionary tasks there are yet to be carried out.

What a vast amount of great revolutionary work there is waiting to be tackled by him—to found a Party, to establish a genuine people's government, to carry out democratic reforms, and so on!

Now he had first to meet the smelters at the Kangson Steel Works to discuss affairs with them.

Comrade Kim Il Sung gazed for a good while at the familiar hilltops of Mangyongdae before he slowly went back to the car and got in.

Now I was quite at a loss what to do.

I simply could not bring myself to go alone, even though he had told me to.

Plucking up my courage, I said to him, "Won't you drop in for a while?"

He looked at me for a moment and said, "No, not now.... I'll drop in next time."

Leaving these words behind, he left for the Kangson Steel Works.

My heart swelling with emotion, I stood a long time, on the spot even after the car drove away.

Having cast in his lot with the country, he went on without dropping in at his home village though it was within call, solely for the sake of the revolutionary cause.

"What a great man he is!"

I whispered this in spite of myself, watching the car receding into the distance.

I made a firmer resolve to learn and go on learning from his ideas, deeper and broader than the ocean, higher than the mountains, and, following him, grow up into a genuine Party member infinitely loyal to the country and the people.

I set out for Mangyongdae with a high sense of honour and happiness that I was the one in close attendance on such a great Leader, but at the same time, with regret that I was going to Mangyongdae alone, without him.

As I walked down the road step by step, remembering that it was this road that he had trodden in childhood, the road by which he had gone to Northeast China with such a lofty aim when he saw for himself the tragedy of the country and resolutely took up the national cause, I vividly recalled the events of the past ten years with all their trials and hardships.

A memory indelibly imprinted in my mind, among all others, came back to me. It was the words he had addressed to us when he had come to our company in the difficult days of the expedition to North Manchuria. Here is what he said:

"For us there can be no other interests than those of the revolution. Let us place the interests of the revolution above personal interests!..."

It happened in the summer of 1935 when our company was stationed near Santaohotzu, Ningan county.

The men were quite exhausted after their march through the dense virgin forests of the Laoyehling mountains, which were regarded as hardly accessible even to mountain birds.

Just at that time word came that Comrade Kim Il Sung was visiting our company.

In anticipation of the meeting, their first meeting with Comrade Kim Il Sung for whom they had always entertained such high regard, the men of our company were beside themselves with joy, even forgetful of fatigue and the pains of the march.

"How do you do?" he said with a genial smile on his face. "You've had a lot of trouble." With this, he pressed the hand of each of us.

After looking round at our faces, he said:

"You are now very tired. You need a rest."

We were quite surprised at this.

"All of us had put aside our fatigue and, buoying ourselves up, got ourselves fully ready as for a march," I thought to myself. "What has made him say this, I wonder. Is it that someone has betrayed his weariness before him?"

But that was not it.

He who unerringly saw through everything, could not fail to notice the traces of fatigue on the faces of soldiers. How could he?

Comrade Kim Il Sung talked with us guerillas, asking each of us in detail about his native place, its noted indigenous products and who had parents, wife and children.

We became so familiar with him that we felt as if he were our real father rather than our Commander. So we told him everything that was on our hearts without reserve.

Having heard our frank and straightforward talk, he

said, "I've heard a lot of good things today. Now, it's my turn, isn't it?" He said:

"...Revolution is a life-staking struggle.

You cannot expect the revolution to proceed swimmingly without costing you sweat and blood.

Our goal in the revolution is to restore the country and bring a happy life to all the people. You have taken up arms ready to die just for this end, haven't you ?

It is a very glorious thing to take part in the revolution.

The road of revolution, however, is beset with difficulties, as you see now.

Whenever we encounter hardships and difficulties, let us remember our lost country, our native places trampled underfoot by the enemy and our ragged, hunger-stricken parents, wives and children!

Let us think of the revolution first!

Let us think of the free, happy future when all the people will be enjoying a life of plenty, well fed and well clad.

Such happy days are sure to come for us.

But happiness does not come of itself. Happiness must be fought for.

This is the sacred cause we have to accomplish.

How can we flinch before difficulties when we think of this ?

What do you think? Is this not true?..."

His great revolutionary ideas deeply moved us all.

Comrade Kim Il Sung finished speaking, but we remained sitting where we were in silence for a long time, each lost in deep thought.

We braced ourselves up, overcoming pain and fatigue.

His words instilled fiery ardor and prowess into our hearts.

It was not merely the power of his words that inspired us with such a great strength.

It was also his noble constancy, dedicating his all to

the cause of the motherland and the revolution, and all the deeds by which he provided the model for others.

He had chosen the path of sacred struggle to liberate our 3,000-*ri* (10 *ri* equals 4 km : 3,000 *ri* means the whole of Korea) homeland, now overrun by the enemy, and to free our 30 million compatriots from slavery!

How many times had he crossed in the face of death to pave the way to the bright future of our homeland!

This one who had stood like a beacon before the columns on the arduous march through snow deeper than a man's stature, in cold severe enough to freeze the limbs off the men, the one who had mapped out the great plan for the restoration of the country and elaborated the great programme for building a new Korea in our liberated land, even during the fierce battles in the Baekdusan mountains in raging snowstorms, the one who personally had broken through the forest of enemy bayonets and raised a torchlight at Bochonbo, and blazed the path of struggle for the 30 million people of Korea to follow—this is none other than General Kim Il Sung, the great Leader of our nation!

His great revolutionary ideas and noble moral character have led us to victory.

Deep in these thoughts, I made my way to Mangyongdae.

It was not until Mangyongdae came in sight that I realized I had been entirely lost in these recollections.

Comrade Kim Il Sung teaches us by giving examples in this way.

Bearing in mind his lofty ideas of devoting everything to the revolution, I quickened my pace along the road to Mangyongdae.

It was on October 14, 1945, the day when he made his first historic address before the entire Korean people at the Pyongyang city mass meeting, the day when he extended his first greetings to them after his triumphal return, that Comrade Kim Il Sung visited his home village, Mangyongdae.

His great, lofty ideas of dedicating all to the revolution brought the 15-year-long arduous anti-Japanese armed struggle to victory, and reared tens of thousands of true Communists who unhesitatingly laid down their only lives in the cause of the revolution.

The great, lofty ideas of Comrade Kim Il Sung are pulsating in the hearts of the entire Korean people today and have become an ideological weapon and radiant beacon for revolution and construction in the great era of Chollima, the era of the Workers' Party.

Ever-victorious are our people guided by his great revolutionary ideas and lines!



# X

## A Bowl of Parched-Rice Powder

By BAEK HAK RIM

Whenever I recall the arduous march in the winter of 1938, many unforgettable memories come flooding back on me. I want to tell you a story that to this day touches my heart.

Early in December that year, our unit of the People's Revolutionary Army under the personal command of Comrade Kim Il Sung left Mengchiang for the Changpai area to operate in the border areas within the homeland.

The enemy spotted our movement, and sent out thousands of troops to destroy us.

Our march truly faced untold difficulties.

It was snowing thick and fast. We had to fight through waist-deep snow and thick forests for some thousand *ri*. Every day we fought the enemy who followed us obstinately.

In spite of repeated defeats the enemy still came on.

The main object of the enemy's "punitive operation" was to "wipe out" the Headquarters of the Korean People's Revolutionary Army. So heedless of sacrifices the enemy pressed on.

We kept on marching under these conditions for nearly a month, and our provisions were running out. So our march became still more arduous.

Conditions were certainly difficult—the enemy close on our heels, the path rough and, to top it all, provisions ran out. It was difficult for all the unit to move in the

same direction, so in the vicinity of Chitaokou, Changpai county, Comrade Commander divided the unit and set the guerillas on three different courses.

The Guards Company and the machine-gun squad under the personal leadership of the Comrade Commander headed for Chiatsaishui in Chitaokou, Changpai county; the 7th Regiment was to operate in the Hehhsiatzukou area and the 8th Regiment and the Independent Battalion in the Tungkang area of Fusung county.

Taking into account the arduousness of the march, the Comrade Commander sent the members of the sewing group and the aged and weak to a secret camp at Ching-feng, Changpai county.

One result of these tactical measures was that the enemy forces were dispersed. Having lost track of the main forces and the Headquarters of our unit, the enemy was at a loss which way to go. He came on in search of us at random, but he did not give up the pursuit. The food situation of our unit grew worse and worse. For several days we stayed our hunger with corn-bran and dried vegetable leaves. Weak from hunger then men sank down on the ground, having walked without proper food for many days. But they stuffed snow into their mouths and scrambled to their feet to walk on again.

Such an indomitable spirit of our guerillas sprang from their political and ideological unity, strengthened under the guidance of the Comrade Commander. No difficulties could ever bring us to submission. Explaining the aim of the march, our Comrade Commander said that we would surely win victory in the forthcoming spring offensive in the border area, having won through all difficulties. His words renewed our indomitable fighting spirit and courage.

Fighting fierce battles one after another with the ground "punitive force" and the air corps of the enemy, we continued on our way to the border.

To try to meet the food crisis, the Comrade Commander ordered Guards Company Commander O Baek Ryong to go and procure provisions.

With a number of men, Comrade O Baek Ryong made an assault on a lumber station in Chitaokou owned by Japanese imperialists who sweated the workers, and returned with some ten head horses as booty.

We had no time to roast the horseflesh, so we ate it raw while marching on through the snow. Needless to say, we had no salt; it had run out.

In four or five days the horseflesh was finished.

At that time Comrade Kim Bong Sok and Ji Bong Son were working with me as orderlies at Headquarters. Comrade Kim Bong Sok, senior orderly, fumbled in our knapsacks and got together the parched-rice powder kept for emergency rations. There was roughly a bowlful left, in all.

To us orderlies it was tormenting above all else that we could not serve the Comrade Commander with meals; needless to say, we ourselves were going hungry.

It was one morning on the march. When we stopped for a short rest, we offered the parched-rice powder from our knapsacks to the Comrade Commander.

He glanced round at us without a word, and then called Comrade Ji Bong Son, the youngest orderly, to him and gave him the parched-rice powder. With the powder in his hand, Comrade Bong Son was quite perplexed and stood there, not knowing what to do. Tears filled his eyes. Patting the young orderly on the head, the Comrade Commander urged him to take it without worrying about him, and left the place.

Comrade Bong Son did not eat the rice powder but gave it to me. So at last the bowlful of rice powder was back in my knapsack.

The march continued. We were forcing our way forward, thousands of enemy troops close on our heels, when

there came a report that hundreds of the enemy were in front of us. The situation was really critical. The Comrade Commander stopped and, after surveying the lay of the land through his field glasses, gave orders that a detachment of several men should march onward and the main unit veer off, erasing their footprints. Then, after some distance, the detachment too bore away from the course just as the main unit had done and re-joined them. So we got out of the critical situation again.

After the day-long march we made camp toward evening. That day, too, we were out of provisions again and melted snow over a fire and drank it. After discussion, we orderlies agreed to offer the parched-rice powder to the Comrade Commander once again and press him to take it.

We divided the bowlful of parched-rice powder into halves and produced one of them before the Comrade Commander, keeping the other half for his next meal.

The Comrade Commander looked at us in silence. His countenance, too, suggested hunger, but his eyes were as soft and radiant as usual.

He seemed to guess that we were offering him exclusively the last bit of rice powder.

"How many meals have you skipped?" he asked.

"Comrade Commander!" we answered in unison. "We have had our portions already. Only you haven't had yours yet."

"Well, you mean I should eat it alone? ...And is there no more of it left?" asked he again with a smile on his face.

"No more left," answered we.

"Now, let me see your knapsacks," he said.

He looked into our knapsacks one by one. First he examined Comrade Kim Bong Sok's and Ji Bong Son's but found no rice powder there. Now it was my turn. My

heart thumped. I could not but produce the rest of the rice powder from deep in my knapsack.

"You told a lie!" The Comrade Commander burst out laughing, looking at me.

The Comrade Commander spread a sheet of newspaper and poured the rice powder on it. Then he invited us to sit around it. We hesitated, exchanging embarrassed looks.

If this rice powder was to be eaten by us, nothing would be left for his next meal. We were really at a loss what to do.

Seeing us hesitate, the Comrade Commander took us by the hand and sat us down. There was no help for it but to sit around the bowlful of rice powder.

"Imagine this is one *mal* (one *mal* equals 15.88 g.) of rice powder and you will feel satisfied," said he. "Come along, take it." With this, he made a paper spoon and began to portion out the rice powder to us.

Without caring about his own share, he served it all to us. We took some from our portions and put it back before him. But he returned it to us again.

We could not decline any more, so we received it as he gave it to us. So in the end the Comrade Commander had the least share, and then he added water to his rice powder only after we had all done so.

I was so moved that the rice powder, even mixed in the water would not pass my throat. I was not the only one: it was the same with all of us there.

He had told us to eat the bowlful of rice powder as if eating as much as one *mal*. But we realized that thousands or tens of thousands of *mal* of food could by no means equal the boundless love carried by his words.

Of course, happiness and feeling cannot be measured by any amount of material wealth. No exploiters' luxurious repast made up of all kinds of dainties could ever taste as good as that little bit of rice powder we had at that time.

That bowl of rice powder was precious food for us guerillas in the revolution; it was filled with the most valuable nutrition of the revolution, the food that the Comrade Commander used to turn us into men with the spirit of self-sacrificing service for the fatherland and the quality of deep solicitude for all.

That very night, under the direct command of the Comrade Commander, we with a hundred times greater courage wiped out the enemy entrenched in a settlement in Shihsantaokou, Changpai county, and captured a great quantity of provisions, which we then sent down to all the lower guerilla units.

The enemy hunted us all over the thick forests, the hills and the snow-covered mountain ridges all through the winter, but he completely lost track of the Headquarters and the main unit of our army.

Dog-tired and exhausted, the enemy units broke up and scattered because of the superb tactical moves of Comrade Kim Il Sung, which thoroughly defeated the enemy's "winter punitive operation."

All our army units which had been active in different areas gathered together again and moved over to a spring offensive, delivering crushing blows on the enemy.

We bore in our minds the unforgettable memory of the "bowlful of parched-rice powder," and under the leadership of our ever-victorious Commander, we dealt blow after blow on the enemy in the Musan area of the homeland, inflicting defeat and death on him in the border area in the spring offensive that year.

## XI

# “ We Must Positively Train the Reserves Who Are to Inherit the Revolution ”

By PAK YONG SUN

Comrade Kim Il Sung, the respected and beloved Leader of our Party and the 40 million Korean people, places profound value on the children of our revolutionary martyrs who laid down their lives in the fierce struggle for the freedom and liberation of our people. His far-reaching plan was hammered out by the Leader from the earliest days of the anti-Japanese armed struggle. Our Party has consistently followed the line of rearing the children of revolutionary heroes into fine revolutionaries, so that they can inherit the revolutionary cause left unfinished by their parents, to keep it in continuous growth. The result is that these children of the revolutionaries who gave their lives and many other children are now enjoying life deprived of nothing, and in the warm heart of the Party and the Leader. They can learn to their heart's content to grow into pillars of our country, true communist fighters capable of bearing the future of our country.

Whenever I see them, I am deeply moved by the memories of the far-seeing programme, the wise leadership, the lofty virtues and the profound solicitude of Comrade Kim Il Sung. He himself has personally raised these reserves of the Korean revolution, rearing them in the revolutionary fires of the anti-Japanese armed struggle.

In fact, from the very first days of the revolution, Comrade Kim Il Sung gave heart and soul to the firm train-

ing of these reserves of the Korean revolution. Especially after the creation of the guerilla bases in the areas of Northeast Manchuria under his leadership, this work was more actively organized and developed. Early in the 1930's, there came into the guerilla bases of Northeast Manchuria many orphan children whose parents had been massacred by the Japanese imperialist brigands. As well as these, there were many other children belonging to the people who came to the bases from other districts.

So one of the most important tasks among the many confronting the leadership of the bases was how to train and educate the bereaved and other children. Understanding fully the living conditions in the bases and keenly seeing the importance of raising reserves, Comrade Kim Il Sung first took steps to safeguard, educate and train all the children, giving them preferential treatment. So schools were built for the Children's Corps in all bases, where the reserves of the Korean revolution would be trained.

The largest houses in guerilla bases were used for schools, and deep attention was given to everything—the compilation of textbooks, the selection and sending of teachers from the most experienced comrades in the organizations of the Communist Youth League, and raising the level of their qualifications. Though so busy leading the fierce armed struggle for the defeat of the Japanese imperialist brigands, the Leader frequently visited the schools of the Children's Corps to teach its leading members how important and honorable was the task of training the revolutionary reserves. He instructed them in the raising of children who would shoulder the country's future and grow into devoted revolutionary fighters, for which purpose they should be educated in revolutionary ideas from their very infancy.

“You are the flower buds of our country. You are our future pillars. When you are happy, we are happy; when we see you grow up well, our spirits are high.

Grow quickly and vigorously. Have full confidence in victory. Put aside disappointments and pessimism in whatever adversity so that you may become choice workers of our homeland!..."

He said this when he visited the school of the Children's Corps in the Wangching guerilla base. His words burned like a torch to illumine the road the children were to follow, children of poor workers and peasants who had been robbed of their homeland by Japanese imperialism, and who had groaned under double and triple exploitation and oppression. It was a guiding principle of the revolution which became a lesson to the Korean Communists on the necessity of the education under all circumstances of the generations to come.

Not only did he open the road to learning for all children in the bases, but he also took personal care of the life and art training of the Children's Corps, to say nothing of their food, clothing and shelter. While he himself was fighting in unlined clothes during the rigors of winter, he never missed seeing to it that the members of the Children's Corps should be provided with thick padded clothes, quilts and woollen caps. While he, together with the people of the bases, had tree bark and grass roots for food he saw to it that the children could spend days in large and wide houses and have sufficient food.

The difficulty of running a school under the conditions of those days was beyond all imagination. The guerillas had to fight bloody battles at the risk of their lives even to get a notebook or a pencil. But whatever the circumstances, the paternal Leader gave preferential care and guidance to the children over all else, so that our generation would be trained as resolute revolutionary fighters, able to overcome all trials with indomitable fighting spirit and burning with intense hatred of the enemy, following the Leader with one heart and mind.

Whenever I recall the facts of those days, my mind goes back to the time when the Comrade Commander took to

his heart the members of the Children's Corps in Mt. Maanshan and lavished his warm affection on them.

Comrade Kim Il Sung visited Mt. Maanshan in March 1936. His journey to Mt. Maanshan through Nanhutou and Mihunchen followed the expedition to Northeast Manchuria, when he overcame the serious harm being done by the ultra-Leftist struggle against the "Minsaengdan," caused by the national chauvinists and factionalists, and in the course of which he moved the Korean revolution forward in new strength. In the crisis confronting the revolution he saved it, and then speeded up the formation of the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland. At the same time he set up the Mt. Baekdusan guerilla bases, and scarcely sleeping, he step by step put into effect a far-sighted plan to kindle the raging flames of the revolution everywhere throughout the country.

It was at this stage that he learned that the members of the Children's Corps had gathered at Mt. Maanshan, so he left Mihunchen for Mt. Maanshan in spite of his busy work. We left Mihunchen to go with him.

In a secret camp located in the forests of Mt. Maanshan, a mountain deep in Fusung county, there were some tens of Children's Corps members as well as comrades of the logistics department, which included a weapons repair shop, a sewing unit and a hospital. The children there belonged to the Children's Corps that had come through Mt. Naitoushan after the dissolution of the Chechangtzu guerilla base, and the Children's Corps from the districts of Yenchin and Holung, which were even further away. They had all come here by moving around in the mountains in defiance of the enemy's searches, and finding contacts had reached the base with the help of guerillas whom they met while marching in columns.

Despite all their trouble, the national chauvinists ill-treated them and did not take proper care of them, regarding them as a great "burden" to guerilla activities.

On the grounds that there would be more danger of the secret camp being discovered if the Children's Corps was nearby, they built their own camp at another place in the depths of the forest, and forbade the members of the Children's Corps to come near. This kind of boycott meant that they did not supply the members properly with provisions nor did they give them warm clothes even when they were shivering from the biting cold during that inclement winter. To top it all, these stupid and narrow-minded national chauvinists labelled even the members of the Children's Corps as belonging to "Minsaengdan," and on this pretext maltreated and insulted them, and then branded as "Minsaengdan" those who gave them sympathy and care.

One regimental commander who had taken the Children's Corps from Mt. Naitoushan to Mt. Maanshan, unable to bear to see them in rags, got new clothes made for them; so the national chauvinists branded him as a member of "Minsaengdan," and shot him. So it was difficult for anyone to give proper care to the Children's Corps, however much one wanted to. Having suffered great hardships and been stigmatized as members of "Minsaengdan" the members of the Children's Corps looked anxiously for the Comrade Commander, who was away in Northeast Manchuria, to come back as soon as possible.

Fortunately, at that time he came back to Mt. Maanshan. As soon as he reached Mt. Maanshan, crossing the mountains and valleys in deep snow, Comrade Kim Il Sung called first at the secret camp of the Children's Corps, and as the news spread, all ran out as fast as they could to welcome him. But their shouts of joy suddenly stopped and they stood together, ashamed to come any further. Most were about 14 years old but some were 6 or 7 years old. We were shocked at their appearance. Their faces were bloated from starvation and their clothes were ragged, burnt and worn out. They had clothes of a kind

on, but they really looked nearly naked. Their looks defied description.

Young and naive though they were, they were ashamed to approach the Comrade Commander in their ragged clothes, in spite of their great pleasure at seeing him. The Comrade Commander had been moving toward them with open arms, but he stood stock still without a word as the children stopped. He had always given his deepest attention and most meticulous care to the happiness and future of the children but now he saw these buds of the revolution to whom he was looking for full blooming, down-trodden like this. How bitter his rent heart was!

“Come on, come on quickly....” he called to them, and went on quickly himself to affectionately embrace the youngest, standing in the front line. “What hardships you have suffered! Your faces are all chapped.” Covering the boy’s knees, which were exposed to the cold wind, with his overcoat and looking around at the children’s faces, his own face clouded over. As the other children stood around looking at this scene they could not raise their heads. With the young boy still held in his arm, he stroked the heads of the children one by one.

Caressing them with his hands and his affectionate voice, the Comrade Commander’s deep love and feelings were those of a father who was embracing his son after a long separation.

“Children, lift your heads up. It is not your fault that you are in rags.” His words evoked sobs here and there among the children, and the tears increased. How they had longed for that warm fatherly care! They were at the age when they should be able to fall asleep at night in the warmth of the mother’s arms, but here in the depths of the mountains they had been abused and persecuted by the national chauvinists, where they had hoped to find refuge after many tribulations and hardships.... Nevertheless they had endured all the hardships patiently without

tears from home-sickness and their bitter lives. But now they could not but shed tears welling up from the deep emotion of this moment, as though taken to the hearts of the own fathers!

“Comrades, let us go on inside. The children are cold.” So we went on to the camp, putting our own coats around the children and holding them to our hearts. We found that there were some members of the Children’s Corps unable to get up because of illness. They were astonished to meet the fatherly Leader, and at a loss what to do. He picked them up in his arms when they tried to rise and sit or get up, and then put them on their beds again, feeling their foreheads, looking at their colour and asking in detail how they became ill and what their treatment was. None of the guerillas attached to the secret camp had reported the conditions to him. It was not because of illness but because of the deeds of the national chauvinists that the children lay in bed.

An oppressive silence filled the room. Looking into the faces of the children and the guerillas at the base, the Comrade Commander silently took up an old harmonica lying beside the head of a boy. It was so old it produced little sound, but one of the guerillas said that the children treasured it very much and everyone wanted to play it.

“They would like to play a harmonica....” he said as if to himself, and stood lost in thought and again looked around the room. It is true they were in a room, but it was so shabby and could not keep out the biting cold. But here in this cold room sick children were in their beds, without blankets to cover them. After looking round the room in silence, the Comrade Commander called one of the guerillas who had come with him from Mihunchen and told him to bring his blanket.

He came back soon with a well-rolled blanket. It was the one used by the Comrade Commander. We saw what he was going to do and brought out our own rugs. Pushing our blankets back quietly, he said:

“These children are sick and trembling with cold, so even if I covered myself with a hundred blankets, I couldn't warm my heart.”

He spread his blanket and covered one of the sick children, tucking it in to keep the cold wind out. Looking on, a lump rose in our throats. He asked each of the children of the Children's Corps why they had come to Mt. Maanshan. All were orphans whose parents had been killed by the Japanese imperialists. On their way to this place after the closing of the guerilla bases they had gone through many severe trials which even guerillas themselves would have found difficult to overcome.

One story is still fresh in my mind about one member of the Children's Corps who came there, along with 7 others from Chechangtzu. After leaving Chechangtzu along with the guerilla members they had encountered a surprise attack just before Mt. Naitoushan, resulting in their being separated from the guerillas, and were left alone in the depths of a snowstorm in the mountains. Among them were children less than 10 years old, and the oldest were only 14 or 15. They had neither food nor blankets to protect themselves from the cold. To make matters worse, they had arranged no rendezvous with the guerillas.

In the depths of the mountains, with steep cliffs and deep valleys and raging snowstorms, with snow four feet deep, in the daytime they dug under the snow to gather fruit fallen from trees, and at night huddled together under a dead tree to sleep. When they came upon a solitary house and received a couple of pieces of corn cake, the older ones did not eat them but gave them to the younger ones; to sleep, they put the younger members who could not sleep for fear of wild beasts in the middle and sat up huddled around them. Though tired from walking along mountain paths and suffering from starvation and cold, they did not go down to the highway or houses but stayed deep into the mountains. They clearly had real-

ized from their experience in the base and their education in the school of the Children's Corps that if they went into the mountains they would be able to meet the guerillas, and that only if they linked up with the guerillas would they be able to wreak vengeance on the enemy in the name of their parents. So when younger members who had to be carried on the backs of the older ones or had fallen asleep in their arms were told they could go down to a village, they resolutely refused to do so. And of course the older ones rejected every such idea.

One of the guerillas had found the children wandering about in the dense forests and brought them there, and he told in an emotional voice what had happened when they had arrived at Mt. Naitoushan. The people at Mt. Naitoushan had brought out their precious rice and prepared food for them. But when they looked at the boiled rice after such a long time, the young people quietly put down their spoons and went outside to shed tears, moved at the memories of their parents, brothers and sisters and friends who had been starved to death by the "punitive operations" of the Japanese imperialists.

"Comrades... look at them. What children they are! These are the buds of the revolution who are depending entirely on us and looking forward to the day of the victory of the revolution!

For this reason they were not burnt in the flames nor did they flinch in the face of snowstorms. The revolutionary seeds implanted in them are growing firmly and powerfully into trees that will be the pillars of the new structure.

But what about those who plunged the children into such misery, and yet proudly say they are making revolution? How can they be called Communists?..."

The voice of the Comrade Commander was strong with indignation. Patting the children's heads in silence as if trying to calm his feelings, he gently asked how they had been since arriving at Mt. Maanshan. But not one of the

children complained of cold and hunger. Even the youngest only shook their heads without a word when asked if they were cold or hungry. Looking at these children who would have played the baby if they had been with their parents, we realized how reliable they had become; but at the same time, our hearts ached bitterly, and our indignation was irrepressible.

“Look at this. Though in rags, these children say they do not feel cold; though famished, they say they are not hungry.

Even beyond that, they are worrying lest they be a trouble to us....” Looking around, his face clouded again.

That same day the Comrade Commander made a careful investigation into the living conditions of the Children's Corps, and called together all the guerillas, including those living in Mt. Maanshan. He went into the question of why they were indifferent to the welfare of the children.

“They say that these children joined ‘Minsaengdan.’ But would you please explain why they had to join ‘Minsaengdan’ and what they should have done about ‘Minsaengdan.’” His voice was low but sounded severe and very serious. There were people there under the influence of the national chauvinists, but they could no longer find any excuse to offer the Comrade Commander who clearly distinguished black from white, clear as daylight.

“... Think about it. What are these children? All their parents sacrificed their lives fighting Japanese imperialism, and though so young, they themselves would not go to any place where the enemy ruled. They came here after the guerillas because of the closing of the guerilla base, seeking a way to avenge the deaths of their parents by some means or other, and join the revolution.

How stupid and criminal it is to brand these as involved in ‘Minsaengdan.’ There is no reason for this even if good care had been taken of them! So your mistake is not merely that you did not care properly for a few of the Children's Corps. Because we are Communists, we

value and love children, not merely for simple humanity and that children are cute and lovable. It is because the very aim of our struggle is to make it possible for them in the future to enjoy life in a happy community, free from exploitation and oppression; their future is bright in the Korean revolution, and we prize and love them for this reason.

Our revolution is a protracted and arduous struggle, and these children must carry on the revolution left unfinished by us, and if they cannot complete the revolution during their lifetime the next generation will carry it on and achieve the complete revolution at any cost, generation after generation. For this reason, to be faithful to the Korean revolution to the end, we must positively train the reserves who are to inherit the revolution. We can say that we have fulfilled our responsibility as revolutionaries only when we have trained these children on whom the future depends, while we ourselves carry on the fight for the revolution with full courage.

Even more than that. These children who are the future masters of our revolution are children of our revolutionary comrades who laid down their lives hand in hand with us for the same goal. It is not only the fulfilment of our obligation as revolutionaries, but also our sacred duty to warmly look after and deeply care for them. If we cannot do this we cannot claim to have maintained our revolutionary constancy as Communists....”

The Comrade Commander emphasized that new clothes must be made for the members of the Children's Corps as soon as possible. But at that time we had no means of buying material. Realizing that there was neither cloth nor money in those dense forests, he sat thinking for some time. We could not bring out any material to show him, and felt very sorry and were impatient and at a loss what to do. However we cudgelled our brains, we could think of nothing we could do to get cloth at once for new clothes for some tens of children.

Sitting in silent thought, the Comrade Commander put his hand quietly into his pocket and took out something wrapped carefully. All our eyes were turned upon it. Seeing it wrapped so carefully, it was clear that he had held it as precious for a long time.

"I have nothing but this money. It is only a little, but we must buy as much stuff as possible and dress the children, the children in rags, as first priority." The Comrade Commander handed the money to Comrade San Hu, Regimental Political Commissar and sent him off to Fusung city to buy cloth.

We learned later that the money was 20 *won*. It had a long history. It was the money his Mother, Kang Ban Sok, had given the Comrade Commander when he left his home to organize the armed ranks when he was very young. Mother Kang Ban Sok, though she was ill, had looked after the comrades-in-arms of her son fighting for the country and other people as though they were her real sons, and was always happy to provide something for the comrades-in-arms who visited her home, even if hungry herself. She had saved the money penny by penny doing needle and laundry work, not taking enough food herself, and had given the money to her son. She had taken him by the hand when he was about to leave, saying that a man must have some money in his pocket for an emergency.

In the ensuing years, the Comrade Commander had led the armed ranks to Tunghua and from there to Wangching through Liangchiangkou and the Laoyehling Range, encountering great hardships and difficulties, and through all the storm and stress of the hard-fought battles around the guerilla bases and on the two arduous expeditions to North Manchuria. But through the years he had always kept deep in his bosom the money which represented the warm love and deep thought of his mother, love that cannot be exchanged for any amount of gold. Throughout he lived with the teaching of his mother, drew strength

from it and strengthened his fighting determination by the memory of her warm love.

It was a mere 20 *won*, but it carried the unforgettable memory of a mother who had devoted all her life to the restoration of the homeland and had died in this unfamiliar land, unable to see the liberation of her fatherland. It was not much money. All the children could not be clothed with it. But reading the feelings of the Comrade Commander who gave this meaningful money, bearing his mother's warm love, for the sake of the Children's Corps, the buds of the revolution, we were deeply moved.

—The children who will wear new clothes bought with the money that carried the heart's blood of Mother Kang Ban Sok, will indeed be enclosed in her warm love and enjoy joy and happiness in her loving arms! If only Mother Kang Ban Sok, who always felt sorry for the poor people in rags and was so anxious to help them more, could see this now, how happy she would be! It is certain that before long, not only the children at Mt. Maanshan but all ill-clad and hunger-stricken Korean people will be able to enjoy such love as that of Mother Kang Ban Sok.—

As ordered, Comrade San Hu went to Fusung city, bought stuff and returned with it. But of course these tens of children could not be clothed with only this material. So the Comrade Commander gave Comrade San Hu the task of getting in touch with a revolutionary comrade of his early revolutionary activities in Fusung city. Then, taking a few guerillas with him, he went to Fusung to meet the revolutionary comrade, and set about building up the revolutionary organization again. He was able to solve the question of clothes for all the children with their aid.

The faces of the children with their new clothes expressed their happiness, and their lives were bright and cheerful. They felt they could fly, and the clouds on the

face of the Comrade Commander were at last dispelled when he saw how cheerful the children were.

The Comrade Commander's fatherly love surrounded the members of the Children's Corps who had been abandoned, and before he left Mt. Maanshan he took all the necessary steps to make sure they were protected and trained. He put a leading member in charge of their education, left a group to secure food supplies and took steps to move the camp to a safer place where farming could be done. Before leaving he had our guerillas keep enough for one or two meals in their emergency rice bags and gave the rest to the children.

The members of the Children's Corps came along with the guerillas while they lightened their emergency rations bags, preparing for the march. This was in line with the teaching of the Comrade Commander, to give as much rice as possible to the children in the mountains, even when setting out on a difficult march. As they left, the children came panting along with the Comrade Commander and held his arms and overcoat, earnestly pleading:

"Please take us with you. We want to be always with you." "We cannot live even a day apart from the General. Take us with you, please." Looking at the members of the Children's Corps, earnestly asking for this in unison, he said in a quiet voice, as if persuading them:

"Do you know where we are going?"

"Yes, we do. You are going to defeat the Japanese scoundrels," answered the children with one voice.

"That's right. We are going to defeat the Japanese imperialist scoundrels who massacred your fathers and mothers. But the road is tough. Sometimes we must march hundreds of *ri* in a day and sometimes we have to fight the enemy without eating for several days. It would be much more trying and difficult than for you to study and train in the secret camp. Nevertheless, would you

follow me?" With a smile in his face, he looked into the eyes of the children one by one.

"Yes, we would. It is best for us to be with you," said the older ones and the innocent younger ones stamped the ground, holding on to his coat saying they wanted to go with him. Even when we guerillas were sent to another unit from time to time, apart from the Comrade Commander, we missed him very much. So in parting, how great was the sorrow of these children who had found a bright future and fatherly love in those few days with him, after wandering in the violent snowstorms and darkness. Their warm desire after the warm sunshine was never to leave his fatherly care. This, in fact, was the desire of the whole people waiting impatiently to be taken to the heart of the great Leader, whom they so looked up to.

Looking happily at the members of the Children's Corps insisting on going with him, the Comrade Commander asked again:

"Can you attack the enemy?"

"Yes, we can."

"You cannot use a gun, so how can you hit the enemy?"

"If we cannot shoot the enemy with a gun, we will surely revenge our fathers and mothers at any cost even by biting the enemy."

Their eyes were shining like stars and their bitter voices spoke out crystal-clear.

"That's right... You must avenge your parents without fail...." He stood in deep thought for a while and then said to the guerillas.

"Let us take these children with us. Of course, under the condition where we are fighting it may be difficult in many respects to take them with us. In the rear, these children can be raised comparatively easily.

Why then should we take a more difficult way? Not merely because we can take better care of these children by taking them with us. These children are destined to go

through the storms of the revolution. They are future Korean Communists, destined to go through the flames, with no time to take their shoes off until the day of victory. Let us train them into indomitable revolutionaries and resolute Communists, by means of the revolutionary struggle, the most excellent school for all revolutionaries."

His statement touched all our hearts. Jumping for joy, the members of the Children's Corps made ready to start. Just when they were about to leave, the Comrade Commander called me aside. I was to remain here, and he stressed over and over again that I should take good care of the children who were forced to remain because they were not strong enough. Having arranged everything, he gave the order to start. Our hearts were heavy as we watched him disappearing, leading the march, and personally taking children by the hand.

What great paternal love the Comrade Commander showed! The whole destiny of Korea rested on his shoulders, and he personally fought his way through the tortuous and rugged path of the Korean revolution, with all its ups and downs. Yet he could not sleep for worrying about ill-clad children and found relief in putting his own blanket over the sick ones. How warm was his love! Now fighting his way through the storms in the unprecedentedly arduous anti-Japanese armed struggle, and leading the way, he took the members of the Children's Corps to his heart, and taking their hands made them into resolute revolutionaries sharing his own vision of the future of the Korean revolution.

The world has provided many examples of battles fought, arms in hand, against the enemies of the people, and in the history of mankind so many noble things have been seen in the armed struggles. But where in history can we find such a struggle as the one he fought under difficulties unprecedented, leading these members of the

Children's Corps who were themselves too young to shoulder weapons and breaking through encirclement on encirclement of the enemy and the lines of death? Can we find in history a story such as he wrote, sowing in these children the seeds of revolution, raising them in the fierce flames of the anti-Japanese armed struggle? Our hearts were filled with high pride, and the honor of having this great man as the Leader of the revolution.

We were seeing the gradual disappearance of the overtired look of the children who now walked vigorously in their new clothes, every stitch of which carried the deep love of the Comrade Commander. The thought flashed through our minds that, just as the weak and unhappy children had found joy and happiness in the care of the Comrade Commander, the day would soon dawn when the whole of Korea would be filled with the same happiness and hope, taken to his heart.

A few days after they left, we also left that camp to move to a safer area. We had nearly finished building many log-cabins at a secret camp in Tachinchang, when a courier arrived from the Headquarters. He told us that the Comrade Commander was still very anxious about the rest of the Children's Corps at Mt. Maanshan. He told us that the Comrade Commander had led the children by hand during that difficult march and sometimes even carried them on his back; that, however busy he was, he always found time to care for them every day, as well as their ideological and political education and military training, and that even while enjoying talks and amusement meetings with the members of the Children's Corps, he was always worried about the members still at Mt. Maanshan, saying: "I wonder how they are getting along? I am afraid their illnesses might become more serious...." Then he gave me the presents the Comrade Commander had sent to the members of the Children's Corps who were still sick.

Soon afterwards, I left for Mt. Maanshan. As I realized the depths of the affection of the Comrade Commander who could not sleep at night thinking of the sick children, and when I pictured to myself the children dancing for joy at the presents sent with his love, I felt sorry I couldn't go faster. As soon as I got to Mt. Maanshan, I told the members of the Children's Corps that the Comrade Commander had sent them presents, and we unpacked the parcel.

In it there were notebooks and pencils, shoes and socks and various kinds of medicines; and then we found a new glittering harmonica. The clear picture came to my mind of the look of the Comrade Commander when he looked at the old harmonica which could not be properly played. The children's happiness at wearing shoes for the first time in their lives and writing their names in the new notebooks was very great, but when they found the new harmonica, they cried for joy and started to play a revolutionary song at once, all playing in turn.

This was the nature of the fatherly love of the Comrade Commander. Even while fighting the hordes of the enemy, he never forgot the longing of sick children even for a harmonica, and in some way met their wishes! Why was his love so concentrated on the sick children? How can we encompass all his virtues by the word "love?" Now as I watched the children dancing for joy, I swore again that I would be a soldier wholly faithful to him, upholding his teachings who had devoted himself totally to the Korean revolution and the people.

After that I was not able to meet the members of the Children's Corps for some time as I was on other duties. It was not until the Mt. Baekdu-san guerilla Headquarters base was set up that I met them again. By then they were fully accustomed to the life of the unit, and had become dependable revolutionaries, not inferior to the veteran guerillas in military training and on marches.

In the summer of 1937 the Comrade Commander organized a boys company with them and boys from the areas of Mt. Baekdu-san, and in hard battles trained them into full guerilla members and revolutionaries, firmly armed with revolutionary world outlook. All lived and fought according to the revolutionary ideas and will of the Leader as his faithful orderlies, members of a Guards Company and political workers. The comrades who had been trained in the bosom of the Comrade Commander and been sent to other units always set an example in every respect, and the people praised them, saying: "The fighters trained by Comrade Kim Il Sung are really different from others."

So these members of the Children's Corps and members of the boys' company brought up during the anti-Japanese armed struggle, devoted wholly to the teachings of the Comrade Commander after liberation, fought bravely at all times as pivots of the revolution, helping to found the People's Army and in the Fatherland Liberation War that defeated U.S. imperialism. They are still standing in the van on every front of socialist construction. In fact, there are now millions of new fighters who have followed in their steps and become dependable reserves.

From the very first day of liberation Comrade Kim Il Sung spared no effort in training our children to become fine men of profound knowledge, fine character and vigorous health, to become devoted revolutionaries. During the war, when the whole of Korea was afire, the beautiful voices of children were heard reading in underground schools built under the care of the Leader. All children who had lost their parents and the war orphans were able to have schools, their own warm nurseries. As soon as post-war reconstruction began it was new schools and camping grounds for the new generation that were built first, and because of the fatherly love of the Leader, irrespective of biting cold or sweltering heat, the

children were always given the best. Then the nine-year universal compulsory technical education, the most progressive system in the world, was introduced, and rest houses and camping grounds, beginning with the Students and Children's Palace, were built in every scenic spot in the fresh countryside, and all facilities... Indeed, our rising generation is growing in an atmosphere where they envy no one in the world, enjoying to their heart's content the benefits of the socialist system established under his leadership.

Nor does it end there. The children of our Korean compatriots in Japan who had had to wander about, deprived of the right of learning and all other rights and suffering such ill-treatment, far away from the homeland, are now vigorously moving ahead along the road in their own democratic, national education, in bright schools full of the breath of the homeland, built under the care of the Leader.

When I think of all these facts, I am reminded of the warm love that Comrade Kim Il Sung gave to the members of the Children's Corps at Mt. Maanshan and the fruiting of his great revolutionary ideas. In the state budget, which amounts to hundreds of millions of *won* allocated for the education of children, is to be found this fatherly love of the Leader.

Millions of our rising generation are now growing into indomitable revolutionaries of the future, taken to his heart like the members of the Children's Corps in the past. So the day will surely come when all the ill-clad and hunger-stricken children of South Korea too and the entire 40 million Korean people will enjoy freedom and happiness as the heart of the great Leader so wishes.

## XII

# Defusing a Revolutionary Crisis At the Risk of Life

By KIM GYONG SOK

Speaking at the 4th Congress of the Workers' Party of Korea, Comrade Kim Il Sung said:

“By the stubborn struggle waged against the anti-Party factionalists and their harmful ideological after-effects, our Party has rooted out the factions that had done so much damage to the labour movement of our country for a long period; we have decisively strengthened Party unity and solidarity, and solved the historical task of bringing about complete unity in the communist movement in Korea.”

What I want to stress here is that the experience gained in the bitter struggle against the “Minsaengdan” during the anti-Japanese armed struggle was of great value in the long historic struggle to achieve complete unity in the Korean communist movement, an historic victory.

What were called the Tuesday group, the Marxist-Leninist group and other factionalists had destroyed the Korean Communist Party which was founded in 1925. In the 1930s they viciously undermined the revolutionary ranks.

On the pretence of fighting “Minsaengdan,” they committed criminal acts to realize their factionalist ambitions, massacring real communists. The result was that the Korean revolution was thrown into a serious crisis.

At that time, Comrade Kim Il Sung risked his life to save the revolution.

## A GREAT LOSS TO THE REVOLUTION

It was in 1932. I was then a responsible person of the Party branch at Tatungkou, Santaowan, Yenchi county. One day, I received a message written on Korean paper from the superior. On reading it I realized for the first time what the "Minsaengdan" really was and how it had been exposed.

The "Minsaengdan," an organization planted in our revolutionary structure by the enemy, was exposed in the following way:

One day in September, 1932, a small unit of the Yenchi guerilla force hid in a peasant hut in Maifengsan hamlet, Laotoukou, waiting for sunset for action. Its job was to raise money.

Around three o'clock in the afternoon, three suspicious people had come in sight near a mountain to the south. Watching them carefully through a telescope, the guerillas decided that they must be of the enemy. Comrade Choe Hyon, a crack shot, was told to wipe them out. He slung a rifle over his shoulder and put on his coat.

Disguised as a peasant, he slowly approached them. When he was 50 metres off, they shouted, "Hands up!" Quickly he pulled out his rifle while pretending to raise his hands and two of the three were dropped on the spot.

Frightened, the third, who was an interpreter, started to run away. Comrade Choe Hyon followed him. The man hid under a concrete bridge and fired his gun at random. Planning to take him alive to obtain information, Comrade Choe Hyon lay flat on the ground and aimed his gun at his fist holding the revolver. He hit the mark, and the gun fell to the ground.

Comrade Choe Hyon took his prisoner to Wangyukou.

Under examination it was revealed that the prisoner was an interpreter for the Japanese gendarmerie and the men killed were Japanese gendarmes. He also revealed that the enemy was planning a "punitive operation" against

Maifengsan hamlet, and organised a puppet group, "Minsaengdan," within the guerilla army and the Party. It was disclosed that the Old Song was an enemy stooge who masterminded the "Minsaengdan."

The Old Song was known to the Party organization and revolutionary comrades-in-arms in Yenchi areas for "prison-breaking." He was detained by the Japanese gendarmerie in Yenchi till 1931. Properly speaking, he was a party to the factionalist practices.

After the statement by the interpreter was confirmed that the Old Song was a spy planted by the enemy, the guerilla army Party organization arrested him and began his interrogation. The interrogation fully revealed the criminal actions committed by him.

According to his confession, the "jail-breaking incident" was in itself, a complete frame-up.

The Japanese imperialists planned to use the Old Song, the turncoat, in the prison of the gendarmerie in order to undermine the guerilla movement from within in East Manchuria. A plot was worked out to plant him within our revolutionary ranks. This was behind the "prison-breaking incident" of the Old Song. The prison wall was broken in advance so that he could get through, and then an armed force and the police were called into action to "capture him," raising a phony racket.

By such crafty means the Old Song deceived the revolutionary comrades-in-arms and successfully sneaked into our ranks. This enemy spy, working at the printing office of *Nongmintujaeng* (Struggle of Peasants), carried out the tasks assigned by the enemy. He formed a puppet group, "Minsaengdan" within the ranks with unsteady elements among county and village cadres operating in Wangyukou, people who had taken part in factional conspiracies.

But the inexperienced Party organizations treated the Old Song without due vigilance, with the result that a man

named Baek Chang Hyon and the Japanese scoundrels ran away, realizing that their secrets had been leaked.

In this way the incident of the Old Song was followed by the exposure of the puppet organization "Minsaengdan," and the East Manchurian Party Ad Hoc Committee issued instructions to all organizations of the Party to heighten vigilance and combat the "Minsaengdan."

On receiving this instruction, the Party organizations launched an extensive struggle against the "Minsaengdan." As the days went by, the methods used by the "Minsaengdan" within our ranks were brought to light.

The enemy spies, members of "Minsaengdan," threatened and blackmailed people into joining the puppet organization, taking advantage of their weaknesses. They slandered steadfast comrades, spread a pessimistic mood among the popular masses and engaged in a variety of malicious propaganda and subversive and sabotaging activities.

"Minsaengdan" actually failed to put down deep roots, and had no time to do so, since a powerful anti-"Minsaengdan" struggle was carried out from the time it was formed within our ranks.

Nevertheless, considerable confusion was caused when young comrades, non-plussed, over-estimated the enemy and carried on the struggle in a rash manner, with only a few veteran political cadres. On top of this, the factional elements evolved a criminal scheme to utilize the anti-"Minsaengdan" struggle for their own factionalist purpose, worsening the situation.

Producing false evidence, the factionalists charged innocent and steadfast Party members opposed to them with being members of "Minsaengdan" and summarily executed them. This only profited the Japanese imperialists, who never lost an opportunity to instigate and bribe these factionalists through their lackeys who had infiltrated into the revolutionary ranks.

On this subject Comrade Kim Il Sung said:

“The Japanese scoundrels have used every kind of guile to make us all suspect each other of being member of ‘Minsaengdan.’ For instance, suppose a ‘Minsaengdan’ member knows through spying about a plan of the county chairman (county Party committee chairman, in the modern sense) to go on a secret inspection in a certain locality; this ‘Minsaengdan’ man then prepares a false letter addressed to a village cadre or instructor who once guided that place, in order to do him harm. The letter is dropped on the road the county chairman plans to take. Picking it up, the county Party committee chairman or county chairman immediately suspects that “this man is involved in ‘Minsaengdan’ and is in touch with the Japanese,” and reports this to his superior to expel him, just as ‘Minsaengdan’ expects.

With an eye to causing confusion in our camp, the enemies spoil this or that man. They aim to spoil as many people as possible so that everybody will suspect everybody.”

As a result of their excessive efforts to achieve their factionalist aims, the factionalists had become the tool of such “tactics” of the enemy in every respect. In the worse case, they degraded themselves by becoming enemy agents and did great harm to many Communists. Great damage was done to the Korean revolution by their subversive activities.

Among these people were: Kim Song Do alias “one-eyed Wang,” a Marxist-Leninist group man, occupying a high post in the East Manchurian Party Ad Hoc Committee; Song Il, a member of the Tuesday group, once a responsible person of the Wangching county Party committee and called “Dabusanja,” having always worn the Chinese clothes known as “Dabusanja;” and Kim Myong Gyun of the same group and assistant responsible person of the military department of the same Party committee.

They blackmailed Communists into becoming support-

ers, or else they were shot on the groundless charge of being a member of "Minsaengdan."

One case was the action taken against Ryo Mun Sik. He was a steadfast man who diligently operated in an enemy-ruled area as a special village Party correspondent. One day Song Il came to see him and said, "I am a member of 'Minsaengdan,' which is generous. Why not join us?"

Rejecting his offer, Ryo Mun Sik replied, "You are seriously engaged in counter-revolutionary activities! But I will never do this. If I were a counter-revolutionary, why would I be having such hardships here?"

But Song Il threatened him, saying: "Do you think that I have come to hear words like that? Carry out the task I give you without complaining, and report the results to a man who will come to review it. If you fail to do so, I will bring you before an open meeting where you will be 'found' to be a member of 'Minsaengdan' and sentenced to death by shooting. Which is sharper before the masses, my speech as county Party committee secretary or your speech?"

Ryo Mun Sik was so shocked that he was speechless. Judging from Song Il, there was no doubt that "Minsaengdan" men had taken posts in the superior organs. This being the case at the upper level, there was no place to appeal to. However, Ryo Mun Sik refused to engage in the subversive activities as ordered by Song Il.

Some people yielded to such intimidations by the factionalists but those real Communists who refused to concede to their demands were unjustly charged with being members of "Minsaengdan" and shot.

The murder of Comrade Kim Il Hwan, secretary of the then Holung county Party committee is well-known. I see the need to reveal further how viciously the factionalists murdered him.

Comrade Kim Il Hwan was a Communist, faithful to the revolution, who could not condone the frivolous work

style of the factionalists occupying high office. He severely and fearlessly criticized them.

Then, out of strong hatred for him, they planned to murder him, charging him with involvement in "Minsaengdan."

Failing to find even the slightest fault with such a man of integrity and honor, they set him free after being arrested, but even after having to release him, the factionalists did not abandon their wicked plan to destroy him.

Comrade Kim Il Hwan well knew that he was liable to be arrested again, which meant death. One day he sent for his mother and Comrade Li Gye Sun, his wife and said:

"Li Hak Sun will arrest me. When arrested, I shall be murdered. I cannot become a member of 'Minsaengdan,' a puppet organization of Japanese imperialism, nor have I thought of doing so. This you and other members of my family know well. But I think it is better rather to be hunted and killed by 'Minsaengdan,' because my surrender to the enemy and apostasy for the sake of my life would mean a serious loss to the revolution. If I am allowed to live, the enemy will make a traitor of me, whose aim is destruction of the revolution, and they will use me for their aims. Should this happen, my criminal treachery against the revolution would be indelible for all time. My final request is only for you, my whole family to fight on with unflagging will until the day of liberation of our country. That is all."

Realizing that no torture could force Comrade Kim Il Hwan to make a false "confession," the factionalists held a kangaroo court immediately after his arrest. Declaring, "This man, being a ringleader of 'Minsaengdan,' refuses to confess," they declared him to be a "Minsaengdan" suspect according to their prepared plan. Without any sign of fear, Comrade Kim Il Hwan stoutly stood up and spoke, refuting the false indictment and exposing the crimes committed by the factionalists.

Finding themselves in an awkward position, they ruled that Comrade Kim Il Hwan should be promptly "executed by shooting."

However, everything did not go as the factionalists planned. His work had won Comrade Kim Il Hwan high prestige among the local people and soldiers of the national salvation army. Afraid of the positions and power seized by the factionalists, the masses present could not openly oppose them and walked out of the meeting one after another, thus making a silent plea. Soldiers of the national salvation army openly protested.

"Comrade Kim Il Hwan has been to our unit. His work shows that he is an excellent comrade. He can never be a member of 'Minsaengdan.'"

With this, the soldiers became clamorous and grasped their weapons and loudly shouted, "Retract the death sentence at once!"

Stunned by this pressure from the masses, the factionalists had to state, "The death sentence is withdrawn." But, that night, they shamelessly perpetrated the enormous crime of assassinating him, creating the impression that he was being transferred somewhere.

Another instance was the murder of Comrade Yun Chang Bom who had struggled in the Yenchi prison together with Comrade Choe Hyon, and had played a big role from the early days of the formation of the Yenchi guerilla force.

This steadfast comrade was arrested by the factionalists on the absurd charge of being a member of "Minsaengdan." The sudden arrest shook him greatly. Anticipating that he would be shot without being allowed to prove his innocence, he planned to flee and evade this crisis. In the first place he was a strong man who had escaped from the Yenchi prison by destroying the iron grating with his bare hands. To him, cutting the rope binding his hands was an easy job. After releasing his bonds using all his strength he robbed the guard of his gun.

Aware of his strength and crack marksmanship, the guard did nothing but tremble with fear.

"I assure you that I will never harm an innocent person. But if you are given this gun, you will shoot me. I will take it out to a certain place where it will be left behind. And later you may get it back."

So saying, Comrade Yun Chang Bom disappeared. He sought shelter with a mountaineer band nearby. The gun was later found hanging in a tree in the direction of his disappearance.

Although he had taken refuge with the mountaineer band by escaping temporarily from the danger, he reconsidered his action and regretted it.

"I would prefer to die within the communist ranks if I must die. Should I be allowed to follow the mountaineer band? If I am to die, I shall return to the ranks and make everything clear and then die!"

With this thought, he went back and rejoined his unit. He had no sooner turned up than he was arrested again by the evil factionalists. Comrade Yun Chang Bom had not fled since he had returned voluntarily. Comrade Choe Hyon was extremely glad at the news of his return. He was convinced of his innocence.

In those days Comrade Choe Hyon was living some distance from the place where Comrade Yun Chang Bom was. He drove a horse to the place where Comrade Yun Chang Bom was in custody, planning to stand security for him and have him released.

But Comrade Yun Chang Bom was killed by the factional elements before Comrade Choe Hyon arrived. When he heard this, he got off the horse and could not but weep bitterly, beating the ground.

Countless Communists fell victims to these vicious machinations of the factionalists, with the result that the revolution suffered grave losses.

With the anti-"Minsaengdan" struggle being undertaken in such a Leftist manner, mutual distrust arose among

comrades, and people were shaking with apprehensions and unable to speak out their opinion. Even those who knew that the charges were groundless dared not volunteer to speak for the man charged, to prove that the defendant was not a member of "Minsaengdan." The reason for their reticence was that the factionalists would then immediately charge them, shouting, "Who defends 'Minsaengdan?'"

Seeing Party members who were trusted by the masses charged with being members of "Minsaengdan," they didn't know whom to trust, and were gradually alienated from the guerilla forces.

This was the difficult crisis in which the Korean revolution was.

The serious and pressing problem standing in the way of the Korean revolution was to save the revolution in this crisis by putting the anti-"Minsaengdan" struggle on the right track, and strictly distinguishing comrades from the real members of "Minsaengdan." Who was courageous enough to defy the danger and face up to the situation thoroughly? Who was so daring as to shoulder the destiny of the Korean revolution in this crisis?

None other than Comrade Kim Il Sung could grapple with this difficult problem.

From the early stages of the anti-"Minsaengdan" struggle, Comrade Kim Il Sung stressed the need to carry on the fight correctly. But his just proposals had been turned down by the narrow-minded nationalists who comprised a majority in the then East Manchurian Party Ad Hoc Committee. They unconditionally accepted the arguments made by the factionalists and voiced unreasonable criticism, claiming, "Koreans are unreliable." Politically ignorant, they issued irresponsible instructions that anyone whom the factionalists had arrested as an alleged "Minsaengdan" member should unconditionally be shot, without carrying out the necessary investigation.

A number of steadfast Party members were being

brought before the East Manchurian Party Ad Hoc Committee from Yenching on unfounded charges of being involved with "Minsaengdan."

On the way the party encountered a large "punitive force" of the enemy. The escorts fled, leaving behind the "Minsaengdan" suspects. So the suspects divided into groups to avoid the enemy "punitive force." After the enemy troops were out of sight, all of these suspects quickly looked for the guards and assembled again.

How could these people, who had not abandoned the communist ranks but had returned be called "Minsaengdan" men? The mere thought of their deeds would warm our hearts. But the ignorant and bigoted nationalists had all of them shot, ignoring this fact.

Things had come to this pass! Are any more words necessary?

The malicious maneuverings of the factionalists who killed people at random for their own factionalist ends, meant "dancing with" the counter-revolutionary elements sent by the enemy. And the stupid measures taken by the unreasonable nationalists merely poured on oil and fanned the flames. These two branches joined into a violent stream, leaving the Korean revolution in an even more delicate situation.

More acutely than anyone else, Comrade Kim Il Sung grieved at the crushing misfortune the Korean revolution was suffering.

With heroic resolve he took the lead in a gallant and daring struggle to deliver the Korean revolution from the crisis, at the risk of his own life.

It was the lunar New Year of 1934. All members of the Wangching Ist Company stationed in Tahuangwai were Korean. When the New Year came, the chief of staff of the battalion came to see the soldiers and said, "All of you are members of 'Minsaengdan,' so I cannot spend the New Year with you." The men could not restrain their resentment. They brought the chief of staff,

who had been spending the holidays at the village Party committee office, back to the barracks. With tears in their eyes they talked to him about their family backgrounds and their struggle after admission to the guerilla force. They asked him, "How can you call us 'Minsaengdan' men?"

It was said that even the chief of staff who had attempted to brand them as "Minsaengdan" was moved to tears, their talks were so touching and fervent.

On hearing later of this, Comrade Kim Il Sung, was very angry and promptly dismissed the chief of staff from his post, and personally visited the company and stayed with them until the fifteenth of the month, boosting their morale.

While at the barracks, he explained to the soldiers what "Minsaengdan" was. He said, "Practice will prove who is 'Minsaengdan' and who is not." Guerillas were expected always to set an example in study and battle.

He personally prepared a list of Korean characters (alphabet) for the illiterate guerillas and a multiplication table for other soldiers. He also brought notebooks for them.

While he was with them he planned battles in which the guerillas were to assault a self-defence corps unit and a lumbermill. In learning how to win battles, the guerillas had their morale lifted, and he steeled them in this way.

"No one who fights with the Japanese well and wins every battle can be called a 'Minsaengdan' man by anyone. In practice you can prove that you are innocent."

He built up this 1st Company into a company of powerful combat capability, all the members of which the factional elements had alleged to be "Minsaengdan" men. Later, a new force, the 5th Company, was also formed and separated from the 1st Company.

On the one hand, Comrade Kim Il Sung expressed strong criticism of the wrong deviations and criminal deeds committed in the anti-"Minsaengdan" struggle launched

by some silly and narrow-minded nationalists and the factionalists, men who held high posts in the then East Manchurian Party Ad Hoc Committee. On the other hand, he demonstrated the indomitable courage and resolution of the Korean Communists in the practical struggle.

### HAZARDING HIS OWN LIFE

Early in 1935 Comrade Kim Il Sung returned from the first expedition to North Manchuria, weakened by a chill. Uppermost in his mind was how to rectify the Leftist mistakes committed in the anti-"Minsaengdan" struggle, so as to save the crisis-ridden Korean revolution.

Those days, I was working in the secretariat of the East Manchurian Party Ad Hoc Committee

One day an inspector of the Manchurian Provincial Committee of the Communist Youth League came to falsely charge that 80 to 90 per cent of the Wangching guerilla troops were "Minsaengdan" men. Comrade Kim Il Sung pointed out that this statement was without foundation.

Still vivid in my memory are the words used by Comrade Kim Il Sung:

"Scientifically, if an alien element in any object exceeds 80 per cent, whatever it may be, in the conflict between the old and the new, such an object can no longer be said to exist in its original state.

"If 80 to 90 per cent of the guerillas were 'Minsaengdan' members as you argue, they would no longer be guerillas but forces which have long since turned into enemies."

The inspector's claim was demonstrably untenable before the systematic logic of Comrade Kim Il Sung. He was at a loss what to say.

Nevertheless, he did not withdraw his false charge in good time, because he believed what he had heard from some stupid, parochial-minded nationalists and the fac-

tionalists who held high posts in the East Manchurian Party Ad Hoc Committee.

Because of the unwarranted attitude taken by the man empowered by the one-degree superior Party organ, things got worse and even more confused.

Opinions were very sharply divided at the Tahuangwai meeting, Wangching county, held early in 1935, centering around the questions of the anti-"Minsaengdan" struggle.

Present at the conference were important cadres of Party and Communist Youth League organizations in East Manchuria; they discussed a series of questions related to the anti-"Minsaengdan" struggle.

Weak as he was, not yet recovered from a bad cold, Comrade Kim Il Sung determined to attend the meeting, noting the importance of the topics to be discussed.

The inspector of the Manchurian Provincial Committee of the Communist Youth League had swallowed whole the words of the factionalists as well as the bigoted nationalists who held a majority in the East Manchurian Party Ad Hoc Committee. Accepting their reasoning without reconsideration, he drew an extremely unjust conclusion.

The simple and childish conclusion was that the root of the development of 'Minsaengdan' lay in the factional strife between the Korean nationalists and communists. They made an irresponsible and serious judgment: that all the people who had taken part in the Korean nationalist movement or in the revolutionary movement before 1930 were "Minsaengdan" members or had relations with it; and that 80 to 90 per cent of the Korean Communists in the counties of East Manchuria had joined "Minsaengdan" or had been involved in it.

They also introduced an ill-advised motion calling for a change in the composition of cadres in connection with the questions of "Minsaengdan."

Their demand was for replacement of Korean Communists, who comprised a majority of the cadres, with those Chinese cadres who were clear of "Minsaengdan." This,

they believed, would make it easier to mobilize the Chinese people in the national liberation struggle.

The ranks of Korean Communists had already sustained a heavy loss on account of the anti-"Minsaengdan" struggle carried out for several years in an ultra-Leftist manner by the factionalists and opportunists. An unusually tense atmosphere was created at the conference when many cadres of the Ad Hoc Committee and delegates of the provincial committee made such speeches, under this difficult situation.

Other cadres attending the meeting were silenced. It was quite clear that any opposition to such arguments would lead to execution on charges of being "Minsaengdan" men.

How could the reasoning of individuals be tenable, face-to-face with the absolute majority of the Ad Hoc Committee and those wielding the authority of the provincial committee?

No one at the meeting felt they could no speak, though feeling very indignant.

A grim atmosphere prevailed in which no one could express an objection unless he was wholly unafraid of death and many other things. It needed someone who would not tolerate any distortion of truth and who was heroic and gallant enough to risk his own life to save the Korean revolution.

At this hour in this grave situation no one but Comrade Kim Il Sung was equal to the difficult and responsible task affecting the destiny of the whole Korean revolution. He took up the cause.

Comrade Kim Il Sung attacked the issue and gave a Marxist-Leninist judgment on the mistaken assertions put up by the narrow-minded nationalists and the factionalists with regard to the struggle against "Minsaengdan." He offered a correct remedy.

First, he challenged the incorrect estimate of the origin of the development of "Minsaengdan."

He made it clear that behind the creation of "Minsaengdan" lay not "factional strife" between the nationalists and the Communists of Korea, but the engineering of the Japanese imperialists and their minions, who were trying hard to sap the strength of the revolutionary organizations from within and suppress the revolutionary movement.

"...Can we condemn all as factionalists merely because they once took part in nationalist movements? Among them are Hong Bom Do and many other fine people who fought conscientiously for national independence. Further, even if in the past a nationalist did not understand Marxism, it is proper for him now to understand Marxism correctly, re-educate himself and devote himself to the communist movement. We cannot condemn people merely because they were once nationalists. Not all who once participated in the nationalist movement can be 'Minsaengdan' members or be condemned as agents of Japanese imperialism.

The same may be said of factionalists. We hate the factionalists who have done such immeasurable damage to the Korean communist movement and naturally we should fight them. But even in the 1920s most of the factionalists were found only in the leadership of the Korean communist movement. Therefore we cannot assert that all Korean Communists who were active in the 1920s are factionalists, merely because they once belonged to some faction or another.

If we brand as 'Minsaengdan' members all those who once belonged to some faction or other, our revolutionary ranks would suffer a tremendous loss.

All our comrades must trust each other and judge each other's work through practical activities. It is not worthy of a Communist to suppose that a man who committed an error in the past is still untrustworthy, or to condemn him as a 'Minsaengdan' member without proof and to view him through colored glasses...."

All present were amazed at this systematic logic of Comrade Kim Il Sung, his deep study of Marxism-Leninism and his well-prepared, systematic speech, based on a clear analysis of our history and the realities.

Comrade Kim Il Sung went on to scathingly disprove the irresponsible statement that 80 to 90 per cent of the Korean Communists active in East Manchuria had taken part in "Minsaengdan" or were involved in it.

"...If 80 to 90 per cent of the Korean Communists engaged in activities in East Manchuria were 'Minsaengdan' members, how could they have endured the rigors of winter for 3 or 4 years without adequate clothes and sufficient food and without shelter at our guerilla bases? A mere child could answer this question!

Further, if 80 to 90 per cent of them were "Minsaengdan" members, how is it possible for us even to hold this meeting? If not 80 to 90 per cent of the guerilla units who defended the areas around Tahuangwai, but even one-tenth of them, only 8 to 9 per cent were 'Minsaengdan' members, it would not be possible for us to be holding this meeting or to rest here without worry. We recall that many of our comrades, falsely charged with being 'Minsaengdan' members, were sacrificed, displaying a noble spirit, never capitulating before the enemy even when sure they would be killed. You must have seen many times your fellow fighters branded as 'Minsaengdan' members, dying with shouts of 'Long live the Communist Party!' 'Long live Korean independence!' 'Long live the victory of revolution of the Korean and Chinese peoples!' Can you really call these men 'Minsaengdan' members?..."

No one could answer his sharp questions.

The stubborn nationalists and factionalists of the East Manchurian Party Ad Hoc Committee, the culprits who had killed many genuine Korean Communists by their own hands, were terrified by this statement, breaking into a cold sweat

Comrade Kim Il Sung, speaking with such logic, strongly demanded that they clearly realize that up till then, the extreme Leftist errors made in the anti-“Minsaengdan” struggle had had the result of helping the Japanese imperialists, and that they must quickly correct this serious blunder in the struggle.

Their mistaken argument on the question of cadres was also totally controverted by Comrade Kim Il Sung.

“...A cadre must be firm in his class stand, be armed with Marxism-Leninism, be boundlessly loyal to the revolution, must have indomitable revolutionary fighting spirit and fortitude, and must be capable of organizing, mobilizing and educating the masses.

The demand for a Korean cadre to be replaced by a Chinese cadre because the former is not in a position to lead the Chinese people, is an anti-Marxist stand, and is a nationalist view departing from the class stand.

We are proletarian internationalists and cannot be nationalist in dealing with the method of producing cadres questions.

The armed struggle itself eloquently shows that a reshuffle in the composition of cadres would not mean the mechanical discharge of Korean cadres, men who have been steeled by many years of revolutionary struggle, are keenly class-conscious and competent, nor would it mean the unprincipled appointment of Chinese cadres merely because they are Chinese, without taking into account their preparedness....”

With this firm Marxist-Leninist view, Comrade Kim Il Sung refuted the opinions voiced by the unreasonable nationalists.

Having a majority at the meeting, the bigoted nationalists and the factionalists found themselves unable to answer his logical and well-developed argument, and attempted to repress it by virtue of being a majority and their authority.

It was clear to everybody that they were wrong. But

nobody dared to support him openly in their presence.

It is no easy job for one person single-handedly to oppose an overwhelming majority and persist in the argument, whatever the form of meeting. It is all the more difficult-to do so face-to-face with those who speak on the strength of the authority of their superior rank.

But Comrade Kim Il Sung took the floor again and again at the meeting which continued for 10 days, and developed a powerful ideological battle, driving his opponents to their wit's ends.

In the end, Comrade Kim Il Sung's arguments were not accepted by the meeting because of those who held the majority, but his clear-cut logic and vindication pierced the hearts of his opponents.

His logic was so convincing and piercing as to make "Song Swi Gun" walk out of the meeting, terror-stricken. He was one of the factionalists and a "Minsaengdan" follower, who had assumed a high post at the East Manchurian Party Ad Hoc Committee.

The contentions of Comrade Kim Il Sung struck a chill into the hearts of Song Il and his ilk. Song Il was a secretary of the then Wangching county Party committee.

They did all in their power to harm Comrade Kim Il Sung, but they did not dare to touch him. Through his revolutionary struggle dating back even to the Yuwen Middle School he had won unchallengeable prestige and had had no hand in any factional strife. They could not find even a trifling flaw in him.

Even some prejudiced nationalists of the East Manchurian Party Ad Hoc Committee had no idea of rashly pouncing on Comrade Kim Il Sung as they all knew so well his revolutionary work from the time he attended then Yuwen Middle School.

As Comrade Kim Il Sung further deepened his principled struggle, the factionalists were driven into a tighter fix. They became more desperate.

Their dread increased when the comrade inspector representing the Manchurian Provincial Committee stood up in support of Comrade Kim Il Sung's argument after the Tahuangwai conference.

A meeting and talks with Comrade Kim Il Sung had convinced the inspector of his extraordinary theoretical level and clear-cut analysis of the matter. At first the inspector hesitated to accept his proposal to remedy the ultra-Leftist errors occurring in the anti-"Minsaengdan" struggle, but later he agreed to support it.

In order to get first-hand knowledge, the inspector demanded that Song Il, the responsible person of the Wangching county Party committee and chairman of the purge committee should allow him to meet personally the "Minsaengdan" suspects.

Song Il was the culprit who had slaughtered steadfast communists at will in co-operation with the "Minsaengdan," as we have told above. He feared that if the inspector went to see "Minsaengdan" suspects in prison, he would be seen in his true colours.

Frightened at this prospect, Song Il planned to assassinate the inspector. After setting some followers of his in ambush, he led the inspector out.

The inspector realized that the prison which he was told was near would not come in sight for some time, and the two were walking along a solitary road to a forest. He became suspicious but pretended to be unaware. He walked on, watching every movement of Song Il.

The moment Song Il uttered a sudden cry, the ambush in the roadside bushes sprang up and fired at the inspector.

Quickly dodging, he fired his revolver at Song Il. Shot in his leg, he fell, and the ambush took flight.

This was not the first action of desperation taken by the factionalists. One year earlier Comrade Ban (Korean), sent by the Comintern, was assassinated in

cold blood at the hands of the scoundrels, while on a tour of inspection.

He was well versed in national questions. Touring Wangching, Yenching and Hunchun on inspection, he observed the struggle being waged in a Leftist manner. He rounded up the criminals relentlessly and executed them, rectifying the errors.

On coming to Hunchun, he started to investigate the situation, getting a clue that the factionalists and opportunists entrenched in the local county Party committee harmed steadfast Communists under the signboard of the anti-"Minsaengdan" struggle.

The terror-stricken factionalists and the opportunists trailed Comrade Ban on an inspection of villages and assassinated him.

The factionalists' acts of desperation were even more vicious. They stooped to any crime in the interests of their own factions.

But the enemy revealed their true nature even more quickly and inescapably by running amuck in these ways.

The abortive attempt on the life of the inspector led to the arrest of Song Il and the total exposure of the repugnant crimes which the factionalists had perpetrated through the Wangching county Party committee under the cover of an anti-"Minsaengdan" struggle.

All the facts provided unquestionable proof of the correctness of the argument of Comrade Kim Il Sung.

No matter how desperate the enemy became in their maneuverings, Comrade Kim Il Sung continued his powerful struggle without the slightest vacillation, designed to overcome the Leftist mistakes in the anti-"Minsaengdan" struggle.

He brought this question into the May, 1935 Yaoyingkou meeting and battled it through again.

At the meeting, some parochial nationalists and factionalists boasted of the results of the "purge" in each county, and insisted on a dangerous combination of tor-

ture and a so-called "surrender" drive which could have led to the counter-revolutionary crime of branding a non-member of "Minsaengdan" as a "Minsaengdan" man.

So Comrade Kim Il Sung had to engage these people in another round of fierce verbal battle. He strongly called for a definite remedy of the Leftist errors in the struggle against "Minsaengdan."

He warned that the enemy was wire-pulling their agents to create the impression that many members of "Minsaengdan" had infiltrated our ranks, the aim being to cause discord within our ranks. He showed that the enemy was trying by every means to make comrades in our ranks suspect each other of being a "Minsaengdan" members.

As a result of the hard ideological struggle, nobody could openly voice opposition to his proposals and arguments; but the narrow nationalists and the factionalists who still had a majority in the meeting prevented his argument from being accepted.

Finally, the meeting decided that this matter should be brought before the Comintern for a conclusion.

The formidable obstacle blocking the Korean revolution had begun to break down and the prospects were brighter, since Comrade Kim Il Sung had carried on this hard struggle single-handed for years. But this did not mean an end to the schemes of the enemies who had wormed their way into the ranks.

## INVINCIBLE UNITY AND COHESION

After the Tahuangwai and Yaoyingkou conferences the name of Comrade Kim Il Sung became even more widely known to all Korean Communists. They began to call him the saviour and Leader of the Korean revolution.

The speeches made by Comrade Kim Il Sung at the Tahuangwai conference were promptly spread far and wide and reached all the Korean Communists and the

people. They once again recognized that it was Comrade Kim Il Sung who had led the Korean revolution through the crisis, hazarding his own life, and it was he who had personally forestalled all possible dangers threatening them.

In Wangching, Yenching, Hunchun and all the other places where the Korean Communists were active, stories about Comrade Kim Il Sung brought new confidence to the people in the future of the revolution and in their own work.

The news about the Tahuangwai meeting relieved the people of the oppressive worries building up in their minds.

“We are saved!”

“How well he understands how we feel!”

Such remarks were heard everywhere. People threw themselves into each other's arms and shared their emotions. They all were heartened, convinced that all the things would be set to right.

All Korean Communists operating in East Manchurian counties came firmly to believe that the only genuine Leader of the Korean revolution was Comrade Kim Il Sung. They single-heartedly felt that the prospects of the Korean revolution would be bright so long as he was in command, and from that time on, the leadership of the Korean revolution was concentrated in the hands of Comrade Kim Il Sung.

Not only did Comrade Kim Il Sung give such hope and strength to all Korean Communists in the whole of East Manchuria and brighten the future of the Korean revolution, but also made untiring efforts in practical activities to make sure that the authority and prestige of the Korean Communists was as firm as a rock.

He commanded the Wangching Company and the Hunchun Company, posted in Yaoyingkou in another expedition to North Manchuria, following the Yaoyingkou conference.

The purpose of this expedition was to demonstrate how well and how fiercely the Koreans could fight the Japanese imperialists and protect as many people as possible from being unjustifiably victimized—these Koreans, 80 to 90 per cent of whom some biased nationalists had called members of “Minsaengdan”—in addition to the original intention to expand the guerilla struggle to wider areas in line with the resolution of the meeting.

True, while theoretically completely defeated at the Yaoyingkou meeting, the prejudiced nationalists continued to hold a majority in the East Manchurian Party Ad Hoc Committee. They still stuck to the mistaken Leftist line under the signboard of anti-“Minsaengdan” struggle. So there was great fear that the guerillas would be charged with being members of “Minsaengdan,” if left as they were.

Comrade Kim Il Sung’s insight on this was right. Shortly after his departure, the units under the command of Comrade Kim Il Sung, defeated the “Chingan army” at Laoheishan, winning a stunning victory, and boosted the prestige of the Korean Communists higher than ever. Now the nationalists again demanded that a member of “Minsaengdan” be surrendered to them.

This demand came while all the troops were present at an open-air meeting to celebrate the victory in the Laoheishan battle.

A courier sent by the East Manchurian Party Ad Hoc Committee came to see Comrade Kim Il Sung and told him that they had evidence that a young guerilla was a “Minsaengdan” member, and that he should be arrested and committed for trial.

Hearing this, Comrade Kim Il Sung is reported to have said:

“That comrade gallantly knocked down enemy soldiers. Such a comrade can never be a member of ‘Minsaengdan.’ I know the guerillas under my command better. No one in the rear can know them better than I. As I am con-

vinced that he is not a member of 'Minsaengdan' I will not send him!"

With this, Comrade Kim Il Sung sent the courier away. After that, he led all the guerillas in a campaign to North Manchuria and they crushed the enemy forces wherever they went, and the seeds of revolution were sown in the unfamiliar soil of North Manchuria and undisputed revolutionary exploits were performed by the Korean Communists.

We were staying at Yaoyingkou and suffered numerous painful hardships after parting with Comrade Kim Il Sung.

Thoroughly shattered by his reasonable argument, the factionalists dared not lay hands on us again. Instead of this, they tried to force us to capitulate to the enemy, offering a bribe of 15 *jon* (then currency) to each.

What the parochial-minded nationalists and factionalists wanted was to see us all massacred by the enemy after our expulsion. It was mortifying and terrible, indeed! Coming vividly before my eyes were the hard times of struggle I had fought over several years for the sake of the revolution.

Even if we died in the mountains, we could never allow ourselves to yield to the enemy.

"Now that you have expelled us, you need not try to tell us to go to this or that place. We shall never surrender to the enemy even if we die!"

Saying this, I left for a guerilla base, together with some comrades and their families. We felt pretty miserable and sad. But it was reassuring to think that we had Comrade Kim Il Sung. We made up our minds to follow him, though it was a long way to go to join him through the thick forests that lay deep in snow.

We were fifteen people, and we never allowed our hearts to leave the side of Comrade Kim Il Sung for a moment as we headed north through the untrodden

snows, slipping out of the water-tight watch of the enemy.

This was not our monopoly.

In Yenchi, Hunchun and other places where the Korean Communists were operating, all hearts were found turning to Comrade Kim Il Sung.

Because of him the Korean revolution had emerged victorious in all battles. Because of his authority and prestige the Korean Communists had been delivered from the horrifying quicksands of ruin. This was the thinking of all of us.

We could all see the glittering beacons along the path ahead of the Korean revolution, lit by him.

After undergoing great difficulties and privations, we arrived at a dense forest of Fangshenkou, Nanhutou. There we met local people who had been evacuated from Yenchi. One of the evacuees, Comrade Gang Song Baek had this to say:

"This wretched situation of ours will end when Comrade Kim Il Sung returns from the North Manchurian expedition. We are patiently waiting for his early return."

Hiding in the forest, they tilled potato fields with tin-plate spades while waiting for his return. We decided to stay with them.

Precisely at this time at Sojaji, Nanhutou, Comrade Kim Il Sung met the comrades returning from the Comintern which had appointed them as secretaries to the South Manchurian Provincial Committee. There he called a meeting, but we did not know that he was within hailing distance. Later I was told about it. The meeting was preceded by a cadres' meeting which heard a resolution adopted at the 7th Congress of the Comintern on the anti-fascist popular front. It was stressed repeatedly at the conference that the Comintern had recognized that the specific lines advanced by Comrade Kim Il Sung for the development of the Korean revolution were correct, and that it had also affirmed that his clear-cut analysis of the

Leftist errors in the anti-"Minsaengdan" struggle and the demands made by him as a remedy were totally reasonable.

Thus, the policy of Comrade Kim Il Sung was put into practice to eradicate the Leftist mistakes in the struggle against "Minsaengdan."

The fundamental problem in the correction of the Leftist errors in the anti-"Minsaengdan" struggle was solved, with deserving punishment meted out to some narrow nationalists and factionalists. But the after-effects of their evil work were yet to be completely removed. This was no simple job.

Failing to take a firm stand, some middle-ranking cadres were unthinkingly accustomed to suspect others, and take any trifling thing as due to the work of "Minsaengdan," having been affected by the remnants of the work of the factionalists. Cohesion of comrades was weakened and principled criticism was lacking.

Tireless efforts were made by Comrade Kim Il Sung to eliminate these secondary results and restore unity and cohesion in the ranks of the anti-Japanese armed struggle. The process of forming a new 6th division in line with the decision of the Nanhutou conference proved to be the means of eliminating the after-effects of the factionalists and building up further the unity and cohesion of the ranks.

Leaving Nanhutou, Comrade Kim Il Sung went to Fusung county via Mihunchen. Staying there at that time were members of one regiment to be assigned to a new division and the chief of political affairs of the 4th Division.

The political chief said to Comrade Kim Il Sung:

"All the excellent men have already been picked up, and the remaining 100 are all suspected of being 'Minsaengdan' men. They are given only three bullets each and excluded from the battle ranks. So to speak, they are troublesome elements."

Comrade Kim Il Sung did not hesitate to tell him that

the 100 would be transferred to the 6th Division. Taken by surprise, the political chief produced a bundle of documents concerning "Minsaengdan" suspects, adding:

"It would be impossible to assign these men to the fighting ranks until they have been examined thoroughly over a long time."

The worry of the political chief was without foundation. These 100 guerillas had been suspected of being members of "Minsaengdan" for no reason whatever, and removed from combat duties. They had been subjected to all sorts of contempt and maltreatment.

Hearing of the speeches made by Comrade Kim Il Sung at the Tahuangwai meeting, they believed that they would really be rid of this wretched suspicion, but contrary to expectations, up till then they had not been cleared of the charges, with melancholy and complaints building up. Their urgent desire was for a meeting with Comrade Kim Il Sung. Then the news came that he had come to Fusung. They all rushed to the place where he was staying.

Comrade Kim Il Sung warmly received them and gathered them in one place for a conference. The guerillas talked to him with tears in their eyes about their condition, on which they found no other man to appeal to.

Their pent-up feelings burst out at one time as a flood released in a stream. They each talked about their situation: their parents, wives and children had been killed by the enemy and they had devoted themselves to the battles of the revolution for years. They asked how they could be called members of "Minsaengdan." All of them assured him that they had had nothing to do with "Minsaengdan" and would all do their level best in the interests of the revolution.

The conference lasted for three days. After listening to all of them, Comrade Kim Il Sung said:

"It is difficult for anyone to decide if any of you are 'Minsaengdan' members or not, or no one can prove or

disprove it. But what I can declare definitely here and now is that there is no "Minsaengdan" member here, because of all of you say that you are not 'Minsaengdan' members. There may be some who once were 'Minsaengdan' members, but such people may well start a new life as non-"Minsaengdan" members. Those who have never been "Minsaengdan" members are out of the question, as they have been falsely charged. Whether you are "Minsaengdan" members or not, you will start from scratch from today. You are now making a new start. We will never take up the question of your past records. I believe in your determination to fight for the cause of the revolution more than I believe in a bundle of documents called 'statements,' 'reports of findings' or 'material evidence.'"

A hush reigned over the conference. With their eyes shining with emotion, they looked up to him who had so quickly understood their feelings. Comrade Kim Il Sung set the documents afire before their eyes. At first they doubted their eyes, staring at the documents which recorded the "charges" brought against them, being consumed by the flames.

The next moment they burst into tears, uncontrollably, moved by his warm trust.

Not one or two, but many episodes can be related about the struggle to eradicate all the secondary results brought about by the factionalists, the distrust, estrangements and antagonisms among comrades, and the restoration of sound and principled relations between comrades and the guerilla forces and Party organizations.

Comrade Kim Il Sung's principle was to trust comrades and test them through their activities. Acting on this principle he bred and trained Korean Communists.

All the comrades saved by him, including these 100 guerillas falsely charged with being members of "Minsaengdan," gave full scope to their undaunted revolutionary spirit through the long years of the anti-Japanese armed struggle. This is a widely known fact.

As we have shown above, as a result of the devoted struggle carried on by Comrade Kim Il Sung, the schemes of the factionalists against the ranks of the anti-Japanese armed struggle were smashed and the after-effects cured, with the Korean revolution passing safely through this trying ordeal. Unity was restored to its ranks and it took a new road to magnificent development.



Comrade Kim Il Sung overcame the Leftist errors in the anti-“Minsaengdan” drive, caused by the factionalists’ maneuverings in East Manchurian counties in the 1930s, and thus he saved the Korean revolution in the crisis.

But for this successful struggle, there could have been no shining victory and glory in the outcome of the long anti-Japanese armed struggle, nor would it have been possible to crush the maneuverings of the factionalists and local separatists in the complicated circumstances following liberation. The Party could not have been creditably defended against the attack mounted by the anti-Party factionalists during the war and in the postwar period.

It was exactly because of this victory won in the struggle against the factionalists in the 1930s that the great victory became possible in achieving the complete unity in the ranks of Korean Communists as it is today.

I can not recall the hard struggles of the past without realizing the deep significance of the achievements of Comrade Kim Il Sung for the Korean revolution.

## XIII

# Conviction of Certain Victory

By JON MUN SOP

Thinking back on the days of the anti-Japanese armed struggle, I always find engraved on my mind the words of Comrade Kim Il Sung who had taught us that guerillas must constantly study Marxism-Leninism.

The fierce battles against the Japanese imperialists, the thousands of *ri* of forced marches through dense forests and snow-covered mountains, exposure to the cold because of ragged uniforms and provisions exhausted and no grain food for scores of days... On this road of constant hardships, it was only the truth of Marxism-Leninism, and the teachings of Comrade Kim Il Sung that kept our hearts alive with unquenchable confidence in victory and revolutionary optimism.

He was leading the guerilla struggles that covered wide areas, as well as the activities of the revolutionary organizations in Northeast China and along the boundaries of Korea. Out of this difficult and complex schedule he would take time to teach us guerillas with meticulous care how to study and how to live.

Among the guerillas, the comrades of our Guards Company operating under the direct control of Headquarters had the most opportunities to benefit by the teaching and lectures given by Comrade Kim Il Sung.

He always spoke in simple language, instructing us in "The 10-Point Programme of the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland," The "Tasks of the Korean Communists," "A Short History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union," "The Great Cause of Socialism" and

so on. Above all, he stressed the need for complete loyalty to our people. Over and over again he emphasized the need to support and defend the Soviet Union and frankly learn from what had been done there, and the need to deepen friendship with the people of China and to expand and strengthen the united front of the peoples of Korea and China in the anti-Japanese joint struggle. Such tasks, he said, could not be easily achieved in a short time, but would be the result of protracted and arduous struggle.

We constantly studied the ideas of Comrade Kim Il Sung and gave ourselves completely to the struggle to translate the ideas into practice.

The year 1941 marked the beginning of a period of our most difficult struggle.

The Japanese imperialists continued to escalate their aggression against China, menacing the Soviet-Manchurian borders, and they also intensified vicious "punitive actions" against our guerilla forces.

They used every kind of crafty and evil means against us, including frame-ups.

This is a quotation from their literature, distributed to bluff and blackmail us:

"...The Soviet Union has concluded a non-aggression pact with Japan. The Japanese forces are winning successive victories in China.... The guerillas have been isolated and constitute a mere drop in the ocean. How can you fight Imperial Japan?... Surrender at once!" Vacillators and saboteurs were organized to undermine our anti-Japanese guerillas from within, but whatever means and stratagems tried, they failed to stop our advance in the struggle.

The more intense the enemy efforts, the firmer our conviction of victory became. We stood even more firmly united around Comrade Kim Il Sung. No force could destroy the revolutionary comradeship that banded us together, Commander, officers and guerillas. With this victory conviction firm and unity so strong, we fought on

through all difficulties and trials, under the guidance of Comrade Kim Il Sung.

One day, I was given a liaison task by the Comrade Commander. His instruction was for me to go and meet and conduct back some comrades returning from political work in a certain locality.

One of our guerilla methods in those days was to move the command from one site to another and set a place for contact after a small unit had been sent out on local political work. The rule was not to go there to make daily contact but to pre-arrange dates to meet.

I reached the appointed place for contact around noon that day, but there was no one there yet. Thinking that the workers of the small unit were concealed in the bushes, I looked around carefully, but could find no one.

A week passed but still I waited. I found it difficult to decide to return home alone, thinking of Comrade Kim Il Sung's concern for them, and no report coming in. I was in a cold sweat as the days went by, knowing well how he would be feeling, and his love and care for our revolutionary comrades.

Walking about in the steep mountains and thick forests, I repeatedly struck trees with a big stick. This was a signal we used when looking for a comrade. But only the sounds I made echoed through the densely wooded forest, with no reply.

I felt I was to blame. Although I had travelled there as fast as I could, feeling that "my toes were on fire," I felt I was slow of foot and that my comrades must have gone somewhere else. I imagined I could see the faces of the men roaming in the forests, looking for the unit.

There is nothing that makes one feel more grievous and ashamed than to feel that one has failed at an important assigned task.

I continued to search for them throughout the woods; but in vain. At last the day came for me to return.

So, my anxiety grew deeper.

...If I, too, were not back on the set date, Comrade Kim Il Sung would be more concerned and would send another comrade to establish contact... With this thought tearing my heart, I simply had to go back, but even in going I was in no mood for it.

I thought I could hear my comrades calling, roaming about somewhere. So I turned back again. I groped around in the forest for a while, looking everywhere, my ears alert for every sound. Looking for them in this way I suddenly saw charcoal-written characters on a barked side of a big tree. Drawing closer I read them. The message said that Comrade Kim Ik Hyon and another comrade had died of hunger after fighting for the revolution to the end. My heart froze.

Starved!... What is this? What am I to do?

How they must have suffered! How impatiently they must have looked forward to my arrival!

As I thought that all this was because of the Japanese imperialists, I felt my fists grow tense with anger. But it was no time to curse the enemy and repent my mistake and do nothing more.

I was determined to find them by any means and rescue them. I moved through the forest, calling their names. Of course, it was not likely that they were near by, as they would have concealed themselves deep in the woods for fear their dead bodies would be discovered and defiled by the Japanese.

It was no easy job looking for them.

At the sight of a rabbit in the grass, I would think it one of the comrades and run after it. Even at the sound of a bird, I would run for a while. Desperately I searched here and there, but could not find them.

Feeling it was hopeless I started to retrace my steps.

But as I started to go back, I felt as if I could hear the words of Comrade Kim Il Sung, "Are you going home, leaving behind comrades who have died of starvation?" Again I turned back.

What am I to do? How can I find them?

I ran about aimlessly, searching the forest again.

Some words of Comrade Kim Il Sung suddenly came to me.

"In case of emergency, go easy and calm, man. You must look for the main point in a complex situation, and daringly attack that in the stubborn communist spirit at a critical moment without hesitation. For this purpose you must know to think deeply, look out and judge correctly. Always strictly distinguish being ready and being hasty!"

"That's right," I said. First I must think deeply how they would have acted. When they came close to starvation, they would undoubtedly have looked for something to eat. So I went back to the tree on which they had written the message.

They would have gone to the place where provisions had been buried when we were stationed there.... Then they must have looked for a spring for water, mustn't they?...

So I rushed to the spring.

But I found the spring covered with dead leaves because nobody had tried to keep it in order after we left. There was no trace of people coming to the spring.

I stood still and began to think again. Where would they go?

Then, somewhere near I heard a moaning sound. It was hardly perceptible. With bated breath, I strained every nerve and listened. I walked in the direction from which I thought the sound had come, slowly, step by step. I heard it again.

Then I detected in the grass a mark that was scarcely noticeable.

Surely, it was a footprint.

The footprints and the moans led me to a thicket. There was a big dead tree lying between thickets in the

dense wood, and there beside the tree they lay asleep, face-to-face, almost hidden in the long grass.

I almost shouted.

Making sure not to startle them I calmed my excitement, and slowly and quietly made my way through reeds that stood as high as a man.

Their faces were white, white as a sheet. Scattered around were bones of a horse that we had thrown there long before. The bones looked as if they had been broiled for food.

I opened my knapsack quickly. I softened rice gruel with parched rice powder which I carried with me. Opening their lips, which were dry as dead leaves, I poured it little by little into their mouths.

I massaged their limbs and tried artificial respiration. Putting my mouth close to their ears, I said, "Comrades! Cheer up! General Kim has sent me to rescue you. Hurry up! Cheer up!... Comrades!... Comrades!" I even put my ear to their lips to hear their reply.

Time passed. After a while, one of them opened his eyes and his mouth; I said again loudly, "General Kim has sent me to rescue you."

"What?... General Kim... Where is he?"

Finally, both of them opened their eyes and said this almost together. What words could express my relief now! Choked with joy, I shouted the name of Comrade Kim Il Sung again and again.

The light came into their eyes and their breathing became even, as I rubbed their cheeks with mine. "We believed that someone would surely find us. So we wrote on that tree.... We wanted to be beside him even in death...."

It was hard to hold back my tears as I held up a bowl of rice gruel for them. We at last left for the command post with one comrade on my back and helping the other to walk, first one and then the other. One of them, with a worried look said,

"You know... Losing one comrade, how can we meet the General?... The thought of his sorrow makes us dizzy... Comrade Mun Sop!" They told me briefly the following story:

They had run out of provisions on their way home from the local political work. Added to this, the enemy were in pursuit so persistently that it was hard to evade them. Soon after they succeeded in escaping one pursuing force, a new force appeared ahead of them. At that time one of their party began to vacillate.

While the other two were washing their faces, he took up their guns and other small arms and told them to surrender. He said that the guerillas had claimed that "A major event will happen soon because contradictions are developing between the Soviet Union and the imperialist powers and because contradictions are building up between the colonies and the imperialists," and "We must be prepared for a coming great revolutionary event by preserving the anti-Japanese armed forces, training cadres and undertaking extensive local work." But this was not to be believed—or something of the distant future, he said.

The Soviet Union had signed a non-aggression treaty with Japan, it was said, but who knows how many scores of years it will be in force. Those who are stupid will carry on, he said, but he saw no hope.

It was true that in those days our struggle was difficult beyond description. The Japanese imperialists were using the most vicious and treacherous means. In such a situation, it could be understood that those whose convictions were not firm on the prospects of the revolution could be duped by the enemy and be afraid of the Japanese imperialists.

But, listening to the words of the one ready to betray them, the two did not allow their strong faith to be weakened. They began to reason with him patiently.

"As you have said, the Japanese scoundrels are run-

ning amuck on the strength of their temporary superiority, while our forces are small and in a difficult position at this present stage. But, you know that we have a correct purpose in our struggle and see the possibility of victory for the revolution. We are under the right leadership of General Kim Il Sung, and tens of millions of people stand behind us, and our Revolutionary Army is growing stronger with each passing day, don't you realize this? How can you say that we will not be able to win the victory in the revolution?"

He replied that what with the enemy "punitive actions" being intensified and death by starvation imminent in those mountains, how could he look to the far distant future? With this, he urged the two of them to surrender with him.

Glaring at him with their eyes full of curses and hatred, they strongly declared:

"Even if the prospects for the revolution were dim, we would never trample on our conscience to follow you. How can we betray General Kim Il Sung and the revolutionary comrades who over these 10 years have laid the groundwork for victory in the revolution, even shedding their blood in fighting the enemy, and enduring cold and hunger? How can we leave our fatherland and our people in the gloomy position of colonial slaves? Can we follow you just to save our lives? If we have to die, we prefer to die on the road looking for General Kim Il Sung. If you want to, you go alone, but give us back our guns. We will continue to fight."

Refusing to do this, he fled, carrying the guns of the others with him.

The two comrades came down from the mountain at night and finally discovered their arms, and then went on to search for the command post, but they found that the command had already been moved. Subsisting on the roots of grass and bark of trees, they continued their search, not just for one or two days, but until, finally

exhausted and falling repeatedly from weakness, they managed at last to come near the place appointed, but could not walk an inch more.

So, carrying one comrade on my back and helping the other to walk, his arm on my arm, we finally got back to the command, to be received with great relief by Comrade Kim Il Sung.

I can still vividly remember a statement made by Comrade Kim Il Sung before the guerillas.

One may make a mistake unless one constantly studies Marxism-Leninism. We may become dulled in a nobody-knows-when-victory-can-be-won fashion. For instance, suppose we are negotiating a big mountain. When we stand on the top of the mountain, braving all difficulties, we can command an unbroken view of everything in all directions and locate the best way to go. On the other hand, those who have not climbed right up simply because it is difficult, may go on down, and because all they can see is the thick underbrush they can find no way out. This leads them to step back from our revolutionary work.

When firmly armed with Marxism-Leninism, one can see everything well as if from the summit of a mountain. On the contrary, those who are not so armed cannot find a correct path, coming to the end of a road, wandering about the foot of the mountain. So we must always study Marxism-Leninism diligently in all adversities, and correctly see the prospects for victory of the revolution. We have not joined the guerillas because someone asked us to, but of our own will we looked for and joined the guerillas in the interests of the people, in opposition to imperialism. So we must closely unite with each other and possess strong comradeship. This is proof against anything.

With his speech to this effect, Comrade Kim Il Sung said that the conduct of the two was right, as an expression of the unity by which the guerillas could defeat any

enemy. If one was to remain faithful to the revolution in the face of all difficulties and trials, one must have deep confidence of sure victory, he added.

I never forget these words. With this teaching as my compass, I have fought on and witnessing today's glorious realities, and am sure that magnificent transformations will take place in future too. This conviction originates from the Chollima dash we have made, with all Koreans rallied closely under the leadership of Comrade Kim Il Sung, both in those days and today.

My conviction is that a greater future, the magnificent victory of socialism and communism will be the fruits of this tree.

## XIV

# An Unforgettable May Day

By LIM CHUN CHU

In the vicinity of Chechangtzu, Antu county, Northeast China, bordering Korea, I observed May Day 1940 in the company of Comrade Kim Il Sung.

During more than 10 successive years we had celebrated May Day, the holiday of the working class the world over, in the midst of our hard-fought armed struggle, sometimes with a guerilla-style "banquet." Anyhow, we had never gone hungry on this holiday.

Among the many May Days that have faded in my memory, May Day that year will never pass into oblivion. The reason is that this May day marked a difficult situation, with rationed salt water and grain running short.

Comrade Ji Bong Son took out half a *gun* (300 grams) of corn from his knapsack, which had been kept for an emergency. He steamed it in a Japanese army canteen to swell it up. Although he had added a lot of water to make it swell, there was a limit to capacity despite powerful steaming. At most he got a bowlful of steamed corn. Comrade Ji Bong Son asked Comrade Kim Il Sung to eat first.

The guerillas shared a little of the corn with each other but Comrade Kim Il Sung would not try it.

He persisted in refusing to eat it, saying, "Divide it among those comrades who are ill. I am in good shape."

Among the sick men was Comrade Kim Hong Su, nicknamed "boy bride" always teased by the comrades because he married at 14 in a remote mountain in Changpai county. Five young guerillas were ill. They were deeply

moved at his care for them, but all strongly declined Comrade Kim Il Sung's offer and insisted that he should have the corn.

But they were scarcely in a position to disobey Comrade Kim Il Sung's order. Comrade Kim Hong Su and the other five sick men ate the bowl of swollen corn together, and then got back on their beds.

Probably they had been hungry for so long that they immediately felt better for the corn, but most important, the warm love of Comrade Kim Il Sung gave them new courage, and this in turn helped their recovery.

There was a Japanese imperialist reconnaissance plane flying around almost every day, trying to locate our guerrilla force, and their ground troops had placed cordon after cordon around us. In the encirclement, our difficulties were many. To carry out our tasks without eating for many days because of total lack of provisions is something unthinkable to people in general. Young comrades said, "We wish we had an elixir that would enable us to live without eating." Though full of such fancies we found no wonder-working miracle. Our pressing problem was to ensure minimum nutrition.

That day we decided to go to a nearby rivulet to catch frogs. We were in a remote place in a mountain area covered with primeval forests. The snow of winter had not yet melted and the frogs did not open their mouths, but at great pains we caught some 50-60 kilograms of frogs.

In some countries it is said that well-cooked frogs are regarded as a sumptuous dish. But we had no dressing materials for the frogs nor were our cooks familiar with that sort of cooking.

We lit a camp-fire and brought together all the military canteens we had taken from the Japanese.

Water was poured into the canteens with five or six frogs in each, and we began to boil them. Our hungry bellies turned topsy-turvy at the savory smell from cooking

frogs. We did not eat anything at all for several days. Soon, all the food was prepared and we ate our de luxe food. We were satisfied.

In the evening, the guerillas made a bon-fire and assembled at one place, Comrade Kim Il Sung mingling with the guerillas. He talked to them. He said:

"Our Korea is a 3,000-*ri* land, literally a land of scenic rivers and mountains. Our mountains are lovely and our rivers are clear. There is no need to sterilize water anywhere. The fertile land yields bountiful, rich crops. Our people have enough and to spare of valuable natural resources so that we can live well all together: inexhaustible marine products are found along the eastern and western coasts, plus minerals everywhere, with gold, silver, copper, iron and coal. But the Japanese imperialists have robbed our people of all these things.

Famed Pyongyang noodles, sweet potatoes, autumn grey mullets in the Daedong-*gang* River, fat polished rice, scenic Moranbong and Mangyongdae. All of these are vivid in our memory. We have been deprived of all these proud natural scenic places and resources by the Japanese imperialists. But as a result of our valiant struggle we will change today's dish of frogs for a dish of grey mullet from the Daedong-*gang* River in the not distant future. This truth cannot be questioned.

Now we are suffering hunger, persistently pursued and encircled by the enemy, but the scoundrels will never be able to block our path. We never waver. It is a wide path that lies before us. We are powerfully moving forward along this boulevard not alone, but supported by the workers of the whole world led by the great Soviet Union, and in particular the people of Korea itself, joining our strength with theirs.

An extremely small number of cheats from among us have capitulated to the enemy, becoming turncoats, marring their priceless revolutionary history of more than 10 years when they were not able to immediately over-

come their difficulties. These cowardly elements are wretched beings. How long can man live if he tries? It is some 60 years at the most, isn't it? But such cowards, who cannot live this short life cleanly and betray the people by prostituting their consciences for small immediate gains, are pitiable.

From days of old, our unsophisticated people have regarded it as a point of honor to live a conscientious life, even if they had only a day to live. Our conscience, in other words, is a concentric expression of our patriotic conscience for the liberation of our fatherland. It carries our indomitable fighting spirit to emancipate the working class socially, our courage and fortitude fearing nothing, with endurance able to surmount all difficulties, our heroism and other virtues. We call this a revolutionary conscience. We must protect this conscience of true Koreans and defend our fatherland of beauty with our blood.

In the past our ancestors rose as a united force whenever foreign aggressors invaded our beautiful land, and valiantly repelled them. Let us more strenuously fight in the same way to drive out the Japanese imperialists and liberate the fatherland, with a high sense of national pride....”

The guerillas were carried away with this enthusiastic and succinct speech made by Comrade Kim Il Sung. Then he sang “Song of Moranbong” for us, a song he said he had loved to sing since boyhood.

With Comrade Kim Il Sung there, we keenly debated all through the night, talking about examples of proletarian internationalist solidarity as well as telling stories about the fatherland.

We confirmed our confidence in our worthwhile life through our debate. Among the topics discussed was the fact that with the centenary of the founding of Marxism away, workers and peasants had succeeded in assuming power and were building socialism in one-sixth

of the whole world; that with their assistance and backing the working-class movement and the national liberation struggle were mounting throughout the globe, while capitalism, now facing a general crisis, was speeding on the road to ruin.

A comrade even told stories about General Ulji Mun Dok, General Gang Gam Chan and Admiral Li Sun Sin and others of our forebears. He also talked about Silla culture which was once the brilliant flower of Oriental culture.

Another comrade's conversation also impressed us. It was about our priceless cultural heritage (copper printing types, the Chomsong Observatory, manned flying attack vehicles, iron-clad tortoise ships and our letters) all of which would shine brilliantly for long in the cultural history of the world. We also talked about world-famous Mt. Gungang-san, the clear water of the East Sea, the mild climate and clear morning skies in our fatherland, the hot springs and mineral water, and the beautiful views of the isle-dotted seas.

Our people have long cultural traditions, living in a beautiful flower garden, but now they suffer the adversity of their lost nationhood because of the Japanese brigands. People are leaving the beloved homeland, parents, wives, children, brothers and sisters long separated from each other. They are carrying on the ardent struggle. We clenched our fists at the thought and our bayonets reflected our hatred for the enemy.

Our fighting will to wipe out the enemy was strengthened as we talked about the past. We discussed our land where our ancestors lay buried, many memories of good boyhood days; the unspeakable grief felt at the time of crossing the Amrok-gang and Duman-gang Rivers, wandering about begging after leaving the beloved homeland because of Japanese imperialism; the zealous resolve made never to return to the fatherland until we had crushed the thieving Japanese imperialists.

We thought that at that hour on that day our parents and brothers, industrious, unsophisticated and good patriots, were suffering hard times, subject to the harsh ill-treatment and exploitation of the Japanese. We thought of them looking forward to our helping hand. This realization filled our hearts with new determination and fighting will to wipe out the Japanese imperialist enemy. We renewed our resolve to go on to greet this great coming event. This was our constant attitude.

So May Day in 1940 is an unforgettable day for me and these comrades.

The dish of frogs served at our "banquet" proved far more delicious than so many delicacies. What is more important is that we observed May Day in peace and happiness with Comrade Kim Il Sung, talking about the fatherland, as well as the importance of our fruitful lives. How can we ever forget this May Day?

After Liberation on August 15 we triumphantly returned to Pyongyang. We bought Pyongyang noodles, sweet potatoes and grey mullet caught in the Daedong-gang River, about which Comrade Kim Il Sung had always talked so proudly. We remembered our good old days as we enjoyed them.

As I have shown you, at that exceptionally difficult time in the anti-Japanese armed struggle, we were able to strengthen our indomitable revolutionary will, helped by the revolutionary optimism of Comrade Kim Il Sung, and his inspiration and encouragement.

## XV

# Great Plan for National Restoration

By LIM CHUN CHU

The significance of the long trek from Nanhutou to Tungkang, which began in February 1936 and took several months, is that the great plan and programme for the formation of the anti-Japanese national united front and the recovery of the homeland were formulated during these months. It brilliantly illuminated the course of the Korean revolution.

Oblivious to the need for sleep and rest, Comrade Kim Il Sung devoted himself entirely to the planning of the future course of the revolution and the immediate strategic tasks to be undertaken.

The problems of organization and the form the anti-Japanese national united front should take to carry through the recovery of the fatherland: these were the thoughts that filled his mind. "What is the programme to be? What are the concrete tasks of the revolution that will serve as the rallying call? What are the organizational and ideological plans necessary to the founding of the Party? What steps should be taken to set up a new type of revolutionary base in the Changpai area adjoining the homeland?"

The march led across steep, craggy mountains, but all the way his thoughts were on these problems, working out concrete plans to solve them and put the programme into effect. Even during breathing spells after severe battles with the enemy, whether walking or taking a rest, they filled his mind.

While the guerillas were camped at night in deep forests

and amid raging snowstorms, he would stay awake through the night, sitting beside a campfire, jotting down ideas in his note-book.

It was in this way that the great plan for the restoration of the fatherland took shape, polished and retouched so that every word and every sentence burned with the fires of love of the fatherland.

It was not done in a study or research center. It was born of the struggle, and the hard trials of that march gave Korea his profound original theories on the revolution.

There were those who had no confidence in their own strength. They brushed aside the idea of a Korean revolution, and called for a "world revolution." The dull dogmatists could only rave that the "Korean revolution should be a socialist revolution." While 30 million of our people floundered about in the slough of poverty, the so-called "patriots," who had fled from the very idea of a revolution to seek an easy life and career, were haunting the bars, and Philistines were chanting the funeral dirge about "Japan and Korea, one community" or "The Japanese and Korean peoples are of the same stock," like so many monks chanting prayers. This was the stifling atmosphere that had spread over our land. But Comrade Kim Il Sung alone had envisioned the future of our country in its right perspective, and was now leading the Korean people to glorious victory. Tempered in severe struggle and trial, learning the stern lessons of war and buying experience with blood, he won through to a clear vision of an independent, democratic Korea, a future motherland where the democratic revolution would win through.

It brought to him the unerring knowledge that these very Korean revolutionaries, true sons and daughters of Korea, would have to shoulder the task of building the brilliant future of the country, and that the Korean revo-

lution would have to be carried through independently by the Korean people themselves.

It was in the realization of this that he gave himself heart and soul to shaping the future of the Korean revolution, putting aside sleep and rest and facing up to all difficulties. Fear and fatigue were unknown.

The plan matured and was polished at a meeting held at Mihunchen, Antu county, and reached its final form at Tungkang, Fusung county, and from this point his profound creative theories on the recovery of the homeland became known far and wide among the people.

The Tungkang meeting was held in 1936, from May 1 to 15, and gave more concrete form to the strategy that had been presented by Comrade Kim Il Sung at the Nanhutou meeting, and practical details were discussed on the decisions of the Nanhutou meeting.



First was the problem of the establishment of a new guerilla base to serve the advance of the Korean People's Revolutionary Army in the border areas.

This plan was of great tactical importance to the independent solution of many problems that would arise in the course of the Korean revolution. Only by pounding the enemy with armed might on the very borders of the homeland could the spirit of the popular masses be aroused, organized and mobilized in the most far-reaching way. Without this it was unthinkable that the great plan and programme for the restoration of the fatherland could be put into effect. This sacred and immense undertaking rested on the shoulders of the Korean Communists led by Comrade Kim Il Sung.

In 1935 at the Yaoyingkou meeting, it had been decided to disband the permanent guerilla bases in East Manchuria because of the developments that had taken place, and to carry the armed struggle to broader areas. This decision had been followed by tremendous successes, and

to the surprise of some of the comrades, the question of setting up new guerilla bases was raised.

Comrade Kim Il Sung said on this question:

“...The guerilla bases—liberated areas—set up in East Manchuria played a big role in the work of the Korean Communists for the expansion and strengthening of the ranks of the anti-Japanese armed guerillas, and in rallying the anti-Japanese-minded masses.

We established guerilla bases in areas that were easy to defend with our meagre arms and difficult for the enemy to attack even with modern arms; we defended those bases and the revolutionary masses with our arms and dealt heavy blows on the enemy....”

Emphasizing the tremendous role played by the guerilla bases in East Manchuria, Comrade Kim Il Sung went on to say:

“...It was fully justified, in fact essential for the development of the revolution that we preserved and expanded the revolutionary force and protected the people by establishing fixed guerilla bases – liberated areas – in the forests that were easy to defend, at a time when the enemy was committing mass murder everywhere and trying desperately to wipe out our revolutionary force.

But then the enemy adopted the tactics of blocking the activity of our guerilla units, encircling and attempting to annihilate us by mobilizing large forces, tens of thousands strong. At the same time the enemy was following a so-called ‘return-to-allegiance policy,’ intimidating and threatening those sections of the people who had weak revolutionary consciousness. For this purpose they set up collective settlements.

Under these circumstances, to stick to fixed guerilla bases meant courting destruction. In order to preserve and strengthen our forces for a more decisive battle and to administer successive heavy blows on the enemy, we disbanded the guerilla bases in eastern Manchuria and moved out into wider regions.

...But now it has become necessary to establish a guerilla base of a new type to meet the new situation. The reason for this is that with the present new balance of forces between the enemy and us, as well as from the strategic and tactical point of view, it is both impossible and unnecessary to organize bases on the old methods and forms.

The new type of guerilla base needed now should be so favourably located as to make it possible for us first to organize and lead the revolutionary movement of Korea as a whole, and at the same time, such bases should be located in places that offer us the possibility of free movement and unrestricted guerilla activities over wide areas. For such places we can choose the northernmost areas of Korea around Mt. Baekdu-*san*, along the Amrok-*gang* and Duman-*gang* Rivers, and the areas embracing Changpai, Linchiang and Fusung counties.

Taking advantage of the natural vantage ground offered by these vast forests, we should set up secret camps and organize illegal revolutionary organizations broadly among the popular masses living in the enemy-ruled districts within these areas.

Our new guerilla bases will become impregnable fortresses, located advantageously in the Baekdu forests and backed up by the secret activities of the local revolutionary organizations. Operating from these bases and relying upon the revolutionary organizations, we will penetrate deep into the country, spreading the flames of the anti-Japanese armed struggle with irresistible power.

This means that the base camps set up in the area around Mt. Baekdu-*san* will literally be turned into the fortress of the Korean revolution.

Such a fortress will enable us to command the army with dexterity and render the enemy helpless by applying the strategy of preternatural speed.

Neither the guns, machine guns nor planes and bombs of the Japanese imperialists who boast of their 'invincible

imperial army," Comrade Kim Il Sung continued, "will be able to destroy the fortress of our revolution and we can make a great success of the work of organizing and directing the Korean revolution as a whole when the guerillas build up a fortress in this natural vantage ground, surrounding it with broad networks of secret organizations, and apply correctly the guerilla tactics of preternatural swiftness."

Those at the meeting gained from his words a clear understanding of the problems, and firm self-confidence. They felt they could look ahead with clear confidence, and those who at first could not correctly understand the significance of creating a new guerilla base, soon realized that it was a practical step forward in the purposeful revolutionary activities of the Korean Communists, based on the principle of the independent solution of all questions of the Korean revolution. It won their complete approval.

The meeting also took up the question of founding the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland (A.R.F.).

Comrade Kim Il Sung placed before the meeting for final consideration the historic 10-Point Programme of the A.R.F. and the declaration of its adoption that he had drawn up, the result of his energetic planning during the arduous march and the severe enemy action.

The 10-Point Programme of the A.R.F. embodied the realities of the Korean situation and mirrored the future of the revolution. It deeply analyzed the revolutionary situation from the Marxist-Leninist standpoint, the socio-economic conditions of our homeland, and the class balance of forces existing in the 1930's; it defined the character, tasks, strategic and tactical principles of the Korean revolution. It was in complete harmony with the fundamental interests of the working masses, the workers and peasants, and met the common national interests of all sections of patriotic people.

Those at the meeting, for the first time in the history of Korea, saw the path of the revolution brilliantly lit. They were overwhelmed with pride and joy that at last the Korean people and the Korean Communists had before them an explicit programme of their own, opening up the way to victory and enabling them to march confidently and triumphantly forward on the road of revolution. They might meet setbacks and difficulties and have to make many sacrifices along the way, but now they had a goal to strive for and could fight steadily without wavering, without suffering disillusionment, no matter what difficulties had to be faced. Now they could see ahead of them a democratic, independent Korea with work and happiness for all as equal and proud masters of the state power, masters of their own country.

The meeting enthusiastically approved the 10-Point Programme of the A.R.F. endorsing it as the great programme of the Korean revolution.

They were no less stirred when the Declaration of the Inauguration of the A.R.F. was placed before them. The declaration carried the people's burning indignation that the country, their beautiful three thousand *ri* homeland held dear through many generations, had been invaded by the Japanese imperialist brigands, and the Korean people of culture and wisdom subjected to oppression and exploitation like slaves. It declared that the people's love of their country and their spirit of independence as a Korean nation were ablaze with ardour as in former days. This strong spirit of independence moved the hearts of all at the meeting.

The declaration also emphasized the brilliant anti-Japanese struggle waged by the people. It was a mere handful, 5 traitors, who in 1905, accepted the submission of Korea. But ever since, the whole Korean nation had continued to struggle against the brigands of Japanese imperialism: the "Righteous Volunteers" struggle, the

March First Uprising, nation-wide strikes, and in particular, the brilliant anti-Japanese armed struggle.

So the declaration said, "...The independence and liberation of the country will certainly be achieved if the entire Korean people unite as one, join the anti-Japanese fatherland restoration front and work actively to further its aims.

Those with money should give money, those with goods can contribute provisions and those with skill and strength can offer their skill and strength...." What national pride, self-confidence and fighting spirit the words engendered!

After expressing confidence in victory and declaring the A.R.F. established, the statement passionately called on everyone to join and fight in the ranks of the A.R.F., the organized anti-Japanese national united front for the independence of Korea.

The declaration won unanimous, enthusiastic approval, and it was warmly suggested that the declaration should be issued in the name of Comrade Kim Il Sung. But, Comrade Kim Il Sung objected. He said that the A.R.F. should be given national form because it was necessary to rally all anti-Japanese forces of the Korean people around this body. The name used in the declaration, therefore, should be some well-known elderly comrade of great reputation who has participated in Korea's independence movement from the time of the "Righteous Volunteers" struggle and the March First Uprising.

But all at the meeting were agreed that there was no one better known among the various strata of the Korean people than Comrade Kim Il Sung to lead the whole nation.

The Declaration of the Inauguration of the A.R.F. was then issued by Comrade Kim Il Sung under the assumed name of Kim Dong Myong on May 5, 1936, while the meeting was still in session.

Comrade Kim Il Sung was elected Chairman of the

A.R.F., and the association's 10-Point Programme was publicly announced.

As Chairman of the A.R.F., Comrade Kim Il Sung spoke about the significance of the formation of the A.R.F., and problems of further expansion and the strengthening of the network of its organizations. He said, "The formation of the A.R.F. will be of decisive significance in the anti-Japanese national-liberation struggle of the Korean people and will be a major contribution as a link in the international anti-fascist popular front movement.

Now we must expand the network of the organizations of the A.R.F. and unite around the armed forces the broadest anti-Japanese forces.

What we must not forget in this respect is that first of all we have to strengthen the organizational and ideological unity of the ranks of Communists and the working class and strengthen their leading role in the united front. At the same time the programme of the A.R.F. must penetrate deeply into the minds and hearts of the popular masses at all levels. So the specific features of the people of all localities must be very carefully taken into consideration."

He pointed out that in forming, expanding and consolidating the organizations of the association, the question of whether the work should be done openly or in secrecy would need to be decided after taking into serious consideration the specific features of each local situation. He said that there were special aspects to be borne in mind in forming the association's branches and expanding and strengthening the network of its organizations in places where Koreans lived in Northeast China as well as in Korea. He said, "...In the first place the same name should not be used for all organizations. Distinctions must be made between areas where the socialist enlightenment movement has developed and areas where the nationalistic tendency is strong. The association's branches should be given different names—Association for the Restoration

of the Fatherland in one place, National Liberation Union in another place, and Anti-Japanese Union in yet another place.”

Comrade Kim Il Sung emphasized and re-emphasized that in expanding and consolidating the organizational network of the united front, we should well and truly work closely with the working class, the peasant masses and other people in all walks of life. Making a scientific analysis of the complicated political and social features of Korea, with detailed instances, he indicated the orientation and methods of work in dealing with different strata.

Taking for example the nationalists, he said:

“We are to distinguish the upper crust from the lower masses of nationalists. Even the upper crust has to be carefully divided into two categories: Those who are comparatively reliable and want progress and those who are not.

If we make the mistake of regarding them all in the same light, we will fail to win those people with whom we can really work hand in hand.

This would be a great loss. We must therefore make a conscious approach to those people with whom we can co-operate, and influence them through persistent explanation and persuasion.

It is advisable to start by introducing to them our forerunners who fought for the country in the past, and gradually arousing their pent-up anti-Japanese feelings. And we must work to get them to join the A.R.F. of their own accord with national pride. At the same time we must teach them to hate the renegade nationalists, exerting constant influence on them by our example, who are Communists.

...In this way they will come to recognize that we Communists are genuine patriots....”

With regard to men of religion he said:

“Religion is like opium, and opium-eating cannot be

cured in a day. Religious men, believing the creed of their religion to be 'truth,' are ready to devote their life to it. They can be compared to opium-eaters who find it very difficult to pass a day without opium.

If we are tactless and start preaching at them that religion is a superstition, how will they react? They will bow their heads, close their eyes and pray to God 'Oh, Lord! Save my soul from the ordeal of devils and Satan!'

It is foolish to try to force them to give up in a day their deep religious belief that has taken deep root over the long years. So we must concentrate on awakening their national pride. In this, we should not turn to the upper class but work with the lower masses and ordinary believers, particularly youth of a sensitive nature. We must make them realize that a religious man also needs a homeland; that, in fact, no religious freedom can be guaranteed in a colonial state and that religious freedom can be guaranteed only when a country is independent.

We must teach the Christians how their fellow believers with a national conscience fought courageously for the independence of Korea after it was occupied by the Japanese imperialists; tell the Buddhist believers of the historical fact that St. Sosan, Samyongdang and many other patriotic Buddhist monks fought valorously against the Japanese aggressors in the Imjin Fatherland War.

The believers in Chondogyo must be reminded of the peasant uprising (the Kabo peasant war) led by Jon Bong Jun as well as the anti-Japanese movements of their fellow-believers, and the believers in Daejonggyo must be roused to righteous indignation as Korean people, asking them how a nation 'in white' with a long and brilliant history of 4,000 years can tolerate such inhuman maltreatment and contempt under the tyranny of the despicable Japanese colonialists

...We must thus vigorously develop the organizational work by gradually rallying even the religious around the anti-Japanese united national front...."

The actual situation at that time was that there were various religions widespread in Hwanghae and Pyongan Provinces and other parts of Korea, and no small number of people connected with them. So Comrade Kim Il Sung's emphasis made the enlisting of conscientious believers into the anti-Japanese united national front one of the important duties facing the Korean Communists.

From this he went on to teach them the practical rules and methods of work with women, youth, children and various "anti-Japanese units."

Emphasizing the need to make wide use of the legal organizations and groups known to the enemy in the work of expanding and strengthening the organization of the A.R.F., Comrade Kim Il Sung outlined their tasks in the following words:

"...Beginning with evening classes, athletic meets, social gatherings, associations of supporters of schools, religious organizations, associations for rural development, etc., we must make wide use even of reactionary organizations set up by the enemy. Moving among the grass roots of such organizations, we Communists must help them realize the actual conditions of their nation and awaken their class consciousness through persistent explanation and persuasion and draw them gradually into the anti-Japanese united national front.

This is a very difficult work, calling for careful circumspection. Revolutionary history teaches us that even a trifle may expose the secrets of an organization. Keeping the lessons of bloody struggles of such cases in mind, we must not relax our revolutionary vigilance for a moment...."

He stressed the need to develop to new and higher levels the mass political propaganda necessary to the growth of the anti-Japanese national united front, and laid before us the principles on which to carry out illegal propaganda and agitation.

"...What is needed in our propaganda and agitation to

reach and move the hearts of the masses? It is essential that the propagandists themselves clearly understand the real situation as well as the characteristics of those they seek to reach. If they have little or no understanding of the people, their propaganda and agitation work will suffer from subjectivism and formalism and serve no purpose.

Both spoken and written propaganda, visual aids, newspapers and periodicals must be in lucid language and rich in content.

Do not use redundant and difficult words. A few words, if the substance is easy for the people to understand and it touches their hearts, will be much more effective than thousands of words in difficult language and poor appeal. Especially because of the utmost secrecy necessary to our work, a handbill difficult to understand and inconvenient to carry is no help....”

On subjects for propaganda and agitation, Comrade Kim Il Sung pointed out the distinction to be made between materials to be used among the Party and the revolutionary army and materials for the broad anti-Japanese popular masses.

“...The main subjects for Party members and the revolutionary army should be the principles underlying our strategy and tactics, based on Marxism-Leninism, how to guide the revolutionary masses and methods of work with them, theory on Party building and revolutionary organizations, the formation of the anti-Japanese national united front and the Party’s guidance of the front, etc.

But propaganda for the general anti-Japanese masses must elucidate and teach the meaning of the 10-Point Programme of the A.R.F., in line with the different social standing of the hearers. At the same time, it was necessary to tell the people of the achievements of the Soviet Union in socialist construction, and her great power, lead them to support and defend the gains of the Soviet Union, and give to the people the firm conviction of victory in the revolution.

Class education was to be strengthened, and the work of disseminating the ideas of scientific socialism among the workers and peasants and the revolutionary intellectuals was to be intensified. Only in this way could the leading role of the working class be assured in the anti-Japanese national united front....”

Under these wise and concrete instructions of Comrade Kim Il Sung on organizing and expanding the A.R.F. as the organization of the anti-Japanese national united front, the 10-Point Programme and the Declaration of the Inauguration of the A.R.F. we gained a full and glorious picture of the future of the revolution in our land, every detail of it being made tangible and clear to everybody.

All at the meeting were again filled with deep admiration of the outstanding Marxist-Leninist understanding and intelligence of Comrade Kim Il Sung, his thorough analysis of and deep-going insight into the political situation and class relations in Korea, and his ardent patriotism.

The response of the people was new dignity as a people and pride in the wise leadership of their Leader, with firm confidence of victory in the revolution, so they gave their ardent support to his strategic policy in organizing the A.R.F.

The meeting then went into the question of the practical details of founding a Marxist-Leninist Party in Korea. From the very beginning, the Korean Communists led by Comrade Kim Il Sung had waged a tenacious struggle to wipe out the evils of factional strife among sectarian elements, the ulcer that had eaten at the communist movement in Korea, and to eliminate the idea that one must rely on others instead of on one's own strength; the aim being to consolidate unity and solidarity of the communist ranks and raise and strengthen the nucleus of communist leadership.

The cause of the revolution had suffered from Left adventurism of factional elements and narrow-minded nationalists, who led the popular masses into reckless

uprisings in the early 1930's; serious losses had been suffered by the communist movement in Korea because of the manoeuvres of the factionalists who had waged a struggle against "Minsaengdan" in an ultra-Leftist manner from 1933. Now, overcoming all these repeated setbacks, Comrade Kim Il Sung stood firmly by his independent views and self-reliant spirit as a Korean Communist, and lifted the revolution out of its crises and raised and trained the leading revolutionary core.

In these circumstances, the Comintern also fully evaluated the line of Comrade Kim Il Sung on founding a Party and the work of the Korean Communists, inspiring and encouraging them rapidly to promote the work of Party building.

So the meeting went into the question of putting into effect the formation of a Party as advanced by Comrade Kim Il Sung at the Nanhutou meeting. At the meeting he elaborated on the question of concrete preparations for founding the Party.

Stressing the necessity of firmly building the communist nucleus, he said:

"...The founding of a Party calls for a definite organizational skeleton. This organizational skeleton consists of the nuclei of Communists steeled and tested in actual struggle. So now we Communists must push ahead with the work of expanding and consolidating the ranks of our nuclei, the basis for the Party...."

Comrade Kim Il Sung pointed out the need to steadily expand and consolidate the Party organization.

"...We must constantly expand and strengthen the Party organization by bringing into the Party the more advanced elements among the workers, peasants and revolutionary intellectuals, those who have been steeled and tested in the guerilla and anti-Japanese revolutionary struggles. This work must now be done not only among the guerillas and in Northeast China; it has to be actively undertaken even in the homeland.

So far we have not undertaken this work properly among progressive workers, peasants and intellectuals at home, but from now on, we must set up organizational networks of the Party at home, decisively conquer factionalism and Left and Right deviations, the weakness of our past Korean communist movement, and rally all Communists into the Party organizations....”

He laid great stress on raising and training all recruited Party members into indomitable revolutionary fighters, and proposed the organization of a Party working committee for the unified guidance of Party organizations to be formed in the homeland, as well as to undertake the work of founding the Party.

Unanimous support was given by the meeting to his proposals on preparing for the founding of the Party, and especially his well-advised and far-seeing policy of organizing Party organizations at home, and expanding and strengthening them to lay the organizational foundation of a Marxist-Leninist Party for the future.

The problem of reorganizing the Korean People's Revolutionary Army was also discussed. In this connection, Comrade Kim Il Sung put forward his *Juche*-oriented stand, that the Korean revolution should contribute on the world revolution by carrying the Korean revolution to success. This was unanimously endorsed, winning full support and the admiration of all present.



It was this grand programmatic policy on the Korean revolution proposed by Comrade Kim Il Sung at the Tung kang meeting that brought the Korean revolution to its epochal turning-point in the 1930's and at the same time it lit the pathway to the democratic development which Korea was to follow after liberation was won.

In line with this policy, units of the Korean People's Revolutionary Army set up a new guerilla base on the borders of Korea, and moved into the expansion and reinforcement of the Party organizations both at home

and in the Changpai area. The work of organizing the anti-Japanese national united front through the A.R.F. and National Liberation Union was also undertaken, leading to a great upsurge of the revolutionary cause, fully controlling and guiding the whole Korean revolutionary movement.

Shangkangkou, Chungkangkou and Hsiakangkou in Changpai county were converted into revolutionary districts and in these districts alone, hundreds of thousands of people joined the A.R.F.; great numbers of the anti-Japanese masses at home were rallied around the Korean National Liberation Union, the Anti-Japanese Union, etc., speeding up the anti-Japanese revolutionary struggle on a wide mass basis.

The people of Korea soon came to see clearly what the future of their country would be under the grand programme set forth by Comrade Kim Il Sung. Now with pride and firm confidence in victory in the revolution, lit by the beacon of fatherland restoration which had blazed high at Bochonbo and the repeated victories won by the People's Revolutionary Army in the border areas, the people came out in great number to join the anti-Japanese front.

This programmed policy of Comrade Kim Il Sung opened a new era in which the Korean people feel boundless pride, writing the new and glorious page of the 1930's, a period of great brilliance in our revolutionary history.

Because this grand programme was put into effect, the Korean Communists were able to greet the bright dawn of motherland restoration, showing their unconquerable spirit in the arduous, protracted anti-Japanese armed struggle. On this very foundation of such scientific strategy and tactics the Korean people were able to successfully go ahead with the building of our new society after liberation.

To have founded and consolidated our glorious Party in the complicated circumstances existing immediately

after liberation, when anti-Party factionalists, alien elements, parochialists, renegades to the revolution, and all shades of Philistinism were found wearing the mask of patriotism and leadership; to have successfully carried out the democratic reforms, firmly holding on to genuine people's power and upholding the 20-Point Platform which grew out of the 10-Point Programme of the A.R.F. and achieving the brilliant results of today in socialist construction; all these victories can be attributed only to the fact that the Communists, under the wise guidance of such a great Leader as Comrade Kim Il Sung, adopted this great programme as far back as the 1930's and built on the bedrock foundation laid in the course of the protracted anti-Japanese armed struggle.

## XVI

# Crossing the Bog

By LI UL SOL

A conference was held at Hsiaohaerhpaling, Tunhua county, Northeast China, in August 1940. At the conference, Comrade Kim Il Sung proposed that the strategy of moving to small-unit activities be adopted, with the aim of frustrating the frantic large-scale offensive being launched by the enemy. He had carefully analyzed the situation now confronting the Korean revolution.

In following this strategy, the troops of the Korean People's Revolutionary Army were regrouped into small units and sent to different areas. He took personal command of a small number of personnel and led the way.

Our Party was to march to Yenchi, passing through the thick forests of Tunhua under the command of Comrade Kim Il Sung, a small party of only 20 people. All our hearts were filled with firm faith and the strong resolve to overcome all difficulties and greet without fail the great event of victory in the revolution, under his leadership.

With a heavy responsibility resting on our shoulders, we had stiffened our resolves marching under his command, knowing that the enemy had become more frantic than ever. Comrade Han Chang Bong and Comrade Kim Hak Song were the scouts ahead and behind. So, guarding our Comrade Commander, we set out.

We had walked some 30 or 40 *ri* through the thickly wooded forest, when Comrade Han Chang Bong came back quickly with his gun in his hand. He reported that he had found traces and footprints ahead showing that enemies had just left after a brief stay.

On hearing this, Comrade Kim Il Sung looked at us with a smile. He said:

"...It seems that the enemies have gone somewhere else, exhausted after waiting for us. If we are to advance with vigilance, it is safer to follow them... Let us go on!"

To guard him carefully while keeping our movements secret, we forced our way through the thickets each some distance from the other. It was not until night began to fall that we got clear of the forest. Spread out before us lay a deep marsh, with a creek through the middle.

If we tried to cross over to that clearly visible point before dark, there was danger of being discovered by the enemy, but after dark we would have difficulty crossing the bog in the moonless night. This is how I saw it. With this in mind I stood looking out over the grassland, when Comrade Kim Il Sung ordered us to rest. After scanning the field through binoculars, he said that there were enemy barracks at a point 10 *ri* away.

For us to go to Yenchu, there was no option but to cross this bog. Added to the difficulty of marching across the swamp was the possibility of encountering the enemy anywhere because there were enemy barracks not far away.

While we were sat watching the marsh, the autumn sun set and darkness fell. The evening stars began to twinkle.

Suddenly my eyes caught a flicker of light on the opposite side of the marsh we had to cross. Thinking it was probably only the glow of a firefly, I sat casually watching. Then one of the men came back from scouting and reported that he had seen a strange light on the opposite side. Comrade Kim Il Sung said that he, too had seen it, and sent the scout back to his position.

A little later he told us to inspect our arms and outfits, and he slowly stood up.

He warned us that there were enemy troops on the other side of the marsh we had to cross and that enemy barracks were only 10 *ri* away. He gave detailed instruc-

tions on everything about crossing the field and continuing a forced march, how to act if seen by the enemy and the place of reassembly if we had to split up.

We followed him without the enemy being alerted and safely reached the stream, the most dangerous crossing in the marsh. There was a long dead tree crossing it like a log bridge.

Crossing those 10-meters on the tree in the darkness was a difficult job.

If one slipped from the dead tree, a splash might alert the enemy to our movements, to say nothing of the danger to one's life. And of course it would create danger for the Comrade Commander and all the comrades. This situation struck me first, my nerves being very tense anyway.

Standing at the edge of the bridge, he unexpectedly drew near and took my hand. Instantly all my misgivings disappeared. Feeling the warm touch of his extended hand, I was over the bridge before I knew it.

After me, he took the hands of other comrades to help them across. The scouts went first and we all got safely across.

But suddenly there came the sound of heavy machine guns, and rifles shots were heard around us. A rain of bullets passed above our heads, concentrated on the dead tree bridge, of which we were just clear.

He had already judged the situation accurately and told us to destroy the enemy's heavy machine guns. He called on some to follow him. He cleared the way through the dangerous swamp and moved to the side. Comrade Choe In Dok and I quickly put our machine guns in position and leveled them at the flashes of the heavy machine guns of the enemy. Our fusillade continued for a while.

Unable to locate us, the enemy, who had been firing haphazard, were thrown into confusion by our surprise barrage, and after the noisy machine guns were silenced, the sharp reports of the rifles died down.

It was clear that the enemy machine gunners and a number of enemy troops had been silenced.

We stopped firing and moved quickly, but we felt sure that the enemy, knowing our movements, would attack us. Then, the enemy coming to attack were fired on with full power by the comrades who had slipped to the side of the track with Comrade Kim Il Sung.

We realized how the enemy troops were struggling in confusion, screaming, as if in our very hands.

We sheltered behind some raised ground and poured a fierce volley into the enemy troops as they came into sight.

Fired on from both sides in this way, the enemy lost many killed and retreated in a stampede.

We quickly seized this opportunity to get away to a highway, and we quickly moved ahead to the place appointed, while keeping alert in the darkness.

Comrade Kim Il Sung personally looked around to make sure that all were safe, and ordered us to start immediately. Though the enemy had fallen back in the face of such a powerful counterattack, he forecast that they would certainly follow us again.

His forecast was correct. We marched on for a while, and then heard enemy guns behind us. But Comrade Kim Il Sung told us to go straight on to the highway. We had run some distance when a report came from a scout some of the enemy were ahead also.

He ordered a halt. Some were to go up on the side of the mountains to the south and Comrade Choe In Dok was told to load his machine gun fully.

When the voices of the enemy coming from in front became audible, Comrade Kim Il Sung told the rest of the guerillas to move backward some distance, keeping the right distance from the enemy behind. We were ordered then to fire at both groups when the enemy troops came within hail from both ways.

Comrade Choe In Dok's machine gun beat out a rapid rat-tat-tat, and the screams of the enemy were heard near

at hand. Then we realized the plan of Comrade Kim Il Sung who had ordered us to continue along to the highway.

Comrade Choe In Dok ceased firing and slipped from the road to follow Comrade Kim Il Sung quickly. A little later, we reached the mid-slope of the mountain to the south. We took up positions in the bushes. Sitting there, we could look down on the highway from the mountain.

The two groups of the enemy met on the highway. In the darkness they each thought the others were our guerillas coming from the opposite direction. What fire-power they each concentrated upon the other group!

Nobody can describe our delight and gratification!

Once again we were strongly impressed with the superb tactics of Comrade Kim Il Sung, and unable to repress our admiration of him. He always had all things happening at his fingertips, accurately judging each situation to crush the enemy. These were his tactics.

That day, the enemy troops fought each other for a full hour. That night we camped in a mountain from which we could see Hantsungkou hamlet.

Having so successfully completed our forced march, braving the worst, we could not sleep at once, so happy that even after preparing our beds we talked to each other about battle stories, and resolved firmly again to safeguard the Headquarters by overcoming all difficulties whatever they might be.



## XVII

# Fishing in the Olgi River

By BAEK HAK RIM

Even in the midst of the hard anti-Japanese armed struggle, Comrade Kim Il Sung loved to go fishing.

When I was working in the dense forest overlooking the Olgi River in the autumn of 1939, for the first time I saw him fishing. The river flows through Antu county in Northeast China.

We were members of a Guards Company, plus a number of personnel in charge of logistics, making preparations for the winter, making winter clothes, etc. for all the units.

We carried all the new uniforms to the units with lightning speed and allowed a brother of a landlord named Yu Tong Sa, whom we had captured when raising funds, to return home.

Early one morning, Comrade Kim Il Sung sent for me and told me to bring several needles.

Wondering what he was going to patch, I asked, "What are you sewing, sir? I can help you."

"No, thank you. Just bring them, please," he replied apparently urging me.

As instructed, I brought several needles for some unknown purpose.

He wrapped them in cotton and lit a match, setting them on fire.

With the cotton in flames, the needles glowed red.

In cooling, the needles lost their temper. He placed each of them on some wood and made an open V-cut on the end of each. They were then skilfully curved, then

tempered again. His skill in making hooks amazed me.

After everything was ready, he told me to come with him and we went first to the bank of the river.

The air in the forest in early autumn is clear and refreshing. The water was as clear as a gem, flowing down a gorge we could see in a mist.

Comrade Kim Il Sung took up his position on a projecting rock near the middle of the river and started fishing.

"My! What a big thing!" he shouted for joy.

The fish were rising and he caught several in quick succession.

As for me, no fish nibbled my bait though I cast my line only an inch away from his line. I secretly felt irritated at seeing him hauling in fish while I was fishing for nothing.

Imagining that it was because of a wrong place, I went up and down the river to find a good place, but finally came back again near to him. Yet no fish would take my bait. Here and there I cast my line rashly, catching nothing.

With a smile he saw my feelings and said:

"...There is a knack in angling. It means knowing the disposition of the fish and catching them by utilizing it. As the old saying goes, a general knows the enemy well and knows himself well. It is possible to defeat the foe only by getting the correct knowledge of the enemy's numerical strength, his arms, his tactics, his strong and weak points and calculating the strength of one's own forces. It is the same with fishing. One cannot expect to catch fish unless one is familiar with their disposition, shoaling and hiding places and favorite bait...."

He explained that I did not understand the character of fish, and told me in detail about the nature of fish and how to angle for them. He advised me to cast the line along the border between currents and among stones or rocks.

And soon fish began to rise at my bait when I did as

he had said. As I hauled in one and another fish in quick succession, I was exceedingly happy. It was very interesting.

As if I now had a fair knowledge of the true joy of angling, I said, "I now understand why you like fishing. It's because you find fishing that sort of fun, isn't it?"

Comrade Kim Il Sung, smiling, said:

"You seem to have learned the pleasure of fishing. But I love to fish not only because of the joy of catching fish. Of course there is the fun of fishing, but there is something else equally interesting. For instance, a poet creates poetry while casting a line in the water, or an inventor with a fishing rod in his hand solves a problem which he could not work out before. These are the things one can enjoy as much as fishing itself. These people know a deeper pleasure than merely the fun of fishing.

If you cast a line and try to think over the problems that puzzle you, you'll find it excitingly easy to solve them...."

I felt ashamed for not having understood his inner feelings better. I was lost in thought for some time.

Contrary to what I had thought, that he was merely resting his brain while fishing, the Comrade Commander was really thinking deeply about the revolution!

Realizing this, I saw that he was absorbed in deep thought, gazing at the water surface with the line in.

"...The brother of Yu Tong Sa probably hasn't arrived there, has he?" he said, looking back at me. Before I replied, as if replying to his own question, he said, "When the Japanese receive his appeal, there will be a big stir."

Hearing this, I realized he was thinking about how the Japanese would react to the return of the brother of Yu Tong Sa who had been captured when fund-raising and later set free.

While sitting with his line in the water, he was working out an operational plan: What would the reaction of the enemy be? How many troops would be mobilized and

when they would arrive? How to block their advance and how to attack them?

It was with such thinking that Comrade Kim Il Sung went fishing.

Presently he stood up, telling me to go, and left off fishing. That evening, Comrade Kim Il Sung and the guerillas had a satisfying supper of fresh fish, and afterwards, we all had a happy time in an entertainment party.

He acted as if he had not imagined that the enemy were even then moving breathlessly to assault us. Watching him, I decided that he had obviously finished his capital plan and was ready to strike them hard.

As I expected, the following morning, Comrade Kim Il Sung ordered the guerillas to move. We cleared everything, not leaving even a sheet of paper or foot-wrap behind, as he instructed, and departed. We headed for Santaokou, in Antu county.

Hundreds of Japanese troops swarmed into the Olgi River camp soon after it was evacuated by the guerillas but met total failure. They set the empty buildings afire in a fit of temper and withdrew.

As on other occasions, Comrade Kim Il Sung would ponder strategy and tactics, while fishing.

Now, understanding his habits, the guerillas were always glad to see him angling, anticipating that some big plan would result. Coming to Miaoling gorge after attending the Hsiaohaerhpaling conference in August, 1940, the following year, Comrade Kim Il Sung did the same again, I heard from one comrade.

At that time Comrade Kim Il Sung was leading only part of the Guards Company. Noticing this, the enemy mobilized a large force to trap him. The comrades of the Guards Company carried out a forced march to protect him and keep the enemy away. But the situation was such that one unit of the enemy after another was closing in, and we had no time to think of fishing.

But in spite of this, as soon as the Comrade Commander

came to a river, he gave the order to rest and went fishing with Comrades Jon Mun Sop and Li Ul Sol. At first the guerilla members were at a loss what to do, but then relaxed. "Seeing that the Comrade Commander is fishing, it is clear that the emergency has passed," they said, and settled down to rest. It was not long before they were in a sound sleep.

It seemed that Comrade Kim Il Sung began to fish just in anticipation of this. They had not been able to sleep for a long time because of the forced march, and the number of guerillas was only small, so even if ordered to rest, it was difficult to fall asleep. When the guerillas had slept off their fatigue, he came back from the river, set them in march-formation and left there, saying; "Now you have rested a little, let's continue our march."

But we had not marched more than 10 *ri* before he gave the order to rest again. The guerillas asked: "Should we pitch tents?" But he ordered them to rest under the rocks, saying: "Why do you need tents? It seems to me that we will be cool under the shadow of the rocks there, so you had better rest there and skilfully throw the enemy off our tracks." Steep rocks towered above, facing the road, and were a fine shelter that could not be seen from the road. It was not long before hundreds of enemy stormed along the road in pursuit, but they passed us without noticing that we were there. The comrades who told us the story, mimicked the panting enemy officer who was urging his men to "pursue the guerillas quickly as they have already marched 30 *ri*."

Then the guerillas understood that Comrade Kim Il Sung had carefully worked out this plan to dodge the enemy, while calmly fishing even in an emergency. Having made up his mind to throw the pursuing enemy off the track, during the march the Comrade Commander had sought a proper shelter and at last had found these big rocks to shelter his men. Viewed from the superficial angle, it seemed to be rather adventurist, but the more we thought

about it, the more we admired his marvellous tactics. However vicious and crafty the Japanese scoundrels, they could not imagine that the guerillas had hid themselves by the road a mere few kilometers from the enemy to take a rest.

Comrade Kim Il Sung worked out such wonderful tactics by making a correct evaluation of the military strength of the enemy, the distance between the pursuing enemy and the guerillas, the time needed and so on, and taking into account the mentality of the dumbfounded enemy. After the enemy had passed the Comrade Commander ordered: "Now pitch your tents!" Having pitched their tents, they rested peacefully before continuing their march.

## XVIII

# “Nothing Is Impossible Once We Determine To Do It”

By PAK YONG SUN

Our respected and beloved Leader of Party and people taught us:

“Self-reliance is one of the major communist revolutionary traits and revolutionary spirit. Communists should always enlist the strength of the people of their own country to lead the revolution to victory, and should know how to build a new society, breaking through whatever difficulties they meet by their own efforts.”

Whenever I study this teaching of Comrade Kim Il Sung, the unforgettable events that took place in the days of the anti-Japanese armed struggle flash to mind.

I first met Comrade Kim Il Sung at Hsiaowangching early in 1933.

At that time I was at the Wangching guerilla base teaching how to use the “Yongil Bomb.”

I had just begun a lesson on “Yongil Bomb” for my fellow guerillas at Tafangtzu, Hsiaowangching, when a young man came in with a genial smile on his face.

I did not know who he was. But as all the guerillas looked at him with familiarity and reverence, I realized he was more than an ordinary guerilla.

“You should be well versed in using the hand grenade this time. You should never get hurt by the bomb to finish off the enemies!”

Looking round at the guerillas, he advised them in this way and then came over to me, grasped my hand kindly

and asked me in detail how my bomb-making was going on. This is the gist of what he said.

“...You’re doing really a wonderful job. I hope you teach not only the guerillas but all the Adults and Children’s Corps members in the base area how to use the hand grenade during your stay here. Then, the weapons you have made at such great pains will be effective in wiping out more of the enemy....”

Make more hand grenades. As you know, there is no place we can get arms and food from, so we have to make everything by our own efforts....”

Leaving these words behind, he went out.

It was not until my lecture was over that I knew that he was indeed Comrade Kim Il Sung.

After that I returned to Yenchi without having another opportunity of seeing him.

But what Comrade Kim Il Sung said at that time inspired me immensely and made me renew my firm determination to produce and repair more arms.

From then on, I worked harder to put out all that was within my power.

In this way we were able to make wooden cannons and repair rifles, firing pins, percussion bolts and safety locks for ourselves.

It was by no means easy to produce parts for rifles and revolvers manufactured in precision machine factories, when we had only simple tools such as axes, saws, hammers, nippers, and files. There is a legend in our country that needles were made by grinding an iron pestle on a stone, and in truth, we were in no less difficult a situation than in those days.

But whenever I found myself in difficulty, I recalled the words of Comrade Kim Il Sung and worked with redoubled vigour.

In the spring of 1936 I was working at Mihunchen, and one day I was told that Comrade Kim Il Sung was coming.

I awaited his arrival anxiously to be sure I could meet

him on any account this time, and then I had a chance to receive even more detailed instructions from him, as I had wished.

At that time, the soldiers' quarters were on one side of our secret camp, and on the other side, the place where were repaired arms.

Comrade Kim Il Sung was chairing a meeting in the soldiers' quarters but he often came over to my workplace during breaks and told me many things.

"Why, it's you Hunter Pak (my nickname)! You must be having a hard time!"

Having recognized me at once, he spoke in an affectionate tone and asked me in detail about my work of repairing arms.

One day, he picked up a rifle which I had brought in to repair its broken stock, and examined it with interest for a while and then said "They've broken a good rifle. No way to fix it?"

I showed him a stock of my own make which was laid on the heated floor to dry, and told him that I was going to replace the broken stock with this one.

Feeling every side of the newly-cut stock, he remarked, "This is, indeed, much the same as the one made at the factory! What kind of wood did you use, and what kind of tool to shape it?"

I replied that I had cut it from a log with an axe and a knife. Then Comrade Kim Il Sung took up our crude tools one by one, examined them with interest and asked me again. "Did you ever do carpentering or work at an iron-works before taking part in the revolution?"

I told him that I had never been a carpenter and that I had only helped my father in a forge in my boyhood.

At this, Comrade Kim Il Sung turned to the comrades beside him and said:

"...Look! Nothing is impossible once we determine to do it. This comrade had no experience in carpentering or blacksmithing before he joined the revolution. But

there is nothing that he cannot make because he has worked with firm determination for the sake of the revolution, you see? Anybody would think that this rifle stock was made in a factory. Who would ever know it was made so well with an axe?..."

He went on to say:

"...You must continue to produce more hand grenades and repair more arms so as to render greater service to the revolution.

Repair everything so that not even a single rifle or a single bullet will be wasted, and make what we don't have.

All our rifles and bullets have been taken by our comrades at the risk of their lives. None of these precious arms should be unrepaired and thrown away, should they?..."

His remarks gave me immense pride in my work and I pledged myself again to carry out my assignment without fail, giving it even more persistent efforts, true to his instructions.

Later, on orders from Comrade Kim Il Sung, I set up a secret camp at Tazhenchang, Fusung county, where I worked in charge of the arsenal, hospital and the sewing group, and then moved to the Mt. Baekdu-san secret camp in the winter of that year.

When I arrived there, they said that Comrade Kim Il Sung was coming in a few days.

But I found that his quarters had not yet been arranged. The next day I hurried preparations to build a cottage as quickly as possible. In the usual way of thinking, it is a very difficult job to build a log cabin and fit it with a door and windows, a desk and chairs by preparing the logs in a severe winter and with only axes and saws at that.

Further, the work had to be finished before the arrival of Comrade Kim Il Sung. If there had been plenty of time it would have been a different matter.

But there is nothing impossible if we try in the revolutionary spirit of self-reliance, finding the solution by our own efforts at any cost, as Comrade Kim Il Sung had always taught us.

We pushed through breast-deep snow, felled trees with our axes and saws and carried them down. In this way Comrade Kang and I that day built a log cabin where he was to stay.

Comrade Kim Il Sung arrived at the Hehhsiatzukou secret camp the following day.

He was pleased to see me. He took out a file and a hacksaw from the knapsack which he had had his orderly carry, and handed them to me, saying:

“Our comrades got these for you. I had assigned them the task when they were leaving for localities on an underground mission. Make more hand grenades and repair arms better with them.”

My heart rose with deep emotion as I thought of his care and thoughtfulness towards us who were in the arsenal.

Upholding the ideals of Comrade Kim Il Sung, all of his men would pick up every piece of scrap iron or nail wherever they found them and bring them to my arsenal. With the scrap iron and other materials collected this way we made hand grenades and repaired arms.

That day Comrade Kim Il Sung made a round of the cottage we had built, and expressed his great satisfaction.

“... It is really marvellous that you have built this fine cottage in winter. You'll have to build another since you have started building....”

He then gave me an assignment to go to Mt. Hungtou with Comrade Kang and set up a secret camp for an arsenal and a sewing room.

“Make many hand grenades. I will send you large quantities of gunpowder, scrap iron, wire and other things. And I myself will go there on the coming New Year's

Day. So build a house big enough for all of us to gather together....”

Comrade Kim Il Sung asked this of us at parting.

As instructed by him, we went to Mt. Hungtou and built a big log-hut which had a floor-heated room sufficient to accommodate a company, as well as an arsenal, in a matter of four days.

On the completion of the secret camp, materials for the hand grenades began to arrive so we worked round-the-clock to supply the units with grenades.

New Year's Day was drawing near.

We hurried our arrangements to receive Comrade Kim Il Sung. Of course we had no materials to speak of in preparing food to celebrate the New Year those days.

We made up our minds to make noodles, a favorite food of Comrade Kim Il Sung, from starch.

Now the trouble was how to make a noodle-ricer. We could manage to do everything with an axe, but this was no help for the ricer cylinder, though we tried to the best of our ability. Comrade Kang then suggested that we press the starch paste with a noodle-ricer press directly into a tin can placed under the ricer. We made many holes in the bottom of a tin can and pressed the paste into it with the presser which we had made with our own hands. The result was that the tin would not stay in place, so we cut down a young crotched tree, and then put the can between the branches and stretched two pieces of wires beneath it to hold it in place. So we managed to make a noodle-ricer at last.

Comrade Kim Il Sung came to us on New Year's Day as promised, and we made our noodles with the ricer.

Comrade Kim Il Sung was surprised to see the noodles and exclaimed:

“How did you get noodles here in the mountain!”

After hearing the story of how we had made the noodle-ricer, he took a close look at it and said:

“...If we try this way to do anything by our own strength, we can produce noodles and even better things even in the mountains here....”

These words further confirmed our conviction that nothing is impossible once we work heart and soul in the interests of the revolution.

Then from my own experience later on I realize more deeply than ever what Comrade Kim Il Sung had really meant by his words.

Comrade Kim Il Sung again left for the front, leading his men in person, and he gave us the urgent task of making *boson* (Korean cotton-wadded socks) for the front-line unit members, in addition to repairing arms.

We had to make several hundred pairs of *boson* in only a week's time. It was a very difficult job to do with the one and only sewing machine we had.

But at the thought that our comrades at the front were fighting the enemy without *boson* to wear, we plunged into our work, firmly determined to complete the job as quickly as possible, come what may.

Members of the sewing group worked day and night in shifts, keeping the machine going all the time.

But the needle, the only one we had, was broken before half of the *boson* were finished. I did not know what to do. Messengers were expected in a few days to take the goods.

Pak Su Wan, Kim Su Bok and other comrades of the sewing group began making *boson* by hand. They worked all night. But it would be utterly impossible to carry out the task in time by hand.

But there was no way of getting a sewing machine needle and difficult to make one in the deep mountains.

Of course we made hand grenades and even repaired midget revolvers with hammers, tongs, files, etc.

We had made a bobbin case for the sewing machine, too. But how could we make a needle with a file?

I felt fretful and impatient.

"How can I report to Comrade Commander? Never can I report to him 'I have failed to carry out the revolutionary task because of a broken needle,'" I said to myself. Before my eyes floated the figure of my comrades-in-arms fighting the enemy amid a hail of bullets.

I could stand it no longer.

"There is nothing I can't solve in carrying out the revolutionary task," I said, and I spurred myself to begin grinding a piece of steel wire on a stone to make a needle for the machine.

If it had been a bit thicker, I could have held it in my hand and worked it freely. But the piece of wire was so thin that I could barely hold it with my fingernails, and it was no easy job to drill an eyehole and even cut a groove in it. As the saying goes, it was no less difficult than hollowing out the contents of a calabash with a tobacco seed without cutting it.

Throughout the night I wrestled with that piece of wire that was so slippery and elusive, but my painstaking efforts finally produced something like a sewing machine needle.

Words failed to express my joy when I found it fitted perfectly in the sewing machine.

But scarcely had it put in a couple of stitches when it snapped.

Sitting up all night again, I made another needle and then hardened it by heat treatment.

This was also broken out of hand.

Obviously a piece of wire would not do, however hard I might try.

What then was to be used? We had no time to get harder wire nor had we the equipment to give it proper heat treatment!

I was totally dispirited. It was at that time that the words of Comrade Kim Il Sung came back to my mind. "Nothing is impossible if we determine to do it."

**NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE...**

At that moment I reflected on myself yielding to the adversity and repeated:

“I’m not thoughtful enough yet. Nothing is impossible if I think it over and over again.”

I persuaded myself and tried hard to think of some other way.

Suddenly a stitching needle flashed across my mind. I held it up between my fingers and scrutinized it again and again. I wondered whether I could get a thicker one, when I was struck by the thought of the big needle Comrade Kang used to pin on his cap and for mending his shoes.

I pulled it out of Comrade Kang’s cap and gave it a thought.

The question was, above all, how to drill an eyehole in the thin and hard needle. It seemed to me simply impossible however hard I might strive.

How could I make a hole in such a hard, round and thin wire even if I had had a tiny drill to bore a hole?

I thought this way with the big needle in my hand and pondered over it. “Isn’t there any other way I can drill it?”

It occurred to me that “it might be possible to use the existing needle’s eye without going to the trouble of drilling a new hole.”

This idea afforded the key to untying the tangled knots.

I started heating the eye end of the needle to adapt it for the sewing machine.

But this was not an easy task either.

A slightest slip might result in blocking the eyehole of the needle, and the end could hardly be sharpened in trying to keep the hole intact.

After thinking deeply I fixed a tiny piece of wire into the hole of the needle and began filing its end sharp.

I really had a hard time, but succeeded in sharpening the thick end of the needle. And then came another

trouble. How to cut a groove in its surface to run a thread along?

The needle was so small and slippery, I could scarcely hold it between my fingers. There was no way of applying a file to it. No sooner had I taken it between my fingers than it dropped before I knew it. And when I tried to file it, it slipped away.

My convulsive efforts would carry me nowhere if I worked empty-handed. I did a lot of hard thinking to find a way to cut that groove.

In the long run, I cut some scrap iron into two pieces, put the needle between them and then fastened them tight to a log and set about carefully cutting a groove with the file.

A wrong touch of my fingertips would make a crooked line. If I had cut a crooked line all I had done so far would have gone for nothing.

I went on wrestling with the needle, oblivious of dawn and then broad daylight.

Now the needle was ready, its end pointed and a groove in it. But when I tried to fix it in the sewing machine, it did not fit because the other end was too thin. I coiled it with a thin wire ring and welded it to fit the machine.

The sewing group set it in the machine and started stitching the cloth carefully. It worked smoothly. The members of the group danced for joy, sending up cheers and locking their arms.

But the thread would often snap when the machine had worked for some time, and we could not speed up the sewing. I took out the needle and drew the thread through the groove to locate the spot which had snapped it. It turned out to be a very small point which, though almost invisible to the naked eye, jutted out between the eyehole and the groove, causing the thread to snap.

That point sticking out in the narrow groove had to be removed. We had no tool, however, to clean out the

groove, which was too narrow to admit a file, a knife or a drill.

After some hard thinking I filed a piece of wire thinner than the needle and made it square. Then I put this between the eyehole and the groove and turned it round repeatedly till the rough point was rubbed down.

Now the thread did not break, and a proper speed was possible for sewing.

So after so much effort I made the needle. But it did not last long and broke after a few dozen pairs of *boson* had been sewn, because it was weaker than the real sewing machine needle. So a man was sent out to another secret camp some way off to bring two big needles. Again we set about making two needles for the sewing machine.

In this way we made the *boson* and sent them to the unit within the set time.

What joy and pride we felt in the fact that the revolutionary task assigned to us had been completed.

Whenever I think of those days I cannot suppress the emotions rising up in my heart even now; I recall the days of the anti-Japanese armed struggle that we had waged, facing up to every difficulty, and solving all the problems for ourselves in the revolutionary spirit of self-reliance as taught by Comrade Kim Il Sung, and the subsequent days of construction of our new country after liberation.

The revolutionary ideas of Comrade Kim Il Sung made it possible for our country to prosper and develop as a sovereign, independent country, rich and strong, as a socialist industrial-agricultural country that towers imposingly in the East.

We worked hard for postwar rehabilitation, tightening our belts and saving every penny, true to the instructions of Comrade Kim Il Sung and under his wise leadership. As a result, from scratch we built up a powerful heavy industry which enables us to build blast furnaces and power plants and turn out lorries, tractors and large

machines for ourselves, as well as creating light industries. At the same time, we established socialist agriculture to give us self-sufficiency in food.

In our country firm foundations have been laid for further promotion of the people's welfare, by putting into use our diverse and abundant resources to the fullest possible extent, with our own efforts and our own techniques.

Our Korea has assets enough to enable the people not only in the northern half but in the southern half, too, to live a decent and abundant life, envying no one, and is firmly reinforcing the political and economic foundations for national unification.

Whenever I think of our proud country, which had the strength to fully solve all the problems arising in our revolution in the political, economic, military and cultural fields, I resolve firmly to work harder. live and fight in the revolutionary spirit of self-reliance as taught by Comrade Kim Il Sung since the earliest days of the anti-Japanese armed struggle.

## XIX

# Long May You Live !

By CHOE IL HWA

On the morning of August 15, 1961 the 16th anniversary of Liberation day two young men called at my house and said:

“The Premier will probably call on you before noon, grandmother.”

I was very surprised and thought:

“The Premier is coming to my house when he is so busy with state affairs!”

I was so deeply grateful for his kindness that I was quite at a loss what to do, but helped by my grandchildren, I started quickly to tidy up.

But the Premier was already here. He took me by the hand and said: “How do you do, mother?”

I was so upset that I could hardly greet him properly.

He came in with his wife and two children, who greeted me politely, and then he asked my family to sit down. He inquired about our living conditions and the health of my family.

“How are you getting on since coming back to Korea?” he asked.

“Where are your sons working?”

He was as kind as to his own family. At first we all felt awkward and stiff in his presence, but we soon were put at our ease and we talked about our domestic affairs, little and big without hesitation, as if talking to a fond relative whom we had not seen for a long time.

“Thanks to you Mr. Premier, we are living happily in this nice house looking out over the beautiful Daedong-

*gang* River," I told him. "My sons are working and my grandchildren are going to school. I do not know of anything that could be more gratifying than this." When I expressed my thanks to him in this way, he said with a smile of satisfaction:

"I am very glad to hear that."

Then, he went to the window and stood looked out over the *Daedong-gang* River.

"What a fine view!" then turning to me, he asked:

"Can that cottage of yours still be standing, the cottage where you took care of me when I was ill that time?"

I told him that probably the cottage had been burnt down because immediately after his stay there was a "punitive operation." He stood lost in thought for a while, and then said:

"The view of the mountain behind the cottage and the stream in front were really fine.... And the water from the nearby spring was very sweet, wasn't it?"

He went over to the spot where the recessed room heater was and sat down, and went on,

"At that time too, you sat me down in the warmest place in the floor-heated room like this, and gave me gruel with honey water, didn't you? It was the honey water that saved my life!"

And he recalled with deep feeling that the bean-paste soup was delicious and that the coarse bean curd had special flavour.

It was very sad to think that I was so poor then that I could not take proper care of him, and could not give him any special food. Yet he talked about those days in words of such gratitude that I felt ashamed. Overwhelmed by my deep feelings of appreciation I could scarcely find words to reply.



Just 29 years ago my family had left our native village, Samjang sub-county, Musan county, in North Hamgyong Province, in search of a living. After searching through-

out northern Chientao and Ningan, we went deep into the mountains 12 kilometers from the village of Taweitzu at the foot of Laoyehling Mountain. There we built a cottage and settled down.

It was an out-of-the-way place, without name or number.

It was deep in thick forests where even in the daytime the sun scarcely penetrated. Around our low one-room cottage, we planted little pine-trees so that it could not be seen even from a short distance. When we went down to work in the field some 8 kilometers away, we took care to leave no tracks. In this way, we lived completely hidden from the outer world.

Living such a solitary life in the mountains to escape the oppression of the Japanese imperialists, landowners and capitalists, we missed community life very much. But our minds at least were at peace, for we were able to grow our food, using firefield methods, without being exploited and where there was no scoundrel to annoy us.

On the other side of the creek with its stepping stones there was another cottage also tucked away, where my brother-in-law and his family lived.

These were the only two houses to be found in the dark woods, dim as a den of beasts. Not a soul even came near the place for years on end, and so for the first two years no one realized there were people living in this lonely place.

Then, one day some most honourable guests came.

As I remember, it was toward the end of 1934, the second year we were there in the mountain, that in the dead of night someone knocked at the door.

Having pounded millet in a foot-mortar all day long and ground bean for bean curd in the evening, I had just fallen into a deep sleep, when I heard the knocking and woke up in alarm. While all the family were lying with bated breath, my father-in-law, Jo Taek Ju, who had been sleeping nearest the door, opened it.

"We are anti-Japanese guerillas," said one of the

visitors, "don't be afraid, please." Telling us that the matter was urgent, they went on talking outside, without coming into the house.

They said that they had heard from an old Korean in the village of Shipienlintzu which was some 28 kilometers away that there was a house of Koreans hidden away in a fold of the Laoyehling Mountains. They had been looking all over the place all day long for our house, but in vain.

When it grew dark, they climbed up the mountain and looked down in the hope of spotting a light, and there they saw the faint light of our cottage, and came on down.

"Our Comrade Commander is ill," they said. "He is lying a little way down the slope there. May we bring him here to your home to stay for a time?"

They told us why they had gone to so much trouble to find our place.

Only when we learned that they were guerillas did we feel relieved, and we all looked out the door. Just outside two young soldiers were standing in worn-out military uniforms with pieces of white cloth thrown over them.

My father-in-law was greatly astonished when he learned that the sick Commander of the guerillas unit was none other than General Kim Il Sung.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Why didn't you bring him in right away? How thoughtless of you!"

Reproaching the guerillas in this way, he urged my husband and son, Yong Son, to go with the guerillas to help bring General Kim Il Sung, pushing them to make them hurry.

Turning to me, he told me to hurry and get the fire going to heat the room and boil water in one pot and prepare gruel in the other.

When my husband and son had hurried off with the guerillas, I tidied the room up a bit, made a fire and put millet in a cooking pot to make gruel, trying to hold my excitement in check.

My father-in-law had heard about General Kim Il Sung. He said:

“General Kim Il Sung is the great commander who leads the Korean army units in East Manchuria, delivering crushing blows on the Japanese.”

I was deeply moved. I thought how impossible it would have been for people like us to meet such a personage as he if nothing of this sort had happened. With my thoughts racing along I busied myself about the kitchen.

In a little while the guerillas came back, carrying a young man. It was very dark, and now it was snowing. Worse still, the whole place was trackless, with thick bushes and small pine-trees, making it impossible to carry a stretcher. So the guerillas had had to carry him on their backs by turns over some 8 kilometers, pushing their way through the deep snow. Quickly we set him down by the fireside.

His young face impressed one at first sight, but it bore the marks of serious illness. He was unconscious and moaning.

My heart ached and I was terribly upset at knowing that it was the one engaged in so great a cause, with tens of thousands of enemy troops at his mercy, who had crossed the mountains like lightning, but now lying unconscious.

From his experience with sicknesses, my father-in-law said that we had to make the General perspire because he was undoubtedly suffering from a chill from the hard life in the severe cold. He told me to hurry and bring hot water and the honey we had gathered in the mountain.

After we had fed him a cup of hot water with honey we took off his overcoat and shoes, laid him in front of the fireside and covered him deep with quilts.

I blush now to think of the ragged quilts we used to cover him with. But then we were so full of anxiety that we didn't give it a thought.

My father-in-law began to massage his limbs, saying, "Massage and perspiration will cure the chill."

Sitting at the foot of the bed, I too massaged his ankles, hoping earnestly for his quick recovery.

The room was full of guerilla fighters, but too narrow to admit them all. So some had to stay outside in the raging snowstorm, watching. They were very anxious, and some of them were even wiping tears from their eyes. The atmosphere was heavy with anxiety and worry, for it was General Kim Il Sung, so precious to all the Korean people who was lying there unconscious.

"It's not good to crowd here and disturb the patient," my father-in-law said to the guerillas, sweating as he massaged the patient's limbs. "Don't worry. All of you go over to the other cottage and take a rest."

Reluctantly they went across the brook to the cottage of my brother-in-law and only two bodyguards remained with our family.

When it became so quiet in the room, I felt heavier at heart and became more nervous with anxiety.

About an hour later, my father-in-law touched his forehead with his hand and said in a relieved voice: "He is beginning to sweat." Then he asked me to fetch some gruel with honey.

I hurried to the kitchen and strained some millet gruel and brought a bowl of it mixed with honey.

We raised him up a little to take the gruel. After that, we continued to massage him for some time. A faint flush came over his face and he fell asleep.

"Good," said my father-in-law, heaving a deep sigh of relief, "Now we've beaten the disease." He told me to stop massaging and leave him alone to sleep.

We sat watching him as he slept while the guerillas talked to us in whispers about him.

Listening to them, I had the deep feeling, though not understanding the reason, that the day would soon come for the Korean people to enjoy freedom, and live in

comfort when this great young person recovered. So I sat by his side anxiously watching every expression and movement of the muscles of his face and wiping the sweat from his brow.

As day was breaking he opened his eyes with a deep breath. We were so glad that we all came closer and asked in unison: "How do you feel?"

"I feel quite all right now, as if I could fly," he said in a resonant voice. "It is because of this kind family that I have recovered." He thanked our family again and again.

We were deeply moved and there was nothing we could say in reply.

He asked us to raise him, so we fixed the place so that he could recline on quilts and pillows. He looked around at us, and earnestly asked us now to go to sleep. "You couldn't sleep all night. Now please get some sleep."

One of the guards ran to the next cottage with the glad news, and soon the guerillas came rushing in.

I can still see these guerillas after a long sleepless night spent worrying about their Leader, rejoicing to see him sitting up.

"Comrade Commander!" was all they could say, and they lowered their heads in tears.

"Well, here I am, better. Don't worry," he said with a smile, and patted one of the young guerillas in front of him. Their pleasure was boundless! How could they but be glad to see the General whom they looked upon as the beacon of the Korean revolution recovering from so serious an illness.

They could win over all difficulties only by relying on him. They were only few in number but were able to break through the encirclement of the enemies, braving the biting cold of North Manchuria.

They were smiling, but could find no words to express their deep emotion.

Looking affectionately around at the guerillas he said:

"Now stop worrying about me, and say something. I've caused you much anxiety, haven't I?"

Cheered by his broad smile, their faces brightened. One young guerilla said with a bright smile, "Comrade Commander, we were completely at a loss when we were surrounded by the enemy and you lay there unconscious."

The guerillas told us how they had found a way out of the jaws of death with the help of an old Korean at the most critical time, in a tight corner with their sick, unconscious Leader. Returning from an expedition to North Manchuria (this was the first expedition to North Manchuria), he had the main body of his unit start first and he himself set out later with a few guerillas.

They had to force their way through breast-deep snow, and the enemy, outnumbering them more than ten to one came in pursuit. Every day they had to fight ten or more hard battles against the overwhelming enemy. Marching through the deep snow they were tired out and, to make matters worse, provisions ran out.

I could well imagine how hard it must have been for them to go through the deep snow in the thick forests fighting the enemy and without food. They said that it was hard for them to move even one step forward.

Even under these conditions, they continued, the concern of Comrade Kim Il Sung was for the guerillas. Even when, by chance, some food was obtained, he would not take it but offered it to his men, and every day he helped tired guerillas in the marching ranks. So he became more exhausted than anybody else. Added to this, he had spent days and nights in the terrific cold of North Manchuria, and at last he went down with fever from a chill.

They told him then in detail about how they, 17 young guerillas (they were all round 17 or 18 years of age except the company commander), made their way toward Lao-yehling Mountain for more than ten days, carrying the

sick Commander on a stretcher and fighting off the enemy's "punitive troops" following them.

"When we arrived at a dormitory of lumberjacks in Shipientientzu of Huangchouling at the foot of Laoyehling Mountain we were attacked by the enemy not only in the rear, but in front and on our flanks," said one of them.

Surrounded on all sides and unable to find a way out, they went into the lumbermen's dormitory and discussed how to escape the enemy. But their discussions could get them nowhere. They could find no way out.

But for the sick Commander, they might have broken through the enemy's encirclement in a desperate charge, but that was impossible because they had to ensure the safety of the Commander who was ill and unconscious.

Comrade Kim Il Sung had always repelled the enemies by singular tactics, but he was now unable to give instructions. The guerilla members were truly at a loss.

Looking anxiously into his face flushed with fever, a young guerilla, Taek Man, could not restrain himself and burst into tears, they said. Even the company commander could not stop him crying. There was an old man wearing Chinese clothes in the room, sitting beside them listening to their talk. He was a Korean, who was there to watch over the dormitory. He asked why the young man was crying.

"We are members of an East Manchuria guerilla unit," one of them told him. "We've got to save our Commander, but we are at the end of our tether."

Hearing this, the old man asked: "Who is the Commander?" When he learned that the Commander was General Kim Il Sung himself, he hurried to his side and looked into his face closely, and asked once again: "Is he really General Kim Il Sung?"

Then the old man spoke in fluent Korean, "I am also a Korean. Old as I am, I will not spare even my life if it is for him."

The old man confided to them, the guerilla member

went on, that he had been living there secretly to avoid the Japanese, concealing his Korean nationality, speaking only Chinese and living in accordance with Chinese customs. His son, Kim Hae San, who was a member of the Ningan Self-Defence Corps, had been killed in action.

"I will do my best, though I can't guarantee the result," said the old man Kim.

He suggested they use the owner of the lumber camp who was coming soon from Ningan by sleigh, which they could use to get out of danger.

Now the company commander spoke up for the first time:

"The old man said: 'The owner is one of the most influential people in Ningan, and so if he uses his influence, even the punitive troops would not be able to act recklessly against you. When the sleighs turn up, you must tie him up fast and make him promise to do what you tell him. And remember to tie me up under his very eyes, so that no trouble may arise for me afterwards.' We could not take up the suggestion of the old man at once. Uncertain what would be the outcome, we hesitated to make a definite decision, for it would be a final showdown on which we would be staking our lives."

The company commander said that after deep thought he cautiously shook the Commander to wake him up, and asked what to do.

"General Kim Il Sung, barely managed to gather his weak senses together but after learning how things stood, he said 'I leave everything to you!' and, with these words, he again fell unconscious."

The guerillas still hesitated and could not make up their minds, but time was flowing fast and soon day began to dawn. It was clear that as soon as it was light enough the enemy would attack the dormitory from all sides.

While the guerillas were still uncertain what to do, five sleighs ran into the yard one after another, as had been anticipated by old man Kim.

There was no time to lose. They rushed out and tied up both the owner of the lumber camp and old man Kim. Then they demanded that the owner should promise to comply with their demand.

Seeing that it was a matter of life and death for him, the owner promised reluctantly to do what they told him.

One of the young guerillas, mimicking the owner of the lumber camp, broke in.

"All of a tremble, the owner said, 'All right, sir. I'll ride the first sleigh and clear the road by shouting. So, you follow me on the other sleighs, please!'"

The company commander and a guerilla, both wearing Chinese clothes over their military uniforms; took their seats on the first sleigh with the owner between them, their pistols in the ribs of the owner whose hands were tied up under his cloak. On the second sleigh rode guerillas in work clothes of lumber-jacks, fully prepared to fight in case of emergency. And on the third sleigh, they said, General Kim Il Sung lay covered with a quilt.

The fourth and fifth sleighs carried the rest of the guerillas, alert and ready to take the General to the pre-arranged spot if anything should happen.

Their plan was that if all went well it would be good luck for all, but if things should go amiss, the company commander and some of the guerillas would fight off the enemy with their very lives while the other guerillas would take the General to a safe place.

The guerillas triumphantly told how the five sleighs, after thus making preparations, darted back along the road towards Ningan.

With guns ready under their work clothes, they were all so tense that they felt their heart constricted.

If the owner of the lumber camp made even one slip or made even a suspicious sign to the soldiers of the "punitive troops," the game would be up.

If there had been nobody but themselves, the guerillas

could have died without regret after taking good toll of the "punitive troops," but if a skirmish should take place, the personal safety of Comrade Kim Il Sung would be in jeopardy.

Waving his hand in excitement one of them took up the story.

"Our hands holding the guns trembled, and the seventeen of us concentrated our attention on any movement by the owner, straining our nerves. Soon some men of the 'punitive troops' came into view huddling around a campfire.

'What are these sleighs?' shouted the sentry. 'Hold on!' The company commander made a sign with his head toward the owner and thrust his pistol into his ribs. We held our breaths and gripped our pistols ready.

"'Lumbermen are sick, and we are taking them to the hospital, as you see!' shouted back the owner, and the sleigh drove past the guard post in a flash. The following sleighs, too, went past without stopping."

They passed the second guard post, too, the same way without difficulty, now somewhat relieved.

The youngest looking member now took up the story:

"But when we came to the last guard post and the owner of the lumber camp shouted, the sentry came out onto the road and cried: 'Pull up your sleighs, I'll search you.'"

"Our hearts began to pound. The owner was upset and faltered. The issue hung by a hair. Seeing the owner stammering, the company commander gave a hard thrust into his ribs with his pistol.

Recovering his spirit, it seemed, the owner shouted back loudly: 'What are you talking about? Don't you see the patients are seriously ill? Hey, driver, go ahead full speed.' And the sleigh dashed through like a shot, the other sleighs following.

Taken aback, the guard couldn't even step aside but

just stood there and the snow splashed over him from running sleighs."

As the young guerilla told the story, he stood up and demonstrated how the company commander poked his pistol into the owner's ribs.

They said that when they had slipped past the last barrier they found themselves wet with sweat in spite of the severe frost of that winter day.



As I listened to the story, my heart was pounding in breathless suspense.

What a moment!

If the lumber camp owner had revealed even a suspicious attitude or if the sentry had been more inquisitive, there would certainly have been a fight!

This very thought made us break into a cold sweat.

My father-in-law drew a deep breath and turned his eyes once again to the General. He said:

"Indeed, you are under the protection of Heaven."

The guerillas continued their story.

After successfully slipping through the guard posts, the sleighs drove along for some distance. The first sleigh continued its way towards Ningan, and the others turned off onto a byway.

A little way farther, the company commander and other guerilla got off the first sleigh and came into the valley where we were living.

When he had heard the story through, the General said over again how kind indeed was the old man at the dormitory of the Shipienlintzu lumber camp.

His words made me think, "What Korean could be reluctant to sacrifice his own life for the sake of General Kim Il Sung, in whom the entire Korean people put such faith, as in the daily rising sun!"

It made me feel still more the sense of responsibility for the recovery of his health. "I must nurse him with

still greater care so that he will recover as soon as possible." I said to myself.

Soon it was quite light. To make gruel for the General, who seemed a little better and had sat up, and to make it as tasty as possible, I pounded millet in the foot-mortar, washed it in the clear water of the spring, and prepared breakfast.

From that day, the General refused to stay in bed. But he was still very thin and his face was pale. Now he needed good food to enable him to get his strength back quickly; but what nutritious food was there at our cottage located in the deep mountains hidden away from the outer world? We could not even keep chickens, dogs or other animals for fear of discovery by the enemy, so there was not a single egg, to say nothing of meat, to feed him with.

Though I would willingly have gone hundreds of *ri* to get meat for him, that was too dangerous. It could have led to the discovery of the whereabouts of the General and disastrous consequences.

I worried each time I prepared a meal for him, and I was so ashamed that I could not raise my face when I set the food before him. At best, his food was a compound of barley and millet, which was served to him with wild-vegetable soup and coarse bean curd. We had enough beans, and if I could have made bean curd for him while he was recovering, it would have sharpened his appetite. But unable to get brine, I could not even make bean curd, and so had no choice but to serve him only coarse bean curd.

Seeing me hide my face whenever I set a meal before him, he would praise it, saying: "The wild-vegetable soup is tasty and the sauce is good. And the bean curd is especially nice."

However meagre, he always ate the food with relish. He shared the dinner table with the guerillas and never ate before they took up their spoons. If there was bean

curd or some other special thing he would push the dish towards the guerillas.

"I am afraid we will eat up all your family's supplies for the year, and you will be short of food," he said with a look of concern.

"Don't worry," I said. "We have harvested enough grain, though it is only coarse."

But this did not seem to put his mind at rest. His health recovered quickly. On the fourth day after arrival, he could read and talk with the guerillas. A week later he was able to go to the house of my brother-in-law across the creek where the men were billeted, to guide them in their studies. And then soon he was able to go up the mountain to survey the topography.

One day, after he had spent about fifteen days in this way, he suddenly said it was time to go.

"How can you go through the deep snow when you have still not fully regained your strength?" said my father-in-law, trying to dissuade him. But the General insisted that he must go. Of course, those fifteen days flew by, but they are days which I will never forget.

The guerillas had become like my own sons or younger brothers, helping me with the household chores. Taking no rest from the first to the last day, they gathered firewood in the mountains, drew water and pounded grain in the foot-mortar in the daytime. Indeed, I came to look on them as my own family.

The night before they left I pounded millet and barley for them to take as field rations. The snow fell thick and fast that night.

Morning came. It was time for them to go. Before setting off after the guerillas, he shook hands with us one by one, and said to my father-in-law:

"We young sons of Korea are to blame that you have to live a joyless life here, hidden away from the outer world in a foreign country where you have had to come to make a living. But trust us and wait. The day will certainly

come when we Koreans, men and women, old and young, will be able to live in peace in our liberated land, free from worry and anxiety."

He advised us over and over again to move closer to the Lotzukou region because it was most likely that the enemy would step up "punitive operations" in the spring. Then he bade us farewell.

Yong Son, my eldest son, accompanied them as far as Palinkou in Wangching county as a guide. When he returned, he told us that the General had said in parting:

"We will go back to our guerilla unit and continue the fight until we liberate Korea. Then we will meet again in our free homeland."

After they had gone we still felt that he was beside us, and especially in the night we still seemed to hear the guerilla members singing and see them dancing. We felt lonely and the house seemed so empty without them.

When he had gone, as if by common consent we sat down silently by the fireside where he had been lying, feeling the gap that had been left.

Sure enough, from February of the next year, as he had predicted when leaving, the enemy's "punitive troops" crept into the mountains where we were living. They prowled about all over the mountains, firing shots at random.

Following the advice of the General, one night our whole family left the place and moved to Taipingkou in Lotzukou, where we settled into a farm hut belonging to a Chinese landlord.

I think it was June, for weeding was at its height in the fields, when one day a large troop of our soldiers came to Taipingkou and the villagers came out to welcome them. Our army, they said, was coming back after a great victory in the Laoheishan battle. We all turned out to cheer the guerilla fighters along the highway where they were passing.

Then, in the middle of the marching column I saw a

man of great stature. My heart skipped a beat. There was no doubt. It was he. It was General Kim Il Sung, who had stayed with us while recovering from illness the previous winter!

I was about to rush towards him in spite of myself, when my father-in-law held me back, sensing what I was about to do.

"Don't stop him. He is engaged in a great work," he said.

In the depths of my heart I deeply wanted to meet him, but I could not. When the women of our village were talking about him, I didn't say a word about him having been in our home. To do so would have given the impression that I was boasting.

The next day, while my father-in-law walking down the road, he came upon two young guerillas who had stayed at our home the previous winter. Then, later that day, while I was out weeding the fields the General personally called at our house with a few of the guerillas. He even brought us some meat, I learned later. He called on my father-in-law and chatted with him for a long time. That day, my younger brother-in-law was ill in bed. Seeing him lying there, the General inquired about him and, before leaving, he pushed some money under his pillow.

On returning from the fields, when I learned about it, I was moved beyond words. How could such a great man be so thoughtful, giving his attention even to such little things?

Next day, while we were all sitting talking with great enthusiasm about the General, two guerillas came to our house quite unexpectedly, leading a white horse.

"This horse is part of our booty taken in the Laoheishan battle," the guerillas said. "Comrade Commander has sent it to you as a gift. He asked us to tell you that though the horse is a bit thin, you can feed it up, and it will be a good horse to use it in grinding grain and plowing the fields, helping you to do better farming."

We stood there just speechless.

Taking the reins of the horse, my father-in-law was trembling with excitement. How he felt, now that his long-cherished dream of owning a draft animal had come true! How much better farming he could do, thanks to the General!

We fed it well and used it on the farm, but we were afraid it might catch the attention of the enemy. So next year we sold it and bought an ox, because in those days the enemy would commandeer any good horse for military use if they found one.

We moved later to North Manchuria to escape the enemy's "punitive operations," but suffered severe hardship because we were unable to get work there. In those days our family would probably have starved to death had we not had that ox. When we found ourselves in a tight corner, where we could not even get a piece of land to farm, the ox was the only means by which we could earn a living. My husband and eldest daughter gathered bush clover in the valley of Amahutzu outside Nanhutou, and the ox carried it to market. Relying on the ox, we were able just to keep body and soul together for several years, though we lived on watery gruel.

"We owe our very existence to General Kim Il Sung," was the grateful thought that always stayed with us. But we realized we had to keep this precious secret to ourselves.

In April 1960 I made the trip back to Korea, my homeland, my heart overflowing with emotion at the thought that I was going to have the honour of meeting Comrade Kim Il Sung again in my liberated country.

It was on the eve of May Day, 1960.

Standing again on the soil of my dear fatherland and watching the streets of Pyongyang lined with multi-storied buildings, I remembered what he had said over 20 years ago when he left our house.

"It is just as he said; we have come to enjoy as happy

a life as others in this sunny land of ours!" I said to myself.

The day after my arrival home, I was given the honour of meeting him.

I had been thinking that when I met him I would tell him all about the many things that had happened to our family during those 20 years, but when we came face to face, I stopped, completely at a loss for words.

He received me as he would his own mother. He took me by the hand and led me to a seat. "What hardships you must have undergone since then!" he said. But I couldn't speak. I could only sit looking into his face, his kind, generous face, for a long time.

As I sat gazing at him, his smiling face grew serious. Tears were running down my cheeks in spite of myself.

"Why should you shed tears, mother, on this happy day?" he said.

Only when he said this, I realized that I was in tears. I managed to mumble:

"It is because I am recalling the day when you, Comrade Premier parted from us," I said. "You told us at that time the sunny day would surely come when we could meet each other with light hearts. And here I am, having the honour of seeing you again in our homeland. I am so happy that I, an old woman, am shedding tears of joy."

At this, he grasped my hand still more firmly.

So overwhelmed was I that I could not think of all the things that I had been thinking to tell him when I met him.

Now, since our family's return to our dear homeland, I have had the honour of meeting him on many occasions, but I hesitated to present him with the souvenir that I had been keeping deep in my bosom for him.

"How can I dare to offer him such a worthless thing in the presence of others?" I would say to myself.

It was on April 15, 1961, his birthday, that I gave it to

him. Together with all his family, I took part in the Premier's birthday celebrations. I was treated like one of his own family. I took out a fountain pen which I had kept in my bosom and offered it to him, saying:

"Dear Premier, the white horse which you took in the Laoheishan battle and gave us as a gift has changed into this fountain pen. As you told us to do, we fed it well and used it in our farm work. Then, we sold it and bought an ox because the horse might have caught the eye of the enemy. And then, after that, we changed oxen many times. If it had not been for the ox, our family would never have been able to earn a living and would have died of hunger. We all relied on the ox for a living. After liberation, we brought it into the cooperative (later, the People's Commune). When we left for home this time we were compensated for the ox and bought this fountain pen. I have brought it as a present for you, for I want you to live long, as long as ten thousand years. (The Korean word for fountain pen means a 'pen which lasts ten thousand years.') Please, accept it."

Taking the fountain pen in his hand, he said with deep feeling: "So that horse we captured in the Laoheishan battle has turned into this fountain pen!"

He showed the fountain pen to his family with great delight, and, grasping my hand tightly once again, he said: "Thank you, mother!"

When the Premier called at my house on August 15, 1961, and stayed for more than an hour and a half, talking about old times, all those things of the past came flooding back to my mind just as if they had happened the day before.

The very one I had nursed when he was ill and who had stayed at our little cottage, was now sitting in my home smiling genially and looking out on the magnificent streets of Pyongyang through the window, with my grandchildren fussing and frolicking about with joy. Gazing

at him looking out the window, my heart said again "May he live long."

I repeated it over and over again in the depths of my heart.

"I hope you live ten thousand years for the sake of building socialism and communism in our country, to give the rising generation a more joyful and free earthly paradise!"



## XX

# “ Strong Will Can Conquer Any Difficulty ”

By NAM DONG SU

Under the wise guidance of Comrade Kim Il Sung, the great Leader of the 40 million Korean people, the fighting guerillas were able to come through victories no matter what the difficulties or trials they had to endure throughout the 15 years of the anti-Japanese armed struggle. It was our Comrade Commander who bore the destiny of our fatherland on his shoulders, lighting the way to the recovery of our nationhood during the darkest days of colonialism under the Japanese imperialists. Now today it is he who is leading our people to victory and glory.

While engaged in the armed struggle, we armed ourselves with the all-conquering revolutionary ideas of Comrade Kim Il Sung, trained into “one-equals-a-hundred” revolutionary fighters, cared for under his brotherly love, and fighting like the deathless Phoenix.

It was because they always thought and acted according to the teachings of Comrade Kim Il Sung and fought with high pride and self-confidence that the anti-Japanese armed guerillas never yielded to the enemy under whatever difficult circumstances, but fought and won.

I want to tell you something of my own personal experience. What I say is only one of the many experiences of the guerillas during the period of the anti-Japanese armed struggle.

In February 1940 I was seriously wounded in the leg in the battle of Daehongdan in the Musan area and re-

ceived treatment at Godung Valley of the Olgi River, away from the main unit.

Godung Valley of the Olgi River is a very appropriate place. There are many mountains that look alike there. So it was difficult for the enemy to locate the valley without something to mark the way in. There was a spring nearby, and the location was in a shady nook conveniently placed for visiting other places. The punitive forces of the enemy could not find it. They paid little attention to the northern slopes of the mountains, thinking that secret camps and hospitals in the rear of the guerilla forces would be located on the sunny, southern slopes of mountains. So we set up a secret camp there.

Though safe, there were not a few difficulties in getting medical treatment. For us there was only one kind of medicine then, a package of black ointment which our comrades had supplied, and the only instrument available for treatment was a steel knitting needle which we used in place of tweezers.

An old man was sent with me from a band of mountaineers to care for me. We helped each other to overcome the difficulties under these trying circumstances. Difficulties arose one after another. My wound became worse daily instead of healing, and we had used up almost our whole supply of frozen potatoes supplied when I left my unit. Though my wound pained me very much I had to endure it, cleaning it with some cotton wound around the needle.

As our difficulties increased, the old man began to grumble. Not only that, but sometimes when in a bad temper he would say, "You are always complaining" if I asked him to do anything. At first I thought it was only bad temper because things were so bad, and didn't pay much attention. But one day he disappeared, taking my clothes with him, my leather belt and daily necessities, leaving only the cooking pot.

This man was still possessed of his old ideas from the

time he was a member of the mountaineer band. Hesitating and wavering in the face of difficulties, he had abandoned the road of revolution and become a degenerate renegade.

My comrades were scheduled to visit me fifteen days after this traitor fled from the camp on March 1. Feeling how I hated the traitor, I looked eagerly for the day my comrades would arrive, counting the days. But the days passed and my comrades did not come, probably because of adverse circumstances. March passed and it was already April. I was without medical treatment and food had run out as I waited day after day, eating just a few dried mushrooms.

However hard I tried to gather strength, I felt I could scarcely move a finger. When I closed my eyes I felt I was floating in the air or being hurled into a bottomless pit.

"If things go on like this," I thought, "I will never be able to stand on my feet again. I felt bitterly mortified that having offered my life to the cause of the revolution and having chosen the road of revolutionary struggle, I would die fighting my weakness, unable to fight the Japanese imperialists on the battlefield again."

Feeling bitter resentment, I gripped the blanket over me with all my strength. The blanket had been thrown over me by the Comrade Commander when I left for the secret camp. The warmth that enveloped my body was as if I was enveloped by the warm care of the Comrade Commander. The picture of our gallant Comrade Commander came before my eyes, and calmly I thought, "—I must not die. If I die, if I cannot master these difficulties, how am I different from that traitor who ran away? I have no right to die before my time. The only right I have is to live and fight on in the ranks of the revolution led by the Comrade Commander—"

.. .. .  
I recalled vividly the days I had spent under the daily

guidance and warm care of the Comrade Commander. It was in November 1936 that I had gone to the Changpai district in response to the call of Comrade Kim Il Sung. At that time we began climbing the Doegol Peak at dawn and it was night by the time we had crossed the mountain. The snow that year was exceptionally heavy, and a violent snowstorm raged quickly, covering the footprints of my comrades who walked before me, but the prospect of meeting the Comrade Commander made me forget the difficulty of climbing up and down that tortuous mountain path.

A courier sent by the Comrade Commander met us when we arrived at Tungkang in Fusung county. He told us that the Comrade Commander had said at the time of his departure,

“These comrades will have met many difficulties before they reach here, so go as fast as possible and guide them to this place. Take good care of them, because they have suffered much from those vicious people guilty of a serious Leftist error committed in the struggle against the ‘Minsaengdan’....”

The Comrade Commander had told the courier to teach us what to do if trapped in deep snow. We were to lie quietly; that if we struggled to extricate ourselves we would only sink deeper and deeper into it.

Learning from the courier of the thoughtfulness of Comrade Commander we felt our hearts warm. I was moved more than the others by his words. I had suffered terrible difficulties because of Leftist error of the great-power chauvinists, and the factionalists who curried favor with them in the struggle against “Minsaengdan.” I felt the joy of real life at the words of the Comrade Commander.

I had been falsely charged with being a “member of the Minsaengdan,” and persecuted in all possible ways. They were planning to send me to an area under enemy rule, and separate me from the revolution.

But I had made up my mind that there was no way but the road of revolution for me, whatever they might say. I was determined to offer my life to the cause of the revolution. We endured the trial at that time, in the firm belief that the Comrade Commander, who bore the destiny of the Korean revolution on his shoulders, would surely save our country in the crisis. And he did. He carried the Korean revolution through this difficult phase and brought new life to it till it rose in new strength. It was the prospect of meeting the Comrade Commander for whom I felt such great respect and so deeply revered that heartened me and heightened my fighting spirit.

We made the difficult journey safely, and arrived on December 29 of the same year at a secret camp in Hehhsiat-zukou where the Comrade Commander was. He greeted us outside the log-cabin and shook hands with each, thanking us for the trouble we had taken to come to him.

We were issued new uniforms and shoes. This was the first new uniform for me after joining the guerillas. Before we arrived, the Comrade Commander had instructed a small unit to prepare winter uniforms for us.

In our new uniforms we felt we were treading on air.

A few days later, we spent New Year's Day in a cozy atmosphere with the Comrade Commander. I swore that I was ready to die for the sake of the Comrade Commander. From the moment that he took me in his arms, I gave myself to training as a revolutionary fighter under the brotherly love and warm care of the Comrade Commander. It was from this experience that I found deep in my heart the real joy of being a revolutionary fighter, and I realized what was real happiness.

I took part in many battles under the personal leadership of the Comrade Commander, including the battle of Bochonbo and battles in the Musan districts, and my days passed fruitfully in a manner worthy of a revolutionary, carrying out whatever revolutionary duties were assigned to me by the Comrade Commander.

It was in the Daehongdan battle in the Musan district, that I was wounded in the leg, and had to leave the main unit of the Korean People's Revolutionary Army led by the Comrade Commander for treatment.

When he saw that I had been wounded, the Comrade Commander personally unbound the wound and carefully examined it, and with a look of great concern, and said,

"The wound seems to be very serious. You have to receive treatment quickly. If by your determination the wound is healed, you will be able to return to the unit again soon and take up your rifle again. Your task now is to fight your illness instead of fighting the enemy, rifle in hand."

He told the orderlies to move me to a quiet tent and make rice gruel for me, saying that I must have sufficient strength to reach a safe place in the rear.

Busy as he was commanding the forces, the Comrade Commander kindly met me again on the morning of the day I left the unit. Seeing me struggling to raise myself from the bed, he took me by the shoulders and put me back on the bed, saying "You don't look well."

At that time I was very weak, as the wound pained me very much, and the weather was getting colder. I tried to hide the pain, but in vain. The Comrade Commander read the minds of his men.

He felt my wound and asked me which was the most painful part. He asked me if I was warm, and told the orderlies to bring a blanket and spread it over me.

The orderlies looked at each other, not knowing what to do, as the blanket was the one the Comrade Commander himself was using. Seeing the orderlies hesitating to bring the blanket, he brought the blanket himself and spread it over me.

"How can I use the Comrade Commander's blanket? He takes only a little rest, working as he is on strategy and tactics for the revolution and not getting enough sleep. Only if he keeps in good health is it possible for us to

carry on the struggle for which we live, and win the final victory....”

In tears, I tried to make the orderlies take the blanket back. But the Comrade Commander, tucking in one end of the blanket to prevent the cold air from reaching me, said,

“Comrade Dong Su! Don’t refuse the blanket. We can get more. If you want to return it to me, do so after your wound is better and you have returned to the unit. Don’t worry! Use this blanket and get well!”

The tears were running down my cheeks.

Later, while I was lying wounded away from my unit, the Comrade Commander sent Comrade O Il Nam to me with these words of encouragement, “Comrade Dong Su will not die. Strong will can conquer any difficulty.”

“Strong will can conquer any difficulty.”



I repeated these words over and over. How they gave me strength when I was suffering alone, my wound paining me, in the moments of unbearable difficulty when sometimes my heart sank in despair!

Thinking over the past like this, I quietly opened my eyes. The air was still, the only soft sound being the waters of the spring. My spirits rose again with the indomitable revolutionary fighting will and faith in victory which the Comrade Commander had nurtured in my mind.

“I must live and go to the Comrade Commander!”

I crawled out of the tent. It was still cold but there was an unmistakable air of spring about. Some charcoal of the linden trees was crackling and giving off sparks. Thinking that it would be all right so long as the fire burned, I carefully examined the burning coals as if they were precious stones, and covered them with ash.

I had to find something to eat to get back some strength, so I crawled along the ridge in search of food. Already the green grass was showing here and there in sunny places. I returned with some wild edible grass which

was the first to sprout, and boiled it in the cooking pot. That night, I drank soup made of wild grass and felt somewhat stronger.

I thought: "Soon there will be lots of grass growing on the mountains. I can live on wild grass if there is nothing else to eat. In guerilla areas, the men had survived on grass only at one time, hadn't they?"

I made up my mind that my wound must heal as quickly as possible, and then I would go in search of my unit instead of just waiting there for my comrades to come.

Every day was a difficult struggle against illness, but as each day dawned, I drank the grass juice I had prepared the night before, climbed up the mountain side to gather more wild grass which had then begun to sprout vigorously, and I bathed my wound with spring water. Then I began to train myself to walk again, supporting myself on a rope stretched as high as myself between two trees, counting my steps, "One, two...."

I stood up and fell again, and when I fell, I stood on my feet again. By constant effort, I was able to walk a few steps at a time after a while. One day about then, I went out of the tent in search of dry wood for the fire, but black clouds began to rise and the sky was threatening rain. So I set fire to an uprooted oak stump and brought it inside the tent, so that the fire would not go out while I was away. I made my way to a dead pine-tree on a hill about 300 meters away. I shook the tree many times by its branches, but the tree was so firmly rooted that I could not pull it down. I pulled with all my strength, with the determination that I had to keep the fire burning by whatever means. Suddenly the branch broke and I was sent flying, and fell unconscious.

When I recovered consciousness, the shower had passed. I found bruises all over my body and some cuts were bleeding. I tied a rope to the branch and the other end around my waist and hauled it to the tent. I passed the spring and made my way to the flat ground. Sud-

denly I saw something shiny on the rock at the edge of the flat ground. Looking closer, I saw that it was a big snake. As soon as I saw it lying coiled and shooting out its long tongue, the thought occurred that I had to catch it rather than run away from it. As it raised its head I struck hard at the serpent with my two sticks held together. One of the sticks broke. The snake, which had been lying coiled about a raised part in the center of the rock, had its head broken as I hit it against the stone. I struck its head again and again until it was dead. I cried for joy. Coming back to the tent, I found everything sopping wet, but the stump of the oak I had placed inside the tent was still smouldering. I skinned the snake, cut it into small pieces and toasted them over the fire. I put a piece in my mouth. It was delicious. It was a great treat for one who had not tasted anything to speak of for a long time.

I will not dwell on my experience there any longer, except to tell you of something that happened on the 10th of June, 110 days after I was left alone in the tent.

On that day I climbed the mountain behind me, dragging my heavy feet. I fell unconscious over a stump. I don't know how long I lay there. I woke to hear myself being called from far away.

"Comrade Dong Su! Comrade Dong Su!"

I turned toward the voices. There was no doubt. Voices were calling me. I tried to call out to them but almost no sound came out.

The voices calling me grew louder and were coming closer. "Comrade Dong Su! What are you doing here?"

"You are alive!"

They were three of my comrades. Among them were the political commissar of the company and a comrade who had joined the guerillas in the Changpai district.

We threw our arms around each other and danced in a circle, shedding tears of joy. The Comrade Commander had not forgotten me and had sent these comrades to

find me. Once again I realized how deeply concerned the Comrade Commander was. They told me that he had sent out two parties at different times for the sake of one of his men even though the Japanese imperialists were hunting frantically for the units of the Korean People's Revolutionary Army, with some tens of thousands of troops and police spread out along the River Duman-gang and in Antu, Holung and in other counties.

The first group, who had never been to the place where I was, made every effort to find me, but failed. Then three of them prepared supplies and split up to look for me, each searching different areas. While they were trying to locate me, the comrade who had joined the guerillas in the Changpai district saw carved on a tree, "Down with Japanese Imperialism." "Nam Dong Su is alive." I had cut these words at a place where three rivers met when I started trying to walk again, so that any comrades who came that way might read them.

When he knew I was still alive, this comrade continued looking until he found the tent. As I was not there, he went looking around until he found me unconscious. That day, I celebrated our reunion by eating rice to my heart's content after such a long time, and I told them all that had happened during those months.

At dawn, the following day, we left. The tent where I had lived alone for 110 days, the spring and the tree standing there seemed to wave me good-bye.

My wound was not completely healed, but my comrades helped me to walk to the camp.

Throughout this whole period of the anti-Japanese armed struggle our beloved Leader, Comrade Kim Il Sung, trained us as anti-Japanese armed guerillas in his invincible revolutionary ideas and faith in victory trained as revolutionary fighters, able to overcome all difficulties. Even now I draw new strength and courage from the memories of those days whenever I come across a difficult and complex problem. All members of our Party and the people have

before them the complex and difficult task of winning the final victory of the Korean revolution.

But whatever our difficulties and trials, we are marching under the leadership of Comrade Kim Il Sung, our respected and beloved Leader, and in this lies our invincibility.

There can be no greater glory or happiness than this. In total loyalty to Comrade Kim Il Sung we have to establish the unitary ideological system of the Party, built exclusively on his revolutionary ideas.

Today, U.S. imperialism and its puppets, the Pak Jung Hi clique, are making desperate efforts to increase tension even more and provoke a new war. But we will continue our great revolutionary advance and achieve the nationwide victory of the Korean revolution, armed fully with the revolutionary teaching of Comrade Kim Il Sung. We uphold the great 10-Point Political Programme, the decisions of the Party Conference and the report by Comrade Kim Il Sung given on the occasion of the 20th anniversary of the founding of the Republic.



## XXI

# Standing in the Van Of the Arduous March

By JON MUN SOP and CHOE IN DOK

The whole fifteen years of the armed struggle waged against the Japanese imperialists was a period of great difficulty and constant trial, irrespective of place and time. But without question, the most difficult was the march in the winter of 1938.

For more than 100 days, every day, moving from Nampaitzu to Potatingtzu, was a day of bloody fighting with thousands and tens of thousands of enemy soldiers throughout the whole area, attacking from all directions. The snow lay to the height of a man and the temperature fell to 40 degrees below zero, while creeping starvation and illness were daily companions.

The thousands of *ri* covered in the march that winter across the ridges of the Changpai ranges were a long chapter of hard and desperate fighting of the guerillas, but in this struggle of life and death the Korean revolution emerged from the crisis triumphant, and a new upsurge in the revolution was the result.

Massive armed forces of the enemy had been concentrated inside Korea and along the border all through the Changpai region, a dragnet of guard troops spread out to trap us. And all the people living both inside Korea and along the border were victims of all sorts of brutalities, arrest, imprisonment, torture and murder.

To thrust into the border areas of Changpai under these conditions meant going deep among enemy forces in the triangle formed by the Mt. Baekdu-*san* range and Lin-

chiang. The danger lay in going into the enemy trap, never to be able to return to the broad expanses of North-east Manchuria.

Comrade Kim Il Sung realized this better than anyone else.

But nevertheless he made the bold decision to undertake this march and he took the lead in order to save the Korean revolution and keep alive the spirit of continuing revolution.

Many comrades active in the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland in the Changpai area and in the National Liberation Union inside Korea were arrested in the raids carried out by the Japanese imperialists from the autumn of 1937 through 1938. The result was the destruction of the underground organization. For this very reason Comrade Kim Il Sung made the decision to rebuild the destroyed organizations and give the people a new perspective for the Korean revolution.

It was a gloomy period for Korea. The self-styled Marxists and nationalists had become tradesmen, and some had even degenerated into enemy agents. Others had escaped and disappeared, and seeing the degeneration, had decided hopelessly that Korean independence would never be possible. They did not dare raise their heads, fearing new violence.

In this pall of darkness shutting out the light of the future, only the Communists, led by Comrade Kim Il Sung, were able to infuse new life and energy into the revolutionary movement, the destiny of the fatherland resting on his shoulders.

This was our "Arduous March." It was in truth a glorious victory won under the wise guidance of Comrade Kim Il Sung, made possible only by the boundless loyalty of the guerillas to the Leader, so enabling them to overcome all trials. We cannot but feel the deepest emotion and pride whenever we think of those days.

## THROUGH DIFFICULTIES AND TRIALS

It was at the beginning of December that year that the units of the Second District Army, personally led by Comrade Kim Il Sung, started for Changpai, aimed at thrusting deep into the homeland. This was in line with the decision of the Nanpaitzu Conference in Mengchiang county, held in November.

From the very start we ran into trouble.

The snow was deep and the rigorous cold continued. The enemy, some 70,000 strong, was close on our heels. In mainland China the front was more or less stalemated, so Japanese imperialism was able to spare troops which poured into these areas for large-scale "mopping-up" operations against our anti-Japanese guerillas all through South and North Manchuria to maintain "security in the rear." A force of some 200,000 including units of the so-called "invincible" Kwantung Army, "crack front-line troops" withdrawn from mainland China, large numbers of the puppet Manchoukuo army and police, with an air squadron also were mobilized for a large scale offensive against the guerillas.

The Japanese imperialists were especially concerned about the Headquarters of Comrade Kim Il Sung, and planned to "annihilate" us anti-Japanese guerillas in West Chientao, which is close to the border of Korea. The enemy realized that it was impossible either to destroy the guerilla forces or to cut the life-line of the Korean revolutionary movement so long as the Headquarters of Comrade Kim Il Sung existed.

So the march was one of constantly fought battles with large enemy forces from the very beginning. The enemy adopted different tactics in the attempt to trap us. It had been usual for the enemy to assemble armed units from here and there after detecting our movement and launch waves of attacks on us. But from the winter of that year the enemy designated "punitive operation areas"

and posted advance forces at key points where they thought we would be operating, and then used long-range pursuit tactics once they detected the whereabouts of our unit, following us doggedly.

But we stood firm around Comrade Kim Il Sung, convinced that we could beat any attack of the enemy under his outstanding command.

We were completely exhausted when we reached the borders of Changpai county, having beaten off repeated engagements of the enemy day after day, and forcing our way through snow up to our heads. Our uniforms were nearly worn out, the cold was intense and we had run short of food so that we had to subsist on dried radish leaves.

But the enemy continued to attack us scores of times. Not only did we have enemy forces numbering many thousands in hot pursuit, but there were also thousands of enemy troops lying in wait for us in the valleys and up on the Changpai mountains. They were all around us, launching desperate attacks. The enemy obviously planned to "wipe us out" at one stroke after surrounding us in the snow, not allowing us to eat or sleep, and so completely tiring us out in this way. Any continuing movement of a large unit seemed difficult under these conditions.

Carefully noting the enemy's plans, Comrade Kim Il Sung called a meeting of the leaders of the units.

"This time, the enemy is employing new tactics in a 'mopping-up' campaign. They plan to tire us out by following us close behind and waging long-range attacks, aiming to 'annihilate' us at one stroke when our fighting capacity has been reduced.

It is clear that the main purpose of the enemy's winter 'punitive' operation is to 'wipe out' our Headquarters. The enemy very well knows that it is impossible to crush the other guerilla units unless this is done.

So it is important for us to conserve our strength by

concentrating, dispersing and moving our units swiftly to confuse the enemy....”

Comrade Kim Il Sung adopted new tactical moves to meet the new situation. The units were to move in three different directions.

It was decided that the Guards Company and a machine-gun squad were to move in the direction of Chiatsaishui in Chitaokou, Changpai county, under the command of Comrade Kim Il Sung; the Seventh Regiment was to engage in operations in Hehhsiatzukou in the same county under the command of Comrade O Jung Hup, and the Eighth Regiment and the Independent Battalion in the area of Tungkang, Fusung county under the command of Comrade Kim Il. The sewing unit and the weak and old were to move to a secret camp in Chingfeng in Changpai county.

The enemy was temporarily thrown into confusion and the strength of the enemy was dispersed as a result of the Second District Army moving in three different directions.

But the enemy noted the movement of the Headquarters and re-assembled the dispersed units and concentrated their attacks on our Guards Company, and we found it necessary to continue our march under the most difficult conditions. There were only a few veterans in the Guards Company and the machine-gun squad, under the command of Comrade Kim Il Sung. The great majority were only 17 and 18 year-olds, but they were all fighters, trained and tempered steel-like and ready to lay down their lives for the revolution.

The snow that year was exceptionally heavy in Changpai, and as we slept by the campfire, the snow around the fire melted little by little down to the earth. When we awoke in the morning we found black ashes beneath the snow as if we were looking down a well.

Where the snow was not so deep we were still chest-deep. To force our way through the snow, even if we

had had nothing on our backs, was not easy. It was hard enough even to support ourselves, to say nothing of moving ahead. Many times we had to roll down the snow to harden it before we could move on. It often happened that even a strong-bodied guerilla would fall and could not stand again even after moving ahead about 100 meters.

We would have fared much better, however steep the path, however difficult the march, if only we had had sufficient food and good clothes, but we had to go on, however hungry, for days on end, fighting the enemy all the time; and when our parched-rice powder kept for emergency rations ran out, we had to stuff snow into our mouths.

In places our skins showed our worn clothes and our shoes were completely shapeless. Most of us had to bind our feet with puttees or wrap them with cowhide we got at a lumbermill, fastening it into our feet with bark fiber.

When the sun shone on the snow it became slippery as glass. When we walked on it, our feet would sink deep through the slippery surface, and the edges of the ice, sharp as a knife, would mercilessly cut our clothes and skin.

The difficulties faced by the men on that march, with the persistent enemy close behind, through the rigorous Manchurian winter when even the larches are said to split with the cold, are beyond description.

At times we felt our hands, feet, noses, ears, and even our bodies numb all over with the cold; often we were buried under the snow at times of raging snowstorms.

The severity of the cold and how our bodies suffered will be clear from the fact that the skins of commanders and men peeled in the spring of the next year.

The enemy were properly fed and clothed, but they seemed to have been completely beaten by the cold and

snow, and did not dare to detour ahead of us but merely followed us along our beaten tracks through the snow.

A few of the members of the machine-gun squad would bring up the rear of our column, and lie in wait for enemy and shoot the enemy scouts, one shot for each, then catch up with our column while the enemy was in confusion. In cases such as this our column would have moved ahead about 100 meters from the machine-gun squad, but in overtaking them it seemed like miles, and it was extremely difficult for the overtired men to catch up.

If anyone fell it was not easy to stand on his feet again. We moved on on empty stomachs for days on end; we picked up snow and stuffed it into our mouths if we fell. We would sit on the snow and fall asleep even under these conditions when ordered to rest, and in sheer fatigue and lack of sleep we would even fall asleep while walking. Once we stopped to rest for a while and were sitting there sleeping when some enemy soldiers suddenly appeared just a little way in front of us.

We slipped away to the side, holding our breaths, but Comrade Kim Gi Su was still sitting there asleep, ignorant of the enemy nearby.

I (Jon Mun Sop) went to him quietly, shook him violently to wake him and quickly moved away, pulling him after me. He was still not fully awake and fell down still half asleep.

We were exhausted and suffering from loss of sleep and were unable to light a fire because enemy planes were overhead. They flew over at low altitude nearly touching the ridges. We fell asleep on the snow without a campfire, and when we awoke the visors of our caps and ear covers were white with frost. But overcoming these and many other difficulties we continued our forced march, fighting off the enemy. Thinking back, I am amazed at the endurance and strength we had then.

What was the secret of our energy? I am sure it

was the indomitable revolutionary spirit of Comrade Kim Il Sung, implanted in our hearts.

How was it possible for Comrade Kim Il Sung himself not to be tired out, as he endured hunger with the men, and shared the hard fighting and the arduous march? But he never spoke about his fatigue or hardships. Always he tried hard to hearten the men.

At first, when the Guards Company and the machine-gun squad separated from the regiment, some of the young soldiers wondered with fear what a small unit like theirs could be surrounded by enemy forces.

Aware of this, Comrade Kim Il Sung ordered a bivouac and conference. He explained that when confronting large concentrations of enemy forces, it was necessary to preserve our strength and disperse the enemy's strength by our own mobile movements in different directions. He pointed out that only a small unit was able to avoid the heavy concentrations of enemy troops by swift movement.

"We must weaken the enemy by tiring him out in the dense forests of Changpai. We must endure this winter by solving the problem of food and fighting our way out the enemy encirclement. Only then we can enter our fatherland again and save the revolution in this crisis...."

We drew new strength from his words, in a careful two-hour explanation.

Comrade Kim Il Sung inspected the knapsacks and footwear of each one nearly every morning and took care to see that they were in good order.

When the men had to roll over on the snow to beat it down for a track, they would often find Comrade Kim Il Sung standing out in front further ahead, stamping the snow down with his feet. It was not easy to go to the front of the column from the rear or to return to the rear, but Comrade Kim Il Sung would do this many times a day and inspire the men.

Our faltering feet would become steadier when we

thought, "Even he cannot be immune to fatigue!" We were so weak that we could scarcely stand on our feet, but strength came back some way when Comrade Kim Il Sung came near.

"Well, liven up a little more. Cheer up. Let's conquer these hardships, and we can march into the fatherland!"

At his words our strength was renewed and we moved forward step by step, clenching our teeth. Once, one of the older men, wanting to join those who were taking such pains to open the path in the snow in the front of the column, went to help without listening to others who tried to dissuade him. But he was so light that he could not beat the snow down hard.

Seeing this, I (Jon Mun Sop) ran to the top of the column and began to roll on the snow, also without listening to others who said that I could not do the work well, being of small build. Unfortunately I was caught in a place where the snow was piled in drifts. The snowdrift was twice my height and I couldn't surface however much I struggled. Lifting me up some one said, "It's you, Comrade Mun Sop! When you are trapped in deep snow, don't struggle. Just lie down and the snow will harden and you will be able to get out."

As I looked up, to my surprise, I saw it was Comrade Kim Il Sung. I felt my heart warm.

The march became no easier as the days went on. When we reached a valley near Fuhou Lake, a new recruit, unable to endure the hardships any longer, deserted and joined the enemy. From then on our difficulties increased.

The situation became even worse because the enemy learned from the mouth of the traitor that our unit was commanded by Comrade Kim Il Sung. He gave the names of the members and information on the tactics being employed and the direction in which we were moving, so they bypassed us to launch new attacks.

Comrade Kim Il Sung lost no time in changing direction and instructed us to make the toughest forced march when the recruit deserted us. We saw a feeling of compassion mingled with impatience in the eyes of Comrade Kim Il Sung when he saw the young men fall in the snow, stand up and fall again. It was in a dangerous situation when there were gun shots close behind us. It would be extremely difficult to fight back the pursuing enemy if the situation went unchanged.

Comrade Kim Il Sung was walking deep in thought. Soon, he called Comrade O Baek Ryong and sent him to attack a lumbermill at Chitaokou and bring horses to us. The plan was to disperse thousands of enemy troops who were concentrating their attack on us and to solve the problem of food at the same time.

Comrade Kim Il Sung gave exact instructions how to lure the enemy out and throw them into confusion and how to lure the enemy away after the raid on the lumbermill.

Leading five men, Comrade O Baek Ryong left for Chitaokou, leaving as many footprints as possible to deceive the enemy into believing that a large force had gone that way, and then, leaving no footprints, they came close to the lumbermill in a valley beyond Chitaokou, and set watch on the mill. Hiding themselves, they let the sledges pass uphill and then raided the sledges coming down, and of the horses captured, they drove five in the direction of Chitaokou to lead the enemy that way.

Then they killed several horses with their bayonets and took a supply of horse-meat to the unit.

As Comrade Kim Il Sung had forecast, the following morning the enemy troops made their way to Chitaokou, but in vain.

We had to eat horse-meat raw. We could not broil it, as enemy planes were on the lookout.

As we had no salt, we had to munch the meat raw as

it was, but after sweating much in the march and eating snow we suffered from diarrhoea and felt very weak.

But we had nothing else to eat, so we had to eat the horse-flesh. For five or six days we ate it but became so sick of it that we could not swallow any more. When we were able to light a campfire on rare occasions, we grilled the meat on sticks and could manage to eat it that way.

We felt very sorry that we were unable to serve cooked rice to our respected and beloved Comrade Kim Il Sung. If we gathered the little rice powder from our knapsacks and gave it to him he would always give it to the weakest ones in the unit.

It was about that time during the march that a moving incident took place, when Comrade Kim Il Sung divided his rice powder equally among the orderlies and refused to take any himself.

Comrade Kim Il Sung kept some grains of corn that were sometimes given out, and during the march, if he saw any one who was very weak because of diarrhoea and could scarcely move ahead, he would come to him and give him some grains of corn, saying encouragingly, "Put these in your mouth and chew them well, and you will get some strength out of them." He would not leave the place until the corn was in his mouth. In tears, they would pledge silently, "I will never leave this road I am following even if I die."

We were so tired, that when ordered to rest or camp, we fell asleep the moment we sat down, even on the snow. Comrade Kim Il Sung must have been as tired as the rest. But he would not rest at rest time or at a camping place. After giving the order to rest, he would walk round the column and give minute attention even to the campfire and footwear of the men.

Once we took a daytime break. Fortunately there were no enemy planes to be seen so we were told to build a fire, broil the horse-flesh and finish eating within 30 minutes.

I (Choe In Dok) tried to build a fire in a hurry, but I only raised smoke and the fire would not burn. Comrade Kim Il Sung who was watching around the camp came over and personally built the fire. He took up the pieces of firewood laid on the snow and made a cone-like stack of firewood, which began to blaze without raising smoke, when he set fire to it.

"This is how you should build a fire." Comrade Kim Il Sung said with a smile.

When we camped, Comrade Kim Il Sung was always the last to sleep and the first to rise. Even under these conditions his rule was to read when we camped, and he kept a daily diary. When we had to camp without a campfire because of the vigilance of the enemy, we were all restless and could not sleep well.

At such a time, Comrade Kim Il Sung would tell us, "You must be careful not to let your feet freeze. The feet of guerillas are what wings are for birds. A wingless bird is a dead bird, and if our feet are frozen, we face death. So under any circumstances, you must not let your feet freeze...."

I had to swallow a lump in my throat whenever I saw Comrade Kim Il Sung covering with pieces of cloth the worn rubber-soled field shoes of young guerillas but paying no attention to his own well-worn shoes.

Our supply of horse-flesh ran out in less than a week, and the situation was again serious. Alarmed at the raid on the lumbermill, the enemy desperately looked everywhere around the lumbermill and in Shih-santaokou, but when they realized they were looking in vain for our unit there, they came on again frantically after finding our tracks. Again we force-marched, stuffing our mouths with snow and fighting back enemy troops which they attacked. Even if not killed by enemy bullets, there were some who fell unconscious from extreme fatigue and hunger, with their rifles aimed at the enemy. At such a time our hearts ached as from a knife.

How must Comrade Kim Il Sung have suffered at the sight of such extremities! But whenever we encountered such difficulties, Comrade Kim Il Sung would throw the enemy off the track by clever tactics and enable the men to rest and regain their strength.

Sometimes we followed the tracks of enemy soldiers for a while and then left the track for a rest. At other times when the situation was desperate, we would cover ourselves with snow and let the enemy pass by, and rest to recover from our fatigue.

Sometimes when desperate, we would recover our strength by rubbing between our hands the ears of wheat we had taken from a lumbermill while we were resting in a valley at Fuhou Lake, and regain our strength by eating the grains of wheat.

We went round the side of a mountain by Fuhou Lake twice one day, pursued by thousands of the enemy. The enemy was then reinforced by a new contingent of several hundred men. As we circled the mountain the second time (it took a day for us to go round the mountain once), we succeeded in leaving the first group of pursuers far behind. But then the new contingent of the enemy found us and came between us and the first group.

Quickly sizing up the situation, Comrade Kim Il Sung told us to cut down trees as long as the steering pole of a sledge. Not knowing what they were for, we carried the poles on our shoulders. Presently we reached the point where we had started the first turn round the mountain. Here were the stumps of trees that had been felled, sticking up out of the snow.

Comrade Kim Il Sung told us to span the stumps with the poles, and cross over the fresh snow on the log bridge. After crossing we removed the poles, taking care not to leave any footsteps. We repeated this many times and covered a distance of about 500 meters into the forest. Then Comrade Kim Il Sung posted a sentry about 300 meters behind us and told all the others to rest.

I sat on the skin of a Korean deer and rested, covering myself with white cloth. (In those days, each of us carried the skin of a Korean deer fastened to our knapsack.)

After a while we received a report from the sentry that the enemy soldiers had passed the spot and were walking round the side of the same mountain by Fuhou Lake. As it was beginning to grow dark, we heard gun reports down below.

"Let them fight each other to their heart's content!" Comrade Kim Il Sung said with a merry laugh. Not realizing that we had all escaped the trap the two enemy groups fought each other. We heard the noisy rat-tat-tat of their rifles through the night.

We rested well that night, hearing the reports of their rifles with deep satisfaction. The following day, the enemy realized they had lost us, and after gathering up their dead and wounded they withdrew.

### WITHOUT VACILLATION

The enemy, having suffered loss after loss at the hands of our unit commanded by Comrade Kim Il Sung, concentrated more forces deep in the Changpai mountains, and searched out all corners of the forests by mobilizing a large number of airplanes, which flew at such a low altitude that they seemed almost to touch the trees. Of course, this made our march all the more difficult.

Not only did the enemy concentrate his forces and launch attacks from all directions, but he also bombed and strafed from the sky. Scores of thousands of troops and police were posted in all parts of the deep mountains of Changpai and we had to fight at only company strength, being attacked from land and air in the attempt to drive us into a dead end and stop us hiding out there.

Enemy planes swept over the forests at very low altitude, dropping bombs at random and raising huge snow-

clouds and rattling their guns throughout the quiet forests. But no attacks of the enemy, however desperate, could break our will.

So we continued our trek day after day without raising even a streak of smoke, and when enemy plane appeared, we buried ourselves in the snow or lay down, covering ourselves with white cloth. The enemy dropped bombs at random and fired their guns blindly, and of course our difficulties increased.

We could neither eat, rest nor light a fire as enemy bullets would come whizzing suddenly from the front or the rear and sometimes from the sides, and enemy planes dropped bombs and strafed from the sky, so we had to make our way forward, falling and standing up and going on again and again.

We rolled downhill and climbed up again from countless valleys through the dense forests of Changpai, pushing our way through thickets. We kept going round and round in this area throughout the winter, sustained by our firm belief in the coming of spring, the spring of victory and the victory of the Korean revolution. That we did not yield under whatever sufferings was due only to the wise guidance of Comrade Kim Il Sung.

The enemy had thought it an easy matter to wipe out the guerilla units in one stroke, especially the Headquarters of Comrade Kim Il Sung, but now they were dismayed and harassed in their impatience.

They now realized they could not subdue us by force alone, so they tried to undermine us from within. At the most difficult phase of the march, the enemy sent out spies and scattered handbills along the roads and dropped them by plane wherever we went. The enemy knew from traitors that we were in great distress, and they foolishly thought they could tempt us with the bait of an easy life, idleness and women.

“Why should you starve and freeze in the mountains?

If you come down from the mountains, you can lead a life of comfort."

They scattered pictures insulting the guerillas; they used handbills and leaflets in which those who had capitulated said that they were leading a comfortable life in fine houses, with pictures and photographs one could hardly bear to look at.

But the craftier the enemy's maneuvers the more did we grit our teeth in indignation and hatred. Everyone wants to eat good food, wear fine clothes and lead a comfortable life. Is there anyone who does not know that it is better to live in a warm house and lead a happy life with parents, wife and children than to live in constant danger of death, to starve and freeze in the deep snow-covered forests? But was it not because we were determined to defeat the enemy, Japanese imperialism, and liberate our fatherland so that not only we ourselves but also our 30 million compatriots might be able to lead a free and happy life that we were fighting through these difficulties and trials?

"They are beasts; let them scatter as many handbills as they like. Do they think we will be swayed even a fraction by such things?"

We stood more resolute than ever, burning with hatred. Comrade Kim Il Sung said many times:

"The enemies are now trying to undermine us from within. So we must heighten our vigilance. However hard our life may be now, the day of victory will surely come. If we can endure for three more months, the snow will be melting.

When the snow melts, the stage will be set for our work. We must persist by every means till the time when we march into our fatherland."

Whenever Comrade Kim Il Sung saw a man in special difficulty, he would go and walk with him, and while helping him would tell him about the contradictions of imperialism, and particularly about Japanese imperialism,

encouraging him by saying that Japanese militarism was doomed and we were sure to win. He talked about the socialist Soviet Union which had already won the victory, and about the construction of the fatherland after liberation.

Every time we heard him talk in this way, our hearts would burn with a greater conviction of victory, and our eyes would lighten up and our minds would picture the bright future of our fatherland.

“Even if it took longer than our lifetime to win victory we should not give up. There is no other way for us to go, is there? The enemies have massacred our parents, wives and children and destroyed our native land, and we must take revenge on the enemy at the risk of our lives. There is no other way for us to go.”

So our resolve was strengthened as we pondered these daily teachings of Comrade Kim Il Sung.

Even if we died fighting snowstorms, cold and hunger with the enemy encircling us or in fighting the enemy, we could not retreat from this path. No one feared hardship or death.

“We may die in hardships but will never yield to the enemy!”

Fortifying our minds with these words we made our way forward step by step, dragging our numb, frozen and wounded feet.

Even though we were so tired that we easily fell, even stumbling over a straw, yet we fought fiercely like tigers whenever we met the enemy. When we found handbills scattered by enemy spies, we put out our own propaganda handbills in their stead, and went on. We reasoned that the enemy would take them up even for making a report, and so we might exert some influence on some of them, even if only on one person.

The enemy failed to achieve their purposes either with armed strength, handbills or with spies. Even when our hardships increased, still we overcame them, rallied

firmly around Comrade Kim Il Sung, tweaking the enemy's nose time and again, raining blow after blow on him.

Even though we were completely exhausted and could hardly move our own bodies or stand up straight, we helped each other, and made our way forward, beating back the enemy's attacks, crossing steep mountains and forcing our way through chest-deep snow.

If we had fallen behind the column even a step at such a time, we could not have stood on our feet again or survived. So we walked on like one body, so that no one would drop out. No force was strong enough to break our steel-like ranks. Japanese imperialism, in spite of its might and power, could not break this unity.

The enemy was both crafty and persistent. Driven to extremes, the enemy threatened our parents, wives and children and sent them to us in the hope of shaking our determination. But that was a vain dream. How could parents, wives and children surrender their sons, husbands and fathers to the enemy? Contrary to the enemy's expectations, our families asked us to endure the winter and beat the enemy, and gave us detailed information about the enemy. It was not that they didn't know they risked their lives, and that they would be harshly persecuted by the enemy when they returned home. They knew this full well, but did not hesitate.

I (Choe In Dok) was told later that my father had been threatened by the enemy and had been sent to the regiment led by O Jung Hup, which was on a different course from us.

"The enemy sent me here to get information on you. But can I help the enemy when my son In Dok is with you?" So my father gave the grains and food he had with him to the guerillas and guided the regiment out of the enemy's encirclement before he returned home.

"Please fight well. If you meet my son, please tell

him never to stop fighting... Tell him not to yield to the enemy even if he dies!"

These were my father's words on parting, I was told.

When their attempt to use our families failed, the enemy became even more desperate and ferocious.

Let me tell you about one time in the difficult march when we were drawing the enemy out near Shihsantao-kou. At that time we had been able to get a small supply of food by raiding a strategic point of the enemy, but our supply of salt had been out for some months. Our eyes were affected and our feet unsteady. Comrade Kim Il Sung gave 1,000 *won* to two local people who had been employed to carry goods for the unit, asking them to get some salt. But one of them was a village chief and turned out to be an agent of the enemy. On the way home he told the police about the order for salt. It gave the enemy a chance to plot a trap to annihilate us.

They mixed poison in the salt. They planned to incapacitate us so as to trap us.

The village chief returned and told us the salt would be arriving soon.

Suspecting a plot because he came back without anything, Comrade Kim Il Sung cross-examined him, and it became clear that the man had acted as an informer to the police. He was summarily executed.

Ignorant of what had happened, the enemy sent some salt and a packet of cigarettes by others, but seeing through their scheme, Comrade Kim Il Sung told the men not to touch the salt.

But on the following day some of the men who were suffering from diarrhoea fell unconscious. Because of the acute shortage of salt for so long, one of the men thought it would be all right to take a little salt after washing it. There was a little oil on the surface of water, but he thought it would be all right, and tasted it. Two or three hours passed and nothing happened.

Noting this, some others also tasted the salt, saying, "It is all right, let us taste the salt." But after about seven or eight hours the effect of the poison was seen.

We gave first-aid treatment to the men, who now lay motionless. Fortunately, no one died. Comrade Kim Il Sung sat deep in thought, with a serious look on his face.

As the sun rose, thinking the poison would have taken effect, the enemy moved in large numbers. It was a very difficult situation—we could not escape and leave the sick men, nor could we engage the enemy head on, whose troops were scores of times bigger than our unit. Our one thought was that we must defend the Headquarters where Comrade Kim Il Sung was by every means in our power; our hearts were heavy with the responsibility.

"Take out all your ammunition from knapsacks. We have to fight a decisive battle here today." Comrade Kim Il Sung gave orders in a resolute voice and looked in the direction of the enemy with sharp eyes.

In those days we had plenty of ammunition, though we lacked everything else. Our knapsacks were full. Our hearts were bitter, thinking of the revolution and Comrade Kim Il Sung, as we took out all our ammunition. We took up battle positions in a heroic resolve, "You shall die even if I die." But Comrade Kim Il Sung was very calm. When we looked at him our feelings of bitterness left our hearts and we went into action with firm conviction of sure victory.

We fought that day from nine in the morning till five in the evening, mauling the enemy. They fell in great numbers but still followed us. It is probable that the enemy suffered the greatest losses that day in all that winter of "punitive campaigns." Many, many bodies lay in the snow, but the enemy still persisted.

It was not until about five in the evening that the enemy's frantic charges began to weaken. Taking ad-

vantage of this lull, we withdrew, the Headquarters and the poisoned men going ahead, with me (Choe In Dok) and another man, bringing up the rear under the command of O Baek Ryong.

We had to make our way through the snow, helping others although we were all so tired that it was hard to move even our own bodies, so we could cover only a very short distance in an hour.

To protect the unit's advance, we three lay waiting in the snow and when enemy scouts appeared, we let them come to some 10 to 15 meters before picking them off one by one. Then we would move on.

The next day we fought the enemy off five or six times, shooting scouts whenever they came in sight. The snow was so deep that it was impossible for the enemy to detour and move ahead of us to attack. They very well knew that if they had tried this they would have frozen to death in the snow in the first few hundred meters. They could only follow the path that we had made. It was the most they could do. They sent three scouts ahead before each large unit, and it was these scouts that we shot one after another. They had lost nearly 100 scouts that day, and now they stopped sending scouts and shot at us blindly from a distance. But we did not waver and went on with firm faith in our victory, however much they concentrated their fire on us and whatever tricks they tried.

Our conviction was like a rock resting deep in the ground, a rock that doesn't move even if a raging thunder storm shakes heaven and earth. However deep the snow or the rigors of winter we could not be broken because our lives were deep in the ideas and will of Comrade Kim Il Sung.

### **TAKING THE INITIATIVE**

We carried on this arduous march, criss-crossing the

deep mountains of Changpai throughout the winter, with tens of thousands of the enemy attacking from all directions. But it was not a rout, troops pursued by the enemy.

Comrade Kim Il Sung always held the initiative and attacked the enemy and defended the units by superior tactics. Whatever the difficult situation he would throw our enemies off the track, and beat them, saving our units in every crisis by employing bolder and more positive tactics to suit each situation.

When the enemy detected the whereabouts of the Headquarters, large troops would be sent in one after another to harass us persistently, so that we were never out of danger, but at such times Comrade Kim Il Sung would use bold tactics by attacking the enemy in the rear.

“As the enemy is concentrating his forces in the Changpai deep mountains, we must now attack the rear where there are hardly any enemy troops, to throw them into confusion and disperse the enemy forces.”

Following this plan, Comrade Kim Il Sung worked out the bold idea of raiding the lumbermill at Chitaokou and the highway leading to Tayangcha and Changpai in the enemy's rear.

In the existing situation, one could scarcely imagine that we had strength enough to attack the rear of the enemy. By marching day and night, unable to rest with an easy mind even for a moment, dead tired with the continuous fighting and ravenously hungry, the men seemed on the point of collapse. We were only in company strength so it would have been foolhardy for us to attack an enemy concentration point.

So Comrade Kim Il Sung reckoned that now that the enemy had concentrated its forces in the deep mountains in Changpai, leaving the rear empty, it would be better to attack the rear if we acted boldly and quickly.

Fully analyzing all conditions and the balance of forces,

Comrade Kim Il Sung carried out the raid on the lumbermill at Chitaokou as the first step and then attacked the highway to Tayangcha and Changpai to confuse the enemy and solve the food problem at the same time. Comrade Kim Il Sung called Comrade Han Chon Chu and gave him the task of attacking Tayangcha.

Alarmed by a raid on the lumbermill at Chitaokou, the enemy had withdrawn from the rear and concentrated on the mountainous areas again. The result was that "punitive troops" remained only in especially large villages, and there were only "self-defence corps" in small communities.

Taking all this into account, Comrade Kim Il Sung instructed Comrade Han Chon Chu to approach a village quietly and carry out a surprise raid and withdraw quickly, after leaving tracks leading in the opposite direction.

Comrade Han Chon Chu left for Tayangcha with only five men. It was not an easy task because they were wearied from fatigue and hunger and the village was 80 *ri* distant. But they made careful preparations for this combat duty, believing firmly in victory, after receiving detailed instruction on the operation plan.

Other men gave them each a handful of dried horse-meat from the bottom of their knapsacks and those with somewhat better shoes, took them off and gave them to their comrades.

In addition to this raiding party, our Comrade Commander sent Comrade Han Ik Su to the highway with two men to waylay an enemy sledge.

The two commando parties thus went deep into the rear of the enemy at a most difficult time. The party led by Han Chon Chu forced its way through deep snow and arrived at a mountain near Tayangcha. Hiding in the snow by the roadside, they waited for peasants to come to gather firewood. When an honest-looking peasant came, they asked him about the situation in Tayangcha.

Learning that they were members of a guerilla unit led

by Comrade Kim Il Sung, the peasant was surprised but very happy, as the enemy had spread false rumors among the masses that "Kim Il Sung's units, immobilized in the snow, had either frozen to death or fled."

The peasant told them that the enemy lodged in Tayangcha had gone pheasant-hunting and would not be back until the following day, and that there were large quantities of rice at the rice-mill. They also learned that the rice there was the quota delivered by the peasants, that the enemy troops would polish rice every day and that peasants were forced to carry the polished rice but they were not watched by the enemy soldiers while doing this. As Comrade Kim Il Sung had expected, the enemy troops in the rear were off their guard.

After fully confirming this situation, the commando party asked the man to prepare peasant clothes for the five men by the following morning.

The following morning, the peasant came to them with peasant clothes for the five men as he had promised. Disguised as peasants they carried firewood on their backs and went into the rice-mill. Sure enough, there were large quantities of rice there.

Comrade Han Chon Chu suddenly pointed his rifle at the husband of the daughter of the proprietor of the mill, who was an enemy agent.

"When do the peasants come to carry the rice?" The man, who now saw that the firewood hawkers were guerillas, began to tremble violently.

"They are coming soon," he said. He asked the men to take away any amount of rice they wanted. The rice had already been handed over to the authorities so he stood to lose nothing.

Presently, 30 or 40 peasants came to carry rice.

Comrade Han Chon Chu talked to the peasants about the political situation. They were greatly heartened to realize that the guerillas had appeared in a large village near the border in broad daylight, the guerillas who the

Japanese imperialists had boasted were "annihilated."

They volunteered to carry the rice for the guerillas, so the rice was carried by the peasants near Chitaokou, who then returned to their village. The five men filled their knapsacks and buried the rest of the rice in the ground.

Our unit was impatiently looking for the return of the five men. Quickly they prepared rice gruel and served it to their comrades-in-arms.

Comrade Kim Il Sung, taking the rice gruel, suddenly stopped eating and sat in deep thought for a time with his spoon in his hand, and as if to himself said "O Jung Hup and the other comrades will be hungry now."

We were overwhelmed with emotion as we thought of the warm love of Comrade Kim Il Sung whose thoughts were with Comrade O Jung Hup and the other comrades struggling through icy cold winds in the dense forests, drawing the enemy off. It was difficult for us to swallow the rice gruel when we thought of our comrades-in-arms fighting on empty stomachs and without rest, dragging the enemy here and there.

With our hunger allayed and our strength restored, we stood up steadily, feeling strong enough to beat any number of the enemy.

Han Ik Su's raiding party also returned after successfully carrying out its task.

The raids of the guerillas on the village of Tayangcha and on the highway in broad daylight threw the enemy into great confusion. The enemy thought that the guerilla had been chased into the depths of the Changpai mountains and probably frozen to death, or at any rate would sooner or later be annihilated. Now they were greatly alarmed at the unexpected attacks on Tayangcha and the highway.

The enemy thought that either a large unit of guerillas had appeared from somewhere or the "Headquarters of Kim Il Sung," which they thought had been completely

encircled, had slipped out unscathed. They judged from the fact that the attack was made on the far-off rear that it must have been a considerable force that had carried out the attack.

How could the enemy imagine the source of inexhaustible strength of our guerilla units? After our raids, the enemy stopped pursuing us, and detailed some of the forces for the defence of the rear, and at the same time tried their hardest to find which was the Headquarters unit among the units operating in different directions.

As soon as they found our tracks again, they followed us even more persistently. It made it very difficult for us to be constantly pursued in the snow by enemy forces so many times larger than our unit. But even then we did not always retreat to escape from the pursuing enemy.

Comrade Kim Il Sung employed the tactics of quick, bold movement—dragging the enemy about in a planned way, tiring them, and then launching a surprise attack to wipe out large numbers at one stroke.

Sometimes we thrust into the midst of enemy camps firing guns at random in such a way as to lead them, half asleep, to shoot each other. Sometimes we would leave tracks in the opposite direction, slip to the side to hide and then attack those who had followed our footprints, while they were struggling in the snow.

At one time, I (Choe In Dok), with Comrade Han Ik Su and another man, took direct part in such an operation.

One night, Comrade Kim Il Sung called us and instructed us to reconnoiter the enemy camp about two kilometers away. We crawled all night back the way we had come, arriving at the enemy camp before dawn. We saw large tracks of the enemy and saw bright lights and heard the loud voices of soldiers.

Covering ourselves with white cloth, we went on till

we got close to the enemy to get information on their actions.

Suddenly, about 100 meters ahead we saw something white moving in our direction. As it approached us, we saw that it was a patrol of some 10 of the enemy covered with white camouflage. We let them come to about 50 meters and then poured bullets into them. We reckoned to confuse the enemy and waken them. But suddenly we heard rifle shots from behind, and also from the flanks. Then, we realized for the first time that we were in the midst of the enemy camp.

"All the better for us. Let them fight each other for a while!" So saying, Comrade Han Ik Su told us to shoot one shot in each direction where we had heard rifle shots.

So we fired one shot to the front, the rear, and right and left and quickly slipped away. The enemy went on shooting blindly in the darkness. When we had reached the mountain ridge, we could hear the enemy shooting at each other with increasing intensity.

It appeared that all the men had jumped out of bed and were fighting each other. They continued to fight, shouting "charge," repeatedly until it was light.

When we reported back to Comrade Kim Il Sung, he laughed, and said that not we but the enemy had a hell of a time in the cold.

We had been tempered by the cold and hunger in the mountains for a long time, and we suffered no losses and maintained our company strength, even though our difficult march went on for months. But the enemy was beaten by us or froze to death, and left countless bodies in the snow in the dense forests. But still they did not learn from their bitter experience, but still continued to pursue us.

As they pursued more persistently our march became more difficult, so Comrade Kim Il Sung worked out a plan to personally lead the unit and attack Shihsantao-

kou, a strategic point of the enemy. Our scouts had tapped a telephone line and learned that an enemy unit, which had suffered great losses while pursuing us and returned to Shihsantaokou, was going to leave for Changpai the following morning. The morale of the enemy unit was very low. The commander had been killed and the enemy unit was withdrawing to the rear.

Comrade Kim Il Sung prepared us to attack Shihsantaokou while only garrison troops were there, thus throwing the enemy into confusion and enabling us to solve the problem of supplies with which to celebrate the lunar New Year's Day which was some days ahead. It was very difficult to attack Shihsantaokou at that time. It was one of the main enemy bases for the "punitive campaigns" and Singalpa lay on the other side of the Amrok-gang River. If a battle started in Shihsantaokou, Japanese garrison troops in Singalpa would rush over the frozen Amrok-gang River, and troops posted in Changpai and Chiuchiatien would quickly arrive as re-inforcements.

"This will be a life-and-death battle for us. By attacking this place we may drive the enemy away to distant places."

Comrade Kim Il Sung went into details of the methods of attack and escape from there at lightning speed. He led in person, with Comrade O Baek Ryong and some of the men.

We reached Shihsantaokou at midnight. The main force, led by Comrade O Baek Ryong broke through the city gate in a twinkling and surrounded the barracks of the enemy garrison, completely shutting them within the barracks by concentrating their fire on them.

Taking advantage of this, we quickly got supplies inside the city and withdrew. Many people volunteered to carry the goods for us, and many joined our guerilla unit.

In this way we attacked the enemy centers like lightning, and passing by Baekbawi, went back into the mountains where we were to rest for a while.

Inspecting the cows captured by us, Comrade Kim Il Sung found that some of them were owned by the villagers, and has us return them to the owners.

The horns of the cows owned by the enemy were branded with the Chinese character "Wang" (king) but as we had taken them in the darkness, we found that some of those captured were owned by village people.

While Comrade Kim Il Sung was apologizing to the people about the cows, one young man asked Comrade Kim Il Sung: "General, we two brothers must be leaving now. My brother is going to get married tomorrow."

Comrade Kim Il Sung was greatly surprised to hear this, and gripping the hands of the bridegroom to be and his brother, said apologetically, "I am very sorry. If I had known that, I would not have troubled you."

"Please don't worry about us," the young man said.

"It would be better to hold a marriage ceremony after the work of revolution is finished. But if we hurry back home now we shall have time enough to complete preparations for the marriage ceremony."

Hearing these words, Comrade Kim Il Sung said with a merry laugh, "When our country has become independent, let us hold a big marriage ceremony for you again."

The villagers who had carried the goods for us went home deeply impressed with Comrade Kim Il Sung's words.

The enemy was thrown into great confusion, as one of their important rear centers had been attacked suddenly by the guerillas. Taking advantage of the confusion created, we were able to reach Fuhou Lake in the mountains of Changpai without being seen by the enemy. On our way to the mountains we came across a "mountaineer band," which was being pursued by the enemy "punitive forces," and after repulsing the enemy jointly with this unit, we later joined forces.

Then we went deep into a valley near Fuhou Lake and celebrated the lunar new year.

With New Year's Day at hand, Comrade Kim Il Sung thought of the men carrying out their duties in the rear, and the sewing party in the Chingfeng camp, and sent some men with some of the goods and beef captured at Shihsantaokou.

We could afford to rest well for several days with tents pitched, the first time throughout the entire march in the Changpai district. We leveled the snow near dead trees, and pitched tents on the dead trees, and as it was growing dark, we went about 100 meters away and built a fire to steam rice, taking care that the enemy should not be able to see it.

One day three men, chief of the machine-gun squad, Comrade Kim Won Il and I (Jon Mun Sop) went over to prepare supper. We suddenly saw several men covered with white cloth moving about, several hundred meters away. We strained our eyes and saw that they were without doubt enemy soldiers, but we wondered why they did not fire at us at such a short distance.

I signalled to our comrades and returned slowly in the direction of the main unit, pretending that we had not seen the enemy. The others were also quietly watching the movements of the soldiers. Thinking that we had not noticed them, they came sneaking closer to our camp.

When we reported to Comrade Kim Il Sung he thought for a time and then said:

"It was good that you pretended that you did not notice them. It appears that the enemy is secretly encircling us. The Guards Company must move out in front and slip away to the north. The chief of the machine-gun squad will cover the unit, while keeping a strict watch on the enemy. But do not fire. Act so as not to attract the attention of the enemy."

We began to slip away quietly. We were in dense

forest, and the snow was more than 50 centimeters thick on the trees, so our scouts had not seen the approaching enemy nor could the enemy detect our escape.

When we had gone about 500 meters, we saw wide tracks left by the "punitive forces." The enemy troops, moving in front south and north, were closing the circle. Fortunately we were able to quickly slip through the gap before it closed.

Comrade Kim Il Sung knew every inch of the terrain and quickly grasped the enemy's tactics, so he quickly sensed the kind of encirclement the enemy was attempting and told us to slip through toward the north. We crossed the enemy tracks and erased our footprints, climbing the ridge on the opposite side and there we rested.

Soon we heard the zing of rifle shots from where we were. Hearing the shots, Comrade Kim Il Sung said laughing:

"They are shooting at each other. But for you, we would have been in real predicament."

He sat in deep thought for a while, and said,

"Their strategy now seems to be to encircle us quietly instead of making a frontal attack. So we had better move on from here as soon as possible. If the enemy attacks and tries to encircle us in the forest we must move to the plains and go on. If the enemy comes to the plains, we return to the forests."

Comrade Kim Il Sung had already worked out a tactical plan to fool the enemy completely. We went down the mountain that night and made a forced march boldly along the highway to the Amrok-gang River through the center of the enemy area.

This bold action under the existing circumstances, he pointed out, was the safest way and the best way to speed up our advance.

The enemy was actually looking for us in vain, prowling about in the thick forests so it was impossible to pay sufficient attention to the highway at night. We covered

200 *ri* that night and reached the top of a mountain overlooking the concentrated village of Pafangtingtzu, where we pitched our tents and rested for the second time during the march. Our mountaineer band had buried some corn in this place, so that we had sufficient food for some time.

The enemy did not imagine that we were lying low within calling distance on a mountain right opposite them. There we rested and studied for several days.

It was in this place that we greeted the spring of victory that we had been anxiously looking forward to. The rigorous winter in the dense forests of Changpai finally bowed its head and snow began to melt wherever the sun could reach it. The spring of victory, which Comrade Kim Il Sung had mentioned to encourage us, counting the days on our fingers, had come at last.



We marched on to Potatingtzu beyond Chiatsaishui to join the other units and win still greater victories. The enemy could no longer put us in a difficult situation. Even though our uniforms were worn, and our bodies were fatigued, our spirits were high and our steps were light.

When we arrived in Potatingtzu and were setting up camp there, Comrade Kim Il Sung said:

“We have come through the winter safely. You young men have become full-fledged fighters, now that you have gone through all the difficulties. There is no problem now. Everything gains new life in spring. Let us stand together and march on to our homeland this spring. Let us raise the torch of victory and advance into Korea!”

Just to think of it stirred our hearts. As we gazed at the ranges of Baekdu in early April, with the sun becoming warmer and warmer each day, we felt our hearts lift with the feeling of victory.

Comrade Kim Il Sung sent out men to many places, and called together all the units of the Second District

Army, including the Seventh Regiment, the Eighth Regiment, and the sewing unit, to Potatingtzu. We embraced our comrades-in-arms with overwhelming feelings of joy.

How deeply moved with happiness was Comrade Kim Il Sung! He took Regimental Commander O Jung Hup in his arms, unable to say a word for some time.

A meeting of the Party Committee of the Second District Army was held, as well as a soldiers' meeting to sum up the winter operations of 1938 through 1939, and discuss plans for a march into the homeland.

At the meeting of the Party Committee of the Second District Army, Comrade Kim Il Sung presented his plan for a large-scale spring offensive and a second thrust into the homeland. According to plan, a large-scale offensive was undertaken by the Second District Army.

Not only had our units succeeded in repulsing the enemy offensive during the difficult winter operations and preserving our strength, but we had also been tempered into steel-like ranks with strengthened indomitable fighting spirit. We had advanced vigorously, overwhelming the enemy like an avalanche.

On April 12, we attacked Chiuchiatien where large enemy forces were concentrated, and proceeded to raid Shihwutaokou, Panchiehkou and other centers of the enemy.

The enemy troops were exhausted after being pulled here and there by us throughout the winter deep in the Changpai mountains, and now we smashed them in the very heart of their own areas.

In doing this, we also solved the problems of uniforms and footwear, to say nothing of weapons and food, and made full preparations for our march into the fatherland.

The people of the Changpai districts, who now saw large units of guerillas raiding the enemy's strategic points one after another, were filled with joy and the conviction of victory.

All through this area the people had been weighed down with deep sadness at the false rumors spread by the

Japanese imperialists, that our People's Revolutionary Army had been "wiped out" during that winter. The organizations of the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland had been destroyed by enemy raids, but now their hearts were revived and the conviction of revolutionary victory filled them.

We brought the clear warm rays of spring and hope where there had been a pall of heavy, dark clouds, and then set out again to march to the fatherland.

Our units crossed the Amrok-gang River on May 18, 1939, and undertook operations in the Musan district, lighting the bright beacon of fatherland restoration before the Korean people. The Korean revolution, which had been in such a critical state, now saw again a vigorous upsurge, and it was proudly demonstrated before the world that the Korean people were not only alive, but also fighting and winning victories.

It was the arduous march from Nanpaitzu to Changpai and the revolutionary sweep and wise guidance of Comrade Kim Il Sung, wise Leader of the Korean people that made all this possible.

Thinking back with deep emotion over the arduous march of more than 100 days, we cannot but realize that the present great Chollima advance of our country is a continuation of the thousands of *ri* covered by us through uncounted difficulty and hardship.

It was the personal leadership of Comrade Kim Il Sung through those days that led us to victory in the struggle for the freedom of the fatherland and the liberation of our people. From this we now have our socialist paradise. It is due to the Mt. Baekdu-san spirit—the invincible ideas of Comrade Kim Il Sung, who fought on to victory, about which he never doubted, always taking the initiative in every difficulty. So now we are on the great Chollima advance, galloping at top speed toward the high peak of socialism.

## XXII

# Establishing People's Revolutionary Government — Genuine People's Power

By JON CHANG CHOL

“The Democratic People's Republic of Korea in its political power structure has inherited the brilliant revolutionary traditions of the victorious anti-Japanese armed struggle waged by the Korean Communists and other Korean patriots. The great revolutionary gains won by our people through their arduous struggle against internal and external enemies under the leadership of our Party are its legacy.” So said our great and beloved Leader, Comrade Kim Il Sung.

When I think about this teaching I am deeply moved, recalling the impressive days when Comrade Kim Il Sung himself, with a far-reaching vision of the future of the Korean revolution, for the first time set up the revolutionary power of our people during the anti-Japanese armed struggle.

The establishment of genuine revolutionary power of the people in the guerilla bases—liberated areas—was then the most urgent need as a means of consolidating and developing the bases and expanding and strengthening the anti-Japanese armed struggle even further. At the same time it was essential in promoting a great forward move in the anti-Japanese national-liberation struggle of the Korean people as a whole.

At the Wangching guerilla base before Comrade Kim Il Sung came there it was a problem awaiting proper solution, as, until then, there had been no evidence of

revolutionary order or revolutionary tone of life in the base.

The guerilla bases had just been built in the areas along the Duman-gang River, and the Japanese imperialists were engaged in "punitive operation" against the bases, and in the areas of East Manchuria their atrocities grew in barbarity and scale such as had rarely been seen anywhere before.

My work then was in the publication of revolutionary papers in the valley of Lishukou at the Wangching guerilla base. At Wangching alone, the Japanese imperialists perpetrated mass slaughter day after day at Yongchangtung, Paichukou, Shihxian and many other places.

Every day many people crowded into the guerilla bases. Many had had their parents, wives and children killed by the vicious Japanese imperialists and their houses burnt down by those devils. There were those too who were unable to endure any longer the exploitation of the Japanese imperialists, the landlords and the capitalists in Korea, and so had fled from their beloved homeland and migrated to Northeast China.

The situation was such that genuine revolutionary power was needed in the guerilla bases as soon as possible.

Only such people's power could make it possible to establish a new revolutionary order in the guerilla bases, stabilize the lives of the people flocking there, and powerfully push ahead with the revolution, mobilizing and organizing them to offer full resistance and repulse the attacks of the enemy.

Left opportunists who had wormed their way into the revolutionary and mass organizations formed in the guerilla bases in those days were engaged in schemes leading to confusion and disorder in the bases, and the situation was very grave. Many of the revolutionary masses split away from the revolutionary and mass organizations, and the revolutionary forces were divided. Many people realized the nature of the Left opportunists who were

doing such harm to the revolution, but they were at a loss how to set the situation right.

These were the conditions when Comrade Kim Il Sung came to Wangching.

We welcomed him with great joy.

As soon as he came to the Wangching guerilla base, with heart and soul he set about finding the correct solution to the question of power. He quickly got a thorough grasp of the real issues there and made a careful political analysis of the situation created by the maneuvers of the Leftist opportunists.

Comrade Kim Il Sung pointed out that the Left opportunists had no proper understanding of the character or immediate tasks of the revolution at that time, nor how it could be carried to success. They were trapped by flunkeyism and dogmatism and committed Leftist mistakes. From his criticism he went on to show that a genuine People's Revolutionary Government needed to be established in the guerilla bases.

This policy put forward by him correctly interpreted the objective demands of the revolution and met the long-cherished desires of the people themselves to exercise power. It was a brilliant application of his great principle of *Juche*.

He explained to all that the Korean revolution was an anti-imperialist, anti-feudal, democratic revolution. He pointed out that the immediate purpose of the Korean revolution was the overthrow of the colonial rule of the Japanese imperialists and the winning of national liberation. From these fundamentals, he clearly taught that the power to be established in the future had to be genuine revolutionary power of the people, consistent with these aims, based on a worker-peasant alliance under the leadership of the working class, and bringing in the broadest sections of the anti-Japanese forces. He taught that this people's power would have to implement democratic policies correctly reflecting the interests not only of the

workers and peasants, but people of all strata who shared these anti-Japanese sentiments.

So Comrade Kim Il Sung not only showed the right course to follow to solve this question of power, a way we had been eagerly seeking, but also set about teaching the broad masses of the people the right policy to be followed, and by this means, both ideologically and theoretically, he overcame the erroneous ideas propagated by the Left opportunists engaged in their schemes in various places.

In the spring of 1933 the Wangching Conference was held, a landmark in the establishment of the People's Revolutionary Government.

I myself did not attend the meeting, but was later given a detailed account by comrades.

At the conference, Comrade Kim Il Sung analyzed and criticized the errors of the Left opportunists, who had persisted in pushing the Soviet line, and so was able to completely defeat them.

When the guerilla bases—liberated areas—were set up, the Left opportunists had set about mechanically copying what other countries had done, trying to apply them to Korea though they were inapplicable to the conditions of the revolution at that time. They suffered from flunkeyism and dogmatism, and had formed district governments in the form of "Soviets" in many places, clamouring for immediate socialism. They insisted on applying socialist policies without taking into consideration the character of the Korean revolution and its subjective and objective conditions. Without hesitation they made the ultra-Leftist mistake of confiscating even the land of middle-level peasants, rejecting at once all private ownership.

Because of these reckless acts of the Left opportunists, many people who had come to the guerilla bases to fight Japanese imperialism because they hated it were greatly discouraged. Many of the people who might have been won to the side of the revolution if they had been given

revolutionary guidance and consistent education, even left the guerilla bases.

The unwise acts of the Left opportunists did not end at that. They set up artificial lines, dividing populated districts into "Red" and "White," the former to denote guerilla bases and the latter the Japanese imperialist-ruled districts. They called villages in the enemy-controlled areas "villages of stooges" and followed the ultra-Leftist line of excluding the people in these areas without grounds or discrimination. They branded the people in semi-guerilla bases "double-faced ones" and suspected and estranged them.

These actions of the Left opportunists made many people who either supported the revolution or were sympathetic to it withdraw, and alienate themselves from the cause of the revolution. They excluded even those people who had voluntarily come to carry on the revolution. They acted as if they were the only ones who had a strong "revolutionary temper."

Comrade Kim Il Sung thoroughly criticized and exposed such schemes of the Left opportunists and the dangers of this line. He pointed out the need to set up a People's Revolutionary Government, genuine people's power.

At the Wangching Conference, Comrade Kim Il Sung stressed the need to launch an anti-Japanese national united front movement as the means of rallying all the anti-Japanese forces. He pointed out that, in the light of the character of the revolution and its immediate tasks, the People's Revolutionary Government should be established on the basis of the worker-peasant alliance led by the working class, involving all classes and strata opposed to Japanese imperialism, and he made it crystal clear again that this was the only right road along which the revolution could develop to meet the objective demands of the situation.

He clearly set out in concrete terms the basic task

confronting the People's Revolutionary Government and the ways and means to carry the task to success.

He gave deep attention to solving the problem of land, which was the cherished hope of all our peasants, who constitute the absolute majority of the population. He said that land should not be confiscated indiscriminately in the name of land reform, but on the thoroughly revolutionary principle, the lands of the Japanese imperialists and the pro-Japanese lackeys should be taken over and distributed to the peasants who either had no land or very little.

Again on the thoroughly revolutionary principle, he stated on capitalist ownership that only the property of the Japanese imperialists and the comprador capitalists should be confiscated.

These wise measures were the means of rallying the anti-Japanese forces to the maximum, and concentrating their strength on overthrowing Japanese imperialism, the major enemy.

His scientific analysis had made it clear that even some of the middle- and small-scale landlords and national capitalists held strong anti-Japanese sentiments, because the Japanese imperialists applied to them also the policy of massacre and plunder. The peculiarities of the complex population in the guerilla bases were also revealed, and the line he proposed was the proper and just line.

At the meeting, Comrade Kim Il Sung set out tasks to be undertaken by the People's Revolutionary Government.

He enumerated the tasks involved in the reforms which marked a fundamental turn in the history of our people, the thorough liquidation of the survivals of Japanese imperialism and feudalism, granting democratic rights and freedom to the people and introducing an eight-hour working-day, equality of the sexes and democratic and advanced education, etc.

In particular, he sharply criticized the erroneous acts

of the Left opportunists who looked down on the masses under their ultra-“revolutionary” slogans and placed the accent on their own “revolutionary theories” and “wisdom;” he pointed out that the People’s Revolutionary Government we were going to set up could not be established by the reckless assertions or the “wisdom” of a few persons but by the general will of the broadest sections of the people, and that only the people’s active support and participation would make it possible to set up such power and consolidate it. That is the reason why all Communists must always remember that they have to go deep among the masses, the masters of power, and strengthen political work among them, he said.

It was only then that we came to realize clearly what kind of power was to be established in the guerilla bases and what advantages it would give to the revolution. We were deeply aware that we had to remember the interests of the Korean revolution at all times and in all circumstances, and that we should stick to the stand of *Juche* to fit each concrete situation of the Korean revolution.

Comrade Kim Il Sung was very busy with the establishment of the genuine revolutionary power of the people in the guerilla bases. Nevertheless he energetically carried on political work while guiding the guerilla units as well as the revolutionary organizations in the guerilla bases.

In the summer that year, to cite an example, he had personally gone to the small village of Tafangtzu, where he guided a Party meeting which proved a great eye-opener for revolutionaries.

The meeting was held under a tree in the heart of Tafangtzu village, attended by 10 Party members or so and heads of the revolutionary organizations.

At the meeting Comrade Kim Il Sung went into the details of Leftist errors revealed in the so-called “Soviet” line, and the need to form a broad anti-Japanese national united front.

He spoke in such easy-to-understand terms that the

chairman and secretary of the so-called "Soviet" and all other persons present at the meeting said unanimously that their eyes had been opened, adding that they now realized how harmful it was to establish a local "Soviet."

Under the outstanding leadership of Comrade Kim Il Sung the People's Revolutionary Government was established in the guerilla bases, forming liberated areas instead of "Soviets."

In the Wangching guerilla base, the district committee of the People's Revolutionary Government was set up at Chayaho. The election of representatives to the government was held in the village of Susuiping.

The emotion and joy of the people in the guerilla base, who for the first time in their lives now had power in their own hands and were able to elect for themselves the functionaries who would work there, was beyond description.

Comrade Kim Il Sung, who was present at the meeting, explained in easy terms, the reason why the "Soviet" should be reorganized into the People's Revolutionary Government. He said,

"...The government we are going to set up will neither be run by a king, nor will it serve the interests of landlords, capitalists or any individuals, but will be the government of our people that will work for the rights and happiness of the people and for freedom and independence; that this government will give the peasants land, grant the women equal rights with the men and enable everyone to learn, work and live well....

...In order to win back the fatherland and live in happiness, we must first of all fight against the Japanese scoundrels to the very end. Only by so doing will all such happiness be permanently ours... The Guerilla Army must work for the people, and the people, on their part, must assist the Guerilla Army. Those with money should donate money, those with knowledge, knowledge, and if hundreds, thousands of people unite in one mind and one

purpose and fight to the end, the revolution will emerge victorious....”

The People's Revolutionary Government established in the guerilla bases was the first genuine people's power of the Korean nation in its history of thousands of years, the revolutionary power that granted them genuine freedom and happiness.

The People's Revolutionary Government enforced democratic reforms one after another to fulfil the cherished desires of our people.

Men and women citizens over 16 years of age were granted the rights to elect and to be elected. A thoroughgoing dictatorship was put into effect over the handful of reactionary landlords, comprador capitalists, pro-Japanese stooges and traitors to the nation. They were deprived of all political freedom and rights, and their economic foothold was completely liquidated.

At the same time, the resistance, subversive and wrecking activities of the counter-revolutionaries and reactionaries who had wormed their way into the guerilla bases were totally defeated and wiped out.

The People's Revolutionary Government confiscated the lands of the Japanese imperialists and traitorous pro-Japanese landlords, pro-Japanese elements and traitors to the nation and distributed them free to the peasants who owned no land or very little. It proclaimed an eight-hour day system, a minimum wage system and the abolition of all kinds of taxes and cancellation of loans made to people by the Japanese imperialists and their stooges. It also enforced equality of the sexes, introduced a free compulsory education system, established a popular education system under which military and production activities were combined and took steps to secure the people's living. Because of these measures put into operation by the People's Revolutionary Government, the people in the guerilla bases were able to establish a new order and system under which they enjoyed political freedom and

rights, and could work and learn to their heart's content for the first time in their lives.

The wise leadership of Comrade Kim Il Sung and the efforts of the functionaries who had been armed with his great revolutionary ideas and had acquired his revolutionary work method and popular style meant that the People's Revolutionary Government performed its missions with credit and fulfilled its economic-organizational and cultural-educational functions.

Even under the difficult conditions ensuing on the everyday "punitive operations" of the Japanese imperialists, the People's Revolutionary Government established an all-people defence system by enrolling the people in the guerilla bases in the anti-Japanese self-defence corps and other semi-military organizations, vigorously organizing and mobilizing them to the struggle to beat down the enemy and defend the revolutionary gains. It also organized farm work to obtain provisions, carried on the work of circulation and supply of goods and took measures to secure the people's living. At the same time, munitions and clothing plants were built. All this enabled the guerillas and the people in the guerilla bases to fight as one body against the enemy even under the most difficult conditions, helping and pulling each other along.

In the guerilla bases, mass cultural work such as the performance of revolutionary dramas, songs and dances, flowing over with the conviction of victory and revolutionary optimism, was carried on actively, and many revolutionary publications were issued to serve as a powerful ideological weapon to destroy the enemy, as valuable ideological food to feed the revolution. Many publications printed in those days were distributed not only in the guerilla bases but through enemy-ruled areas as well.

Having established the People's Revolutionary Government, Comrade Kim Il Sung directed his energies to the care of the people in the guerilla bases, warmly looking to their needs. He himself set a practical example in the

exercise of genuine people's power, by organizing and guiding the people's living with a sense of responsibility and rendering them constant service.

No words can fully describe his great, deep love and solicitude shown to the people in the guerilla bases in those days of arduous, hard-fought battles. As is already known from the reminiscences of anti-Japanese guerillas, on one occasion he sent apples he had secured in a hard battle deep behind the enemy lines to the children in the guerilla bases, thinking that they had never yet had a taste of the apples of their homeland; and, when the people presented him with cotton-padded clothes and a pair of shoes which they had sincerely prepared for him, he gave them to old folks in a guerilla base, although he himself was in thin clothes in the cold winter.

Worried about the hardships suffered by the people in the bases, he routed the enemy at Sanchakou and captured large quantities of cloth, part of which he sent to the people in the bases so that each of them might have a new dress, and the remainder was sent to poor people in distant areas ruled by the enemy. Out of so many facts about his warm fatherly care to improve the lives of the people in the bases, I want to record here one story on his deep solicitude for the people at Tuitelazi.

After he returned from the first expedition to North Manchuria, Comrade Kim Il Sung stayed at the home of an old man named Kim Gwan Se at Tuitelazi, to recover from his illness contracted during the expedition.

A poor peasant, old Kim had lived in North Hamgyong Province before he came across the *Duman-gang* River after being deprived of his land. He subsisted somehow working as a tenant at *Saenggyong-ri* or fishing, and then moved to a guerilla base.

While he was staying at old Kim's place, Comrade Kim Il Sung, though in poor health, very often had talks with Kim and other neighbours to acquaint himself fully

with the living conditions of the peasants there, and their needs.

Great was the joy of the people there when they found that it was Comrade Kim Il Sung, whom they had adored for so long.

They had lived a life of indescribable maltreatment and humiliation under the harsh exploitation and oppression of the Japanese imperialists, landlords and capitalists for a long time and were fully aware who had brought them such a free and happy life in the guerilla bases. So again and again they expressed their warm thanks for all that General Kim Il Sung had done that enabled them to live in such a blessed world and who had given them land, land that was valued as one's own life from the days of their forefathers, and which they had so earnestly desired to own.

He reminded them that great numbers of their fellow Korean peasants were still suffering poverty and ill-treatment, their lands stolen by the Japanese imperialists, landlords and capitalists, and he said,

"...When I think of them in rags and poverty I can hardly sleep. How much blood, sweat and tears our poor peasants in Korea shed for the sake of land! We must meet their ardent desire for land. To do this, we have to drive Japanese imperialism out of our country as quickly as possible and set up a people's state, free of exploitation and oppression throughout the whole of Korea. When people's government is established in our land of three-thousand-*ri*, with all its sublime and beautiful rivers and mountains and all people set to the task of building a new life, the government must first of all meet the cherished desires of the peasants who comprise the majority of our people. That day will surely come...."

Old Kim and the other villagers, who heard from him that the peasants would become the masters of their own land in the fatherland to be liberated, and live in the countryside of a new society, shaking off poverty and

illiteracy under which they had groaned for generations repeatedly said in later days that they keenly realized how deeply he was concerned about the aspirations of the people and how far he was looking into the future of the fatherland and the nation.

At that time the old Kims were very sad that they could not offer Comrade Kim Il Sung even a dose of medicine. The Kim family did all they could to help Comrade Kim Il Sung to get well again, for he was the august head of the Korean revolution and for all Koreans. But as they were so poor and lived in a deep valley in the guerilla base, all they could do for him was to serve him soup of onion roots and buckwheat flour.

But Comrade Kim Il Sung was more concerned about the living conditions of the old Kim family than about his own health.

Old Kim's wife was not well. One day, in a mountain she was attacked by a bear that had been wounded, and she had her arm broken and suffered serious wounds on her face. Comrade Kim Il Sung was deeply concerned because she was unable to get the necessary treatment for her injured arm.

"...Mother, we are not in a position to give you even a dose of medicine, no matter how much we may wish to. This is entirely because the Japanese imperialist scoundrels have deprived us of our country. Mother, we sincerely hope that you live long till the day when we regain our fatherland. The day will come when you will live in the world free from worry and anxiety about illness...."

Old Kim's family and all the other people at Tuitelazi were suffering from shortage of provisions, and were very worried about the next year's farming, because of the lack of seed grain and draught animals. Learning these facts while at old Kim's, Comrade Kim Il Sung left the village even before he had completely recovered his health.

Later, the people there received some 10 draught animals, as well as provisions.

In order to improve the life of the Tuitelazi people and help them make full preparations for farming, Comrade Kim Il Sung led the men of the Fourth and Fifth Companies and the Youth Volunteers Corps in person to raid a lumbermill in Talisukou run by Japanese imperialist devils, and sent to the Tuitelazi people a large quantity of provisions and draught animals taken there.

Some time later, he again sent them farm assistance funds for the coming year through the district government at Yaoyingkou.

At that time, on instructions from Comrade Kim Il Sung, the comrades who worked as leaders of the district committee of the Children's Corps and secretary of the Communist Youth League branch, took the funds to the people at Tuitelazi, crossing the enemy lines at the risk of their lives.

Having been out of grain for a long time, the people at Tuitelazi were subsisting on the roots of polygonum. At times they managed to buy bran at Laotzukou and used a mixture of steamed bran and the roots of polygonum. But their resources were now so poor that they could not afford to buy even bran. Because of the severe privation, men and women, young and old, could scarcely stand on their feet.

To have received so much aid in funds, grain and draught animals from Comrade Kim Il Sung at such a time moved the people of Tuitelazi beyond words. They could only clasp the hands of the comrades who brought the supplies, with tears in their eyes.

"...The General, not forgetting us, sent money like this.... How can we ever repay him?"

Old men with grey hairs brushed away the tears with their fists, and with the women and young people they vowed, "Remembering the kindness of the General who is anxious about our farming although he is fighting every day against the Japanese imperialist devils, not even an inch of land will lie idle, even if the enemy's 'punitive

operations' compel us to sow seeds ten times or even a hundred times."

That year the people at Tuitelazi were able to buy grain with the funds sent by the General and solved the problem of food by using a mixture of grain and edible grasses, and they were able to prepare seed grain. They left not even an inch of land lie idle, and the draught animals proved to be of immense help in cultivating the land.

Life in the guerilla bases was far from easy.

"Punitive operations" were carried on by the enemy day and night, outrageous crimes of the scoundrels engaged in murder and incendiarism. When food supplies ran out, the guerillas often had to eke out a bare living on grass roots and tree bark. Their houses were burnt down in the cold winter more than once, and they had to spend many nights without shelter.

In the guerilla bases, however, the people were never disheartened. They rebuilt at the same spot no matter how often the enemy burnt their shelters down. When they lost their beloved parents and wives and sons at the hands of the enemy, they gritted their teeth and worked their land and planted new seed.

They were ill-clad and poverty-stricken and the atrocities of the Japanese imperialist aggressors became more ferocious, but no one even thought of quitting the guerilla bases.

What made it possible for the people in the guerilla bases to fight on, never yielding even to such overwhelming difficulties and ordeals that defy description, and what made them so intensely loyal to the guerilla bases, convinced that they could not live for a moment apart from them?

The explanation is that they were deeply imbued with the policies of the People's Revolutionary Government established by Comrade Kim Il Sung that had enabled them to enjoy freedom, happiness and full rights as masters of their own destiny, the most precious things that

nothing could buy, and that they had for the first time in their lives experienced a new life free from exploitation and oppression, which assured everyone equally of a job and an opportunity of learning.

They were fully aware that such a life was possible only because of the outstanding leadership of Comrade Kim Il Sung. They could never forget this.

Indeed, it was true. Comrade Kim Il Sung's great *Juche* idea and his outstanding leadership of the People's Revolutionary Government, prototype of the genuine people's power later to be established in a liberated homeland, had built the bases. These freedom bases had been firmly established even under the complications of fighting a fierce war against Japanese imperialism, as well as a struggle to smash the schemes of the Left opportunists. The guerilla bases were the strategic center of the revolution from which the anti-Japanese national-liberation struggle of the Korean people could go ahead.

During this struggle he went further into the developing of Marxist-Leninist theory on the question of power, the fundamental issue of the revolution, thus making a great contribution to the international revolutionary movement.

So the people in the guerilla bases worked devotedly to establish a new system and order there, firmly rallied around Comrade Kim Il Sung, the Leader of the Korean revolution, and fought in defiance of death to defend the people's revolutionary power, the most precious gain of the revolution, overcoming with great courage all difficulties and trials beyond imagination.

The unyielding people in the guerilla bases, united as one around Comrade Kim Il Sung fought in unity with the guerillas as one body, defending the freedom bases for four to five years under impossible circumstances. They fought day after day through the years against large-scale siege and attack by the brigands of Japanese imperialism. It was a struggle to protect and defend the people's revolutionary power established by Comrade

Kim Il Sung, a struggle to defend the freedom and happiness of the people, treasures greater than life itself.

That they were able to defend the guerilla bases for upwards of five years, surviving all difficulties and refined in the crucible of an unprecedented struggle was a demonstration of the great vitality of the revolutionary ideas of Comrade Kim Il Sung. It revealed the indestructible strength of the people who had taken power into their own hands under the guidance of the outstanding Leader.

It was in the first half of the 1930's that Comrade Kim Il Sung had established the People's Revolutionary Government, rallying all strata of the people firmly around the Red banner of revolution. In 1936 the whole policy was mapped out, and the Korean revolution moved ahead, building on the past achievements and using the experience gained along the way, setting up the 10-Point Programme of the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland, which epitomised the great revolutionary lines of the Korean revolution. The first article states: "A broad united anti-Japanese front shall be formed through the general mobilization of the Korean nation to overthrow the rule of the bandit Japanese imperialism and to establish a genuine people's government in Korea."

For the carrying out of this great programme he energetically organized and mobilized the Korean people to the struggle that led finally to the restoration of the country.

Right after liberation, based on the Marxist-Leninist line of people's power and the rich experiences won during the anti-Japanese armed struggle even in the complicated circumstances then existing, Comrade Kim Il Sung established people's committees at all levels and announced the 20-Point Political Programme, a direct expansion and embodiment of the 10-Point Programme of the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland. This showed the road for the entire Korean people, and the Government of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea was set up with genuine power given to the Korean people.

The movement put down deep roots during the anti-Japanese armed struggle led by Comrade Kim Il Sung. Under his personal care it grew and flourished and became a full grown tree, the Democratic People's Republic of Korea—our glorious fatherland—under the banner of freedom and independence. Its fruit is the building of socialism and communism.

Because the people have this power, the powerful weapon of the Korean revolution under the leadership of Comrade Kim Il Sung, they were able to win the historic victory over U.S. imperialism, boasting of being the world's "strongest;" in a brief space of time they were able to eliminate the centuries-old backwardness and poverty and establish the most advanced socialist system, build a powerful independent national economy, set up a firm all-people defence system, and bring in an era of great national prosperity and thriving national culture in which the arts and lofty morals are flowering.

Our country is advancing, advancing, struggling and advancing, working to Comrade Kim Il Sung's great idea of *Juche*, independent in politics, self-sustaining in the economy and self-reliant in national defence. We are the "country of Chollima," the "cradle of *Juche*," a "model of socialism."

On the further consolidation and development of our people's power Comrade Kim Il Sung taught:

"We have established people's power in the northern half alone and have not yet attained the nation-wide victory of the revolution. So we are now confronted with the weighty revolutionary task of achieving the nation-wide victory of the revolution. In other words, we have before us the important task of further consolidating our victory, strengthening the Government of the Republic and firmly defending the socialist gains we have made, and, further, unifying the whole of Korea and completing the revolution in the whole country under the banner of the Republic.... We still have the important task of supporting

and encouraging the revolutionary struggle of the South Korean people, liberating them and unifying our fatherland.

"We can never rest content with victories already won. We must firmly consolidate our power and rally around it more closely the entire working class, the peasantry, working intellectuals and all other sections of the people to reinforce the revolutionary forces and turn them into such power as to be able to repel the enemy with full courage at any time, should he intrude, and support the South Korean people."

To consolidate and develop the people's power and make political, ideological and material preparations more completely, to greet affirmatively the great revolutionary event, upholding the teaching of the respected and beloved Leader Comrade Kim Il Sung; this is our task. The most important thing is to fully arm ourselves with the great revolutionary ideas of Comrade Kim Il Sung and firmly establish the unitary ideological system of our Party. This we defend at all times, everywhere and unconditionally, carrying out his orders and instructions, come hell or high water, revolutionizing and working-classing the whole of society and rallying the whole people more closely around him by this means.

Armed with his great revolutionary ideas and advancing single-heartedly under the leadership of Comrade Kim Il Sung, our Leader who directed all his energies solely to achieving the freedom and happiness of our fatherland and our people, winning the victory of the Korean revolution through the 40 years of struggle from the time he set out on the road of revolution, our people will certainly achieve the cause of national unification under the banner of the Republic, and the day will surely come when our 40 million people will enjoy the freedom and happiness he has won for us.



## XXIII

# “ All People Who Make Revolution Must Engage in Political Work ”

By CHOE BONG SONG

“You cannot carry out a revolution without the people. If you want to make revolution, you must unite with the masses and rally broad sections of the people in various social strata into a revolutionary force.

“The political task of rallying broad masses into the ranks of revolution and arousing revolutionary enthusiasm in them is the first task of revolutionary activity, a duty of prime importance for all revolutionaries.

“So all people who make revolution must engage in political work. To do this, the broad masses of the people in all walks of life must be deeply understood, and propaganda and education carried out among them.”

This is what Comrade Kim Il Sung taught us again and again throughout the entire period of the anti-Japanese armed struggle, and by personal example in revolutionary methods of work, he showed us the way.

It was a gross defect in our work in the early days of the anti-Japanese armed struggle—our failure to do sufficient work to unite the broad masses into the revolutionary ranks, to organize and mobilize them into the revolutionary struggle against Japanese imperialism.

Some workers thought only of their dignity before the people, and we suffered very much from the defect of haranguing the people with the copious use of technical terms we did not properly understand ourselves, paying little attention to the audience and caring little about whether the masses really understood or not.

Even if the masses listened to our speeches all day they still would not understand what we said, as we tried to show off our knowledge by using such foreign words as "bourgeois society," "hegemony," "ideology" and "proletariat."

Therefore it was not merely by chance that some people in those days asked us if "Soviet" meant some kind of headgear.

I was then a secretary of a branch of the Communist Youth League at Tafangtzu (Tunglin Village) in the Wangching guerilla base. I would do propaganda work in this way among the youth, lading my speeches with difficult technical words that I myself did not fully understand.

I remember at one time, out of my desire to show off my knowledge, I used words which I myself did not understand in preparing items to be placed on the agenda of a meeting of the branch of the C.Y.L., using such phrases as "anti-Minsaengdan opposition struggle," which of course, drew criticism from those above me.

This was a major obstacle in winning the broad revolutionary masses to various anti-Japanese organizations, organizing and mobilizing them in the revolutionary struggle against Japanese imperialism and its agents, the landlords and capitalists.

It was at such a time as this that Comrade Kim Il Sung came to the Hsiaowangching guerilla base to correct this tendency and our formalistic style of propaganda and give guidance in rallying the masses to revolutionary organizations.

I can never forget what happened at that time.

We were, of course, greatly excited and pleased to meet Comrade Kim Il Sung whom we respected and loved, as his fame had already reached far and wide even in those days.

The moment we heard Comrade Kim Il Sung speak, we

could not but be moved at the different way he spoke, so unlike the functionaries who had been guiding our work.

Comrade Kim Il Sung explained exactly the questions we had wanted enlightenment on, speaking in an easy-to-understand way and not using difficult and formal words but easy words of everyday use. Comrade Kim Il Sung noted that after the guerillas were organized and the guerilla base created, both the guerillas and the people had risen in concert to defend the base, which he pointed out was a great victory. Explaining that it was necessary to constantly expand and strengthen the revolutionary forces in order to consolidate the victory and go on to final victory in the Korean revolution, Comrade Kim Il Sung said that it was essential to establish firm ties with all people opposed to Japanese imperialism and set up instead of a "Soviet," a people's revolutionary government in which broad masses of people of all circles, centering on workers and peasants, were to participate.

I can still vividly picture Comrade Kim Il Sung speaking with real feeling, citing Chang the landlord as an example.

Chang the landlord had continued to live in the area where the guerillas were operating, and voluntarily supplied them with provisions and other materials.

The Japanese garrison troops threatened him, charging that he was in secret contact with the "Communist bandits," and ordered him to come down to the town of Wangching. But he refused to yield to their threats, saying: "How can I go down to the town, leaving my house and estate, my grain and livestock? It is true that I gave food to the guerillas, but I am not a Communist. I only love my fatherland." Finally the enemy set fire to his house, which continued to burn for three days, with the smoke enveloping the entire village.

Reminding us of this, Comrade Kim Il Sung asked us if it would be right to confiscate the houses and property of such people in carrying out land reform. Our hearts

ached at these words. He pointed out that if we were to carry through the Korean revolution under the conditions of increased aggression and the maneuvers of Japanese imperialism, it was necessary to rally all anti-Japanese forces from all walks of life. He said that it was a mistake to think we could draw a clear line of demarcation between "Red" and "White" areas and take a hostile attitude toward people living in what we called "White" areas: that in order to succeed with the revolution, it was necessary to lead even national capitalists to join the revolution, to say nothing of the people living in the areas ruled by the enemy.

Comrade Kim Il Sung showed us that in order to unify all the anti-Japanese forces of the Korean people, it was essential that our work be done in keeping with the positions and political levels of the different groups of people in the various social strata.

Listening to him, we felt what a wide vista had been opened to our eyes. Greatly moved and excited, we asked him to speak more, unmindful of the fact that he was working under heavy pressure and must be very tired.

All the workers at the branch of the Communist Youth League who received such personal guidance from Comrade Kim Il Sung on two occasions, were able for the first time to understand how to work for the masses of people in different social strata, eliminating formalism which was so evident in the political work or organizing the masses. The result was that they learned to carry out propaganda work in easy-to-understand words, in line with the teaching of Comrade Kim Il Sung.

At an enlarged conference of the Communist Youth League in 1933 in Wangching county, he especially taught us how to work among youth in a variety of ways, suited to their characteristics, and our work was greatly enhanced, not only in the guerilla base but also in areas under enemy rule.

In the speeches made by Comrade Kim Il Sung to youth activists, the following words struck me most.

“Comrades, if you behave in entirely the same way toward members of the C.Y.L. toward youth in the guerilla base and also toward youth in the areas ruled by the enemy, not only will you be unable to achieve the desired results, but you will even bring about results contrary to your hopes....”

It is necessary to deeply understand the different situations in different areas, the manners and customs, the cultural traditions of the Korean and Chinese peoples and the different political levels and urgent demands of the youth of different social strata. It is necessary to adapt your work to their demands, based on this understanding. Further, you must even understand the personal character of each individual. If you are to do your work well, you must pay attention to these and other minute things....”

These words proved to be a clear direction in our work, and a proper guide to action for us. I seriously set about improving our work to meet the characteristic traits of youths, rallying wide sections of our youth to the organizations of the Communist Youth League, and educating and rallying Chinese youth in and around Tungi Village under the rule of the enemy.

Our work was very complex in enemy-occupied areas. I had had no experience particularly in working among Chinese youth. They were strangers to us, but I bore every word of Comrade Kim Il Sung in mind and endeavored to speak to them in easy words in my political work among the masses, and in appealing to them.

I decided first to work on Chinese youth working as farmhands for landlords, and tried to find chances to speak to them in everyday words on various questions touching their lives. As I talked about the various matters of interest to them, they began to take an interest in my talks and came to see me frequently, asking me to talk further to them. Whenever an opportunity came, I talk-

ed to them little by little about the aggressive nature of Japanese imperialism and exploitation by the landlords, and explained in easy words how necessary it was for both the Korean and the Chinese people to unite in the struggle to create a new society free from exploitation and oppression.

I also told them that General Kim Il Sung, commanding the operations of the combined forces of the anti-Japanese armed units, including the unit led by Wu I-cheng had won a victory in the Attack on Tungning County Seat. The Chinese youths, who had heard about Comrade Kim Il Sung and respected him, were excited to hear the news and determined to rise in the revolution.

In this way our branch of the Communist Youth League was able to bring under its influence the core of active Chinese workers, including Ping Kuei, and succeeded in setting up various revolutionary organizations in the areas under the rule of the enemy.

Through these actual experiences, I came to realize how deep was the wisdom and correctness of the teachings of Comrade Kim Il Sung.

When Comrade Kim Il Sung stayed at Hsiaowangching, he always met and talked with anti-Japanese self-defence corps members and people at the base, and set a personal example in mass political work in spite of the fact that he was so busy guiding the guerillas and Party work. We were able to acquire his work methods among the masses and copy the virtues of Comrade Kim Il Sung.

I remember especially Comrade Kim Il Sung's political work among the lumber workers and the raft workers whom he personally organized and guided.

Back in 1934, lumberyard workers and raft workers began to join the guerilla base at Yaoyingkou and work at a privately owned lumbermill inside the base. At that time it was impossible to transport railway sleepers and timber from Yaoyingkou because the guerilla base was established there. There were rich resources of timber

in the mountain areas of Wangching. Dealers in lumber visited the base frequently, asking us to solve the question of timber transportation, but some narrow-minded workers did not agree to the request, saying that such actions would profit the enemy.

But Comrade Kim Il Sung did not look at this question in such a way. He said that although it was true that timber carried from the base might be utilized by the enemy, yet the more important thing was that we could solve the questions of food supplies and other goods through the dealers in lumber, and a still more important point was that we would have a revolutionary influence on workers to make them class-conscious and form a nucleus for the revolution.

Comrade Kim Il Sung indicated the correct solution to this question and personally led political work among them on his own responsibility.

He said, "Our work for lumberyard workers is extremely important. The working class is the leading class of the revolution. We must concentrate on developing class-consciousness and revolutionizing them. This is because we have to further consolidate the revolutionary ranks by making these workers into a central core of people of working-class origin. The fact is that the number of people of working-class background is not sufficient in the ranks of our revolution." He told our organization of the Communist Youth League to concentrate our political work on the lumberyard workers.

Working for the district committee of the C.Y.L. in Yaoyingkou in those days, I began to work mainly among the lumberyard workers. On going into the composition of workers in the area, I found that all the workers there were immigrants from Korea who had been working more or less on a permanent basis in Tuitelazi.

Considering the fact that they were going to stay in the guerilla base area for a comparatively long time, Comrade Kim Il Sung taught us to conduct work for them purpose-

fully and consciously under a long-term plan. Further, he told us how to do the work in various forms, sending propagandists and theatrical troupes to them, sending activists on a long-term basis so that they could live and work together with the lumberyard workers, organizing and uniting them.

Their level of political consciousness was low, and they had been influenced by misleading propaganda under Japanese imperialism and so were prejudiced against communism; so activists went first among the lumberyard workers by obtaining jobs as lumberyard workers.

Living together with the workers in a dormitory and working with them, the political workers were able gradually to awaken class-consciousness among them and organize an anti-Japanese association.

At the same time, propaganda workers and theatrical troupes visited the workers regularly and openly carried on their activities. Comrade Kim Il Sung frequently guided this work himself.

One day in the summer of 1934, we visited the lumberyard with Comrade Kim Il Sung. We took handbills and posters with us, and a theatrical troupe and a children's song and dance group which had prepared their performances beforehand under the direction of Comrade Kim Il Sung, came along.

We had already carried out much propaganda work among the lumberyard workers, but we frankly told Comrade Kim Il Sung that we had not yet succeeded in moving them.

At that time Comrade Kim Il Sung said:

"It is first of all necessary for you to go deep among the workers and with alert understanding learn what they are thinking, what are their demands, and what is their most urgent problem. After studying these questions you must work out measures to solve them. The workers at the lumberyard are dissatisfied with the fact that lumberyard operators are not paying them even their starvation

wages regularly. It is necessary for us to put pressure on the lumberyard operators first and to help the men solve their most urgent questions. Only by doing this, will our propaganda be absorbed by them and will we be able to reach their hearts.

The content of our propaganda work should relate to their pressing problems, the issues of their actual lives, and the main point of every word, every phrase and every line in our songs should be such as will make them realize the truth that the Korean and Chinese peoples should unite and militantly defeat Japanese imperialism and accomplish national and class liberation.

The best cure for a thirsty man is to tell him where to find water. So, the desired results of propaganda can be achieved only if it reflects the pressing demands of the masses."

Listening to Comrade Kim Il Sung, we once again respected his deep insight that already had seen through the minds of the lumberyard workers. At the same time we reflected deeply on our own lack of understanding of the people among whom we had been working and on our formalistic style of work.

We were able to understand anew that the dramatic play, songs and slogans prepared in advance under Comrade Kim Il Sung's instructions faithfully reflected the urgent needs of the lumberyard workers, speaking of the pressing problems they had in their daily lives.

When he arrived at the lumberyard, Comrade Kim Il Sung asked the workers about their living conditions and the problems they were having, while talking with them frankly in a friendly atmosphere.

Meanwhile we went on preparing the stage and putting up slogans and posters.

When the time came, the courtyard was filled with lumberyard workers. It was clear from the words exchanged among them that not a few had come not so much out of a desire to enjoy the stage performances but

simply out of curiosity, to have a look at what we were going to do.

We heard them whispering among themselves, "The dramatic play cannot be better than the one we saw at the Sanchakou Theater" and "We cannot expect any good dramatic play to be staged out here in the mountains." It was only natural that there should be some people who would say this, as there were among them workers with a great deal of experience who had finally come there after wandering about throughout Korea in search of employment.

But when the curtain rose and the children's song and dance troupe began to perform, the workers began to be moved, and as they watched the "Red Heartstrings" symbolizing the eight provinces of Korea and calling for unity, they were clearly amazed at the superb performance. This was followed by a dramatic play.

It was about the struggle of the Japanese people who opposed the dispatch of troops to Manchuria by Japanese imperialism. The script was written personally by Comrade Kim Il Sung based on the actual facts. The audience was obviously moved as each scene unfolded.

Watching the drama of Japanese women lying down on the railway tracks to prevent their husbands, parents and brothers from being sent overseas as bullet shields in the "Manchurian Incident," and the barbaric Japanese imperialist brigands ordering the locomotive driver to run over them, and sending youth and adult soldiers and arms to Manchuria to launch their criminal war of aggression, the workers clenched their fists in anger before they realized what they were doing.

As the drama approached its climax, the audience held their breath. On the stage were shown the expanses of Manchuria ravaged and blood-stained by the aggression of the Japanese imperialist plunderers, and a Japanese woman appeared on the stage searching for her husband in the human carnage.

The audience was filled with indignation when the Japanese woman tore at her breasts desperately and called her husband's name at this dreadful sight of devastation and sang a heart-rending song, asking why and for what purpose her dear husband had to die as a nameless soldier in this wasteland.

The song begins with the lines:

“My homeland far and dear,  
Where flowers bloom and birds are singing.”

It moved the hearts of the hearers with a burning longing for their lost homeland and the sadness of homeless people living in an alien land.

A worker sitting beside me burst into tears, calling out the name of his son killed by the Japanese imperialists in their “punitive operations.”

People here and there began to sob.

When the curtain fell, Comrade Kim Il Sung stood before the excited crowd.

“Why should we have to say good-bye to our beautiful homeland with its clear waters, and bemoan our fate as homeless people in an alien land? It is because of Japanese imperialism. The Japanese imperialist brigands not only have deprived us of our homeland where our ancestors are buried, but they also have chased us as far as here to torment and oppress us and set fire to our villages and murder us en masse....”

Comrade Kim Il Sung, who began his speech with these words, went on to talk about the conditions of the Korean people and the unbearable sufferings of the workers, referring to the actual life of these very lumberyard workers.

They listened attentively to Comrade Kim Il Sung, whose words came right home to them.

“There are only two alternatives before the Korean people: Either fight a life-and-death struggle against Japanese imperialism to restore their fatherland or become eternal slaves.

We have to take up arms to fight Japanese imperialism with its mailed fist. Our anti-Japanese armed guerillas are the true army of the Korean people that has risen in arms, determined to fight the Japanese imperialist brigands at the cost of our lives in order to restore our fatherland. All Korean youth whose blood is burning with patriotism, must take up arms, wipe out Japanese imperialism and liberate our dear fatherland."

General Kim Il Sung's speech kindled a red flame in the hearts of them all.

Workers rose here and there and shouted,

"General, let me join the guerillas!"

"I will join the guerillas and fight!"

That day, many workers at the lumberyard became guerillas.

Later, Comrade Kim Il Sung negotiated with the operator of the lumberyard living in Sanchakou and helped the workers win their demands, including a pay raise and an eight-hour day.

After Comrade Kim Il Sung had spoken to the lumberyard workers, their class-consciousness increased day by day. Our propaganda began to have its effect. The work of the activists sent there went on smoothly, and in less than a year almost all the workers were successfully organized into an anti-Japanese association.

Work among the raft workers was done a little differently.

First, these were all Chinese workers and did not work at one place for a long time. They were always moving with the rafts, so it was necessary to work among them in keeping with their actual conditions.

Comrade Kim Il Sung taught us, above everything else, not to be impatient in trying to form a revolutionary organization among them but to do political work in such a way as to exercise as much revolutionary influence as possible in as short a time as possible.

Since the aim of propaganda was to arouse their revo-

lutionary consciousness and stimulate revolutionary enthusiasm, and so bring all people over to the side of the revolution, he emphasized that we should tirelessly and repeatedly propagate the ideas of national and class liberation, using a rich stock of facts and materials. Comrade Kim Il Sung especially emphasized the need to have the raft workers, who stayed in the one place for only a short time and then moved to areas ruled by the enemy, to understand one single fact thoroughly, instead of trying to give them many ideas and, more important than anything else, to build firm anti-Japanese ideas and confidence in victory in the struggle.

We went about our work among the raft workers patiently, following the instructions of Comrade Kim Il Sung. It was about the early summer of 1934 that the raft workers came to Tuitelazi. We went there and found that many tents had been pitched on both sides of the river, both upstream and downstream of the embankments where there was a hospital for the fifth company of the anti-Japanese armed guerillas. We found many workers working there.

Comrade Kim Il Sung was at that time staying with the fifth company to give them guidance, and had already begun talking intimately with the raft workers and was conferring with them about something.

We also visited tents and did propaganda work among the workers. But the workers looked at us suspiciously, and, winking at each other secretly, would not approach us with confidence. So I thought that there must be enemy agents among them and that they must be hatching a plot. So I began to take a cautious attitude and was unable to do any effective propaganda. All I could do was to walk about here and there, unable to reach the workers on any special subjects, and merely recite my propaganda pieces I had prepared beforehand.

I truthfully reported to Comrade Kim Il Sung all my

experiences, and even went so far as to tell him that there was need for him too to take a cautious attitude.

Then Comrade Kim Il Sung said with a smile:

“In the work of educating the masses, you cannot reap any encouraging results unless you understand and trust them. The raft workers here have heard a lot of false propaganda put out by Japanese imperialism, so they are afraid we may cut off their noses and ears. And if we suspect that they are enemy agents, we will develop suspicions and take a cautious attitude toward each other, so that we will not be able to confide anything to each other. If things come to this pass, they will not believe us, no matter what good things we may say to them. So if you want to educate them, the best way is to trust them boldly so that the workers approach us with an easy mind.”

I was greatly surprised at Comrade Kim Il Sung's words. How was it possible for him to understand so deeply the circumstances and feelings of the raft workers who had come there only the day before?

I was ashamed of my hasty judgment and learned many lessons from this experience. After all, the raft workers, who had been under the influence of Japanese imperialist demagoguery about “communist troops, that they were devilish men who cut off people's noses and ears” had come into the guerilla base with many qualms. So it was natural that our propaganda should fall on deaf ears. We ourselves had groundless doubts about them and carried on easy-going propaganda work, shouting such general slogans as “The capitalists are exploiting the workers,” and “Japanese imperialism is the common enemy of the Korean and Chinese peoples” and so on.

Comrade Kim Il Sung met the workers, asked them about their family conditions and their problems of living, and adopted a very confident and intimate atti-

tude toward them, offering them advice and caring for them.

So whenever he came, they welcomed him and spoke their minds freely. We followed Comrade Kim Il Sung's example and teaching, and tried above all to be nice to them so that they would talk to us with easy minds. We taught them revolutionary songs and wrote letters for them, and told them about the difficult life we had led in the past. The workers came to understand gradually that we were workers and oppressed people like themselves, and that we were not going to do any harm to them.

Comrade Kim Il Sung made a deep study of the circumstances of each worker and his past life, and from such factual data he explained in easy terms the actual conditions and national oppression of the Chinese working class. As he spoke Chinese very fluently and was so familiar with the manners and customs of the Chinese, the raft workers at first took him for a Chinese.

But they soon learned with surprise and joy that he was General Kim Il Sung himself, and then they scarcely knew what to do.

"I had never dreamed of being able to talk to General Kim!"

As they listened to our propagandists, who did their work under the direct guidance of General Kim Il Sung, following his practical example, the raft workers gradually realized that they had been wrong and began to arm themselves with anti-Japanese ideas.

"We did not know that you were this kind of people!" they would say, and when the time came for them to get on their timber rafts and go downstream, they gripped our hands firmly and even shed tears. Some young workers would not go back down the river and asked us to let them join the guerillas.

After studying the family conditions and circumstances of each applicant, if they were only sons or if they had

to support their families the General persuaded them to go on downstream and only a few of the youthful applicants were accepted as guerillas.

Those who because of unavoidable circumstances had to go on downstream, gripped our hands and said with tears:

“We are going down, but we will never be slaves of Japanese imperialism again!”

After spending the summer there, the raft workers went down the river, with the live coals of anti-Japan burning in their hearts. It was precisely these live coals that later developed into flames against Japan among the lumber workers in many parts of East Manchuria. One instance of this is an incident that occurred on the construction site of a railway from Tumen to Moutanchiang.

Comrade Kim Il Sung personally met each of the workers who were going down the river and gave each a concrete task, teaching in detail how to work in order to spread the revolutionary influence throughout East Manchuria. I was able to understand this clearly only after the uprising of workers engaged in the construction of the railway from Tumen to Moutanchiang.

The construction work of the railway from Tumen to Moutanchiang was so that Japanese imperialism could realize its ambitious desire to invade the Soviet Union and “mop up” the guerillas.

They wanted to complete the construction in a short time, and herded people into the counties of East Manchuria in a most barbarous way and sent them to the construction site. The enemy “caught” people at random and imposed brutal forced labor on them.

But among those forcibly brought to the construction site were not a few raft workers who had spent a summer at Yaoyingkou. The people were forced to work under the strict surveillance of armed railway guards. The winter was almost over and the New Year came, but

they were not given even work clothes, to say nothing of their promised wages. The people were forced to work hard, shivering in unpadding clothes, until they could scarcely endure it. The raft workers set to work to unite the people who had been brought there for forced labor, and vigorously developed a struggle demanding their promised wages. Then, the enemy, charging that "Communists have infiltrated among the workers," began to suppress the people mercilessly.

"If we stay here longer, we will surely die."

So the workers began to whisper among themselves, shaking with indignation and trembling with fear. At that time, the raft workers who had been educated by the guerillas, spread the teachings of Comrade Kim Il Sung among the workers, telling them about their days with the guerillas.

"We can survive only if we join the guerillas. The only way to survive is fight.... Let us go to the guerilla base to meet General Kim Il Sung!"

The raft workers roused the people to action in this way and led them to revolt. At last all the workers on the site took up their picks and shovels and rose in a desperate struggle against the armed railway guards. After a struggle, they succeeded in disarming the railway guards and came to Yaoyingkou with arms in their hands.

Comrade Kim Il Sung welcomed them and hurriedly took measures to receive them, providing them with quarters and organizing stage performances to provide comfort and amusement for them.

At the hospital, the injured and wounded were carefully treated, while the people in the base also welcomed them and did everything they could to give them rest.

Emphasizing the need to work well for these people, Comrade Kim Il Sung said:

"...What a strong power mass political work can create! The raft workers were awakened by our propaganda and came to us after beating the enemy railway guards!

If we can now educate the people who have come to us, our revolutionary ideas will spread over wider areas and to still more people....”

These words of Comrade Kim Il Sung made me keenly aware again of the great vitality of political work. The source of the strength which made the workers on the railway construction site rise up, unafraid of death, was the revolutionary teaching and convictions which Comrade Kim Il Sung had implanted in the minds of only a few raft workers.

When a live coal enkindled in the hearts of only a few people could lead to a volcanic eruption like this, what a great force can be created when the hearts of all the workers, all the Korean people, are so enkindled!

When I think of this today, I can more deeply fathom the real meaning of the teachings of Comrade Kim Il Sung who taught us the importance of political work—that political work is the task of prime importance for all revolutionaries.

Comrade Kim Il Sung said:

“To give priority to political work is the most important factor in enabling the people to give full play to their revolutionary enthusiasm and creativeness.

Communists always defend the interests of the people and fight for the happiness of the people, and for this purpose, it is necessary to awaken the widest masses of the people and rouse them to action....

Therefore, the effective method of work, which derives its effectiveness from the nature of the Communists themselves and the essence of the socialist system, is to do sufficient political work among the masses so that they may rise consciously to carry out the tasks of the revolution.”

Today, if Party members and activists in all domains and in every unit carry out political work better according to the teachings of our Comrade Premier, the final

victory of our revolution will be accomplished all the sooner.

Whenever I think of this, I am resolved more firmly to give priority to political work in everything I do, and to do my work satisfactorily, following the teachings and personal example of Comrade Kim Il Sung.



## XXIV

# He Is Our Father

By HWANG SUN HI

The care and teaching of our beloved Leader Comrade Kim Il Sung touches every aspect of our lives. His constant thought is how to make our country richer and stronger, and how the people can live a happier and more bountiful life. Yesterday he went to a village in the countryside to talk to the farmers working hard to increase grain production on their co-operative farm, and today he is talking to the workers at the vinalon factory about the nation's economy. His attention to the improvement of the people's living is all-pervasive, from the taste of soy-bean sauce to children's clothes.

Whenever I think about this deep and broad fatherly care of Comrade Kim Il Sung, there always comes back to my mind an episode which I carry in the depths of my heart and will never forget as long as I live.



In August 1940 my unit was camping at Miaoling near Tunhua county. Comrade Kim Il Sung visited our camp to introduce a new policy to counter the enemy's "big punitive offensive." It was there that the historic Hsiao-haerhpaling conference was held under his guidance. At this conference, Comrade Kim Il Sung clearly analysed both the international and the internal situation confronting the Korean revolution and elaborated the policy of switching activities to smaller units to foil the enemy's vicious large-scale offensive.

If I remember aright, it was on the morning of the closing day of the conference. An orderly came running

to me and told me that I was called to the Headquarters.

When I got the message, my heart beat faster and I quickened my pace thinking that I would be able to meet Comrade Kim Il Sung at the Headquarters, where he would be.

As I entered the Headquarters tents, I could not hide the joy that welled up in me. I fought back the strong impulse to run to him as if I were meeting my own mother after a long separation.

In spite of all the hard battles he had gone through and the trying circumstances, he looked in the best of health, and this gladdened my heart. Comrade Kim Il Sung's eyes were clear, tender and shone with the light of wisdom as ever.

"This is the comrade we spoke of." A political commissar introduced me to Comrade Kim Il Sung.

Comrade Kim Il Sung, looking at me, rose from his seat, saying, "I know this comrade," and walking to me, gripped my hands and asked in a warm voice, "How did you come to be here?"

Overwhelmed with emotion, I was so agitated that I could speak only two or three words. Hearing me, Comrade Kim Il Sung said, "Indeed, you are fine! You have already become a fine guerilla."

At these words of praise which were more than I deserved, I remembered Comrade Kim Il Sung saying to me when I was in Mihunchen, "Do not fail to become a fine guerilla."



It was at Mihunchen in Antu county in the early spring of 1936. I was helping the sewing party and caring for the wounded. It was then that I met Comrade Kim Il Sung for the first time, who came there to hold a conference.

I was smaller than the other people there. Comrade Kim Il Sung asked me my age, the time and place of my joining the guerillas and so on. He listened silently, stroking my hand gently, and asked me if I could endure

the difficult life of a guerilla. I answered him, "Yes, I can."

"You are brave. This is how one should be. I believe that you will do very well. Do not fail to become a fine guerilla."

So saying, he patted me lightly on the shoulder.

At that time, Comrade Kim Il Sung said that a man who could overcome difficulties could be a true revolutionary and a zealous patriot, and, telling me stories of gallant guerilla fighters, he encouraged me by saying that I should follow their example.

I resolved then, in front of Comrade Kim Il Sung more firmly than ever to remain faithful to the revolution to the last. It was he who had encouraged me by saying that I should become a fine guerilla as quickly as possible, and now he praised me that I had become a fine guerilla.

At the Headquarters, I was given the task of conveying an instruction to the 4th Division concerning the Hsiao-haerhpaling conference. As I was going out of the Headquarters tent, I realized that I was to go with Comrade Kim Il Sung to a far place where the chief of staff of the 1st Route Army was.

To accompany Comrade Kim Il Sung—this was the desire of all guerillas, and I can hardly describe how happy it made me.

I can still recall so vividly how my comrades-in-arms surrounded me with words of congratulation, as if the honor were theirs.

I firmly resolved to devote everything I had to the performance of this task.



We left the camp on the afternoon of the following day. We were a party of some 20 persons. Among us were Comrades Gang Wi Ryong, Jon Mun Sop, Li Ul Sol and Choe In Dok. We made our way along a mountain path without rest, with scouts ahead and behind.

We had walked about 20 or 30 *ri*, when we stopped,

finding the footprints of enemy soldiers on the path, like steps of mad dogs.

Then, our Comrade Commander said, "The enemies must have been lying in wait for us here, knowing that we had left the camp, but it appears that they grew impatient and have gone somewhere. They probably haven't gone far, and so we must be careful." We went on more carefully, so as not to attract their attention. As it was growing dark in the shady forest of trees so big that it took outstretched arms to encircle one of them, we came out on a hill overlooking some swamps.

The swampy area which we had to cross to reach the Yenching district from Miaoling, was so dangerous that we would be extremely tense whenever we passed through there. If you missed a step, you could be engulfed in the bottomless mire and never get out. To make matters worse, the enemy was watching the place.

Looking down at the swamps, Comrade Kim Il Sung told us to rest and to continue our march after it was completely dark.

Sitting down with others, I looked across to the other side of the swamp, looking for enemy soldiers lurking there. I suddenly saw a flash of light on the other side.

I thought maybe it was the glow of a firefly and I kept my eyes on the spot, but I did not see it again. The suspicion grew that it had been the glimmer of a flashlight of the enemy.

A comrade sitting beside me said that he also had seen the light and that it looked like the light of an electric torch. One of the scouts ran up to Comrade Kim Il Sung a moment later.

Presently he returned and told us that Comrade Kim Il Sung himself had seen the light and that he was working on a plan to go on.

Soon we were told to assemble. The Comrade Commander told the machine gunners to load their guns and others to make full preparations for combat. He spe-

cified the precautions to take in crossing the swamp, telling us how to act so as not to attract the enemy's attention, and showing in detail the course we had to follow and the place to rendezvous in case we were detected.

We began to move quietly toward the swamp, following the Comrade Commander, and succeeded in coming close safely to a wide ditch, the most dangerous spot.

There we found a fallen tree lying across the ditch like a log bridge about 10 meters long. It was not easy to walk across in the darkness of a starless night. The slow moving muddy waters and the bottomless quagmire below terrified us. Calming myself, I had put one foot on the log bridge, when I saw the Comrade Commander, who I thought had already crossed, standing unexpectedly in front of me.

The Comrade Commander was standing at the bridge, concerned about my safety, and helped me cross over, carefully leading me by the hand. Then he helped the other young liaison couriers one by one in the same way.

Just at that moment, we heard the terrific staccato of an enemy machine-gun, and bullets whizzing around our ears and hitting the ground around our feet.

The Comrade Commander said in a low voice, "Follow me!" and ran through the dangerous swamp at the head of the party. We ran close behind him so as not to be left behind.

When all members of the party had reached the rendezvous, our Comrade Commander immediately ordered us to set off, anticipating the pursuit of the enemy, persistent as a wolf pack. We continued our forced march for about 20 *ri*, hearing uninterrupted shots of rifles from behind. We thought the enemy soldiers we had come across in the swamps must be pursuing us doggedly.

But now a scout in the front came and told us that there were enemy troops in front. Apparently, the enemy soldiers were planning to sandwich us.

The Comrade Commander told us to go back the road

we had come. He had already worked out a plan. When we had gone back about five *ri*, he told us to follow a small path from the main road and climb a mountain cautiously so as not to attract the attention of the enemy. It was only at that time that we realized what his intentions were. We climbed the mountainside, and hiding ourselves under thickets separately, watched the road below.

After a while, the enemy soldiers came running from both directions and were so afraid that they began to shoot at each other, each side taking the other side for our guerillas. So they began killing each other, like blind fools who steal their own chicken and eat it.

The sight gave us infinite joy and satisfaction.

Ever since I joined the guerillas, I had heard much about the outstanding tactics of Comrade Kim Il Sung, but this was the first time that I had seen his fine tactics with my own eyes. I can hardly describe the feeling of intense satisfaction I had then. I thought how natural it was for the enemy to be flurried by his outstanding tactics. The enemies continued firing at each other for more than an hour.

That night we camped in the mountains near the village of Hantsungkou and slept soundly with outstretched arms and legs, with a feeling of deep contentment.



The next morning I woke earlier than the others, but Comrade Kim Il Sung had risen even earlier, as I saw him coming down the hilltop with an armful of wild vegetables wet with morning dew. Comrade Kim Il Sung made it a rule to rise earlier than the men even in days of continuing battles and hard marches. That day, too, he had climbed the mountain to reconnoitre the surrounding areas, so that the dead-tired men might sleep as long as possible, and had gathered wild vegetables on the way. At the sight of the Comrade Commander, all the men felt

guilty. We, too, then went up the mountain to gather wild herbs.

Comrade Kim Il Sung asked the cook about what food we had. He answered that a handful of millet and smaller quantities of corn were what we had. Comrade Kim Il Sung told him to make gruel with part of the food we had and make kimchi (pickled vegetables) with the wild herbs.

We were surprised at the word kimchi, the mere mention of which made our mouths water, for we had not tasted them for a long time.

But how could we make fermented kimchi in one or two hours? And in the depths of the mountains where we had only a handful of salt? I looked at Comrade Kim Il Sung with wonder and curiosity. The Comrade Commander asked the cook if he knew how to make kimchi. When he said he did not know, the Comrade Commander asked the same question of me. I also told him in a low voice that I did not know.

As always, he smiled gently and said, "Is that so! Then, I will tell you how. Guerillas must know how to make such things."

We sat around Comrade Kim Il Sung. He told a man to bring a canteen and boil salt water and after washing his hands cleanly, he began to prepare the wild vegetables for kimchi. He tore the leaves and stems into small pieces with his hands.

At that time, the cook said, "Would you like to use a knife?"

The Comrade Commander replied "That is what a bad cook does. If you use a metal tool in cooking wild vegetables, they will lose their flavor with the rust. Tear them with your hands, and wild vegetables will retain their original flavor."

So he put the herbs into the canteen with boiling salt water in it, and covered it tightly with the lid.

When the meal was ready, we took the lid off the

canteen, and smelled the inviting flavor of kimchi rising from the pale purple juice. We whooped with joy.

We sat in a circle on the grass to enjoy the breakfast better. But the Comrade Commander, seeing that the dish in front of him contained more rice than those in front of the others, called the cook and mildly cautioned him saying that there should be no difference between his and others' food.

He urged the Comrade Commander to eat the food as it was served, but he insisted on eating just as others, saying that he could not enjoy his food if he did not eat just like the others, and finally pushed his vessel forward and made the cook bring the same food as the others were to eat.

I lowered my head, thinking of the noble character of the Leader who carried the destiny of the fatherland on his shoulders. All the guerillas there, their hearts filled with emotion, sat silent with spoons in their hands.

Comrade Kim Il Sung took up his spoon, and said to the others, "Come on, let's eat."

The kimchi made of wild vegetables whetted our appetites and made us think of our dear fatherland. At that time, a man asked the Comrade Commander, "Comrade Commander, where did you learn how to make kimchi?"

Then, with a smile on his face, the Comrade Commander slowly opened his mouth and told us the following story:

"When I was in Fusung, my mother would make kimchi like this. I keenly felt the love of my mother and ate kimchi with a good appetite.

Though we were so poor that we did not have enough salt sometimes, yet my mother always took care in cooking anything to go with the main food so that it would be as tasty as possible. She was a really good mother who loved her son tenderly.

Your mothers and all the mothers of Korea are good mothers who deeply love their children. Think of this!

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How sad these mothers are if they have no alternative but to make kimchi like this for their dear children? How the hands of your sorrowful mothers tremble at such a time! And now, we still have to make kimchi like this for ourselves in the deep mountains far away from home.

“The enemy has deprived us of our fatherland and separated children from mothers. We sons and daughters of Korea, without fail must restore our fatherland. That day will come soon. We must overcome all difficulties and win a great victory over the enemy.

When Korea has been liberated, we will build a new, happy country together with the people and eat delicious kimchi made by our mothers! Let us live such a happy life that the people of the world will envy us, talking about today's occurrence as things of the past, sitting around a table of all sorts of delicacies!”

The group were all emotion and excitement. Each word deepened our love of the fatherland and enkindled anew the flames of hatred against the enemy.

Our kimchi made of wild vegetables carrying with it the love of Mrs. Kang Ban Sok for Comrade Kim Il Sung and the love of the Comrade Commander for us—how could we eat it without emotion?

Looking at our pale kimchi, with the inviting smell hovering around it, before we were aware of it we were thinking of the days of the distant past—of my own parents and my childhood days away from our homeland, in an alien land where I was born and brought up. I thought I could hear the last words my mother spoke to me in tears, calling me to her death-bed when I was eight years old. But what moved me even more was the deep love of Comrade Kim Il Sung. Its depth and breath were immeasurable. Listening to his words we gained new courage and conviction of the bright future and ate our kimchi with great relish.

Toward evening that day, we were again on the march.

When I thought that I would have to leave the Comrade Commander in two days, I felt deep regret.

How often did I mutter in my heart, "Comrade Commander, I want to follow you wherever you go," but the moment I thought of my task, I did not dare to speak out what was on my mind.

So I was naturally in low spirits and walked silently with downcast eyes most of the time. Reading my mind, Comrade Kim Il Sung was always with me during the march. He encouraged me, telling me to fulfil the given task well and without fail, and saying that we could meet each other again and fight together many times in the future and that therefore I should not feel so downcast.

Further, Comrade Kim Il Sung told me that the men of the unit led by the chief of staff would help me positively. He taught me how to receive their help and how to act as there were many Chinese comrades, as if he were a loving father sending his own dear child on a distant journey.

We met the unit two days later. Comrade Pak Sung Chul was there too in the unit, and there I had to leave Comrade Kim Il Sung.

I was very sorry to part with him, but I said to Comrade Kim Il Sung in a cheerful voice, "I will fulfil my task given by you, Comrade Commander, come what may!"

His face beaming, Comrade Kim Il Sung firmly gripped my hands in his and said that he believed that I certainly would.

Seeing me receding in the distance along a narrow road in the forest, the Comrade Commander waved his hand to me many times, praying for my safe journey. Looking back over my shoulders, I pledged again to carry out the task given by the Comrade Commander even at the cost of my life.

I will not relate here the difficult battle we had in

breaking through the enemy encirclement on my way to the unit of the 4th Division.

After 20 odd days of difficulties and trials, I was able to convey the message to the unit of the 4th Division and heaved a sigh of relief, forgetting the wounds I had here and there on my body. It was Comrade Kim Il Sung's love that reached the depths of the heart of this nameless fighter, giving me boundless strength and courage in those days of difficult struggle.



How could we possibly hesitate to go through fire and water when we are taken to the affectionate embrace of Comrade Kim Il Sung who teaches and protects us with his great paternal love, who thinks nothing about his own safety whatever the difficulty or adversity, and devotes himself wholly to his comrades and the people.

The more I live and work happily in the society whose realization was unerringly predicted by Comrade Kim Il Sung over 20 years ago, the more am I filled with the firm resolve to think and act according to his teaching and purposes, as a faithful fighter of Comrade Kim Il Sung, the respected and beloved Leader.



## XXV

# To the Memory Of Comrade Kim Jong Suk

By KIM MYONG HWA

When I think about the happy life I am enjoying now in this glorious era of Chollima, when wonders are wrought every passing day, I see the faces of many comrades who were with me through thick and thin in the anti-Japanese guerillas struggle. What memories of those days come back to me!

Among my comrades, Comrade Kim Jong Suk is especially never-to-be-forgotten.

The first time I met her was at the guerilla base in Wangyukou, Yenching county, where I was leading the life of a guerilla.

I lived with her from then on, so I came to know the story of her past life as well as her noble character.

She lost her parents when she was only a child and suffered great hardship, enduring hunger and cold. Her father was a farm labourer.

Though a mere slip of a girl, she learned to set her teeth and endure.

How she hated the social system of injustice! Unerringly she knew who her class enemy was.

When she joined the Children's Corps, the revolutionary influence of which introduced her to organizational life, she was fully awakened.

She learned to go many miles alone at night without fear, carrying out liaison missions for the revolutionary organization or slipping into the compounds of the Manchurian Army barracks to paste up leaflets.

As the enemies grew more barbaric, committing atroc-

ities, and the "punitive forces" burnt down her home, she came to the guerilla base in Wangyukou with her younger brother.

From the very first, these guerilla fighters and people in the base loved the two orphans as their real children and looked after them with deep regard.

One day in September 1933 there was a surprise attack on the base by the "punitive forces."

The barbarians set fire to every house and mercilessly shot down innocent children and the aged who were climbing the mountain to seek a safe place. Comrade Kim Jong Suk lost her one and only brother that day, to add to her misfortune.

She cried as she held the body of her brother to her heart, while he breathed his last breath, holding in his little hands the soil he had scratched up in his pain. She cursed the enemy with irreconcilable hatred, and vowed vengeance. Again and again she vowed to fight and avenge her brother with her life.

As a member of the Communist Youth League, Comrade Kim Jong Suk guided the work of the Children's Corps in Peitung, of Wangyukou. Food and clothing were in short supply and the enemy attacked with its "punitive force" again and again. But whatever the difficulties, she looked after her children with utmost care, raising them as dependable fighters. At the same time, she never for a moment forgot her revolutionary duty to encourage, rally and mobilize the people in the base, as well as to assist the guerilla units.

She was modest, polite and well-behaved in all circumstances.

So everyone in the base came to love her, young and old alike, who called her "the leader of our branch" or "our Jong Suk."

Her fine womanly character was even more fully displayed in her guerilla life, where she became a model for other women guerillas.

Comrade Jong Suk joined the guerilla army in 1935 in Chechangtzu, where she worked with me as a cook.

Working with Comrade Kim Jong Suk I was filled with admiration for her warm love of our revolutionary comrades.

Our life in Chechangtzu at that time was indescribably difficult. Things were tough for us cooks, too, responsible to see that the guerillas got good meals. At times we were extremely exhausted after missing several meals, but we had to climb up the mountain every day and peel the inner skin of pine trees to use for meals for the fighters. But when supplies ran out on the flat summit we had to go along steep ridges which were hardly accessible. Totally exhausted, we would drop down at the foot of a pine tree with our arms round its trunk and fall fast asleep, sickle in hand.

One day we got half a bowl of flour quite by chance. Comrade Jong Suk and I agreed to prepare a special meal for our comrades-in-arms.

We pounded the pine endoderm until it was like cotton and mixed it with the flour, which we boiled and made into jelly-like cakes. Then we turned our knapsacks inside out to find a few beans: we baked and ground the beans into powder and coated the cakes.

Now that our "special meal" was ready, we waited for supper time.

When mealtime came, we served the cakes to our comrades. They were delighted and asked where such nice cakes came from.

They ate them with relish, saying that the cakes tasted far better than honeyed glutinous-rice cakes.

Leaning against the kitchen door, Comrade Jong Suk watched them eat with a happy smile on her face.

When the meal was nearly over, Comrade Jong Suk hurried into the kitchen and came out with some more cakes and divided them among the men.

The guerillas would not take them but urged us to eat them, but Comrade Jong Suk pressed the cakes on them, saying: "We have had enough. These are extras."

So we brought all the cakes out and distributed them among the guerillas who then took them, believing that we had had our meal.

When we went to bed that night, I asked her if she was hungry.

She answered quietly:

"Looking at the happy faces of the comrades, I clean forgot that I was hungry. Do you think one feels satiated only when one eats? I can make our comrades so happy, I think I can go without meals.... Mother Myong Hwa, I am very happy tonight!"

Her spirit that found real happiness and joy in the service of her comrades moved me deeply. I pressed her to my breast.

So warm was her love that she dedicated her all to our comrades and would unhesitatingly risk her life for their sake.

Her love for her comrades was based entirely on principle.

She knew how to educate others by setting an example herself, a character that earned her the deepest love and solicitude of her comrades-in-arms.

Here is another story. Once our detachment, while marching through a forest to Mt. Naitoushan, came upon the enemy suddenly.

We barely managed to extricate ourselves from the critical situation.

When we reached the appointed place, leaving the enemy some distance behind, we found that one of the recruits who had come over to us from the mountain rebels had lost his revolver in the confusion.

Comrade Jong Suk was the first to notice it. She asked the recruit what had become of his revolver.

Only then did he see the broken strap dangling from the holster. Dumb-stricken, he was quite at a loss.

Comrade Jong Suk suggested that they go back together to find the weapon.

But the man shrank back, mumbling about going back with the enemy coming in pursuit.

“You know what this weapon cost us!” Comrade Jong Suk said in a warm but stern voice. “Have you already forgotten that that revolver cost the blood and lives of our comrades! You must know that if it falls into the hands of the enemy, he will use it on us.”

The man stood mute, hanging his head.

Leading him by the hand, Comrade Jong Suk turned back down the slope where there was still the sound of intermittent firing.

It was not long before they were back with the revolver which had torn off its strap when it caught on a branch.

Everyone was deeply moved by her exemplary conduct.

The new recruit blushed deeply, but instead of reflecting on his blunder, he pleaded with her not to report the incident to the superiors.

Walking beside the man all the way, Comrade Jong Suk talked earnestly to him, telling him he should not try to hide his blunder but be frank about it and willingly accept his comrades' criticism. She pointed out that he would not repeat such blunders if he accepted criticism with an open mind.

He was so moved that he wept with remorse, and openly criticized himself before his comrades, vowing to become a good guerilla.

In these ways Comrade Kim Jong Suk not only distinguished herself by revolutionary comradeship during the intense struggle, but loyally carried out her revolutionary duties, devoting her all to the revolution.

In early 1937 Comrade Kim Jong Suk was sent to the Changpai area as a political worker under instructions from Commander Kim Il Sung.

In spite of the enemy's watching eyes, she carried through the revolutionary task of organizing a Women's Association, and rallying the broad masses of the people around the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland.

She was caught and tortured by the enemy while teaching revolutionary songs to the members of the Women's Association during her activity in the Changpai area in the summer of 1937.

"Don't worry. Though I may be killed, the organization will live on. I send you two *won*, all my earthy possessions. Please add it to the funds of the organization."

These were her words sent to the organization while she hovered between life and death.

The enemy had found her guerilla uniform and a bundle of papers to be sent to the guerilla unit, in the house where she was staying. She was taken to Yaofangtzu village, locked up in the house of a peasant there, and severely tortured, with the threat that she would be killed if she did not reveal the secrets of the guerilla unit.

The whole fate of the revolutionary organization hung on her courage as a revolutionary.

She endured the tortures of the enemy and preserved the secrets of the organization, living up to the deep trust of the organization in her. She was later rescued by the revolutionary forces in a secret operation.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk always fulfilled her revolutionary duties with devotion and great credit, however difficult and arduous, and carried through her tasks to the end.

One day while she was working in a guerilla base area as a cook, the following events took place.

She was putting mushrooms into the boiling pot of gruel when the enemy "punitive force" attacked.

The situation was critical. But Comrade Kim Jong Suk realized that the fighters would have no meal if this food

was abandoned. So she made up her mind to carry the pot with her at whatever cost.

Hurriedly, she made a head-pad of twigs cut from the trees and put the hot pot on the head, climbing the hill after her comrades-in-arms, braving the hail of bullets.

When she reached the hilltop the skin on more than half her head was burnt and swollen. But ignoring the burns, she at once served the food to the fighters.

Her fidelity to her revolutionary duty and her high sense of responsibility stirred the fighters deeply. Deeply moved by her warm sincerity in preserving the herb gruel, the fighters hardened their determination to wipe out the enemy.

Many more such moving stories were left behind by Comrade Kim Jong Suk in the course of the revolution.

During the well-known march of more than 100 days in the winter of 1938, too, she carried the cooking-pot on her back to boil water and prepare meals for the fighters. Between the hard battles in the autumn of 1939, in the woods near the Olgi River, working with the members of a sewing group, she sewed day and night for over a month to make hundreds of winter uniforms for the guerillas ahead of time. Every incident was added proof of her high sense of responsibility and strong will in fulfilling her revolutionary duties.

Special mention should be made of the fact that Comrade Kim Jong Suk gave great loyalty to the Headquarters of the revolution, defending it at the risk of her life, defying fire and water to carry out its orders.

During more than 15 long years, not for a moment did she forget the revolution and the Leader.

She had deep conviction that the Korean revolution would succeed so long as it was led by Marshal Kim Il Sung. So whatever the hardships she unfalteringly set her teeth and held firmly to revolutionary principles.

In the spring of 1936, in a forest near Manchiang, Fusung county, Comrade Kim Jong Suk and I met Marshal

Kim Il Sung for the first time. We had always held him in reverence. Naturally, Comrade Kim Jong Suk was very glad to meet him. I can remember it now. On that day we had been transferred to the Sixth Division of the Korean People's Revolutionary Army which was under the direct command of Marshal Kim Il Sung.

Thinking of the honour of being his fighters, our hearts swelled with joy. We took a firm oath to fulfil our duties faithfully, and keep to the path indicated by him.

Now under the personal leadership of Marshal Kim Il Sung, Comrade Kim Jong Suk grew into a faithful fighter.

At all times and wherever she was, she lived and fought in strict accordance with the revolutionary ideas and purposes of Marshal Kim Il Sung, and would not deviate an inch from this stand, whatever the circumstances.

One day in the winter of 1938 when our unit was on the arduous 100-day march, Marshal Kim Il Sung sent the old and sick to the Chingfeng secret camping ground in Changpai county, in the care of Comrade Kim Jong Suk and other women guerillas who were to look after them. From the spring of that year, under instructions from Marshal Kim Il Sung, some guerilla fighters were engaged in supply work there.

While she was staying at the camping ground, a grave situation arose because of some unsound elements who had joined the guerilla unit by sheer chance, and had since become disaffected toward Headquarters.

Entrenched in this safe place while the main force of the guerilla unit was waging a hard battle to break through the enemy's encirclement, those villains were both secretly and openly plotting to subvert the Headquarters of the revolution. They made false charges against Comrade Kim Jong Suk and other fighters who were defending the revolutionary line of Marshal Kim Il Sung and the Headquarters.

Here again, Comrade Kim Jong Suk thought and acted

strictly in accordance with the revolutionary ideas and aims of Marshal Kim Il Sung, and stood firm and fought resolutely against the unsound elements.

By the principled stand taken by Comrade Kim Jong Suk, the true nature of these villains was disclosed to the full, and at last stern punishment was meted out to them.

She not only defended the Headquarters of the revolution ideologically, but protected it at the risk of her life.

Working as a cook at the Headquarters, she carried out her duties faithfully, however difficult the circumstances, safeguarding at the same time the personal safety of Marshal Kim Il Sung.

In the autumn of 1939, Marshal Kim Il Sung was leading the Guards Company directly under Headquarters, on his way back from a sally into the vicinity of Hanyangkou in Antu county. Comrade Kim Jong Suk was with the company as a cook.

The company came to the Tashaho river in Antu county; behind them was a hill and in front was the Tashaho river. They had halted at the riverside for a short rest and were about to cross when there was a sudden sound of firing and the next moment a hail of bullets peppered the riverside.

Having learned that Marshal Kim Il Sung was with the company, the enemy had come in pursuit and overtaken the company there. They were machine-gunning from the hilltop.

The situation was very critical. If the company crossed the river, it would suffer a great loss from the enemy's concentrated fire.

The company could not have escaped the dangerous situation but for the bold and agile command of Marshal Kim Il Sung.

The moment the enemy began firing, Marshal Kim Il Sung with revolver in hand issued orders to attack the hill. At the bugle-call, the fighters dashed up the hill like so many angry tigers, shouting "*manse*" (hurrah).

The situation was soon reversed. The charge of our company struck terror into the enemy and put them on the defensive, but they did not abandon the hill.

In the height of battle, Marshal Kim Il Sung took up his position on a rock half-way up the hill and directed the fighting.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk was guarding the Marshal. On sharp alert, she spotted several enemy soldiers crawling in their direction among the reeds and shrubs here and there, holding their rifles at the ready.

It was a critical moment indeed. She instantly screened the Commander with her body, and shot the leading enemy soldier who was training his rifle on them.

Before she knew what was happening, the Commander had shot the second enemy soldier over her shoulder.

Comrade Jong Suk knocked out the third one, and in rapid succession they picked off the rest of the enemy right there.

This is but one example of her courage, of which there were many in the course of the long and arduous struggle.

In the presence of danger the fighters, faithful to the Leader, protected him with their own bodies and guarded him at the risk of their lives, as did Comrade Kim Jong Suk.

Upon return to the fatherland following liberation, Comrade Kim Jong Suk, tempered steel-like in the ordeals of the anti-Japanese armed struggle, gave all her energies and wisdom to the Party and the revolution, till the last moment of her life.

Such a life is an inspiration to the entire people who are carrying out their revolutionary duties, a model of infinite faithfulness to the Party, the Leader and the revolution, deep love of the fatherland and of the people, the spirit that fights the class enemy uncompromisingly and expresses love for the revolutionary comrades.

## XXVI

# On Our Way to Headquarters

By O BAEK RYONG

"...There are many twists and turns on the road of revolution. Only those who continuously fight with great courage and without flinching on the complicated and difficult way of revolution can win through to final victory.

We weep over comrades who have fought alongside us in the long-drawn-out anti-Japanese guerilla struggle and have been killed, but we do not shed tears nor are we pessimistic in the face of difficulties. Those who are dismayed or disappointed in time of difficulty can never become revolutionaries. The more in the difficulties that confront us, the more courageously and calmly must we find the way of struggle...."

My own experiences during the anti-Japanese guerilla struggle bring to my mind again the real meaning of these words of Comrade Kim Il Sung.

The latter half of 1940 was, indeed, a severe ordeal.

In preparation for a war against the Soviet Union, the Japanese imperialists were concentrating large-scale military strength on "mopping up" the guerillas, saying that they would "annihilate" our guerilla army.

To meet this situation, our unit was divided into several regiments, and conducted activities separately, while striking at the enemy. In the course of this, we lost contact with Headquarters for some time, and the small unit I led was compelled to carry on activities independently. Having been separated for some time from Headquarters around November 1940, we roamed about

the various districts of East Manchuria in search of our Headquarters during that winter. With the one desire to find the Headquarters unit where Comrade Kim Il Sung who had trained and led us as revolutionaries was, we crossed the death line many times, travelling day and night.

November is the time when the leaves fall in Korea, but in the deep mountains of Northeast China the snow was already piled high. Fierce winds raging with a snow-storm held up our advance and enemy "punitive forces" and spies who swarmed around the mountains and villages were watching wherever we went.

Helping each other and forcing our way through the snow, we dodged the enemy this way and slipped out that way, passing thus through the dense forests of Antu county.

We were totally exhausted. We had suffered casualties in the bloody struggle to get provisions, but nothing was more difficult than this march to Headquarters.

Our appearances and outfits were beyond description. Our uniforms were in tatters and our provisions exhausted. The one thing that remained fresh and firm was our steel-like fighting spirit and singleness of heart—to reach Headquarters. This purpose powerfully braced our exhausted men. But we had no sure way of finding where Headquarters had moved to. We did not know which course to take, so were obliged to turn back and march for Chechangtzu. We carefully searched all around, not overlooking withered grasses and twigs of trees, to see if we could find any traces of the Headquarters unit having passed this way.

At last, we discovered a place where the Headquarters had bivouacked. We shouted for joy. At the sight of the marks left by the tents and campfires, we felt our hearts warm with yearning for our comrades.

Looking carefully at every spot of the camping ground, we came to a fallen tree and suddenly stopped. There

was a mark understandable only to us. The thought that something might have been buried there struck us. We started to dig. To our surprise, new cotton uniforms and two bags of rice were found there.

Choked with emotion at the warm solicitude of Comrade Commander who had buried uniforms and provisions for us before leaving, we held the uniforms and bags of rice to our hearts, now afire, and shouting in tears "Comrade Commander!" "Comrade Commander!" Our rejoicing knew no bounds. We could not see him, but felt that he was close to us with his warm helping hand and warm heart, and again we renewed our determination to rush to him as soon as possible and move on to our next revolutionary task.

So we marched on, looking for our Headquarters.

Nothing could defeat the mind and strength of our fighters rallied as one man around Comrade Kim Il Sung.

One day while marching on, encouraged by this thought, we met a small detachment of a neighbouring guerilla unit. They had built a secret camp in a secure place and made preparations for wintering. They cordially invited us to go through the winter with them and to look for the Headquarters when a thaw set in.

We deeply appreciated their kind advice, but we could not pass the winter in peace, separated from the others and unaware of the whereabouts and safety of the Headquarters.

If we stayed there, it would impose a heavy burden on them, as provisions laid up by the members of the small unit were not enough for us all to winter there.

So I made up my mind to take a few members of our small unit with me to look for the Headquarters, and let the rest of the unit wait there for further communication.

The comrades did not agree with me, and asked how I could leave there, still weak from fever, from which I had not fully recovered.

But I stood firm and decided to leave in search of the Headquarters with five of the sturdiest members.

We six left a mountain range in Holung county which swarmed with the enemy in front and rear.

The enemy had formed a "mopping-up network" like cobwebs all over the fields and mountains in East Manchuria, and thirsting for blood pounced on us, saying "Now only the Kim Il Sung unit remains. If we finish it off, the seeds of the communist army will die."

They scattered all kinds of handbills and posters urging us to lay down our arms. They said that "The First District Army has been annihilated" and that "The Third District Army is down," and that some guerilla commander had hoisted the white flag.

Of course, cowards in the ranks would capitulate, unable to stand harsh ordeals.

But whenever we saw handbills in which photos of such renegades appeared, far from vacillating, we would set our teeth, tear them into pieces and shower our hatred on them.

Provisions ran out and we again suffered from shortage of food.

We held a group meeting to discuss the future course of action.

I insisted that we should continue to search for the Headquarters in the direction of Yenchi county. Then one comrade said brusquely "We can no longer wander about, not knowing where Headquarters is."

Then another comrade shocked us by saying that he would no longer be able to follow us.

Not having expected such words, I felt anger surging up within me, but I kept down my anger and thought it over.

How can a revolutionary fighter draw in his horns? But for the unbearable hardships, these comrades who had fought valiantly in every battle would not give vent to their dissatisfactions.

I earnestly persuaded them.

"A revolutionary cannot fall back from the struggle even for a moment, can he? If we think of drawing back, giving up our firm determination to search for the Headquarters, how can we call ourselves revolutionaries?"

Comrade Commander taught us that a revolutionary fighter did not consider stopping fighting for a minute or even for a second. If we now stopped, where were we to go?

The path we are now treading is the road of revolution. It is our duty, our obligation to follow this road to the end, without pausing even for a second!..."

Then the others began criticizing the two comrades.

"It is cowardly of you to turn your backs on the road of struggle!"

"For a revolutionary to flinch from difficulties cannot be considered. How can a weakhearted man make revolution?"

As soon as this incisive criticism was levelled at them for suggesting that we should look for the Headquarters in the spring after setting up a secret camp in the secure place and passing the winter in peace with prepared provisions, the two comrades lowered their heads and kept silent. It was clear that the criticism had not come home to them.

When comrades we have trusted as our own flesh and blood waver for a while in this manner, we feel unbearable pain in our hearts.

"But we must not compromise with the unprincipled! Even if only one remains, we must not violate the principles of revolution nor bend our knees before difficulties." I thought.

So resolved we talked with them all day so that they might become convinced of their weakness.

In the evening I made sure of their resolve.

"Those who are not inclined to go on with us remain here, and those who want to follow me, raise your hands!"

It was finally decided to leave there in accordance with the wishes of the majority.

Before we started next morning, I said to the comrade who had wanted to remain:

“By a majority decision, we are going to leave. If you want to remain here, take your own way... It is indeed painful for us to leave behind a comrade who once was determined to share life and death with us, trusting each other until now. But I cannot take with me against his will a comrade who doesn't wish to go. Can I?”

With these words, I stood up first.

These words seemed to weigh upon his conscience and there was a look of distress on his face. As I left, I felt my heart ache.

However, when I looked back after walking for some time, I found all five of my comrades following me.

Because the conscience of a revolutionary and the call of comradeship were brought to life in his heart, even the one who had vacillated overcame his weakness.

In this way the anti-Japanese guerillas overcame the trials of the struggle, not only against cold, hunger, the oncoming enemy and all other dangers, but also against their own weaknesses in the face of difficulty.

So long as one is not a thorough revolutionary, there may be temporary vacillations and mistakes in the course of struggle. Only according to the courage with which one overcomes one's own ideological weaknesses and vacillations can one's revolutionary spirit and mettle be measured.

We later had to force our way through the deep snow in the hinterland of Holung county on an empty stomach for several days on end.

Unable to endure the hunger, one comrade was ahead of us and proposed we shoot a deer and stop for food.

When we were about half way down the mountain, we saw a deer as large as an ox digging the snow and making a noise ahead of us.

Agreeing that we should take the deer to banish our fatigue and appease our hunger, we sat down and smoked a cigarette, watching one comrade stalk the deer, fall prostrate and level his gun.

In a moment, bang went the gun. But at that moment a comrade sitting beside me fell to the ground. Looking around, I found that the enemy had closed in on us.

It was too late to run away, but we could not let ourselves be caught by the enemy. Quickly taking the injured comrade with me, I ran forward and shouted:

“Comrades, follow me!”

In haste we climbed along a cliff where arm-thick vines of taravine and wild grapes twined about. When I look back upon that day now I wonder with what strength I could run through the place.

“Hey, don’t run away. It’s me!” Turning my head, I found a thrice-cursed turncoat had shouted. I wanted to shoot the hateful swine on the spot, but I had no time to do so.

Seeing us run without stopping, the enemies fired their machine-guns in volleys over our heads. It was clear they were trying to take us alive.

We rushed ahead with all our strength.

But one comrade 20 meters in front of us, suddenly turned back, came running and shouted: “There are enemies ahead of us too.” When we looked across, we could see large enemy “punitive forces” pressing upon us to encircle us along the mountain ridges.

We were thus driven into a tight corner where we were unable to move forward or back.

“Let us fight to the last bullet!” the comrades said in a heroic voice. I was also resolved to lay down my life only after I had taken full toll in blood, even if I were killed. But at this moment I thought that I could not die in vain here, without finding Headquarters. So laying my hand on the rifles of the comrades, levelled against the

enemy, I said: "We must on no account die. We must live and look for the Headquarters. All follow me!"

I turned back and ran like an arrow. An idea had struck me from a quick look I had taken at a cliff just a moment before as I was running this way.

The cliff had been formed by a landslide, as steep as a wall. No one could imagine that anyone would dare tumble down such a place, so the enemy had not spread the net there.

But it was our only way of escape.

Thinking that at least I would be alive if I could make it, I shut my eyes and jumped. To my surprise I rolled down to the bottom of the cliff unhurt. Of course I was blood-stained and scratched but I could move my hands and legs freely and I had suffered no serious injury.

I rose to my feet, dusting my uniform. All my comrades tumbled down the cliff after me and got up clearing the dust. Only our wounded comrade breathed his last, shot again before he could roll down the face.

Losing the comrade near and dear to us and crossing another death line, we went up to the opposite mountain ridge and sat there, and watched the enemy's movements with hatred.

From the cliff opposite us we could hear ear-splitting intermittent gun reports. The scoundrels who had attacked us from both sides shot at each other, unaware that we had escaped. It was a thrilling end.

It was some time before they realized they had been shooting at each other, and in anger they got back, taking their dead with them.

Darkness began to fall on the mountains.

Thinking that we ought to get going again, we tried to raise our tired bodies, but we could scarcely stand.

We were covered with blood, and black and blue all over, and we had nothing but guns; we had lost knapsacks, tents, cooking utensils and everything. In tumbling

down the cliff overgrown with vines of taravine, we had lost everything.

After burying our comrade who had died, to our sorrow, we lay down, dog-tired. As I gazed at the lights twinkling in the streets of Lungching city, all kinds of thoughts flashed through my mind.

Where is the Headquarters? I wonder if Comrade Commander is well.... Where are we to head for in this vast expanse of the Manchurian wilderness? How do we break through the tight cordon of the enemy watching everywhere for us? Today we lost one comrade and who knows what will become of the remaining five.

As I looked from the Great Bear glittering in the night sky to the flashing electric light below, these thoughts crowded my mind.

Who is there who doesn't want to lead a free and happy life with his dear family? Who knows how we are suffering in the dead of night in a mountain where there is no sign of human life?...

Haunted with these thoughts, I suddenly covered my head with my hands and changed the direction of my thoughts.

The road of revolution is hard. I did not move onto the road of revolution to follow my personal interests or to gain another's favor. It doesn't matter whether anybody understands me or not. Didn't I resolve to find this out—the value of life? the happiness of mankind?—by the road of revolution, to live for the revolution and die for the revolution, even while making revolution?

Shouting this to myself, my whole body shook.

In a moment the kaleidoscope of the revolutionary road I had travelled since I attained the age of discretion flashed before my eyes. I saw vividly the days when I had joined the guerilla army without even stopping to bury my father who had been killed by the enemy, whom I then killed, crossing over the steep mountains, gun in hand.

It was not for reward or fame, nor because I wanted a quiet private life that I had taken this harsh road. Haven't I fought with determination to devote myself entirely to the restoration of the fatherland and the freedom and happiness of the people, as a revolutionary fighter?

Thinking of this, I started to my feet and then sat down.

"Comrades? Pluck up courage. Sacrifices and difficulties are incidental to the revolution. Now let's build a fire!"

So I cheered up my comrades and set about gathering dry wood for fuel. One comrade after another rose up and busied themselves building a fire.

After while, we sat around a cone-shaped fire. There were grim looks on their faces, but nobody spoke.

"Comrade, cheer up. Let us reach Headquarters at any cost. You will remember Comrade Commander always taught us that the more complicated the situation the more we should brace our nerves; the more difficult fix we were in, the more bravely should we fight. However desperately our enemies may try to block our way, laying siege to every mountain, and however closely they may post their spies in every village and watch for our moves, there will surely be a loophole for us. It will depend on how valiantly we fight, firmly rallied as one around the Headquarters...."

So I filled the minds of my comrades with confidence and courage.

They all were as one, determined to find our Headquarters.

The question now was how to breach the encircling net of the enemy.

I suggested that it would be safest for us to march boldly along highways and through towns, though it might seem dangerous. At first the comrades were not open to conviction on this suggestion, but all agreed to it after

hearing my detailed explanations. So we had to solve the problem of provisions first of all.

On the following night, we moved toward the villages scattered near Changjenkiang to secure food.

We boldly went down the mountain to a highway as planned.

We met with two young men going to visit a neighbouring village and asked them what was going on. They told us that the people gathered every night at an inn in a village down the road.

I made up my mind to boldly force our way into this inn to solve the problem of provisions.

Though one might say now that it was an adventurous act, we could not but take such an extraordinary and bold action under the circumstances.

Toward midnight that day, we approached the inn and called on the master.

From inside the room came strange voices, and the master would not make his appearance.

There was clearly something special in it.

After telling the comrades to maintain strict vigilance, I knocked on the door with all my strength and shouted for the master to open the door.

Then the master came hurrying out and said in a quavering voice.

"What shall I do? There are 15 police in the room."

It seemed that the master had noticed at once that we were men of the People's Revolutionary Army.

"It doesn't matter. Get in and switch on the light quickly" I said sternly.

I felt the better for it. We would throw the enemy into still greater confusion if they realized that we had decoyed the enemy into the mountain and then slipped away to the highway, then disarmed them and taking their belongings.

In emergencies, we have to be calm and bold. Even

though we were only a few, we would be able to defeat our enemies if we acted calmly and agilely.

Scared by my sharp glance, the master hurried back into the house. But apparently because of obstruction by the police, the lights were not turned on immediately.

We pointed our guns at the door and stood at the ready, at the same time threatened them, making an outcry.

“Orderly, call Seventh and Eighth Regimental Commanders” and a comrade answered “yes,” and pretended to run.

“Guards Company! Ready with hand grenades!” I shouted again.

Hearing the shout and fearing that something terrible was about to happen, they switched on the light, and asked us in consternation not to shoot them, for mercy's sake.

“Then, who is in charge? Come out here at once!” As soon as I shouted this, a very tall Manchurian puppet police officer came out and said: “How do you do?” making a respectful bow.

“Well, unless you want us to shoot you, collect your guns and stand them in a corner of the room!”

Giving orders to the police commander this way, I gave an eye-signal to two comrades. They went to the back door. Thinking that our party was a large unit, the police officer shuddered and went back into the room, collected all the guns and stood them in the corner.

The comrades who entered by the back door guarded them. I put another comrade on sentry and told him to let passing trucks go by and fire only if the trucks were stopping. Pistol in hand I entered the room, and taking out the guns I handed them over to a comrade. I told him to smash them.

I ordered the Manchurian puppet policemen to make them all sit down and ordered the master of the inn to quickly make “flour gruel.” I told them how the people had been subjected to suppression by the Japanese im-

perialists, and plainly showed them how shameful were the crimes of the police in betraying their nation and the people.

After taking supper, we ordered them to take off their uniforms. The police commander said he would do anything but that, saying that they "would come to their account day" if they took off their uniforms. But we were in no mood to listen to his plea.

"Company Commander! Shoot him!"

No sooner had I shouted this than the police commander tremblingly took off his woollen coat, underwear and socks and leather shoes.

I put on his underwear and footwear, and said: "It's natural that we should confiscate these clothes given to you by the Japanese imperialists, isn't it?"

The policemen reluctantly got into our worn-out and dirty clothes, while we donned theirs.

From their provisions piled up in the garden we took six bags of rice, divided and put them into sacks and left, making the Manchurian puppet policemen carry them for us. We also carried all the rice we could. The place was only 50 *ri* from Laotaokou, the center of the enemy's "mopping-up operations," so it was a great problem to conceal our whereabouts. With the idea of leaving our footprints in the direction of the mountain and leaving by the highway in the opposite direction, I went up a mountain ridge toward Wutaoyangcha. When we arrived at the south of Wutaoyangcha, we let the Manchurian police go back, but we had to be sure they did not realize that our numerical strength was so small.

After thinking it over, I said in a loud voice:

"Orderly, go up and call the First Company members to come. As the feet of the police seem to be numb with cold, we will let them go back...."

Quickly grasping what was in my mind, he said: "yes," and ran on up the mountain, and once out of sight of the police he hid himself.

"When the First Company comes they will carry the load, so you can go back. When you get there, don't become the watchdogs of the Japanese imperialists again." I said, as I looked them over.

They expressed many thanks and turned back, bowing again and again.

As I saw them go, I drew a deep breath, in spite of myself. On looking back I myself wonder how I had such temerity.

Under ordinary circumstances we couldn't think of such an act as disarming enemies numerically three times as great, for we were five men alone. Only our resolute determination to find our Headquarters with singleness of purpose enabled us to muster up the formidable strength to march through any adversity.

We buried four bags of rice there, divided two bags into five lots and shouldered them and went up some five *ri* to prepare breakfast and eat.

When the sun rose to mid-sky, the enemy "punitive forces" came trailing us.

Sitting on a high rock out of the reach of enemy bullets, we smoked serenely and mocked them. They were struck dumb and looked up abstractedly and reluctantly went back.

In fact, even though they had chased after us, they gave themselves a hard time.

We left footprints along the road in the direction of Wutaoyangcha, covered our traces during that night and again came out on the highway leading to Changjenkiang.

However crafty the enemies might be, they would never imagine that we would come back to the very place where we had attacked them. They would probably roam about the areas of Wutaoyangcha for 15 days looking for us, and realizing this, it was quite a thrill to advance through the very den of the enemy. We took our pistols and boldly walked along a driveway leading to Laotaokou.

If trucks or human beings appeared, we would fall into

the snow by the roadside, let them pass and then walk on.

Wiping out our footprints, we would again climb into the mountains and hide ourselves.

So at one time walking along the highway and then hiding ourselves we went round the areas of Yenchi county. In this way, moving on in the midst of the enemy, we faced danger after danger from hour to hour and crossed the path of death line by a hair's breadth many times.

Among the happenings on our way to Headquarters, even now I cannot forget that one of our comrades took cramp all of a sudden on the way.

Cramped in all his limbs, he shivered uncontrollably. We held him firmly and were quite at a loss what to do.

We were completely at a loss. We were near a highway in the neighbourhood of Dabikou in Yenchi county, and as it was near a large village, we had to slip away as quickly as possible.

But we had the patient on our hands who could not move his body. What should we do? It was not possible to make a stretcher and carry him as we would have done if we had been in the forest. But now we had to slip away nimbly from the neighbourhood of the town. Nor could we leave him in this place with the enemies everywhere about.

To take him with us was too dangerous for the other members of the party, and to leave a comrade behind was impossible.

We silently held and massaged him as he trembled, cramped in his limbs, and we were at our wit's end. Time was slipping by.

"Comrade Regimental Commander, what shall we do?..."

Someone said these words with a sigh.

If we left our revolutionary comrade suffering from this sudden illness because there was no time to lose, it was certain that he would be arrested and killed.

I embraced him and sobbed.

“If we die, let’s die together! How could we desert you!” and all drew near and hugged him, weeping.

In our hearts the lofty love for a comrade was burning as we wept.

Revolutionary comrade—how precious are these words! Though everyone has those who are near and dear to him—parents, brothers and sisters of the same blood and kith and kin—nothing in the world is the same as “revolutionary comrade.” What comparison is there with our duty to revolutionary comrades alongside whom we fight and share life and death, helping and saving each other, and looking after and leading each other on the one road of revolution?

We did not hesitate to sacrifice even our lives for a revolutionary comrade.

With our burning hearts we made a bed for the patient and gave him our own blood heat.

We plucked dried grasses from a graveyard and spread them over the place, putting our coats on him.

Then each of us was held responsible to massage one of his limbs through the night.

The day was dawning before we were aware of it. “Comrades, let us all prepare for our last moment! Quickly boil rice down to thin gruel and let the patient sip it, then dig into the snow and lie down still.”

I said this as bravely as I could.

A proverb says that sincerity moves heaven, and as soon as the day broke, snow began to fall in large flakes and it got warmer.

Creeping on our bellies, we gathered twigs and built a cone-shaped fire, then boiled a pot of rice to thin gruel and helped the patient sip it. Then our luck changed and the cramped limbs of the patient began to straighten little by little.

As evening came on, he was able to move his feet freely. We cried for joy.

The day of terror somehow had passed without trouble

and it grew dark. With sighs of relief we slipped away from there, helping the patient to walk.

For two months we wandered about the enemy lair in Yenching, Wangching, Hunchun, and what dangers and difficulties we faced!

At times disguised as enemy policemen or secret service men, we warded off danger; mimicking the barking of a dog and the sounds of the deer, we crossed enemy lines.

But after all our wandering from place to place for this long time, at last we found the Headquarters.

What can compare with this—this emotion we felt when we found Comrade Kim Il Sung well—how can we describe it?

“Comrades, well done, indeed!”

His face beaming, Comrade Commander welcomed us.

We were told that the Headquarters had many times sent out messengers who crossed our path or sacrificed themselves, and worrying, were unable to find us.

“Even if a revolutionary is left behind alone in a far off solitary island in the sea, he must know how to fight unflinchingly to win a victory like yours.”

When he said this, we all the more deeply felt our aspirations and pride as revolutionaries.

Now when I recall those times, I suffer the pangs of conscience.

“Am I working today with the same feeling I had when I searched for our Headquarters so single-heartedly, resolutely conquering every difficulty, hardship and heart-ache?” This is what I think about.

Only when we march forward rallied steel-like around the Party and the Leader, faithful to the banner of revolution, with invincible confidence in Marxism-Leninism, single-heartedly upholding the teachings of the Party and the Leader, are the ranks of revolution invincible and cannot fail to win.

The more complicated the situation of today and the more difficult and complicated the revolutionary tasks

before us, the more firmly must we cherish the correctness of our cause and confidence in victory, and the more valiantly and vigorously must we fight on, rallied rock-firm around the Central Committee of the Party headed by Comrade Kim Il Sung, our respected and beloved Leader.

## XXVII

# In Defence of Headquarters

By HAN IK SU

From Mt. Hungtou, more than 2,000 meters above sea-level, one can overlook Shueling Peak and Mt. Sandengfang to the north and command a great view of Mt. Potae and many other mountain peaks, high and low, with the deep ravines and dense forests of Korea to the southeast.

The most fascinating of them all is sacred Mt. Baekdu-san, rising like a giant at the northern tip of the fatherland. The dense primeval forests of Mt. Sobaek-san, Begaebong Peak and Chongbong Peak are all within hailing distance.

It was early in the winter of 1936 that we came to Mt. Hungtou which, so near to the fatherland, was so dear to us.

At that time, around Hehhsiatzukou and Mt. Hungtou there were many secret camps that had been set up after Marshal Kim Il Sung came to the southwestern region of Mt. Baekdu-san.

Here was the Headquarters of the Korean People's Revolutionary Army where Marshal Kim Il Sung mapped out the plan of operations for the guerilla units, and personally organized and led the work of expanding the organizations of the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland, and the work of guiding the revolutionary organizations in the homeland as well.

Many political workers, exchanging their military uniforms for worker or peasant garb, were sent out from here to different parts.

The base here in Mt. Baekdu-san became the heart of the

Korean revolution in those days, and the struggle entered a new stage of great upsurge on the revolutionary and strategic lines laid down by Marshal Kim Il Sung.

Greatly upset by the advance of the Korean People's Revolutionary Army into the areas around Mt. Baekdu-san and the subsequent rapid growth of the revolutionary forces, the Japanese imperialists hurriedly held their so-called "Tumen talks" between the Governor-General of Korea and the Commander of the Kwantung Army in October 1936. Then they tried frantically to "stamp out" our revolutionary forces by concentrating their forces and trying to "mop up" the Headquarters where Marshal Kim Il Sung was—the brains and the General Staff of the Korean revolution. To this end, the enemy launched their "winter punitive operations," for which they amassed a large force of the puppet Manchurian army and police in addition to the Japanese imperialist regular army of aggression.

This was the time that gave rise to the well-known story "The Japanese scoundrels have suffered mass destruction in Mt. Hungtou."

One day in February 1937, Marshal Kim Il Sung went to a secret camp in Mt. Baekdu-san for a meeting. Before leaving, he gave detailed instructions to the commanding personnel staying in the secret camp in Mt. Hungtou to further strengthen the guard of the secret camps.

Following his instructions, a unit under the command of Comrade O Jung Hup went to the second secret camp in Hehhsiatzukou to guard against the enemy, and some 20 comrades led by the commander of the 4th Company were left in the secret camp in Mt. Hungtou to defend it.

Those staying in the secret camp in Mt. Hungtou, as Marshal Kim Il Sung had instructed them, hardened the deep snow lying in piles to make temporary "trenches of snow," and cut trees and planted them deep into the thick snow in the sparsely wooded spots which offered

poor concealment. This made them just like a natural forest.

Then a water-tight guard was organized.

At that time Comrade Baek Hak Rim and I, together with other men of the guard unit, escorted our Comrade Commander to the meeting place.

Comrade Commander returned from the meeting to the secret camp in Mt. Hungtou on the afternoon of February 14, 1937, four days after leaving.

While the 4th Company commander was reporting to Marshal Kim Il Sung on the situation during his absence, shots abruptly sounded at the sentry post. Immediately a guerilla rushed in and reported to Comrade Commander that a large enemy force was coming along the ridge of the mountain.

Our sentries had not been able to spot the enemy in time because of the heavy snowstorm, and were fighting a hard battle. Things were tense.

Upon receiving the report, Marshal Kim Il Sung said it was sure that the enemy was coming from Erhtaokang, and ordered us to make prompt preparations for action, and to climb the ridge along which the enemy was coming and take up positions on the southern ridge of Mt. Hungtou.

His forecast proved right. Those who appeared at the sentry post turned out to be an enemy "punitive force" some 500 strong, coming from Erhtaokang.

At this time our main forces were in the direction of the second secret camp and all who remained in the secret camp in Mt. Hungtou were some 20, all told, including men of the guard unit and orderlies.

Nevertheless, our determination to guard Comrade Commander was firmer than ever.

Our comrades took up the designated position and followed the movements of the enemy with a sharp eye. Their faces were beaming with the resolve to fight a decisive battle. Again and again they examined every

hand grenade and bullet, so as to be able to hit the enemy swiftly and precisely.

Some comrades buried under the snow anything that might encumber them in case of emergency.

“We must guard Comrade Kim Il Sung, Leader of our revolution and our Commander, even at the cost of our lives! We will defend with our lives our Headquarters, the brains and the General Staff of the Korean revolution! This was our firm resolve.”

Indeed, our hearts were full of the conviction that we could overcome any difficulty and ordeal in the way, that Marshal Kim Il Sung, national hero and great Leader of the revolution, had led the Korean people in the van of the revolution, and that the Korean revolution would be victorious only under his leadership.

The sentries were continuously hitting the enemy, moving from place to place, but they were drawing near through the snow. They wore white camouflage and had white bandages on their rifle barrels.

Comrade Commander studied every movement of the enemy and read the fighting spirit full of confidence in the face of each comrade. Then he called the company commander to him.

He issued a new order, smiling all over his face. As we looked at Comrade Commander who was perfectly calm and collected, our hearts were filled with boundless trust in him and confidence in victory.

It was clear that he had already thought out a plan of operations to frustrate the enemy's reckless, desperate attempt, and to annihilate them.

“...Clear the way for the enemy. Order the comrade at the sentry post to withdraw from there. Tell them to first descend along the ridge of the mountain for a while so that the enemy can see them and then come down to the gorge by a roundabout way.”

The order of Comrade Commander was intended to lure the enemy troops into an unforked path on the steep

ridge, where a single misstep would send the enemy tumbling down into the deep snow in a flash, so that we could wipe them out there, and to drive those enemies who would still attack us into the gorge to annihilate them there. When I fathomed his intention, I gained confidence and said to myself: "We can annihilate the enemy! Victory is ours!" I felt new strength surging through me and even the white camouflage over my shoulders seemed to wave in the wind.

But we did not ease our alert. Watching the movements of the enemy, we hid in the thick wood of big trees unseen by the enemy. Then we spread out in a crescent facing the path which our sentries would come down and got fully ready to shoot.

The enemy troops which had already climbed up the mountain fired wildly at our withdrawing sentries.

Even in the snowstorm, we could distinguish the enemy's movements as clearly as we could read our own palms.

Like a pack of wolves, the enemy troops struggled through the snow to the top of the mountain. There they made various gestures. Some began to shout as if they won the day; others held their rifles up in the air. At last, an officer looked round through his field glass and ordered his unit down the mountain where we lay in ambush. The enemy was going to pursue our sentries who had withdrawn from the mountain just as Comrade Commander had anticipated.

Trapped by the lure offered by Comrade Commander, the enemy started rushing down the steep ridge.

"You scoundrels, do you know where you are now? Here is General Kim Il Sung, our brilliant Leader, the mere mention of whose name gives you the shivers!... You fools, you reap wholesale death!" We felt our hearts burning with this thought, looking daggers at the enemy.

At the right time we started mowing down the enemy troops.

Our first volley was a thunderbolt that struck the enemy, intent only on chasing our sentries who had withdrawn in the snowstorm.

The greatest confusion was created in the lines of the enemy now running down in disorder. In an instant large numbers of the enemies were mowed down. Those at the head of the columns were killed, and those who followed them, driven to fear and despair, were at a loss what to do. The ridge seemed to be strewn with their dead bodies.

But the diabolical foes did not readily withdraw. Shouting "Forward!" time and again, they desperately tried to overcome the confusion created on the steep ridge. The battle grew hotter. Disregarding heavy casualties, the enemy attacked in waves.

The enemy's heavy and light machine-guns spat fire from behind them in a desperate attempt to cover their storming party. At this moment, the 4th Company commander was wounded. Comrade Commander, who had always taken care of his men with a paternal affection, ordered four guerillas to carry the wounded to the hospital in the rear even though the situation was critical.

Seeing this, lumps rose in our throats.

"Let us punish the enemy more ruthlessly and defend General Kim Il Sung, our paternal Leader!" So we renewed our resolve.

Now our numbers were reduced to some 15, with five men gone to the rear. But our blows at the enemy became heavier and heavier.

At last all the enemies came down the sharp side of the ridge, stepping over corpses. At the foot of the mountain they tried to reform in fighting order and to "take" our positions in one charge.

But the geographical feature of the place forced the enemy to come through the narrow gorge and through

the deep snow to approach our positions.

Now entrapped completely by the sharp tactics of Comrade Commander, the enemy was like a mouse in a trap.

Finally they attempted to charge under cover of machine-gun fire, only to suffer even heavier casualties at each charge. Under the fatal blows of the guerillas, the enemy was seized with even greater terror as the moments passed.

At this moment, there came an order from Comrade Commander to stop firing. He gave the order because the enemies had forced the people who had been dragged out to carry their supplies into the front to act as "bullet shields" so that they could run away and save their dirty lives in face of death. Because of this, Comrade Commander ordered the men to stop firing for a while so as not to hurt the people.

Taking advantage of the lull, the enemy began to beat a hasty retreat.

The battle formation of the enemy fell into greater disorder. The survivors of the enemy stampeded, jostling on another to save their own necks.

Seeking the confusion, Comrade Commander immediately ordered the guerillas to charge. It was hard to shoot the enemy troops among the people, but the guerillas could plunge bayonets into their hearts confidently and freely.

Our men chasing the enemy, their white camouflage flapping in the wind, were like lightning. Everywhere the enemies fell, screaming their last.

Nearly all the enemies who had been led into the trap of the gorge were wiped out after the severe battle, and those following them beat a hasty retreat.

After dark, Comrade Commander ordered the guerillas to locate the camps of the enemies who had fled, and to wipe them out, too.

Upon his order, a storming party was sent out. At

some 15 *ri* away, the storming party came on the tents pitched in the deep snow, where the enemies were lying, too exhausted to run further.

They had not built a fire for fear of our assault, and were lying covered with even those smocks they had taken from the people who had carried supplies for them.

Of the people who had been forcibly mobilized that day, those who were placed in the van for the charge of the enemy, were rescued by our guerillas. But many other people were still suffering here from the enemy. Outside some tents, these people were walking up and down in the snow shivering with the cold, unable to go home because they were watched by enemy sentries.

The enemies had kept these people out of the tents and put them under guard, to have them carry their supplies again and lest they should inform us of the troops' whereabouts.

At the sight of this the eyes of our comrades burned with rage. The storming party divided itself into several groups and approached the tents of the enemy.

"Inflict a hundred-fold, a thousand-fold death on the enemy!" First they chose those tents where there were no civilians and concentrated their fire on them, to help the people escape. In the meantime some of the enemy took to flight again.

But even these reckless ones could not save their lives.

As soon as Comrade O Jung Hup and his men, who at this time were out in the direction of the second secret camp, received a report from their patrolmen that they had found footprints of many people on the road leading to the secret camp in Mt. Hungtou, they hurried to the scene, covering scores of *ri*. On the way they found the fleeing enemies. In co-operation with them, we trapped the enemies in a narrow gorge and wiped them out like rats in a trap.

We could see how anxious Comrade O Jung Hup and his comrades-in-arms were about the safety of the Head-

quarters. They were breathless when they arrived.

Our throats constricted as we grasped their hands. When they heard the happy news that Comrade Commander was safe, they clasped us in their arms and rubbed their cheeks against ours in tears.

All choked with emotion we cheered again and again there in the snow.

Comrade O Jung Hup and other anti-Japanese guerillas had indeed defended with their lives the Headquarters of the revolution where Marshal Kim Il Sung was working with single-minded devotion, even in those hard days of grave danger and manifold difficulties. They thought only of the safety of the Headquarters day and night where Marshal Kim Il Sung was, even when pursued by the knavish and obstinate "punitive forces," and did not hesitate to dedicate their lives for him.

What enabled us to beat the enemy forces that day, outnumbering us scores of times, and what enabled Comrade O Jung Hup and his comrades-in-arms to cover scores of *ri* at a breath to smash the enemy troops attacking the place where our Headquarters was situated? It was a single Red heart—the burning fighting spirit and loyalty to the revolution, to guard with their lives Marshal Kim Il Sung, the great Leader of our Korean revolution, upholding his outstanding leadership and the boundless love for the fatherland and people.

Whatever the machinations, desperate manœuvres and armed numbers, the enemy could not block the road ahead of us, for we were marching firmly armed with the great revolutionary ideas of Marshal Kim Il Sung, rallied steel-like around him, upholding his well-planned strategic lines.

With pride and self-confidence in this, we now renew again our resolve to defend with our lives the Central Committee of our Party, headed by Marshal Kim Il Sung.



## XXVIII

# Upholding the teaching Of Our Comrade Commander

By KIM DONG GYU

"...We must train our guerillas so that they may be enthusiastic revolutionaries and reliable fighters, ready to perform any combat task successfully against any enemy, and carry out any combat task with credit, however difficult it may be...."

So our respected and beloved Leader, Comrade Kim Il Sung, would teach us commanders and political workers in dealing with new recruits during the period of the anti-Japanese armed struggle.

Whenever I ponder these words of his, I remember an event that occurred at the beginning of 1937.

In those days, our unit had thrust into the area in the southwestern part of Mt. Baekdu-san, and were engaged in vigorous political and military activities under the direct command of this Comrade Commander to smash the enemies everywhere in that area, operating from the secret camps at Hehhsiatzukou. In this period, a large number of youth and middle-aged joined the guerillas, resolved to fight Japanese imperialism with arms in hand.

One day I was instructed by the Comrade Commander to undertake duties as company political instructor. At that time, when difficult and complex revolutionary struggles were going on, I was not sufficiently trained or experienced in battle, so I was very much afraid that I might not be able to discharge this important responsibility well.

But now that I was entrusted with this important duty

by the Comrade Commander himself, I was resolved to prove worthy of his great trust by carrying out this duty however difficult it might be. As there were many newly recruited members in the company without combat experience, I thought simply that it would be better for our company to have many guerillas seasoned and tempered in struggle so that the company might perform its revolutionary tasks well. So I proposed to the Comrade Commander that some new recruits be exchanged for experienced guerilla fighters.

When I think of this now, I feel so ashamed that I can scarcely raise my head.

At a time when we were surrounded on all sides and were fighting bloody struggles every day, where were reserves of seasoned veteran guerillas to be found to replace new recruits? Even if there were veteran fighters, how would it be possible for our company, of all companies, to get them? At that time, I did not think of this but thought only of our new recruits being replaced by veterans.

But the Comrade Commander did not reproach me for this unreasonable demand. Having listened to me until I had finished what I had to say, he quietly explained to me the actual conditions of the guerilla units and showed me where my thinking was wrong, telling me that it was essential that young recruits still inexperienced in the revolutionary struggle be trained and educated to be seasoned revolutionaries.

“...Commanders and political workers should give thought to training new recruits in the midst of the struggle, to make them into fine revolutionaries. Even if you ask me to change men, where can I find proved fighters to give you? A revolutionary must be prepared to overcome difficulties and trials and solve problems for himself, however unfavorable the conditions.

It is, of course, no easy task for a company political

instructor alone to educate all company members and train them into excellent revolutionaries.

Therefore it is necessary for political workers to build up the revolutionary capacity of a unit in such a way that one teaches 10, and the 10 then educate a hundred.

Revolutionaries trained in this way will be valuable men, able to educate and lead thousands and tens of thousands of people in the future and accomplish the Korean revolution.

At present, we are fighting the enemy under conditions worse than in any part of the world. There are probably no people other than ourselves who have fought so long under conditions like these, without sleeping in a room to speak of and without enough to eat.

Under these difficult conditions, it is essential for us always to teach our guerilla unit members to fight on at any time without yielding, and show them clearly the prospect of the success of the revolution.

To accomplish this, the company political instructor must care for the unit as a mother, and teach them and take the lead in every difficult task, setting an example for them to follow."

It was only after I had heard him explain to me in so kind a way that I realized where I was wrong.

The important yardstick for measuring the revolutionary character of people is their fidelity to the revolution and the people, and not their ability. Ability can be acquired by learning, but fidelity to the revolution and the people cannot be acquired in a hurry.

But I had placed importance on the ability of the members of my company, overlooking their loyalty to the revolution and the Comrade Commander, and so I had asked him to exchange men instead of trying to educate them. How stupid I was!

At that time, I could not rid myself of the feelings of remorse, and looked back along the road of revolution I had travelled. Before joining the guerillas, I did not

have any idea of what revolution was and what a revolutionary should be; I was no more than a hot-blooded young man. I joined the ranks of revolution when I made up my mind to rise up and fight rather than be killed by an enemy bayonet without doing anything, looking at my village which was turned into a blood-bath by a "punitive attack" by Japanese imperialists. I lost no time in joining in the guerillas. It was under the personal guidance of the Comrade Commander and the aid of the veteran guerillas that, though so naive at first, I became a company political instructor.

In those days, commanders and veteran guerillas did everything possible to train me as a revolutionary and Party member, in line with the teachings of the Comrade Commander.

Not only did they temper themselves in a revolutionary way in the difficult and complex struggles with the enemy, but also did everything in their power to teach and rear new recruits.

I believe that when our Comrade Commander taught us to do everything possible for the people, particularly for new recruits, he taught us how to live and how to do our work.

During the period of the anti-Japanese armed struggle, the Comrade Commander taught us commanders and political workers over and over:

"...The commanders and fighters of the guerilla units merge to form a complete entity on the road of revolution. Therefore, it is a natural revolutionary obligation for our commanders to care for and teach the unit members as if they were their own sons and brothers; it is a revolutionary duty that we must fulfil....

Like a mother who tries to warm the hands and feet of her son by wrapping them in her skirt to protect them against the cold, and would dare to jump into a fire to rescue her child, our commanders should love the fighters and care for them with deep sincerity.... So that our

company commanders and political instructors may become true commanders like mothers to the men..., they should pay attention to the minutest details about unit members—as to whether they carry their knapsacks on their backs the right way, if their knapsacks are too heavy, or the straps strong enough, if their shoes fit well or are worn out, whether their shoes are worn properly—to say nothing of their actions and health, and should correct every mistake each time....”

These words of the Comrade Commander were the guide to action for the commanders in educating new recruits. Following the teachings of the Comrade Commander, and training myself at the same time, I pledged myself to educate the new recruits of our company into seasoned revolutionaries and experienced members who could fully carry out their revolutionary tasks on their own.

There is not space enough here to dwell exhaustively on how I trained and educated new recruits. I will relate here only some of my own personal experiences.

We set out faithfully, according to the teaching of the Comrade Commander, to educate the guerilla fighters in such a way that one would teach ten, that ten would teach a hundred, and we co-operated first of all with Party members in each unit in educating and guiding the new recruits, even while training ourselves as revolutionaries.

In the spring of 1937, our Korean People's Revolutionary Army was moving toward Tungkang in order to disperse the enemy's "punitive forces" which had started assaults on the areas in the southwestern part of Mt. Baekdu-san.

The march was so difficult that it was as tough as the "Arduous March." It was during this march that the Party members of our company stood in the van of the unit members in overcoming the difficulties, faithful to the teachings of the Comrade Commander. We guided, aided and educated them to help them overcome their first trials successfully.

The snow was deep, the road was steep, and it was

biting cold into the bargain, so that untrained members of the unit found the hardships almost unbearable. This was the first test of the revolution for them. The moment they were told to take rest during the march, they simply collapsed and sat there motionless. How couldn't the veteran fighters be tired? But the harder the trials they faced, the more faithfully did they follow the practical example of the Comrade Commander and take the lead with the new recruits, setting an example for them, heartening and leading them.

Educating the new recruits with the revolutionary ideas of the Comrade Commander, they waded through the deep snow and carried the rifles and knapsacks of tired young guerillas on their own shoulders and backs. When they found a young fighter tottering even without his rifle and knapsack, they supported him to help him continue the march.

When ordered to rest or when they reached a camping place, they rushed to gather wood and build a fire, and volunteered to stand sentry.

Sometimes they tried the shoes of those who fell, and even mended the caps of new recruits which got burnt when they fell fast asleep. They also carried on educational work to encourage and arouse the new recruits to action.

They taught new recruits how to fight the enemy in the depths of the mountains, swept by biting winds, and convinced them that they could win victory only if they could overcome all such difficulties. But even in times like these they refrained from lecturing them in an admonitory tone, telling them they should "hold out," or that "it is a grave mistake to get their caps or shoes burnt."

They talked to the new recruits mainly about their own experiences at the time they had joined the guerillas, in such a way that the new recruits could learn for themselves. If they had lectured them or complained, the new

recruits, who were bone-weary, would have suffered the more from the lectures instead of being encouraged.

One morning when our unit had arrived at Manchiang, the enemy made a surprise attack on our secret camp, and so we had to fight them off, leaving our breakfast. At that time, the commanders and the veteran guerillas fought the enemy desperately so that the new recruits might get out of the hot-spot unscathed, and carried the food the new recruits had been eating to the place where they had gone. When the unit rested that day after the battle was over, the veteran guerillas produced the food the new recruits had left, and taught them in a kindly way that it was possible to defeat the enemy only if they acted calmly and quickly in any urgent and complicated situation.

But while we gave our main attention to caring for the new recruits kindly, we failed to pay sufficient attention to putting into practice the teaching of the Comrade Commander, that they should be educated in a principled way.

The following incident occurred while our unit was on a march to a secret camp in Tungking. The food situation was very bad then, and we had to continue our march for days without eating. One day a new recruit took some corn from a peasant's field.

The new recruit had seen corn stalks piled up on a field while he was on sentry duty, and after he was relieved, he went there hoping that he would find in the pile some corn still on the husks. He found to his surprise that there were not just a few, but that almost all the husks still had corn on them, because the peasant had cut off the stalks with corn on them in the autumn and piled them on his field so that he could tear off the corn in the spring.

But the guerilla member, thinking only of his hungry comrades-in-arms, returned to the unit with his knapsack

full of corn, without giving proper thought to what he was doing.

This fact was immediately reported to Headquarters. The Comrade Commander lost no time in sending a unit member to the village to call on the owner of the field, and apologizing to him, paid a sufficient sum of money for the corn.

The peasant, greatly moved and impressed by the Comrade Commander's act, offered to present all the corn to the unit.

At a conference of the cadres of the unit held when the unit arrived at the secret camp at Tunggang, the Comrade Commander, stressing the need to educate unit members in a principled way, in connection with this violation of discipline in the unit's relations with the masses said:

"...One of the most important disciplines of the Revolutionary Army is its discipline in relation to the masses. This is because no guerillas can live even for a moment separated from the people, just as fish cannot live without water. The Revolutionary Army may defeat many enemy soldiers, but it will damage the revolution if the Army harms the interests of the masses even a little. However, it sometimes happens that a man thinks he has done a good thing although his act is actually against the interests of the people. This is clear from the fact that a unit member took corn from a peasant's field during the march.

It is true that the situation for us was very difficult then.... But has the Revolutionary Army ever made free with the people's property or obtained food in this way? No one has given us nor can anyone give us the right to do this kind of thing. The People's Revolutionary Army is an army fighting for the people, as its name shows. It is for the interests and happiness of the people that we are enduring all sorts of hardships in these snowstorms and have fought for many years, ready to offer our lives un-

hesitatingly. To fight for the interests and happiness of the people is the starting point of all the activities of the guerillas and is the basis of the iron discipline of the Revolutionary Army.... Needless to say, we sincerely apologized to the peasant and paid him a sufficient sum of money before we disposed of the corn the comrade had taken from the peasant's field....

But this question cannot be regarded as a trifle. On the surface it is only a question of some corn, but it is not the quantity of corn but the question of discipline that matters here. We should not think that a member made just one mistake, but give serious thought to how we have cared for and educated our unit members in their ordinary life so that they will preserve discipline...."

Here we learned a great lesson. According to the teachings of the Comrade Commander, the Party branch of our company further strengthened organizational life and vigorously combated all negative phenomena to educate the unit members in a principled way.

Not sufficiently experienced in political work, I was unable to carry out my work as successfully as I had hoped, although I busied myself doing everything I could. But knowing what was actually going on in our unit, the Comrade Commander himself came and taught us in detail about our responsibilities.

Throughout the whole of the anti-Japanese armed struggle, the Comrade Commander always participated in the meetings of Party chapters and extended guidance there, and during the period of military and political studies at Tung kang, he visited our unit more frequently to help us solve knotty questions, and enlightened us on the points we did not understand. At that time, too, the Comrade Commander came to our company, and fully grasping the living conditions of the men, gave detailed instructions on how to strengthen the life of the Party chapter in the unit and how to raise the role of Party members in the education of unit members.

The Comrade Commander showed how necessary it was to elevate the vanguard role of Party members in order to train the new recruits into full-fledged fighters, and for this purpose it was essential that concrete tasks be assigned to Party members, teaching them how to fulfil them, and helping them to solve the difficult problems they faced.

For instance, he said, when the unit was ordered to make combat preparations and engage in combat operations it was necessary to give each Party member the task of carrying out political work designed to explain to the new recruits the purpose and significance of the battle and aimed at arousing their hatred for the enemy.

At the same time, each Party member had to be given a concrete task to carry out in the combat operation—each Party member was to be assigned to helping a particular new recruit on his own responsibility, another Party member to help a sick guerilla to recover his health and participate in the combat operation.

The Comrade Commander not only distributed tasks among individual Party members but also taught us that the Party members could play their vanguard role among the guerilla unit members by finding time to do political work for new recruits even while carrying out military duties such as standing sentry and going out as scouts.

He said that it was necessary not only to assign tasks to Party members but also to keep informed on how recruits were doing their tasks. They were to be helped to solve the problems they were finding difficult, to correct errors, and to carry out their tasks better; to evaluate the work correctly when it was done, and give higher political tasks to Party members so that they would be trained constantly.

It was under such explicit guidance of the Comrade Commander that we learned clearly how to organize and set in action the Party members to educate new recruits,

and how to raise their vanguard role in the education of recruits.

We pledged ourselves again to concentrate on learning from the teachings of the Comrade Commander, and to follow his example in work method and style. First we worked out plans for agitation and amusement during the march in line with his teaching, and assigned to each Party member a political task. For example, we decided who was responsible for the agitation work during rest periods, who was to talk to what new recruit on what question—and made it a rule to hold an amusement meeting whenever we reached a camping place. Further, we named Party members to care for each new recruit who might suffer with sore feet during a march, and other Party members who were to carry rifles for very young guerillas so that there might be no drop-out during a march.

In this way, Party members gave help and guidance to all new recruits everywhere and at any place, according to the assigned tasks, educating them whenever they found time.

While helping and guiding the new recruits in this way, we constantly strengthened their studies. It is impossible to carry out a revolutionary struggle without grasping the truth of the revolution.

Therefore, following the teaching of the Comrade Commander that "Study is the first and foremost task for revolutionaries," we did not suspend studies even in the midst of difficult and complex situations, where we were waging guerilla warfare almost daily.

In those days we did not have any special time for study nor did we have a special place. We studied while on the march and while at work. Our experience in educating the new recruits at the secret camp at Tung-kang is still fresh in my memory.

At that time, groups of five or six members were form-

ed in the company, and a Party member was allocated to each of these groups to be responsible for group studies. All members of one group would go together to gather wood and did other work together. Then the Party member assigned to a group would present a question and explain it in easy-to-understand words, even while walking and while at work. He would put a question for group members to discuss together.

In those days, we did a lot of study about the 10-Point Programme of the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland, and Party members responsible for the study groups would put questions before group members while working—"What does enforcement of free, compulsory education mean?", "How should the land question be solved when the fatherland is liberated?" etc. —and explained difficult technical terms and articles in easy terms. The new recruits, listening to explanations while working, expressed their opinions and asked questions and in this way gradually came to understand the issues.

As we organized studies in this way, the level of the consciousness of new recruits was awakened and raised, and their quality as revolutionaries was greatly enhanced.

So, under the teaching and direct guidance of the Comrade Commander, many unit members became reliable Party members and seasoned revolutionaries, and carried out immortal exploits as indomitable fighters who were ready to fight to the end, undaunted by the threat of imprisonment or the gallows, and keeping their integrity as revolutionaries unsullied in order to carry through the revolutionary line and policy of the Comrade Commander. They became experienced political workers who educated, organized and mobilized the masses wherever they went; and veteran revolutionaries who could lead a small unit to enable it to perform all its difficult and complex tasks however unfavorable the situation.

These revolutionaries, trained in the teachings and under the personal guidance of Comrade Kim Il Sung, in turn trained many new revolutionary cadres who are now the powerful mainstay of the socialist fatherland.

When I think of this, I keenly realize all the more the far-sightedness of Comrade Kim Il Sung, the correctness and vitality of this guidance in the training and education of revolutionaries.

We must still further strengthen our political work among Party members and the working people, and expand and consolidate the ranks of our revolution. Our Party line is for the promotion of economic construction and the buildup of defence, to go on in parallel, to bring about a great revolutionary upsurge in all domains of socialist construction, and win shining victories in the struggle to hasten the reunification of our fatherland. All our Party work must serve this end.



## XXIX

# The Deep Trust and Care Of Comrade Commander

By JANG CHOL GU

Looking back over those difficult days of the anti-Japanese armed struggle, my outstanding memory is the way Comrade Kim Il Sung taught and looked after us to take the road of revolution.

Thinking of those long fifteen summers and winters that the struggle went on, one realizes that it has no parallel in the history of the world, either in duration or arduousness. Only the outstanding leadership of Comrade Kim Il Sung made it possible. His leadership meant that we never fought a losing battle, and because all guerillas thought and acted in line with his ideas and determination and were closely united around him in steel-like political unity, we were able to win through.

This political and ideological unity, the one source of the invincible power of the anti-Japanese guerillas, was built up by Comrade Kim Il Sung, the great Leader of the Korean people.

Comrade Kim Il Sung always placed implicit trust in those who gave themselves to the revolutionary struggle, whatever the circumstances, and led them along the road of revolution to victory.

My own personal experience during the anti-Japanese armed struggle convinced me that without this wise guidance of the Leader we never could have been trained to be what we were, true revolutionaries, nor could the revolution has been won.

I became a member of the main force of the Korean People's Revolutionary Army, led by Comrade Kim Il Sung in the spring of 1936, and it was then I met the Leader for the first time.

I had followed a tortuous course, full of difficulties and suffering until I met Comrade Kim Il Sung that spring. My parents were forced to cross the border into Chientao when I was very young, and we bade farewell to our life in Korea which was under the despotic rule of Japanese imperialism. As I grew up I was influenced by revolutionary organizations and gradually my class-consciousness developed until I began work with a Women's Association.

The struggle that developed against the "Minsaengdan" was waged in an extreme-Leftist way and I was falsely charged with being a "Minsaengdan" member. In the spring of 1934 I was working for a Women's Association near the guerilla base at Wangyukou in Yenchi county. One day some strangers came to see me. They wanted to take me to the guerilla base, and refused to listen to my pleas.

Their attitude was cold and far from normal. I asked them why I was to be taken to the base. They said it was alleged that I was connected with the "Minsaengdan."

When I heard this impossible charge I felt that the world had collapsed into an abyss, and I did not know what to do. I had nothing to do with the "Minsaengdan," but I very well knew that if anyone was charged with being a "Minsaengdan" member, there was no easy way one could prove it false.

Since they had come to take me I had no option but to go with them. On arrival at the base, the national chauvinists used all sorts of methods to "interrogate" and threaten me, and finally set me before a "kangaroo court." I can hardly describe my bitter mortification.

Past memories flooded my mind, how I had worked as a baby-sitter for a landlord when I was a little girl, and

subjected to every kind of contempt and scorn; how I worked for the cause of the revolution as a liaison courier and as a member of the Women's Association, without even getting proper sleep.

How could they possibly charge me with being a "Minsaengdan" member? had I not firmly resolved to give my life for the cause of the revolution and participated in our struggles?

The more I thought of this, the more my heart was choked with bitterness.

I knew very well that the "Minsaengdan" was a group of agents-provocateurs spawned by the Japanese imperialists to undermine from within the daily growing ranks of the revolution. The harebrained national chauvinists, who, in a crafty maneuver, were led to dance to the tune of the Japanese imperialists, and the flunkeyists who followed them, developed the struggle against the "Minsaengdan" in an extreme-Leftist direction, and laid groundless charges against revolutionary comrades, thus splitting our ranks. The aim was to alienate them forcibly from the ranks of the revolution.

I had become a victim of this vicious plot and was forced to face this "kangaroo court." But our revolutionary masses knew what was wrong and what was right. They rejected the unjustifiable "ruling" of the national chauvinists at the "mass trial." I barely escaped the crisis, which to me was the crossroads of life and death, but this did not mean that everything was all right for me.

After this, the shameful label "Minsaengdan suspect" followed me like a shadow wherever I went. Of course I was not the only one in this situation. Many people who had joined the struggle, determined to support the revolution, suffered, carrying the brand "Minsaengdan suspect" even before they were able to actively participate in the struggle in any way to speak of.

The situation grew worse and worse, and we were thrown into utter confusion, not knowing who was a "Minsaeng-

dan" member and who was not, whom we could trust and whom we could not.

It was deeply mortifying for one walking the road of revolution to be suspected of being a dishonorable "counter-revolutionary," and so alienated, but our greatest concern was about the future of the Korean revolution.

In those days, there were many most reliable Communists in East Manchuria who had been tempered in the struggle. Their class-consciousness came from their own exploitation, and the scorn they had been subject to by the Japanese imperialists, landlords and capitalists. They were precious assets of the Korean revolution. Sadness filled my heart as I wondered what the destiny of the Korean revolution would be if these true Communists were ousted.

It was at this juncture that Comrade Kim Il Sung took steps to correct the error of Leftism in the struggle against the "Minsaengdan" and saved the Korean revolution in the crisis.

When we received reports on the historic Tahuangwai and Yaoyingkou conferences, the guerillas and the people at the base firmly pledged their loyalty to Comrade Kim Il Sung, the respected and beloved Leader, with the deepest sense of gratitude, with respect and adoration.

One day in the spring of 1936 at Mt. Maanshan I met Comrade Kim Il Sung for the first time. I had long respected him. He had stopped at Mt. Maanshan on his way to Mt. Baekdu-san where he was going to arouse a new upsurge in the Korean revolution following the Nanhutou Conference. He came with about 100 men of the 4th Division to organize the 6th Division of the Korean People's Revolutionary Army.

At that time, some political functionaries of the 4th Division, who were under the influence of the national chauvinists, said that these 100 odd soldiers should not be permitted to take part in the fighting, as they were all "Minsaengdan suspects." I was one of who had been given up for lost in this way.

It was with mixed feelings that I went to meet Comrade Kim Il Sung, feeling the "Minsaengdan suspect" label. But Comrade Kim Il Sung realized that we had been persecuted without justification. He met each one and questioned us in detail about the circumstances leading to the false charge against us. He told us that we should make a new start, as we had nothing to do with the "Minsaengdan." He then lit a match and burnt the bundles of "statements," "findings reports" and "material evidence" and all other related documents.

Comrade Baek Hak Rim tells in detail about this in his reminiscences "He trusted Us in This Way." So I will not dwell on it any further.

But one thing I have to tell you is that whenever I recall this, my heart swells and I vividly re-live my joy at being able to make a new start; all the hateful memories I had had until then were completely consumed in the flames enkindled by Comrade Kim Il Sung.

After that, I was placed on duty by Comrade Kim Il Sung as cook at Headquarters. I had not expected him to place such trust in me so soon, and I hesitated to accept such an important job. But Comrade Kim Il Sung read my mind as I hesitated, unable to give a ready and definite answer, and he encouraged me again, saying that he was giving this work to me because it was so important.

From that time on, I began to work as a cook for Headquarters, near Comrade Kim Il Sung. One day, soon after the Comrade Commander had left the camp with some units to engage the enemy, as I was washing dishes after breakfast, the logistics chief came to me and told me to work at a secret camp in the rear where the sick were being cared for.

These words saddened me. Why was I to be moved to the rear? I wanted to ask him the reason in detail but I did not do so, as I thought such a question would be improper for me, especially as I had been doing such important work as cook for the Comrade Commander.

Was there anything wrong in what I had done? That was impossible! Were they trying to move me away from the Comrade Commander?

I tried to console myself, but I could not rid myself of my anxiety. If the Comrade Commander had been there I would have spoken frankly what was on my mind. But he was not there and I felt very miserable.

It was with mixed feelings of regret that I left Headquarters, but wherever I went, I would do my best in any post where the revolution needed me. How could a person, dedicated to the cause of revolution, choose her post? With this thought I tried to calm myself.

The following day, I went to a camp in the rear as instructed, where I found five or six patients. Preparing meals for them and caring for them, I did everything I could to fulfil my duties. But when I thought of what had happened, the fear was always uppermost in my mind that there must have been some reason for my transfer from Headquarters.

But whenever I thought about it I felt sure that the Comrade Commander would some day resolve my doubts, no matter what others might say and however they might look at me. Telling myself this, I did my best for the patients.

One day, about a week after I left Headquarters, Comrade Baek Hak Rim came to me in haste. I could not believe my ears when he told me that the Comrade Commander had come to our camp. I stood up and ran outside without taking time even to think of my personal appearance, and found the Comrade Commander already standing in front of our thatched hut. Gripping my hands warmly, he said, "...You must have worked hard caring for the patients." Then, he entered the hut, asking me if my work was harder than before, if I was all right, and how the patients were.

The patients lying in the hut tried to raise themselves to greet Comrade Commander. He motioned them to stay as they were, sat down beside them and asked them in

detail about their physical condition, and gave them a detailed account what was going on at Headquarters.

Taking lunch with the patients that day, the Comrade Commander praised me, saying, "The food prepared by Mother Chol Gu is especially good, isn't it?"

I could not raise my head, as my eyes were filled with tears.

Shortly after lunch, the Comrade Commander who was preparing to leave, called me and told me to get ready to come to Headquarters with him, saying that he had made arrangements for another comrade to take over my work there.

As I heard these words, I nearly burst into tears like a child. I had to swallow the lump in my throat thinking that the Comrade Commander deeply trusted me, even though I had been alienated from others as "a Minsaengdan suspect" even after being assigned to the unit, and had been transferred to a secret camp in the rear when I was working as a cook for Headquarters.

But even then I did not fully understand his deep trust in me and his consideration for me.

When I returned to Headquarters, a new uniform was ready for me. The comrades who greeted me warmly at Headquarters, told me about the uniform. It was after I had left the Headquarters that the Comrade Commander returned from battle. The Comrade Commander took out and set aside a length of cloth while telling about the exploits to the men in charge of logistics, and said of them, "Make a new uniform for Mother Chol Gu with this material.... She has been teased by bad people, and so may be in low spirits...

We have to be all the nicer to her and help her as if we were her real brothers or sisters." So he personally instructed the tailors to make a new uniform for me.

Though I did not know it then, the Comrade Commander had been sorry because I did not have a decent uniform, though I was older than other members of the guerilla unit.

I was told then that the men in charge of logistics deeply reflected for the first time on sending me to the rear without realizing the Comrade Commander's warm care for me.

I learned later that they had decided to transfer me to a new post, considering that it was improper for me, who had been a "Minsaengdan suspect," to have the important task of cook for the Headquarters where the Comrade Commander was. I was also told that, realizing their error, they had reported the facts to the Comrade Commander.

Then, the Comrade Commander, regretting what had happened, was quoted as saying:

"...I, too, do not know all about what Mother Chol Gu was. I only believe in her resolve to fight faithfully for the cause of the revolution. But there is one thing I have to tell you. Any great thing has a small start. We must never forget that any error or failure may be caused by a trifling difference.

The more revolutionary a man is, the better he is required to work with the people. In dealing with anyone, to find fault or to have prejudice against or suspect and to try to see only defects is one thing. To work with vigilance is quite another."

After this happened, the Comrade Commander, busy as he was, found time to visit the camp personally. Hearing of this, I could hardly repress my excitement and the emotion that welled up in me.

How could the Comrade Commander take so much care of a guerilla, the Commander who carried the destiny of the Korean revolution on his shoulders and was leading the anti-Japanese armed struggle to victory?

People say that they owe most to their mothers who bore them and their parents who raised them, but to what can I compare my debt to the Comrade Commander who saved me when I was at the crossroads of life and death, and saved my political reputation so that I could walk the road of revolution without a blot on my life?

I repeated my firm resolve to uphold wholly the guidance of Comrade Kim Il Sung, the great Leader of our revolution, and remain loyal to him to the end in our revolutionary struggle.

Staying near the Comrade Commander after returning to Headquarters in this way, I learned many more lessons. Needless to say, working as a cook for Headquarters, unlike the guerillas who carried out direct political work or participated in battles, I cannot talk about how the Comrade Commander led the anti-Japanese armed struggle to shining victory, and how he worked out illustrious policies and measures and carried them through, holding the destiny of the Korean revolution in his hands.

But I could feel, through his meticulous and deep care for the guerillas and the many little and common things I noticed in his daily life, that we had as our Leader the most eminent and the greatest of men. I worked as a cook for Headquarters for five years. But through the years, never even once could I prepare food for Comrade Commander that was different from what was served to other members of the Headquarters, nor could I serve a special food to him.

Of course, we could not prepare really good food during those days, but we often thought about serving some special food, even if it was only one dish, to our Comrade Commander who carried the destiny of the Korean revolution on his shoulders and could not find time even to get enough sleep. But the Comrade Commander never allowed us to do this.

The Comrade Commander enjoyed eating with the men. When he had to eat alone under unavoidable circumstances, he began to eat only after asking if the members of juvenile companies had eaten and if the other men had already finished.

As all people know from the already published reminiscences, it was not a few times that, working as a cook, I saw with my own eyes the Comrade Commander giving his

own gruel to other men. Not only that, but the Comrade Commander even helped us cooks in our work.

To tell the truth, under the circumstances of those days cooking itself was a battle; neither staple foods nor side dishes or even cooking utensils were satisfactory, and to make the matter worse, our units had to move frequently because of the constant battles with the enemy, so that it was never an easy job doing the cook's duties.

The situation was worse in the winter.

Though we were in the mountains, it would be a great mistake to think we could gather firewood wherever we went. It was even more difficult to get water. We had to melt snow to get water, but a canteen full of snow only gave a bowl of water. At such a time the Comrade Commander would come to help us prepare food, rolling up his sleeves, and telling the guerillas to help us prepare a meal.

The Comrade Commander broke green branches with a high water content and arranged them in two rows to put the bowl on them, saying, "You can steam a lot of rice at one time in this way."

Teaching us in detail how important the cook's duty was in the army, he helped us to overcome difficulties.

"...The road of revolution is difficult. It sometimes happens that unimaginable difficulties and trials are in store for us. But only those who can overcome them all can be true revolutionaries. This is the truth of revolution."

One night I fell into a sleep unawares, while steaming corn. After many sleepless nights because of our busy routine, I had worked till late that day, too. After sleeping for some time, I woke in surprise to find that I was covered with a soft, warm, padded coat. I looked at the coat to find that it was the warm coat that had been made for the Comrade Commander several days before. But he did not wear it often, and he would make a comrade wear it when he went on sentry duty, saying that it was very cold outside. I quietly picked up the coat and looked in the direction

of the camp where the Comrade Commander was. A lamp was burning there, and as I stood gazing at the lamp, with the coat in my hands, I pictured the Comrade Commander working under the lamp, planning the future of the Korean revolution and new victorious battles. My heart was overwhelmed as I thought that no cold, however severe, could harass us living under the warm care of the Comrade Commander.

Such experiences were not confined to me. At one time at Headquarters there was a small patch-quilt. We had very few bed-clothes at Headquarters, but the Comrade Commander would not use even this cast-off blanket. At night, the blanket was passed between the Comrade Commander and the orderlies many times. But toward dawn it would usually be found over the tired orderly who was fast asleep.

The Comrade Commander took care of every aspect of our lives, and guided the guerillas so that they could always live in a bright and lively atmosphere and feel firmly integrated.

When comrades were criticized or reprimanded, so that they would not be dejected or discouraged the Comrade Commander would organize meetings of recreation and amusement as often as possible and enjoy singing with the men.

“Mother Chol Gu, will you sing a song for us?”

Each time the Comrade Commander would say this to me, so who could not feel at ease in such an atmosphere?

The deep care and warm love of the Comrade Commander for the guerillas was not shown only to those who worked and fought close to him. Sometimes when guerillas were far away from Headquarters, he would speak about them and think of their welfare, however difficult and complex the situation.

In June 1939, just after the battle in the Musan district, I had to be left behind because of illness. My arms sud-

denly swelled up and I developed high fever, so that I was not able to move.

At that time, the Comrade Commander had the guerillas build a straw-thatched hut for me in a forest near Wutaoyangcha in Antu county, and left a comrade with me to care for me. Not only did we have the hut and food but also dry firewood that did not raise smoke, and he gave instructions for my treatment.

What deep care for a guerilla while he was busy fighting battle after battle! Comrade Kim Jong Suk, who stayed with me and cared for me, washed my arms with hot water, gathered pine tree and spruce resin, melted it over the fire and applied it to my arms according to the instructions of the Comrade Commander. We tried everything possible for quick recovery, looking forward to the day when we could be back with our unit.

Our thoughts followed our Comrade Commander and our unit. Whenever our eyes met, we would talk about where our unit would be now and where it would be fighting. This was just after our Korean People's Revolutionary Army had moved the center of activities from the southwestern part to the northeastern part of Mt. Baekdu-san.

In those days, Japanese imperialism was launching frantic "punitive operations" against the Korean People's Revolutionary Army and hot in pursuit of the Headquarters of the Korean revolution.

Correctly analyzing the situation, the Comrade Commander took the wise step of moving our center of activities to the northeastern part of Mt. Baekdu-san. We fully guessed from all these facts that the Comrade Commander, while planning new operations without sleep, was leading his units to organize and develop new political work and military operations.

But even at such a time of difficult struggles the Comrade Commander did not forget us, living in the far-off mountains.

One day he visited us at the hut, forcing his way through the dense forest. He was accompanied by Comrade Baek Hak Rim, whose knapsack was filled with flour, soy-bean oil, vegetables, beef, and other foodstuffs.

Our Comrade Commander asked us how we were getting on.

"...You must have strong will to conquer your illness. You must concentrate on getting well so that as soon as possible you can rejoin your unit again...."

In the thick forest deep in the mountains, we did not have any medicine to speak of and we were short of food. But could the best medicine be compared with the great love of the Comrade Commander who, even in the midst of the hard struggle, thought of a sick guerilla lying in bed far away from the others, and paid so much attention to her health? Greatly heartened by the deep care of the Comrade Commander who visited me personally through the dense forest, though then suffering from high fever away in the forest, I was able to recover from my illness and get up again.

After the visit by the Comrade Commander, I began to get well quickly. As soon as I was able to walk a little, I washed my uniform, with the secret hope that I would be able to return to the unit in a few days. Just about that time, the Comrade Commander came to see us again.

The moment I saw him enter the hut, I shouted like an excited child, "Comrade Commander!" and ran to him.

Comrade Commander was very pleased to see me well again.

"You must have had a very difficult time. I am so happy to see that you are well again," he said in a warm voice and gripped my hands.

We left with the Comrade Commander at once. As I walked after a long illness, I tended to lag behind, and sometimes I faltered. Looking at me walking in such a way, the Comrade Commander personally helped me to walk more steadily. My heart was filled with unspeakable

emotion as I walked through the forest, helped by our Comrade Commander.

Though I was kept at a distance from others at one time as a "Minsaengdan suspect" and suffered much because of this, I was greatly heartened by this great trust and care of the Comrade Commander, and became one of his good revolutionary fighters.

The Comrade Commander placed such wholehearted trust in us and we, for our part, lived and fought with single-minded devotion, according to his teaching. What is the main reason why the anti-Japanese armed guerillas could display such unparalleled heroism and courage, and fight the enemy with indomitable fighting spirit to win victories over those fifteen long years? Where can we find the source of their strength?

These can be found only in the wise guidance of our Comrade Commander and in the steel-like unity of the anti-Japanese guerillas built around him.

The Comrade Commander loved his men and cared for them with unreserved love, while they in their turn deeply respected and enthusiastically supported him, and were firmly united for the independence of their fatherland and the victory of the revolution, with one idea and one will.

Today, our country is seething with vigorous struggles to carry out the decisions of the historic Conference of our Party and the great 10-Point Political Programme set forth by Premier Kim Il Sung.

Our Party is calling the masses to action, with deep trust in them, and the masses are making the utmost efforts to carry out the plans, upholding the wise guidance of the Party and the Leader.

Political and ideological unity of the ranks of revolution—this is the unchanging basic guarantee for constant victory, as it was in the past and is now for the future.

## XXX

### The Phoenix

-By LI DU SU

Wounded early in 1937 in the battle of M. Hungtou. I was sent in the spring to a temporary hospital at Hehhsiatzukou by way of a secret camp in the rear. This hospital, located on the way from Hehhsiatzukou to Mt. Hungtou, was actually a natural rock cave at the foot of a high, steep cliff, which could accommodate five or six persons. It was called the "Rock Cave Hospital." In the hospital were Comrade Pak Sun Il, the "Uncle of the 4th Division" (whose name I do not remember), Comrade Li Gye Sun, a young Chinese comrade called Wang and I. We were all serious patients, but as Comrade Wang's case was relatively less serious, he was responsible for the logistics of the hospital, and at the same time was the courier. Here I saw the heroic death of Comrade Pak Sun Il, an indomitable revolutionary fighter, and I myself went through my hardest trial.

(1)

I came to know Comrade Pak Sun Il at the "Rock Cave Hospital." Working as chief of the Military Supplies Department of the 2nd Division of the Korean People's Revolutionary Army, he was wounded on his way to the 6th Division. When I met him, he was having treatment in the "Rock Cave Hospital" for his wounds: his wounded legs had been seriously frostbitten. The frost-bite was very serious; he has lost all his toes and his

wounds lay open, exposing the bone. It was painful even to look at them.

His face was as pale as white paper, and he was terribly emaciated. I could not but feel unbearable pain at my inability to do anything for him, suffering in such a condition.

His wounds grew more and more serious as the days went by, but there was little that we could do. But even in such a state, Comrade Pak Sun Il was neither pessimistic or dejected, and always his words were filled with burning hatred for the enemy and faith in the victory of the revolution. I can still remember so vividly those days, for Comrade Pak Sun Il was always looking forward to rejoining his unit and taking his place again in the fighting ranks. It was he who heartened us rather than we who encouraged him.

He had never met our Comrade Commander, but as all Koreans did in those days, he had fought bravely, with firm conviction that Comrade Kim Il Sung, standing in the forefront of the armed ranks, would lead the Korean revolution to victory.

He was wounded on the way to join the 6th Division, looking forward with great anticipation to fighting under the Comrade Commander, whom he so deeply respected from his heart. Now he regretted so much that he had been unable to meet the Comrade Commander.

"If I had not had this bad luck with my feet, I would have reached and joined his fighting ranks long ago.

But I am not dejected at all even now. How soon I will be able to return to the unit depends on how I fight this illness."

We were greatly inspired by the strong will of Comrade Pak Sun Il who continued his fight against his wounds, with the firm resolve to stand on his own feet again in his own strength, overcoming all difficulties.

One day shortly after the historic Bochonbo Battle, Doctor Song was sent to the "Rock Cave Hospital" from

the unit. He came there with the news that the Korean People's Revolutionary Army had thrust deep into the fatherland and scored a great victory, and he brought letters and presents from Comrade Kim Il Sung. In the letter he encouraged us by saying that we should get well again by every possible means, and told us kindly that he was looking forward to seeing us. We read the letter of Comrade Kim Il Sung over and over in turn, and keenly felt the atmosphere of our fatherland carried by his presents.

That day, I received a silk muffler as a present from the Comrade Commander. Receiving it respectfully in both my hands, I swallowed the lump in my throat, deeply moved by the affectionate care of the Comrade Commander who was so kind as to think of the regret of a guerilla fighter who had been unable to set foot on the soil of the fatherland.

"Comrade Commander, I will surely get well. I will live up to your trust and expectations at all times and places as a revolutionary fighter."

This thought was shared by all patients. I saw tears glistening in the eyes of Comrade Pak and the other comrades.

Doctor Song lost no time in giving us medical treatment. Under his devoted efforts and patience, our wounds improved greatly, but Comrade Pak's wounds did not respond. Doctor Song did everything possible with real devotion, but he could do little as his wounds needed surgery and there was no surgical equipment there. Doctor Song was deeply troubled and sometimes expressed his deep grief.

One day, Comrade Pak asked Doctor Song to return to his unit. Doctor Song, of course, knew that the doctors were needed with the unit, but hesitated to leave, worried about the wounds of Comrade Pak. Seeing Doctor Song hesitating, he said to the doctor:

"You should leave here. You must think that it is

more necessary for the revolution that you should return to the unit than stay here to give me treatment for a long time."

Comrade Pak needed the doctor more than anyone else and was more pleased than anyone when he came to the "Rock Cave Hospital," but he kept on insisting that the doctor should return, until the day the doctor actually left us. Actually, Comrade Pak's condition was so serious that we thought that he would not be able to live unless his feet were amputated. It was clear to all of us that he needed the amputation now. But with what and how? This question remained unsolved. This was the point that troubled Doctor Song.

After Doctor Song left us, saying that he would make plans for further treatment after he returned to his unit, Comrade Pak began to work on empty cans with a hammer to make a flat sheet of tinfoil, after pondering the question of how to cure his illness.

No one knew what was in his mind. We simply thought that he was doing this just to kill time, and did not ask him any special questions.

Days went by, and one day Comrade Pak proposed the holding of a meeting with us as Party members. It was at this meeting that he disclosed his resolve for the first time.

He took out several sheets of tinfoil on which he had been working almost every day. We saw he had made teeth like a saw in the tinfoil. Then we knew for the first time why he had been working on empty cans every day.

He was determined that he should live to work for the revolution until his last day, even without his feet, rather than just sit there waiting for his death. So he had made a saw by himself, with a grim decision to amputate his own feet. At first we could not agree to his plan.

It was clear that his feet had to be amputated, but it was impossible for us without any experience in such

matters, and without any equipment to amputate his feet except this primitive saw. I tried to dissuade him from this plan, saying that we should find some other means, and the other comrades all agreed with me.

But Comrade Pak, instead of giving in, tried to persuade us into accepting his plan.

"The Comrade Commander is waiting for us to cure our illnesses and return to our units as soon as possible. But you, comrades, are taking a negative attitude toward healing your wounds. This is not the attitude worthy of a revolutionary.

If we consider fighting against illness to be a revolutionary task, how can I hesitate to amputate my feet?..."

He looked around us for a while silently, and continued:

"I know well that it is not at all an easy task for me without any medical knowledge to cut off my feet with a saw like this. And I cannot see what difficulties I shall have to face during the operation. But if you support my decision in this meeting of Party members, I am prepared to overcome all difficulties."

We could no longer dissuade him.

The meeting of Party members decided to support Comrade Pak Sun Il's decision.

From that day, he set about this difficult work. Our hearts ached at the sight of Comrade Pak Sun Il making preparations for amputation with a hand-made saw made out of empty cans, but there was a smile on his face when he looked around us with the saw in his hand.

We were so moved that we could not speak, looking at the man whose mind was always on the revolution and who was going to endure the terrible physical pain with a smile on his face.

In the cave filled with oppressive silence, we heard Comrade Li Gye Sun sobbing now and then, unable to fight back her tears.

"Hold my body a while, please!"

Saw in hand, Comrade Pak asked me in a low voice. I do not remember how I went behind him and held him with my hands at that moment. Presently we heard the terrible noise of the saw cutting into the bone. The noise assailed our ears with its regular movement. Perspiration streamed copiously from every pore of his bent body.

How much time passed? Strength slipped out of his body, which leaned heavily on me, and the sound of the saw became fainter. He firmly shut his eyes and bit his lips to endure the pain. I could see how he was losing strength, when I heard him say faintly:

“Comrades, make ready with arms in hands  
To smash the imperialist aggressors....”

At first, I thought that he was just muttering something, but soon we could hear him clearly. The sound of the saw, which had stopped for a while, began again to the tune of the revolutionary song. We had heard songs and enjoyed singing songs many times, but never had a song which so heartened us as that song.

That song was born of the flames of revolution and had roused many comrades to heroic struggles—it was this song that Comrade Pak sang to draw strength and arouse his fighting spirit to cut through the most difficult moment in his life.

Moment after moment passed in the tense atmosphere. It was the third day before Comrade Pak finished amputating one foot, and at that moment he fell unconscious. His face had blackened like a dead man, and his limbs began to get stiff.

“Comrade Pak, brace yourself up.”

“Comrade Sun Il, Comrade Sun Il!”

We shouted into his ears, violently shaking him; we took turns at massaging his arms and legs—Why hadn't we urged him to stop the amputation? Why hadn't we taken some steps before he fell unconscious?... We could

not repress our regrets, realizing that we had done something that could not now be undone.

After a while, he opened his eyes weakly and looked around us, and tried to reach for something on the ground, while lying down. It was clear that he was reaching for the saw.

But we could not bring ourselves to hand it to him. We well knew how strong and urgent was his desire to cure his wounds and return to the ranks fighting for the liberation of the fatherland, but how could we hand the saw to him again, to endure again the terrible pain without even taking time to rest?

"Comrade Sun Il! Continue after resting just for a day. This is our earnest request."

But he would not listen to our pleading, and finally on the sixth day he completed the amputation of his feet. The indomitable fighting spirit of Comrade Pak Sun Il brought the "Uncle of the 4th Division" to amputate his toes which were hanging with the sinews only.

Fighting our illnesses far away from our units, we were moved in August that year to a log cabin which had been built for us by a platoon of guerillas sent by the Comrade Commander.

It was built in a place about five *ri* from the "Rock Cave Hospital." Built on a cliff, it was surrounded on three sides by dense virgin forests and faced a big rock on one side. One day after we were moved to this log cabin, an unexpected situation arose as a result of a report made by a spy of the enemy.

It was on December 4 of the lunar calendar. At a meeting of Party members held on the previous night we discussed the question of further strengthening our studies. We had enough time and a sand board had been prepared on which to write characters. So, conditions for our study were very favorable. Further, the Comrade Commander had sent us some bundles of coarse paper.

Living in mountains where the days were short and the nights long, we suffered from the lack of light. So we decided to use pine branches full of resin for a lamp, and Comrade Wang and I took upon ourselves the task of gathering suitable pine branches. By that time I could manage to walk with a stick.

On the morning of that day we left the log cabin to gather resinous pine branches. Comrade Wang pushed at pine-trees and I chose branches with much resin in them and broke them off. While I was breaking branches into short pieces about 200 meters to the north of the log cabin, I heard from somewhere the crackling of twigs being walked on. Wondering if it was a wild animal, I turned back casually. Then I doubted my eyes. Khaki-clad "punitive unit" soldiers were surrounding the log-cabin and stealthily closing the circle!

My thought flashed to our comrades in the hut. There was Comrade Pak, the "Uncle of the 4th Division," and Comrade Gye Sun in the log-cabin!

I made my way back to the cabin. Then I saw Comrade Wang running toward me. He had been working closer to the cabin, and quickly had gone to tell the comrades about the situation after spotting the enemy, and then had come running to tell me. The situation was extremely pressing. We were all serious patients who could not move freely and we had no rifle with us. There was no way of escape and we could scarcely meet the enemy face to face and fight. There was little we could do but use our teeth to pay our blood debt.

So resolved, I told Comrade Wang to go to the command of the unit and make a quick report. This was our duty under any circumstances, and Comrade Wang was the most able to do this.

As might be expected, Comrade Wang was very reluctant to go and leave his comrades with whom he had pledged to share life and death, but I chided him sternly and almost forced him to go.

The moment Comrade Wang had disappeared into the forest, someone pushed open the door of the cabin and came out. It was Comrade Pak Sun Il. He crawled out toward the edge of the cliff, shouting something at the top of his voice.

He had been unable to raise himself in the morning, but now he was crawling to divert the attention of the enemy with all his strength of will to save his comrades.

Deeply moved by the noble revolutionary spirit of Comrade Pak, who, incapacitated as he was, refused to yield to the enemy and now fought to save his comrades, maintaining his revolutionary constancy.

I wanted to rush to him, but it was already too late. I ran into the forest with what strength I could find. Concerned about Comrade Pak, I turned back now and then, and bumped against a big fallen tree. Instead of going over the tree, I went to one end of the tree and hid myself in the snow.

After a while, the "punitive unit" soldiers, seeing my footprints, came near the dead tree and were speaking loudly. After making a fuss about something for a time, they found the footprints of a bear on the other side of the tree and hurriedly followed the track.

At dusk, I returned to the cabin, which was ablaze. "Uncle of the 4th Division" and Comrade Gye Sun had been captured by the "punitive unit" soldiers and been taken away. Helpless loneliness overwhelmed me.

I passed the burning cabin, and hurried to the cliff where Comrade Pak had crawled. When I looked down the precipitous cliff some 50 meters from the cabin, I could imagine Comrade Pak Sun Il lying below, having breathed his last like the hero which he was....

Comrade Pak had crawled to the top of the rock, and turned his back to the cliff. Though he had no feet below the ankles, he managed to stretch his legs and stand on the rock. He stood there immovable as if rooted to the

rock. The enemy intended to capture him and closed the circle around him, shooting their rifles to threaten him.

Without a gun or any weapon but with his indomitable spirit he awed the enemy who were pointing their guns at him.

“You dogs! Do you think you can capture me?”

So thundering, he threw the first enemy soldier who jumped at him down cliff. What he did after that, I do not know. When I turned my head a moment later, Comrade Pak was faltering on the cliff. Probably he had been shot by the enemy. He moved his legs two or three steps to balance himself, and raised his hands high and shouted out loud so that his voice seemed to echo from mountain to mountain:

“Long live the Korean revolution!”

With his last word, “*Manse*” (Long live), he threw himself down the cliff....

I stood there and hung my head, bowing before his noble revolutionary spirit and indomitable will, thinking about the noble death he had died. My heart almost burst at the thought of his deep love for his comrades. I felt a strong urge to hold his body again, even if it was already cold, and look in his face. I wanted to sprinkle some earth, even if a handful of it, on his body. But as I could scarcely move, it was impossible for me to climb down the cliff whatever means I might use. My heart ached with impatience at my inability to throw even a symbolic handful of earth on his body, the comrade who had just died a hero's death lying below. I looked back at the log-cabin in flames—the log-cabin where we had discussed this morning with my comrades the question of further strengthening our study and greeting New Year's Day significantly. My heart was also overwhelmed with grief, thinking of the “Uncle of the 4th Division” and Comrade Gye Sun.

“Comrade Pak!”

Looking down the cliff where dusk was creeping in,

I could not hold back my tears, and cried bitterly.

Having lost my comrades in this way, I was left alone in the rigors of winter in the dense forest where even birds did not dare to fly.

(2)

Returning to the smouldering log-cabin, I gathered burning firewood, built up a fire, and sat before it. Looking around, I saw the steep ranges and virgin forests threatening to engulf me, and now and then the cold, biting winds blew, with driving snowflakes shutting out everything around me.

The difficulty I now faced was almost unimaginable—I had no shelter, not even a grain of food, and it was the bitter cold of December. Seven to eight months of one year was winter—so long that even the trees did not grow well. There were wild animals that one could meet at any moment. And the enemy's "punitive unit" could be expected back. Everywhere I looked, I saw my life threatened.

This feeling of anxiety multiplied as the skin came off the soles of my feet when I pulled my rubber-soled shoes off my feet, using all my strength when my frozen feet were warmed by the fire.

—Countless difficulties were waiting for me, I felt. But I have to overcome them all whatever the circumstances—I said.

The more I thought, the more I missed my unit that would be working somewhere, and my comrades. The thought of my gallant comrades-in-arms making a frontal attack on the enemy or charging into the enemy ranks, with a battle-cry! The sight of my comrades celebrating a victory around the campfire. These visions crossed my mind. As I thought about them, I felt that my comrades might appear before me at any moment, and I pricked up my ears and strained my eyes at the rustle and shadow of leaves on the snow. How I envied the

winds that could cover a thousand *ri* or ten thousand *ri* in a moment!

As the night passed and dawn neared, the winds began to blow more fiercely, and the cold increased in intensity.

I spent the night beside the fire without sleep, rubbing my hands and feet to save them from being frozen, and thought of Comrade Wang.

—If not captured by the enemy and still alive, he may have come back and hidden himself somewhere near here to make a fuller report on the situation.

My heart leapt up and I felt greatly heartened when I thought that I may be able to meet Comrade Wang again.

When the day dawned, I left the place, afraid that the enemy might attack again. But thinking that Comrade Wang might come again, I did not go far. In the morning I left and returned at night with dead branches and built a fire, waiting and waiting. I waited for five days. A week passed, but Comrade Wang did not come.

If Comrade Wang was not coming back, there was no alternative for me but to wait for the day set for contact with the unit. We were to make contact with the unit around March 15, in the new year. So I had more than 100 days to wait. My condition was such that it would be difficult for me to endure even 10 days, let alone 100 days. At that time I had already eaten a piece of the skin (about the size of my hand) of a Korean deer and I had nothing but snow to put in my mouth.

My clothes were completely worn, with burnholes from sitting by the fire day and night. I wrapped my gunny bag around my waist, but that was not enough to keep me warm in the severe cold of 30 to 40 degrees below zero.

Thinking that I had come to the end of my life in the deep snow, I looked vacantly at the flames of the fire that swayed in the wind. I vividly recalled the day when I met the Comrade Commander for the first time.

That day, too, the fire was blazing hard. Throwing the documents related to the "Minsaengdan" into the fire, the Comrade Commander was encouraging us, saying that there were no "Minsaengdan" members there, and that he put more trust in the resolve of the men to fight for the cause of the revolution than in bundles of "documents" about the "Minsaengdan." The unit members were shedding hot tears, looking up at the Comrade Commander.

In those days, I had been suspected of being a "Minsaengdan" member and was being transferred here and there, and when the 6th Division was organized as a new division, I was one of the 100 odd guerillas who were sent to join the new division, with a label "Minsaengdan suspect" on their backs.

Our hearts burned with bitter resentment and mortification, as we were falsely charged and were branded with infamy, in spite of the fact that we had participated in the struggle and resolved to give our lives for the cause of the revolution.

But we were determined not to leave the ranks of the revolution because of a temporary difficulty that befell us; but at the same time it was unthinkable for us to die a dog's death with a blot on our names. We stood at a very difficult crossroads, and when our hearts were being torn, we were given new life by being taken to the warm heart of our Comrade Commander. We wept for joy.

This was not only because we were personally saved by him. Even the toughened fighters, who so often faced death, shed tears of joy at serving under the man who believed in the victory of the revolution, who trusted his comrades in every difficult situation and saved the Korean revolution in every crisis, and now was leading it more powerfully than ever. Their conviction in the victory of the Korean revolution was firm as long as this man stood in the van of their ranks.

Thinking back over these facts, the pledge I made before

the Comrade Commander to follow him on the road of revolution, even if my bones were crushed, began to rise again in my heart and burn like a flame.

—To have yielded in this hard trial would be tantamount to capitulating before the enemy. I had to live and fight, like Comrade Pak Sun Il, with the revolutionary spirit that conquers every trial, and in my own strength.

I rose with firm determination that I had to fight with an indomitable spirit, rising again even if I fell a thousand times. But I had a hard struggle now. In order to survive, first of all I had to begin looking for food. Left alone in the forest, I boiled and ate the few grains of corn that fell on the snow when the "punitive unit" soldiers threw our grain into the fire, and ate a small amount of beans which we had buried in the snow. But it would be impossible to sustain life with only this kind of food, got by chance. I had to find some edible grasses to eat. It was nearly impossible to find grass in the dense forests covered with snow, but there was no other way of surviving. I searched for grasses, digging snow and earth, walking, falling, crawling.

One day when I was digging the snow with my frost-bitten hands from which pus was dripping, I found green grass, though frozen, under a network of tree branches in the virgin forest which, like a roof, had prevented the snow from falling on the ground. It was a scouring rush which boars are said to eat. I boiled the rushes and sipped its soup, and put it close to the fire and licked the juice that oozed from it. This was the only food I could get.

Every morning, when I awoke, I gathered grass and sticks—and while doing so, I had to fight a constant battle with the crows. When the day dawned, several hundred crows would fly near me, and circling above my head, cried noisily, "Caw! Caw!"

At first I chased them away with a stick, but soon I let them be as I had not enough strength left to threaten them, and they were so persistent. Then they would alight near

me, looked at me glaringly and finally began to peck at me. They were my enemies, waiting for my death. I watched my chance and swang my stick at them. I killed two or three of them and ate them. I learned for the first time then that the crow is black even to its flesh.

“You crows, you ugly crows, black outside and in! You will be woefully wrong if you are waiting for my death. You don't know what eyes my eyes are. These are the eyes with which I will see the Comrade Commander when I return to my unit, the eyes with which to see the mountains and rivers of my fatherland when it is liberated. Whatever happens, I will not let you pick out my eyes!”

When the crows cawed noisily I would say this to myself. The situation worsened day by day. But when I thought that the worse the situation became the sooner would my unit return for me, my heart was lightened.

—Be careful not to extinguish the fire. If the fire is burning I can endure this.—

I kept the fire burning in the *ondol* stove in the burnt-out log-cabin. The fire was so small that I could keep it if I sat before it and crouched over it. But as I had not even a match, to keep the fire burning meant protecting my life. In a heavy storm, I could not sleep at all, lest the fire should go out.

Sometimes when I opened my eyes after dozing, I saw a tiger before my eyes, ready to jump on me the instant the fire was out.

Once the fire, so indispensable to my survival, nearly went out. If I remember rightly, it was about December 17. All of a sudden, a strong wind blew when I was gathering sticks and rushes in the morning. The snowstorm was so heavy that I could scarcely see even an inch ahead. I hurt my eyes on pine branches when I stood up hurriedly, so concerned was I about the fire. I covered my eyes with my hands and collapsed motionless. In the snowstorm, with my eyes hurt, I could not see anything. The fire could be extinguished while I worried about my smarting

eyes. So I began to walk, covering my eyes with my hands. But the deep snow and the heavy snowstorm prevented me from going any further. I stumbled over the branch of a tree before I had taken a few steps, and fell. Buried in the snow, I could not breathe easily. I rolled toward the fire.

I rolled and rolled for what seemed hours, hardly able to open my eyes, and when I finally managed to reach the fire, I held my hand over it. It was not even warm. Able to open my eyes after a while, I touched pieces of charcoal one by one, and rubbed them on my cheek, doubting that I could not feel their warmth because my fingers were frozen. But all of them were as cold as stones. I was so shocked I felt I was sinking into the dark pit.

—The fire was out! This is the end of me! I cannot return to my unit! I cannot see the Comrade Commander again!—

As I sat alone there with the crows cawing noisily around me, I felt what strength I had then was slipping fast from my body.

How long did time pass? I had only a dim consciousness, feeling that I was being enveloped by many layers of mist-like shadows. I felt that the mist enveloping me was becoming thicker and thicker.

—This is the end of me—I turned the tin can I had been using for cooking upside, down and wrote with a stick of wood on the sooted surface:

“December 17, 1937 Li Du Su”

When I had finished writing the date and my name, the memories came crowding into my mind like a kaleidoscope—my grandfather who ate his last meal in tears in the fatherland before crossing the *Duman-gang* River; the days when I was taken away from my family to work as a hired hand when I was thirteen because my father could not pay to hire an ox; my grandmother who caressed me with her skinny hands when I was

going to join the guerillas, days of fighting with weapons in hand and those difficult marches....

Of all the memorable events that raced across my mind, the most memorable were the difficult days I spent at a secret camp with a young member of the Children's Corps soon after I was wounded. The young boy who was brought up by the guerillas who carried him in on their backs after his parents were brutally murdered by the enemy at Santaowan, asked us in his last breath to take revenge on the enemy for himself and for his parents, for whom he was unable to extract revenge from the enemy.

I could never sleep when I remembered the boy, and pledged that I would certainly revenge him on the enemy. My heart ached when I thought that now it would be impossible for me to take revenge for him.

—I must not fail like this. I must live on to take revenge for the boy who died, unable himself to fight. I must live to wreak revenge on the enemy for his parents, for Comrade Pak Sun Il, for countless people who have been trampled down by the Japanese imperialists. I must do this by all means, and if I cannot, this must be done by the coming generations.—

I got onto my feet, gathering my strength. Biting winds bit into my face and the muffler around my neck danced in the wind. The moment the silk muffler hit my face, I felt as if I had been held by the warm hands of the Comrade Commander.

—Yes. Even if there is no fire, I will not freeze to death, so long as this silk muffler is wrapped around my body. If I have the indomitable revolutionary spirit of Comrade Pak Sun Il's, I will not starve even if I do not eat.

—Let the raging snowstorm rage for three months or three years. I will live by my faith in the Comrade Commander. The Comrade Commander will surely help me—

I began to search for embers again. When I found an ember as big as my fist, which was warmer than the others, I hurriedly put it to my cheek and rubbed it on it. Yes, it was warm. It is true, the ember was nearly cold, but there was some warmth in it. I lost no time in putting birch bark and dead branches on it, and blew at it with what little strength I had.

I don't remember whether I laughed or cried when the fire began to burn again on the ashes. It was moments before I realized that I had tided over the most dangerous moment. How I missed the Comrade Commander who had taught us to fight with an indomitable spirit even if we were hurled into the bottomless pit of death!

"Comrade Commander!"

So I cried at the top of my voice into the sky, gripping in my hand the silk muffler, warm like the hands of the Comrade Commander. My shouts echoed in the thick forests and valleys.

I lived on, rather lying flat than move about, breathing with great difficulty, in the depths of mountains covered with snow and ice everywhere, and it was already the beginning of February of 1938 before I was aware of it.

One afternoon I heard some footsteps over twigs of dead trees nearby, while I was sitting before the fire. I turned back in surprise to find the spy standing with a knife in his hand not so far from me. It was the spy who had reported the position of the secret camp to the enemy.

This spy had wounded himself with a gun when many members of the Association for the Restoration of the Fatherland were arrested, and "escaped" in a cunning way, pretending to be a "revolutionary." He had once stayed at the "Rock Cave Hospital." When his true nature was exposed there, he escaped and it was he who had led the "punitive unit" soldiers to attack us in the log-cabin.

My eyes burned with anger.

I took up my "wooden revolver" and aiming it at him, shouted to him, "Throw away your knife!" Not knowing that the "revolver" I held was no more than a half-burnt root of a tree, which I had been keeping for such an emergency, the spy threw the knife on the ground in surprise.

The spy was frightened and began to shake, and asking me to have pity on him, saying that he had been suffering in the snow in the forests, and entreated me to save his life. He looked very miserable, as he had long wandered about in the forests. But he looked stronger than I and in better condition. Glaring at the spy with a sharp look, I made up my mind.

—However difficult my position, and however much I longed to be with a human being, how could I overlook an enemy when he stands before me?

This man has thrown away his knife and is speaking words to please me. But the next moment these words could become a knife to stab me. This is clear to anybody.

If I granted this vicious spy his request, I would be abandoning my class position and conscience, and if I place even the slightest hopes on dealings with this spy, I would be trapped by him and his wily plan.

Whatever happens, I cannot live under the same sky with the enemy. The enemy must be struck down!—

So thinking, I made up my mind to kill the man with his own knife. I crawled on my knees to the knife which lay midway between me and the spy. Noticing at that moment that the "pistol" in my hand was not a real one, the spy took to his heels at full speed. I followed him with the knife in my hand, but with the little strength I had, I could not catch up with him who was running on sound legs for his life.

How I regretted that I was unable to catch him. Never had I regretted the wound in my foot more than

at that moment. If I had had a sound foot, I would surely have punished him, however hungry I was, however severe the cold might be, and however weak I was.

—Since he did not come to attack me again, he must have frozen to death in the mountains—

In this way, days passed. February passed and March came. Snow soon began to melt in sunny places, and the winds became much milder. One day when I was collecting branches, walking with a stick, I found young shoots of grass showing through the snow. Tears of joy stood in my eyes at the sight of the small life that had endured the severe cold of winter and was emerging with the spring.

—Nameless grass! You, too, have been fighting, haven't you? You are living, having endured the unendurable! Live on, have courage, and fight to the last to live on!—

Without returning I climbed to the top of a steep rock from which I could see the mountains and rivers of the fatherland. Looking down from the rock, I could no longer see snow on most mountains of the fatherland. It was warm spring when trees put out their young shoots, the spring that I had been looking forward to while alone in the forest. My heart overflowed with joy, thinking that the spring which I had been waiting for patiently had come.

—Spring has come! In my home country they must be hard at work on the farm. It can not be long before my unit will come for me—

Suddenly a bird alighted on my head as I sat gazing at the soil of my fatherland. It must have taken my head for a stump. I was amazed and laughed. Curious to know what I looked like, I went down toward a spring. I was surprised to see my face reflected on the surface of the clear water of the spring. As I had not used scissors for a long time, my hair was like a bird's nest, and my bony face with sunken sockets did not look even

human. Looking at my body dirty with ash and mud, I took off the silk muffler from around my neck. The white silk muffler was black with dirt. I washed it in the spring. The days I had spent in the dense forest until the white muffler became black passed through my mind like a cyclorama.

As dirt was washed away from the muffler, my heart swelled with the hope that after my difficult life in the woods, I would soon be able to return to my unit and begin again my fruitful days of fighting the enemy, with a rifle in my hand.

I hung the muffler on a tree after I had washed it and was about to return, when I found that my stick was sinking deep into the snow and I stopped. I dug carefully, and presently I found a bag had been buried there. I found about half a *mal* of barley in the bag. That was the emergency food Comrade Li Gye Sun had buried in case of emergency.

The food that I found so unexpectedly greatly heartened and gladdened me when I was thinking that I would soon be able to return to my unit again.

With this food in my hand, my heart ached for Comrade Li Gye Sun, who had been wondering deeply how we could celebrate New Year's Day which was close at hand just before the enemy attack on the cabin.

—Comrade Li Gye Sun, thank you. The food you left me here will give me strength to return to my unit—

As I had not seen anything such as grain for many months, I wanted very much to eat it as quickly as possible. But I fastened the cord of the bag, thinking that if I failed to make contact, I had to go out in search of my unit, depending on this food. My heart throbbed fast as March 15 approached. In the daytime, I climbed to the top of the steep rock, and was looking around, and at night I could not sleep well. At last, March 15 came, and a couple of days passed, but still there was no contact.

—The man coming to meet me must have lost his way, and he may have tired of searching for me and gone back—

I had these doubts, but at the same time I firmly believed that the unit would surely send for me. Ten more days passed, and March 24 came. That day, too, I went up to the top of the rock, and saw three or four khaki-clad men wandering in a place which I could see fairly well.

I was extremely tense, and lying flat on the rock, watched their every move closely. To my surprise, I heard them calling my name. I wanted to run out to them at once. But to be doubly sure, I shouted, asking them to tell me their names. One answered, "Kim Ryong Su!" There was no doubt they were members of a guerilla unit. But how could they know that I was there? It might be a trap set by the "punitive" forces. While I was thinking like this, irresolute as to what to do, I heard the voices saying, "This is me. I am Han Cho Nam!" With this, I no longer needed to ask the names of the others, nor did I need to wait for them. I ran as fast as I could, even forgetting my stick, but without my stick, I got caught in a snowdrift.

"Comrade Cho Nam! Comrade Ryong Su!" Hearing me crying in a choked voice, they all shouted for joy and came running toward me.

"Comrade Du Su!"

"Comrade Du Su!"

We embraced and touched other's cheeks. We even rolled on the snow, and it was in this way I was able to meet my dear comrades-in-arms again after three months and 20 days from the time I was left alone at the camp in Hehhsiatzukou.

We made preparations to leave for our unit in the morning of the following day, but before leaving we found the body of Comrade Pak Sun Il, buried him reverently and bowed low before him.

All the comrades must have felt deep sorrow in this last sad farewell, but my sorrow was so much the greater, because I had lived there with him and witnessed his heroic death.

"Comrade Pak Sun Il. Rejoice with me. Today I am leaving this place where your revolutionary spirit still lives, to return to the Comrade Commander whom you respected so much. Comrade Pak, I am leaving you, but please do not miss me. I am leaving here, holding in my own heart the flame of the revolution that burned in your heart. I will keep this flame alive and will never stop fighting until the world you wanted so much to see realized comes true, until all people are liberated from exploitation and oppression."

We turned back again to look at the dense forests. My fire was still burning where once there had been the log-cabin.

One day, about half a month later, I arrived at the camp where the Comrade Commander was staying. Urged by a strong desire to meet the Comrade Commander as soon as possible, I ran up a low hill, forgetting the pain in my foot. As I reached the top, I saw the Comrade Commander outside the tent in the distance, waiting for me. The moment I saw him, I could hardly repress the tears which I had been fighting back. The hot tears gushed out like the waves of a breaker.

"Comrade Commander!"

I ran out to him, freeing my hands from my comrades who held me.

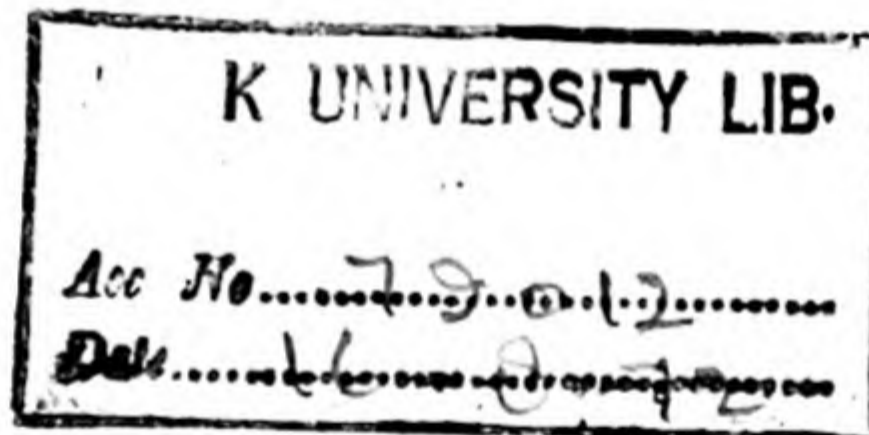
"Comrade Du Su, how much you have suffered! You indeed fought well."

The Comrade Commander held my hands firmly in his, and said it over and over, taking me into his tent. I told him all that had happened at the "Rock Cave Hospital." He sat looking as though at something far in the distance, and said in a low voice,

"Comrades, you are Phoenixes!"

Looking up at the Comrade Commander whose heart ached at the thought of the comrades whom he could not meet any longer, I saw the faces of Comrade Pak Sun Il and the other comrades.

Phoenix—This is the title bestowed by the Comrade Commander on those comrades who had shown such single-minded faithfulness to the cause of the revolution through all adversities, and who will live forever in the great history of the revolution because of their fidelity to this cause. The noble revolutionary enduring spirit of the Phoenix that rises from the ashes to live on is still throbbing in our hearts and will continue to burn like an eternal flame.



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